Date: October 6, 2002
Weather: dayzed and confuzed
Venue: Thomas Grove Middle School to Mercer County Park
Hare: Weatherman
Time: Geezer, how long was it, anyway?
Hashers: Hand Solo, Wipiy, Geezer, Hey YO! Paully, TJ Pray, Brian, Justin, Jessica, Dave, Marcia! Marcia! Marcia!, Nuttin' Stuck
Virgins: Watzernaim Colorme Elmogreen and some guy wearing real pants

Descriptions, Polemics, and Lies:

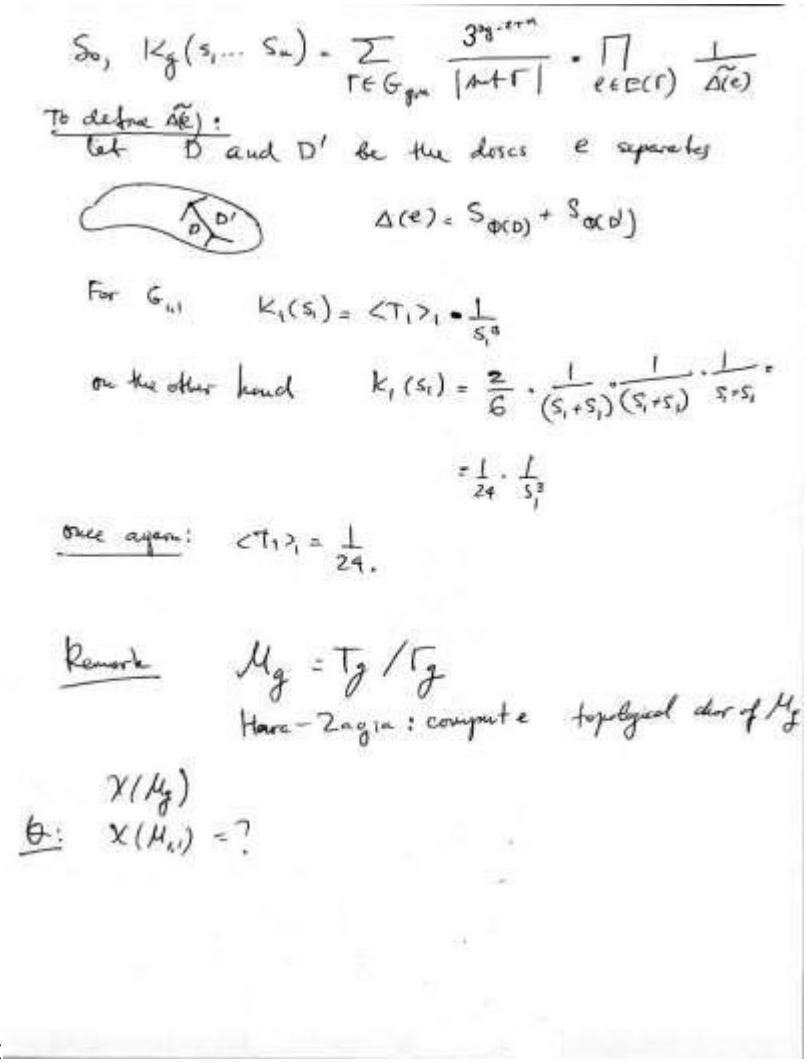
A Beautiful Half Mind

Gentle autumnal sunlight filtered through the blinds as Princeton's finest mathematician stared fixedly at the scrawl of figures and numbers on the white board. His mind teamed with possible solutions to the Kapronov modulus space. Surely there was a simpler approach. He scribbled some more arcane symbols.

"So, professor, V = vertice, and E = edges. . . It is quite clever. In one month you have put all the parameters in place. Now then, shall we try a number?"

"Yes, Andrei. How about . . . 3?"

More feverish writing



ensued:

"Dermo," his Russian colleague observed. "There's no medal in that. Hard luck, Rahul. Well, I'm off to lunch. Same time next week?"

"Yes, perhaps . . . perhaps with an even number this time."

The door closed, the sun's rays flashed, and . . .

Weatherman blinked. He was standing in the middle of a dessicated soybean field with a bag of flour and bleeding legs. What had happened to the white board?

"BOOORRRING!" roared a familiar voice. Why, why, it's Geezer!

"Weatherman, good to see you're back with another shitty hash. About time we got off the dull suburban roads."

"Where am I? Who are these people?" Weatherman gestured toward a stream of young people coming through the soy, crying "On On" with great enthusiasm.

"Why, they're this year's crop of morons! Get with it, boy, you've got a set to finish!"

The hare gathered himself and set a trail to the Park, where they followed narrow, winding trails and crossed brushy forest floors before arriving at a secluded glen full of decent beer and 3 kinds of potato chips. A down-down was sung to Jessica, now Brain Injury Volunteer, who gracefully poured the rest of the bag o' beer over her head. It was all too much for Weatherman, so different from the comfortable offices looking over the West Windsor fields, "fields! Fields! FIELDS!"

"Get the doctor! He needs sedation!"

Rahul thrashed on the floor before the white board, still clutching the bag of flour. Members of the Math Department struggled to hold down his flailing limbs as the EMT swabbed his hip for the hypodermic. Andrei looked down on his colleague sympathetically.

"Tovarisch, you've been working too hard. This Geezer, these hashers, they're figments of your overheated imagination. The Fields medal, don't worry, we'll get it next year."

Next hash: T. J. Pray and Dave's Not Home set the Orphans' Crusade Hash through Parents Weekend festivities. Bring your own alms box!

2002 World Renowned Fields Medal In Mathematics

Awarded To

Laurent LAFFORGUE and Vladimir VOEVODSKY

Laurent LAFFORGUE

In the framework of the International Congress of Mathematicians currently taking place in Beijing, China (August 20-28, 2002), the President of the International Mathematical Union announced on August 20 that Laurent LAFFORGUE, Permanent Professor at the Institut des Hautes Études Scientifiques since 2000, and Vladimir VOEVODSKY, Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study (Princeton, USA) were awarded the prestigious Fields Medal, the highest honor and prize in mathematics. The Fields Medal recognizes monumental mathematical achievements in solving outstanding universal problems.

The Fields Medal was presented to Laurent LAFFORGUE and Vladimir VOEVODSKY by the President Jiang ZeMing during the opening ceremony of the Congress which gathered mores than 4000 persons.

Madhu SUDAN (Professor at the MIT, Cambridge, Massachusetts) was awarded the same day the Nevanlinna Prize.

A Word About Laurent Lafforgue
A World about the Fields Medal
PHOTOS of Laurent LAFFORGUE

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