

# SMEN math

Friday, February 10, 1978.

Volume XVI Number 5.

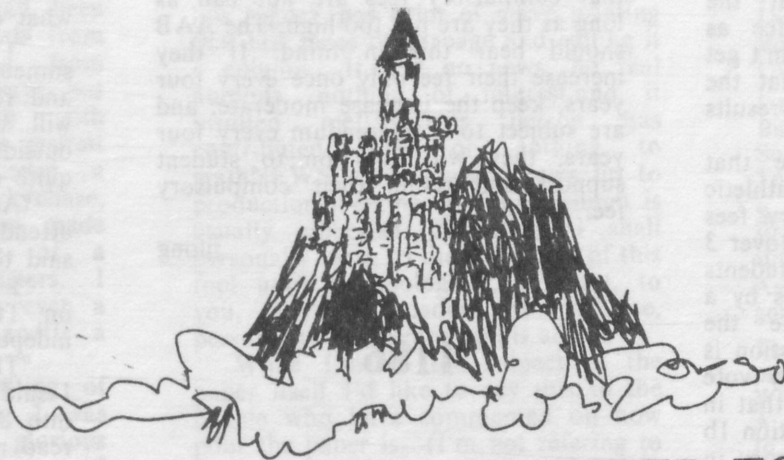
1185

## BoGged Down?

UW's Board of Governors met Tuesday morning in Needless Hall. Accepted were: refundable Fed fees starting in May; a separate refundable fee for CKMS (Radio Waterloo); and a 13.2% rent increase for married students.

Said a rocketman, winking an eye,

"Into orbits computers must fly.  
Now it might be more sound,  
If they stayed on the ground,  
But the people want  $\pi$  in the sky."



## REMINDER TO ALL MATH CO-OP STUDENTS

MATHSOC  
PICK UP  
BROOMBALL  
TUESDAYS AT  
12:00 MIDNIGHT  
AT ST. CLEMENTS

Job descriptions received too late to be included in the Want Ads and those jobs receiving a poor response will be posted daily at 3:00 p.m. on the bulletin boards in Needles Hall. **Please check the boards daily.**

All job ranking cards are due in Needles Hall (front desk) by 4:00 p.m. on February 27th, 1978. *Please help us to help you by meeting this deadline.*

math NEWS

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## Referendum Analysis

The results are all in from last week's Intercollegiate Fee referendum, and it is now possible to analyse them. Information from these results could be used to predict future trends for referendums on this campus.

The most noticeable fact of this referendum/election was the low turnout of only 2200. One reason for this was the low turnout for president, caused by the expected landslide (sometimes this is not always a factor as the Federation fee referendum had a turnout of 700 more than the last presidential election). A second reason would be low-key advertising and a lack of any sort of campaign. While Rick Smit campaigned for a refundable increase, the AAB did some campaigning for compulsory fees and JJ Long did low-key anti-increase campaigning, these events were considered nothing compared to those campaigns mounted last fall by Mathsoc, Engsoc, the chevron and the Federation. I would say that the students didn't consider this fee as important as the Fed fee and didn't get as excited about it, figuring that the university would ignore the results anyway.

The results clearly indicate that students still want compulsory athletic fees. In question 1a compulsory fees were approved by 63% to 36% (over 3 to 2) and in question 1b students narrowly rejected refundable fees by a 48% to 38% margin. While the pro-refundable vote in each question is nearly equal, the pro-compulsory vote in question 1b is 20% less than that in 1a. The spoiled category in question 1b is nearly 20%. (the spoiled category in 1a is 1%) Many people (especially pro-compulsory voters) did not understand 1b, or considered it redundant. Some faculties (e.g. engineering) voted both pro-refundable and pro-compulsory. Though even when one averages questions 1a and 1b, compulsory still beats refundable by over 3 to 2 (55% to 37%). It is interesting to note that in 1972 students approved compulsory fees by a 83% to 16% (5 to 1) margin. (note: Question 1 was originally one question with choices "compulsory" and "refundable" with an explanation for each choice, but Federation secretary Helga Petz and V. P. Don Salichuk changed the ballot without council's approval)

The students, by a clear 3 to 2 margin, opposed the increase. The increase was opposed in every faculty except HKLS. (The HKLS vote is considered predictable.)

What does this mean for the future of fee referendums at UW? As a whole, students are turning away from compulsory fees. They will still back compulsory fees if an organization is in

real financial need and has done an exceptional job, but not by 80% margins as in the past. If an organization is only doing a good job, they would tend to favour a refundable fee, but keep their fees in.

I see no movement to a voluntary fee system. Few people voted no to both 1a and 1b. A refundable system is basically backed on principle, though some favour it out of spite. There does not seem to be an indication that students intend to withdraw their fees in great numbers, as long as no-one screws up royally. In fact refunds went down for mathsoc this term from 16 to 9.

Recent indications of student favour of refundable fees have been shown in the past year and a half. Examples of this are the Fed fee referendum, the Jan 77 chevron referendum, (refundable favoured by 3 to 1), the RadWat petition (over 3300 signatures) and OPIRG and Society fees. The Athletic fee is the only compulsory fee left.

This referendum proved another point I had been stating. That point is that compulsory fees are not bad as long as they are not too high. The AAB should bear this in mind. If they increase their fee only once every four years, keep the increase moderate, and are subject to a referendum every four years, they will hold on to student support and retain their compulsory fee.

jjlong

1186

Presenting your basic freeze-dried pH balanced polyunsaturated jrbakker-proof termite-infested

## Ramblings, Ravings, and Incoherent Mumbles

He was waiting for me at the door of the Teleray room, eyes shining like Tektronix cursors, wearing a Computer Lib T-shirt. "Aw, c'mon Superhack," I begged, "lemme get in and write my article. All week the rooms have been filled with kids doing their first CS assignments; I haven't had a fast terminal for so long my eyes can't move faster than 150 baud!"

"I didn't like the way your last column portrayed me," he said, obstinate. "Implying I'm a bully and a reactionary. And the back wall of the Teleray room isn't cement."

"Poetic licence. Anyway, you ruined it. Even loyal RRIM supporters like kgdykes thought it was my worst column ever."

"That's because you wouldn't print any of his lousy jokes. Your next column is always your worst, anyway. Your last column actually showed an improvement, but it wasn't good enough. I'm going to have to put a further restriction on you. Meet your new co-writer." And he gestured at the opposite wall, where a young, immaculately dressed man was standing. "This is Phillip Hartman."

"Wait a second... I made him up two years ago, as the perfect fiance for a girl I was in love with! This is impossible!" And I turned to him. "I created you! You don't exist!"

"That's a contradiction if I ever heard one," he replied, smiling infuriatingly. Superhack cut in.

"The fact that you made him up is irrelevant. You ought to be more careful with your characters."

"But everyone uses that gimmick! Richard Geis, in Science Fiction Review, has a cowriter he calls Alter-Ego. Even the infamous dthedmonds had his thinly-disguised Naed Sludge. I'm not going to do what everyone else does."

"Yes, you are. You need someone to take up column space and reduce your over-verbosity. Phil will act as your liaison with the outside world. I'm sure he'll be quite a benevolent influence."

"Aren't you supposed to be attending Harvard Law School?" I said to the young man.

"I am, but I can afford to fly up on Tuesday nights. You made me independently wealthy, remember?"

"This isn't really fair, you know," I said weakly. "I'm gonna be shoved into 8-point type again and no one'll read me."

"It'll teach you to think about what you write," said Superhack. "People will read you if you write intelligently. Oh, by the way," and he glanced at his watch, "you're not going to have space for all of this week's items."

I didn't stop to figure out his gesture. "What! No summary of my mailbox, featuring jmanderson who is angry at being left out so much? No mention of the rumours regarding a second NFG Orchestra Album? No belated discussion of the Fed election or of the mathSOC elections? No denunciation of the number of people playing games on the 'bun when there's work to be done?"

"No, and that trick won't work. You've used up your space," said Superhack as he and Phil each took one of my arms gently but firmly and started leading me away from the Teleray room. I barely had time to shout, "I shall return!!!" as they frog-marched me down the corridor.

-pogc

(alias plragde)



With a thundering password mask,  
and a hearty cry of hi-ho CRT and  
away.... it's

## THE MASKED MARUDER<sic>:

Due to circumstances beyond my control (eh trob?), I missed my article last week; but due to circumstances beyond your control the masked maruder<sic> rides again. I have again come into your life to harass you, annoy you, and generally bore you (something like a drill sergeant).

This is my second column, and I'm happy to say that I recieved an entire response to my first one. This response was from one Rufus the Red, and while not exactly complimentary, it gave me some of the vital feedback that I need, to inform me, yours truly, that people exist, other than buggy-eyed hacks who cannot see past their telerays. The rest of my mail.box had been inundated with the usual junk from hacks and psuedo-hacks (eg: from kgdykes "strip monopoly always has a community chest"—along with various messages to the great jpsirett mailing list). I even recieved a complaint about javanhezewyk/chase, which I understand has been made almost inaccessible, because of a complaint from higher quarters. I also understand that there is even a -b- version under eksiegerman/fff a freeze file.

But enough with the sifting of the contents of my mail.box; I was perusing the last issue of this glorious magazine (feb/3/78), and I noticed that pogo (the heretic) finally made it to the big time with something larger than the usual sized type (for him). I also noticed an addition or 2 to the staff of trained chiunps(umps?) the trob has working for him, such as jrbakker (hey jr, I don't know where to find a cute and cuddly German Shepherd, but I can get you an invisible cocker spanial that is out of sight).

I haven't much to say this week but; I do have some questions: 1) jpsirett—why wasn't there an igbonc candidate in the fedprez election? 2) Why do I have only Two qestions? Lasr week yours truly was told he couldn't insult people through mathNEWS. I have taken this into account, and decided to include a poem that somebody sent to me

A voice booming  
Like a jack-ass braying  
I look up—JJ.

kls—the author(ess?)

Well I don't know if this article is going to make it into mathNEWS this week, but if it does, I hope to here from all of you out there in Math-Land. So keep those cards and letter-bombs coming.....

.....I'll be jabbering at you el a masko (eamacneil).

1187

They found a new way of convincing me to write this article. They call it a fair trade. I call it blackmail. Hence this column is no longer at gunpoint, so welcome to:

## COLLINS MIX

a melange of humour, news and other trash to fill space in this paper.

That fool, pogo, or plragde, (purple lips ragde), has a lot of nerve printing that last piece of garbage and calling it a column. It had no news, no real humour, nothing of interest, and it insulted me!!! This person has contributed little or nothing to mathNEWS as he never shows up to production meetings and his column is usually gibberish. Therefore, I shall personally work to the detriment of this fool until he apologizes, in print, to you, our loyal readers, (and to me, personally) and cleans up his act.

While I'm on the subject of the paper itself I'd like to say this to the people who have commented on how poor the paper is. (I'm not referring to the letters in last week's mathNEWS) 'If you don't like it, come out and change it.' Production meetings are Tuesdays at 7:00. If you can't make it, write something down and drop it in at Mc3038 or send it to me, rfcollins, and I'll personally see that it gets in. Tell me what you'd like to see in the future and what you don't like.

My contest came up with a clear-cut winner but Trob wouldn't let me win it. So I have no winner because nobody responded. I'll keep it open for another week. Keep those cards and letters coming.

Will whoever stole the door from the south-west entrance, please return it. No questions asked.

I won't keep you any longer because you should all be studying for (or writing) mid-terms. See you all at the pub tonite.

rfcollins

## TREES

I think that I shall never see  
A string as lovely as a tree.  
For strings are made by fools like me,  
And only parsers make a tree.

A string just lies there, plain and flat,  
As boring as a welcome mat—  
A rather dreary, flabby sight,  
Of symbols stretched from left to right.

While trees, whose branches downward drop,  
Grow gracefully from root to top,  
Arcing down from node to node  
Until they reach an antipode.

The trees I mean aren't found in parks.  
Their branches are thin airy arcs.  
Their leaves aren't eaten by giraffes.  
They're finite and acyclic graphs.

Such trees have academic glamor,  
Suggesting hints of math and grammar  
That draw forth papers theoretic  
(As trees to dogs are diuretic).

Parsers grow trees with production  
Using weird and looped constructions.  
But though I labor day and night  
I cannot get a parser right.

I try to get my trees to grow,  
But parsers I write never go.  
So I leave parsing, growing trees,  
To men like Aho, Knuth and Gries.

Some parsers gaily go to town,  
Working from the root on down.  
While others go from top to bottom,  
Assigning forms to strings that's got'em.

There are some strings that do not parse,  
Whose structure is an utter farce.  
A parser indicates the error  
In ways that make one quake with terror.

They tell you what you've written wrong  
In messages both short and long  
That really are incomprehensible  
And make you feel quite reprehensible.

And there are parsers that are able  
To drive constructions from a table,  
Keeping guesses good and warm  
With hints in Backus-Naur form.

A parser glues our A's, B's, C's  
Into graceful, arcing trees,  
Finding forms in LISP and COBOL,  
FORTRAN, PL/I and SNOBOL.

But I, for one, would raier grow  
Plain strings that lie there, in a row.  
For poems are made from strings like  
these.

THEY'D LOOK DAMNED  
SILLY MADE OF TREES!

Peter Kugel  
Boston College

Published without permission from  
SIGACT NEWS, April 1975.

## The Great Jawn and jr. Con(test)

Hello rowdies. Welcome back to the contest that never quits, the still GREAT JPSIRETT and jrbakker contest. Since nobody seemed to want to join our mailing lists, we have decided to offer a special new prize (aside from fame). We will (free of charge and anonymously) harass the person of your choice (once only) via the Honeywell mail system if you get a perfect score. (operators and other biggies excluded) This week's contest is as follows. (answers to last week's below) (if it ain't, look it up) (belated "happy ground hog day" to all and sundry from jawn) This week's contest is pretty much about people from the looks of it.

Question #1 Name ten ex-prime ministers of Canada.

Question #2 Who was Bill Masterton?

Question #3 Where is Norman Wells?

Question #4 Who are the members of the rock group R. E. O. Speedwagon?

Question #5 Who was the first Canadian to win an "Oscar"?

All entries must be sent to either *jpsirett* or *jrbakker* on the honeywell or in person. (just tells us the name (or userid) of the person to be bugged)

The answers to the first GREAT JPSIRETT and jrbakker Contest are now here!! First prize goes to Jim Gardner, who got 2.5 out of a possible 5.0 for correct answers to #'s 1 and 4 and approximately knowing where Sarajevo is. Honourable mention goes to Rob Collins, because he (rightly) refused to answer on the grounds that the contest lacked Canadian content and he had mail to answer. (we hope that this week's contest meets with his approval) He received 0.25 points because his was the only other entry.

\*\*\*\*answers\*\*\*\*

#1 thursday

#2 Serbia

#3 colorado, detroit, chicago, vancouver, atlanta, islanders, washington,

pittsburg, minnesota

#4 african or european?

#5 patrick rudolph

LIVE LONG AND PROSPER

JAWN

## 1188 NOTICE

Yes folks, once again it is time for the column that cares. This weeks column will not be an introduction to my NEW WAVE column, which may start next week (if I get the energy). As for this week, I am not in the greatest of shape after a week of FASS, but I will try my best in any case to create a column that is reasonably readable.

My mail this week includes a message from Ben Kazoora which contains the following little quiz. Send all answers to me and I will forward them. The question is..... 3 people crossed a river.  
the first person saw the water, touched it, and crossed it.  
the second person saw the water, didn't touch it, but crossed it.  
the third person neither saw the water, nor touched it, but crossed it anyway.  
no one was blind.  
who were these 3 people and how was it possible?

Continuing with my mail, I have a message from rfcollins (at gunpoint) asking me to beg responses to the question he asked last week. (namely; what is a student) Therefore, I am asking. Please answer him. He gets lonely when no-one writes him. Yes Jawn, I know that he should include his userid if he wants answers, but does HE know it? (His userid is *rfcollins* on the 'bun)

I also received a message from a mysterious person who I have never met named *rasisson* asking for help in compiling the first "Comprehensive Idiots Dictionary" (why did he send it to me? he also sent it to pogo.) Any way, all help that any of my THREE (formerly two) loyal readers can lend him will be appreciated. (satisfied ra? <ras?>)

And now, the moment you've all been dreading, the moment when I print out the first winner in my all new MAIL\_MESSAGE\_OF\_THE\_WEEK (picture a small fanfare in this space) Since this column appeared in print for the first time 3 days ago, the winner is a member of my mailing list who knew about it in advance. The first winner is *jpsirett* for a (highly edited) conversation with the 'bun. (lord and master of all honeywell users) The opinions expressed in this message (and any other message I happen to print) are those of its author. **Onwards!**

did you read what the chevron said about FASS?

[yes i did]

hello bun how are you

[just fine jawn i hope you don't mind intruding on your message to jr.]

i don't but jr. might

[if he does i'll purge his account]

before i forget 'bun thank you for not destroying my mailing list

[you're welcome jawn, the odd mass message is all right, it breaks the boredom

of hackdom.]

what are you doing this week?

[i have my week planned. i'm going to prove that Widjet sucks,

the 360 and 370, NOVA, Widjet and all the other systems around

are going to have an orgy; so, we might be a little slow next week.

i hope ibm doesn't byte. I'm horny now; so bye.]

In conclusion, (hurrah) I have only two more things to say. (actually 3 but who counts anyway?) First; to anyone who managed to watch FASS, congratulations and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. To those who didn't, better luck next year. Second; a new contest and a survey. The contest is for those of you who abhor filthy limericks. Write a clean limerick (*editor's note: "clean limerick" is an oxymoron!*) on any subject, and submit to me any way you can. The best three will be printed in a future column (if I get that many). The Survey is an impromptu, and highly biased, survey to try to decide the best songs to play at full volume on your stereo. (Stereo Wars! anyone?) Again, send them to me and I will tabulate the results (using my toes if necessary) and tell you the top five or so. Please. Vote for 3 songs only! (Otherwise I will have to borrow someone elses hands and feet for computations.) The results will (hopefully) come out in about three weeks. (If my account lasts that long.)

And finally, (I bet you thought I was done, eh?) a question. Why is pragde introducing these strange characters into his column? Could it be that he wants to pin the blame for his garbage on someone else? (At least I admit that I'm responsible for the garbage that goes into this column) Think about it. Meanwhile, TALK TO ME!!!! ANYBODY!!!! I CAN BE FRIENDLY!!!! (no four legged canines, please. let prabhakar have 'em) MY USERID IS *jrbakker* ON THE EVER-LOVIN' 'BUN!!!!

-jr.

p.s. Could there be any truth to the rumour that pogo(stick)'s nemesis "Superhack" is arwhite??? More as I hear it.



### Sexually frustrated?

Capable of creative self-expression?  
Perhaps you can help.

I have been attempting for over a month to draw attention to my apartment-to-share, with no response whatsoever. If you are interested personally, or have ideas for further ads, phone Steve Camidge at 578-6943.

**Townhouse for Sublet.** May to August, 4 bedroom. Rent negotiable (\$290). 505C Sunnydale Place, phone 886-3969.

**4 Sale:** Harmon Kardon 930 stereo receiver (50W + 50W). Toshiba SR340 semi-automatic turntable (pitch control). Infinity 1001A 2-way speakers. Best offer over \$600 (willing to sell components seperately if price is right). Call Rick at 886-3003.

### Dear Frosh;

This will probably be your first mathsoc election. We in mathsoc hope that you, the students of this society, will take the effort to come out and cast your vote. The students in math have been known to be somewhat apathetic in most of the events we service, but I can see change in the future with your support and interest in the society. I invite you to come to the mathsoc office anytime during your stay at the University. I assure you that you won't be wasting your time; if you think you are, tell us. I'm sure you will that all we do is sit around and play bridge and print **mathNEWS**, but we are the primary source of entertainment available to you, through the Federation of Students or through our own office.

This term we will be holding a Math-Week as we have in the past. We will offer fun and enjoyment in the form of Monopoly, Bridge, Wine and Cheese, and of course our Semi-Formal. This year we will be featuring "Dock Savage" as the entertainment in the Valhala Inn on King St. by the Kitchener Market. This Semi will be held on March the 4th. Tickets will be available in the Mathsoc office at \$15 a couple.

Even if you do not wish to partake in our political aspect of the society we do need your support in all other areas that the society offers such as sports, running of pubs, advertizing, giving ideas at meetings, writing for **mathNEWS**, or whatever you wish to do that will benefit yourself and others around you.

Remember to vote experience, elect Andy (AKF) Mueller for Mathsoc President.

Thank You,  
Andy Mueller

4 rbwillis Tue Feb 7 1978 16:50

For sale: One Canada Goose impersonator.

Honks every morning.  
Never shaves, and only needs a TV set  
to survive.

Contact jrmiller via 'bun

3 jrmiller Mon Feb 6 1978 14:32

M  
cancel last one and run this  
"will trade one room-mate complete with shaving cream and razor in return for yellow canary"jrmiller

**FOR SALE** Sony TC377 reel to reel tape recorder and 27,000 feet of tape, asking \$425. Contact Mark at 885-0595 or *mrhasselback* on TSS.

*The editorial staff apologizes for the misprint last week, mrhasselback's phone number is 885-0595, not 884-0595.*

**Require girls for my harem.** No moustaches, please! Interested females may mail or apply in person to the illustrious *dlpeteron*.

### Dear mathNEWS:

Further on my comment of last week: On Monday January 30th, grads recieved in their mail boxes a copy of Mike Malcolm's policy on UNIX userids. (If you want to read it, and you are lucky enough to have a UNIX account, you can read it in /u/mamalcolm/policy.) In some manner, this smacks of empire-building.

Most grads who use UNIX are aware that they can get an account just by asking. This was the policy in the past, and it remains so. Why take great lengths to remind all grad students (and this includes those not in computer science) that they can have an account? It seems silly and a complete waste of paper, money and energy.

So why is Mike Malcolm being so wastful these days? I suspect that what he wants to do is encourage grad students to have accounts, even when they don't need them. Then he will have justification for refusing undergrads who want accounts, saying "I'm sorry, but UNIX cannot handle any more users."

On the other hand, perhaps this is just a publicity ploy to show everyone what a "terrific" job he's doing as director of UNIX. Maybe it's just that power is going to his head. In all events it shows up the simple fact that Mike Malcolm, as usual, is wielding a far too heavy hand in even the simplest of matters.

All for now, your UNIX correspondent

Graham Ashby

mathNEWS will print your ads free of charge. Just jot them down on a piece of paper and put it in our mailbox on the third floor across from the C&D lounge, or take it to Mathsoc and have them put it in our mail slot, or put it in the mail addressed to mathNEWS, MC 3038, or send them in the mail subsystem on TSS to serial mathNEWS.

11891

### Dear mathNEWS:

Your "volume-number" antics continue to annoy me—you dare claim that both  $XX_{viii}$  and  $CXXI_{iii}$  are valid representations of the decimal number 16 and boldly splash them onto the **mathNEWS** front page!!

Any individual acquainted with the Roman system of numerals knows that the characters X, V and I represent (by definition) the base 10 values 10, 5 and 1, respectively. You are violating these digits' fundamental rights by supposing that  $XX$  can represent "two, zero" (base eight)!  $XX$  means "ten, ten", hence it equals twenty (base ten) by convention. Even an (ugh!) engineer would admit that!

If you insist on retaining "status" as a rowdy character and base mutilator (no pun intended), then at least civilize yourself to use the Roman Numeral characters themselves as digits in your representation: thus  $(IV)_{xi}$  and  $(II)_{xv}$  are  $(15)_{11}$  and  $(11)_{15}$ , respectively. Incidentally, these are the **only** two possible representations for  $(16)_{10}$  with Roman Numerals since the Romans were unaware of that ugly "non-nothing" we call "zero" and included no analogous place-holder digit in their number system.

Ben W. Lutek

### Dear Mr. Lutek:

We must concede that the Roman Numeral system is not genuinely positional. In fact, what you say shows a great deal of merit.

We cannot, however, accept responsibility for the flaws in a system which was conceived long before any of us were.

By the way, would you represent the (base 10) value 99 as  $XCIX$  or as  $IC$ ?  
—ed.



Ladies and gentlemen, please bear in mind that what follows was written in California in 1969—but could just as easily have been Waterloo tomorrow. mathNEWS proudly presents (steals) Jerry Farber's

## The Student as Nigger

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow the question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hangups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education. At Cal State L.A., where I teach (*taught!*), the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even restrooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections—their average age is about 26—but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor"—and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump," students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out—each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a provo (*see "The Four-Fold Path to Student Liberation," by the same author*); I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying, "This class is NOT dismissed!" and led her back to her seat.

On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, moustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

Even more discouraging than this master-slave approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded, and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddam school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress." In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the school board would have been delighted to see all the black kids trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others—including most of the "good students"—have been more deeply brain-washed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favour the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere.

But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls. Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, most college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges, the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years I found that my being arrested in demonstrations brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and furthermore, that teaching, like police work pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and the other external trappings of authority.

At any rate teachers ARE short on balls. And, as Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say—or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim—any time you choose—you can keep students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear—fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse



you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance—and parade a slender learning.

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior—a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally, a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him—eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the need to give and the need to hold back, between the desire to free his students and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is usually taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy, solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety—at best an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers, often afraid to join a real union, nonetheless may practice the worst kind of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meistersinger." The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature; too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white men so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which make the castration of Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins before school years with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sadomasochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the teacher in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher—a kind of intellectual rough trade—and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter—sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very contempo. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered." And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-colour" teacher who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's actually happening—turned-on awareness of hairy goodies underneath the pettipants, the chinos and the flannels. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is push enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school lovingly caress their students' cocks (someday maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't, by example and stricture, teach their students to pretend that those cocks aren't there. As things stand now, students are psychologically castrated or spayed—and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better explained in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the mean time what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Intersection or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final, he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him, A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in some clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced a 20-page term paper would be required—with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Commandant of English 323. Simon Legree on the poetry plantation. "Tote that iamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness—over 16 years—to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you might want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college they can just bounce you out of the

fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college for a rebel is a little like going North for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay in the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make colouring books out of the catalogues and put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at—a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons—their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

**Mathsoc**  
**South Campus Hall**  
**PUB**  
**TODAY**  
**Friday February 10**  
**1 FREE Beer**  
**for each mathie**  
**Free Admission**  
Includes DJ from Alpha Sounds,  
and a light show.



## Guaranteed Effective All-Occasion Non-Slanderous Political Smear Speech

My fellow citizens, it is an honour and a pleasure to be here today. My opponent has openly admitted he feels an affinity toward your city, but I happen to like this area. It might be a salubrious place to him, but to me it is one of the nation's most delightful garden spots.

When I embarked upon this political campaign, I hoped that it could be conducted on a high level and that my opponent would be willing to stick to the issues. Unfortunately, he has decided to be tractable instead—to indulge in unequivocal language, to eschew the use of outright lies in his speeches, and even to make repeated veracious statements about me.

At first I tried to ignore these scrupulous, unvarnished fidelities. Now I will do so no longer; **if my opponent wants a fight, he's going to get one!**

It might be instructive to start with his background. My friends, have you ever accidentally dislodged a rock on the ground and seen what was underneath? Well, exploring my opponent's background is dissimilar. All the slime and filth and corruption you can possibly imagine, even in your wildest dreams, are glaringly nonexistent in this man's life. Even during his childhood!

Let us take a quick look at that childhood: It is a known fact that, on a number of occasions, he emulated older boys at a certain playground. It is also known that his parents not only permitted him to masticate excessively in their presence, but urged him to do so. Most explicable of all, this man who poses as a paragon of virtue exacerbated his own sister when they were both teenagers!

I ask you, my fellow Canadians: is this the kind of person we want in public office to set an example to our youth?

Of course, it's not surprising that he should have a typically pristine background—o, no not when you consider the other members of his family:

His female relatives put on a constant pose of purity and innocence, and claim they are inscrutable, yet every one of them has taken part in hortatory activities.

The men in the family are likewise completely amenable to moral suasion.

My opponent's second cousin is a Mormon.

His uncle was a flagrant heterosexual.

His sister, who has always been obsessed by sects, once worked as a proselyte outside a church.

His father was secretly chagrined at least a dozen times by matters of a pecuniary nature.

His youngest brother wrote an essay extolling the virtues of being a *homo sapiens*.

His great-aunt expired from a degenerative disease.

His nephew subscribes to a phonographic magazine.

His wife was a thespian before their marriage and even performed the act in front of paying customers.

And his own mother had to resign from a women's organization in her later years because she was an admitted sexagenarian.

Now what shall we say of the man himself?

I can tell you in solemn truth that he is the very antithesis of political radicalism, economic irresponsibility and personal depravity. His own record **proves** that he has frequently discountenanced treasonable, un-Canadian philosophies and has perpetrated many overt acts as well.

He perambulated his first infant son on the street.

He practiced nepotism with his uncle and first cousin.

He attempted to interest a 13-year-old girl in philately.

He participated in a seance at a private residence where, among other odd goings-on, there was incense.

He has declared himself in favour of more homogeneity on college campuses.

Greetings, earthlings, to mathNEWS, the only weekly newspaper on campus with an all-volunteer staff, because mathsoc is stingy, but we're printed independent of them anyway..... This week I was Geoff oops ---lost it Hains; John got away Lee; BJ did you do anything? Gregory; Jr. FASSist Bakker; co-editor Wil snuck out the back Macaulay; and your host and mine, Exil Q (for Quite tired) Trob.

Even if you only have three fingers, you can count that this issue has EIGHT pages, mostly phototypeset on the Photon Econosetter attached to MFCF's Honeywell 66/60, which is used to edit them, laid out by hand and then delivered to Graphic Services, where they are force-bred like fruit flies to go forth and populate the third floor.

Oh yes: we were also visited by John Long (is his analysis real or complex?); and Cagey Dykes, who didn't do anything, but got his name in this issue twice anyway.

My 340 class will start in 1 hour --- I feel sick --- don't wait for me.

I heard a good one the other day about the nympho and the Roto-rooter .... darn, there isn't enough room here for it.

Fatal error - resource limit exceeded on unit "editor".  
core dumped.

He participated in a seance at a private residence where, among other odd goings-on, there was incense.

He has declared himself in favour of more homogeneity on college campuses.

He has advocated social intercourse in mixed company—and has taken part in such gatherings himself.

He has been deliberately averse to crime in our streets.

He has urged our Protestant and Jewish citizens to develop more catholic tastes.

Last summer he committed a piscatorial act on a boat that was flying the Canadian flag.

Finally, at a time when we must be on our guard against all foreign isms, he has coolly announced his belief in altruism—and his fervent hope that some day this entire nation will be altruistic.

I beg you, my friends, to oppose this man whose life and work and ideas are so openly and avowedly compatible with our Canadian way of life. A vote for him would be a vote for the perpetuation of everything we hold dear.

The facts are clear; the record speaks for itself.

Do your duty.

stolen from MAD

## Take the AIA Challenge!

The Anti-Imperialist Alliance has challenged Professor Levine and the executive of the Chinese Students Association to "participate in a mass democratic discussion" about China before and after Mao's death, tonight at 7 pm in room CC 113. All are invited to participate.

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