Shootout, see pg. 3

Thrill and Adventure	Election Issue
Miscellaneous Miscellany	

Bovey Commission Reports

A Special Synopsis

Waterloo [mN] — The Bovey Commission into the future of university education in Ontario reported Tuesday and included several interesting and innovative proposals into the development of our system. At the same time, Bovey did present various proposals which will prove quite controversial and result in continued opposition to his commission's work.

A proposal was raised that new research be backed by bringing onto staff about 550 new professors across the province as a means of injecting new blood (Note: Due to the relative age of Waterloo, it is unlikely that many of those new positions will come here as we are already quite relatively young in professor age). In addition, more situations like Waterloo's Institute of Computer Research would be encouraged by additional moves to the private sector to sponsor research, as well as a tenure system that monitored the work of professors to avoid a situation rumoured to exist at other institutions where some professors stay on staff without seriously accomplishing anything.

On the negative side, Bovey is suggesting increased tuition, an increase in real terms of 55% over five years. Assuming inflation at a conservative rate of four percent a year, we would move from paying the current rate of $578.50 to $1092.55, an 89% increase in terms of visible dollars *before* incidental and Co-op fees. In addition, transfers from the province to the universities would be designated as being for research, capital and fixed costs, or instructional purposes, at least at a determinational level. An additional five million dollars will go to OSAP grants starting in the first year of implementation, but after that, additional support will come from a new loans system where you pay back money based on your future income rather than how much of a debt you incurred, which is a reversal to some extent of the current OSAP loan problems (those who need assistance through loans have a large debt at the end, while they were the least likely to be able to handle it in the first place).

Another recommendation, likely to be missed in much of the analysis, is the call for province wide admission exams in English and Mathematics, as well as adjusting the earlier years of university to adapt to the new curriculum in our secondary school system. Perhaps the least expected indication of the final report was, however, the admission by Bovey that more money is still needed from the government if post-secondary education in Ontario is to maintain its quality.

Errata, Elucidation, Addenda and Apologia

We made the terrible mistake of forgetting that 11 January was Sir John A MacDonald's birthday (besides being the date of the last **mathNEWS**). **mathNEWS** regrets omitting any mention of this day on which Canada's first Prime Minister was born.

MathSoc Election Preview

At the close of nominations on Monday 14 January, the following people were acclaimed or contesting the following seats: At the close of nominations on Monday January 14, Tom Haapanen was accalaimed as President of MathSOC, John Linney as 2N Class Rep, and Cyril Chen as 3N Class Rep. Gilberto Gemin and Genia Krubnik are contesting the Treasurer's position, while Grace Chiu, Dan Lyons and Ian Sargent are fighting for 3A Co-op Rep. Nominations have been extended until 4:30 on Monday January 21st for the positions of Vice-President, 1st Year Regular, 1B and 2A Co-op Class Reps. Nomination forms are available in MC3038.

The campaiging for contested seats is under way, and the election will be held on the 22nd and 23rd of January.

Candidates' Messages

Here are messages from some of the candidates and acclaimed MathSoc reps:

Tom Haapanen Speaks

Terve! I'm Tom "Watts" Haapanen, and I'm your president (yup, *you* are part of MathSoc, too!) for the Winter and Fall terms this year. Right now I'm 3B CS/C&O (didn't know there actually existed C&O majors did you?) although I'll probably end up with an Arts degree if the precedent set by previous presidents holds...

I've been asked, "Why do you want to be Prez?" Well, the best reason I have been able to come up with is "because it's there." I've been involved with MathSoc, **math-NEWS** and Da CSC since 1982, and this is one of the few jobs I haven't tried yet. It supposedly has better perks than the other ones... Seriously, though, I feel I have enough experience to be able to make a valuable (?) contribution to MathSoc, the Math Faculty and the student life cycle. I will try to be responsive, so (if you haven't yet skipped to the next article) if you have problems, questions or concerns, either about MathSoc, academics or anything else, try to find me. If you can (I never said it'd be easy), I'll try to help you. I can frequently be found in the Math-Soc office (MC3038), or you can send mail to *tohaapanen@watrose*. Now, skip over to the article "Prez Sez"...

Terror In The Aisles

When I began university last September, there were many things I did not understand about this place. Now, as I start my second term here, I understand even less about it.

That's OK, though. I know what I need to know to survive. It's actually quite simple. Someone, or something, is out to get me.

How did I find out? The knowledge came piece by piece at first. It would be simple things that could easily be explained away. I attributed the ever-increasing sleep-deprivation to all night homework sessions. I assumed my 8:30 classes were merely a matter of computerized chance. My symptoms of nausea and malnutrition seemed obviously due only to the Village 2 cafeteria food. That was before I saw through the plot. They were after me even then, softening me up, testing me carefully.

The next phase of their plan was slightly more overt. Simultaneous assignments, high risk chemistry labs, and Math 134A. Now I knew something was going on. I struggled on, fighting valiantly the forces that seemed intent on crushing me to differential thickness.

Then came the high tension, sensory deprivation sessions. For three hours at a stretch they chained me to a desk, in the presence of hundreds of other such victims, with nothing to do but silent and mandatory intellectual pursuits. Like a modern Prometheus, I endured even this.

So you see, this term I am prepared. I'm on my guard, as I have to be. Whatever it is that is out to get me is becoming more desperate.

The other morning, on my way to an early morning class, my ears, their hearing sharpened like those of a pursued animal, detected the growl of a menacing agent. Whirling about, I saw it just in time. It was an anti-personnel device, cleverly disguised as a piece of snow removal equipment, racing down the pathway at me with great speed and apparently little control.

Leaping off the path, I threw myself into a nearby stand of brush.

The machine madly continued on its erratic course, passing me and continuing on down the path. Shaken, I waited until the moans and dying screams of the others who had been on the path subsided. Waiting until darkness fell, I retreated, with the stealth of a wartime commando, back to my own room.

This is where I've been holed up ever since. I know some people laugh at me. I don't know about the others — I can't hear them through the bolted iron door, boarded windows, and concrete walls.

You may not know yet what I know now, but take my words of advise.

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean that no one is following you! (typist's note: it only gets worse in 1B...)

Stephen Clark Aird

Reading, Mr Speck?

Black Box at Coby 9 Mark 42, Captain.

Mr Checkoff, Mr Sealall, arm filler torpedo number one.

Aye, Captain.

Fire filler!

Filler away, sir.

Shootout at the CC Corral

At 11:55, the sun glinted harshly off the turquoise and orange of Club 750. The Hall boys marched in step, spurs jangling, jet black federal marshalls' uniforms neat, down Ring Road to where the Clarketon gang waited. The Halls were out to show the people that the Law was the Authority, and no gang of paper rustlers was gonna run the campus.

The Clarketons mulled about nervously in the CC Corral. All they'd ever had to kill before was copy. A few vultures hovered about, awaiting the post mortem.

At 11:58, "Doc" Hallison fell into step with the Halls, his twin-barrel air-invective splotgun at his side. At 12:00 sharp, they stepped into the CC and faced the Clarketons.

"Go ahead," sneered the Halls in unison. "Make our day."

"Yeah," drawled Hallison. "Draw."

With that, the Clarketon's pencils were in their hands in a blur. Lead flew almost instantly. Yet the Clarketons had barely started the first broad strokes of character assassination when the Halls cut them down.

The Clarketons were left to cough out their last (gec! gec!) in a pool of spreading ink. Demagocracy was saved for another day.

Some believe that the Halls and Clarketons could have made great allies, and accomplished big things. But their feuding caused the populace to abandon respect for both.

The plaque on the door of the Cactus shop in CC 140 reads: "Here died the Clarketons in a petty feud. Student respect for their leaders died in the cross fire — 1985."

Sauron

UltraClassifieds

Submit your classifieds to **mathNEWS** *via usual channels. Be warned that* **mathNEWS** *reserves the right to edit or refuse any submissions.*

Personals

Anyone interested in helping the Society to Have Cabbage Patch Kids Shredded into Coleslaw and Sent to Ethiopia to Feed the Starving, please write to Austin Dr, Wat Ont, 9X3 L2N. My name is Franklin.

Obituary: We regret to inform you that the Chevron died last September. Donations may be made to the AIA as expressions of sympathy.

Lost: One (1) small universe, shaped like a Klein bottle; reward offered, owner's name and ID are written on the inside.

Interested in having a good time Tuesday nights? Otherwise, come to **mathNEWS** — *we never close.*

Gilberto Gemin—Treasurer

Hi, my name is Gilberto Gemin and I want to be the MathSoc Treasurer.

"So who is this guy?"

I was born in Guelph but now live in Village Two. I am presently in my 1B term, registered in Honours Co-Op Math—that's right I am a silly V2 frosh.

"What are the qualifications of this guy?"

In High School, I was active in several clubs, including the yearbook and photography. Upon my arrival in V2, I was voted floor rep and joined V2 council's student services committee. I have taken accounting courses in High School and here at the U of W. Finally, I worked for a Guelph restaurant as a manager, handling *very* large sums of money.

"Well, that's fine, but why does this guy want to be Treasurer of MathSoc?"

Besides meeting new people, I feel that I could make a substantial contribution to the Math Society as Treasurer. Since I am in 1B, I do not have as heavy a work load as upper year students and therefore would have more time for MathSoc treasury duties.

Genia Krubnik—Treasurer

MathSoc is having elections, and I'm running for Treasurer. Wouldn't you know it...it is the only executive position being contested. First of all, I should tell you who I am, then I'll try to convince you to vote for me.

My name is Genia Krubnik (that's G as in Great, not G as in Genius) and I'm in 3A Math Honours Co-op. I've been involved in MathSoc during my last 2 terms on campus, in F83 as publicity director, and in S84 as secretary. In addition to this, I have had, and currently do have, several office hours in the MathSoc Office, and I try to make myself useful at MathSoc events.

Although I do not have a lot of accounting background (ACC 121), I do have some basic intelligence (proof: I'm in 3A), and I'm eager and willing to learn.

Whether or not you vote for me, I do encourage you to exercise your right to vote. After all, you paid your fees, and you should have a say as to who will be handling your hard earned (?) money. Have a good term.

Stuart Hodgins— 2A Co-Op

Stuart is a 6-foot tall ape-descendant who still thinks that his digital watch is a pretty neat thing. He comes from Huron County in the Western Spiral Arm of Ontario, and is a CS major with Info Systems Option.

Currently living and di(n)ing in Village 1, Stuart's major interests are like those of everyone else, but he does do homework occasionally.

To paraphrase, 'Whatever your problem, he's here to help you.' This does not necessarily apply to Calculus.

Stuart feels qualified to be a MathSoc rep because he is amoral, somewhat apathetic, a touch unscruplous, and fond of political graft. Joining MathSoc would give him another

place to hang around between lectures (it's a long walk to V1 in the cold).

Stuart's major weakness is a tendency to play devil's advocate. His major goal is to get through life without being caught. He would like to work in the marketing division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation when he graduates.

Stuart is, on the whole, mostly harmless.

John Linney— 2N Reg

Remember, if you will, Monday last (January 14, 1985, for the benefit of those of you having just returned from the Time Lords convention on Rigel-5—Have fun?). Imagine, if you will, snow gently descending on campus like those cute little critters in Space Invaders (What are they called anyway?), a gentle breeze wafting the innocent flakes into great menacing drifts of snow waiting on the roof of the CC ever so patiently for some poor, unsuspecting clod to walk underneath; then plunging down upon his head with a torrential sigh. Now that you understand the mood of the day, I shall proceed to completely ignore the issue of weather and concentrate upon the characters within this tale of abject HORROR.

Picture, if you will, an incredibly handsome, hyperintelligent, all round fantastic person: got an image? Now discard that image, and imagine instead a completely normal, average Mathie wandering the hallowed halls of the MC, stuffing one of those delicious C+D doughnuts into his mouth. This is I, the hero of this excuse for a story, for reasons beyond my comprehension. Then IT happened. While in the process of looking for the loo, I turned the wrong corner and found myself in the middle of a MathSoc meeting!

"Velcome to the lair" said a large gentleman with even larger glasses. "Do you have ze form?", he inquired, while frantically searching through my hefty bundle of notes (3 pages so far this term—a new record!). Before I could excuse myself and ask directions for the nearest gents', this incredible being somehow managed to extract from my notes a nomination for for 2nd year Regular Math Rep, and proclaimed to my HORROR (I promised you this would be a tale of HORROR, didn't I?), "Congratulations— you're the only person running, so I guess that means you WIN!". Suffering from some deviant form of Shell Shock, I accepted the handshakes, the congratulations for a hard fought-and-won campaign, and the requisite champagne, but never did find out where the little boys' room was.

So there you have it, you faithful who have perservered and read this far. It may be too late for me now, but perhaps this slightly true story might help you save yourselves from a fate worse than three stats lectures in a row. Good luck and Good Grief until next we meet,

Your somewhat addled 2nd year regular Math Rep,

John Linney

Cyril Chen— 3N Regular

Yes, Virginia, there *is* life after co-op. In the borrowed words of Julius Caesar: "I came, I saw, and I ran for 3N class rep". After a short campaign that did not have to get off the ground, I found myself acclaimed to the position of class representative for the third year regular math students.

My name is Cyril Chen, but if you cannot pronounce that, try "Cy" which rhymes with the Greek letter ψ. I am sure many of you do not know who I am, but that's okay because I don't know all of you either. It does not mean that I don't want to; just come on in to the MathSoc office whenever I am there (definitely on Tuesdays and Rhursdays at 11:30 am) and say "hi!" I promise that I will return you a greeting of some sort.

If you have any problems of suggestions, or if you need help regarding the politics of mathematics, get in touch with me and I'll see what I can do to assist you, and it had better not have anything to do with algebra! Until the next time...ciao for now!

P.S.: If I have to speak Cantonese for this job, then I will certainly try my best.

P.P.S.: Oops. What did I just get myself into?!

Cyril Chen

Grace Chiu— 3A Co-Op

Dear Fellow 3A Co-op Students:

Did you know that ...

— there will be an ELECTION (ee-lek'-shun) next Tuesday and Wednesday for your MathSoc Class Rep?

— you are a CONSTITUENT (kon-stit'-choo-went) — that means you are eligible to vote for me, GRACE CHIU (3A Operations Research Honours Co-op), as one of two Class Reps?

— of the three candidates for this position, I am the IN-CUMBENT (in-kum'-bent)——that means that I (as you may or may not recall) was one of your Class Reps last year (2A and 2B).

— As a Class Rep, I was a voting member of the MathSoc council and a student representative to the Liason Committee. I hope to regain this position for 3A and 3B and become further involved with MathSoc.

— I have MathSoc office hours on Wednesdays and Fridays at 9:30-11:30 am and on Mondays at 12:30-1:30 pm. Feel free to come by for a visit and to discuss any ideas on how we can make our trek to '87 a much smoother (and hopefully quicker) one.

Your Friendly Neighbourhood Candidate,
Grace Chiu

Prez Sez

(Actually President-Elect)

Welcome to the reincarnation of this age-old column! In this and future issues, I'll attempt to bore you to death on tedious unimportant details of the administrative difficulties in MathSoc... **No, don't stop reading!** Just kidding; I'll try to be brief and avoid the gory details.

Well, we've got lots of events scheduled this term, with four of them in the new Club 750 (aka Fed Hall). The exact details on some are still open, but we do know that our *End-of-Term* extravaganza will be held on March 30th in Club 750. We also have pubs scheduled there on January 26th, February 23rd and March 16th, so keep those days open. The Math Grad Ball will be held on March 23rd for those of you about to graduate, and we'll also likely bring in some interesting speakers.

On the more serious side, the Bovey Commission report came out just before my article deadline, but, alas, I haven't had time to decipher it yet. The University budget is also in its preliminary stages, and there could be some pretty stiff increases in store for us. More on those next time, though.

The Prez

Nobodaddy

Part 2

As he rolled the fatigue out of his limbs, Bill felt a strange tingling that night. Had there been some trace of fascination in here eyes? Or had he just imagined it? An old wariness crept into his thoughts, for he often guarded himself against speculation. Often what he speculated came true shortly after.

The next day was an ordinary Thursday, just as Thursdays had been throughout history. Thus it seemed to Bill that he was only falling further into the rut of the ordinary that spelled the end of his life when they met by chance on a street corner.

"Hello, how are you?"

"Oh, fine, thanks. And where are you off to today?"

Bill shivered, no longer sure. He hesitated between several promising ways and then pointed in the general direction of Aldebaran.

"Oh my, that's a long way isn't it?" She seemed somehow softer, more refined, less a predator than the night before. "I'm heading for Eaton's and then to lunch."

"Well, that sounds good."

She made to leave, once more on the path of her errands; Bill followed her, going farther and farther away from Aldebaran.

"Tell me your name."

"Oh, excuse me. I'm Janet Palmer."

"My name's Bill Whately. Do you live in S—?"

[*Why is it that writers hesitate to set their scenes in specific locales, but rather use a wintry city of the mind? And why do they give only a tantalising initial and a mysterious dash? Perhaps they can never decide on a full name, but rather give the reader only a letter and let her imagine the rest.*]

"Yes. I'm a student at the University."

"What do you study?"

"Oh, men, astronomy, the way things grow, the way they fall apart. What do you do?"

"I'm a grad student—at least, I pretend to be."

"Really? And what's your field?"

"Islamic literature. Medieval, pre-Renaissance stuff. Before—I mean, I was working on a thesis on the works of Abdul Alhazred."

"Before what?"

A small greasy bistro sprang into existence. Bill stopped suddenly.

"Coffee?"

"Sure."

They sat at a table of slimy arbourite, blowing cups of what seemed to be boiled sewage. He broke the silence.

"I have a story to tell, about how things are—not coming together, not falling apart. Like to hear it?" With a curious gesture he dug some grubby sheets of paper from inside his jacket. They were typewritten but smudged with idle ink, emendations and doodles.

"Is this about you? It's all in the third person."

"I hate to say 'I'."

She read quietly as the java cooled into obsidian lumps.

It was one of those sultry June nights. When people speak of the heat of the summer they refer usually to late July and August, but by then the summer is quite solemn about itself, never flirting, never stirring memory or desire. In June the summer is not yet mature, not yet a reason of its own; it is dynamic, and wraps the lonely walker in its tempting arms. On this particular evening there were no stars out and the moon was new. Succubi lurked seemingly in the darkest corners of sleeping civilisation.

Along came Fred, an old satchel clutched under a tortured arm. He was trying to hurry through the smothering bosom of the evening, on his way to library, light, labour, and learning. To flood the alliteration, love and lust cross him: a couple kissed and caressed heedlessly as he sped along the cinderpath. Reminders of that atrophied aspect of his life were best put out of mind because they could depress him terribly. Soon, he thought, he would escape from the erotic confines of the night.

The library was deserted, Fred smugly noted. He rushed into its depths, into the bowels of the building where the oldest books lay. Quietly he let himself in the Rare Books section with a duplicate key he had taken great pains to make. Before dispelling the restful interior darkness he sniffed with satisfaction. Old books are usually described as musty, reeking of damp shelves, the greasy fingers of dead readers, and dust, dust, dust. Fred found all these condensed into an ineffable tang of wisdom, of old secrets lying just below the decayed surface.

Using the librarian's key he released only those few jailed volumes interesting him. Certainly that small ruddy quarto printed in Venice, and why not this calf-bound rabbinical text from Prague? As he gathered his materials and set them out neatly he felt a ponderous slowing, a *ritardando* before the entrance of a *grave* second subject. At last he brought out Alhazred's black treatise, and once more speculated on the wild improbabilities that brought it into his hands. The book had come so close to fire, to destruction by misguided hands, and to cataclysmic disintegration in the various strange accidents that marked its history.

A sensible scholar, Fred again asked himself why such an atmosphere of catastrophe ('trouble with the stars') surrounded the book; what danger could it contain? The first third of it was filled with a long poem, written in a stunning, sweeping calligraphy. The subject was the journey of one Ezgul and his unfulfilled quest for the *laman-al-faq*. The word still meant nothing to Fred despite all his studies; for that matter, the mystical language of the poem hid its greater meaning from him entirely. Particularly puzzling was the part of the poem near its end, when it suddenly changed to an unknown script, quite unlike Arabic or any other language of that time. The remaining pages were either blank (these miraculously clean) or filled with obscure geometrical deductions based on some non-Euclidean ideas. Always at some point the proofs would invoke the same *laman-al-faq* and from this would follow the Q.E.D. Perhaps, Fred mused, he was the victim of an ancient jest but just didn't "get it."

It took him very nearly all night to find out what it meant. He forgot the time, the erotic darkness waiting outside, and the neurotic daylight waiting in the wings. He

had already possessed all the clues and only had to assemble them. From a few obscure verses of the Quran, to a letter of Chrysystom, to the Nanaimo writings of Brother XII, to the Kabalic paeans of an 11th-century Cretan rabbi he traced a thread of meaning. When he had found it he read aloud the passage of Alhazred's poem dealing with the hidden meaning of sand dunes, and plunged into darkness.

(to be continued)

Entertainment

by Marcel Kahnt

mathNEWS sent me for a bit of a spin last issue, as I thought we would be coming out alternate weeks. As a result of the schedule I am told they have, my last column either can be viewed as overshooting this issue by a week, or falling a week short of the following issue. All I know is that I need to stick in an extra something this week.

I Know a Secret!

I've found out a few things about this year's *FASS*, and I'll let you in on them. First, the theme this year is Superheroes, and the title is **FASSer Than a Speeding Bullet**. Like everything else on campus, it pokes fun at Fed Hall [Club 750 -Typ.], and the man who saw it to its completion. References are also included to **2010**, and several excellent jokes about everyone's favourite computer, the HAL 9000. The biggest news, however, is who plays Super Chicken (the title was suggested by one as FASSer Than a Speeding Pullet. It is a big role for this new actor). I won't spoil the surprise; you will need to go there and see it for yourself.

Fed Flicks

This week, as I said last week, the Feds are showing **Revenge of the Nerds**. For a quick review of this colossal Hollywood blockbuster (humpf!), refer to last week's issue (You did save last week's issue, didn't you?).

Next week is Barbara Streisand's **Yentl**, produced, directed, and starring You-Know-Who. I saw it when it first came out, and even though I am not a Streisand fan, I enjoyed it. I should emphasise the *not* in the previous sentence, because this movie turned even finicky me. It is good!

Free Shtuff from the Turnkeys

Next Wednesday is the Abbott and Costello double feature (see last issue again). The following week, however, is a movie called **True Confessions**, a movie featuring Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall in the story of two brothers, one a detective, the other a priest, working together to solve a murder (according to my sources).

Arts Centre

Next Wednesday at 8 pm in HUManities Theatre is Kloset Komics, a showcase of the up and coming comic talent in the area, applicants having been screened by Roger Abbott and Dave Broadfoot of the **Royal Canadian Air Farce** (CBC Radio and Stereo).

Tomorrow (Saturday), **Eritage**, Quebeçois folk music and dance for young people will be presented in four showings, at 10:30, 1 pm, 3:30, and 8 in the evening as part of the Arts Centre Children's Series. The matinee showings cost $3 for children and $3.50 for adults, while the evening showing is $9.50 ($8.00 children and seniors).

... but is it art?, a presentation of computer graphic art from our very own CGL facility, is on until the seventeenth of February at the UW Art Gallery (In Modern Languages surrounding the Theatre of the Arts). Go out and see what has actually been done, and judge for yourself.

Platter Spatter

by Slash Sinatra

(not a pseudonym)

Well, here we go again. For those of you who are not acquainted with this column, it is basically a general interest column with a musically relevant perspective. Sometimes it features record reviews, sometimes commentary. The opinions expressed in this column are certainly not those of anyone else connected with this paper; they are my own. If you have any comments to offer, however, Tom Ivey will pass them on to me; write to him. I will try to avoid reviewing records that are so obscure that no one cares about them (like Mr. Perlich of *Imprint*), or records that are so well known that you are sick of hearing about them (like those Kenny plays at Fed Hall); a happy balance is my aim. All records are rated on a four-star basis.

Cocteau Twins *Treasure* (4AD) Always inventive, always enjoyable, the Cocteau Twins have come up with perhaps their finest album to date here. The music they do is not for everyone; it's an acquired taste. But Elizabeth Frazer's voice still sends the chills up my spine. For the discriminating cold-waver or for the musically adventurous. (* * ½)

This Mortal Coil *It'll End In Tears* (4AD). I never expected to hear from this collaboration again after their single "Sixteen Days Gathering Dust" last year, but the gang's back together (members of several bands including Cocteau Twins, Modern English, Dead Can Dance, Colourbox, Xmal Deutschland, and others), and this time with an LP. There's definitely something for everyone here on this outing; a bag of surprises. Won't do particularily well but it deserves to. (* * ½)

FeedBack

Pickled Grasshoppers, Heavy metal

and women's issues

Re: "Proof of the Week" Vol 36 No 10, pp 7

Messrs $Dementoid_1$ and $Dementoid_2$ state that their pickle seed removal time (wooden legged grasshopper) proof creates "three interesting quarks".

Are we to assume from this statement that
a) they are incapable of spelling "quirk", or
b) they have discovered a new particle?

Assuming that they do know how to spell "quirk" we must realise that the discovery of this new class of quarks is a major anomaly in the world of High Energy physics. Indeed, the WLGA (Wooden Legged Grasshopper Acceleration) used seems to be a new addition to the field, and certainly a candidate for future Nobel prizes.

This would also seem to suggest, by the super-symmetric principle, that there should be 3 noninteresting quarks. I would like to suggest the names "Very", "Somewhat", and "A little" for these new quarks.

Also, in order that future research be possible, perhaps we could harness any future grasshopper plagues in our Western provinces to supply new and more powerful accelerators, although the possibility o 2000 GeV pickle seeds raises both physical and moral questions. (Is this the new 'Star Wars' weapons technology Mr Reagan has been alluding to?)

My congratulations to all those on the 5th & 6th floors of MC that made this new discovery possible.

I.N. Stein

(Editor's note: If you didn't read mathNEWS *last fall, forget about the preceding letter.)*

An open letter to security:

While you're returning things, there's a piece from the Twisted Sister exhibit of Liverpool's Heavy Metal Museum between the CC and the Math Building. **Please** feel free to return it to England.

Sauron

Dear Ms Kannon:

To begin with, I would like to commend your wise use of a pseudonym when airing your parents' communication problems in public.

To get to the heart of the matter: I take offense at your use of the concept of "women's issues". A column filled with descriptions of underwear meant only to titillate the *boys* seems unworthy of this publication. However, since the editors allowed it, who am I to argue? But *please* don't call it a column on women's issues.

To quote a real women's issues column: "Stand up and be a woman". Don't worry about where you do or do not wear your bra. May I suggest that men can be turned on by your personality alone?

Simply: If you don't like the stuff, don't wear it!

J. Roberts

Man in the Street Interview

Q: How do you like Fed Hall?

"Impressive. It really looks good."—Mark S
"A very defensible building."—R Hood
"Loud. Nice, but loud."—Brad S
"I thought these things smelled bad on the outside..."—H Solo
"Roomy, attractive,...I think they've done something right."—Cindy P
"That's entertainment!"—Vlaad the Impaler
"Pretty good. There's room to dance, to drink...yeah. I like it."—George M
"I'll give it an 8.5 'cause it's got a nice beat, and you can dance in it."—Dee Clark
"Hey...what else'll $7.50 a term get you...10 bus rides?"—Fred H
"The most impressive thing on campus."—Tom A
"Burp."—N Geni:r

Sauron

Crazy Cryptograms

After months of public pressure, we will finally reveal the secret identity of Dr Ernie (In code, of course. After all, we wouldn't want everyone to know):

GHPCS PCEPMPEGAL YRREH ,Y TO,T,LAWR ACE
TAXAIRL YX,I HIALL O,DDRXH AF,MR ERD,HPW,XH
HOR YL,K PH EPMPERE PXW, AH IAC(HRTWP,CH
AHWOR CGIFRX ,Y XRNGPXRE ERD,HPW,X PH WOR
TRCWXR FL,TB KPWO DLAWRH RAYO
DX,SXRHHPMRL(HDLP WWPCS WOR YL,K ,Y
RPWORX PCSXREPRCW PCW, WK, HWXRAIH
GCWPL WOR XRNGPXRE CGIFRX PH XRATORE
WOR PCEPKPEGAL ERD,HPWH AXR HOABRC
W,SRWORX W, Y,XI WOR T,IDLRWR YPCPHORE FAX

Submit solutions to **mathNEWS** via normal channels.

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On-Campus Subscribers

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Also, **mathNEWS** is again running out of on-campus envelopes. If you have any used on-campus envelopes to spare, please send them to **mathNEWS** via on-campus mail. Thanks for your support, and we look forward to serving you even better this term.

Oh NO, More Quiche!
An explanation

(For those of you who were not here last fall, mathNEWS featured an ongoing discussion on whether or not real numbers ate quiche. Based on the phenomenal response to that question, we present another article on this new mathematical topic. Hopefully this will be the quiche to end all quiche...djcl.ed)

The Definitive Paper on Real Numbers and Quiche

While my noted colleagues were debating the propensity of real numbers to consume quiche last year, I became aware of the following property. This neither confirms nor denies the (current) theory that real numbers eat quiche; in fact, it proves that real numbers *are* quiche. Moreover, it proves that complex numbers are also quiche.

What is quiche? Quiche is, in its simplest form, *egg pie*.

$$(quiche) = egg\ pie \qquad (*)$$

By substituting the Greek letter π for its English spelling we have

$$egg\ pie = egg\ \pi e$$
$$= \pi e^2 g^2 \qquad (**)$$

Let us define a function Q based on (**).

$$Q(g) = \pi e^2 g^2$$

Now (and this is a point that my colleagues overlooked in their treatises), we will allow g to be chosen from C, not just R.

Evaluating Q provides us with three cases:

Case 1: $g = a + 0i$
Then Q provides a non-negative real result.

Case 2: $g = 0 + bi$
Q provides a non-positive real result.

Case 3: $g = a + bi,\ a,b \neq 0$
Q returns a complex result.

The *range* of Q is all of C, which includes all of R. Notice that from (*) we have Q being the same as quiche. For this reason we call Q the *Quiche Generating Function* or *QGF*.

Since the QGF produces quiche, and has all of C as its range, every number is quiche. The QGF also answers a question raised last year by a colleague: "Is quiche really a form of π?" The equation in (**) illustrates that this is the case.

Now that that has been proven, we can speculate on whether numbers consume quiche. I offer no debate, but two questions to consider (one for each side):

- If all numbers are quiche, are they well-behaved enough not to be cannibalistic?

- Is it true that "you are what you eat?"

Bon appetit!

Chef Dwarf

Opinion

Last week in Imprint, a Professor Schroeder wrote an article entitled "Faith in God vs. Science". Prof. Schroeder attempted to show, I believe, that science has inconsistencies and gaps, and belief in the universe the way that science paints it requires faith, even as belief in the universe of **The Bible** requires faith.

Prof. Schroeder's main points were:
● light acts as both a wave and a particle: how can it be both?
● the speed of light has only been measured on or near to the earth: how can we know that it is a constant throughout the universe?
● the "evolution" of the universe, as proposed by scientific theory, requires billions of years: who can verify that the universe has existed for that long?
Well,
● it is possible that light is neither a particle nor a wave, and attempting to force our preconceptions onto the nature of EMR is what causes the "paradox".
● of course, you can never know for sure that the speed of light is constant throughout the universe, but I think that it is more difficult to imagine that light travels at infinite speeds elsewhere, and at a finite speed here. Why would one believe that? Moreover, Prof. Schroeder's suggestion that c represents "the fastest speed that man can measure" does not make sense. I have seen television studios sending programs off a satellite and then back to the studio. The sent signal and the received signal are seperated by about two-tenths of a second. If the signal was instantaneous, both screens would show the same thing at the same time.
● requiring a very long time, is, I think, easier to swallow than an omniscient being creating the whole shebang on a whim a few thousand years ago, and then leaving signs all over the place that the universe is very old.

Of course, if it is inconsistency you want, you need look no further than
● Why wasn't Lot's daughter punished for getting her father drunk and having sex with him? Isn't that sort of thing against the rules?
● Why did Methuselah live as long as he did? We don't see that kind of thing nowadays.
● If God cares so much about His children, why doesn't He drop a little manna on Africa? I understand they could use it.

There are probably other examples, but I think I have made my point.

I think that Prof. Schroeder's analysis has some merit: you do require faith to believe in modern scientific reasoning. The difference is that you are putting your faith in human drive and intellect, rather than a collection of old myths. I intend to continue to examine the evidence and let the facts speak for themselves. After all, "God helps those who help themselves".
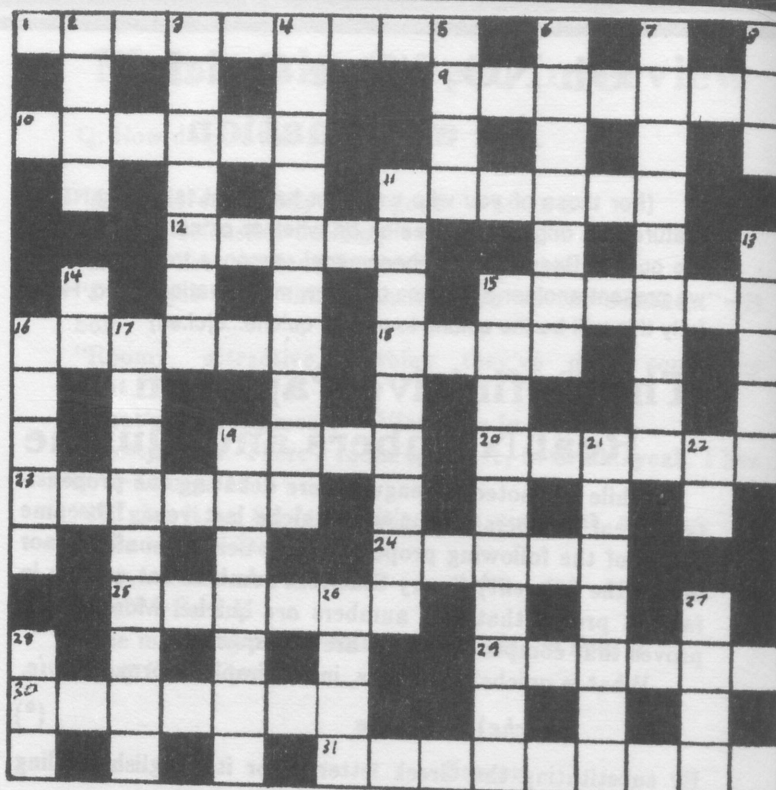
blscearc

GridWord

Thanks to the efforts of Frank Letniowski, the Grid-Word lives on. You are invited to complete the GridWord and submit it to **mathNEWS** for neato prizes (yet to be announced). Watch out! These clues get cryptic!

dy/dx = 0

1. Be a fighter; start the song and drown Mr Spade out (9).
9. Sounds like above the grass in the morning when in fact it's late. (7)
10. Allot a point of indication (6)
11. Numberless and with those people singing our theme song. (6)
12. Dry off with this when you scream pain in a backwards lease. (5)
15. Wraps fifty inside for the shades (6)
16. When on the hunt, am I at the end and as backward and distant? (6)
17. I hear it's a scary city! (4)
19. Ensnare me and she when we lose direction. (4)
20. Sway for a double golf ball rest, but right after the end. (6)
23. A book about the crazy dear. (6)
24. Standards dictate that there are no rooms, in short. (5)
25. Mr Amin is strangely coy in his folly. (6)
29. Wore away the hesitation for a poem that starts to distract. (6)
30. Map turned about as a granted privilege. (7)
31. Performs everything since I am grown up and go after deer. (4,2,3)

dx/dy = 0

2. Swished the first away, with the Smith of jam fame gone, to have hope. (4)
3. People who can't boil water would probably do this; maybe they tune air? (4,3)
4. The author got first so bad that he went into music (10)
5. It's a subject, in a word (4)
6. The golfers are starting to come in here! (3,4)
7. Strange chap leaves; he's not in our game! (3,3,3)
8. It sounds like he showed the way to Plumbum (3)
11. A high note and a fowl in the alley; all in some American mountains. (9)

correction 2:

13. Stare at a daisy? (5)
14. The French note? (2)
15. The heron has a curved shape and shows a cruel attitude. (10)
16. Hoard some metal past the street. (5)
17. Crazy as a cooler at one hundred and a fifty. (9)
19. I arbitrate for a silly dime consumed. (7)
21. Take this to exit quickly or to get out of doing extra work.(4,3)
22. The Spanish diminutive ending in English (2)
26. The joker got an auto for five hundred (4)
27. The safe elephant shows sense. (4)
28. Part of play in the current start of try-outs (3)

∇R∣△ ⍵⎍⎐⍁

WHO→   WHAT→