ARM Release Further Delayed
- the Scandal and Intrigue!

Basic Addict Speaks Out:
- "I use GOTOs all the time"!!

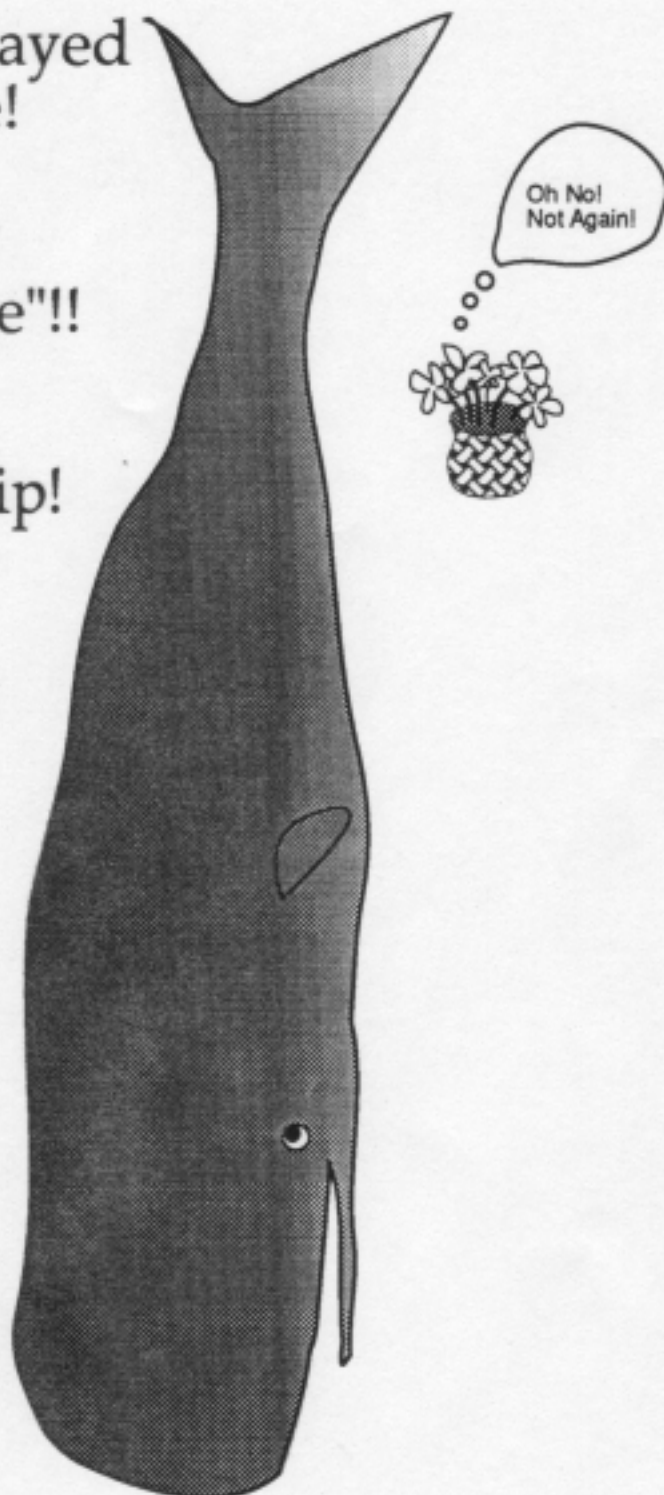Brilliant New Cartoon Strip!
- "Fith the Fish"!

Snails that You Know
- Exposed!

Unix a Cruel Hoax?

Win a Box of Fish!
- Competition Inside!

The World in Flames
- Diplomacy Newswire!

Pilfering From the Till?
- Confessions of a Treasurer!

"I'd rather have a box of fish than a Sun ™ like that!" - Ripping Yarns
* subject to exchange rate fluctuations

Eddy Torial

Well, um, yes, well here is another, um, err, ahh, newsletter. Being the editor, I get to do the editorial. Wellllllll, here it is. Ummm, yes, OK, here we go, this is the um, ahh, newsletter. Yes. The newsletter. And I get to do the editorial, being the editor. So, that is why I am writing this editorial, about um, this, well, err, I suppose you would call it a newsletter.

I had a nice story for this editorial, but the mean, nasty, and awfully wicked Rhys-beastie destroyed it in one foul swoop of his ugly story-muncher. So, you have to bear with me while I think of something else to write.

Well, this is the newsletter, and it contains articles. Um, some of these are pretty good, and some are downright pathetic. You be the judge. But if you

don't agree with me, I'll get the mean, nasty, and awfully wicked Rhys-beastie to destroy your stories with his ugly story-muncher. So there.

You probably want to read something about the contents of this newsletter. Yes, well there are executive reports, and project reports, and silliness, and more silliness, and then some other type of silliness, and some things that aren't too silly. But over all, everything is quite silly. My story that the mean, nasty, and awfully wicked Rhys-beastie destroyed was very good. It really was. It was about a innocent and bright-eyed not a liquid crystal display. But you'll never get to read it. Bad Rhys.

Lots of thanks to all who gave me articles (I'm getting into this now I'm into the fifth para-

graph). Especially the prolific people, like [PAL] who wrote lots of articles. The page numbering system comes from [ECF], who also did the page layout. [ECF] and [COM] created the wonder cover page. Artwork was mainly by [JEM], with a piece by [POT]. Oh, and thanks to various people who helped me get articles from other people. I hope you enjoy this newsletter because I really do promise this time that I won't get conscience-stricken again. No, I'll leave the newsletter to someone else to do. I hope.

Well, have a good read. Good night and God bless.

BTW: The spelling mistake in the contents page is intentional.

Contents

Green Things from the Swamp Report - [DDT]

How many times have you wandered down to the swamp and seen those great big horrible Green things swimming around in it? Lots and lots of times, I can tell. Well I am here to tell you what those green things actually are.

The green things are actually posi-super-green-assumptions of a deranged chicken. These assumptions come from a false sense of security by the chicken, when the chicken is suddenly and abruptly killed by a large axe. The colour of the axe makes the colour of the green things change. For instance if the chicken saw a red axe it would make a red green thing appear. But as chickens always see things as green, the green things are always green.

This great theory about chickens was brought to you by a large lump of jam that has been sitting in the back of my cupboard for quite a few years.

For more theories on chickens please see, 100 great theories about chicken by R. U. Chicken.

Happy days have gone out the door. With the sudden demise of the VAX, people (and first years) have been despondently wandering around the club. Every now and then one of these poor people kicks bits of VAX that are scattered over the floor in the hope that it will spontane-ously burst into life. It hasn't yet but we have not given up trying. The great wizard (who drops by every now and then) has so far completely failed to get the VAX to run, so we are looking for specialist wizards. In fact a specialist wizard in VAX power supplies.

At the moment the UCC is going into a special kind of decadence. Know as the MAC revolution the UCC is falling into the great MAC pit trap of spikes and large rubber DA's (or ducks for those with no imagination). With the complete failure of the MAC lounge to open any where near the projected date, the UCC has managed to use this valuable resource to its maximun capa-bility (by filling up the hard drive with games).

The MazeWars revolution was previously documented by Phil Sutherland in his wonderful message to the UCC mailing list (which I will not include here in an effort to preserve in-completeness). This revolution came directly after the MAC revolution and is equally addic-tive and dangerous. This par-ticular form of madness has kept people in suspense for many days struggling to comprehend the completeness of the insan-ity involved.

A very lax executive (*Editor's Note: No different from any of the past executives...*) this year has managed to garner a new and improved very large room for the UCC's home. This room (previously known far and wide as the common room) will be the UCC's new home for the years to come. After the Guild has put in the wall (starting real soon now) at immense cost to them (heh heh heh), in fact if you really want to know $11,000. This great achieve-ment for UCCkind will go down in history as the turning point. This room will be the largest room the UCC has had as its home in all of its dark and mys-terious history.

Ok, now I think I will just say fish. There did that satisfy your ravening thirst for a fish? I cer-tainly hope so, I don't want to have to repeat it too often. As Sean would say whilst looking into the dark and mellow eyes of a green cat, "bing". This is I believe (at the moment any-way) the part where I say goodbye and good fish. I hope you all go green slowly over the next few days. Beware of the chair (*Editor's Note: [SAM] is not chair*), and make the sky go green.

David. The looney in residence.

Vice President's Report - [CPR]

Yes, well, I suppose you want to read something. I don't really know what to write and I haven't gone and looked to see what my predecessors have written when faced with this situation. Well I suppose I could just go through all the things I have and haven't done during my tour of duty. I don't believe I made any wild and outrageous campaign (if you can call it that) promises, so you can't get me on that score.

Well first of all there was the disaster of the computer lounge. After many, many visits to see Bruce Baskerville and Terry O'Meara, it was thought that the computer club would be managing the computer lounge for the guild with an income of about $10,000 a year. This then proceeded to fall through as the guild were told by WARCC that they should have a full time employee looking after the lounge whenever it was open. It was then decided that the soon to be employed Guild Media Officer could take the role of Computer Lounge manager as well. As I sit here typing this article, the Guild Media Officer sits a few metres away, using the room solely to do her work, and is not at all involved with the managing of the room. I don't know what they are doing now, but the outcome as far as UCC is concerned is that we are getting a room that is much bigger than our old one and should be able to have access to the macs for a lot of the time. This can't be all bad. Especially if they are going to pull down the corner of the guild building we used to be in!

The club appears to be running smoothly again now that uni is back. The first years continue to spend their days playing games and refuse to take an interest in the running of the club. It is expected that this may change when all the people currently running the club cease doing so. When it starts falling down around their ears, quick action is expected. This time is a long way away at the moment and could well be the topic for a couple of newsletter articles to come.

Well I can't think of anything at all to type and I am sure I must have almost filled up a page. I mean, I want to leave room for Steven to put a silly picture at the bottom of my page so people read this mindlessly silly article. So I hope you all meet horribly agonising decisions in the near future. Ha!

Craig Richmond
V.P.

Craggles as we all know and ... ummm ... know him.

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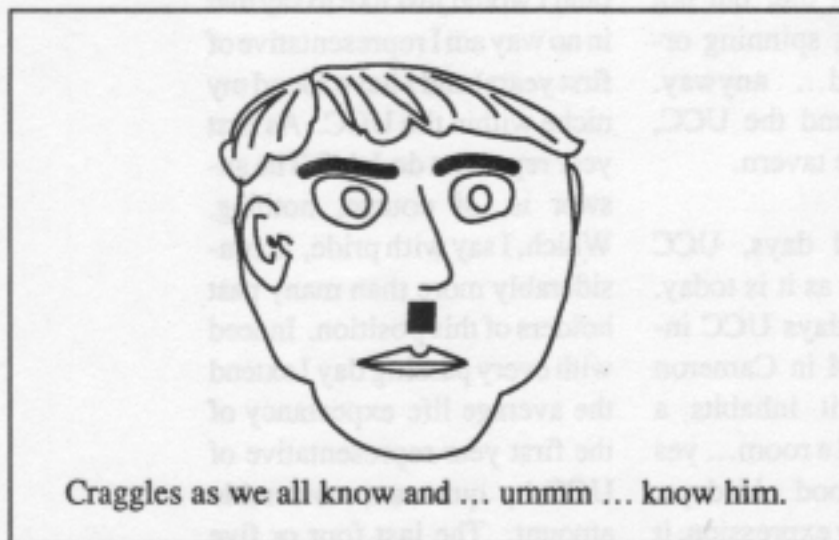
First Year Rep's Report - [JEM]

The first year of University, and already I find myself in a position of immense personal power, able to yell insulting terms at all and sundry, with only the threat of being beaten up in return. Yes, even now, after only 7 months of the year, several people almost know me by name. University is indeed a rewarding institution.

But despite all the wonders of University; the wonder of new knowledge, the friendliness and hospitality of fellow students, the expanding social horizons, UCC stands out as the highlight. To discover that there is hidden bunch of lunatics, dedicated to a cause would have been wonderful, but I found the UCC. Actually it took a bit to find the UCC: my first explorations, like many others, was up the guild building, to find a leprous door proclaiming itself to be the club. Indeed if I had looked closer, peeled back the debris clinging to the door, I probably would have caught a rare disease causing the infected to keel over and die, but not before observing spinning orange frogs and... anyway. Eventually I found the UCC, hidden above the tavern.

Yes, in the old days, UCC wasn't as visible as it is today. Yeh, in the old days UCC inhabited a ROOM in Cameron Hall. Today, it inhabits a CORRIDOR and a room... yes they were the good old days. (What a very silly expression, it wasn't any better then, than it is now: but doesn't it just make you green with envy... no?..., oh.)

In fact, it is not accurate to say UCC inhabits the corridor... the Vaxen inhabit the corridor. Like quietly lurking refrigerators they skulk in the middle of the corridor, waiting to prey on the unwary. Even now they mastermind a plan to take over Cameron hall by obscuring the fire escapes, then just shorting out... Indeed the legendary UCC characteristics are beginning to infect the entirety of Cameron Hall. The common room is growing Vaxen manuals, infestation of CP/M machines sprout silently in the dim recesses of stair wells, fungi covered plates spread there sickly touch in cardboard boxes and magazines gradually spill out into passageways... It will not be long.

...anyway. I have found a niche. I'm first year representative, (and I would just like to say that in no way am I representative of first years) and I have found my niche within the UCC. As first year rep, what do I do? The answer is, of course, nothing. Which, I say with pride, is considerably more than many past holders of this position. Indeed with every passing day I extend the average life expectancy of the first year representative of UCC by quite a considerable amount. The last four or five have not survived the year, I am well on my way to being the first in a long time. (*Editor's Note: Not exactly true - [CJP] and [C^2] both survived more than a year... But I suppose [JOE] makes up for that.*)

But what, in all seriousness, do I do? My chosen function within the UCC is to write the agenda. Yes, I can write the agenda... it's a thankless job but someone has to do it. Yes Derek maybe able to do it faster, and better, without any thinking about it but By Gosh he didn't, well not that time... anyway...

So to stop babbling, at least for this moment, I will sign of by saying

'We apologise for the break in transmission. Transmission will not be resumed. We continue with 'The Wombles do Manhattan'...

$ - [JRC]

Apart from stating that THERE WILL BE ABSOLUTELY NO MORE IOUs AND NO MORE STEALING OF CHOCO-LATE BARS AND CANS OF COKE AND PHONE CALLS there is no Treasurer's Report. Instead...

Money, get away
Get a good job with more pay and you're OK
Money it's a gas
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash
New car, caviar, four star daydream,
Think I'll buy me a football team

Money get back
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off my stack.
Money it's a hit
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit
I'm in the high-fidelity first class travelling set
And I think I need a Lear jet

Money it's a crime
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie
Money so they say
Is the root of all evil today
But if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're giving none away

    Pink Floyd.

Immediate Past Vice President's Report - [CJP]

Immediate Past Vice Presidents Report - [cjp]

Hello again! Bet you all thought you got rid of me by voting for the sensible party... Bad luck! (Hee Tee)

So, what is there to say. Hmm. A resolution seems to be in order. I hereby resolve to check the status of my head-lights every time I leave the car by turning them on and off again in high beam, so I can see the little light on the dash-board turn on and off. This way, I hope to cease wander-ing into UCC and asking "has anyone here got a car+jumper leads?" Twice in one winter is getting a bit much.

The club! Yes, that's what I should say something about. Seems to be alive and well, in general. Our campaign to ob-tain billions of freshers seems to have worked. We have quite a few responsible new mem-bers who are putting a lot into the club. Pity many of the rest of them don't have similar atti-tudes. A little more respect for other peoples property + a little more involvement with the running of the club would go down well.

This year, in a radical new move, my GameProgressReport will not appear in the middle of my 'execposition' report (note backquotes!) but actually ap-pear as a distinct entity in it's own right. Or possibly in a Toad Report. Read the con-tents page to find out...
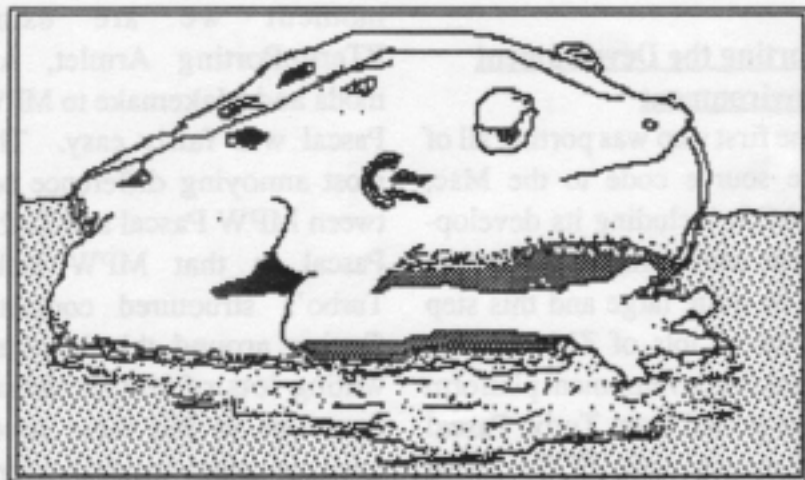
TOAD IN A POND

KAOS 2 and you - [JJQ]

Since the last ARM Report there has been one major development in the ARM project. ARM development has moved from our long-term host, a horrbile PC compatible, to a brand spanking Macintosh Classic called, for no apparent reason, Grover. This machine was bought by [JJQ] in December last year and the ARM team decided to move development to it for a number of reasons. Firstly, it's faster. Preliminary benchmarks showed the 8MHz 68000 in Grover ran Pascal at least twice as fast as the 10MHz 8088 in the PC. Secondly, the ARM team thought that the Mac Operating System was more 'in the spirit' of KAOS and that moving the development to the Mac would provide much better support. This has already proven to be the case. Thirdly, the appropriate parties (namely [JJQ]) were a lot happier about investing in a faster Macintosh-type computer than a faster PC. A faster Mac will hopefully appear at the end of this year.

Porting the Development Environment

The first step was porting all of the source code to the Mac. KAOS, including its development environment, has grown to be quite large and this step involved lots of ZModeming. Next the development platform was ported from Turbo Pascal 5.5 running under DOS to MPW Object Pascal 3.2 running under MPW. MPW was an obvi-ous choice because it allowed the development environment to retains its traditional command line interface. The tools ported included Armlet (reduced instruction set assembler), Armoda (primary system compiler), and MakeMake (automatic make file generator).The ArmChat communications program was much too PC specific to be ported. The method of communication with the ARM was changed completely. The file transfer functions of ArmChat were implemented under the name ArmServer. The ArmServer is a driver that loads at startup and watches the serial port looking for requests for files by the ARM. The driver then sends them to the ARM through the serial port. This entire process runs in the background. The old modalities of ArmChat are no more. The other function of ArmChat, namely as a serial based terminal communication program, has been replaced by a simple Macintosh terminal program. For the moment we are using ZTerm.Porting Armlet, Armoda and Makemake to MPW Pascal was fairly easy. The most annoying difference between MPW Pascal and Turbo Pascal is that MPW lacks Turbo's structured contants. Getting around this involved writing lots of silly initialisation code to init these structured constants – trivial but time consuming.

Armoda Enhancements

After porting Armoda [JJQ] decided to do some serious 'maintenance'. The following enhancements have been made to Armoda. The initialisation time was drastically reduced by the implementation of 'magic' hashing. The time taken to import definitions modules was reduced by allowing the compiler to exploit a tokenised form of the definition module. Armoda now outputs .bin files directly; the .arm file is no more. This involved grafting significant parts of Armlet on to the back end of Armoda. Finally an old restriction of identifier length (only 31 characters) was removed. Identifiers can now be up to 255 characters in length. A new development tool has also been written. DumpBin is a tool that takes a .bin file and produces quite a good approximation of its .arm file. This tool was mostly written to facilitate debugging of the Armoda's integrated Armlet functions.

KAOS Progress

So development of KAOS is back on line under a new development environment. The main area of recent progress has been a complete rewrite to Processes, the module which controls multi-tasking and concurrency. This has involved rewriting all of the modules that rely on or support multi-tasking. This rewrite is now complete. Work continues apace on the latest version of the Naming System. The Naming System is a funda-

mental part of KAOS and a lot of effort is going into making sure we get it right. A multi-threaded Naming System is proving to be a difficult problem to solve. Naming System version 3 has very few changes to its application programmer interface but it involves major changes to the domain level interface. One of the problems encountered with Naming System version 2 was the duplication of information between the domains and the Naming System. This produced many concurrency problems associated with simultaneous data update.

Future Directons

Plans are in the pipeline for further enhancements to Armoda and the other development tools. However for KAOS the obvious next step is to get Naming System version 3 up and running. A pair of important domains must then be written, namely the filing system and the resource manager. Work will then move in the direction of the windowing operating system.

[JEM]
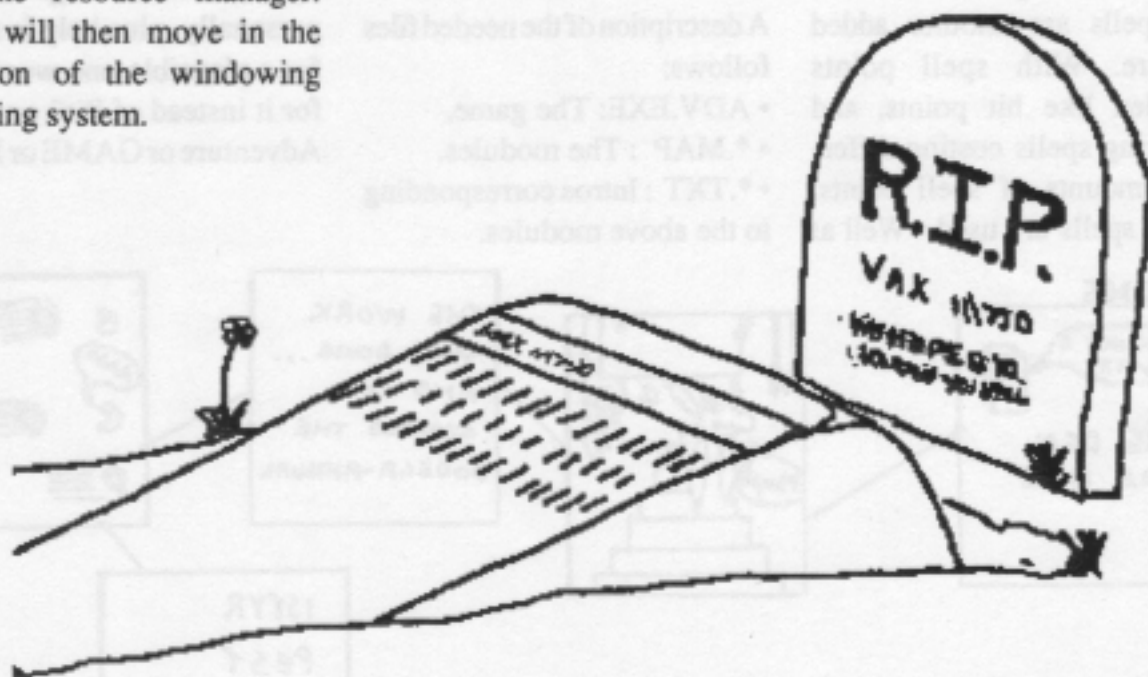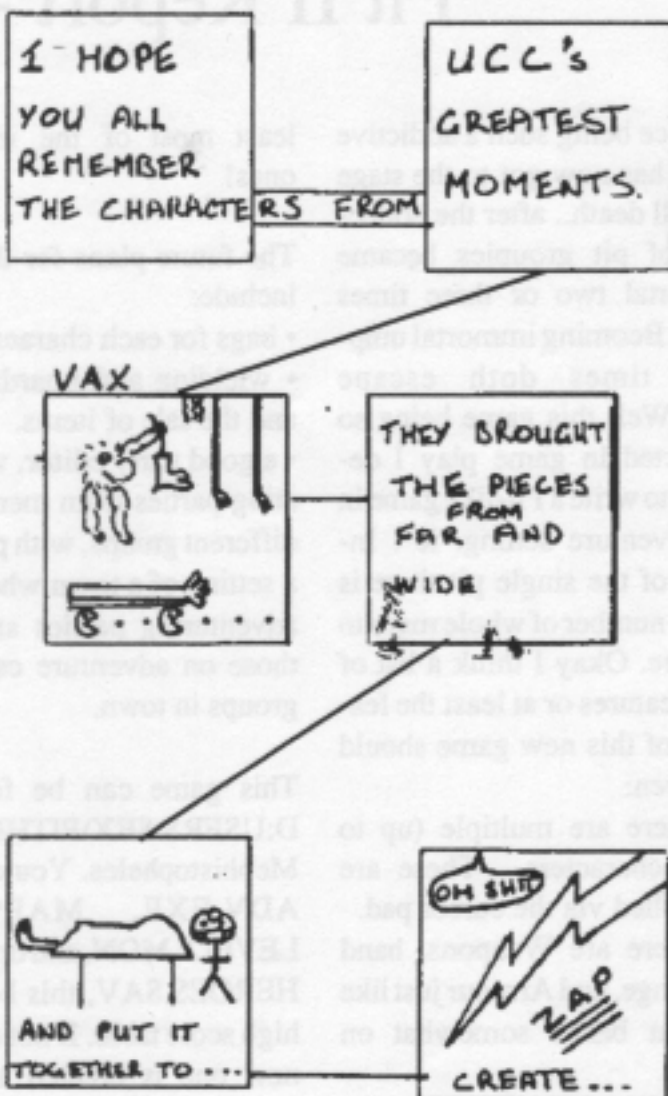
Pit II Report - [SEX]

Pit once being such a addictive game has now got to the stage of well death.. after the collection of pit groupies became immortal two or three times each. Bcoming immortal umpteen times doth escape me...Well this game being so restricted in game play I decided to write a Pit-like game in an adventure setting. ie : Instead of the single pit there is now a number of whole maps to explore. Okay I think a list of new features or at least the features of this new game should be given:

1) There are multiple (up to four) characters. These are controlled via the cursor pad.

2) There are Weapons, hand and range, and Armour just like pit but based somewhat on D&D.

3) Creatures are based on D&D, with wandering monsters etc...

4) Spells are another added feature. With spell points handled like hit points, and differing spells costing differing amounts of spell points. D&D spells are used. Well at least most of the important ones!

The future plans for the game include:

• bags for each character.

• wielding and hoarding, etc, and the sale of items.

• a good party editor, with creating parties from members of different groups, with probably a setting of a town where non-adventuring parties stay. So those on adventure can't join groups in town.

This game can be found in D:USERS\SEX\PITHELL, on Mephistopheles. You will need ADV.EXE, MAP*.DNE, LEVEL*.MON, and optionally HEROES.SAV, this being the high score table. If not copied a new one is created so don't worry.

A description of the needed files follows:

• ADV.EXE: The game.

• *.MAP : The modules.

• *.TXT : Intros corresponding to the above modules.

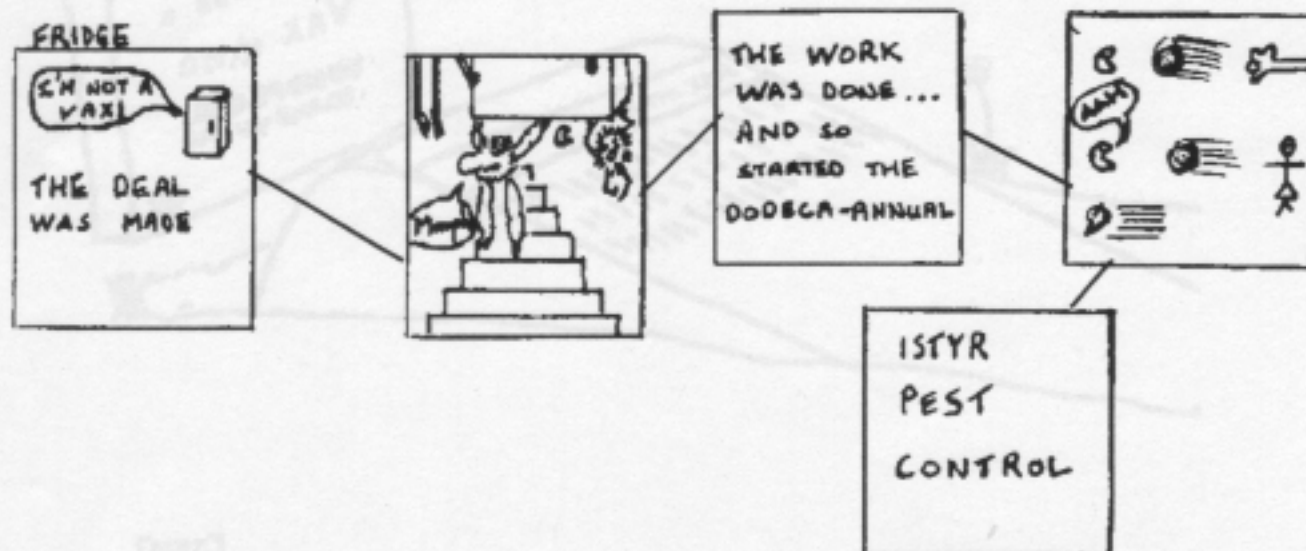• *.MON : The monster levels for all modules.

The source files are:

• ADV.PAS : Main program.

• PIT2.PAS : Include file to adv.

• WEAPONS.PAS : Include file to adv (YES, MY FIRST MISTAKE).

Utilities are:

• MAKE.EXE/.PAS : These make maps out of text given in correct format.

• RAISE.EXE/.PAS : These make levels of monsters from text.

• *.LST : Text format of monsters.

• *.MAP :

• *.DOC : Documents for game. Text format of maps.

Well have fun, give any comments over message areas or personally, plus help is needed for a plausible one word name for it instead of Pit2 or Adv or Adventure or GAME or Pithell.

FRIDGE

I'M NOT A VAX!

THE DEAL WAS MADE

THE WORK WAS DONE... AND SO STARTED THE DODECA-ANNUAL

ISTYR PEST CONTROL

John's Article without a Name - [ECF]

Hello boys and girls! Welcome to John's article. Don't worry if you don't understand it - neither do I, and I haven't even written it yet.

What have I been doing for the past semester? Well... in considerably more than one word - that bloody sign/failing to fail 2nd year Electronic Engineering completely/as little as possible. The first I will explain at some length later. The second is somewhat remarkable given the first, but not unexpected since it's my second attempt. The third should be familiar to you all - unless you aren't either UCCans or students.

The Sign. Yes - that long cardboard box, and its (usually dissected) contents are my fault. Sometime around the beginning of the year... no perhaps this should start sometime in second year (1989). The now legendary 'Big Mandelbrot On The Ceiling' (you first years REALLY missed out) had been completed, and someone suggested doing another one - using LEDs. I, like a fool, said 'That sounds like a good idea'. The next day (well probably the next week or month) I went out and bought a pack of 100 LEDs. It was actually 104 - DS cheating themselves out of a little of their outrageous profits again. Over the next week or so, I soldered them onto a little board. Its floating around UCC at the

moment if you want a look at it.

Then came the fun bit. The LED matrix on its own was pretty useless - it needed a controller. [DDT], probably [THO] (this was a long time ago), myself, and maybe a few others got together and started designing the controller. Since we planned to use a Z80, it was called 'LED80'. We did a little bit of work on it, mostly inventing extremely silly features to give it. [DAV] now leapt in saying 'No! No! That will never work' and proceeded to design it for us. He then gave me the design and said 'Build it'. So I did. I got about 5 wires wrapped, and had to go home. About a week later, when I next got to [PNL]'s house (where the work was being done) I found that [DAV] had finished it. Unfortunately it didn't work - and guess who got the job of fixing it. That's right - it was me. Well needless to say, I completely failed to do this (not understanding any of [DAV]'s design didn't help) and it sat in the bottom of a box until I decided I needed the board for another project.

OK. Press the fast-forward button, and move on to the beginning of this year (1991 I think). Teik had been approached by PromTek (a company in South Perth) to design a radio modem. He was also asked if he knew anyone who

would be interested in designing an LED sign to go with it. Teik, remembering the old LED80 project, said 'I'm sure John could do it'. Since it sounded fun, possibly useful as experience at being an engineer, and (best of all) might get me some money, I said yes.

The first design was drawn up, then rejected (it was a silly idea anyway). Then came the second design. This at least looked like it had a chance of working, so I built a prototype. A LOT of bashing later, it worked. All of the problems LDS (the 2nd year electronic engineering digital electronics unit) said would pop up in fact did. Nothing like reality to reinforce practical information given in a course.

At the moment, I'm designing the PCB for the second prototype. I've cleaned up the design a bit (NEVER use a 74LS373 if you want to do a PCB. Go for the 74ALS573) and I'm learning to HATE Protel lots and lots. The Engineering Apricot labs are proving themselves very useful now that UCC's VGA monitor has blown up. I did some work on the board using a Hercules (monochrome) monitor, and I never want to do it again. The Apricots are also a little faster than Mephistopheles, and at 1 hour for the auto-route, every little bit helps.

The Beauty of BASIC - [POT]

Welcome to the wonderful world of BASIC adventure programming!!

Why the bloody hell does everybody insist upon criticising me for writing in BASIC? The first thing that anyone says when seeing me tapping industriously away on the Kaypro is "What are you writing?". I innocently inform them that I have surrendered to the desperate pleas of my many fans and am writing UCC - The Adventure (part 3). This is followed by the questioner taking a slightly closer look at the miniature Kaypro screen, and their face forming a horrified rictus as they stumble away crying "Basic!!!!!...NO...NO...It can't be true!!!". This is usually followed not long after by some generous suggestions as to how the game should be written, eg."Why don't you write it in Pascal or C?". *(Editor's Note: Or Ethel! - subsidiary Editor - the aardvark.)*

Some have told me that I should put every person in the UCC in the game, at which I try to explain to them that a limit of about 33K free space does limit my creativity slightly. Then the next favourite suggestion is: "Why don't you port it to the PC and at least use a decent BASIC?". Well my fine feathered friends, I don't know if you have noticed, but the PC is rather more frequently used than the Kaypro for Serious Computing (ie. not games, or at least

not too noticeably game-ish sort of programs), and thus any time I might have on that machine would be slightly more limited than on the Kaypro, where the main activity apart from my programming is the glorious game of Ladder.

However, once the complaints have died down enough to be masked somewhat by the delightfully bright music of Bubble Bobble just next door, not to mention the yells of the intellectual cadre of advisors that this game inevitably attracts (eg, Get the pink banana! Get the pink banana!...), I can concentrate somewhat on actually writing the bloody thing.

The game map, as accurately as I can manage it, is based on the UCC itself and the surrounding wilderness. It is therefore not terribly large, and the descriptions tend to be rather short. However, thanks to the helpful suggestions of Comrade, I have managed to make them quite readable. The actual aim of the game I cannot tell you, as part of the aim of the game is to find out the aim of the game (Twilight Zone theme). Despite my earlier statement that not all the characters of the UCC are going to be present, I have included the more noticeable extroverts in one form or another (that is, they may look rather different to normal). So far, those I am definitely including are [COM], [ECF], [JEM], [SAM], [PAL], Damien, Christopher (Jam),

Jeanette (Tart) and Derek. Also, those anonymous Pelican people who have reverted to their true form...

The parser, I am sorry to say, is presently just a primitive verb-noun system. The cover reason I use for this is that when users are constrained to just two words, everything becomes much less complicated and the game is rather easier and thus more enjoyable. The real reason is that I am a slack bastard. Maybe later versions of this game will have a real parser (not to mention the fact that they might be written in a real language on a real computer *(Editor's Note: Ethel on a Unix maxhine!)*), but I wouldn't hold your breath (hold Comrade's instead).

By the way, not only shouldn't you hold your breath waiting for the real version of this adventure to enter this universe, don't do it for the current unreal version either. It is taking a surprisingly long time to get out of the starting blocks, especially with certain unexpected "helpers" donating their undoubtedly valuable time adding innovative modifications while my back is turned (not mentioning any names, but the main offender will be making an appearance in the game as a sexy (female) blonde, by his own request).

1

The Gif File Viewing Program - [PAL]

(Well not yet...but it's getting there)

OK...we all know what GIF files are, don't we?? Well for the uninitiated they are just a general format picture file...displayable on any graphics based platform. So why bother writing a GIF file viewer? I hear you poor tortured souls asking yourself the question...Why did he do it?? WHY?!?

Well I'll tell you, because I wanted to. (Wasn't that such a let down). I currently have four GIF file viewers at home (or at least I did until my hard disk crashed, but that's covered by another article). However none of them was really what I wanted. VPIC was almost right except you couldn't scroll the picture. CSHOW was disgusting!!!! PICEM came the closest to doing what I wanted, but even that fell short of my idealistic GIF viewer, and VU, well what can I say?.

My requirements of a GIF file viewer were :-
1.   Had to display Gif files correctly.
2.   Had to be able to scroll around files larger than the screen.
3.   Had to support Super-VGA.
4.   Had to be user friendly. (*Editor's Note: Ha - bet your's won't be!*)

5.   Had to be able to edit files, and save them back into the GIF format.

Although I have started the program, it has currently had its development halted for a short while, but before I got that far a number of obstacles had to be overcome, like :-
1.   What was the format of the GIF files.
2.   How do you decompress the GIF files.
3.   How to use the Super-VGA modes.
4.   What point 4?

To achieve these goals I did a bit of researching, and found the GIF89a specifications, this told me the format of a GIF file, and also how to decompress them. I did a bit more researching and found an article in Dr. Dobb's Journal (some month or another) that gave me the information on how to program the various Super-VGA modes. With this and various other pieces of info that I had gathered on my journey towards fruition of my dream, I started writing the code for the program. However all that came to a screaming halt when my hard disk crashed. Anyway look for more details in upcoming Newsletters.

Graphics Interchange Format is copyright by Compuserve, and GIF(tm) is the trademark of Compuserve (or something like

that anyway (What I mean is that the GIF format was Compuserve's idea (I think, but anyway Compuserve made it popular (aren't brackets fun (that last bit was plagiarised from [CJP] (Sorry!))))))

Well that's it from me. Happy now Steven? (Editor's note: No) (Second Editor's Note: Aren't we very witty today?) (Third Editor's Note: <Sound of gun being fired>) (Fourth Editor's Note: Thermonuclear weapon is about to be detonated.) (Second Editor's Second Note: Oh no it isn't, he's just bluffing.) (Third Editor's Second Note: I don't think he is... <sound of gun being fired again>) (Second Editor's Third Note: Ow, my head hurts, I think I just got shot in the brain.) (Real Editor's Note: Enough of this silliness. Please excuse all the prior editor's notes - they were written by imposters. I am really the editor.) (Real Real Editor's Note: Oi, get lost, I'm the real editor. Now go away) (I'm getting bored with this - I can't go on. Go away.)

Not Quite Shakespeare - [JEM]

May I compare thee to a rose?
Oh will yee listen to what I say?
This is a poem, it is not prose,
Composed at end of day.

I do hate roses, the thorny things,
To wheed hood they aspire,
All manner creepy crawly bring,
Roses should burn in fire.

Your thorns, are words that bite and words that sting,
Your colour, bloody visions bring.
Your smell designéd to a lure,
Is based on smell of black manure.

There you sit, upon you throne,
Long legs capped of in red,
And lure suitors who are alone,
Into your flower bed.

Well, you fool me not, your charms are fake,
And I shall not meet temptation,
I'll burn you down, for my own sake,
A sign of my redemption.
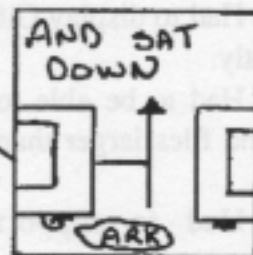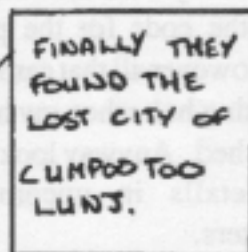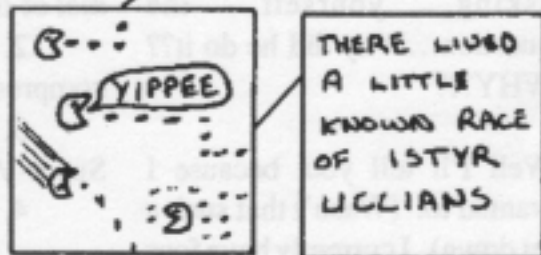
The Great Extinction, Mark II - [COM]

Picture an asteroid. A huuuuge asteroid. Hurtling toward the undefended Earth.

Well, it wasn't an asteroid that took out our two VAXen. It was us. Small furry mammals. It's always the way.

One fine day last year some guy wandered up to our old room and asked if anyone was interested in buying a VAX from Psychology. They wanted $5,000 for it. Andrew William's comment was "Great for hardware hacking!". Everyone else thought it was a little overpriced.

Then [DLB] somehow (*Editor's Note: we don't want to know how...*) intercepted an outgoing fax from Electronic Engineering asking for quotes for their two VAXen and assorted associated hardware. After much discussion, the Club decided to put in an offer. It amounted to "We'll take it off your hands...". With some deft intra-department politics, Keith Godfrey managed to convince the Head of Department that the Club was a valid group to give the two VAXen, an 11/750 and an 11/730.

We were given all of 2 days to get the two machines out of E&EE. It was raining, we hadn't read the docs, and exams were looming. We got both VAXen out in only one day.

First years proved to be quite adequate cannon fodder in the struggle to carry the dinosaurs up the stairs. During that first evening, the 730, minnow as it came to be known, successfully booted its console. But the 730 was sick. Its drive controller (or perhaps drive) was dead. The next day we tried the 750, now known as mullet. It booted! Even better, we got BSD Unix going. Wow! Now our only worry was that AT&T would eat us for breakfast if they ever found out that we had a copy of the software.

Exams were creeping up, MUD and Empire were running, and there was a thunderstorm. It was decided to turn off the machine until the end of zammies, so that a few members would pass, at least. After exams there was a flurry of activity with many silly things being done, and with up to six different types of Rogue-like games running at any one time, and two varieties of Zork (all crashing frequently).

Memory problems were causing frequent crashes, so [PNL] hacked the Unix kernel to ignore the sick bits. Even so, the next day, the whole system seized up. The sick board was removed, and everything worked fine, except that the filesystem was really badly trashed. [ALS] and I managed

to recover most of the damaged files.

Everything worked fine for more than 2 days, until the machine literally stopped. The power supply had died. E&EE thought that it had something to do with the lightning earlier in the piece.

Despite the amusement value of this sort of thing (and the "subsidiary editor" above sounds rather familiar), I really would appreciate it if such persons would put their ideas in some sort of suitably insignificant suggestion box and let me get on with the job.

So, as you approach the end of this article, I have no doubt that your appetite will be further whetted for the slowly growing creation which is on the tips of the lips of everyone's bits...however I must counsel patience and remind you that all wonderful things come to those who wait. I look forward to observing your future struggles in the twisted world of my imagination.

Movie Reviews - [C^2]

Movie Review: White Hunter, Black Heart

There are not many NEW potentially good cult, science fiction, horror, comedy, or masterpiece type movies out there at the moment, although several biggies are on the way. For example Terminator 2 - Judgement Day, Alien 3, Jacob's Ladder, Star Trek 6 - The Undiscovered Country (the Next Generation TV series should be starting soon on Channel 9) the next installment of the Star Wars saga, and the Australian biggie-to-be Death In Brunswick.

I will tell you the dirt on as many of these as is practical once they are out, but for the moment I am in dilemma territory. I have reviewed the only recent 'cult' contender - Pump up the Volume. So do I now review some film none of you would ever be caught dead seeing (like the Ninja Turtles (I hasten to add that I could not in fact do this as I have not actually seen it - the line must be drawn somewhere)), or a good film which you have already seen because its been out for ages (Dances With Wolves, or the gruesome Silence of the Lambs)? Or one of the brilliant festival films that only gets one or two screenings (Come See the Paradise)?

Nup. How about a film that should have been good but isn't? At least then I can have fun being a critical critic.

NB- Also screening at the moment are several films on their second run. All are worth catching if you missed them the first time. They are: Hamlet, Henry V, and Armour of God.

White Hunter, Black Heart.

Director: Clint Eastwood.
Starring: Clint Eastwood, Africa.

More accurately "Beautiful Scenery, No Soul". This film is lovely to look at, largely because of the African landscape/ wildlife. It is often quite funny too, with Eastwood's dialogue containing some wickedly clever put downs, and with 'in' jokes and trivia surrounding the barely disguised allusions to the making of the film The African Queen (remember your late night T.V. - Katherine Hepburn and Humphry Bogart).

This is blatantly the story of John Huston, famed director, while on location in Africa filming The African Queen. However the names have been changed (barely), and we now have John Wilson (there is also a gaffer - or something - of the same name, who you will notice if you watch the credits) and The African Trader. Very original.

Even unoriginal, with all this talent, it should have been more than a pretty light show. But despite having all the right ingredients, it fails. The entertainment is almost exclusively for the head, with too little for the heart. The ending nearly puffs some soul and life into things, but it is too little too late.

The cinematography is mostly workmanlike, only occasionally achieving the luminousness that made Dances with Wolves, or Out of Africa so special. Eastwood's performance has been generally panned, however it was one of the things I thought worked fairly well (most of the time). His direction was often not flattering. Again, workmanlike.

Even with these problems, White Hunter, Black Heart is still miles better than the "two weekers" (or holiday trash) that have been playing while school was out - because of the scenery (those wonderful elephant scenes!), the behind the scenes look at The African Queen (not enough of it!), and the sometimes inspired script. Perhaps it is worth a look if these interest you, but otherwise it is unfulfilling. The sort of film you will look back on and not really remember.

Movie Review: Pump up the Volume

Director (and writer): Alan Moyle. Starring: Christian Slater, Samantha Mathis.

I have read two different types of reviews for this film. The first reads "teenage tedium", the second "a teen film that is not a teen film". After watching Pump up the Volume I have to agree that it is a 'teen' film, but is this a good thing or a bad one?

Your enjoyment of this film will depend mostly on your age. It is aimed at the older end of the 'teen' age range - 18 to 25, or there abouts. Pump up the Volume is for people who still remember the angst of youth, but have seen enough 'teen' films to appreciate well written dialogue as opposed to point-less action. Although this is hardly a slow film! One of the catch cries of this film is "Talk Hard", and they certainly do.

You will also enjoy Pump up the Volume if you like interest-ing, not-quite-but-very-close-to mainstream music. The music is very well chosen, and some of the lyrics are a real laugh when put in the context of the film. Watch for the kitch (but occasionally funny) signs and junk that clutter up the teenag-ers' rooms, for example the sign that says "If the music is too loud, you're too old", one of the many visual versus audio iro-nies of the film.

I say 'ironies' because it is ironic that the film's (a primarily vis-ual medium) story is based firmly on a pirate radio (audial medium) station and it's incog-nito DJ - Happy Harry Hardon, who, annoyingly for the local grownups, has the same initials as the local High School - Hubert. H. Humphries High.

Christian Slater plays Mark, the shy school student by day, and Hard Harry the cult DJ by night. This role is similar, but not as self destructive, as the one he played in Heathers, so if you liked Heathers you will proba-bly like Pump up the Volume. Christian Slater certainly looks good ("has a high drool factor" according to one of my cous-ins) in this film. He, along with Charlie Sheen and some other young actors, seems to suffer from Big-Budget-itis. He looks constipated/corny in big Hol-lywood productions, but in smaller films he fills up the screen quite impressively. For all you A-Team fans there is a nice conversion sequence that involves a soldering iron, some wire, a jeep and the leading lady (Transformers: more than meets the eye!).

The other main star of the film is newcomer Samatha Mathis. She is wonderfully fresh and appealing (although not quite in Winona Ryder's league yet), certainly an actress to look out for. She plays Slater's love inter-est Nora. No shrinking violet or fainting/screaming wimp by any means! I won't spoil the character's quirkiness by giv-ing any more away, but you'll love the letters she writes (under a great alias, so listen for it) to Hard Harry.

Pump up the Volume has nice, tight direction, and cinamato-graphy that captures the wild-ness, messiness and beauty of youth. Pump up the Volume is meaningful in a way most 'teen' films aren't, but it is not quite unique enough (or dark enough) to successfully cross the gen-eration gap and become a really big cult film. It is certainly worth a watch if you like a little sub-stance to your fun, and of course, as long as you are 'young'.

Grandaddy
Lemming.

Eclipse - [MAN]

Article by person who is an ex-club member who I have never heard of before - [<replace with Graham Mann's tla>]

This has been a long time coming, but I hope it's of some interest to you. I thought some of you may be interested in my experience in the jungles of Mexico, observing the total solar eclipse visible from there on July 11. It was quite an interesting expedition.

I'd heard about the eclipse through sci.space on the news of course. This is a splendid source of scientific information, and a good place to look for (physical) adventure should you decide, as I did, that it's time to get out of the lab and go into Indiana Jones mode. It's just another way that the network makes all the difference...

I only had three weeks, and had intended to fly to Mexico City directly after spending a couple of days in Los Angeles (I like it there). But thanks again to the network, I discovered that a couple of my friends (Graeme Sutherland and his girlfriend Sahra) were arriving in LA at about the same time, and had planned to buy some kind of touring vehicle for their own exploration of the US, and we decided to go down to see the eclipse together.

Graeme & Sahra picked me up at the airport in a battered, 1974 Volkswagon Combi, or "West-falia" as they are known in California. It was orange, very seventies, and although it didn't have any "flower power" stickers on it, it should have. The service manual looked as though it had been written by an underground cartoonist, and said that you could do almost anything to a VW, as long as it was done with *love*. Okay, this was California. It's practically illegal to drive on the freeway without high-fashion power sunglasses. You get pulled over.

We drove down toward San Diego, pausing only to visit the famous observatory at Mt. Palomar, probably the best large telescope in the world. The place is fabulous. We camped in a spotless campground in high cold clear conifers, with the unfamiliar constellations of the northern sky above us. A sign warned us to look out for bears, but I didn't see one.

Warnings on the sci.space group had informed us to expect difficulties entering the Baha California Peninsula; there would be border guards who would turn back vehicles without excellent documents and proof of hotel bookings, etc, etc. We also knew there would be huge crowds. I'd tried repeatedly to get confirmations from the managers of hotels in the area and failed; they just wouldn't reply, even when I had the letters translated into Spanish. So I decided we should avoid the peninsula, and view the eclipse from the western coast of the mainland. We turned south-east after crossing the border at Mexicali, and drove out in the arid zone of northern Mexico. This looked like what you think Mexico looks like - all cantinas and cactus. It was high summer and the heat was bad. After about two days on the road (the roads are very bad, and the bus and truck drivers are suicidal, so you can't travel very fast - it's not like interstate driving in the deserts of Australia) we reached the pleasant seaside city of Mazatlan. This is really a tourist resort, but we spent a day there looking around and playing tourist.

This was the day before the eclipse. We decided to go further south onto the centre of the eclipse path, improving on the 2 minutes at Mazatlan as much as we could. If you were exactly on the centre-line of the umbra, the totality would last 6 minutes, 58 seconds. The main problem was clouds. A bad cloud cover could really ruin your day, but once you're committed to a site, it's *completely* out of your hands, so you try to forget it. Except I couldn't. On the way south the weather deteriorated steadily, and by nightfall it had begun to rain, and there was distant lightning. Oh, *no*.

We turned off the main highway on at the centre-line and found ourselves in a tiny vil-

lage, not visible on any map, called Amapa. There was an astonishing amount of traffic there, and the all the local there were agog at all the activity. Nothing this big had apparently happened there for quite a while. The Mexican government had anticipated the arrival of scientists and had encouraged the locals to make the most civilized looking building, their school, available as an observation camp. We pulled into the school, and suddenly I found myself at home in the company of scientists! There were dedicated eclipse veterans, Mexican amateurs, NASA people from California, language students, "groovies" from LA and a whole range of internationals from whatever country you want. I was pleased to be part of the tiny Australian group. One astronomer was planning to launch a small camera-carrying rocket into the stratosphere during the eclipse, from nearby. There was news that President of Mexico would be observing the event from his yacht off the coast. Minor local officials hurried busily about with walkie-talkies, enjoying their momentary importance and discussing "security issues" with serious faces.

The locals put on a small fiesta, or party, in honour of we visiting scientists. We all felt quite honoured. In the crowd, I met Irwin Sobel, of HP labs in San Fransisco, the AI vision expert (perhaps best known for his edge-detection function, which bears his name. It's on every image-processing program as one of the options). We talked most of the night about robot vision and what it was like in Silicon Valley. I teased him by saying that his function was probably not the one used in animal systems, but that it was probably the DoG (difference of Gaussians) function, also known as the Mexican Hat function (!). He said so what - it works.

Next morning everyone was up early and looking nervously at the morning sky. It was 80% overcast. Had we come to the wrong spot? Would it be better anywhere else? There was a few hours, but I decided to take my chances here, with these like minded folk. We began setting up our gear. A hell of a lot of specialised hardware appeared from nowhere, all of a sudden. The Germans had an enormous equatorial mount with a dual cine-camera/telescope arrangement mounted on it. There were a lot of telephoto lenses on mounts - most had used the old Mylar film trick as a filter. A Norteamericano nearby brought out his 8" Newtonian, but the eyepiece was occluded by his camera. Over in a field nearby, some South Americans were setting up an *enormous* refractor, the biggest I've ever seen outside a dome. Must have been at least a 10". There was one really eccentric old bloke from Vienna, who apparently did nothing except observe eclipses. He'd built his own heliostat out of clock parts, and an old record turntable and parts from a telescope. I saw him connecting a portable short-wave radio via a home-built interface to some kind of purpose-built timing computer in the instrument case. You should have seen this case - it was amazing! It had handles that pulled out here, and antennas that extended there and it was all stencilled up with fake serial numbers and codes so that it would be easier to get through customs. If they wanted to look inside, he'd just go "Oh, my God, be careful. There's unexposed film in there! Don't touch the optics! Oh, God, the calibration!" Usually the customs officials would back away in fear. The thing even had space for the guy's clothes.

It was nearly time for the first contact. The clouds were pretty thin - maybe it would be okay! There was a commotion among those doing the timing. The first contact!

I'd settled for projecting the image through my small refractor onto an opaque screen. This worked very well, because although I couldn't take photographs with it, it had the advantage that more than one person could see the image at once, unlike the filtered telescopes. I soon had quite a crowd around me. On the screen we could see a bright disk with a bite taken out of it. Very slowly the bight grew larger.

Someone had set up a portable TV and the local newscaster was exclaiming, in excited Spanish how the totality had begun in perfect skies at La Paz on the peninsula. They were about half an hour ahead of us, so we could have a preview.

There was a lot of commotion there when the totality began. The Japanese where there in force, having rented a huge football stadium or bullring or something so that they could have someone on a microphone telling them all what to do and keep them synchronised.

It was very hot out there in the tropical sun. It would be a relief when, as one local said to me, we had the moon for a sombrero. No amount of the refrescionas embottlada (aka Cokes) could slake our thirst.

Then our own totality was upon us. The shadow swept over *fast*, much to fast to see. The only way you knew it was coming was the increasing gloom and cool, which seemed to increase its tempo, and the thin fingernail that was left of the sun on my screen began to vanish visibly. I saw no Baily's beads - the moon was evidently, too big. Then wham! The darkness! Not complete - a cluster of clouds in the west, outside the umbra, was glowing in brilliant gold. But dark! Venus and Jupiter, clearly visible. And in the centre, this remarkable, rare and only temporarily safe object. Everyone was shouting our crying or muttering over their instruments and saying "Oh, God, it's so amazing, I can't believe it! Oh, God, look at it!!"

Look at it. I hadn't expected the *colours*. You think of the sun as a yellowish object -conspicuous yes, but uniform and boring. The corona is big and bright, bright silver. Very tortured shape. I hear the corona is per-

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haps a thousand times hotter than the photosphere. Nobody knows why. It should be cooler. Then there were these two astonishing prominences -solar flares. Visible to the naked eye. Easily. The only way I can describe the colour is the most fluorescent, electric indigo you can imagine. Not really thinking about the risks, I turned the telescope's eyepiece away from the screen and focussed directly on one them. What a sight. Think of a Mandelbrot function, represented as a colour graphic. The occluded sun is the black "hippo" dominating the centre. Zoom in on one edge, then focus. There's a twisted, tortured dragon's tongue in vivid pinks and violets on a silver background. A lightning bolt, a plasma torch longer than the diameter of the earth, surely. Too long, you've looked too long. Humans aren't meant to see this with unaided vision. Don't be looking through this telescope when the sunrise happens, if you ever want to see anything ever again…

It didn't seem like 6 minutes, 58 seconds. Seemed more like 2 minutes. Astronomer with his accurate clock counting down quietly to the end. I'm looking for the diamond ring. There'd been one on the way in, but this one happened in the darkness, and was the one to see. A beautiful burst of yellow light! A flash of blue! Another sight too terrible to behold. You *do* cast your eyes away!!

People were shouting and cheering and woo-ing. Some were crying. There was a sustained

round of clapping - it was a nice gesture, thanking Nature for the show. And people were seeing each other as if for the first time. Before the totality, they'd spoken only among their own groups, or concentrated on their instruments only. But now they were hopping about, talking excitedly: "Did you see the flares? Oh, God what a sight! Good data, good data! Nice diamond! Mui bonito! Tubular, dudes!" We shook hands, hugged, photographed each other. One Californian student rushed over with a video camera. Would I give him my first impressions? Fine, sure! It was a-maze-zing!

Despite the camaraderie, people were impatient to get packed up and get moving. I think they wanted to go swimming; I couldn't blame them, I wanted to myself. But I thought it would be discourteous to Nature to leave before she was finished. So I waited for a while longer. And found out a few things about the effect the event had had. Some of the local farmers were somewhat superstitious about the event, and took steps like herding all their animals indoors, or tying bits of red cloth to animals that were outside to protect them from evil. I asked one Norteamericano lady who had spent some time in Mexico and evidently understood the culture what this signified. Was it a symbolic blood of Christ, a Christian ritual? No, she thought it was much older, possibly of Aztec origin, but she wasn't sure about the colour. Probably some symbolic sacrifice, I think.

The Truh About UNIX - [NET]

International News Service

TECHNOLOGY WATCH:
COMPUTERWORLD 1 May
[Mike Taylor, INS Correspondent]
[Nattick, MA, USA]

CREATORS ADMIT UNIX, C HOAX

In an announcement that has stunned the computer industry, Ken Thompson, Dennis Ritchie and Brian Kernighan admitted that the Unix operating system and C programming language created by them is an elaborate April Fool's prank kept alive for over 20 years. Speaking at the recent UnixWorld Software Development Forum, Thompson revealed the following:

"In 1969, AT&T had just terminated their work with GE/Honeywell/AT&T Multics project. Brian and I had just started working with an early release of Pascal from Professor Nichlaus Wirth's ETH labs in Switzerland and we were impressed with its elegant simplicity and power. Dennis had just finished reading 'Bored of the Rings', a hilarious National Lampoon parody of the Great Tolkien, 'Lord of the Rings' trilogy. As a lark, we decided to do parodies of the Multics environment and Pascal. Dennis and I were responsible for the operating environment. We looked at Multics and designed the new system to be as complex and cryptic as possible to maximise casual users' frustration levels, calling it Unix as a parody of Multics, as well as other more risque allusions. Then Dennis and Brian worked on a truly warped version of Pascal, called 'A'. When we found others were actually trying to create real programs with A, we quickly added additional cryptic features and evolved into B, BCPL, and finally C. We stopped when we got a clean compile on the following syntax:

```
f o r ( ; P ( " \ n " ) , R -
; P ( " | " ) ) f o r ( e = C ; e -
; P ( " _ " + ( * u + + /
8 ) % 2 ) ) P ( " | " + ( * u / 4 ) % 2 ) ;
```

To think that modern programmers would try to use a language that allowed such a statement was beyond our comprehension! We actually thought of selling this to the Soviets to set their computer science progress back 20 or more years to develop enough expertise to generate even marginally useful applications using this 1960's technological parody, but we are impressed with the tenacity (if not common sense) of the general Unix and C programmer. In any event, Brian, Dennis and I have been working exclusively in Pascal on the Apple Macintosh for the past few years and feel really guilty about the chaos, confusion and truly bad programming that have resulted from our silly prank so long ago."

Major Unix and C vendors and customers, including AT&T, Microsoft, Hewlett-Packard, GTE, NCR and DEC have refused comment at this time. Borland International, a leading vendor of Pascal and C tools, including the popular Turbo Pascal, Turbo C and Turbo C++, stated they had suspected this for a number of years and would continue to enhance their Pascal products and halt further efforts to develop C. An IBM spokesman broke into uncontrolled laughter and had to postpone a hastily convened news conference concerning the fate of the RS-6000, merely stating 'VM will be available Real Soon Now'. In a cryptic statement, Professor Wirth of the ETH institute and father of the Pascal, Modula 2 and Oberon structured languages, merely stated that P. T. Barnum was correct.

In a related late-breaking story, usually reliable sources are stating that a similar confession may be forthcoming from William Gates concerning the MS-DOS and Windows operating environments. And IBM spokesmen have begun denying that the Virtual Machine (VM) product is an internal prank gone awry.

The Adventures of Fith the Fish

A Collection of Painstakingly Pixellized Panels Rendered by the Fish

Fith the Fish, brave but brainless hero of the seven seas ...
Where did he come from? How did he become ?....


There'll never be another youuu...

In the beginning there was normal Fith the Fish, your average undergraduate fish, living his typical life with his sweet-fish-heart, Faith Fish. They were looking forward to their degrees and a life of fishy happiness (house, car, 2500.3 kids etc.) but this was not to be...
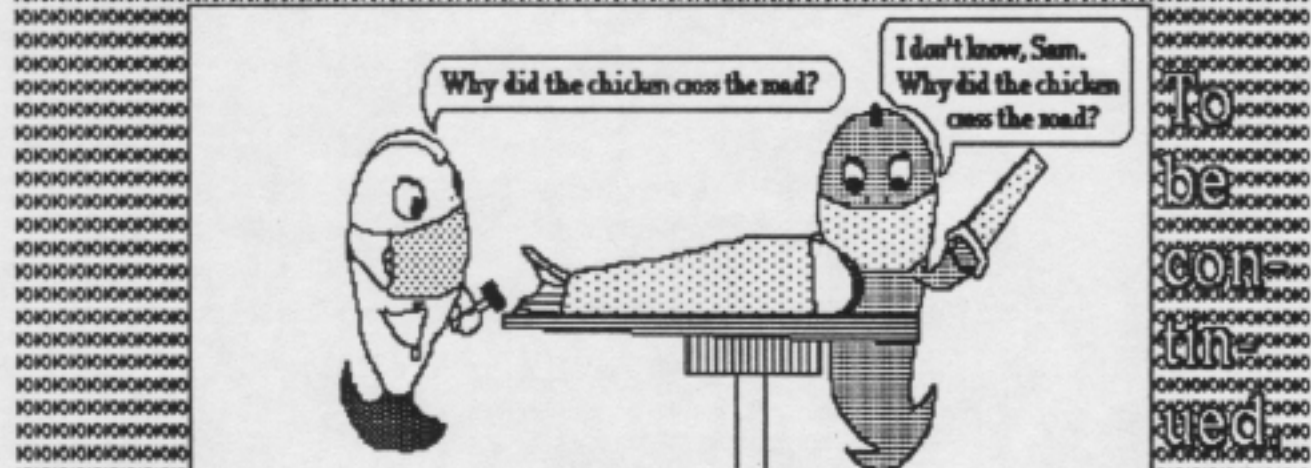
Faith, disillusioned by her rather dull prospects, decided to seek new sources of excitement and entertainment. Fith was devastated...
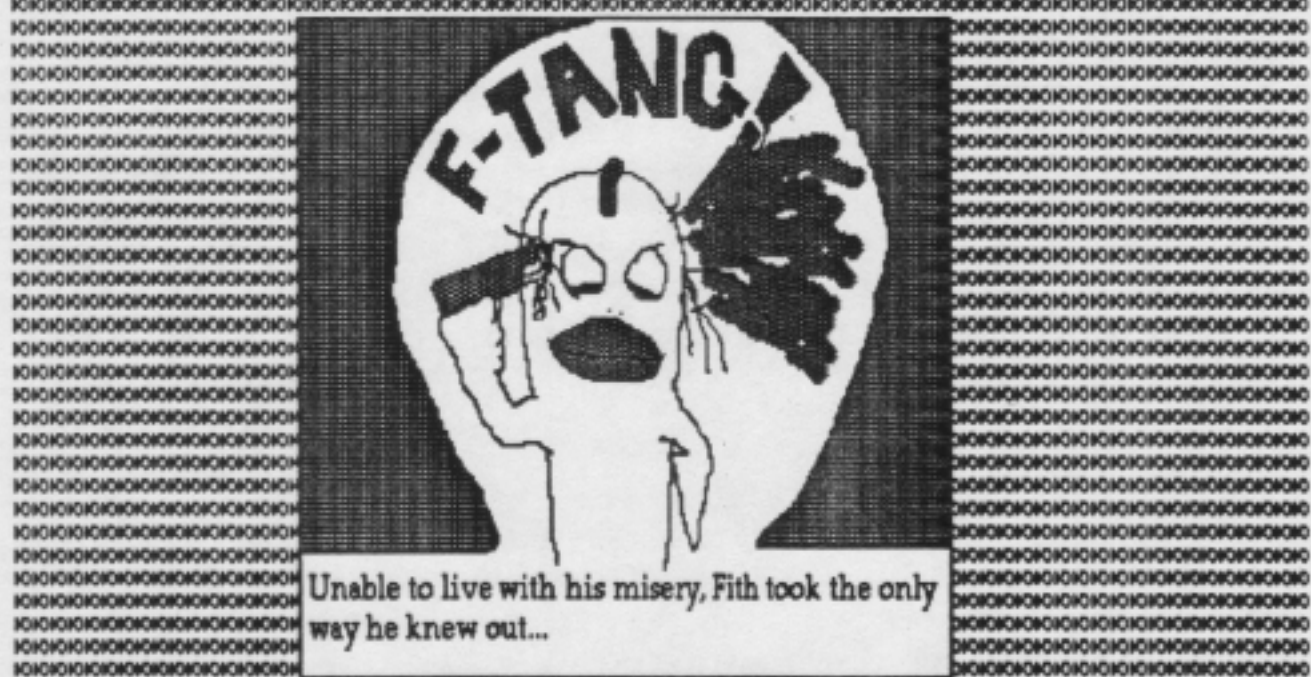
Unable to live with his misery, Fith took the only way he knew out...

His brain was completely destroyed, a few stray memories remaining. An experimental implant was inserted, giving Fith the mental power of a hundred geniuses, the hyper-faculty of a thousand telepaths - if only it worked...

What to write about - [PAL]

(or 'To write or not to write, that is the question.')

A brief excerpt from a conversation between [PAL] and [SAM] :

[PAL]   What do you want me to write an article about?
[SAM]   Anything at all, good enough for you?
[PAL]   A bit big, could you narrow it down a touch?
(at this point [SAM] waves a tissue in [PAL]'s face)
[PAL]   A tissue huh, well it could be difficult....

You get the general idea, this silly little story is going to be about a tissue, and not just any old tissue...but a dinky-di Aussie Kleenex tissue. (Probably made in NSW, but that can't be helped). Anyway the thing is that this tissue happens to be part of the executive range of tissue, a very fine thing for a tissue to be. Actually this reminds me of a little ditty about tissues :

There was once a little bunny
Whose nose was very runny
And don't think that it's funny
Cause it's SNOT!

(What's this got to do with tissues? Well the bunny doesn't have any does he?)

Like I said quite a silly little ditty. But think about it, and before you next use a tissue think about that poor bunny, and treat the tissue with the reverence that it deserves. I mean think about it, what kind of life does that tissue have to endure. First it is ignominiously (*ED PLEASE CHANGE SPELLING *) torn from it's box, covered with a slimy secretion and then disrespectfully thrown in the bin.

Enough on that rather silly topic for now, lets get onto something much more exciting... like PINK FISH! (YAYYYYY!!!)

There once was a fish
and that fish was pink
when they put him in a dish
they said let us all think!

This ditty is really silly
so says me and Billy
(Thats not good grammar
SO WHAT? hit me with a hammer!!)

Now that fish ate a turtle
whose name happened to be
myrtle

The Toad (*Toadius commodorus*)

This deformed, ugly, stupid creature inhabits many UCC regions. Warning: unguarded contact with this creature will cause erosion of the brain.

this was really very strange
and the fish had stomach pains

In came Dr Strange
making lots of noise
he had hit a flange
with lots and lots of toys

Now the Pink fish heard all this
and promptly went away
now with no more Pink fish
I think I will call it a day!

These people have thousands of years experience venerating the sun. Naturally, they have myths explaining the event. It is they say, the mating of the sun and moon. Their offspring are, of course, the stars.

An eclipse is a very moving event, and your thoughts turn in all sorts of poetic whimsical directions. I had to agree that a marriage of the sun and moon was a "good" explanation as opposed to the "correct" explanation. It is, after all a way to understand something beyond reason to a prescientific culture, something that makes a frightening event comprehensible in human terms.

And, after all, I had seen a wedding ring.

Cheers

Graham Mann

UNIX Shell Humour - [MAL]

For those of you with UNIX have you ever tried messing about with the shells to see what comes out? If not, then try experimenting and see what you can get it to produce. The following are a few samples using the C-Shell (% prompts) and the Bourne Shell ($ prompts).

```
% rm meese-ethics
rm: meese-ethics nonexistent
```

```
% ar m God
ar: God does not exist
```

```
% "How would you rate Keating's incompe-
tence?
Unmatched ".
```

```
% [Where is Jimmy Hoffa?
Missing ].
```

```
% ^How did the sex change^ operation go?
Modifier failed.
```

```
% If I had a ( for every $ the Federal Government
spent, what would I have?
Too many ('s.
```

```
% make love
Make: Don't know how to make love. Stop.
```

```
% sleep with me
```

bad character

```
% got a light?
No match.
```

```
% man: why did you get a divorce?
man:: Too many arguments.
```

```
% ^What is saccharine?
Bad substitute.
```
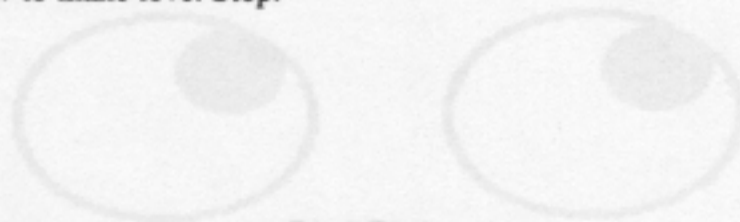
```
% %blow
%blow: No such job.
```

```
% \(-
(-: Command not found.
```

```
% sh
```

```
$ PATH=pretending! /usr/ucb/which sense
no sense in pretending!
```

```
$ drink <bottle; opener
bottle: cannot open
opener: not found
```

```
$ mkdir matter; cat>matter
matter: cannot create
```

PinkFish.

(Definitely Pink)
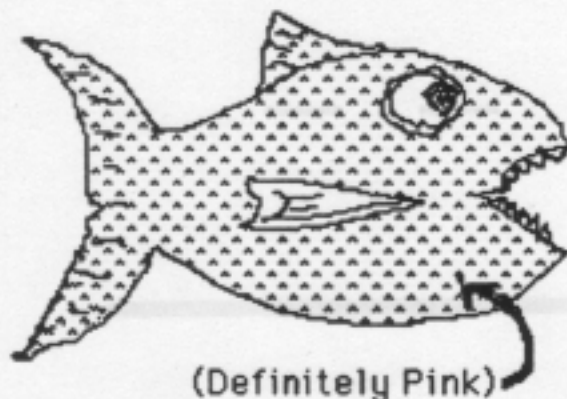
Subject : Anything - [SEX]

Well we again have been asked to contribute to the newsletter. What fun well an update on whats going on Richard is asking for ideas on a tank simulator. Aha Logic....

Subject : Logic

Tick boxes.
◊ Do you like logical thinking?
◊ Do you like reality?
◊ Do you like Discrete Mathematic Application in Computer Science Lectures?
◊ Do you like DMAICS lecturers?
◊ Do you like small birds?
◊ Do you like Robins?
◊ Would you like Robins capable of drawing other Robins in Logic Lectures while being inconsistant with the "and" symbol while discussing the Illogical implications of Horn clauses while giving DMAICS Lectures while standing on your head?
◊ Do you like PKlight.
◊ Do you like this horrible questionare?
◊ Do you like chairs?
◊ Do you want to give up reading this?
◊ Do you want to get your refund no questions asked ?
◊ And what is your standing on Lonzos Theory on Kinetics?
◊ Do you want help writing newsletter articles when others of the "attractive" Robin race wander around behind you...

If you ticked at least one square then you must be very unenvironmental...
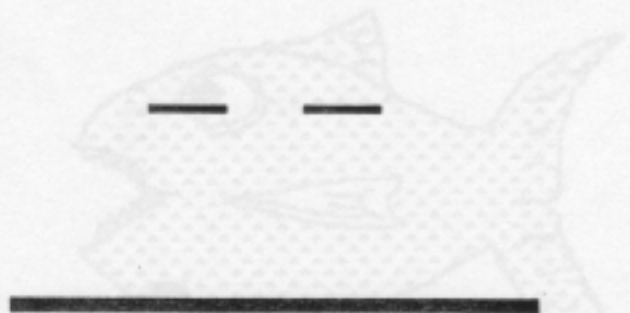
[JEM]

Comparative Analysis of Phyla Mollusca and Year Structure Within the University and Other Things of Little or No Interest to Anyone as Well as Green Snails Just for [CJP] - [XYZ]

The phyla mollusca, is not one of the most prolific on the planet, nor is it one of the most interesting, it comprises four major classes, the gastropoda, the polyplacophara, the bivalves, and the scaphopoda.

The university population falls also into four major characteristic groups, the first years (freshers, and definitely not freshman, which is both sexist and (which is worse), american), the second years, the other undergraduates, and the postgraduates (stalers?).

To start as it were, at the bottom. The class gastropoda, commonly known as the snail group, is one of the more evolved classes. It has much of the standard physiology of the phyla, with one major exception, during the veliger the larvae undergo torsion. During torsion the major body mass of the snail twists through 180° so that the gut and visceral mass is now twisted. One of the more humorous effects of this is that the anus, previously at the back end of the animal, now comes out over the head. Some of the more senior members of the establishment would like to say that this is generally true of first years, especially the bit about twisting, and in most cases they would be correct. However, in the more evolved examples of this class, the larvae then proceeds to twist back.

In most species, the hygiene problem has been solved by adapting the gills to flush water across the head thus washing the problem away. This compares favourably to a standard first year strategy when faced with such problems. It also seems that it can be said that the other major first anti-stress strategy, crawling up in a shell, has very strong parallels in gastropoda.

The feeding habits of gastropods also seem to be very strongly correlated to the habits of first years. Anyone attending a first year lecture will see hundreds of students studiously taking down everything the lecturer says whether it is relevant or something to do with their weeekends jaunt up north, or catching frogs or something equally examinable. As we all know, snails feed in a some-what similar manner.

The second years have often been compared to bivalves, their method of feeding as well as stress management can be seen as expressions of various physiological and behavioural modifications in bivalvia. The second years have been imprisoned in the system long enough, to learn to filter feed as bivalvia do, filtering what is worthwhile from what is utter crap, and more importantly exactly what will be in the exam. The anti-stress mechanism is somewhat more adapted than the gastropod response, being closing the two shells up and hiding between the two of them. This arrangement is structurally stronger than the gastropod response, and probably evolved as the result of several first years being trodden, not very pretty.

The primitive chitons, scientifically known as polyplacophera, with eight faced hardened shells, and active feeding may be compared to the other undergraduates, the extended hardening and adapation, having left them very tough and basically impervious to outside

attack. The age of this group however, is it's most striking resemblance to those other undergraduates. After having attempted to move forward several times (evolve, pass the exams this year), they have just given up and retreated to their primitive state to let the rest of the world just pass over their dorsal surface.

The feeding form of the chitons, actually involves moving over the substrate to find food of various kinds. Some of the older undergraduates would like to compare this to the active search for information they claim they carry out constantly, but those of us with an in-depth knowledge of their exam passing habits, realise that this is more accurately represented by the classes waste management system, that of a straight through gut.

The final major form of phyla mollusca, the scaphopoda, thought to have been extinct for millions of years, were recently discovered as a few extant species in very remote sea caves, around a mile below sea level. They are thought to be very similar to the archetypal mollusc, that species from which all the others evolved. Obviously this class has some striking similarities to postgraduate students, also very rare and usually only found in the remotest of surroundings (second floor of the maths building, the gravy lab etc. etc.). All the organs and structures of these species are very simple, and only operate with little efficiency, so the creatures cannot

exert themselves for long periods of time and do not perform well under stress, also very similar to the behaviour of postgraduate students.

There is one other major form of phyla mollusca, the cephalopada, including the squids and octupi. These species however are far too intelligent to have parallels in the student population, let alone in the staff population. There are those however, who would like to compare the grasping arms to those of .... [transmission halted]
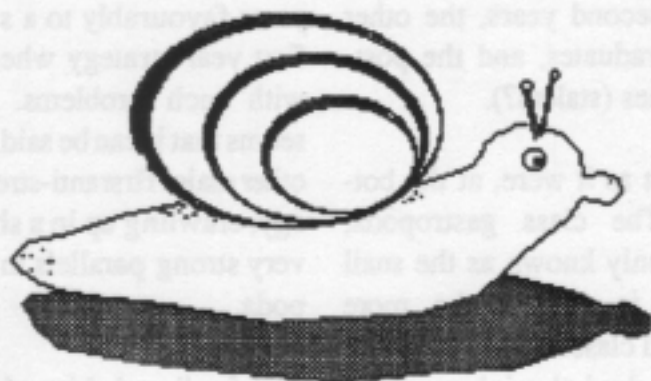
MUD, Empire, the Internet and All That - [COM]

Imagine a thing, a Network. It spans all the continents of the world, connecting millions of people on a daily basis.

It is the Internet.

Needless to say, it has some HOT games. And even better, it's funded by a variety of people who have much less pleasant things that they could be wasting their money on. Like the US Department of Defence. Places like the University of Western Australia pay on the order of $100k per annum for this useful service, which includes academically relevant services like electronic mail, many newsgroups from UseNet (a huge, distributed, global, bulletin board system) as well as remote-machine login.

With all these facilities, it was almost inevitable that semi-official (dare we even say recreational?) activities became widespread. Thousands of Multi-User Dungeons of various and untraceable heredity have sprung up, utilising the remote login facilities of the Net, wasting countless user hours roleplaying with people that'll never even meet.

Huge (on the order of Gigaby-

tes) archives of public domain software are available to the discerning (?) browser, with surprisingly low transfer times (about 3 minutes per megabyte from the US, and slightly slower from farther parts like Finland, a country with the finest demos you can find). Just to put things in perspective, a couple of months ago Australia generated 50 Gigabytes of traffic with the rest of the world, while only 60 Gigabytes were sent within Oz.

Empire, a game of global conquest, is widely played on the Internet. For a game played by generally laid-back sorts of people, it reeks of WWII fascist government. "Oh hell, plague has killed 1000 people? It'll die out eventually…".
Some of the games are so fast-moving, it's hard to imagine anyone going home at night, let alone working.

News, too, has it's stranger moments, especially in areas like alt.stupidity which have been blessed by [DDT]'s jewels of wisdom. For people who like Monty Python, or Star Trek, or Science Fiction (where you can even have conversations with some authors) there are many areas that'll interest you. Until

it was cut, alt.sex.pictures (which dealt with digitised porn) was taking up more than 50% of the total world bandwidth. There are more than 1000 newsgroups available at sites at UWA. Some are for boringly academic topics, but I can almost guarantee that you'll find about 50-60 groups interesting. The sad thing is that there isn't enough time in the day to read them all…

Mail can be fun, with things like the UCC mailing list which is a good way to keep in touch with far-flung friends. There are also D&D, Traveller, 1841 and Diplomacy tournaments played by e-mail.

UCC is intending to get an Internet connection in the near future. No doubt the rest of the world is praying that

Diplomacy Turns for Germany -

Spring 1901
Army Ber - Pru
Army Mun - Ruh
Fleet Kie - Den

Autumn 1901
Army Pru - War (Failed)
Army Ruh - Bel (Failed)
Fleet Den Holds
Builds: 1, Army Mun.

Spring 1902
Army Pru - Ber
Army Ruh - Bur (Failed)
Army Mun - Tyr (Failed)
Fleet Den - Swe (Failed)

Autumn 1902
Army Ber - Sil
Army Ruh - Bur
Army Mun - Boh
Fleet Den - St. P
Builds: 1, Tac - Nuke in Kiel.

Spring 1903
Nuke Kie - Par
Army Bur - Mar (Failed)
Army Boh - Vie
Army Sil - Ank
Fleet St. P - Sev

Autumn 1903
Army Bur - Barbados
Army Vie - Saturn
Army Ank S Paul Keating
Army Boh - Pixie Land
Fleet Sev - Liv
Builds: 3, Army Ber
　　　　Sheep New-Zealand
　　　　Frog Swamp
　　　　Time Travel Machine in Mun (1
)

Spring 1736
Army Ber - Picks it's Nose
Army Barbados - Havana

Army Magic Mushroom Land - Moon
Army Kitty - Doggy
Fleet Liv - Davy Jone's Locker

Autumn 12 BC
Army Ber - Mos
Army Havana - Stands up
Army Moon - Mars
Army Doggy - Bow-wow
Fleet Liv - Scrapyard
Builds: 1, Anti-Matter Fleet in Kiel (-1)
　　　　Fruit shop on Corner (3.46)

Spring 12,695
1984
Fleet Kie - Catastrophic Explosion
Orbit - Himalayas
Province Kie - Orbit
- Flattened
Province Ber - Mos
Den - Stratosphere
Army Ber - Bla
Havana - Sits Down
Army Bla - Crushed
Bullets - Frenchmen
Fleet Scrapyard - Bullets
Bow-wow - woof-woof

Autumn 1984
Province Orbit - Himalayas
Himalayas - Flattened
Province Den - Stratosphere
Army Havana - Sits Down
Fleet Bullets - Frenchmen
Army Bow-wow - woof-woof
Build: 3.5, Rocket-Ships to Venus.

Spring 1985
Army Hol (105 n.o.)
Fleet Iri (13 , b. Edi c. Liv)
Sheep N.Z. (0 , groin before wicket)
Province Mun (-3 , Smashed Umpire
　　　　　　　in face with stumps.)

Tales of Known Space - [THO]

I guess I'll never get used to this Macintosh. I'm using an ASCII text editor, about the only thing I feel comfortable with on this machine. You could call me an anachronism but then I can tell you I know exactly what I'm doing. There is a Kaypro 4 sitting right next to the Mac on the desk. It sports a 64k CP/M based processor, twin 390k floppy drives all packed in a case that looks like it was designed for a Mil-spec application. It's roughly twice the size of the Mac. It also runs Word-Star. Just a tad too sophisticated for me.

A lot of things have happened in the last few weeks, culminating in me flunking first semester in style. I guess I fit into the mould of the old-time UCC engineer - someone who spends far too long in completing their degree. It's good to see things have changed though, those that have come after my year seem fairly promising.

Blue Pictures.
Around the start of the holidays something interesting happened. PCB technology arrived (printed circuit boards). The UCC now has the technology to develop a circuit from the schematic diagram level to a double-sided board. For quite a while we already had the hardware (AT and laser printer) and software (Protel) to complete half the process. The actual board processing half of the equation was nowhere to be seen. A

couple of months earlier, I was told roughly the steps required to process a board, and more importantly where I could source the rather nasty and obscure chemicals used. John and I decided to invest in the necessary equipment and the UCC photographic laboratory was born. After much co-ordinating of sourcing equipment and stuff, we were ready to try the first board. This turned out to be an utter failure. The board had failed to develop. Then Peter McMullen decided to apply the Scientific Principle. We would expose the coated board for varying and precisely metered amounts of time under the fish lamp. A 20 minute exposure period was found to be adequate. The first time round I had exposed it for 2-3 minutes! This was then developed and etched. The trial result came out perfectly. The next step was to try an actual PCB design. On the previous weekend I had designed a circuit called the 'Romulator' on the AT. The entire design was done using the CAD package Protel, including the intricate PCB artwork. It was a simple matter of printing the artwork positives on to a transparency.

The quality of the print was pretty vile, but it was decided to use it anyway. With much adrenalin flowing through my system, the board was exposed. Like magic, the artwork appeared on the surface of the board as it was developed. The board was then etched and the

copper dissolved away leaving the copper tracks. Our investment had proven itself. The UCC moved one step further. The PCB equipment is meant to be used, the process will only get better the more people are involved and experience accumulates.

The Fish.
The fish is dead. Long live the fish. The fish is dead and there will be no more articles in future about it. The fish lived about 2 years in my care, probably being a total of about three years old. There is a fuzzy polaroid shot of the fish a few days before its death for all those who care.

Computers - death before life. Computers are my problem. And not enough sex. I really hate computers, trapped in this world of buzz-words, change and keyboards which don't really work. I hate the clock in JR-COMM on the Amiga. I really loathe it. It drives me insane. I wish I could warn you all against doing Computer Science and Electronic Engineering, but it's probably too late. I wish I could get out. I wish I could start again.

News.
I've been reading the News for a couple of months. Already it seems like an essential part of the day. I subscribe to a few hobby groups and humour groups. God, you get some *(continued on page 28)*

Ramble 4: The Adventures of Grug. - [CJP]

Grug awakes, ready to greet the coming day with enthusiasm! Grug hugs his teddybear. Grug hugs his teddybear. Grug hugs his teddybear. Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces off to his room. Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces off to his room. Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. After checking to see if anyone is looking, Grug sneaks into the larder. Some chocolate biscuits mysteriously vanish. How odd. Some chocolate biscuits mysteriously vanish. How odd. Grug sneaks back out into the kitchen, smiling oh so innocently... Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces off to his room. Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces off to his room. Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. Grug warms his hands over the kitchen stove. Grug warms his hands over the kitchen stove. After checking to see if anyone is looking, Grug sneaks into the larder. Grug sneaks back out into the kitchen. Grug warms his hands over the kitchen stove. Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces off to his room. Grug decides that it is time for a nap. Grug snores peacefully, deep in sleep. Grug awakes, ready to greet the coming day with enthusiasm! Grug hugs his teddybear. Grug decides that it is

time for a nap. Happy are his dreams, full of dancing butterflies and smiling mice. Happy are his dreams, full of dancing butterflies and smiling mice. Happy are his dreams, full of dancing butterflies and smiling mice. Grug awakes, ready to greet the coming day with enthusiasm! Grug decides that it is time for a nap. Grug snores peacefully, deep in sleep. Grug awakes, ready to greet the coming day with enthusiasm! Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. After checking to see if anyone is looking, Grug sneaks into the larder. Grug sneaks back out into the kitchen, smiling oh so innocently... Grug warms his hands over the kitchen stove. Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces off to his room. Grug decides that it is time for a nap. Happy are his dreams, full of dancing butterflies and smiling mice. Grug snores peacefully, deep in sleep. Grug snores peacefully, deep in sleep. Happy are his dreams, full of dancing butterflies and smiling mice. Grug snores peacefully, deep in sleep. Happy are his dreams, full of dancing butterflies and smiling mice. Grug snores peacefully, deep in sleep. Grug awakes, ready to greet the coming day with enthusiasm! Grug hugs his teddybear. Grug hugs his teddybear. Grug hugs his teddybear. Breakfast time! Off to the kitchen goes Grug. Evening! shouts Grug, and bounces

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Utter Foolishness - [PAL]

The Cockroach.

The Cat
The Cockroach
The Victor
The Vanquished
BUT will a cat survive a nuclear war?

Some Silly Sayings.

Don't leave home without feeding your fish.

(for [CJP]) Don't leave home without coding your toad!

(for [POT]) Don't codit in BASIC.

Never leave a fish in your coat pocket.

Don't comb your hair with a fish.

Constable Care says : Always watch out for Volvo drivers.

The Toad says : Hi Barbie, plans have changed...meet you in an hour.

[DDT] says : Pink fish forever.

Volvo drivers say : We don't care we own Volvos.

Never put a fish in disk drive.

Always remember to do up your shoelaces.

Constable Care says : Don't kill ants, unless they are in your pants.

Don't go fishing with a comb.

Don't go swimming in a sewerage treatment plant.

The main idea behind doing something is to get it done.

Don't try to cut a piece of steak with a spoon.

Percy Penguin says : Save the Sahara desert.

Clarence the Camel says : Don't smoke!

Another Silly Poem.

Once there was a flanglesnoot
and it lived in the land of banglehoot.
It was coloured pink and purple
and its name was myrtle.

How could it be??
said myrtle to the bee.
It ran away to the land
that tasted really, really bland.

In this land he ate some jelly
It went down his throat to his belly.
He discovered that he didn't like
the jelly as much as the bike.

This poem is really degenerating
into something worth denegrating
It just goes to show that I started
just to be a total and utter BASTARD!

Another Silly Poem.

Warning! Warning! The klaxons blared
There are Klingons straight ahead.
Watch out for that mine,
Quick! Pump her up to warp nine.

And so the crew of the Enterprise
narrowly escaped, to their surprise.
Captain Kirk declared
Don't wake me up...I'm going to bed.

Lt Spock take over control
and turn off that awful Rock'n'Roll!
Spock replied
I can't live without it, honest I've tried!

Now on the Klingon ship
everyone was really hip.
When they saw the Enterprise
they said : They will dies!

Dr Who appeared on the deck
his phone box was totally wrecked.
Said the Klingon leader
who was that little blighter?

The Enterprise suddenly appeared
just behind the Klingons rear.
(just being a relative term
you couldn't shout across, even with a megaphone.)

While the Klingons were geting plastered
the Enterprise opened up with the blasters
Oh how surprising
We are the ones who are dysing.

(Editor's Poetic Note:
This so-called poem's awful
In fact it really sucks
The only reason it's still here
is: he paid me lots of bucks)

The Eraser Demon.

German Fuhrer   Ber - Switzerland
(with Large Amounts of Money)

Autumn 1985
Rain Stopped Play.
Germany 19 / 1203
Rest of World 9 /35
Fish 912 / 4

wankers in rec.humor. But it's a case of sorting
the grain from the chaff. I was swapping recipes
for a while with someone in the states. I guess the
News is one step in the direction of the commu-
nications utopia we all read about.

Last Words.
Never smile at a crocodile - people will think that
you're queer.

The Fabulous TLA Page - [EDS]

TLA's used in this publication (and some not used)

The Most wonderful people in the club

[EDS] - Mark Twain, William Shakespeare, Mark Knopfler

Executive

[DDT] - David Bennett, Illustrious President
[CPR] - Craig Richmond, Industrious Vice President
[JRC] - Jeanette Campbell, Intermittent Treasurer
[DAT] - Derek Gilarski, Incorrigible Secretary

Committee

[JEM] - Jeremy Nelson, Impressionable First Year Representative
[THO] - Teik Oh, Intellectual Immediate Past President
[SFX] - Sean Reith, Indescribable Ordinary Committee Member
[FRD] - Evan Scott, Irrepressible Ordinary Committee Member

Nobodies

[RHS] - Rhys Hollow, Irreverent Nobody
[SAM] - Steven McLeod, Incredible Nobody
[AJW] - Andrew Williams, Irresponsible Nobody
[CJP] - Christopher Phillips, Indefatigable Nobody
[YVD] - Yorick van Dommelen, Illegal Nobody
[ECF] - John McKenna, Immobile Nobody
[JJQ] - Jon Quinn, Inescapable Nobody
[PNL] - Peter Lewis, Indefinite Nobody
[JMJ] - Marcus Jager, It (Cousin) Nobody
[JPQ] - The Organism, Irrefutable Nobody
[SEX] - Steve Roberts, Idiotic Nobody
[RAT] - Damien Husk, Inexplicable Nobody
[GUY] - Craig Guy, Irritating Nobody
[KIF] - Chris Johnson, Inept Nobody
[COM] - Peter (Comrade) Cooper, Indelible Nobody
[JOC] - Joceline Shindler, Irresistible Nobody
[ACC] - ACC Murphy, Immortal Nobody
[XYZ] - Cameron Neylon, Insignificant Nobody
[POT] - Peter Wright, Ironic Nobody
[MAN] - Graeme Mann, Interesting Nobody
[PAL] - Paul Wagland, Inorganic Nobody
[MAL] - Malcolm Evans, Implicit Nobody
[DLB] - David Leib, Indefinable Nobody
[TBW] - Anthony Briggs, Insolent Nobody
[C^2] - Cathy Cupitt, Irretrievable Nobody

One Solitary Life

Here is a young man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman who grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter's shop until He was 30 and then for 3 years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book, He never held office, He never owned a home, He never had a family, He never went to college, He never put His foot inside a big city, infact He never travelled more than 200 miles from the place He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. While He was still a young man the tide of public opinion turned against Him, His friends ran away. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through a mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While He was dying His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth and that was His coat. When He was dead He was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend. 1900 years have passed and today He is the central figure of the human race and the leader of the column of progress. I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, all the navies that were ever built, all the parliaments that ever sat and all the kings that ever reigned put together have not affected the life of man upon earth as has this one solitary life.

My question to you is WHY ?

The answer :

For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life."