

## **The Santa Barbara Physicist (to the tune of The Modern Major General, with apologies to Gilbert & Sullivan)**

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He is the very model of a Santa Barbara physicist.  
He flies around the country, his agenda is the busiest.  
He e-mails during dinner, 'cause his life has been Blackberrified,  
And takes his laptop on vacation where the mountain air is rarefied.  
He's very good at integrals and methods analytical.  
He calculates the speed of instabilities dendritical.  
He recites from Shakespeare all of Hamlet's famed soliloquy,  
And disbelieves all papers ever written on plasticity.

(He disbelieves all papers ever written on plasticity.  
He disbelieves all papers ever written on plasticity.  
He disbelieves all papers ever written on plasticity.)

He populates his garden plot with plums and cactus cultivars.  
He doodles on his clipboard and he falls asleep in seminars.  
His Fortran is archaic but his laptop is the whizziest –  
He is the very model of a Santa Barbara physicist.

He was born in Pittsburgh in September nineteen thirty four.  
He went abroad for grad school and returned to marry Elinor.  
As professor at Carnegie Tech he conjured up the instanton,  
And some complicated theories that will never fit within this song.  
He went to California where he helped to start the ITP,  
He was officer of APS and National Academy.  
He paints with watercolors and he practices the pi-ano.  
But he ought to practice more and you can tell him that I told you so.

(He ought to practice more and you can tell him that I told you so.  
He ought to practice more and you can tell him that I told you so.)

He ought to practice more and you can tell him that I told you told you so.)

He will sing Tom Lehrer backwards while reciting most of Sam McGee.

He's a fan of modern music, if it antedates 1803.

He's on hundreds of committees, he's got more to do than Sisyphus –

He is the very model of a Santa Barbara physicist.

In fact, when he knows what is meant by 'weekend' and by 'boogie board',  
When he doesn't need to schedule time to solve the Sunday Times crossword,  
When United Airlines doesn't call to ask him if he's still alright,  
Because there's been a day or two between his last cross country flights,  
When Elly doesn't have to tell him "Log off, dear, and go to bed",  
When Reviews of Modern Physics isn't echoing inside his head,  
You'll know that something strange has happened. What's the world coming to?  
Jim Langer's got a moment free with no idea what to do!

(Jim Langer's got a moment free with no idea what to do!

Jim Langer's got a moment free with no idea what to do!

Jim Langer's got a moment free with no idea what to what to do!)

But I'm sure that that will never happen, he's in far too much demand,  
And he would be dismayed without exigencies on every hand,  
And so I shall dispense with any more Savoyard pleasantries,  
And wish him a felicitous and very busy seventy!

Steve Langer  
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