

math

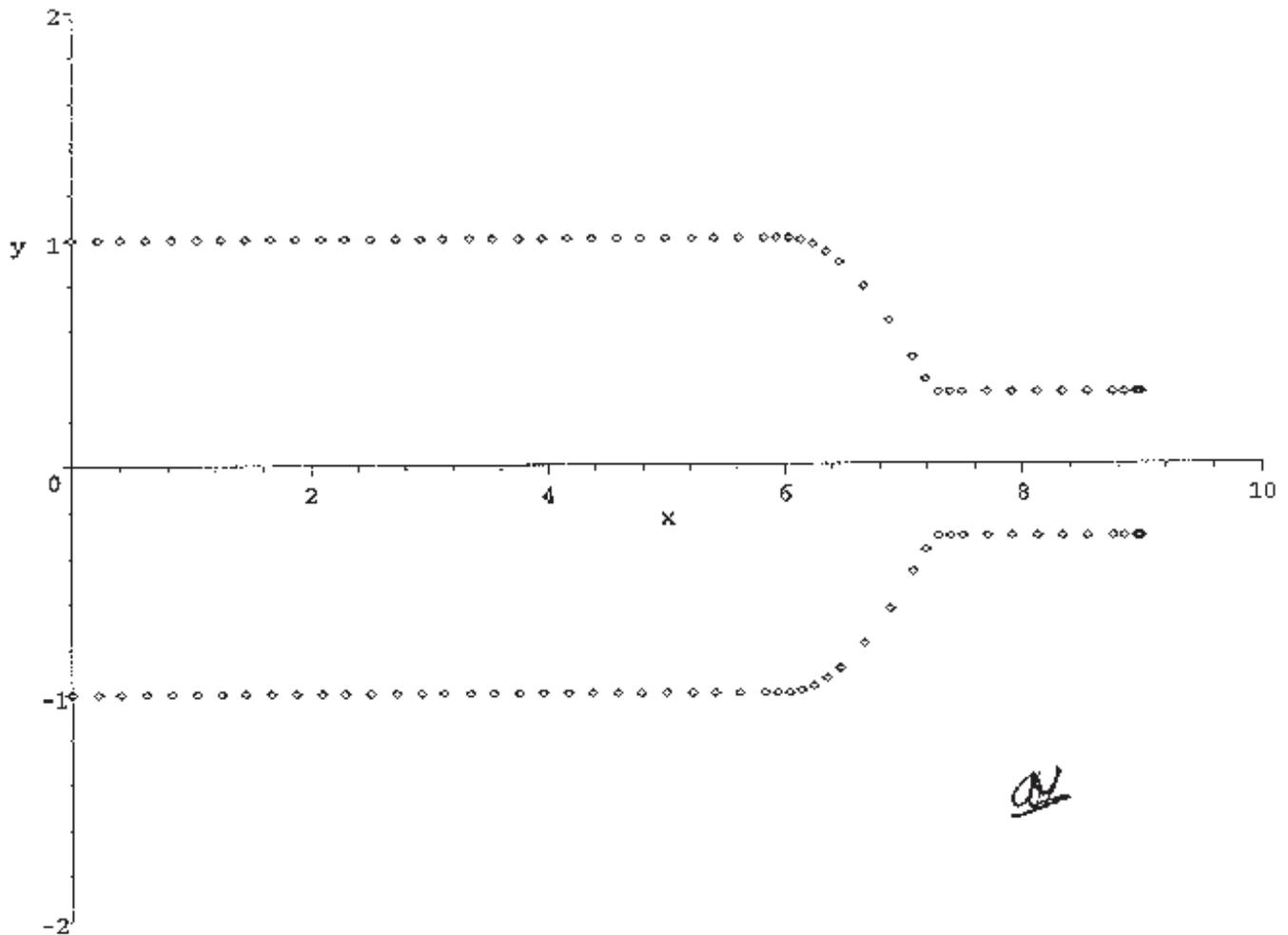
NEWS

Volume 83, Issue 1

Friday, May 19, 2000

```
> f := piecewise(x<6,1,x>=6 and x<=7.25,cos(x-6),x>7.25 and  
x<9,cos(1.25),x>9,3):  
g := -f:  
printf("\n\nAbsolut Convergence"):  
plot({f,g},x=0..10,y = -2..2, style=point, color=[black,black]);
```

Absolut Convergence



>

mastHEAD

No soup for you!

You should really watch the Food Network more often.

Inspired by the onion-themed episode of Good Eats, I had a zany weekend full of soup cooking.

First off, I loaded up on Vidalia onions (the sweet ones) and burned them (on purpose) for my first attempt at making French Onion Soup. If you've ever had trouble cutting a single onion without the waterworks, let me tell you that dicing up 10 huge onions gives me a tear just thinking about it. Since the chef on the Food Network managed to fit his 10 onions into the pan, and I had them overflowing in two pans, I'm pretty sure I had some big-ass onions on hand, requiring even extra time caramelizing. In the end, my roommates and I had in our bowls the most powerful onion soup ever tasted.

Undaunted, I went right to work on the Crab Bisque, working from a recipe downloaded off of the "Top Secret Recipes" website. This was supposed to be a close replication of the Soup Nazi's most requested soup, and how could I argue with that before trying the soup myself? It took over an hour to shuck the meat out of the crab shells, and five hours to simmer the stock down to a thick meaty broth. I'm told that you can smell crabs throughout the seventh floor, and I live on the first!

Next time I get soup-crazy, I'm opening a can of Chunky.

Although this was not a well-advertised production night, we still had several staffers show up to help grind out an issue. Here they are, along with their answer to the question *What the hell is your problem?* Michael Thorsley (Being attacked by invisible penguins), Kevin Wan Min Kee (Darned pink CS sculpture with girly daffodil's labels me as a pansy), Bradley T. Smith (One leg longer than other) and Greg Taylor (No longer have a key to the office).

Thanks goes out to Marion at Graphic Services, as always.

CAS (Waiting until September to see the conclusion of the West Wing assassination-attempt episode)

Gripe #1

Why won't they let me bring banana peels and turtle shells with me when I drive go-karts? What's the point?

CAS

Gripe #2

Why is the new train track for the real-time course so boring? I mean, no tunnels, no ramps, no jumps, no third-dimension period.

CAS

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Yo? Yo.: CAS

Attend a Conference for Free

Did you know that the USENIX Association gives money to students to attend conferences? Many UW students have taken advantage of this program.

Grant applications are now being accepted for three events, with more to come.

Now open for applications is the Security Symposium being held August 14-17 in Denver. Applications are due no later than July 5.

Previously announced, and still open for applications, are the LISA Windows NT/2000 conference July 30-August 2 in Seattle, and the Windows Systems Symposium August 3-4 in Seattle.

Brochures on these conferences will be available from me soon.

Also, USENIX has an ongoing program of funding undergrad software projects, scholarships and research grants. The next deadline is July 15, 2000. Visit <http://www.usenix.org/students/students.html> for more information.

Visit my web page at <http://www.math.uwaterloo.ca/~rblander/usenix/> where you'll find some basic information about USENIX, their Student Programs, links to details about these conferences, and links to the grant application forms.

Check it out! It could work for you, like it did for Kang Teresa Ge, a CS grad student in CGL, who received a stipend to attend the Tcl/Tk 2000 Conference in February in Austin, Texas. Although it was a small conference, she says it was very well organized. "Tutorials were practical and intense. I learned a lot that I won't learn from school. The technical sessions were exciting." It's fun too, with social activities after hours such as game called "Who wants to be a Tcl Hacker", a Tcl version of "Who wants to be a Millionaire."

These conferences are a great place to meet the creators and users of the technology, both in more formal technical sessions and in the casual "Birds of a Feather" sessions. And of course, there are job prospects. "Many people I met there asked the same question: how did you get to use Tcl/Tk? Can you work for our company after you finish school?"

Overall, Teresa felt the conference was "really a good experience, especially since it was all 'free'", and recommends the USENIX program to other students.

Robyn Landers

UW's USENIX campus outreach representative

rblanders@math.uwaterloo.ca

Orientation 2000

Welcome to the last term before Frosh Week. Applications for leaders and icebreakers are currently closed. If you are still wanting to get involved please email me orientation@mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca

Would those of you who indicated that you were First Aid trained and haven't given me a photocopy of your certificate please do so by dropping it in the Orientation mail-slot in the MathSoc Office. For those of you who still need to be PACO trained please sign up ASAP on the website (www.orientationleaders.uwaterloo.ca). Remember Retreat Weekend is July 22nd.

That's it for now, more info in the next issue.

Nadia V. Ursacki

Math Orientation Director 2000

MGC Article

Grad photo spots are filling up fast! So if you plan on graduating in the winter 2001 or summer 2001, but won't be here in the fall, then you NEED TO SIGN UP!! These photos are for the grad class composite. Photos are NEXT WEEK! Sign-up sheets are outside the MGC office. If you cannot attend any of the open time slots for photos please let me know as soon as possible (j2cote@uwaterloo.ca). For more information, pick up an information sheet from the bulletin board outside of the MGC office.

The graduating class of 2001 group photo is Wed. June 7th at 4:30pm. Everyone should meet on the front steps of MC by 4:15pm.

For those that are interested in assisting with MGC Pizza Day, sign-up sheets are now available outside the MGC office. There will be one there every week.

Jennifer Cote
Math Grad Committee 2001
And So It Begins...

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS

May 29 Issue #2 production night
6:30pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)

June 2 Issue #2 feels stifled

Math Faculty

May 26 Course Drop Deadline

MGC

June 7 Group photo

Miscellaneous

May 22 Victoria Day

May 29 Memorial Day (USA)

June 9 Parody Day

What Say MathSoc?

Well, not much.

MathSoc

What Say the CSC?

Jack squat.

CSC

What Say MEF?

Zip.

MEF

What Say PMAMC&O?

See ya.

PMAMC&O

Did You Know?

The UW team was declared the 1999 champions of the latest William Lowell Putnam Mathematics Competition! The contest, which occurs in December, is written by students from universities all across North America (to give you an idea of the competition!). The winning team members were Sabin Cautis, Donny Cheung and Derek Kisman, with coach Christopher Small. Cautis and Kisman were also among the top six of the students who wrote, which earns them the title of Putnam Fellows. In addition, Joel Kamnitzer and Wai Ling Yee placed among the top 24 finishers, with Yee winning the Elizabeth Lowell Putnam Prize for having the highest score among female students in the contest. More information about the competition can be found at: <http://www.stats.uwaterloo.ca/~cgsmall/comp.html>.

Now You Know

Did You Know?

The UW team competing in the world championships of the ACM (Association for Computing Machinery) programming contest placed a strong second back on March 18th, beaten only by a team from Russia. Penalty minutes made the difference as the Waterloo and Russian teams were the only two who solved seven of the eight programming problems. That's enough to rank UW as the top team in North America! Team members included Jeff Shute, Ondrej Lhotak and Donny Cheung; the coach was Gordon Cormack. For more on what the ACM contest is about, inquire at the CSC.

Now You Know

Did You Know?

Here is a fact that I think too few Math people are aware of. Did you know UW's phone number (8851211) is a prime number? Include the area code (5198851211) and it is STILL a prime number! (Try it using UNIX's factor command.)

Now you know

Did You Know?

That your shoelaces are untied?

Now you know

In my day, coming up with good filler took over an hour of production night, and we needed to put filler at the bottom of every damned page. Now you've got your fancy computer layout, where

profQUOTES

“Very mysterious sounding; Sorta sexy sounding.”

Hoffmann, PMATH 467

“He wanted to talk about groupiods and groupoids and groupoids that night — I had nightmares”

Hoffmann, PMATH 467

“Elementary algebra sometimes is dangerous.”

Nica, PMATH 352

“I’m going to flash this integral at you... It’s an improper integral... It behaves very badly.”

Lu, PMATH 352

“g has an absolutely horrible symmetry at infinity — I won’t even try to name it.”

Lu, PMATH 352

“Ask questions or I’ll start the lecture, and I don’t want to do that.”

Sednov, MATH 138

“Those of you who can’t pronounce the letter ‘x’, use ‘t.’”

Sednov, MATH 138

“Now I’m going to impress you.”

Sednov, MATH 138

“If you don’t find this fascinating, it’s a good thing I’m such a weirdo.”

Sednov, MATH 138

“How did I come up with this?... Magic. I don’t want to explain this.”

Sednov, MATH 138

“This symbol means ‘it does not exist’. If you cross it out, it still does not exist. If you cross it out twice, it exists even less.”

Sednov, MATH 138

“Thinking is something you should avoid at all costs because it makes your feet swell.”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“In those days, men were men. Now, I’m not quite sure.”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“What a guy — ‘I did not have sex with that woman.’”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“There’s a lot of places you can smuggle drugs... try Canada.”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“I’m not a dirty old man, I’m a sexually active senior citizen, which is even worse.”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“Can I take your pen? There, now there’s nothing you can do to get it back.”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“I see myself as a ballerina”

Lawrence, MTHEL 100

“I could stand on my head and say all horses are blue.”

Pretti, CS 134

[waving hands in air]“La-la-la... I could do this all day... La-la-la-la-la.”

Pretti, CS 134

“Americans are dumber than us... Please don’t quote me on that.”

Pretti, CS 240

“All horses with 49 legs can fly.”

Pretti, CS 240

“If you don’t have an answer in half an hour, grab a piece of paper and throw it at me.”

Pretti, CS 240

“When it comes down to it, does the number 444 really exist?”

Pretti, CS 240

“95% of all information is about bullshit.”

Booker, Phil 145

“Whoa, it sounds like I’m turning into a philosopher... AHH! don’t want that!”

Willard, PMATH 330

“And that’s all well and good — in the privacy of your own room.”

Willard, PMATH 330

“Those of you who know me or have had me know that I lie a lot.”

Willard, PMATH 330

“Right? Well, actually, I lied again...”

Willard, PMATH 330

“If I were at Western in London, Ontario, I would now show you 29 examples. But we’re not at Western... we’re smart here.”

Willard, PMATH 330

[student]“I didn’t catch that joke a second ago. It was a cheap shot at London or something.”

[Prof]“I was merely suggesting that we were superior to Western in every way.”

Willard, PMATH 330

“Mmmm... Kool-aid and alcohol... that’s a good combination.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“So you want to go on a pub crawl with your friends, but you can’t remember where they live because you’ve already started drinking...”

Vasiga, CS 241

“...and then you pass out. You wake up and you have no idea how you got there. You’re in Elmira... on a farm... in a silo.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“I will politely swear at you, and then hang up the phone.”

Vasiga, CS 241

profQUOTES

“Saliva kills the world’s ills”

Vasiga, CS 241

“So, the short answer says, well, the long answer says this is crap.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“Don’t listen to me for the next second”

Vasiga, CS 241

“Well, you see it’s more due to ethics. It wasn’t you that did it, it was the caller... which is you. An earlier recursive version of yourself. Your evil twin.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“I’d like to start off by apologizing for my legs... for the whiteness and the hairiness”

Vasiga, CS 241

[Trying to convert to binary]”See, I picked a nice number... 365... shit.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“Theoretically, you could do that... DON’T.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“So you think that all those \$8 billion that Mike Harris puts into education goes to Troy, ‘cuz Troy teaches us.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“If you are bothered by the fact that we’re using an infinite character set, get over it”

Willard, PMATH 330

Adventures in Investigative Registration

As I wandered into my first *mathNEWS* production night, late but sober, I was surprised to find mail waiting for me. This letter was from Simon L’Avier, who had something curious he wanted me to investigate.

Dear Bradley T Smith,

I am very puzzled by some of these coloured pieces of paper I’ve found outside the Math Undergrad Office. I was trying to pick a fourth Math course for the term, so I was flipping through them in the hopes of finding something that would be fun or easy. Most were for AM courses which only disturbed me, but there was a blue one for MATH 149 that seemed like something I’d enjoy. However, I’ve been unable to contact the professor and cannot locate the classroom. I know that I’m just a fake student you made up so this article would have a purpose, but please find it in your big heart to help me. You’re so cool and smart.

*Your humble pseudonym,
Simon L’Avier*

Well, I couldn’t agree with Simon more: AM is very disturbing. I began my investigation right away.

I grabbed a copy of this information sheet and read it over myself. MATH 149, for those who are not familiar with it, is called Analysis and Game Theory, and is taught by Professor Cruttwell this term. It appeared to cover “numerical analysis, advanced counting techniques, and game theory,” while dealing with situations relating to MC 3001. Despite the sketchy grammar towards the end, the flyer appeared to be an authentic distribution of the Pure Math department.

I decided to confront professor Cruttwell about his mysterious course by visiting his office — MC 7012. I’d heard all sorts of rumours about the puzzling seventh floor, but had never worked up the momentum to get up the extra two flights of stairs before. I was foiled almost immediately by a locked door at the top of the stairwell, so I was forced to cut across the sixth floor. Half

an hour later I found a different set of stairs and discovered yet another locked door. Unwilling to risk being lost forever looking for another set of stairs, I thrust all of my force into bringing that door down. Sadly, that door was much more powerful than me and I was spent quickly. I needed another approach to locate this class. Using my powers of manual dexterity I attempted telephonal communication with the elusive professor. Like so many others, I don’t know the University’s phone number, so I simply tried several combinations of numbers involving x6969. Despite all the rousing conversation I had, none of the handsome men or beautiful women waiting for me to call were professor Cruttwell. I had no choice but to look for the class myself.

It is not easy staking out every class in the Math building, especially when you are meant to be attending five of them, but after 48 hours of intensive searching I managed to conclude that MATH 149 is definitely not held in the Math building (unless, of course, Professor Cruttwell held the class in his spacious seventh floor office).

Having failed to reach the professor by every standard means I was forced to attempt to reach him via the “Internet”. I logged into my trusty iMac, Reginald, and attempted to find anyone with the name Cruttwell. Unfortunately, my search failed miserably because the only person with that name was a first year student here in the Math Faculty. Disenhearted, I was forced to return to Simon with the sad news of my defeat. To my surprise, Simon had tried using “electronic”-mail to contact G. Cruttwell. He had learned that this was merely a Comfy Lounge hoax and picked a fourth course on his own, MATH 238: Tori and Fluid Mechanics (I believe it’s offered in MC 3002). In conclusion, I would like to say that hoaxes are evil and keep stupid people running around the Math building for days instead of attending classes. I hope that all perpetrators are thoroughly flogged and then dragged around campus by their heels. Good luck in your class Simon, and eat lots of bagels!

Bradley T “Wrong Taxi” Smith

you don’t need to spend an iota of brainpower on finding a creative way to fill space. Hah! You can just expand each article by tweaking the font size by half a point. Editors are so lazy these days, it makes

Snuggles Sez

It's like Simon says, but Simon is asleep so this whole article is a dream, any minute now you'll wake up, and try to remember if this article really happened. Scary eh? No? Oh ya, it's in *mathNEWS*, you can just check if it happened. Hmm, on second thought anyone who dreams about my ranting articles, needs to find a more interesting dream life.

Well, I seem to be having bad luck these days. After being sick for about 4 months I prepared to write my finals. For those of you who don't remember, I had 4 incompletes to pick up and my 1 course I kept, OS. First exam comes around, I can't even make it out of bed without throwing up again. Sigh. Second exam comes around (OS) and I make it, write for about an hour, throw up, go back and keep writing (that's right I went back), after a bit I went back to the bathroom and retched some more, it got to the point where the TA was suggesting I take the inc. But I decided I had enough of those so I finished the exam. Unfortunately I never really recovered from that and I missed the next 3. So I still have my 4 incompletes. Anyway, I went home so my mommy could take care of me. And I got sick again, you don't want to know about that one. I recovered and went to the doctor for a blood test. The next day I see a little white in my throat, my mom says it's probably just a bit of food caught, 2 hours later it has spread, that's when we decide it's strep. The next day I go back to the doctor and while I'm in the waiting room, my doctor sticks his head out and says "I don't even have to see you and I know what's wrong with you". I respond with "We all know, it's strep", he says "nope" and goes back to his patient. So I wait and wait (waiting rooms are really shitty places to wait in, not entertaining enough, they should change their name to the make you be bored room), eventually I see him and find out I have Mono. What's the treatment for mono? Go to sleep. No really, sleep 12-13 hours a day and eat a well balanced meal. This would have problems later. Oh ya, and there was that whole enlarged spleen and if I have even a small bump it could rupture and I would have to have emergency surgery or die. I didn't like that part so much. Kind of scary, you know. That and I didn't like having a bulge on the left side of my stomach (that was my spleen). A little later the white stuff in my throat had grown to cover my whole throat and it hurt so much to swallow that I spit my saliva into a cup rather than swallow it. You don't know how much you miss the ability to swallow your own saliva until you lose that power. It was kind of difficult to eat a well balanced diet when anything remotely acidic burned my throat and I could barely swallow my own saliva.

Anyway, my throat got better but I slept alot and even when I was awake I was tired. So I didn't get out of my bed much for about 2 weeks. My life consisted of sleeping, eating, watching TV (whenever I made it upstairs to the den, that was an adventure in itself), and going back to sleep. I got extremely bored. Now I'm getting better, slowly gaining my energy back, so we'll see. Oh ya, one more funny randomness. I'm also randomly anemic (low hemoglobin), so on my blood work (a paper with a name, a number representing what your blood had of whatever it was measuring, and a range that it should be at), my doctor pointed to my hemoglobin and said "You have 116 it should be at least 135, that's what I'm worried about". I pointed out the number that mine was about 2000 and the range had a max of 45, he said that was no big deal. I freaked. So I need to eat more

iron (I don't really know why you eat iron when you're anemic, you just do), so what has iron, I asked, he said spinach, so for a week every day I had a big bowl of spinach. Spinach sucks, it's ok under normal circumstances, but every day for a week sucks. So when I went back to my doctor I asked him what else had iron. Oh, he said, red meat, now you tell me, so since then I've been eating steaks. So what have I learned, red meat is much better than spinach. Meh, that's enough bitching for now.

Occasionally I try to 'spread the word' about random cool things that are also extremely entertaining. In the past I've mentioned such masterpieces as Maxim & Stuff, Unhappily Ever After, and Latrell. Well this article I feel obligated to mention yet another entertaining item, Ed the Sock, with such lines as "If you don't have anything good to say, say it often", weekly bikini / wet t-shirt contests, and other great sketches who can say that a dirty talking, cigar smoking, green haired sock isn't a good idea.

Hmmm, time for some quotes, this one is someone very famous, Nory, she's kind of like Dorothy on the Wizard of Oz, but different. Anyway Nory came up with this gem "Sometimes I think work reports are stupid and other times I also think they're stupid."

Occasionally this term people would say to me 'hey you're snuggles' and I would say 'yup'. Then they would ask me if I write "that article in *mathNEWS*", no I'm another Snuggles, how many of us do you think there are. Actually there are two that I know of, but the other one is a hot blond who doesn't look anything like me.

"So it wouldn't turn you on to see me and Shaq doing in?" — Jay Leno asks to his female guest with Shaq (as in O'Neil, I can't spell his first name, I'm not even going to try) sitting beside her.

Home is where the vodka is. - That's all me, just something that I woke up in the middle of the night and wrote down.

This is as good story, but it needs some background, my uncle and aunt from Germany were visiting and my aunt decided that she wanted ice-cream, so my uncle, being the dutiful husband went out, and came back half an hour later with 5 different flavours and brands of ice-cream. Meanwhile my sister was making chocolate cookies and I was downstairs. I smelled the cookies so I came upstairs, and what I sight I saw. The cookies were there, and so was my aunt with all the ice-cream open in front of her and she was sampling them, and there was my uncle rolling a joint. With my father, my sister, and my sister's boyfriend all watching (and my aunt eating ice-cream). The conversation naturally strays towards marijuana and the merits of legalization. Throughout the varying conversation (with the general trend of drugs and all their wonders) my sister is trying to convince my father to try some of the joint!!! I am just listening in shock (ok, ok, I'm playing devil's advocate like the good little non-drug user, hmmm, non-drug, not counting pain killers and other medicinal things ... like codine). But my sister is trying to convince my father to smoke up with them, and my uncle is on her side. I found this very funny. It's funnier if you know my family. There are pictures of my sister at about 3 or 4 with my uncle (the twin brother of the one in the above story) with my sister holding a bag of weed and smiling and my uncle trying to get it from her, offering toys if she'll give back the weed, next picture, he's gotten the weed, but she's stolen the rolling papers, smart girl that one.

Snuggles Sez Cont.

The more I learn, the less I know. This isn't Snuggles devoting his life to the practice of Zen or Buddhism or anything. I really mean it, every time I shove more stuff into my head I lose the other stuff. Jesu, I'm learning things that Married With Children taught us a decade ago (with Kelly on the sports show, hey, I remember TV episodes). My brain is a bloody queue (with random access, so not really a queue since we can access things other than then end element, oh never mind).

It's my birthday, actually it was my birthday yesterday when I should have finished and submitted this article. And by the time anyone reads this it will have been days since my birthday

(May 15, it was Monday). I'm 22 now. I feel old. Not Chrisby / retirement home old, just old. According to Sky's logic, I only have one more year to live (he's decided that when you turn 23 you're so old you might as well be dead, I bet he's not putting money in his RRSP's for retirement).

Well I'm tired, actually I'm always tired, damn mono, I think I'll go take a nap.

Sleepy Snuggles

Nacho Nacho Man, I want to be a Nacho Man, Nacho Nacho
BANG BANG BANG.
Nachos is dead.

Hi.

I'm not your help desk or your tip calculator.

And I don't live in the comfy lounge.

I don't always drink Jolt, or really like iMacs.

And I don't know Brad, Kev or Van, but I'm sure they're really Chinese people.

I have *mathNEWS*, not a newspaper.

I code in C and C++, not Turing.

I pronounce it Vee-EYE not six.

I can proudly have e to 200 decimal places on my backpack.

I believe in induction, not proof by example.

Switching into Operations Research, not failing out of CS.

I believe the Pink Tie is of a proud and noble colour!

Pi is a constant, and Bacon is a mathematician!

Its pronounced Unix, not eunuchs! Unix!

MC is the second tallest building, the first Math faculty in North America, and the best part of the Epsilon distance around the Math building!

My name is Kevo! And I AM A MATHIE!

me want to vomit. Layout should be a painful process, complete with tears, agony, and exacto knives. I remember when filler used to be more popular than the letters to the editor, and where did those go?

Daisy Leaves in Summer Breeze Brings Allergic Sneeze

First of all, I have to start off my article by thanking some unknown girl who saved my life. I was out bladeing on campus the other night, and for the first time this term I went down the big hill in front of the PAC. So there I was, tucked to minimize wind resistance, speeding downhill. As I passed by a group of kids (here for some conference) who were sitting on the grass in front of the PAC/SLC parking lot, they muttered something, and then one of them yelled out "GRAVEL!!!"

I looked down and saw I had about half a second before I rolled right over a good six feet of torn pavement, stones, gravel and sand. I screamed out loud some profanity or other and then braced for impact. Somehow I managed to stumble and jump my way across without falling, barely, and then I slowed down and gripped my heart which was racing at a four-digit speed. I looked back, waved, and yelled "thank-you", and turned forward again to complete the sentence, "for saving my life".

What kind of lazy-eyed psycho carves up the middle of ring road without any signs at all? I can think of a few people on campus who maybe wouldn't be so upset if I went crashing down into a pile of rumble, but there's tons of other people too who could potentially be injured. And I thought, man, why is everyone so intolerant and inconsiderate to rollerbladers? Imagine if someone put little spikes on ring road that could puncture bike tires. Everyone would go loco!

Now, I suppose it could've just been an accidental lack of foresight. But then I think of all the crazy experiences I've had rollerblading. Like the other day, I was rollerblading in the lane where parked cars are, and there happened to be a sequence of empty spots in a row, so this car pulls in behind me and starts honking like a wild beast in heat. And get this, there's nowhere for the car to go, cause there's a parked car up ahead and cars whipping by in the adjacent lane, yet she's honking away. So I stop, and stop the car, and say, "Look lady, you see these? Wheels. You know what that makes me? Vehicle. Vehi-cal. So stop your honking, it's irritating, and look, you have no where to go!!!"

Here's another one. I rollerbladed into a lobby of a building so i can sit on a chair (as opposed to the sidewalk) to take off my rollerblades. I was going to visit a friend in his apartment and the security guard had already ok'ed me with my blades. But this tenant, he sees me, and he says "Hey you! You're marking up the floors!"

Without even looking at the floor! I get up, point to the floor, and say, "Show me a mark! Show me one mark! You can't, because you didn't even look at the floor, but if you had, you'd see, there's no marks...look!" At which point he told me I was "an intelligent guy and should know better." Why he thought I was intelligent, and what exactly was unintelligent about sitting down to remove footwear, I may never know.

Sigh. It's a hard knock life, for us. Speaking of us, I had that feeling again that I got last term: IT'S 4A! A big hearty salute to everyone who has made it this far! I remember sitting staring at CS134 assignments and thinking [insert whinny-half-crying voice] "I..am..never..going..to..sniff..make..it..sniff..here. I..want..my..high..school..back!" And look at me now: I cry less, and I understand some of CS 134. But ya, we're here!

Nostalgic Retrospection Ending. Returning to Normal Tone.

I had a couple of exciting road trips to Toronto lately. Been thinking about them a lot. Oh, there's another awesome roller-

blade story. Anyone know Toronto, that massive dip on Bathurst in between Finch and Sheppard? I guess technically that's in North York. Well anyway, (hu)man, it is insane on rollerblades. There is a light right at the bottom of the hill, and I stood at the top of the hill trying to figure out the timing of the lights, but then I got bored so I took off. The light behind me turned red, and the last cars went by me. I was blazing downhill, feet locked into position.

Then the little orange/yellow/whatever hand for the crosswalk starts flashing. Oh G-d. I tuck as low as i can to the ground, head low, hands behind me like a downhill skier. Dodging cracks and sewer drains, it feels like my body is in rhythm was the flashing signal warning me the light will soon change, racing against time and air resistance...almost there, almost there...

Whoosh! I pull up as the ground levels and I burst throw the yellow-lit intersection with a barbaric "WOOHOO!, YEAH BABY YEAH!" What a rush.

Just after that intersection there was some sorta, I dunno, thing, with a live band who were good and a bunch of displays. I talked to some of them. One was the Canadian Friends of the Nelson Mandela Childrens Fund. The do good stuff to help the children of South Africa. I also met with APAA - African Partnership Against Aids. They explained to me that in their culture, sex is generally not something people talk about, but this has led to an outburst in AIDS/HIV cases, and so they are about educating people about this virus while remaining respectable of the culture's views about talking about sex. Finally, I talked with the South Peninsula Alumni Association and they basically provide hardware and software funding for schools in the south peninsula. They said they would be interested in having students from Waterloo aid in instructing students how to use computers (in South Africa), so if anyone is interested, in SPAA or APAA or anything else, please don't hesitate to mention it to me (jbergman@uwaterloo.ca).

I was in Toronto to see a friend of mine. It's one of those awesome intense friendships that is so precious. It's funny, I guess, I mean, there has been so much time and space in between visits, but when we get together I instantly feel like I can trust this person more than anyone else I know. It's kindof a scary thing, isn't it? To feel capable of trusting someone that much, knowing that each person shares a strong connection to the other.

And actually, it brings up a perplexing question for me which has been bugging me for quite some time: Just how far can honesty go? I mean, I have always strived to be honest, but is it possible to be too honest? Surely, few people would suggest that a captured soldier be honest about everything he knows about his side, but I mean, in a more practical sense, can you tell a friend too much for their own good? Can you share too much of yourself? Can you expose so much of yourself that you leave a friend in a such a position that no matter what they do, it will hurt you?

Another friend and I were chatting the other day, asking personal questions to each other, on the grounds that we would try to answer each one honestly. And one question that was asked to me was, "What question are you hoping I won't ask?"

Good question.

Jesse Bergman

Great Songs, Great Lyrics

Ahh, its good to be back in Summer. So many good things about it. Hot days, long nights, great parties. And what hot summer would be complete without hot summer music. Its amazing what exactly we can be conned into listening to these days. Last summer it was Ricky Martin; this summer, more Britney and breast-alikes. And to honour the great music that we'll be sure to hear all summer long at the Bomber and Keggers the world 'round, I'll be taking a look at one of the instant summer classics being made right here, right now. This week, a poetic look at the lyrics of Sisqo's incredible, undeniable dance masterpiece — The Thong Song.

So like any great song, Sisqo gets his song started out right — with a synopsis of how great his song is:

*This thang right here
Is letting all you ladies know
What guys talk about
You know the finer things (ha ha ha)
Check it out*

Right off the bat, we meet up with class and tact. Clear examples can be found in the use the word “ladies” instead of the oft preferred “Honeys”, and letting the listener in on the secret that guys really talk about the “finer things” — The truth in its entirety. Lets see what Sisqo's got in store for the second verse:

*Ooh that dress looks scandalous
And you know another [brother] couldn't handle it
So you're shaking that thing like who's da ish
With a look in your eyes so devilish
Uh you like to dance on the hip-hop spots
And you cruise to the grooves like connect the dots
Not just urban she likes the pop
Cause she was living la vida loca*

Yeah, Sisqo's got the beat down with this set of poetry. With phrases like “Shaking that thing” and “living la vida loca,” Sisqo's just about assured himself a guaranteed #1 hit. Then Sisqo hits us with the big one. It goes without saying that The Thong Song's following chorus is unparalleled in pop artistry:

*She had dumps like a truck, truck, truck
Thighs like what, what, what (uh)
Baby move your butt, butt, butt
I think I'll sing it again
She had dumps like a truck, truck, truck
Thighs like what, what, what
All night long
Let me see that thong*

Well maybe I just don't read enough, but Sisqo's choice of words, “dumps” and “truck, truck, truck” really reflect the depth of Sisqo's vocabulary. Further “Baby move your butt, butt, butt” is just another example of what we can expect from future Sisqo efforts. This chorus is so good, he decides to sing it again, and ends it with an vocally straining “Let me see that thong...” Sisqo — A man after my own thoughts. Finally, Sisqo's got one more trick up his sleeve that really brings the song up to the level of hit that Ricky's “Shake your bon bon” achieved last summer:

*Love it when the beat go [Dut a dut dut a dut]
When you make your booty go [Dut a dut dut a dut]
Baby you know you wanna show me [Dut a dut dut a dut]
That thong, th thong, thong, thong*

Well, this last one really needs no analysis. “Thong, th thong, thong thong.” Need I say more? Besides, this really was just a waste of time. But that video...

Daring you to wear a thong and show it,
Kev(o)

mathNEWSquiz #1

Squiz? What hast thou done to the squiz? Hmm... Shakespearean Magnetic poetry can do that to a person. Get thee to a nunnery! Oh boy.

Ok, so I've been appointed temporary Squizz master. Yes, bow down. BOW DOWN. You'll probably be able to tell that by my sincere lack of knowledge outside of for and if loops, this squiz is going to be about as easy as it gets. I'll suppose standard squiz rules apply. So submit your answers to the **BLACK BOX**, of course. Please remember that the squiz is supposed to be fun! And really, couldn't you use a break from STAT 230? Besides, if anyone performs considerably well, find me and I'll buy you a cookie. The section on ME (Kev) is wide open - so take aim and fire away! Good luck on this one!

Submissions are due by Monday, May 29, 2000 at 6pm. The most correct entry will receive a gift certificate to the C+D.

Cheers, Kev(o)

Garbage Trivia

1. What is significant about the song “Kick My Ass” (that is, why does Garbage enjoy it?)
2. Most recently, Shirley did a re-recording of a song from version 2.0 with another band. Name the band, the song, and where you can get a copy.
3. Including both albums and all singles, Garbage has released a plethora of quality music. What songs are not currently available as songs on the albums or b-sides to singles from the two albums.
4. What is the origin of the name “Garbage”?
5. Garbage has officially recorded how many cover songs? If any, name them. (of course there are some...)

Random Punk Music questions

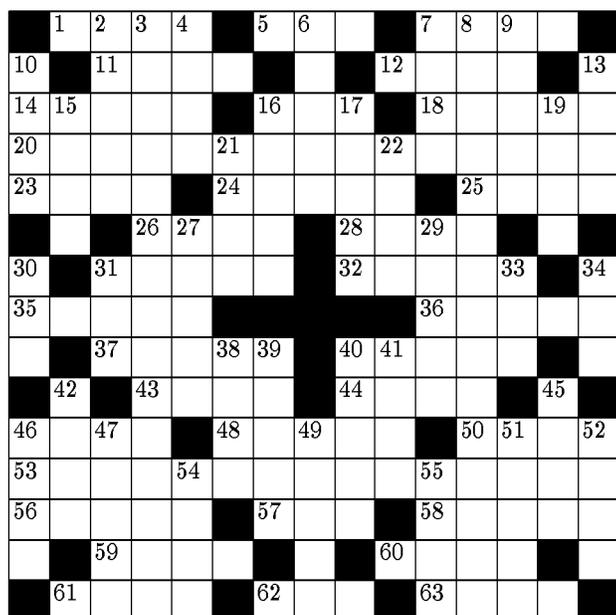
1. What band claims “Its [their] job to keep Punk Rock elite?”

Manowar Trivia

1. According to Manowar, you should “Let your sword swing wet, like a young girl...” (finish the lyric).
2. Manowar used to hold the Guinness World Record for what?
3. Which album cover features the members of Manowar scantily clad in fur underwear and wielding plastic weapons?
4. What “bonus” track included on the CD-release of a Manowar CD begins with many girls moaning (and moaning heavily), followed by a sinister laugh from the lead singer?
5. On Manowar's “Kings of Metal” CD, the song “the warrior's prayer” features a guest vocal. Name the artist and significance of his/her family name.

Trivia About Kev - Creativity please!

1. Kev's favourite food is _____, and he eats it with _____, _____ and sometimes with _____! “Yech!” says the oka-pee. “Yum!” says the platypus.
2. Why will Kev NOT MISS the 2000 Warped Tour on July 22nd at Molson Park in Barrie?
3. There are five words that Kev often says. The words are?
4. According to Kev(you), what is the best place to have a class in Waterloo? Why?
5. Kev will be doing what beginning on the afternoon of May 26th?



gridCOMMENTS

And you all thought I was gone for good...

Good day, all you happy little people reading this! The name's Matt, and I'll be serving as your Gridmaster-in-Exile for this Spring term. Yes, I know that I'm in Alabama right now... few people are more aware of this than I am, believe you me. But I've kind of missed making up crossword puzzles, and if I can even get them published, well, that's just too cool.

(Of course, since I am all the way down here I don't have a Lovely Assistant to help me out, or any of the other friendly folk who'd stop by to offer words and advice the last time I held this post. But that's the way it goes.)

Anyhow, so this week there's nothing tricky about the Grid: just an ordinary old conventional crossword puzzle. In future weeks, I might try tossing in some twists, and my hope is to go back to the good old days of having a Cryptic *and* a Conventional in the same Grid. But those days have not returned yet.

Submissions are due by Memorial Day (that's May 29th, for those of you not in exile in the States), 6:30 p.m. Probably the easiest is to submit to the BLACK BOX, as that's what it's there for. If you want to submit by e-mail, or have any questions about the puzzle, or really just want to say "hi", then you can reach me at mwalsh@alumni.uwaterloo.ca to drop me a line.

Oh, and this week's gridQUESTION: *If AMRUG was an acronym, what would it stand for?*

Have a good long weekend!

Matt "So-Krates" Walsh
Gridmaster-in-Exile

Across

1. Electrical unit
5. The Way, according to Lao-Tzu
7. Simmer
11. Norse storm-god
12. Johann, in modern times
14. One kind of tot?
16. Head of a corp.
18. Expressing sadness
20. Smiths' song
23. South American fish
24. Ash that's still smouldering
25. Anger
26. Something to be called
28. "Blood-and-guts" presidential candidate?
31. Low-down operatic range
32. Close by (obs.)
35. Bikini, for example
36. Needs to scratch
37. Sioux tribe
40. To sum up?
43. Variety of chalcedony
44. "Uh-oh!"
46. Algae-based stabilizer
48. Opposite of forte
50. A bear in the sky
53. BBVD song
56. Org. of smart people
57. Organic pouch
58. Italian city
59. Weird, unsettling (var.)
60. Stare dumbly
61. Not so hard
62. One of Leiningen's archenemies?
63. Aeneas' love interest

Down

2. The very top floor?
3. Hemmingway classic
4. Celtic collar
6. Sour or bitter
7. Comes before "reaped"?
8. Rodent resident of 221B Baker St.?
9. A cleansing experience
10. WWW protocol
13. Unit of force
15. Moby Dick's nemesis
16. Brief appearance
17. The End
19. Assistant to a noble
21. Finished edges, in cloth
22. The alternative to wood
27. The Lion of Narnia
29. Rule over
30. Slacking off
31. Something a ghost says?
33. Corp. that made the Victrola
34. Kind of grain
38. Defrauds
39. The ways out
40. Concerning sound
41. 24-hour breakfast franchise (abbrev.)
42. Cruel, brutish person
45. Italian river
46. It makes guns more effective
47. Cessation of breathing
49. Lord of the Welsh underworld
51. Carved with mystic symbols
52. Flower essence, for perfumes
54. Not a one
55. "Oh, my!"