

Poems

by Ross Street, mostly

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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 *Ks* 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 descendants
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 waivered 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 alway',
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 f'r 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 alway 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 facilité supérieur.

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 Ozties 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 Ozties 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 duly.

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 beauter.

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 Argentinnia,
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 befriendder.

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.

37 Farewell Philip Jul 2018

To Phil a poem with much used phrases
Might appeal to some, even flow like blazes.
But I keep it short!
Stick to what ought!

“Geometry and properads” announced by Marcy,
In 2015, one co-organizer most classy:
None other than Phil,
Showing much skill.

This Melbourne connexion and interest in Co-AC
Raised postdoc application up high in the pack.
An offer was made.
Two years Phil has stayed.

Nine Seminar talks to us he has treated,
On operad notions with graphs undefeated.
Web expert proved top.
Organizer he'd cop.

Now he and Anna for Lucy Anna
In Lafayette to find their Havannah.
We wish you the best
With cat and the rest.

38 This $\text{Lan}_a(r)i$ is up to homotopy 21 Nov 2018

In danger of paradox Russellion,
I hesitantly refer to the Title,
With its namesake coined notation,
For a construction to us so vital.

Fresh from Masters in Padua
And Ieke's training in Leiden,

Edoardo took Garner's lure
To write PhD, we could rely on.

On 16 March, year of 16,
Edoardo's inaugural Sem-talk
Was billed together with Alex,
The germ of a coupling stalk.

There were times you would be forgiven
For thinking him enduring abuse.
But the bruises and cuts he was sporting
Were kick-boxing kicks coome too close.

A fine thesis now is completed,
Sporting path objects on Grothendieck-style
Weak infinity groupoids. Now metered
Homotopy hypothesis' extra mile.

Factoring first back home through Italia,
Eduardo is soon underway.
Leaving us here in Australia,
He to Prague to spend many day.

39 House for Raising Sons 30 Mar 2019

There was a girl in New Orleans
Now known as Farmor and Mum,
Became the love of one young boy,
The Gods, They planned that one.

Her car it was an Alpha,
His an Oldsmobile.
They drove across the Mississip
The Alpha for to heal.

With one foot in the airport
The other on the plane,
They headed out of New Orleans,
To not live there again.

So mothers of their grandkids,

Each married to a son,
Stay as happy as they have been,
In love, to live as one.

Three quarters of a hundred,
And looking very grand,
Mention now of New Orleans,
Left to the Family Band.

40 A Campbell is Going

5 Jun 2019

Alexander is going, boo hoo, boo hoo.
The time it is coming to say toodle do.
He has been a good soldier the whole way through,
Contributing most grandly to CoACT too.

Family hailed from Isle Lewis,
Playing chess with berserks,
Forty North for high dining,
And other such quirks!

After earning the Medal at old U of Syd,
One needs to think deeply where options are hid.
The direction to go, one really should love.
Seemed categories fit like proverbial glove.

To parity complexes he first set his mind,
Redoing the structure, he was able to find,
Parity comp-Alex's of a much better kind,
Others developments, these now lie behind.

Thirty three ACS talks in five quick years,
Organizing these arvoes for the last twos,
Important ideas exposed to his peers.
I believe that Sophie will fill these big shoes.

For topos and 2-cats, Giraud's book is good,
But for explaining H^2 and why his should
Solve all our needs, is lost in the wood.
To fix it I wondered, if our Alex could.

A higher categorical approach
To Giraud's non-Abel cohomology,
Confronting head-on the tricategories,
Alexander's thesis needs no apology.

Infinity this and infinity that,
Homotopy stuff, cause that's where it's at!
Unexpected strictness exists for high cat.
Nice work on skew from this aristocrat.

And on the Piano,
A lifelong commitment
Part of his ammo,
A lasting equipment.

The Seminar Kan put all to the test.
Started by Emily, Alex of the best.
Then to the management for the year next,
Very successful, to history the rest!

As you solve more problems,
Traversing this earth's surface,
Of your time at Macquarie,
We ask: *Ne obliviscaris!*

41 Energetic Son

28 Nov 2019

Thanksgiving Seven Four
When one, Gavin More,
Sent us to Crown Street
To ex-pand Clan Street.

Through snow in US,
On small BMX,
To miss his school never
That's why he's so clever!

Engineering electric,
By a means bit eccentric.
Seizing the hour
To plug solar power.

Wild places to roam,
So glad he came home,
With Penny to wed.
Full life since have led.

May the next forty five,
Be just as alive,
As onward you strive
Play bass to revive.

42 Macquarie Losing Misha

11 Dec 2019

Sheremetyevo to Sydney
Flight Number Five Hundred and Fifty Five
On Aeroflot Soviet Airlines
Sixteen Feb, Ninety Six, to arrive!

Third year of MU Research Fellowship
Coherence in category theory
Michael Alexandrovich Batanin
Was here to focus thoughts somewhat bleary.

Details on his work pre-Macquarie,
Are in Math Reviews by Tim Porter.
Those papers are published in Cahiers,
And in detail, read them, you ought-ta.

Still in the first half of Ninety Six
Back from The Seminar, turn Sydney's.
“Oh Ross, I have a question for you,
“On terminal graphs, free categories?”

By July that year Michael had,
His tree-based theory of operad.
A contractible example producing
Weak higher cats, very seducing.

Well before the end of that year,
“Natural environ” did appear.
Monoidal globular cat’-g’ries,
Where operads hang on trees.

His brilliant ideas bubbled on.
In a few more months he revealed
A revolutionary setting
For computads. Wrapped, stamped, and sealed!

While there was very strong competition,
For the Memorial Scott Russell Johnson
Fellowship, advertised by CoACT,
Offer accepted by Batanin.

While red tape we hate with a vengeance,
Batanin, I'm here to attest,
Gets results when they are needed,
A power creating StreetFest.

Of this is another example,
Early two thousand sixtane:
Max Planck "Higher Structures".
And now a journal, same name.

After twenty four years as academic,
Macquarie you are now set to leave,
CoACT you made so much stronger
Through all the great things you achieved.

43 In Front of the Field

5 Feb 2020

When one tops the course,
It never is fluky.
But seventeen times?
He did it, did Yuki!

A fine honours project,
Neither's that fluky.
But publish the work?
He did it, did Yuki.

For old Auckland Uni,
Clearly a painer
Losing a scholar.
Cambridge the gainer.

At summer in Canberra,
Learnt of Garner paper.
So for essay Part Three
He made that his caper.

The next obvious step,
In March twenty sixteen,
To contact this Garner,
A doctorate foreseen.

Cleared for the next year.
Were we really lu'ky,
CoACT was chosen?
He did it, did Yuki!

In so many ways,
Main research aside,
Yuki enriched us,
Through his three year ride.

When both on campus,
Scheduled weekly chat,
With Dom The Advisor.
E-mail if not that.

What a great project:
Update [3] FTM
To quasi-2-cat setting.
Surely the future, it am.

Next off to old Berkeley,
The M - S - R - I.
New things to develop,
Await to hear, will I.

Then back to Hiroshima
Family, friends, oysters too.
With nearby Miyajima,
Tako and momiji manju.

44 Farewell to Giacomo

8 Aug 2022

CoACT now's a finer place
As Giacomo's presence came to grace
The time seems short, at least to me,
But rules are rules for PhD.

With the guided care of Dr Lack,
Presented problems met Giac attack.
Enriched results of Makkai and Barr,
Exact embeddings taken far.

Accessible V-cats
Truly are alive-oh
From this brill-i-ant work,
By our man Giacomo.

Meanwhile a paper
With Branko and me
Completing a puzzle
Absolutely DG!

Request to talk from Prof Pino,
In Bob Walters' memory CT at Como.
To rescue then did come Giacomo,
Recorded me on a zoom video.

Good students come and then must go,
The latter now for Giacomo.
As he heads off soon to old Brno.
Parting now is not a sweet sorrow,
Next meeting our thought for the morrow.

45 A Miranda goes to Britain

11 Apr 2023

In verses unfolding herein
We do not remember an Inn
No wolf spiders here to mention
Just the scary fourth dimension!

Rather few emails over five years
Has Adrian sent me with questions.
Always well thought out and posed,
He politely indulged my suggestions.

The first message that I recall,
Was not that of a subject's beginner,
Who would struggle with standard Yoneda.
No, he wanted it for categories inner!

From algebras for the monads of monads,
To a CCC of 1-on-obj functors,
The research steadily progressed,
Steve principal of his conductors.

Adrian's grad time at Macquarie,
Included a major life moment,
Marriage spread both here and New Delhi
Could only make it twice as potent.

Now back to that 4D dragon,
Ambushed along higher paths Moore,
Then slain by strictification.
Thanks to Weak Interchange Law!

We will miss Adrian's contribution
To lively conversations at lunch
And questions to our ACS speakers
Which really hit right to the crunch.

46 Let x be ... *a hymn to Algebra 16 Jun 2023*

When I find myself in states of muddle,
What to vary comes to me,
Making words of symbols,
Let x be

And in the hours of darkness,
The answer stands in front of me,
Solved by words of symbols
Let x be

And when the refereeing people,
Living in our world agree,
There will be a paper,
Let it be.

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
Another published paper, let it be.

And when the proof is cloudy,
A dawning light will shine on me,
Shine right through tomorrow,
Let it be.

I conc-lude with the tombstone symbol,
What to vary came to me,
Making words of symbols,
Let x be

Let x be, let x be, let x be, let x be,
There will be a paper, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
TEX-ing words of symbols, let x be

47 On a Universal 2-Eyed Summit

7 Aug 2024

Advert for a postdoc
To research in CoACT
Seen by Soichiro
Caused him to ReACT.

His application saw success
As clearly it should have
But who could foresee the
Events the World would have.

Epidemics are horrible,
That goes with no doubt.
Though surprise positives
Can also come about.

Seminars on Zoom

Allow those of close longitude
To join all us locals
If that is their attitude.

A new face on screen,
Appearing each Wednesday,
Knows about categories,
And politely has his say.

It is Soichiro Fujii
Still awaiting a visa
Soon joined us in CoACT
We couldn't be pleased-er.

To show him Aussie bush
And to compare with his cherry:
Boronia floribunda.
Bobbin walk and not ferry.

From February '23
Our seminar he organized
With great precision and skill.
Lunch tables materialized!

Collaborative engagement
Saw surging in research
To treat us with talks
Spread o'er a broad church.

Quantaloids constrained;
Equivalences, weak kind;
Functors quite powerful;
Fibrations aligned.

Soichiro, to go, Brno,
Rhyming is all too easy,
So I won't even bother!
Farewell, Thank You and Best Wishes!

48 Qui cherche trouve!

Oct 2024

Not motto of Trump during covid
Rather that of Family LaTrobe
Where named after place did our Eli
Qualify to wear graduate robe.

Not talking new name of old Twitter
Rather valuable discussions with X
Led to strong passion for math'matics
And to turn away from bionanotechs.

A course by Prof Brian Davey
Created an interest to hone in on
What we call *Algebra universalis*
Under classification system Linnaean.

The Priestley topic: Duality
Was involved in their honours work
But Eli could see on much further
To generalities that surely there lurk.

With this background, met Dr Garner
Who said learn some category theory
But at that stage of Eli's study
Said best keep it all topos free.

One strength of Eli's progression
Towards a very fine PhD
Taking ideas out of the algebra
The category view there to see.

Kindness to neighbours in trouble,
Hopping in to help seminar IT,
Attributes we all will be missing,
When Eli leaves for that other City.

49 Never Too Derivatorial

22 Jan 2025

Once upon a far off time
When there was magic everywhere,
Our Adelman organized
For Heller to visit us here.

Alex spoke of homotopy theories,
Next step since the model cats of Quillen.
One saw the categories varying,
Completeness conditions very fulfillen.

Now an idea just has to be good,
If a Fields Medallist pushes it too
And gives it a fancier name:
Derivators thus launched into view.

Dom Verity guided Nic's thesis
Awarded PhD by this time
Roughly shall I explain it
Sacrificing adherence to rhyme.

Classical structures of each type form a category.
Homotopy structures of each type form a derivator.
Formal category theory is done in a 2-category.
Formal derivator theory is done in a 2-derivator.

Acknowledgements made in the thesis,
Bear witness to Nicola's contacts,
Made strong friendships with other grad students,
Found culture and many important facts.

In a few weeks you will leave Sydney
To continue your impressive career
(Which may even include finance ?)
Keep a place in your heart for us here.

50 The Ballad of Ross and Margery, by Arthur and Anna Street

27 Sep 2025

Now this is the tale of two people,
who hailed from far-flung lands,

One born in western suburbs,
where Sydney's gum trees stand;

The other from Long Island's shores,
where Atlantic breezes play,
Yet fate would bind their stories,
in a most romantic way.

Young Ross was a lad from Carramar,
Where creek met railway track,
He pedalled his trike in the local park,
Wayne and cousins formed his pack.

With a gift for maths he soared ahead,
his mind both sharp and true,
A doctorate earned in numbers pure,
his path to learning flew.

While far away on Long Island's shore,
young Margery made her start,
Two brothers bold and a sister dear,
the closest to her heart.

She sailed on the bay with the salt-spray breeze,
adventurous, glad, and free,
And found her joy in a world of books,
her path the library.

From Carramar to New Orleans,
Ross journeyed on his quest,
A post-doc place in maths he found,
where clever minds are blessed.

And Margery, in that southern town,
found more than work and books,
The man of her dreams in an Oldsmobile

was taken with her looks!

In New Orleans their fates entwined,
beneath that southern sky,
They met, they loved, and swiftly wed,
with music drifting by.

With laughter and cheers they left the States,
as friends waved them away,
To Sydney's skies they flew as one,
to start a brand-new day.

Their Arthur came a tiny babe,
so gentle, full of light,
Weaned on Guinness, he grew strong,
a wonder and delight

Then Turramurra's leafy streets,
became their family's home,
And Gavin came, cute and curious,
to love, to laugh, to roam.

The years rolled on, the boys grew tall,
and left to find their way,
While Ross still worked his numbers,
though "retired" they used to say.

At Macquarie Uni he kept his room,
with chalk still in his hand,
While Margery loved the bushland trails,
and cared for the native land.

Two women came to join their tale,
as love would have its way –
Penny with cheer and a cook's bright hand,
and Anna with her "Yay!".

Their circle widened, strong and true,
as weddings sealed the band,
And soon new voices filled the air,
a joyous, growing clan.

First Oscar and Jack, then came Sam,

next Molly, and Eric too –
Each grandchild brought adventure fresh,
a world made bright and new.

Now Ross and Margery's days
took on an honoured part,
As they became important guides
in five young trusting hearts.

To the Maritime docks they wandered,
to Bobbin Head they'd stray,
Through wildflower tracks and beaches,
on Huskisson holidays.

They roamed the bush, the parks, the sands,
with stories rich and deep,
The bond of kin, the strength of love,
a joy they'll always keep.

Now eighty years have come to pass,
yet still their hearts are young,
For stories told and laughter shared,
forever keep love strong.

From Carramar's shade to Long Island's breeze,
a journey long and grand,
Two lives entwined, one family made,
still thriving hand in hand.

And may the ballad carry on,
through laughter, years, and song,
For theirs is a tale of heart and home,
that will echo proud and long.

So lift your voice and sing it loud,
let every toast resound,
For Ross and Margery's steadfast love,
the greatest prize they've found.