

math NEWS

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MATHSOC PUBLICITY COMMITTEE NEEDS MEMBERS!

Using a little of your spare
time to publicize events
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Matthead MC 3038

All Purpose **mathNEWS** Staff

Application

What did you say your name was? I said it was Cary, but I was lying. I always lie.

What are you doing on campus? ~~Wandering~~ ~~Drinking~~ Editing **mathNEWS** (pity me)

What term are you stuck in? YES *Always forgot, I need your phone number!* Sorry, only for the good looking girls, not for papers like this one.

What good are you (circle (or box, I'm not fussy) any of the following:)?

- Stereo-Typing
- Scribbling (mastheads, Writing only)
- Eating Ordering Pizza
- Pose for Cartoons
- Layout
- Santty
- Columns (Doric) (Corinthian, too, sometimes)
- Generally ~~industrious~~
- Something I would rather show you in private (only females need reply to this one)

When was the last time you appeared in a masthead? Time is relative.

By the way, what term is this? This is a very technical term, which we will not go into here.

Do you have any ideas as to what **mathNEWS** should do this term as a campus paper to better serve the Math students (could you write them down in the following space?)

mathNEWS should provide more articles for the students, BUT there is a minor problem - we don't receive more articles. This is because YOU (yes, YOU) don't drop any articles, ads, or art in the **mathNEWS** submissions box. Start writing! Other help would also be very much appreciated. For instance, we appreciate Athos, Scooter!, Jane Roberts, and Tom Watts, who all helped in this issue. You, too, can see your name scribbled in the Mastheads, if only you do SOMETHING! (special considerations for girls).

Sorry to impose, but I Alfred Ed. Newman
forgot your name again. Could you sign it on the line above?

Trouble in Toyland

It is somewhat amazing to me that everything written about computers is either a clever tribute to the machines, or a clever tribute to what is known as the computer "hack". Admittedly, even I am in computer science ----- it's an unwritten requirement for appearing in mathNEMS these days. But really, something has yet to appear that tells it like it really is ----- a punishment for not going into dentistry like mother wanted.

Take C.S. 140. Classes are the easy part. You just sit there, eat raisins, and when you wake up, write down whatever you see on the board on scraps of fanfold paper. It's when you get into the lab that trouble makes it to the big time. To begin with, I have no idea where they came up with the name "tutor" for the frantic guy who looks like somebody out of the MacDonald's kitchen at rush hour. Being rather tired out from unknown exploits the night before, he is generally useless after his inevitable coronary when Stacked Suzie has him examine her programs.

So for the most part, you are left without aid. Survival is the name of the game. There are a few perilous traps, of which every successful C.S. student must become aware. Sooner or later, the message "debug" will appear on the screen. When this first happened to me, I experienced a warm glow of pride while pondering how I was truly at the most marvelous computer university in the world, and the computer would even mend my disease wracked programs for me. It is needless to describe my chagrin as I discovered that not only would it do nothing of the kind --- there was no instruction whatever on how to get back to the editor, save the little red button called "reset" which cremated my file when pressed.

Learn early that it is "us" against "them". Do not, however, declare an all-out war. This was done by my roommate's friend Arnold, who disappeared just before midterms. Excerpts of his diary have been recovered.

'During a particularly harrowing night with a SuperPet, I succumbed to that ultimate temptation. I glanced quickly at the sign "do not turn SuperPet off" and reached back behind the monitor. The switch felt tingily on my fingertips. Before I could stop myself, I flicked the switch, and with a faint squeal, the screen went blank. I thought I heard a crack of lightning, and saw Dr. Dyckie's face on the screen faintly.

"Now you've done it" said a voice beside me. A sallow faced girl looked at me and shook her head. "I did that last week, and now you're finished too". She leaned closer and whispered "They're going to get you!" I looked down into the red room at the operators. They were reclining on a tape rack drinking coffee. Whatever malevolence she was predicting, it certainly was not going to come from the tired looking souls below. The sallow faced girl shook her head again and resumed typing.

'I walked to another terminal and went to work on problem #2. By midnight, it was done. Albeit, its answers were not exactly like those in the text, but hell, at this point who cares? I logged off and went to the printer terminal to get a printout. "Error, file not found" was all I got out of it. I began to feel sick and cold. Trembling, I logged back on ----- Oh my God, I had never logged on when I typed my program in! The computer had swallowed my program and I was doomed!

'That was the beginning. The next time I used a SuperPet, the cursor left skidmarks all over my program. Another time, well into an assignment, I pressed the return key and my file disintegrated. Sometimes, I would get dead cursors littering the screen, and often, bits of shrapnel text would become imbedded in my code as I transferred files. It was like being under sniper attack. I firmly believe that when I turned off that SuperPet, it let out a dying electronic shriek. And its brothers remembered.' (The above reprinted with permission with Arnold's father to avert further such tragedies).

Convivial Hirsute

Here are twenty (or so) questions that no mathie should have answer:

1. What would chairs look like if our knees bent the other way?
2. Why don't yo-yos rebel?
3. What do the mysterious letters "PP" stand for on the roof of the Math building?
4. If this question were written in Chinese, would it still be the same?
5. Why is red hair really orange and brown?
6. Are there more blades of grass or grains of sand?
7. Why do the Engineering Want Ads come out a week late? (Is because they're always a little behind the times?)
8. If there are fewer math students here in the summer, why the classes seem twice as big? [Good question. --Ed.]
9. Why does Prof. Taylor look like Buddy Holly?
10. How do you keep a mathie in suspense?
11. Why isn't anybody wearing pink ties anymore?
12. Who turns off the Math building at night?
13. When you're not watching Telidon, does it watch you? [I don't think that feature is supposed to be installed until January -- Ed.]
14. If a computer crashes at 3 a.m. and no-one is around to see it, how do we know it crashed?
15. If no-one reads this question, then why are you reading it?
16. I am not a question?
17. What is six times seven? [sic]
18. Are there more squirrels than ducks at Waterloo?
19. What distinguishes the next question?
20. Why is the last question different from all the other questions?
21. How many questions are enough?

Be careful who you sit near. One night, I ended up next to one they called "Heavy-handed Harry". Certainly, he is completely doomed than even Arnold. You have probably run across his type ----- each keystroke had to be beaten into the terminal. Each time he slapped the return key it shivered and sank deeper and deeper into the keyboard. At 12:30 a.m., his keystrokes sounded like whip-cracks. His programs usually ran first time and hate oozed out of every one of my pores when near him.

Above all, keep your cool and all your wits. Mausers are allowed in the SuperPet room. Steel yourself, as this is the beginning. Survival is the name of the game.

A.K.

Food Services Motto: Here you will be well fed up.

Esallione

Part I

I, Anek the Old, Royal Archivist to his eminence Chemneg IV of Havard, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, herein set forth the Chronicles of Our Blessed Isle, being the history and lore of the Island of Esallione. Great is my task before me, and death looms over me and a doom upon our land, my heart doubts that this work will find its appointed end.

In this scroll, I shall set forth the shape of the lands as they now are, as I fear ere long the world shall be changed, and the mountains thrown down and the wide sea emptied. It is said that even as Esallione emerged from the ocean, being the love-gift of the Sea-god Zakrreg to Esame Star-Maiden and Mistress of the Skies, so shall it return to the watery depths, taking with it the good or ruinous works of both Man and Gownchmar alike.

I must add that many of the legends of the Gownchmar or of the Tumbikh now in the land, for over the centuries men have fought them in great battles, hunted and killed them in great numbers, and banished them as a race to the hidden valleys about the mere of Myrrh. Though this be an evil estate, it is a necessary one, for we who rule in glory were for forgotten centuries their slaves.

Esallione is a land of wide wooded vales, withered crags with silvered tarns, and broad green plains leading down to the sea. High mountain ranges bridge and leap across our Isle, and two great arms of the sea pierce it on the North and South. These divide the land into many provinces and regions, and the races of Men, Gownchmar, Elves, Dwarves, and their kindred have grown apart, isolated in a small part of the Isle.

The domains of men and elves lie along all the shores of Esallione, for the elves are ever bringing tidings and treasures from their kindred who roam the Outer Sea. Men live in peace and fill the land, especially in the wide plains in the South known as Copfern and Medleg. Here grow many wild grains, fruits of the vine, and in places groves of olive and fig trees stand.

My master Chemneg is liege lord of all these lands in the West, called Copfern, and the lands of Medleg are ever his desire and the envy of his eye. But the rivalry between Copfern and Medleg is a sad tale of rue, long in telling, that I will not essay here.

In the midst of these two lands lies the fair and, indeed, once glorious city of Bayhead with its great basalt harbour, home to ships sailing Eganelle Bay and the southern seas beyond. Up from the shore spread its wide ways under the tread of Men and Gownchmar, Elf and Dwarf alike. For it is at Bayhead that all gods. By far the largest temple of the city is that of the Fisher-King, the Creed of the Piscator, for the temple looms over a great green sward in the midst of the city.

In that temple four races once met and ruled all the Isle. The great ones among them were heroes of the free tribes, bards of the realm, mystics and savants. They were the Bond of the Esalt, perpetuating the union of the free tribes who rebelled against the slavery of the Tumbikh. For a time they ruled in glory, chosen by all of their race to set the Earth in order. But evil and pestilence drew them down, and lay ruin to all their works.

This space intentionally left blank.

This line by Ed. Cor., while still open.

Mathsoc Elections

For nine and a hundred years pestilence dwelt in our land, walked the streets of the cities, and haunted the shore of the sea. The simple folk called it the Black Death, and fled to the mountains and high plains. But the Druids and the Wise Old Bird knew better, and saw the plague as an emanation of Zadokh, which its evil. Fully a third of those who fled to the mountains dwelt thereafter by the high shores of Lake Fatarreg. There, with the aid of the Dwarves and the Gownchmar, they delved a great fortress into the encircling hills, and named it Prymgas.

I see by what I have written that I have not yet recorded the true shape of the lands of Esallione. It lies divided by Thorin Begtill, the Mountains of the East, and Thorin Westill, the Mountains of the West. Joining these ranges is the Gilrbon, the rugged spine that divides the lands about Bayhead upon the South and Awaltreg, city of the Gownchmar, upon the North. Two small sisters does Esallione have, other isles that are but the ends of Thorin Begtill, and these are Thakote on the North (which is barren) and Chelakh on the South. They lie in the greater eastern half of the Isle wherein also lie the provinces of Medleg, Alqagera, and Clonard. On the West are the provinces of Copfern, Nughl, Pelagat, Agenalappt, and Awaltreg.

As time draws short, I must end this scroll and wait to once more take up my pen and strive to capture the essence of our land while yet it stands.

The election has been proceeding at a dizzying speed, and the campaign battles rage with a fierce intensity. Already the following people have won even before any actual voting has occurred. (By acclamation)

- Executives
- President : Steve Lightstone
 Vice-President: Steve Bright
 Treasurer: Tim Hill
- (class representatives)
- 4A Co-op A Stream: Phil Morley
 Harry Ishak
 Steve Hagar
 3A Co-op A Stream: James Puttick
 Mark Hagarth

For those of you who have never attempted a military coup, the time is now. Mathsoc announces that there is still 1 class rep position open for the 3A co-op stream. Also, there are 3 seats open for the 2B co-op A-stream. Interested students are entitled to come by to the Mathsoc office, MC 3038 between 9:30 - 3:30, Mon-Fri. Apparently, Mathsoc seductively offers applicants "good times, massive orgies, and big drinks for all".

One final note: there are still positions leading towards fame and notoriety open on Lucky's Intimate Publicity committee. Mathsoc asks you to enlist in the Mathsoc office. Fringe benefits include using Lucky's "gifted" brain to do your algebra and calculus assignments on.

The Restaurant Review

In this column, I intend to review some of K-W's restaurants (hence the name) I'll try to cover about five each issue. This week we have :

Konditorei Café Mozart (on Queen Street, just southwest of King, on the southeast side) (also on King Street, across from Waterloo Square)

Modelled on an Austrian konditorei, the Café Mozart specializes in cakes and other desserts. The customer chooses what he wants from a display, then finds a seat. The cake and coffee find their way to the table in a few minutes, and the customer can relax in a pleasant atmosphere, surrounded by conversation and soft classical music, while he sips his tea. Connoisseurs of Austrian desserts are warned that the cakes are not always exactly what they claim to be, and that they are frequently unnecessarily sweet (a concession to Canadian tastes (or lack thereof)), but they are good.

The Corkscrew (on King Street, between the VIA train station and downtown Kitchener)

This is probably the most over-rated restaurant in the area. True, the food is not unreasonable, but equally good cooking can be found elsewhere at lower prices. Perhaps The Corkscrew is worth visiting for its name (many students think that it is the most expensive restaurant in the twin cities -- and perhaps it is), but other places with comparable prices provide much better dining.

Kelsey's Roadhouse (on Highland, northeast of Benton, on the northwest side)

This restaurant, which opened in January, has a surprisingly good menu with reasonable prices. The specialties here are the Roadhouse itself -- a huge, juicy burger -- and the "Little Falls" Salad. (Don't be misled by the name. This isn't little.) Also, watch for the daily specials -- almost never some-thing from the menu. The service is usually excellent, but, naturally, this depends on the server. The Roadhouse is weak in desserts, offering only a very limited selection, but if you don't care about these, you must consider Kelsey's next time you go out.

The Metro (on Victoria, northeast of the VIA station, on the northwest side)

A pleasant restaurant, specializing in schnitzel of all forms, the Metro's number one problem is its inconvenient location. If you can get there on a weekday (Monday to Thursday), the Metro offers an economical schnitzel special. (I can't remember exactly, but I think it was four dollars for a schnitzel, potatoes, vegetables, and salad or soup -- and the cooking is better than on campus.)

New Orleans Pizza (several locations)

If you were considering trying a New Orleans pizza, forget it. The pizzas here are undersized, with only as much on them as is needed to cover the dough. The bacon isn't bacon, and the other possible topping are few. Try some other pizzicheria instead.

Shin Shin (on King Street, across from Waterloo Square)

One of the few restaurants in K-W serving Szechuan dishes, the Shin Shin is reasonably good. If you are looking for the spicy hot flavours typical of Szechuan cuisine, you are certain to be disappointed (if you insist on hot food, you'll just have to eat the peppers), but if you can appreciate milder dishes, the Shin Shin is fairly good.

BWEAKTHWU

[Courtesy Volume 27, number 6 / November 20, 1981]

Because so many users have asked for an operating system than VM (Virtual Machine), IBM has announced their latest in operating systems - VU/SP (Virtual Universe/System Product).

Running Under VU/SP, the individual user appears to have not merely a machine of his own but an entire universe of his own, in which he can set up and take down his own programs, datasets, systems networks, personnel and planetary system. He needs only specify which universe he desires, and the VU/SP system generation program (GOD/VU) does the rest. This program resides the SYS1.GODLIB disk, which may be accessed by users as P/O (pray-only). The minimum time for this function is 6 days of activity and 1 day of review. In conjunction with VU/SP, all system utilities have been replaced by a single interface to GOD/VU. This interface is called PROPHET/VU, and it resides on SYS1.MESSIAH.

Naturally, the user must have attained a certain level of sophistication (i.e. CS 116, CS 498 or equivalent) if an efficient utilization of VU/SP is to be attained. Frequent calls to non-resident galaxies, for example, can lead to unexpected virtual time delays in the execution of a job. Although IBM, through its wholly owned subsidiary, the United States, is working on a software system to upgrade the speed of light and thus reduce the overhead of extraterrestrial and metadimensional paging, user must recognize that their virtual lightspeed may not currently exceed the real lightspeed (release 1.0) as defined by physics.

VU/SP will run on any IBM 50XX equipped with the extended warp feature, with virtual ownership being the only method of purchase. Under this method, the system may be shut down by IBM via the ANGELMSG facility should the payments fail to arrive in time. The cost is rumored to be around US\$ 30,000,000.00 per nanosecond of CPU time.

Potential users should be aware that IBM plans to migrate all soft- and hardware to VU/SP as soon as it has been running error-free for one CPU cycle. One of the advantages of VU/SP is the fact that in the case of the system slowing down, it can reduce the speed of virtual time, thus giving the user the effect of a virtually instant response time.

For 1987, IBM plans another, yet more powerful system. This system, designated Virtual Reality (VR/SP), is supposedly planned to enable the user to transfer to totally unreal universes. To aid the user in identifying real reality and virtual reality, a file containing an orthonormal basis for any linear arrangement of multisensory total records of successive moments of time will be maintained on the system in SYS1.EST. However, our reliable sources within IBM report that the real reason for VR/SP is to eliminate the recurring error message "You have shot through into an alternative universe," when playing Star Trek.

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