

## The Battle of the Bands

The University of Waterloo  
WARRIORS BAND

versus

The University of Toronto  
LADY GODIVA  
MEMORIAL BAND

Saturday, October 24, 1981  
2:00 PM  
Seagram Stadium

### Extra attractions:

\* Football game between  
the Waterloo Warriors  
and the Toronto Blues

\* CHCH-TV sports personality  
Dick Beddoes

**Bring a set of keys!**

## Drop Deadline

The deadline for dropping courses  
and withdrawing without academic  
penalty is October 23, 1981 (*which is to-  
day*).

## From the mathNEWS mail.box

22 pragde Tue Oct 13 1981 12:47  
Dear Editor:

If the handful of active members of  
the Mathematics Society are really sin-  
cere about wanting to sacrifice their  
time on our behalf, perhaps they would  
consider a public service that might take  
some time and effort but would be pop-  
ular. When the non-smoking lounge  
was created, non-smokers were a silent  
majority. Now they are a militant  
majority, and it makes no sense that  
they should have the smaller lounge. I  
think the Math Society should look into  
switching the roles of the two lounges.  
C&D will of course have to be moved,  
but this can't be too much of a problem  
— perhaps it can be located by the  
closets where its supplies are now kept,  
or where the pinball machines now are.  
The layout may have to be rearranged,  
but none of the furniture is bolted down.  
At the very least, a feasibility study can  
be done, which would take less time  
than planning a parade or running a  
Mathweek. How about it?

Prabhakar Ragde

## Cryptic Cryptogram

This is a regular substitution cypher that  
can be solved in the usual manner.  
Night owls should try the cryp game on  
the bun.

Not place hi not ofsshshncuap fp tlacz  
nh not pau hr not placep hi not hnotw  
neh ofktp.

Solution next issue.



---

*In the beginning there was the Word.  
Unfortunately, right after that there followed*

---

# mathNEWS

---

Volume 27, Number 4  
Friday, October 23, 1981

---

## "Women's Week" Events

October 23-25:

Fed Flick: **Norma Rae**, starring  
Sally Field. Short Subject: **Would I  
Ever Like To Work**, an eight-minute  
NFB film about the vicious circle of  
unemployment for women with children.

Monday, October 26:

**The New Feminist Philosophy** of  
Rachel Vigier will be outlined by Ms.  
Vigier in the Integrated Studies Lounge,  
PAS 1101, at 3 p.m.

Susan Bellingham of the Arts Li-  
brary staff will give a forty-minute talk  
on the resources for women available in  
the Rare Book Room. 11 a.m., 1st  
floor, Arts Library.

**Sexual Victimization** is the topic of  
a talk and workshop in the Campus  
Centre, Room 135, at 12 noon.

**Killing Us Softly and Ways of See-  
ing 11**, films about women and media  
imagery, will be shown in the CC Great  
Hall at 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, October 27:

A professional midwife will speak  
on the **Birth Process** in CC 135 at 11  
a.m.

The film **Men's Lives**, about the  
changing roles of men in today's society,  
will be shown in the CC Great Hall at  
7:30 p.m.

**Julia**, starring Vanessa Redgrave  
and Jane Fonda, will be shown in the  
Engineering Lecture Hall, Room 110, at

9 p.m. Short subject: **Virginia Woolf:  
The Moment Whole**.

Wednesday, October 28:

A midwife provides new informa-  
tion on **Fertility Cycles**, CC 135, 11  
a.m.

**Women Helping Women**, presented  
by the History Society; 8:30 p.m., CC  
135.

Film: **Harold and Maude**; CC  
Great Hall, 9:30 p.m.

Thursday, October 29:

**Action Methods in Self-Discovery** —  
"What Does It Mean To Be A Wom-  
an?" 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., CC 135.

**Shakti — She is Vital Energy and  
Double Day**, two films about women in  
other countries, will be shown in the CC  
Great Hall at 7:30 p.m.

Friday, October 30:

**Women, Education and Social  
Change** — 11 a.m., CC 135.

**Women In Religion**, a 'Church Col-  
lege Forum'; in Conrad Grebel Great  
Hall from 12:15 to 2:00 p.m.

**The Visible Woman**, the history of  
Canadian women from the pioneer days  
onwards. Contains rare film footage.  
7:30 p.m., Campus Centre Great Hall.  
Short subject: **Union Maids**, an NFB  
film on women and unions.

## Frustratin' Fallacies

I'm back with some more puzzles and fallacies; today we'll see problems with theology and geometry. Ready?...

### A Proof That God Exists

- 1) There are laws that govern the world.
  - 2) God made the laws of the world.
- Hence, God must exist.

### All triangles are isosceles

Let  $ABC$  be an arbitrary triangle; construct the bisector of the angle  $C$  and the perpendicular bisector of the side  $AB$ . We shall consider the different relative positions of these lines.

Case 1. *The bisector of  $C$  and the perpendicular bisector of  $AB$  do not intersect*; they are either parallel or they coincide. The bisector of  $\angle C$  will then be perpendicular to  $\angle AB$ ; that is, it will coincide with the altitude. Then triangle  $ABC$  is isosceles ( $CA = CB$ ).

Case 2. *The bisector of  $\angle C$  and the perpendicular bisector of  $AB$  intersect inside the triangle  $ABC$* , say at the point  $N$  (Fig. 1). Since this point is equidistant from the sides of the angle  $ACB$ , the perpendiculars  $NP$  and  $NQ$  to  $CB$  and  $CA$ , respectively, will be equal. But the point  $N$  is also equidistant from the end points of the line segment  $AB$ , that is,  $NB = NA$ . Then the right triangles  $NPB$  and  $NQA$  are congruent (leg-hypotenuse), hence  $\angle NQA = \angle NPB$ . Adding to these equal angles the angles  $NAB$  and  $NBA$ , which are equal to each other since they are base angles of the isosceles triangle  $ANB$ , we obtain  $\angle CAB = \angle CBA$ ; therefore the triangle  $ABC$  is isosceles.

Case 3. *The bisector of  $\angle C$  and the perpendicular bisector of  $AB$  intersect on  $AB$* , that is, at the midpoint  $M$  of  $AB$ . This means that the median and the angle bisector from the vertex  $C$  coincide; it follows that the triangle is isosceles.

Case 4a. *The bisector of  $\angle C$  and the perpendicular bisector of  $AB$  intersect outside the triangle  $ABC$ ; the perpendiculars dropped from their point of intersection  $N$  to the sides  $CB$  and  $CA$  fall on these sides and not on their extensions* (Fig. 2). As before, we obtain the congruent triangles  $NPB$  and  $NQA$  and the isosceles triangle  $ANB$ . The angles at the base  $AB$  of the triangle  $ABC$  are now equal, being the difference (not the sum, as in case (2)) of corresponding equal angles.

Case 4b. *The bisector of  $\angle C$  and the perpendicular bisector of  $AB$  intersect outside the triangle  $ABC$ ; the perpendiculars dropped from their point of intersection  $N$  to the sides  $CB$  and  $CA$  fall on their extensions* (Fig. 3).

The same constructions and reasoning lead to the conclusion that the exterior angles at vertices  $A$  and  $B$  of the triangle  $ABC$  are equal. From this it follows immediately that the interior angles at  $A$  and  $B$  are equal; consequently,  $CA = CB$ .

### Dividing Apples

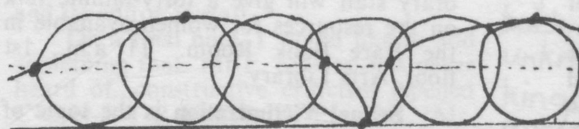
This puzzle isn't a fallacy, but sounds impossible the way the bicycle problem last issue did (see below). Anyway, it seems that Suzie has four apples in a basket, and she wants to divide them among four of her friends, but leaving one apple in the basket. How does she accomplish this?

That's all for now, I'll have more for you next issue. Till then from now...  
David Welbourn

Answers from last issue:

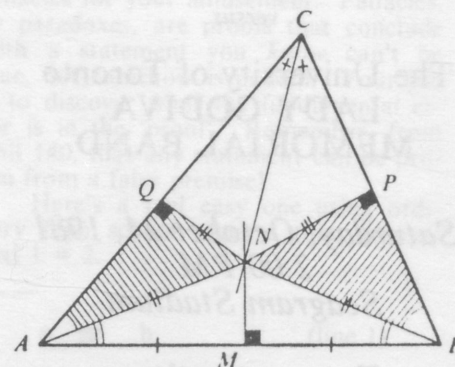
(1 = 2 Proof) This was easy, right? The error with the proof stems from "cancelling"  $(a - b)$  from both sides. In fact, one should never "cancel", one divides. Since  $a = b$  in line one,  $(a - b)$  must be zero. So the proof tries to divide by zero; no wonder it results in having arbitrary values set equal to each other.

(Bicycle Problem) Would you believe that the statement is correct, i.e., that the top half of a bicycle wheel moves faster than the bottom half? Well, it's true. If a spinning wheel was the wheel in question, the proposition wouldn't be true because the points of a spinning wheel travel on the path of a circle. However, the bike's wheel's center isn't fixed in space, and (as it turns out) the points on a bike's wheel travel on the path of a cycloid:

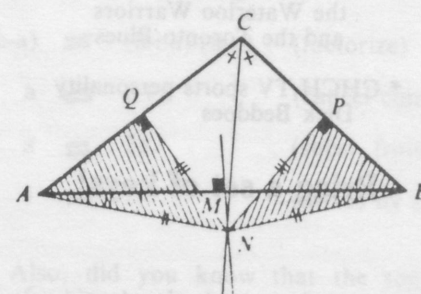


(cycloid)

I don't know the exact equation of a cycloid, but the diagram should show that a point going from the back of the wheel to the front (top of wheel) is a longer curve than when the point goes from back to front (bottom of wheel). And since both of these curves are traversed in the same amount of time (consider two points starting opposite each other), we conclude that the top half goes faster than the bottom. No fallacy here!



(figure 1)



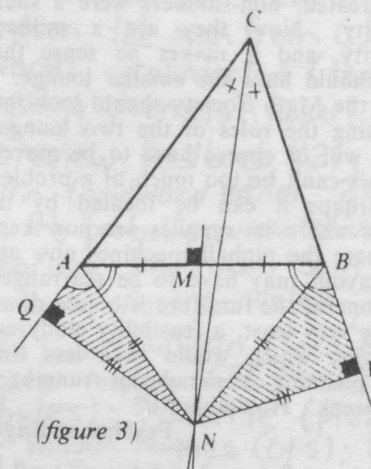
(figure 2)

### In Response to Mr. Welbourn

Mr. Welbourn states that the top half of a bicycle wheel proceeds at a greater pace than the lower half does. This statement is obviously untrue. The speed of the top half of a bicycle wheel is exactly the same as that of the bottom half, i.e. the speed of the bicycle.

Mr. Welbourn seems to have incorrectly stated the problem. If he had said that a point on the top half of a bicycle wheel goes faster than a point on the bottom half, then I would have agreed with him (assuming of course that we will consider the Earth stationary).

japlaice



(figure 3)

## Fed Speak

Here I am again to inform you about the upcoming referendum re: our membership in the Ontario Federation of Students. Some of the comments from last week's column were with regard to what the Ontario Federation of Students is and how it operates. It is important that the voter, on November 10th, 1981, knows what the OFS is and thus makes an intelligent, informed decision to retain or to give up our membership in the Ontario Federation of Students.

### What is OFS?

OFS, the Ontario Federation of Students, is a body of 230,000 Ontario students. It is the province's only federation of college and university students.

Since 1972 OFS has been representing students on all the major issues they have faced - education cutbacks, student aid, housing and residence, employment and tuition.

There have been rallies, pamphlets, posters, postcard campaigns, mass lobbies and many other lower profile activities. Lobbying in the offices of the MPP's at Queen's Park, discussions (and some arguments) with officials of the Ministry of Colleges and Universities, and constant communication with the other groups involved with post-secondary education in the province are all part of the regular routine for the ten-person elected executive and the ten full-time staff members.

In 1979-80 the major campaigns that the OFS membership decided upon (as they do three times yearly at conferences attended by representatives from all OFS member campuses) were fighting tuition increases, student aid and accessibility (who gets into school and who doesn't).

Certainly the success of the fight opposing the merging of the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Colleges and Universities is one example of what OFS can do. Changes in student aid can also be credited to the work of OFS.

For students there is a clear need for an organization with the history and the experience of OFS to speak for them on provincial issues. And others agree on the need to have OFS to help with the building of stronger student unions and the improvement of education on the local campus level through course unions and student representation.

But services too have not been ignored. Group booking arrangements for entertainment have been discussed, and OFS has played a key role in get-

ting campus liquor licenses for student councils.

Resident regulations and the new landlord-tenant laws have also been examined by the OFS.

The research work done on the issues of the racist W-5 program, 'Campus Giveaway', and the continuing work being produced on the tax credit issue are examples of work of special interest to the international students in the province.

It is through the original work done by the OFS researchers that students usually become informed about the implications of the government policies on student aid or tuition fees. OFS is the only group capable of doing this kind of research.

As a student you pay \$1.50 each term to support the OFS. Member campuses acknowledge that OFS plays a key role for students, a role that needs financial support as well as membership support.

Students join OFS when their student union holds a referendum that approves membership. Ninety per cent of university students and more than twenty percent of college students are members of OFS.

Students participate in OFS through their student council. Each school elects delegates from their council to thrice-yearly OFS conferences. At these conferences the policies of the Federation are formulated and an executive of ten students is elected. The executive, including a full-time chairperson, is responsible for carrying out the policies and directing the staff.

OFS provides a forum for all types of students. College students, graduates, and the undergraduates all have special structures to ensure that their specific concerns are met.

To better facilitate servicing of students, OFS employs fieldworkers to travel to member schools, building ties with and among student councils, and assisting student groups on campus.

The goal is student government that is more efficient and more beneficial to students.

There are only two Universities, (Ottawa and Wilfrid Laurier) that are not members of the OFS. Do we want to join the ranks of the unrepresented?

Western, McMaster, Queen's, Carleton, Windsor, York, Trent, Brock, Guelph, Toronto, Waterloo, and Lakehead are all University members of the OFS.

David L. Wilkie  
Mathematics Co-op representative  
University of Waterloo Federation of  
Students

## Having Trouble With Your Courses?

Well, the rules governing what can be done are clearly presented in the University Calendar. These rules apply to all faculties, but for the sake of convenience I shall list a few of the options open to you.

The first option is this: Today, Friday, the 23rd of October, find your faculty advisor and your timetable and drop the course(s) that you think you will flunk. (If you drop down to less than three courses you can apply for a refund - they will not refund all your tuition, but the money you get back is better than a kick in the pants.)

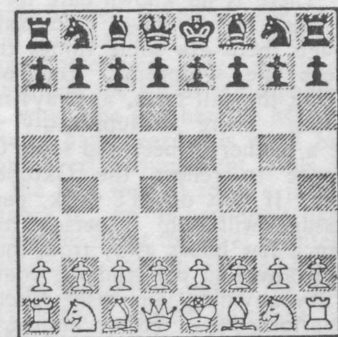
You should note that you can only fail ten courses before you will be asked to leave the faculty of Mathematics. (You can always try other Universities and possibly transfer some or all of your credits to that institution.)

The second option is the hardest, but also the one that gives you the most to gain. This is to do some hard work.

The third, and possibly the best option, is this: ask for an 'incomplete' mark. This will allow you to finish your course between now and the end of the coming term; i.e., Winter. If you do not finish your course in the following term you might, just might, be able to get your prof to give you a further 'incomplete' mark. (I know one person I drink with who finished his course in four terms. The prof was very 'understanding' and liked the student.)

80115...

## Chess Problem



White to play and win in 47 moves.

Hint:  
P-K4

## Observations

## Midterms

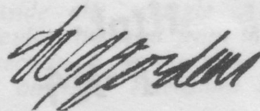
It seems that as the fifth and ninth weeks of the term approach, the students here at UW suffer from a number of very unusual symptoms. Some of them are ragged fingernails, chewed-up pencils and pens in the pockets, a strong craving for a beer or three or nine or however many it takes to pass out, and an urge to burn all of the textbooks in existence on campus using the professors as kindling. These are all symptoms of a disease that arises in epidemic proportions in all universities and colleges: *midtermitis*.

Midtermitis strikes with varying degrees of severity. If one's midterms all fall in the same week, then the symptoms are very extreme and the disease will result in a severe case of *hermitus vicious*, where the sufferer will attack any person or thing that interrupts him with a stream of obscenities (including a few which aren't listed in the Random House College Dictionary). In less severe cases, the disease is prolonged over a six or seven week period of time, with the symptoms coming to a peak three hours before the brain is purged of all it remembers from the lectures and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  hours before each test begins. This seemingly endless cycle of symptoms getting worse and then subsiding for a while lasts for the duration of the midterm testing period.

It has been brought to my attention that midtermitis is not the only disease related to writing papers. There is an even more severe one known as *dernieritis*, or the Final Exam Flu. I have not yet seen any symptoms of this disease, so I cannot say more on it here.

There is no known cure for any of the diseases I have described here, though there are some things that will relieve the symptoms. One of them (during the fall term, anyway) is Oktoberfest. There is supposedly nothing like a pitcher of beer and some German sausage to relieve the OktoberTEST blues. If that doesn't work, perhaps a massage will help a person to relax. Even a few hours away from the books doing anything but studying could help. Or try anything you wish—relief comes in various ways. Here's hoping you do well on the next set!

WJ Jordan



## Odd One Out

In any neighbourhood in which children play, one child is always ostracized by the others; such a one was young Scott Cranston. Mother Nature had not been at all kind to poor Scott: despite having just turned twelve, he still had to stand on tiptoes and stretch in order to get past the four foot mark on the chart that his mother had put on the wall for him. (She insisted on measuring him every month; sometimes adults can be very cruel.) Also, Scott was overweight. He was freckled. His face bore the ravages of acne. His glasses were the thickness of glazed storm windows. He smelled rancid no matter how often his loving mother scrubbed him behind his ears. In short, Scott was a most unappealing specimen; and because children are as heartless as sharks, life was hell for him.

It was a typical summer morning. As usual, Scott was at the breakfast table first, since he always tried to finish his porridge before his big brother Johnny came downstairs.... too late! there he was, baseball glove in hand, as healthy and mischievous as always.

"Hi, Fatso!" Johnny cried happily. He reached up from behind and pulled Scott's glasses off his face. As Scott began to blubber, Johnny got angry. "Awww... poor widdle baby is crying — *shut up!* You make me sick!" Johnny drew back his fist, preparing to strike his younger brother; but before he could make contact with his blow, Scott's face turned a deep gray, his eyes blazed, and energies that he didn't even know he possessed flowed through him and out — suddenly, Johnny was lying, crumpled and shapeless, on the floor.

Scott finished his breakfast and went outside to play; there he saw Billy. Billy lived next door, and was always glad to see Scott, since Billy was somewhat of a coward himself, and Scott was the only kid on the block he could beat up; beating Scott up always made him feel better. But as Billy headed towards Scott, a force within Scott surged again and he, too, was transformed into an unrecognizable mess.

By the time Jimmy Malone, nasty Mrs. Higgins down the street, and the Garritt twins on the corner had also been killed off, Scott knew that he had some form of power. Immediately his half-grown mind began to plot revenge against the world — after all, how many times had his mother scolded him, or his father spanked him, or his teacher bawled him out in front of the other children? Scott quickly set to work, and by noon he was the only one left on his block. Now, he could play in peace.

Half an hour later, the sound of a crowd caused him to look up. A most unusual group of children was heading up the street towards him. All of them were fat, pimply, bespectacled, unco-ordinated, and dressed in poorly fitting clothes. At their head was a slightly taller boy, wearing glasses, corrective shoes, baggy brown pants, and an old, threadbare sweater that was two sizes too small for him. He pointed to Scott and spoke. "Here's another one."

A smaller boy asked, "How d'ya know he's one of us?"

"Just look at his eyes — you can tell."

"Are you going to let him join our gang, then?"

The tall boy sniffed (his nose was always running) and grimaced. "Are you kidding? Look at him — he's a loser! Let's go play baseball — I'm the pitcher!"

The other boys chimed in. "First base!"

"Shortstop!"

"Second base!"

Scott looked up. "Can I play, too?"

"No — go away! Get lost!"

"Yeah, we don't like you!"

"Let's go!"

The other children ran, or stumbled, off as best they could.

\*\*\*\*\*

In any neighbourhood where children play, one child is always ostracized by the others...

David Till

## Galumphing Gourmets

**The Cedars of Lebanon** (*nee Kingsway Steakhouse*) 112 King St. W., Kitchener.

The Cedars of Lebanon is a completely refurbished watering hole located a few doors from the Lyric Theatre. Specializing in Lebanese/Armenian cuisine, here you will find that delight of the middle east, the Mezza.

A mezza is a selection of eastern appetizers and consists of everything from felafels to houmous. Caution is advised with the stuffed grape leaves. The last time we had them they were clearly out of a can.

Mezza can be had in servings for two, four or six. A vegetarian version is available. There is enough in a mezza to constitute a full meal if it is followed by one of the specialty desserts such as home-made halvah or baklava.

For the less adventurous, there are various kebobs. The lamb, chicken and beef have been sampled and found excellent. Kebobs are served with pilaf rice, subtly flavoured with saffron, and a lightly dressed lettuce salad. If something more substantial is wanted, most of the dishes found in the mezza can be ordered separately. Steaks and fish dishes are also on the menu.

The recommended house wine is Castelli Romani. Both the red (not really dry) and the white are available. These wines go very well with the eastern fare.

There are several teas and coffees available. We recommend the sweetened Arabic Coffee.

Belly dancing is performed in the downstairs dining lounge on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Reservations on these evenings are recommended.

Two things are a problem at the Cedars. The tables are too small to serve mezza for a large group, and it takes forever to get a check. You have to actually ask for the check, even though you have clearly finished and are sitting there staring at the remains. Dinner for two here will easily run to \$25. Licenced, major credit cards.

7 Bunnies October 8, 1981.

### Previously Rated

**The Laurel Room** South Campus Hall.

An inexpensive buffet on campus run by Food Services. An example of institutional operation at its best. Fixed price of \$4.20 per person for the buffet. \$11.00 a couple with drinks. Lunch Monday to Friday, dinner Wednesday to Friday. Dinner reservations advised.

5 bunnies May 29, 1981.

## Of Ravages And Things

(In defence of E. Siastes)

(Note: The author realizes that E. Siastes may be of either gender and/or possibly be more than one entity and freely invites the reader to substitute any other pronoun than the one used here as long as such substitutions are done in a consistent manner.)

Hurrah for E. Siastes! Now, before you begin to organize angry hordes of irate mathematics students to throw a necktie party for poor, innocent me, let me briefly outline what I mean. E. Siastes has, with one page a week, done what no end of Mathsoc wine and cheese parties has failed to achieve. Mr. Siastes has caused the mathematics student body to unite and form an interest-

ed and somewhat vocal group. (Shades of school spirit!) Such is the power of his pen (venomous or not).

E. Siastes has, from my point of view, presented an acceptable argument outlining some of the points of conflict between his notion of university life and the real thing. So be it! Many of us were disillusioned with our first contact with this university, and some of us still are. Anyone who is totally complacent with life at Waterloo is either living in his own fantasy land or dead.

Granted, the literary style of Mr. Siastes (i.e., Divide, Destroy and Ridicule) is a strong measure, but look at the active student response (including this one). Can anyone remember any other article or rally, including the elections, that has generated so much student interest? I think not.

Two major points of contention – to prove that I am not all bad – are that E. Siastes asks, "...why attack me, someone three years below [Steve Reid] in the academic level?" This, to me, is a cheap shot. Surely, Mr. Siastes, with your self-proclaimed intellectual prowess, you should not find academic rating in any way a limiting factor in who you attack or, in turn, are attacked by. This was not the case for the Renaissance man, why for you?

The second point of contention is the continuation of that paragraph where you ask why Steve Reid did not attack the other authors. This is surely beside the point. Mr. Reid did not attack the other authors because he was addressing his objections to your article. The literary buckpassing exhibited in that paragraph was, in my humble opinion, very bad form and totally out of context.

However, (*get out the knives*) I also find reason to object to Mr. Reid's comments as well, especially the following: "If Siastes feels that his brain is becoming atrophied, the campus is appalling, and the social atmosphere repellent, why is he still here?" Many are the times I have heard this weak battle cry from overly complacent souls who believe the best way to solve a problem is to ignore it. An 'if you don't like it, leave' attitude is not the level of intellectual rebuttal I would expect from a fourth year university student (be he CS or not). Why should someone who takes the time to express his concerns and opinions which may be contrary to the popular belief (though I have no proof as to what the popular belief might be) be asked to leave? Is this attitude constructive (spelled C-O-N-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-V-E)? Is it even desirable? I say that it is not, for if Mr. Siastes truly believes what he writes, and as yet I have no proof that he does not, then I applaud him for voicing his opinions, however distasteful to some, and having the courage of his convictions.

David Haynes (4A CS)

**Marbles Restaurant** 8 William Street East, Waterloo.

Behind the Donut Castle (next to Ali Baba's), it is well worth a visit. Recommended are the various hamburgers (can be had **rare**); featured salads, especially the whole earth and caesar; avocado with crab louis and the quiches. Beer and wine licence. Wide choice of other beverages. Meal for two without drinks \$15.00. Visa, Amex.

7 Bunnies June 12, 1981.

**Mathsoc C+D** Mathematics Student Lounge, Math and Computer Centre.

Operating Monday through Friday during day class hours, a supplier of coffee, donuts, subs, bunwiches, salads, and soft drinks at a reasonable price.

4 Bunnies June 23, 1981.

**Shantz Country Pork Family Restaurant** 210 King St. N., Waterloo.

One of the better bargains in the immediate area. Pork specialties at family prices. The boneless pork chop is good with the saurkraut. Good fries, but the mashed are overprocessed. Ham steak, sausages, pork burger are also good. Dessert portions tend to be small. Pastries are not recommended. Open for breakfast. \$4.00 - \$5.00 per person. Unlicenced, cash and carry.

5 Bunnies July 28, 1981.

**The Knotty Pine** King St. N., Waterloo. (opposite Conestoga College).

An incomplete (as yet) clone of the Preston operation, a rather expensive place, but good.

Licenced, major credit cards. Dinner for two between \$10 and \$30.

7 Bunnies September 24, 1981.

### Visited Once

**The Texas Steakhouse** Waterloo Square. jwinterton et al

## Platter Spatter

*Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables  
Dead Kennedys*

Originally, punk rock was a reaction among the 'school-leavers' in Britain to a social system that offered nothing but permanent unemployment. When the 'new music' (I will not use the term 'new wave'; it makes me wince) migrated to North America, punk, of course, lost its meaning - it is impossible to sing of destruction and anarchy when Daddy lets you drive his station wagon to the music store to buy a nice guitar with his money.

As a result, the North American punk imitators had only three choices available to them: one, slavishly copy the vulgarity and eccentric dress of the punks, right down to the last safety-pin, and then try to fool the unsuspecting public into believing that they themselves were the real McCoy (an example of this would be the Dead Boys); two, make fun of the whole thing (an example of this is Canada's own deservedly Forgotten Rebels); or, three, try to mutate the beast into something that the North American consciousness can relate to (an example of this is the Ramones, who make no attempt to impose any punk ideology on their audience, but instead attempt to blast them into the ground with waves of pure energy.)

The Dead Kennedys are a mixture of options two and three. I have never liked punk satire, and the Kennedys are no exception - I don't think 'Forward To Death', 'Chemical Warfare', or 'Ill In The Head' are funny at all. However, the Kennedys are a little more effective when they use punk energy to satirize their own culture: 'California Uber Alles', a song about California's governor, Jerry Brown, and the world he will create when he becomes President, is an instant classic. (Example: "Now it's 1984/Knock knock at your front door/it's the suede denim secret police/They have come for your uncool niece...") Also, 'Kill The Poor' has some bite to it, with lines like "Efficiency and progress is ours once more/Now that we have the neutron bomb/It's nice and quick and clean and gets things done" lambasting the 'Let's Free Enterprise' school of American thought.

However, even though the band plays FAST, in the good old punk tradition, and serves as an indicator of whether or not someone is a True Pogo Fanatic (i.e., someone willing to risk internal injury by jumping up and down with excessive zeal), I don't recommend this album; it's too smarmy and smug. Buy the real thing instead.

JABBERWOcky SOLUTION

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNO

1	O	V	E	R	B	Y	T	E	R	S	T	E	N	D	
2	P	I	V	U	E	E	O	N	S	L	A	K	E	I	V
3	E	V	E	R	E	S	T	O	D	G	E	R	U	E	
4	R	A	R	A	S	T	E	R	O	W	Y	V	E	R	N
5	A	A	Y	C	E	D	E	U	O	G	P	N	D		
6	T	Y	P	E	A	R	F	U	R	L	A	R	R	A	O
7	I	R	O	N	W	A	R	R	I	O	R	A	O	L	D
8	O	D	E	D	O	N	A	R	C	C	C	P	D	O	G
9	N	O	O	M	A	N	N	O	A	H	T	H	U	L	E
10	A	V	I	A	L	U	T	E	C	X	I	C	L	C	
11	L	A	T	I	N	M	E	D	I	C	A	L	I	M	A
12	D	U	A	L	O	O	M	I	D	A	N	O	N	I	M
13	A	L	L	O	O	T	P	L	A	N	A	R	G	E	E
14	L	T	Y	P	H	O	O	N	E	I	D	U	N	A	R
15	I	S	O	M	O	R	P	H	I	L	U	M	B	R	A

## The Beamish Boy?

I am going to campaign for the nomination of E. Siastes for mathSOC Jabberwock in the next term. Several vorpal blades have stated sharply that they would willingly embed themselves in his gizzard.

Since he stands in uffish thought, hopefully in a static position, we should be able to set the bandersnatch on his trail. The bandersnatch has not been known in the past to be fussy, but we might have to at least blindfold it and stop up its nostrils before it could be persuaded to approach this festering pool of self-aggrandizement or, dare we say it, megalomania.

His gratuitous attacks on everyone and everything at this university demonstrates that he wants to be loved. It is too bad that this cry for help is not accompanied by the courage to sign his real name to his polemics.

**Come out of the closet  
E. Siastes!**

It is clear that you have managed to alienate nearly everyone in the university community. Statistically, your chances of being loved after your recent mouthings are on the order of the inverse of the number of incorrect solutions of Rubik's cube.

A Nony Moose

P.S. I will tell you who I am, when you tell us who you are.

**FOUR OUT OF FIVE DOCTORS  
PREFER  
mathNEWS  
BLATANT FILLER!**

## UW Arts Centre News

**The Prairie West: A Visual Perspective** is an exhibition of historical photographs that opened at the UW Arts Centre Gallery on Thursday, October 15. It consists of sixty-one photographs and descriptive panels which deal with events prior to the formation of the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1905 and traces their growth to the present. This exhibition will continue until Sunday, November 8th. The UW Arts Centre gallery is located in the Modern Languages building and is open Monday to Friday from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and on Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m.

After two years starring on Broadway as Dr. Treves in *The Elephant Man*, Donal Donnelly will recreate his role as George Bernard Shaw in *My Astonishing Self* at the Theatre of the Arts on October 24 at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are \$9.50 (students and senior citizens \$8.00) and are available at the UW Arts Centre box office in the Humanities Theatre (phone number: 885-4280).

**Billy Bishop Goes To War** will be returning to the Humanities Theatre stage on Monday, October 26 at 8 p.m. for one show only. Tickets are \$9.00 (students and senior citizens \$7.50) and are available at the UW Arts Centre box office.

The film **The Last Tycoon**, directed by Elia Kazan, is being shown at the Humanities Theatre on October 28 at 8 p.m. The film is based on the F. Scott Fitzgerald story. Short Subject: **A Dylan Thomas Memoir** by Bayley Silleck. Admission is \$2.00 (students and senior citizens \$1.50) plus a 50¢ one-night membership. Available at the door.

## Of Cabbages and Kings

The venomous attacks on me have not ceased. Rather, those who would silence me are starting to take refuge in numbers upon discovering that their pitiful efforts are in vain. Last week saw attempts by 'R.W.Byrd' and 'WJ Jordan' to further debase my image. In addition to the usual unjustified, overemotional rhetoric and illogical arguments these letters usually employ, they took the additional liberty of reading my column before publication and raving against it in the same issue, without offering me the opportunity to do the same. Such a flagrant violation of the rules of debate disqualifies them from any form of civilized argument, and relieves me of the tedium of addressing their petty points. I will not stoop to mudslinging. I shall ignore their shrill accusations, in the hopes that they will go away.

Nevertheless, I have taken to avoiding the third floor entirely, and urge all my fellow freshmen to do the same. The level of rabid freshman-baiting displayed by these upperyears-men has reached dangerous proportions, and the sight of a freshman typing at a Honeywell terminal could be taken as incitement, particularly one exhibiting such sartorial splendour as I. There is no sense in allowing gangs like that of 'Steve Reid' and his stooges the opportunity to translate their self-righteous anger into physical action.

Last week also saw a more insidious form of attack by 'David Till' and 'Brad Templeton'. The latter submitted a miniscule 'column' in which he, somewhat masochistically, asks me to attack him in return. Regrettably, I cannot, since he is suffering from writer's block and is incapable of defending himself. Besides, he has not really done anything worthy of refutation. I must take offense, however, at the way he states that this column is 'plainly made up' and that people should not 'take it seriously'. Of course this column is made up; otherwise I should have to plagiarize it. Everything in this paper is made up, with the exception of items cribbed from the UW Arts Centre press releases, by the writers themselves. I cannot imagine anyone stealing material that bad. As for taking this column seriously, I should rather people not read it at all than to read it merely for its entertainment value, although I must confess that upon rereading my submissions, they do have more entertainment value than the rest of the paper put together.

The former, on the other hand, appended a disclaimer to my article that went far beyond the usual function of such additions. It is galling to have to endure such treatment at the hands of an editor, who is supposed to stand behind his writers in times of travail. To avoid similar occurrences in the future, I shall add my own disclaimer. Here it is:

*The opinions expressed here are those of E. Siastes, a first year student in the Faculty of Mathematics. These opinions do not necessarily reflect the views of mathNEWS staff or editors, but may well do so if said people do not fall prey to insipid mind-control techniques and social pressures from those of their peers who are afraid to face the truth. Expressions of support in this struggle are welcomed.*

My search for suitable companions to discourse with led me last week to the university bookstore. I reasoned that once the initial rush of loutish brutes buying Accounting textbooks had abated, the place would only be frequented by those with a genuine interest in culture. Not surprisingly, the store was nearly deserted, but I spotted a girl browsing in the Russian literature section. She might have appeared attractive to the depraved eyes of one of my Village floormates, but I was not after such an encounter.

"Ah, Chekhov," I said, to break the ice. "Unfortunately, he has never been correctly translated. I urge you to read him in the original, although of course they do not carry an edition here."

She looked at me. "Hello," she said.

This was a setback. Perhaps she had been so engrossed in the back cover text that she had not heard me. The fact that she was chewing gum I could attribute to camouflage, a cover to avoid the daily persecutions that have been my lot since I came here. The book under her arm was the first cantica of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, the one dealing with Hell, although the cover was unknown to me. I assumed she was completing her collection, having previously picked up the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*.

"I see you, too, are an admirer of Dante," I tried. "He has been much better handled, since Italian is such a simple language. I thought I was aware of all the current editions, though of course Sayers' is the best, having had the benefit of a classic Oxford education. But I see you have a new one?"

"I like the pictures," she giggled.

I thought she had gone insane. "May I see it?" I asked gently, taking the book from her. My compassion turned to horror as I perused it. It was filled with garish drawings purporting to illustrate facets of the great work. It was little more than a comic book — worse, because it made pretensions to being something more while descending to sensationalism of the worst sort. When I came upon a panel depicting Beatrice as some sort of cheap temptress out of a brothel, I could not restrain myself. "My God!" I cried. "What sort of degenerate mind produced this abortion!"

She snatched the book back. "You don't have to read it if you don't want to," she yelled, although her pronunciation is impossible to render in the Roman alphabet.

"But do you not see that this garbage will do your mind irreparable harm?" I shouted. "They are trying to destroy the last vestiges of civilization — you cannot fall prey to this!"

Rather than reply to my passionate pleas, she chose to make several unkind and uncalled-for remarks about my weight before flouncing out of the store. I almost struck the hussy, but no Siastes has ever hit a woman, and I do not intend to be the first. I marched straight to the management and demanded that the book be removed from the shelves and returned to the publisher with a strongly worded note of disapproval. They insisted that they did not stock such a book, and indeed it was not to be found on any of the shelves. I can only assume that the doxy had the nerve to bring it into the store with her.

I wonder if Dante had days like this.

The week ended on a more optimistic note. A delegation of my floormates came to my door and apologized for the prank they had pulled on me. They did not offer to pay for my trousers, but in partial reparation asked me to accompany them to something called 'Octoberfest'. I asked them what it was, and they replied that it was a German cultural festival. I agreed to accompany them, and in this new spirit of camaraderie, offered to lend them my editions of Goethe and Schiller to prepare for the festival, quite forgetting that none of them could read German. Fortunately, they all replied that they had too much schoolwork. Next week I shall have a report on how the common man reacts to his first taste of true German culture. Until then, I remain,

E. Siastes

## For Madmen Only

### The Scream of the Butterfly

The law of causality is well ingrained in our ways of thinking. Should not every event or effect have a cause? Science is very preoccupied with conclusions of the general form 'whenever event A occurs, event B is certain to follow.'

With the advent of modern physics, the law of causality has become somewhat weakened. This is due to the basic 'complementary' situation (e.g., the dual wave-like and particle-like behaviour of light) and the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. Here, the effects of the observer cannot be eliminated. Hence, in principle, we cannot obtain any objective understanding of physical phenomena. Thus cause and effect have a statistical (rather than necessary) connection.

Of course, this statistical connection may be a very strong one indeed. For example, the Newtonian physics has remained invaluable in many applications of physics.

What alternatives to causality are there? Interestingly, the sophisticated Chinese civilization has not known science as we know it. Instead, the Chinese mind has been traditionally preoccupied with the chance element in events. Each changing moment must be viewed as encompassing even the most minute, nonsensical details. This is in stark contrast to scientific laboratory methods in which phenomena are rather artificially isolated for an in-depth and narrow examination. It seems here that the Chinese are connecting events by 'meaning' and 'simultaneity' rather than 'cause' and 'effect'.

An example of this is the *Book Of Changes*, which is regarded as one of the five classics of Confucianism. The continuous change and transformation underlying all existence is the main theme of this classic. One approach to this book is to consult it as an 'oracle'. To do this, a person meditates on any problem in his life and then tosses some coins or yarrow stalks. The

configuration resulting from these tosses forms one of sixty-four recognized patterns called hexagrams. The person can then supposedly gain wisdom for the solution of this problem by reading the principles and advice associated with the assigned hexagram.

To most Western individuals this is a highly questionable activity - wouldn't you agree? After all, what wisdom is there in tossing three coins six times? Yet, a highly sophisticated culture has employed this text and method for several thousand years. To the initiated user of the book, worthy answers are the rule. The *Book of Changes* demands self-knowledge on the part of the user in order that the user appreciates his question and answer.

Hence, events (e.g., the coin configuration and the user's current mental state) are being linked, as mentioned earlier as 'meaning' and 'simultaneity'. A psychological state simultaneously corresponds to an objective process. The principle described here has been given the name *synchronicity*.

Synchronicity can surface spectacularly in rather extraordinary coincidences, as well as in lesser examples throughout our lives. A scientist tries to downplay such occurrences as mere coincidence, though this is giving way to an increased interest and research into the so-called 'psychic' phenomena.

There are long histories of 'outsider' groups in the West who have respected synchronicity. The secretive alchemists and the infamous occultists are examples. Maybe more support for this controversial principle can be provided in a future article.

A greater theme here is that of prejudices (e.g., causality versus synchronicity laws). As long as prejudices are not recognized for what they are, we are blind to reality.

Bye for now,  
Hugh McCague.

Someday, I'm going to get a new ribbon for my typewriter and bring it in, and then I won't have to write this dribble by hand. But until then... oh well. This week, things went relatively smoothly - the photon actually behaved itself (after John P. spanked it)... this week, the loyal staffers were: Jim Jordan, the official (!) Production Manager, who has already let it go to his head; (no, seriously, he has been of invaluable assistance); David Leibold, whose record review vanished mysteriously (he did the front page graphic); David Welbourn for his fallacies (he had to leave early, so he couldn't help with layout); Richard Cleve (layout); John Winterton (galumphing gourmets, cryptogram); A.N. Moose (beamish); the still unknown E. Siastes, (sorry about the premature feedback - I'm learning the editing biz as I go); Robert Byrd, who wanted more info in the paper and actually provided some (thanks!); (whoops); Dave Wilkie (feds speak - they certainly do!); 80115..., who didn't want to be in the masthead, even though he DID want to write it; Joanne West, who pasted

#### ISSN 0705-0410

A weekly (sometimes biweekly) publication of the University of Waterloo Mathematics Society. It is funded by, but independent of, MathSoc, and is the only weekly newspaper on campus with an all-volunteer staff. Content is the responsibility of mathNEWS staff and editors. mathNEWS, MC 3035, University of Waterloo, 200 University Ave. West, Waterloo, Ontario, N2L 3G1.

something on a page in order to get her name in the masthead (you didn't think I would stoop so low as to say that, did you, Jo?); David Haynes (feedback on Siastes); Hugh McCague and his screaming butterflies; John Plaiice, for his counter-fallacy; prlagde for the mail message; and that's it. Oh, thanks to the Pizza Pie man for his pizza pie, man. ~~Mark~~ It's 2:35 - and Mr. Jordan is watching over my shoulder - I think I'll let him finish this. Go to it! - - - ] Thanks, Dave. It's good-night from me and... [I refuse to say "and it's goodnight from him!" ] So there! dw till signing off.