

Poems from Barry's Seventieth Birthday Conference

Doron Lubinsky (in his conference talk)

There is here a man called Barry,
Who has never been known to tarry.
He is capable of writing a paper,
quicker than boiling water turns to vapor.
He connects fields as fast as lightning,
The speed is awfully frightening.

Maestro Simon has a special plectrum,
that he plays across the entire spectrum.
It's not just physics or math,
no it is a far broader swath.
Schrodinger's operators or even Schrodinger's cat,
breaking symmetry, are for Barry old hat.

His latest love is orthogonal polynomials,
along with Verblunsky testimonials.
At times he verges on anthropology,
while resculpting every field's terminology.
Indeed, the way he (re)writes history,
is sometimes an unfathomable mystery.

He is a loyal and powerful mentor,
Valuing students and postdocs at the center.
A stalwart in the mathematical physics community,
committed to research continuity.
Serving as chief editor and department chair,
not intimidated by any stare.

So having reached three score and ten,
An extremely accomplished septuagenarian,
you have great family, great books and great prizes,
that come in many forms and all sizes.
As we peruse your towering five volume text,
we just wonder what will come next!

Yosi Avron (in his banquet talk)

A bushy unkempt beard
a big man I once feared
The small mischievous smile
Reassured me for a while

The twinkle in the eye
The gift you can't deny
a polymath with style
Prodigious and agile

Sometimes rough, always busy
Doing so much ain't so easy
Books prized far and near
Hey Kohelleth did you hear?

With those handy boxing gloves
epsilon delta that you loves
Quick mind, razor sharp
Elegance that fills the heart

H index one oh four
Precious few have such a score
Articles in hundreds students in tons
Is there just one Barry or multiple clones?

A yarmulke, a Jew
the fastest mind I knew
Haredi and liberal
Abstract and corporeal

Time has come to slow a bit
Look back with pride at all you did
daf yomi is yours to relish
With hevrusa that you cherish

Evans Harrell (in his banquet talk)

Deep in the tomes of Mike Reed and Barry Simon

Are some downright weird puns and even some rhyming

But it was really quite somethin' that the authors had the gumption

to draw a tautological conclusion from a scatological assumption

We were never quite certain. Were they just being sly then, or were they two rather high men?