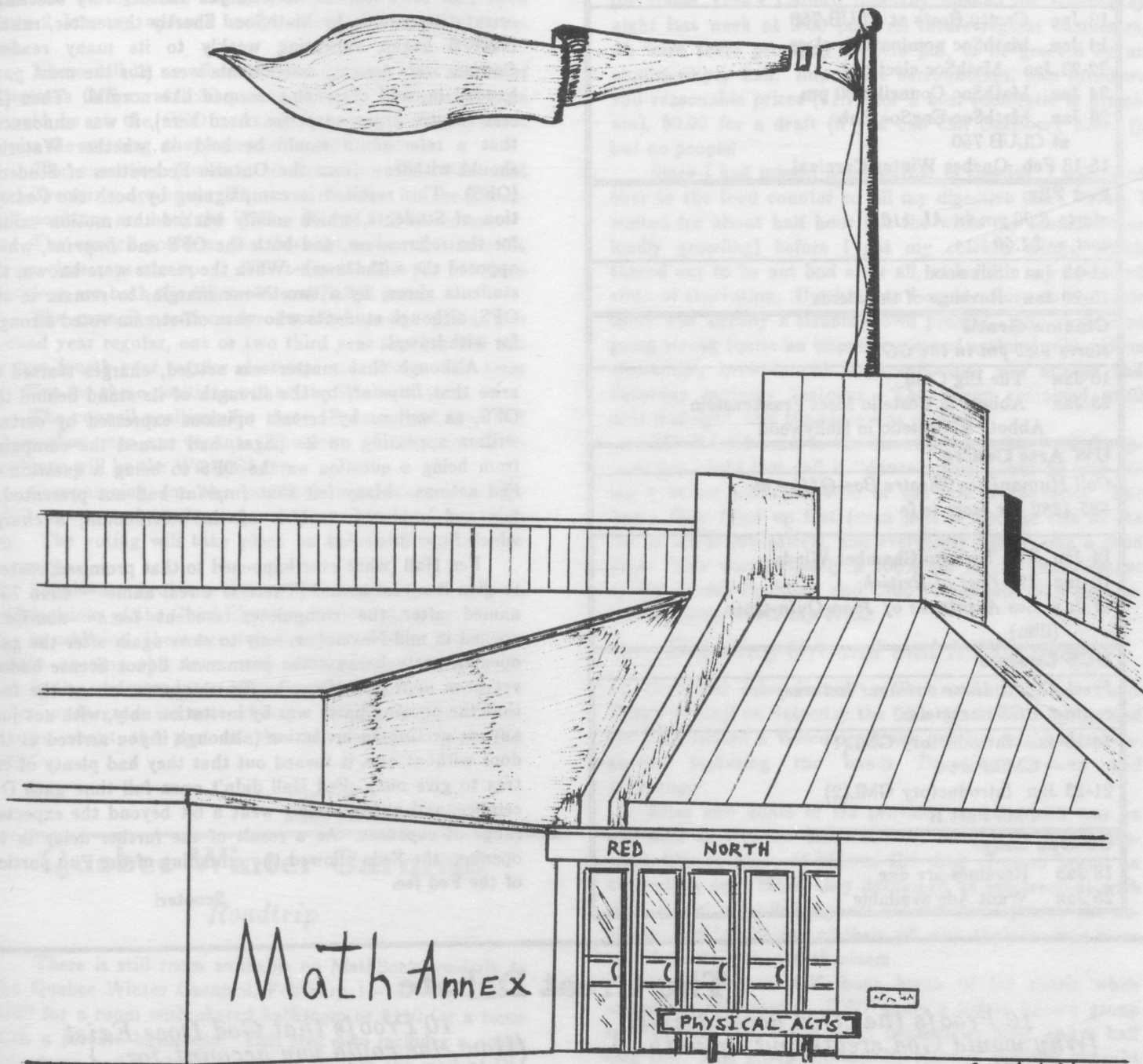


Volume 37 Number 1

11 January 1985

math NEWS



Our Cover is Back!

LookAhead

A glance at upcoming events

Math Events	
12 Jan	Grotty Beats at CLUB 750
14 Jan	MathSoc nominations close
22-23 Jan	MathSoc elections
24 Jan	MathSoc Council 4:30 pm
26 Jan	MathSoc-EngSoc Pub at CLUB 750
15-18 Feb	Quebec Winter Carnival
Fed Flix	
starts 8:00 pm in AL 116	
cost = \$1.00	
11-13 Jan	Silkwood
18-20 Jan	Revenge of the Nerds
Cinema Gratis	
starts 9:30 pm in the CC	
16 Jan	The Big Chill
23 Jan	Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein Abbott & Costello in Hollywood
UW Arts Centre	
Call Humanities Theatre Box Office at 885 4280 for more info	
14 Jan	The Toronto Chamber Winds
16 Jan	The Best of British
17 Jan	Los Aventuras of Juan Quin-Quin (film)
DCS Courses	
Free! One to three one-hour lectures; contact DCS to register.	
14-16 Jan	Introductory GML(1) CMS Part I
21-23 Jan	Introductory GML(2) CMS Part II
Co-Ops Only	
18 Jan	Resumes are due
25 Jan	Want Ads available

Last Term in Review

For those off-stream during the fall

Fall 1984 started off with yet another very successful orientation put on by MathSoc. Shortly thereafter, **math-NEWS** began appearing weekly to its many readers. Courses were taught, assignments were (for the most part) handed in, and everything seemed like normal. Then (insert theatre organ suspense chord here), it was announced that a referendum would be held on whether Waterloo should withdraw from the Ontario Federation of Students (OFS). This resulted in campaigning by both the Federation of Students, which solidly backed the motion calling for the referendum, and both the OFS and *Imprint*, which opposed the withdrawal. When the results were known, the students chose, by a two-to-one margin, to remain in the OFS, although students who were off-stream voted strongly for withdrawal.

Although that matter was settled, charges started to arise that *Imprint*, by the strength of its stand behind the OFS, as well as by certain opinions expressed by certain writers appearing on its pages, had turned the campaign from being a question on the OFS to being a question of Fed actions. Many felt that *Imprint* had not presented a fair and unbiased analysis of the referendum, a charge which *Imprint* denied.

Fed Hall (what ever happened to that promised contest to give it a *real* name? (There *is* a real name — Club 750, named after the compulsory student fee... -non-Ed.)) opened in mid-November, only to close again after the gala opening party because the permanent liquor license hadn't yet been approved (Oops!). Protests arose about the fact that the opening party was by invitation only, with not just anyone getting an invitation (although if you arrived at the door without one, it turned out that they had plenty of extras to give out). Fed Hall didn't open full time until December, and unfortunately went a bit beyond the expected range of expenses. As a result of the further delay in its opening, the Feds allowed the refunding of the Pub portion of the Fed fee.

Scooter!

The Great Debate

*10 Proofs that God doesn't exist
(Why would God create/put up with...)*

1. corrective lenses
2. New York City
3. preservatives
4. Charles Darwin
5. My brother
6. The Beatles' breakup
7. Phone calls in the middle of the night
8. Ronald Reagan's Presidency
9. McDonald's food
10. Final exams

*10 Proofs that God Does Exist
(How else could you account for...)*

1. self-cleaning ovens
2. Hawaii
3. unleaded fuel
4. Isaac Newton
5. My brother
6. Chuck Berry
7. Income Tax Rebates
8. Trudeau's resignation
9. Roloids
10. Graduation

MathSoc Elections

Nominations for the Executive and Council positions for mathSOC are now open. Nomination forms for any of the positions are available through the mathSOC office MC3038 during office hours. Nominations have been open from 2 January, and will be open until 4:30 pm on 14 January.

There will be an all candidates meeting with the Chief Elections Officer at 4:30 pm 14 January. The candidates should be at the CEO meeting in person if they cannot make the meeting, they must be represented.

The executive positions of President, Vice President and Treasurer are open. The term of office for the Executive positions are both the Winter 85 and Fall 85 terms.

The council positions for three 2A co-op and three 3A co-op class reps are open. The term of office for these positions are both the Winter85 and Fall85 terms.

The council positions for two first year regular, two second year regular, one or two third year regular, and one or two fourth year regular class reps are vacant. The term of office for these positions will be the Winter85 term.

The council positions for three 1B co-op and three 3B co-op class reps are vacant. The term of office for these positions will be the Winter85 term.

Campaigning for the positions may start after the CEO meeting of 14 January, and continue until 21 January. The voting will take place on the 22nd and 23rd of January.

Should any problems during the election arise, actions and decisions of the Chief Elections Officer are final.

In addition, there are two positions on the University Senate opening this term with nominations closing soon. One is the undergraduate Mathematics seat, and the other is the undergraduate seat at-large. If you are interested, enquire about the post at the Secretariat's Office, NH 3060C.

Tim Hill
Chief Elections Officer

Quebec Winter Carnival

Roadtrip

There is still room available on MathSoc's roadtrip to the Quebec Winter Carnival, February 15-18. The cost is \$100 for a room with shared bathroom or \$110 for a room with a private bathroom. This cost also includes a coach ride down and back. The hotel is within the wall of Old Quebec. For more information or to sign up see Chris Jones in the MathSoc office (MC 3038) or call 886-0619.

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Interim Editors: Tom Ivey & David Leibold

Club 750 Happenings

Opening Night

Waterloo[mN]— Club 750 (also known as Federation Hall (or Uncle Tom's Cabin)) officially opened on Wednesday night last week at 5:00 pm. As future regular customers, we were there promptly at 5:10 pm, to be greeted by an almost-empty hall. Impressive surroundings, nice furniture and reasonable prices (\$1.70 for a beer (domestic & premium), \$0.95 for a draft (if you can call Carlsberg beer...)), but no people!

Since I had missed lunch earlier in the day, I wandered over to the food counter to fill my digestive tract. Well, I waited for about half hour (all the while my stomach was loudly growling) before I got my chicken wings, which turned out to be not bad after all, at least in my advanced state of starvation. By the time I could return to my table there was already a sizable crowd present. The music was going strong (quite an impressive sound system) with videos alternating between old black-and-white war movies and Saturday morning cartoons. The lineup remained until near midnight, and the place was packed.

The DJ did tend to the discoish side a bit (well, I suppose you could just call it "dance music"), but he was doing a better job than 95% of the DJs in the area. The dance floor filled up fast (even if it is 20x the size of the one in the Bombshelter), and everybody was having a good time. This was definitely a 100% (or more) improvement on last term's facilities, and Club 750 should be a success. It's definitely worth my \$7.50.

Breeding Ground and L'Etranger

At Club 750 (also known as Federation Hall (or Uncle Tom's Cabin)) on Saturday the fifth, MathSoc, EngSoc, and the Feds hosted a Welcome-Back pub for mathies and engineers featuring the bands *Breeding Ground* and *L'Etranger*.

After two hours of DJ provided music which was on par with that of the Bombshelter, along with a disarmament film in place of videos, *Breeding Ground* began an hour-long set. While they developed an involvement with their music, a similar rapport did not develop with the audience, and by the end of their set, any applause was more out of courtesy than enthusiasm.

After another half-hour break of DJ music while equipment was moved, *L'Etranger*, a better known group to UW students, began what became an hour and a half long set. This group successfully reached out and brought in the audience, with all becoming one. Simply put, they were good.

Computer Crime Presentation

Detective Sergeant J.H. Hickling of the Ontario Provincial Police Anti-Rackets Branch will be at UW on Monday 21 January to present a short film and lecture on the topic of computer crime and the role of law enforcement agencies in combating this type of crime. The visit, arranged for the CS 498L class, is open to everyone interested and should last about 1½ hours. The presentation will take place in MC 2065 at 4:30 pm.

Entertainment

by Marcel Kahnt

In this issue, I am going to try to catch up on the Christmas movie fare, as well as giving a run-through of upcoming events of interest this term.

Christmas? Bah! Humbug!

This year, we didn't see the spread of tremendous movies that came out last year, such as **Terms of Endearment** or **Yentl**. Instead, we got a pair of science fiction epics that had the makings of quality adventures, but ended up as major disappointments. We had as well another version of **E.T.**; the extremely troubled Coppola feature the critics have been waiting for; the return, after fifteen years, of one of the world's best directors; and a rather wooden performance by a boy who had some physical difficulties telling lies.

Dune, which was a tremendous book, was not destined for the screen. It is a tremendous example of what a movie should not be. In all of my discussions, I have not found anyone who liked it. I leave it at that; this movie should never really have been made, because the *Dune* series of books are exercises in imagination, and the pictures we see of it in our mind's eye can never come to us through the two on our face from any source. Period.

Meanwhile, I do have many good things to say about **2010**. While it is not **2001: A Space Odyssey**, you must realise that the book that Arthur C. Clarke wrote was not supposed to be that, but rather the tying together of much of the original, which requires the action. This is a faithful rendition of Clarke's book; if Director Peter Hyamis had made it into another **2001**, it would have become a complete travesty and insult to not only the fans, but Arthur C. Clarke himself. I recommend **2010**, and remind you that it is quite different, but amazingly accurate and plausible, which I bet no one thought could come from **2001**.

John Carpenter approached one of the major Hollywood studios about the same time as Steven Spielberg, both armed with roughly the same idea: that our invitation to other worlds to come and visit us had been accepted, and what happened on Earth. The studio preferred Carpenter's version, as who was going to believe that a stubby brown creature with an extending neck could be friendly? **Starman**, starring Jeff Bridges, in what should be a best actor nomination role, and Karen Allen (from **Raiders of the Lost Ark**, way back when) is a far more believable story than we got from Spielberg. Jeff Bridges portrays far more about the aliens and their views of these eccentric human customs than was ever possible with **E.T.** While the stories are virtually identical, **Starman** has those few subtle points that take it from a Spielberg's fantasy to the level of a very high quality story. Make this one a priority.

Ignore everything about the cost of this movie and think about whether it was good or not, I said to myself as I went to see **The Cotton Club**. Forget that its final cost might amount to over \$100 million after lawsuits and distribution costs are finalised. Forget that Coppola has had some problems with previous movies. Just evaluate this on its own quality. So what did I think? This is the only movie with Richard Gere that I have ever liked. I didn't

think Richard Gere's substory (there are at least three sub-stories so tightly interwoven here) was that necessary, but I would have been willing to pay twice or three times what I did to see this. It is simply tremendous, and may someday be spoken of in the same breath as **Casablanca** and **Gone With the Wind**. It's not quite as good as these, but then they both actually do have their own problems (**Casablanca** should have been in colour to pick up those beautiful sets, while **Gone With the Wind** actually seemed slow to me).

A Passage to India is not **Gandhi**, but it does put **A Jewel in the Crown** to shame. It is an extremely effective analysis of how British rule in India did not make any sense in any meaning of the word. Directed by David Lean, it is not unlike **To Kill a Mockingbird**, although far more effective. When I left the packed theatre where I had seen it, everyone was silent and thinking, until one gentleman behind me pronounced his opinion: "Damned splendid!" I must concur with him.

Boxing Day, I took a neighbour's son to see a movie that I knew he couldn't help but enjoy. I couldn't believe how much I enjoyed it either. **Pinnocchio** always touches a warm spot in my heart. Alongside **Snow White**, **Cinderella**, and **Bambi**, these constitute the best work of Disney, and perhaps of American film theatre. Like Diet Coke, see it "Just for the fun of it", as it is worth it.

Fed Flicks

This weekend is **Silkwood**, starring Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher, about a union activist at a Southern nuclear fuel processing company and her work to try and air alleged safety violations by the company. It is good, showing her as an offbeat sort of hero, and backed by terrific acting on the parts of Cher and Kurt Russell. This movie is good!

Next week is the lighter **Revenge of the Nerds** (which is simply not the way to described Mulroney's landslide (however accurate it may be)). This is certainly not one of Hollywood's best, but it is fun and worth a buck and a couple of hours.

Cinema Gratis

Wednesday, we get to see a movie with one of the best soundtracks in a long while. **The Big Chill** is worth it even for just the music, which I didn't notice the first time I saw it due to the quality of the story. This is also a don't miss.

The following week is an Abbott and Costello double feature where they meet Frankenstein, and where they are in Hollywood. I wouldn't call it quality, but these two have some tremendous routines, and it is a shame to miss them if you have the chance to see them.

Upcoming...

At Fed Hall on the twenty-fifth is **Blue Peter**. Early February is FASS (a must-see event). And in March, don't forget the Math Wine & Cheese, and for some of us, there is even the (The) Math Grad Ball. As well, other events are being prepared, and when they are official, I'll pass them on. Until then, take care.

Bridging the Gap

by Mary Lou Kannon

(a pseudonym)

From what I understand, **mathNEWS** is taking a major step forward with this column, a column on women's issues from a moderate point of view. I would like to hear your opinions on what I say here; address your letters to me care of **mathNEWS**, and you have my promise that I will be the only one to see their contents.

This week, the issue I would like to bring up is a Christmas gift that my father got for my mother, and has gotten her each year for about as long as I can remember. First, I need to give you a bit of background.

My father is fifty-six, my mother three years younger. He has his high school education and my mother had one year of university. He works as a security guard in the warehouse he has worked at since he was fifteen, and my mother is a housewife. I've got both an older brother and sister, and a younger brother and sister, the latter being twins. My parents have been together for thirty-two years now.

My mother is somewhat overweight. Dad has a beer belly, but it is not that bad. The Christmas present that Dad loves to get Mom for Christmas, or for her birthday or Valentine's day for that matter, is some form of lingerie. She's got a bag stored in the laundry room of this stuff. Dad gets her other things for Christmas as well, such as an electric knife and a new roasting pan, but there is always that predictable piece of lingerie.

To make matters worse, Dad hasn't known Mom's measurements for at least ten years. I am quite small and some of the things would be tight on me. Sometimes it's even bizarre stuff, what are politely referred to as marital aids. I know that these things bother my mother, and while they are cute from time to time, it now seems more like my father uses this as a periodic reminder to my mother.

Some of the things are ridiculous. Mom has given some things to my sister, my sister-in-law, and this last

time I was home to me. I've worn stuff like this before, although not this fancy. The one new thing for me was what I understand is called a Merry Widow. It's cute, but you can't move in the stupid thing and it took me half an hour to lace it up! Other pieces of underwear I find that, even by hand-washing and hanging to dry, the elastics go to pieces in only a few uses. I remember when I was fifteen, I went to an interview for a job as a parking attendant, and wearing a spaghetti-strapped dress, which meant that I also needed a strapless bra. I think every woman has at some time discovered that strapless bras were meant to be worn about the waist, because that's where they always end up. When you were in the company of women, it was fine, but as soon as a guy came over, away it went. Anyway, as I went through the door for the interview, down went my bra. My eyes rolled slightly and I handed over my resume to the interviewer. He must have thought that I was just an average fifteen year old.

There are problems with sexy lingerie. Whenever you are in the mood, you don't feel like taking the time for it, while when you wear it any other time, either nothing happens, or something like that happens. The worst culprit is the garter belt, guaranteed to snap off and let your stockings fall to the floor at the most public moment, especially the shorter the dress. These are fine for newlyweds, who have a mischievous spark that brings out all the life of these things, but that spark doesn't come unless it is the wearer's doing. My mother is far beyond the point where sex is combined with curiosity, as it is at our age, now for her it is merely a courtesy to my father. Dad feels this, I think, and hopes that the lingerie will help revive things, but what Mom really wants is to be treated special, respected for herself rather than simply partaking in a certain physical activity, as the gifts of lingerie keep reminding her she does.

Cabbage Patch Compatibility

Now that the Christmas rush has ended, toy customers are finding themselves with a problem—incompatible Cabbage Patch clones.

The profusion of CP clones, even those which claim to be 99% CP compatible, is a major consumer headache. Clone purchasers find that patch dresses and tops and other softwear items often fail to fit. Even the popular LETTUCE 1-2-3 fails on some clones. Peripheral items like strollers are susceptible to breakdown with the clones. This leads to a Cabbage Patch crash, known to the industry as "shredding."

Coleco itself is unaffected by the clones. "It may be a real salad out there now," says a spokesman, "but there'll be a tossing start up anytime now. Customers will move to

us when their Coleslaw 'tata or DEC rhubarb fails them. Coleco's new dolls are doing well, and even the revamped cabbage junior (originally the Parsnip) is selling."

While Cabbage pulls ahead, Apple Dolls Inc is suffering. "Our dolls are seen as old-fashioned" laments president Joe Jobs. "Even our Macintossed is selling slower than expected."

For customers with semi-compatible clones, we offer this advice. Trade yours in on a Coleco CP, perhaps even the new all-terrain cabbage doll, the CP AT. It may be more expensive, but it beats being leafed in the lurch by a clone.

Sauron

Nobodaddy

A Serial

Let me say as I begin that I object to being the "I" of this story. After all, I could be you (or you could be me) and there is really no reason that these events could not have happened to you. As you will see later, there is no reason they didn't happen to you. But my problem remains; I am uncomfortable speaking in the first person. Instead let us (you and I) say that it all happens to the "I" that is "Bill", an agreeably silent partner in the narrative.

Feedback

An article by Dr Oscar and Mr Mike in the November 30th issue of **mathNEWS** claimed to expose a fallacious proof in my notes for Stat 231. In fact, the proof is correct, and all that Oscar and Mike have exposed is their own confusion concerning the method of proof by contradiction.

A proof by contradiction begins with an assumption. It is then shown, using the rules of logic (i.e. mathematics), that this assumption leads to a contradiction. Therefore, the original assumption must have been incorrect.

Since the proof begins with an incorrect assumption, results derived during the proof may well be incorrect. One cannot extract statements from the middle of a proof by contradiction and treat them as proven theorems!

To prove that there is no largest prime number, one starts with the (incorrect) assumption that there is a largest prime number. This implies that there are finitely many prime numbers $p_1 < p_2 < \dots < p_n$. One then considers the integer $p = 1 + p_1 p_2 \dots p_n$. This number is not divisible by any of the primes, and so it must be prime. Since $p > p_n$, it cannot be prime. This is a contradiction. Therefore, the original assumption—that there is a largest prime—is incorrect.

Note that the assertion that P has no prime factors is based on the incorrect assumption that there is a largest prime number p_n . Since there is no largest prime, P is not even defined outside the proof.

The essential statement in the proof is "THIS IS A CONTRADICTION". Oscar and Mike apparently didn't realise that this statement was important, and so didn't bother reprinting it in **mathNEWS**. They thought that the proof offered a construction for prime numbers, and so they wasted a lot of time computing and writing articles for **mathNEWS**.

The editor's handling of these articles was irresponsible. He should have checked that Oscar and Mike had correctly quoted the disputed proof. He should have insisted that they sign their full names. And he should not have published their allegations in the last issue for the term without giving me an opportunity to respond.

J.G. Kalbfleisch

(**mathNEWS** apologises to Dr Kalbfleisch for the article referred to above.)

Let me describe myself, or rather, Bill. He is a young man who nevertheless seems quite old. Certainly it is not his appearance, his clothing or the friends he keeps that affects this. Nor can it be his upbringing in the seemingly endless blue landscape of the middle class lying between city and farm. No, the first glimmer of it is in his speech, in the scraping of ancient rock and ice that creeps into his voice. Bill is not a "hit" at parties; his wit clots and smears unevenly and words to him are ugly lumps of uncooked meaning. One tires of him quickly and he is forgotten. But for the sake of the game and its rules let us say that we meet Bill at just such a party, where he slouches at one end of a forlorn sofa, nursing a glass of water and a cigarette.

What can he be thinking you might ask, as you see him stare into distances that aren't there. But it won't matter shortly: you spill your drink on him and conversation ensues.

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"No, don't be. It's all right. I guess I wasn't paying attention."

"Mind if I sit down here?"

"No, I guess not."

You sit as he continues.

"Of course you might find me dreadfully dull company. I'd wanted to leave an hour or two ago."

Let us say that you are a woman, perhaps young, intelligent and attractive, but in a rather predatory way. Bill is plainly uncomfortable. It is not that there are no women in his life—a few, not many—nor is it that he fears new acquaintance. Possibly, you think, I remind him of some figure out of the past.

"You know, you remind me of some figure out of the past," he mumbles.

"Really? Do you always say such strange things?"

Perhaps Bill is just womanising, or is looking for someone to listen to sad story.

"Well, no. But I once knew a woman of Carthage who looked exactly like you. Do you come from Sicily by any chance?"

You shake your head, not quite understanding.

"I never knew what happened to her. Killed by the army, I suppose. But then again, I thought I saw her in Paris once ..."

And now you fear you have turned on a tap you can't turn off. As Bill reminisces cities and times coalesce and blur, images form and are wiped away. At once you decide he is making it all up, that there was no Cathy of Carthage, no Paris or snowy Urthunk.

"Hey, you know, this has been really interesting, but I have to go find the bathroom, so I'll see you later."

By silent agreement you part, not intending to meet again. The drooping ash of Bill's cigarette falls silently to the carpet.

(to be continued)

Grop Flash !



MATHLETICS!
85

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