Departing Postdoc's Lament

(I'll be home for Xmas)

I'll be back for Physics
At KITP.

Where my life was free of strife -
No responsibilities.

Espresso in the morning
Catch some waves, and then there's tea

Oh, Advisory Board please pick
A program right for me
Love Topologically
(Sarang Gopalakrishnan)

“You’re treating a scientific problem like a common love story!”
—Sartorius, in the movie Solaris

When Bob’s entanglement with Alice conflicted with his travel plans, he raged against fate’s mindless malice and sighed and wept and wrung his hands.

She asked, before he sailed away, “Dear Bob, will you remember me?”
He said, “Our love will not decay: you see, it’s just topology.

“Things all the local measures miss can last invariant through time; we’ll show the world that love persists beyond the Landau paradigm.”

They fooled around with ion traps, took part in quantum simulations; yet nothing checked the swift collapse of their nonlocal correlations.

Then Alice hybridized with Jules, Bob got tattooed and grew a beard, and all N-point observables confirmed that they had decohered.

Their failure has no explanation: the NSF, despite our pleas, refused to fund the investigation of strictly human tragedies.
1. God rest ye biophysicists
   With funding that’s a crime,
   Descended on the Central Coast
   To understand the mind.
   Neurons, networks, nervous systems,
   Pathways redefined!

   Chorus
   Oh, my circuits and synapses are fine,
   Firing fine,
   But my dendrite arbor’s very hard to find.

2. New tools galore the brain explore,
   Light-gating in our genes!
   Plasticity and feedback loops
   Electrify our dreams,
   Neurons, networks, nervous systems,
   Pathways redefined!

   Chorus
   Oh, my circuits and synapses are fine,
   Firing fine,
   But my dendrite arbor’s very hard to find.

3. Neuronal computation talks -
   They run from nine to five!
   Our cells are tired of signaling,
   No time for cheese and wine!
   Neurons, networks, nervous systems,
   Pathways redefined!

   Chorus
   Oh, my circuits and synapses are fine,
   Firing fine,
   But my dendrite arbor’s very hard to find.
On Being Condensed Matter
-Tarun Grover
(As sung to me by a frustrated magnet)

Amidst all the talks and chatter
Life is tough being Condensed Matter.
Scientists rejoice when I am frustrated
Perhaps I am sorely hated?
They like me being highly degenerate
Is lacking morals something to celebrate?
They also want me turn really cold
Hence most my emotions are still untold.
Left and right, I am probed
Living under a scanner isn't what I hoped.

Perhaps my only solace
I keep them awake at night
With all my secrets in place.
At the LHC  
(Hokey-Pokey)

You put an up quark in  
You take an up quark out  
You put an up quark in and you spin it all about  
At the LHC where they shoot the beam around  
That's what it's all about!

You put a down quark in  
You take a down quark out  
You put a down quark in and you spin it all about  
At the LHC where they shoot the beam around  
That's what it's all about!

You put a proton in  
Don't leave the graphite out  
You put a proton in and you spin it all about  
At the LHC where they shoot the beam around  
That's what it's all about!

You shoot a proton left  
You shoot a proton right  
You shoot those protons in, and you hit the speed of light  
At the LHC where they shoot the beam around  
That's what it's all about!

And if a proton's in  
And then the Higgs comes out  
When that proton's in, and you spin it all about  
It won't create a black hole where they shoot the beam around  
That's what it's all about!
The KITP-mas Song
Base on: The Christmas Song (Chestnuts roasting...)
SATB

Words: Michael McNeil Forbes
Mel Tormé (1925-1999)
Cortland Hultberg (1931-2002)
(trans. Michael McNeil Forbes)

A-toms roasting in a las-er fire; beach tar stuck be-tween your toes. Phy-sics ca-rols be-ing

sung by a choir, And judged by folks like Da-vid Gross. E-ver-y-body hopes their host will have a bi-cy-cle, to

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a choir, And judged by folks like Da-vid Gross. E-ver-y-body hopes their host will have a bi-cy-cle, to

make their daily commute nice. My bags are packed but my talk is not done: I'll find it hard to sleep to-night!

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make their daily commute nice. My bags are packed but my talk is not done: I'll find it hard to sleep to-night! I know that

make their daily commute nice. My bags are packed but my talk is not done: I'll find it hard to sleep to-night!
Oo and Santa Barbara’s on my way; With lots of sunshine, talks and cookies every day.

And every physicist is going to try, to get their

Oo to get their

though it's been said many times, many ways, Merry Christmas, K I T P, Merry Christmas to you.

through it's been said many times, many ways, Merry Christmas, K I T P, Merry Christmas to you.

through it's been said many times, many ways, Merry Christmas, K I T P, Merry Christmas to you.

through it's been said many times, many ways, Merry Christmas, K I T P, Merry Christmas to you.