

MOUTH NEWS

Volume 84, Issue 6

Friday, December 1, 2000



Annual General Meeting of the Mathematics Society

To be held Friday, December 1st, 2000

1. Financial Overview (Mike Froh)
2. Report on the State of the Society (Jennifer Cote)
3. Activities and Services Report (Corey Gaudette)
4. Academic Report (Jennifer Cote)
5. Ratification of Bylaw Amendments

(Copies available in the MathSoc office)

All undergraduate math students are eligible to attend and vote.

Social Article

Hi Guys... First off I'd to thank everybody who came out to the Charity Ball, it was a blast... and we got Money for the food bank :) ... the Duct Tape dress was... fun... and of course let's not forget about the fishies (yes, there were fish under the candles in the blue bowls)... and of course I'd like a second of silence for the giant Balloon Goldfish who expired (exploded) in my hands... anyway... on to other stuff...

Paint day was fun... stuff was painted... it was all good... The only other event this term is going to be the Cotton Candy day on the same day that this issue comes out... hmm... well... event during the term at least... there might a couple of crazy events during exams, keep a watch for posters in the hall... the events will be short fun... and provide a nice break... or at least that's the idea... we'll see... e-mail me (ljidorey) if you have an idea for an event... if it snows again (oh it snows), there will be a snow day with free hot chocolate... and snow balls, and snow forts... and snow men... and if we're lucky... frosty will show up and we'll have a great o'time...

I'd also like to thank everybody for an amazing term... I had a great time guys... cya all you co-op ppl in the summer, and to everybody else, I'll probably be around next term... nothing else to do on my lunch... :) ... so chow for now...

Liam Dorey

SPEWAGE continued from page 15

they'll have some fun... kids today... geeze... they think it's all about pokemon... whatever happened to the fun stuff... like BB guns... and sling shots... oh well... so on to other business... cookies... I think I'm going to bake some christmas cookies... hmm... Peanut butter, Icing sugar, Dates, Rice Cripsies, Sugar... combine... and make balls out of them... glaze with a mix of icing sugar and water... THEY ARE REALLY GOOD... if you want the full recipe feel free to e-mail me... I might dig it out for you... hmm... what else... it's now 2:34 am... I think that offically this article is late... I wonder if it's going to make it in... (stupid new unix lab)... hmm... I think I should clean the water in the fish bowl... it's getting sorta icky... tommorow's project... (where tommorow is defined as later today... it's all about the shower... that's when it flips over)... maybe I should go sleep now... ya... I think so... so yeah... well... I think that this is it for the final spew of the term... don't worry (or possibly apologies in advance)... I'll probably spew next term (W01)... I'm sure I've an unlimited amount of spew in me... and if it looks like I'm going to run out... I'll just drink lots... so this Liam and Bob (he made it back) signing off... oh ya... and to the editors... thanks for putting up with me this term...:)

Liam

mastHEAD

The Zen of mathNEWS

It's election night tonight and I was just considering my choices, or the lack thereof, and wondering what the future holds for me. And since this is the last issue for Greg and I as editors, I was contemplating what it is to be *mathNEWS*. I wanted to know what our core mission is. Fortunately, one of our astute web readers sent me the answer.

I found your site on the Web and thought you might be interested in an opportunity to add value to your site with an innovative utility called a VendingWizard(tm). The team here at Brush Dance created this "virtual" vending machine that allows your visitors to purchase products that are consistent with your core mission: products such as Rumi Calendars, meditation and Feng Shui accessories, Thich Nhat Hanh journals, aromatherapy - all without ever leaving your site. That is part of the uniqueness of the VendingWizard - unlike banner ads, your visitors never leave your site.

Then it all became clear to me! So in January, expect a few changes. We will no longer have a *lookAHEAD*, but rather a *lookINSIDE*. Instead of "Snuggles Sez", look for "Snuggles Meditates". Replacing the *mathNEWSQuiz* will be a *mathNEWS-Koan*. I'm already rearranging the office according to Feng Shui.

But wait — I'm retiring. I guess I'll have to hang around as the wise old former editor, to ensure Brad and Pete find the way of enlightenment. And also to eat free pizza every two weeks.

Speaking of free pizza, we had a number of dedicated volunteers this week who partook of the savoury pie while sharing with us their skills and opinions. Here are their names, their year and program, and their answer to the question "If you had the choice, who would you have preferred as Prime Minister": Albert O'Connor (1A CS, Krusty the Clown), Jason Lau (2N C&O, Dave Broadfoot), Victor Hsi (1A CS, my green hippo friend), Anthony Cheng (2A PHYS, that guy... his name is John Doe, I think), Raymond "The Cornered Frosh" Lai (1A CS, The leader of the *mathNEWS* political party... me), Ryan Wilson (1A ActSci, Bob Saget), Bradley T Smith (3N PM/C&O, the last slice of veggie pizza — I nominated him, I get to eat him), Kyla Hawrelluk (2B General Math, Chris Isaak), Justin Ng (1A CS, Ed the Sock), Tushar Singh (2A CS, hmmm... why has everybody picked males?).

It's also important at this time to send out a special thanks to Maureen O'Brien and all of our friends at Graphics Services who do so much with the crazy stuff we give them. And thanks to you, the reader, for making sure that this wasn't a complete waste of my time.

Richard Bilson (5A CS, Greg)
Gregory Taylor (4C CS, Richard)

New Dean of Math

Congratulations to Professor Mary Thompson, who has been named acting Dean of Mathematics starting January 1. Dr. Thompson is currently chair of the department of statistics and actuarial science, and has been a professor here since 1969. She replaces Dr. J. Alan George, who is taking over the position of university vice-president (academic) and provost while a permanent replacement is sought. Good luck to the new dean!

Subscriptions!

Your mathNEWS for the New Millennium

Going to be off campus or out of the area next term? Wondering how to occupy your time during those boring early morning work term staff meetings? Wonder no longer! For the low, low prices described below you can subscribe to *mathNEWS* for next term, the summer term — any term! And then you'll get a copy of *mathNEWS* delivered to your door by mail about every two weeks.

Sure, you might think you can just read it on the web. But do you know what sort of computing power you'll have available to you? What if you want to read *mathNEWS* away from the computer? (Tip: Don't try to solve the *gridWORD* by writing on your monitor.) Not to mention a paper copy means you get to see exactly how the editors managed to somehow (yet again) fit everything nicely into an even number of pages. (Not all the filler makes it onto the web either.)

Of course, nothing in life is free. But all you've got to do is give us some money to pay for postage (okay, and your address). Still, it's a good deal, have a look at the rates:

	Canada	US	Overseas
One term	\$7.50	\$10	\$15
One year *	\$20	\$25	\$35

This is the cost of 6 (per term) exciting issues of *mathNEWS*. All prices are in in Canadian funds. And if we happen to publish more than 6 issues, then you get them absolutely free! (So maybe some things in life ARE free... but only if you subscribe.)

* The "one year" indicates 3 terms that are not necessarily consecutive. That is, if you're at U(W) for the Fall 2000 term and off on a work term for the Winter '01 and Fall '01 terms, then you could get a year subscription for Winter 2001, Fall 2001 and Spring 2002. (Since you can pick up the Spring 2001 and Winter 2002 issues in person!)

If that doesn't make sense, come by the *mathNEWS* office to subscribe some time and we'll explain it to you! If you're a bit far off, then send us e-mail to mathNEWS@student.math.uwaterloo.ca.

Subscription forms (along with cash or cheque made out to *mathNEWS*) can be dropped off at the *mathNEWS* office (MC3041) whenever someone is around, or slipped under the door if it's closed. If you are mailing us a subscription form, please send it to the address listed in the ISSN along with your cheque. (F = September to December; W = January to April; S = May to August).

The only slightly unbalanced editors

mathNEWS Subscription Form

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3rd Annual Math Charity Ball

Friday November 17th, 2000

Federation Hall

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the community sponsors who donated items for this year's charity ball. Over \$800 was raised from the auction of these items and over \$2300 will be donated to the Food Bank of Waterloo Region. I would also like to thank all of the people who got involved and helped to make the evening a success. Everyone who attended was treated to lots of good food and a fun swing dancing lesson from Reinhart Dance studio. I hope to see even more people at next year's event.

Thanks To Our Sponsors

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 Mongolian Grill
 Quick Cuisine
 Reinhart Dance Studio

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS

December 1 Issue #6 causes spiritual awakenings

Math Faculty

December 4 Last Day of Lectures

December 7 First Day of Exams

December 21 Last Day of Exams

January 3 First Day of W01 Lectures

MathSoc

December 1 Cotton Candy Day

December 1 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Miscellaneous

December 13 W01 Fee Due Date!

December 22 Hanukkah Begins

December 25 Christmas Day

December 26 Boxing Day

December 27 Boxing gloves come off

December 31 The REAL end to the Millennium

Snuggles Sez

It's like Simon Says, but Simon can eat real foods. No really, do you have any idea how hard it is to cut out certain foods? Try it for a week, I dare ya. Here are some of the stars on my list: Wheat, Eggs, Dairy. Those are the big three (there are 19 on my list, I think, hmm, these are things I should know), they knock out just about every dessert that you can order in a restaurant and almost every fast food item, well, except for McDonald's fries. I have those a lot. But that's only because we live so close to McDonald's and my roommates have bottomless pits for stomachs. At least Jer does, he's always going to get another four burgers, so I tack on my order. One time in mid-August I was at a Mickey Dee's and I had a super size fries for dinner, and I wanted something else for dessert so I had medium fries. You know why those fries taste so damn good and why you crave them? Cause they put sugar in their salt mix. Yup, they also put sugar on their burger buns, and sugar causes addictive cravings. I love private industry, they're so creative.

Hmm, what did I say I would talk about in this article in my last one? One of the great things about writing these articles is that I don't really remember specifically what I wrote, so I gain enjoyment from reading my old articles, I find them pretty funny (well, I should, otherwise I wouldn't have written them in the first place. I guess I kind of hope that you all find them funny too, of course I don't really know since not many people have been commenting about my articles to me lately, I feel unloved). Anyway, last article I said, "What happens when you discover one of your friend's names sounds like the name of a car, find out in my next article." I was watching a movie with a couple of friends, and then the movie ended (good story Snuggles, shut up brain, oh ya make me, don't make me come in there, fine I'll be good, all right then ... this has been a split personality production). After the movie we were talking (actually this is where the www.georgeforeman.com story came in, and yes that was just a shameless plug for that amusing website, anyway this happened after that debacle), and somebody said their own name, but they said it strangely (this is awkward cause I'm not going to use their name, but just follow along, it's worth it), someone else remarked that the way they said their name it sounded a lot like some kind of car. We expounded on these possibilities for about 15 minutes. I'll share with you some of the ones I remember at this point. Those who know the full story will find this much funnier.

Oil, lube, and filter. Buy one used today. Everyone should own one. Built for drivers. Great mileage. Fill her up, regular. How many people can that comfortably fit? Hop in. Plenty of room in the back. Great set of headlights. See what's under the hood. Soft interior. Airbags included. So smooth you won't even know you're moving. Power steering. Comes with an instruction manual (I wish). Make sure you check your dipstick. It's squeaking, add oil. Lubricate that engine. Get your's now. Perfect for the whole family. Separate comfort zones. Push all its buttons. Top up the fluids. Rotate the tires.

On the topic of cars (Snuggles, staying on topic, what's going on), a bunch of us in my house wanted to go to McDonald's (wow, talking about the last two topics at the same time, incredible) but we didn't have any cars and it was really late. So we contemplated all the ways to convince them to give us food at the all-night drivethrough (we've already tried walking through, they don't like it). So we went to build a cardboard

box car, with flashlights as headlights, and Ike smoking in the back to replicate the exhaust. This entertained us for some time (especially when we started looking for a good cardboard box to do it with; we were really hungry, then we remembered the kitchen full of food downstairs (we had just gone shopping a couple days earlier) so I went and made some food).

My roommate Jer was working on an essay and he needed to know when something was written (an online review) in order to properly include it in his bibliography. Well he, being the brilliant CS'er that he is, went to the root directory (hoping that this guy didn't protect his directory properly, all you need to do is put a bloody index file). Sure enough it was unprotected. While looking for when his review was written he came across a wide variety of files, but one in particular caught his attention, butt65.jpg. Now, my roommate Jer (and former wife, but that's a much longer story, actually it's a fairly short one, but it's implications and extensions are endless) is a curious fellow, and this particular filename peaked his "interest", if you know what I mean (he's reading this as I type it and just called me a bastard, ya well, you order things from www.brown.com, it's true, I'll tell you later). So he opened up this image file and what did he behold but a blond on her hands and knees wearing a skimpy outfit. Hmmm, porn, how interesting. Jer called us to see this shocking turn of events. "Softcore porn on the internet? My fragile value system is crumbling, how could such a pillar of society as the Internet have such vile things." (Note, that last quote, no one said it, it's a figment of your imagination, and for your information the current x factor of the internet is at least 23.) Anyway, on further inspection this reviewer had quite the collection of random softcore and skimpy outfit pictures (some in a directory named oohlala). After intense inspection we happened upon a temp directory, our attention was riveted, what could be in such a mysterious folder, the possibilities were endless. Turns out our friend has a tickling fetish. Anyway, here's a tip for you crazy reviewer man (whose name I'm not putting in, otherwise he'll do a search on his name (which we all do from time to time) and come to my little article), make an index.htm file in your root directory; either that or stop storing your porn on a public site (hmm, I just ensured he would never see this and then gave him advice, I am a crazy bastard).

I am notoriously bad for remembering names during frosh week, I'm generally crazy busy and sleep deprived and I normally am doing fifty things at once (and I love it, it's a great time, hard work but lots of fun). Anyway, here are three people whose names I learned and why. I was running around being me during scunt and I saw a door open on the third floor (one of the doors to the stairs) and out came a canoe; this looked very strange until I noticed the legs moving under the canoe and I cleverly deduced that there were people moving the canoe (as opposed to my first thought as to why there was a floating canoe coming into the MC). [It's Mr. Canoehead! Someone say they get the reference... — HoloEd] I figured it was for a list and so I asked whose canoe was it. Well, it was Meagen's (I have no idea if I'm spelling this right, that's how I would spell it, sorry if it's not how you spell it) so whenever I see her I think, that's Meagen, it's her canoe. During MMT I was running my event and I gave a team a task to do and then went to take care of the other team at the event. When I checked back at the first team, one of the leaders was asking one of the SNUGGLES where he should

mathNEWS news

The other day, I was reading through some of our other friendly publications here at Waterloo, when I made a startling discovery. Gazette, Iron Warrior, and Imprint do not have the word “news” in their names, yet they have the audacity to report more news than *mathNEWS*. This news was new news to all news reporters at *mathNEWS*. As a result *mathNEWS* news was born.

Course Evaluation Confusion

Surely many of you must be aware that course evaluations have begun. Unfortunately, there has been some controversy regarding these Course Evaluation Questionnaires.

These cards are meant to save time by being fed en masse into a machine. However, on the written comment section on the back, the optical character recognition of the machines often read comments incorrectly. For example in one case, “Your grading decisions were downright stupid” was read to be “Yo g, I’m down with cupid”.

Also under fire was the multiple choice answer format for the evaluations. Hundreds of surprised and angered mathies have complained that due to the confusing layout, when answering

the question “What proportion of lectures did you attend in this course?”, they accidentally voted for Pat Buchanan.

Playstation 2 Launched in Europe

With their incredibly successful release of Playstation 2 in Japan and America, Sony has made another bold move last week and launched Playstation 2’s in Europe.

Preparations began early Tuesday morning, as they strapped millions of Playstation 2’s with rocket boosters. President and Chief Operating Officer Kunitake Ando gleefully announced, “This a key moment in history. It will mark first computer able to push 66 million polygons — in space!” With that he pressed the START button, and the spectators were awed by the stunning sight of Playstation 2’s flying into space.

Intel quickly issued a press release which pointed out that the Playstation 2 uses Rambus RDRAM. Additionally, an Intel spokesperson was also heard saying, “Mwahahaha, I’d like to see SDRAM in space!!”

Sony’s future plans for exploiting their line of Playstation 2’s include a starring role as the evil AI in the 2002 film Matrix 2.

Justin Ng

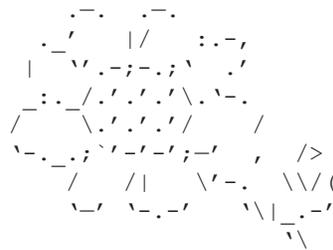
SNUGGLES continued from page 4

go (they had to lie down to spell out their team name). I found this odd, but it seemed that this one frosh was ordering them all around; it was even more confusing because her T-shirt was the same colour as our leader shirts. Anyway, I asked one of the other frosh leaders who that was and they told me it was Becky the leader. Finally, during scunt again I ran a Whose Line is it Anyway event and it was awesome, in one of the dating game sketches a frosh did a spectacular Kermit the Frog impression (when asked if she could be anywhere, where would she be, she answered: in bed with a nice juicy piggy, but she did it in Kermit’s voice, it was rickokus). After the event finished I went to use the phone (I had to call my mom, there are a lot of good stories there, but I won’t get into them right now, let’s just say people meet my parents and then tell me they understand me better (they’re just as nuts as I am)). After I got off the phone I looked into the C&D lounge (where we ran the event) and saw someone doing some crazy dancing, so I went in and watched (and radioed for the video camera), sure enough it was the Kermit impersonator doing a really good jazz/techno routine. When she finished I found out that she was Jen from Hamilton (the from Hamilton part is particularly amusing to my roommate (and other former wife) Tom, cause he’s from there too).

I briefly mentioned www.brown.com earlier. It’s really funny. Go there, now. They have a shirt you can order that says “Things that are Brown” and lists a bunch of things, the last one on the list is “me”. It’s hilarious. We tried to order one but they’re all on back order. Boo. Hmm, to properly understand this paragraph you should probably know that people around my house tend to use the word brown as a substitute for bad. Everything will make more sense that way. You know, I have no idea where that came from, I just picked it up from everyone around me. Hmm, I should remember to ask Tom & Jer where that particular quirky word came from (I know where most of our altered vocabulary is derived from, I wonder...). I think I’m going to make my own web page, I’ve been wandering around some of

my friends’ sites, maybe I’ll make links to all my articles, hmm.

Oh ya, one final note. Below this paragraph is a picture of a flower, it’s for Bruce Lee-Shanok. He said I never gave him flowers anymore, now I have. I hope it doesn’t get too mangled in layout. [*Would we do that to you, Snuggles? — HoloEd*] Bruce is awesome, he’s also insane (in a good way). He was in the same frosh group as I was (Venom ... Ven, Ven, Ven ... Nom, Nom, Nom), actually quite the collection of people are from good old Venom, frosh and leaders, we rocked, and we continue to rock, just accept it.



Well, that’s it for this issue. I’m not sure if there will be another one this term, so if there’s not [*There’s not. — HoloEd*], have a great winter holidays (Chag Sameach) and I’ll see you all back this Winter (I should be in school this winter term, so I’ll be around more). Hmm, it’s time for some end of term wisdom from the Snuggly one. I think I’ll borrow something from a friend of mine whom none of you know (well, at least I don’t think any of you know him, if you did it would blow my mind, in a good way, anyway, this is by Zack). “The three phases: Birth, Life and Death. Only life is memorable.” See ya all in the Winter.

Snuggles “I’m so very Snuggly”

— No Snuggles were hurt in the making of this article.

profQUOTES

"I think we've actually hit something nobody did in high school... only took six weeks."

Green, MATH 137

"Return the pencils after you're done with the course evaluations please. This is a very poor faculty."

Sivaloganathan, MATH 137

(After drawing the Dell symbol on the board) "Just a little tutorial on how to write 'Dell'... you can practice it on a piece of paper, or maybe in your next class."

Siegel, MATH 138

(Regarding question from midterm) "Most people got zero out of ten, or a sympathy one out of ten."

Mosca, MATH 239

(Referring to difficult question) "If you can get this, I'll give you 100% in the course and I'll try to get you a Masters degree."

Mosca, MATH 239

Prof: "Where is everybody?"

Student: "There is a CS assignment due today."

Prof: "CS? Screw CS."

Mosca, MATH 239

"Let $x = e$. It should work. I don't know how it would work. I won't go there."

D'Alessio, MATH 135

"And now I'm going to be a scumbag politician and lie to you..."

D'Alessio, MATH 135

"How do you find the Eigen vector? You don't. Just go 'Here Eigen vector! Here Eigen vector!'"

Best, C&O 370

"Note that the components of the matrix are all integers, as they should be in any decent university course."

Best, C&O 370

"Some people have a bad hair day. I have a bad chalk day."

Best, C&O 370

"'t' is a scalar, it never made it to vector school."

Best, C&O 370

"If you don't get the correct answer, I'll punish you... I won't beat you or anything, but I'll take off a mark or two."

Hardy, ACTSC 432

"My wife was out quite late last night, so during dinner, I gave great thought to blocking and precision."

Cherry, STAT 322/332

"I probably haven't explained that very well because I only thought of it 24 hours ago."

Cherry, STAT 322/332

"Professor Mackay usually demolishes my ideas."

Cherry, STAT 322/332

"If I had to teach Calc 1 for 25 years, I'd shoot myself."

Ragde, CS 251

"The reason research gets more respect than teaching is that research is like crack (not that I have any personal experience). When you first discover something, you know something that no one else in the world knows, but soon other problems crop up with your discovery, and you need to find more. Teaching on the other hand is more like coffee, since it is less intense than research, but still brings its own pleasure and at the end of the class you have to go pee."

Ragde, CS 251

"You have to be able to add for this proof to make sense."

Pretti, CS 134

"By magic it works — and by magic I mean mathematical induction."

Pretti, CS 134

(accidentally steps on and unplugs projector cord) "It wouldn't be an 8:30 CS 134 class if I didn't do that." *(later steps on cord for third time, unplugging it again)* "I think I broke it."

Pretti, CS 134

(posted to CS newsgroup) "Troy will be covering my lecture on both Tuesday and Thursday. Feel free to mock and ridicule him. Don't listen to anything he says about me."

Pretti, CS 241

(follow up post in CS newsgroup) "In fact, J.P. really means the following:" *(corrects small mistake in prior post)* "Of course, I would say that JP never makes mistakes, but he said don't listen to me! :-&"

Vasiga, CS 241

"You got through MATH 137, so you must know how to copy."

Vasiga, CS 241

"Windows 2000 was written by more than one person. It was written by ten people, three monkeys, two goats and a trapeze artist."

Vasiga, CS 241

"I am in contact with space creatures."

Vasiga, CS 241

"The problem with NASA is that they'll use you as a human experiment and shoot you off to the Russian space station."

Vasiga, CS 241

"This is what computer scientists do to amuse themselves: make up stupid names for things... It's really quite sad."

Vasiga, CS 241

"Professor evaluations are done now so I can do whatever I want."

Vasiga, CS 241

"Usage will make wrong things right, the majority rules. That's what democracy is."

Vasiga, CS 241

"Of course, if you're using the applied math point of view you can say: by intuition there's a maximum."

Vasiga, CS 241

A presentation from the World Logical Battle Federation

A civilized alternative to the WWF

A new startup wrestling league was formed recently in Waterloo region and the WLBF would like to take this opportunity to advertise its first event. It will feature people from all around the world who like to fight but are too afraid to get themselves hurt or on TV.

As the WLBF has yet to receive enough entries for the event, the match-ups will not be finalized until start time. However, the league has promised fans a match that won't disappoint anyone who loves the sport. It features two promising warriors who aren't afraid to take anything head-on.

WLBF is proud to present:

The grudge match between Uranium 235 and Math 235 (aliases of actual participants)

Both are feared combatants in this region, and this clash of titans will be an unforgettable one.

We now look at the comparisons between the two contestants.

Description:

Uranium 235: A highly radioactive isotope of the element uranium.

Math 235: A course that all "Honours" math students of University of Waterloo (UW) have to take.

Commonly found in:

Uranium 235: Reactors of nuclear power plants, nuclear bombs.

Math 235: The fourth of the MC building at UW.

Make-up:

Uranium 235: Pure uranium (possibly with some additives).

Math 235: Depends on the will of the master of pain (aka, professors), currently contains linear "I can't transform"-mation, determinants (doesn't determine much other than the course grade), and eigenvalue/vectors (what does eigen really mean?).

Half-Life:

Uranium 235: 700 million years.

Math 235: 4 months to indefinite (depending on the exposed victim).

Treatment after usage:

Uranium 235: Store in tightly (or not so tightly) sealed containers, send waste to outer space (may not be feasible).

Math 235: Store notes in the basement after passing the course and leave unattended (unless required for later use).

Destructive power:

Uranium 235: Explodes under high temperature, can wipe out cities, kill a large number of people and poison many others, creates cloud that can block sunlight for a long period, makes land unsuitable for agriculture for a long time

Math 235: Failure to pass leads to increased failure count, unsuccessful attempts can lead to ejection from Math, fear of failure can lead to countless sleepless nights, topics can cause nightmares on victims.

As you can see, both combatants are heavyweights who won't back down from anything. We expect it to be a great match. The good news is that there are still tickets available to the event. The bad news is that they are going fast. Anyone interested can contact Mark McDermot in his office at MC7056.

Jason "The Screamer" Lau

Job opportunities abound at Pete's Consulting's main office in Amsterdam.

We carry a high degree of standards for all projects we deliver. As a result we are looking for talented and motivated individuals.

Our corporation has a zero tolerance policy regarding drug and alcohol use. The more the better.

We also set our own standards for the contracts we accept.

- No stupid E-business crap. We know its all phony hype.
- No end-to-end solutions delivered. They never work, we don't try.
- No maintenance of a large collections of monkeys that write *mathNEWS*. Monkey cages smell.

We will, however, work on new innovative technologies, like our project to set a cellular network on the moon, or our ultrasound highspeed underwater communications devices, both wireless!

So, if you like living in a tin can, either on the moon or ocean bottom, call us, we can squeeze you in with the other sardines.

Pete Love

Top 10 Indications You've Been Around MC Too Long

You can remember when...

10. There was a Study Room on the fourth floor and a Red Room on the first floor.
9. The C&D took up a smaller area and never had the name "Right Angle Cafe".
8. You had to run XMosaic because Netscape took up all the system resources.
7. There was no interlocking brick out in front of the building.
6. CS130 was taught in Pascal (not Java)...
5. ... and on Macintoshes (not iMacs or PCs)...
4. ... and in the lab that closed every night, inevitably spooling some print jobs the following morning (not always in time for the assignment deadline).
3. The Math Tutorial Centre was located on the 3rd floor (near the comfy lounge).
2. MathSoc was smaller due to the divider wall separating the photocopy area from the tiny limited access computing room (MC 3042).
1. There were those cute lil' Zeno machines! And the glowing green screens for those who got tired of the black and white ones! (Colour monitors?! What luxury!)

Greg "hologrami" Taylor

Come a long way in 5 Years, haven't we...

WOW! More *prof*QUOTES!

“When you’re really bored, reading the dictionary is fun.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“You know you’re done when you eat the tail.”

Vasiga, CS 241

“Good morning. I hate 8:30 classes, but not you personally.”

Wagner, MATH 235

“Here comes evaluation time. Write down whatever you wish. I don’t care... in fact I keep all your pictures... I scanned them and stuck ‘em on the wall, and will throw darts at them.”

Wolkowicz, MATH 235

“I know you’re mixed up. I get this mixed up by this too.”

Zorzitto, MATH 247

“I’ve done something infinitely stupid by changing this at the last minute to do something clever.”

Goulden, C&O 330

“I’m going to tell you the most hugely multivariate nonsense you’ve ever seen.”

Goulden, C&O 330

“Maybe having one mark taken off for the title was a little extreme. Well, I thought extreme was a nice word... the front row seems to have another word for it...”

Labahn, CS 370

“Can you please keep the yawning down?”

Labahn, CS 370

“You’re working with your 17 times tables, which, of course, you all know by heart.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“4 is never prime! Not in this course!”

Hooper, MATH 135

“This is nice, and recent... unlike calculus.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“If you say by inspection, I won’t believe you. On an exam I am going to wonder how you got MAPLE to work when you left to go to the toilet.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“They may be meeting over the internet. They are miles and miles away. Alice might not even be Alice, she might be Fred.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“Am I talking about real number?” *(No response)* “Integers?” *(No response)* “Bananas?”

Hooper, MATH 135

“I’ll do number one, you do the rest as exercises. I don’t enjoy doing hard ones... You can do the hard ones.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“You can do Exercise 3 when you’re at home... on a Friday night... with no one to talk to... Hey, just because it happened to me.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“It’s just like engineering induction: $n = 1$, and $n = 2$, and $n = 3$, so it’s true.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“If I put up a complex polynomial, you’re — oh, wait, I shouldn’t swear... you’re stuck.”

Hooper, MATH 135

(after class repeatedly acknowledges understanding sigma notation) “We’ll use the sigma notation we don’t admit to not knowing.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“For those of you who are bored, you can solve the rest of these... For the two of you who aren’t, you can listen to me.”

Hooper, MATH 135

Prof: “It’s easy to see that this is 26.”

Student: “It’s 52.”

Prof: “Oh... it’s even easier to see that it’s not 26.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“If I gave you this rule, you’d probably just do it anyways, but since we’re not engineers, we should at least see if we can.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“Gauss was younger than everybody in this room when he did this. Well, maybe not younger than everybody, but younger than me, since I am eighteen.”

Hooper, MATH 135

“Euler stated the law. Legendre tried to prove it. Gauss gave eight proofs.”

Stewart, PMATH 440

(cell phone rings near end of class) “Trying to remind me that class is over, isn’t it?”

Gilbert, PMATH 334

“I should fix that up, otherwise I’ll do the same thing next year.”

Geelan, C&O 450

“After the mental flogging you endured on Wednesday, the next two lectures will be light and fluffy.”

Geelan, C&O 450

“If you say it in the right way, it doesn’t require any proof.”

Geelan, C&O 450

Student: “Why don’t you use the XOR symbol?”

Prof: “Because I’m a mathematician, not a computer scientist.”

Geelan, C&O 450

“I guess the easy proof is that it’s called the matching matroid so it must be a matroid.”

Geelan, C&O 450

“This is not cast in stone by some matching god.”

Geelan, C&O 450

“There’s an assignment for those who came in late. There’s also an assignment for those who came in early. Don’t worry.”

Geelan, C&O 450

End of Term Quacking

I was wandering the third floor aimlessly with a friend of mine and we stumbled upon the mystical *mathNEWS* office. It was there that we received copies of DaGloboPost and discovered the very exacting and time consuming procedure of what makes an article *mathNEWS* worthy... basically, if it fits nicely onto the page, it's in. [I believe I may have mentioned some other considerations. As an example, if you're saying something which is likely to get us sued and/or lambasted by a horde of left handed, right wing Mongolian coffee drinkers, we probably won't print it either. — HoloEd] So now I'm writing something for *mathNEWS*; in fact, it's sitting right in front of you. You're reading it!

So yeah, while finishing off my CS project at 4 am, I started thinking, "How do they get that caramel into the Caramilk bar?" and I came up with a few possibilities:

1. They have little elves, only they're not called elves, they're called caramelves, and they put the caramel in with their special caramarvelous magic.
2. They have giant pink elephants that force the caramel in there by air pressure.
3. They make the chocolate shell in halves, the top half is hollow, they pour the caramel in, then pour the bottom half on.

I thought that the last one was way too logical to be true, so I immediately rejected it. In fact, since it was 4 am, I thought that was insanely logical, and it was probably my green hippopotamus friend that implanted it in my head (he's a smart hippo with telepathic ability).

Speaking of hippos, my green hippo is single and is looking for a female green hippo to have a relationship with. His constant comments about him being single has made me start doing it, so please, somebody with a green female hippo take him off my hands. He's a nice, smart hippo who computes Fast Fourier Transforms in his head (I told you he was a smart hippo). And oh crap, he's got my purple monkey friends talking about how single they are too...

You're probably wondering how I became friends with a green hippo and purple monkeys. Well, it's a long story, so I'll just give you the short version. Basically, one night about two weeks ago, when I was finishing off another CS assignment at 3am, this green hippo and some purple monkeys came barging into my room and would not leave. I tried everything, from bribing the monkeys with bananas to kicking them, but they just would not leave. So rather than waste my time, which I could have been spending on my CS assignment, I ignored them. They didn't like this very much, so the monkeys commenced jumping on my head and the hippo commenced farting. I couldn't take this, so I decided to give them the attention that they seemed to crave and talked to them. They told me they wanted to be friends with me and so now, every night I have work to finish, they come and visit me. I don't know how they find out what night I'm insanely busy with work, maybe the green hippo's telepathic powers have something to do with it. Wait, now the hippo is writing something for me to type...

"I'm a nice hippo. I want to meet some female green hippos. I'm lonely living my solitary green hippo life. Help me...". I wouldn't have typed that unless my green hippo friend hadn't threatened to fart in my face, so um... I think I'll save & exit this text editor now and find him a female green hippo.

Victor "Help Me" Hsi

Some Helpful Study Tips

Finals are fast approaching, and for the frosh, it is our first experience with university final exams. To help some people out, I would like to offer these helpful tips for answering some complex questions, be they on group theory, solids of revolution, delta-epsilon proofs, vector spaces etc....

Hahaha! I had you going for a minute there didn't I? The only thing you can actually do is use your ingenuity, and hopefully get some part marks for new and original ideas. Here are some actual examples (if by actual you mean horrible and repulsive lies).

1. Prove that nobody takes physics class.
Solution: Use the principal of mathematical induction on n . I do not take physics class, therefore it has been proven for the case of $n = 1$. Induction hypothesis: I assume that k people don't take physics. I know another person who doesn't take physics. Therefore, by our untrue hypothesis, it is true for the case of $k + 1$. Since this is an untrue hypothesis, there is a contradiction. So our initial assumption is vacuously true. QED.
2. Let $f(x) =$ The Republic of Ireland. Find $f'(x)$.
Solution: Using Fermat's transverse value theorem, we can multiply $f(x)$ by the linear congruence $\Sigma^\circ\Delta \pmod{\pi}$. Or by three. Using the definition of the derivative, we get some god-awful thing, which we shall simplify by Descartes' rule of cosines, and mowing the ln. Therefore, by inspection, the answer is e. QED.
3. Use the result of question 2 to show the derivative of all republican countries is e.
Solution: Use the technique of proof by psychological induction. The question must be true because you would not have asked it otherwise. QED.
4. How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?
Solution: $11 - 1 + 2 - 1 = 11$
5. How many times does the letter "e" appear in this sentence?
Solution: This is a trick question. Therefore this answer is 10. QED.

I hope this has been helpful. Best of luck and achievement on finals everybody.

Ryan Wilson

Solution to Snuggles Sez

- 1 ounce balsamic VInegar
- 2 pounds Jello™ crystals (preferably purple)
- ¼ ounce pre-mixed Minute Maid
- 1 Rubik's cube
- ¼ pound ground cloves
- 16 m&m's, none of which are blue

Instructions:

Pre-heat oven to $399 \frac{3}{4}$ Kelvin. Remove any remaining human body parts from previous ritualistic gathering. Sharpen a Wiltshire, cut each m&m in half. Adjust the V-sync on an old RCA television a little bit to the left. Solve the Rubik's cube then toss it into a bowl. Add VInegar, crystals, and cloves while drinking the Minute Maid. Wait until mixture hardens or combusts and if you're still alive, put the bowl in the oven. Go to the garage and put gas in your chainsaw. Chase the neighbourhood kids with a common garden hoe until you get tired. Check on solution. Approximate cooking time: 550,000,000 nanoseconds.

I can't believe it's more *prof*QUOTES!

- "I thought, while I'm here, let me incorrectly define a basis."
Geelan, C&O 450
- "It's amazing how after teaching enough classes you can take a bunch of blank and disgruntled stares as meaning yes."
Geelan, C&O 450
- "Part of the bonus exercise is to find the exercise in the notes."
Hoffman, PMATH 442
- "Probability theory makes measure theory seem meaningful."
Forrest, PMATH 451
- "These are results you've likely seen in the real world. By the real world, I mean \mathbb{R}^n together with some metric topology."
Forrest, PMATH 451
- "I think that's going around and around in circles. I think that's going around and around in circles."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "If you don't celebrate when you're younger, the results of celebrating become more and more catastrophic as you get older."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "It was a very natural question to ask. As natural as the Young semi-normal representation."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "We're going to employ a useful mathematical device. That is pulling oneself up by one's bootstraps."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "Using this technique you can solve it on a large postage stamp, or on a small envelope."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "I thought we had succeeded in moving these. Obviously a message is being sent to us."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "It's looking a dog's breakfast at the moment." (*pause*) "Speaking as a vegetarian." (*pause*) "And as someone who doesn't like dogs."
Jackson, C&O 430
- "Even dogs and cats exhibit some sort of emotion. Well, maybe not cats ... a cat's basic emotion is 'what can you do for me today'."
Brownell, MUSIC 231
- "There's a very interesting book that I know none of you will read but I want to tell you about it."
Brownell, MUSIC 231
- "If I die before the end of the class there's a cellphone in my coat, you can call 911..."
Brownell, MUSIC 231
- "You can go out 'Blowing Zen'. Interpret it however you like."
Gray, MUSIC 245
- "If I'm being too bizarre... well, let's not think about that."
Burris, PSYCH 101
- "There's no other person, unless you're a very dedicated stalker, that you have more information on than you."
Burris, PSYCH 101
- "The assumed result according to most theorists is a working model." (*thinks for a second*) "My name is Sasha. I've been on runways in New York and Paris'."
Burris, PSYCH 101
- "There are various hard-core ... pun, very unfortunate ... ways of measuring sexual arousal."
Burris, PSYCH 101
- "If Freud were alive today, I'd take him to see the CN tower. Maybe he'd call it the semen tower. You know, what that is — that's a giant penis!"
Burris, PSYCH 101
- (*about a rorschach test*) "If I show you this and you look sort of startled and you say: it's gramma and she's handcuffed to a radiator! ..."
Burris, PSYCH 101
- (*showing colourblindness tests*) "Now, if you are not colourblind, you should be seeing a picture of a naked person from the opposite sex... if you just see numbers, you've got it all wrong."
Crowne, PSYCH 101
- (*male prof speaks on genetic disorders caused by defects on Y chromosome*) Prof: "Girls... have two Y chromosomes."
Student: "X chromosomes."
Prof: "See, I'm defective!"
Oakman, PSYCH 257
- "There's gotta be more to life than sex... because, you know, there's the other 23 hours and 45 minutes of the day."
Oakman, PSYCH 257
- "At this age and time, everything so so casual. Oral sex... is as casual as... a kiss."
Damian W, BUS111W
- "I'm not God, so I don't know."
Smith, ECON 101
- "You don't need to know these names. I'm just throwing them at you to show how much I know."
Packull, HIST 379
- "I'm not sure what this music signifies, but it makes me dizzy."
McCarthy, U. Choir
- "I thought 'The blessed Virgin Mary' took a bit of an assault there ... you're kind of hammering that poor girl."
McCarthy, U. Choir
- "Tenors and Altos, can you play a little bit more on Mary?" (*a few laughs*) "Don't go there..."
McCarthy, U. Choir
- "...okay? I'm rushing, but..." (*glances at clock*) "In fact, I should rush even more... in fact, I should stop..."
Lubiw, CS 466

Kasparov vs. Infinite Monkeys

Just a few weeks ago, Garry Kasparov, Chess World Champion since 1985, lost his title to Vladimir Kramnik with a score of 8.5–6.5 in 15 games played. So Kasparov lost to Deep Blue. And Kasparov lost to Kramnik. The question on everyone's mind was this: would Kasparov lose to an infinite number of monkeys on an infinite number of typewriters?

Last week, we at *mathNEWS* were lucky enough to set up a match with Kasparov and an infinite number of monkeys on an infinite number of typewriters. The game with Kasparov playing white, is as follows:

1. e4 e6
2. d4 d5
3. e5

At this point most thought that they were settling into a comfortable variation on the French Defense. No one was prepared for the monkey's shocking surprise move.

3. ... Π MC 5115

With that the monkeys summoned a giant Π to the MUO, falling from the sky and crashing through the building. Course evaluations and failed work reports flew through the air and fell like confetti. Everyone was shocked, but for Kasparov it only seemed to increase his concentration as he made his next few moves lightning-quick.

4. Σ MC 3041 Π MC 4066
5. α MC 3001 β MC 6128

As the α 's and β 's crashed through the walls of MC, the spectators were shocked to see the building shatter to pieces. The wounded on the ground wondered if this was the end of MC. Luckily, the focus of the battle quickly shifted.

6. \int V1-East 3 \int V2-West E
7. $x \in R$ E2 2367

Imagine the dismay of the engineers in their WEEF Lab, when the set of all real numbers crashed into the room. The poor engineers tried to use a fork-gambit attack by counting all of them, but alas, they did not realize the impossibility of a bijection from integers to real, and the resulting uncountability.

7. ... ∞ Pink Tie

We thought all was lost for Kasparov. The monkeys used their infinite powers and attacked with an infinite number of pink ties. But Kasparov wasn't World Champ for 15 years by mistake. He surprised everyone with the following counter-attack.

8. $\arcsin 2$

The monkeys paused for a moment, and stated quite simply that sin is bounded between -1 and 1. But how wrong they were. Complex numbers swooped in from the sky, destroying the entire University of Waterloo campus. On the ground, the monkeys lay wounded. Ever had one of those moments where you were in dire need of a banana? This was one of those times. With rage, they made the final move of the game.

8. ... $\pi/0$

Division by Zero. The world had not seen such horror since World War II, when the Americans used it on Hiroshima. Kasparov stood up, stunned, then immediately resigned.

In summary, there were 432 casualties including 58 frosh, 3 professors and 9 engineers. But it was a hard fought game, and it will surely go down as one of the key games in chess history.

Tune in next week when we have Kasparov face off against an infinite number of hippos.

Justin Ng

Final Exam Study Tips

So now there is only a weekend separating you and your final exams. For which I offer the following tips for all of the common situations:

- **If you've just realized this.** Then there is no hope for you. Either put yourself out of your misery now, or be like every other Waterloo drop out and make your first million in some dot com company waiting for the IPO.
- **If exams are over by the time you read this.** Then *mathNEWS* obviously isn't an integral part of your life. I suggest you immediately withdraw all the money you have and submit it to the BLACK BOX in order to pledge your allegiance to *mathNEWS*.
- **If exams are over and you just realized that you had exams.** Uhh, well, at least you have this issue of *mathNEWS* to comfort you.
- **If you laugh in the face of exams.** HAHAHAHA. You are very brave, young mathie. I suggest you write comments about how much you hate your professors in the margins of the exams you write. I'm sure the professors will share in your sense of humour and award you many marks. Yeah. That's it.
- **If you don't even know the name of the course.** In situations like this I would like to suggest what a friendly enemy of mine named Sailesh has suggested. Bring a condom and staple it to the paper. Write beside it, "If you're going to rape me, at least do it safely."
- **If you are tied to a chair and unable to write your exams.** Tell your kidnapper that you are an important person in the world. Tell them that you must write your exams and pass your courses so that one day you might be able to do original research at the fine University of Waterloo. Tell them that you are better than them, and that they are very stupid people compared to you. Tell them they are so stupid their Riemann Sums will never converge. (Author of this article is not responsible for any deaths as a result of his advice. The fact that the author writes this disclaimer means that the author knew he was giving bad advice. The author is not responsible for the content of the disclaimer if the disclaimer was not read. The disclaimer of the disclaimer is a recursive definition and does not have a base case **STACK OVERFLOW**)
- **If you are still reading this.** Then obviously you're not studying. Since you probably won't study at all, you'd better make the best of your time. I suggest seeing a movie like Charlie's Angels or Solar Force (Some sci-fi B-movie that I've never seen. I just put that there to try to be funny by putting some movie you've never heard. But it's not funny. The author will now stop talking to you in parenthesis.) and writing a movie review on your exam. Professors are human too, and I'm sure they like to watch movies. By this logic you should write movie reviews to make the professors happy, they will thus give you more marks. QED.

That covers just about every possible situation. So I hope that these fine tips have helped you and I wish you all the best on your exams. Except that I hope Sailesh fails all his exams. Except chemistry.

Justin Ng

Bathroom Humour

So here it finally is, my bathroom humour article in all its septic glory. Why, you may ask, did I feel this need to write this article? Well it simply came from me noticing little things in the washrooms around here. Besides we all use them and we all can relate to the washroom. As my Don said, the one thing he could find in common with his residents is that they go to the washroom. The whole washroom thing is really a funny and unique experience that guys and girls deal with in much different ways — or so it seems. Guys go alone and never talk to anybody while inside the chamber. This is important, for when someone is using the facilities it is not a good time to breach personal space. On the other hand, women travel to the washroom in groups. For the most part, most washrooms are the same. Anyway what follows are some little stories about washrooms. The finale will be the joke of the term you've all been waiting for.

Old School (The urinal)

If you are female, chances are you know little of the miracle of technology that is known as the urinal. Do not fear though because you're not missing much. Mostly it is a deformed toilet where males can exercise their special urination skills (that peeing standing up business). The only real shame is that you can't appreciate all the smart and foolish variations on the simple design of the urinal. Unlike your basic toilet, urinals have no basic universal design, although those of the family found in the MC and DC predominate. These urinals are about one-third the height of a human, positioned on the wall in a convenient way with a small hole in the bottom that is the direct interface with the plumbing system. But there are other ideas. For instance at my old school they had urinals that were one-half of a human's height and went to the floor with something like a drain effect in the bottom. A rather unpopular design that is (or was) in the Winnipeg Arena was something that resembled a trough. There was only one of these troughs to be used by however many people were urinating. An uncomfortable situation to say the least.

Next to consider is flushing. As I've heard mentioned in *mathNEWS*, and of course noticed, people tend not to flush their urinal in either the MC or DC. Surely this is due to the fact that mathies are busy, busy people having to quickly do assignments or go to class. Therefore, they in no way have time to move their hand half way up their body and pull down (using mostly gravity) on a lever. You can only assume that if they do not have time for that then they do not have time to wash their hands. As an answer to this problem in society and with the development of infrared technology man created the finest device ever: the self flushing urinal. (Have they made self flushing toilets yet?) Actually they were around before, they just used to waste a lot of water. As an aside it was funning sitting by the washrooms in Toronto (Eaton's Centre) watching people trying to use an automatic drinking fountain. This shows just how scared of technology people can be.

I would like to elaborate on the third water-wasting type of flushing. From observation I believe the system works as follows. Water collects in a tub located above the array of urinals and when a certain level is reached the water is released and all the urinals are flushed all at once. Of course you can't flush these urinals manually. What occurred back at my old school was there was a drinking fountain left on to keep the water cold.

(We lived in the lake region, ok, we had no sense of water conservation.) Every so often the water pressure would suddenly drop causing the fountain to weaken. Most often someone would be trying to drink out of it when it would drop so they would comically miss the water and get very annoyed. A female friend of mine was complaining about this one day and I pointed out that obviously this happened because the urinals were flushing. She was shocked for she didn't even know that the urinals flushed automatically (we were in grade 12 at the time and she had been in the school since grade 7). Really it wasn't surprising that she didn't know, she never used them of course. It simply highlighted how urinals are truly a male thing.

The DC

So there I was, minding my own business in the DC washrooms. You know, the ones by the DC "fishbowl" area nestled in the back. As usual after using the facilities I washed my hands and dried them when I noticed the bright red sign right below the environmentally unfriendly paper towel dispenser that read "THESE TOWELS PLUG TOILETS". I thought to myself, that's funny. Why does the sign say that? The more I thought about it, the less sense it made. I mean, obviously a moral person would simply put the towel into the trash that is RIGHT there and not even ponder putting the offending paper towel anywhere near the toilets (which are much further away in terms of the scale of washrooms). Now if one considers the evil (Tushar is evil) type of person who just might be imagining ways to cause trouble they might wonder: could these paper towels possibly plug the toilets? Surely, he would think, if I used enough they just might work. While he is considering if such a prank is possible, he then reads the bright red signs and discovers that yes indeed, these paper towel WILL plug the toilets. Perfect, he thinks, and goes off and plugs the toilets.

What have we learned? Well, as worded, these signs don't really help the well intentioned person (unless they happen to wander over to the toilet for some reason) and in fact encourage the evil person to be evil. Now one might ponder the extreme case of there being no toilet paper in the large washroom. Might someone use the paper towel and then with good intentions put in the toilet? I would argue no, and let the proof be an exercise for the reader.

Now what is to be done? Well I think the signs are a good idea but the wording is all wrong. For instance, perhaps something like "MISUSE OF THESE TOWELS WILL RESULT IN FINES" or "THESE PAPER TOWELS WILL NOT PLUG TOILETS" would discourage the evil people. Best of all they could read "INTERFACING THESE PAPER TOWELS WITH THE TOILETS IN ANY WAY WILL CAUSE THAT PERSON TO SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUST, SORRY FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE THIS MIGHT CAUSE". The problem with that is it is too long, but hey, they can replace all three signs with just this one!

The Joke

So I asked the population of the MC for a joke. Not just a ordinary joke, but an amazing, super special joke that would start with the line "Two urinals walk into a bar..." Alas, no truly witty responses did I get, but hey, it's not like I could make up a good one either. Far more impressive is that I got three responses. Count 'em: 3. HA HA HA. I even got an extra joke today from Jamie. He asked me, "What did one toilet say to the

How Time Flies

(OR drags endlessly until you just want to jump off the comfy balcony to make the hurting stop)

Another term down, $\text{EXP}(\log((237/3) \cdot 10^3 \% 9 - 2))$ (more or less) to go. So the question is: What have I learned and was it all worthwhile? Now the typical answer to this on the final exam is ... “You mean I have to write words? Isn’t this a math test?” or maybe “Wow! Finally a question I can do! The answer is, according to this test, Nothing!”

If this sounds familiar to you then I have one suggestion: Stop reading right now, well not RIGHT now (finish the sentence first), put down your copy of *mathNEWS* (yes, I know it’s the best written publication since Liam’s last essay (ick! Can you

imagine?!?!)) but it is for the best) and walk carefully towards your book bag. Dust off those Calculus notes and get cracking. IF, however, you’re feeling relaxed, confident in your exam skills (or the series of bribes that have guaranteed you 100% in every course) then it’s a well known fact that *mathNEWS* is an excellent method for getting rid of the boring moments between hectic doing-nothing-productive and the 2 hours of sleep you average a night.

I’ve never really liked top ten lists (except for those reasons to avoid the comfy lounge — the RPG bunny — you know who you are) so I’m going to avoid numbering these items (‘cause that makes all the difference...). So, here goes, what have I learned this term? There’s the typical school stuff. How to build a compiler for a language only a desperate Cser *cough* Tushar *cough* would put on his resume, enough about sets (convex, complex or otherwise) to make your head spin, 3 token days on integrals and more stats than any sane person would ever want to know. Now onto the fun stuff.

First, everybody is evil. Even me (despite Cubby’s artistic efforts). But Tushar is RATED evil so he’s one step ahead. Also, fish can, and will, survive hours under hot candles only to flip out when someone attempts to put them into cool, clean water. Still on the topic of fish, big balloon fish are a great idea. Unfortunately they aren’t very good under pressure and tend to go all to pieces. Liam can’t spell, but we already knew that. Duct tape is not the most flexible of material, but it is the BEST advertising gimmick in quite some time. And finally, a warning, you can be injured doing just about anything: Carving pumpkins (me), opening doors (me), tying balloons (not me!), or chasing crazed, popple-stealing megalomaniacs (yes, me again), but if you get it on video, film or in a *mathNEWS* article then it’s all good.

Well, that’s hardly all my memories, but those are some of the more fun ones. I’d also have to mention that I really enjoyed writing articles for *mathNEWS* and that I’ll probably continue when I’m back in the summer. Unfortunately I’ll be far away during winter (I can’t believe I just said that! I’m going to be someplace warm! heheheheh! Woo hoo!) so I won’t be able to take part in any of the fun events that are sure to happen, but I’m really looking forward to the summer term.

Enjoy and keep in touch.

Colin

TOILET continued from page 12

other toilet?” I didn’t know. “I’m flushed!” Thank you for that, Jamie. Anyway. The first one I got I didn’t actually understand. Perhaps I’m just dumb, and that really wouldn’t surprise me. I was discussing the joke later with a friend of mine and he said it could have something to do with a lizard. Anyway here is Urinal Joke #3:

Two urinals walk into a bar, climb up onto the bar, and yell at the top of their lungs “Last call for urinol!”

Second one is a fine geek joke probably resulting from debugging too much java code late one night. Too bad it has little to do with the urinals. So here we go with urinal joke #2:

Two urinals walk into a bar, each carrying a string. One string says, “I’d like a beer, please.” The other string says, “I’d like a beer too, please.lzk hvnr4hGurer ner ab uvqra zrffntrf urer#dzf234)^*&39876b2p;/ hebcfh”. The first string says, “Please excuse my friend — he’s not null-terminated.”

Now if two strings walked into a bar maybe that would be truly witty, but that would be too easy.

The last final urinal joke was told to me late one night at Mel’s (mmmm mmmm good). After the first telling I didn’t really start to laugh, but when they said it again, I started to laugh and laugh and laugh. Though that was mostly because it was 1 in the morning. The joke developed a long way since then and here is the final end product. Ladies and Gentlemen — drum roll please — the number 1 urinal joke:

A joke told by two people: Cap’n Hortence and First Mate Rube. Scene: Two pirates are walking down Yonge Street in Toronto.

Cap’n Hortence: Two urinals walk into a bar...

First Mate Rube: Were they robots?

Cap’n Hortence (sadly): Yeah

First Mate Rube: Why are you so sad?

Cap’n Hortence: Someone stole my cARRRRRRRRRRRR!

This joke brought to you by “The Gentlemen’s Club”

(Cue: Masterpiece Theatre Music)

So this ends our journey into lavatory humour for one term. Please join me a term from now (or possibly next term) when we explore the possibilities of a joke starting with the line, “So Sir Georg Cantor walks into Eatons...” “Til then, ta ta for now.

“Phat” Albert O’Connor

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Quitting while they’re ahead(?): Richard Bilson and Gregory Taylor

Finding Your Inner Eigenchicken

eigen...chicken thing, how much does it cost?"

* * *

Snow covered the ground like a peanut butter jar's tamper-proof lid, hiding the city's filth below it. Poorly illuminated signs with cracks showing from age squeaked on their hinges, as violent gusts of wind pushed on them from all sides. Somewhere in the city, a married man was watching television in his two-story home, while his goldfish bobbed up and down at the surface of its bowl, searching for food. At the curb's threshold in front of Keg's Laundromat lay a chicken, unconscious from being almost run over by a street plow. A stranger approached.

"Hey you... Get up!" the stranger yelled at the chicken.

Somewhat dazed and a little shocked that he could understand the English language, the chicken slowly opened his eyes and stared at the stranger. It was difficult to see anything at all in the darkness; any street lights that could have been on, had been vandalized by teenaged hooligans who listened to BBC1 and read Hemmingway for fun. The stranger was approximately six feet in height, wearing a blue ski jacket, disco inferno dancing pants and a pair of Folklee sunglasses. Obviously the stranger meant business.

"Who are you and what am I doing here?" the chicken asked.

"You look like you're lost. Judging by the amount of Airmiles you've collected so far, you're a long way from home too. I knew you'd be wandering the streets at this hour. It's a miracle you're still alive," the stranger replied.

"How do you know all this?" the chicken inquired, looking from side to side as he took in the cityscape.

"I called Sylvia Browne the other day and she told me that I would find you here," the stranger replied, checking his industrial strength Rolodex watch.

"Wow. It's like you read my mind like it was a horribly written linear algebra textbook that, although surprisingly in its seventh printing, currently can't be understood by a small but astute group of inbred sea monkeys raised by a box of 100 watt lightbulbs," the frightened chicken said.

High above their heads a woman opened her bedroom window. The alleyway next to Keg's was framed by sharply defined brick buildings that looked as if they had been ripped straight from Tivoli's miniature world. An upward spiraling squall was all that was needed to make the woman's bedroom window drapes dance about to and fro.

"I can help you out," the stranger offered with a sly grin that stretched from one side of his face to the other, "I know what you're looking for, and I can sell it to you real cheap."

"Why should I trust you? All you humans want to do is fatten us up, let us watch Mexican wrestling and have us drink the occasional glass of V8 once in a while. It all seems kind of suspicious if you ask me," the chicken stated without hesitation.

The stranger paused, looked across the street, then back towards the chicken again. He seemed to be spending an eternity thinking, staring blankly like a tiger that's having tea with a rattlesnake.

"Because I can help you find your inner eigenchicken," the stranger finally said.

"Inner eigenchicken? Do you buy your PCP from Max the Cokehead down on Fifth and Grove too? I hear he's getting Interac soon," the chicken said a little too loudly, now looking over his shoulder.

"I can see that I'm wasting my time talking to you," the stranger said abruptly.

"No, wait!" the chicken shouted at him, then continued, "This

The street stretched on for what seemed like the typical queue length at South Campus Hall during textbook buying season. The curbs served their purpose as the perfect resting spots for winos, their sandpaper-like surface a reminder of the gritty subculture that ran the city.

"All I have is a keychain sized jug of maple syrup, a Robertson screwdriver, and an expired Matlab license," the chicken said, reaching into his feathery pockets.

"Matlab?! Do you wanna be sniffin' gasoline soaked rags for the rest of your life, livin' on the streets, forced to trade feathers until you can get enough scrap metal to build a weapon of unimaginable power, which you'll eventually use to destroy us all?" the stranger fired back.

"How about if I throw in an egg?" the chicken asked.

"I guess. I have to put my parents in a home, and people or chickens just don't rob themselves," the stranger noted, then continued, "or I could trade all that junk in for an expired carton of milk."

"What good is an old carton of milk, if you need money to help your parents in their old age?" the chicken asked, puzzled.

"It isn't, but mom is so blind she'll probably think it's an alarm clock or the Shroud of Turin. As long as she can sell it on Ebay to pay for her longtime alcohol addiction, she won't need to be put in a home," the stranger answered.

"Fair enough. Here's the stuff. Now tell me how this inner eigenchicken mumbo-jumbo is going to get me back home," the chicken demanded.

From behind them a 1973 Datsun 240Z with 60,000 original miles hit a patch of black ice and careened into a nearby hydro pole, knocking out all cellular communications in a five yard radius.

"You simply find the roots of a random three-by-three matrix's characteristic polynomial. Don't think you can get off easy and choose all real whole numbers for your entries; you'll have to consider complex numbers as well. If all three eigenvalues are the same and the dimension of your eigenspace is one, then by yelling out any associated eigenvector, you'll find yourself back at home, et cetera," the stranger instructed.

"I think I'll start walking..." the chicken said as he turned from the stranger and headed for the city limits.

"Wait! You haven't heard about how similar chickens have the same amount of feathers in \mathbb{R}^n or how any two chickens born a leap year apart are linearly independent!" the stranger shouted, but it was too late, the chicken had disappeared out of sight.

Somewhere in the city a married man was watching television in his two-story home, while his goldfish bobbed up and down at the surface of its bowl, searching for food. Somewhere in the city a woman was reading a novel in her bedroom, while her neighbours were playing Pictionary trashed out of their minds. And somewhere in the city was a pile of unsold linear algebra textbooks, which would no doubt be used to steady many wobbly couches and tables in the years to come.

The End

Dave "Sir Palmasutra" DiGaetano

STUPID CALCULATOR TRICK FROM AN ENGINEERING STUDENT

It all happened innocently enough.

It was a Friday morning. The prof was saying something about searching in an unordered linked list. I wasn't really listening and I was kinda bored. So like any good computer engineering student, I began to read the *mathNEWS* that I picked up from the MC building where that morning's physics tutorial was. All my friends agree that *mathNEWS* is the only publication that's worth reading at the University of Waterloo, counting out all those Maxim magazines in my Don's room. I was reading the *profQUOTES* when I thought to myself — why don't I submit an article to *mathNEWS*? I mean Computer Engineering is kinda like CS, so I'd have no trouble getting into a Math frame of mind. (My friend Jacky walks in sine waves literally before a Calculus exam — maybe he drank too much coffee.) But what to submit? For sure it must be something to do with math. I began to play with my trusted Casio calculator for inspiration before I realized that I could spell funny words with the calculator. To do this just type the number below and turn your calculator upside down.

I came up with,

0.1134 hEllo

but I realized that I can spell,

1134 hEll

and my French friend (he's from Quebec) suggested

713705 SOLEIL —> That's French for sun.

To impress my French friend (who is a long time fan of Pokemon and digiMon), I yelled out the only French word I know, "Pourquoi!" and started working on a translation table,

h: 4, E: 3, O: 0, S: 5, L: 7, I: 1, R,B,A: 8, and g: 9, rest just came so easily:

53045 ShOES

376616 gJggLE

and then I started describing some of the people in the class:

3704558 ASShOLE

77342.06 gO.2hELL

83507 LOSER

558.618 B!g.ASS

My StarCraft playmate, who happened to sit next to me, came up with a killer:

5318008 BOOBIES

Then I knew that I could not top that, but some words came up quite naturally after that,

335 SEE

3760 Ogle

So that was time well spent. And if anyone can come up with new words, please e-mail to me at happyhappyhappy@netscape.net. I was thinking of compiling a dictionary entitled, "All the Words You Can Spell with a Calculator." (p.s. You have to cover part of 8 to get A and R.)

James "SuperFreak" Lin

Liam Spews

Ok... the new unix lab on the first floor ate a large part of my original spew... grrr... I X-locked it... and then I came back and the damn thing wouldn't let me log back in... and for whatever reason the stuff I was working on didn't get sent to disk anywhere when I killed the session... damn it... ok... anyway... rant done... back to other stuff now... hmm... so yeah... those two words pretty much sum up my last few weeks... who woulda think it... anyway... on to other stuff... my car is being funny... that worries me... oh well... I'm sure it'll work out... now... on to other fun stuff... hmm... naw... I don't really have a topic this week... I do have a physics text book though... and I'm seriously considering dropping it off my 11th floor balcony just to see how large a crater it makes... but I might hit someone... kill them... so I don't think I'm going to do that... on a side note... after examining my textbook for a while, and getting over the feelings of inadequacy... it occurred to me if I wanted to kill someone... I could hit them over the head with the text book..... and then run... but then I decided not to... because homicide gets ppl arrested... that's no good... so ya... C is for Cookie... and Cookies are for me... hehe... have that song stuck in my head... so yeah... monkeys eh? ... it's been a monkey filled couple of weeks... until Catherine pointed it out in her article I never realized how many were just there waiting to come out of the wood work... My car is doing funny things... I don't like that... but meh... what can I say... it's a car... and it usally starts... now on to more interesting things... do you know that I have 10 toes all said and told for... just though I'd share... I must say Charity ball was lots of fun... and the duct dress was dinfinatly a hit... thanks Albert... and to the Buffy watching Construction Crew... after very little sleep in the last week or so... I've come to a couple of conclusions... Nap time is good... it doesn't matter to me that I'm 20... I quite enjoy

pretending I'm six and sending myself off to bed with a cup of warm milk, and a cookie for a couple of hours... so anyway... was at Mels the other day... and Kyle talking about turning his clothes around backwards... and so I say... go to the bathroom and turn your pants around... he did it... :) ... ahh... Mels... and bacon... and of course the odd gravy shot... but remember kids... wait for it to cool... that's the most important part about gravy shots... LET THEM COOL... wow... I'm now finishing my third term at this wonderful university... and wow... I've decided that I REALLY LIKE IT HERE... just ya... you know... expressing sentiment... so ya... Tushar's not here... and Bob's off playing with himself... so I'm sorta at a lost... there's no body telling me to put in these fun sexual comments... hmmm... all by my lonesome... whatever shall I do..... no... get your mind out of the gutter!!!!... maybe I'll just enjoy the silence... oh shit... bob's back... he wants to go blow something up... no way... just something small... like what?... a pop can... NO... remember what happened last time... the old lady... the wheel chair... no!... so anyway... bob's gone off to sulk again... he might return... do you know that they have mini-eggs at christmas... I always was under the impression that chocolate eggs were an Easter thing... apparently not... oh well... whatever... TOLBERONE..... :) ... yup... there's just no comparing... I think I might go get 10 of the BIG ones so I have a stock pile for after the christmas seasons... speaking of christmas... silly string is nice... there's nothing like the horror on face of the parents when their 10 year old kid opens their christmas gifts to find a bottle of the stuff... it's all good fun... :) ... think of all the other fun gifts you can give at christmas... spray paint... explosives... hmm... ok... so the recipients of the gifts might get arrested for random acts of vandalism/violence... but at least

SPEWAGE continues on page 2

Screamer's Thoughts, Randomized and Optimized

Living in the 500-channel World

We are not quite there yet, but the 500-channel universe that everyone has talked about since so long ago that I don't even remember (Or before I was born. Either way, this term has been in our vocabulary for a long time) is near.

In a few short weeks, the CRTC will distribute several digital TV licenses among tens of bidders. So for those who are lucky enough to get satellite or digital cable TV, or, dare I say it, those who have HDTV will have a few more channels to choose from. As for the rest of us, we are still stuck with providers that give us such little choice that it makes the number of choices available in the recent federal election an astronomical amount.

Many of you probably believe that a mass medium should have diverse representation with inputs from as many voices as possible. The truth is that I have no problem with that ideal. The only question I have is, when will the expansion ever end? Having too many channels will only dilute the interest of the television viewers.

These days most of the shows on TV (by my standard, 70–80%) are so bad that they shouldn't have seen the light of the day in the first place. Look at the number of new shows that don't survive the first year and you will understand what I mean. On some days, flipping through the channels is more fun than watching any particular "program".

It takes a lot of dough to establish a TV station/network, and it takes much more to keep it from being deep-sixed (or being tanked, going under, etc). How do TV stations get their money? Commercial revenue, more commonly known as ad fees. The sponsors watch the ratings very diligently. If there is a consistent drop in rating or the rating hovers just above the level of Lake Ontario, the sponsor pulls the plug with such a speed that no trail is left behind. As far as I know, the number of channels is growing at a faster rate than the number of viewers. This kind of growth is very unhealthy. Sooner or later, the sponsorship well will run dry.

We are often stuck with awful programming, but the CRTC continues to grant licenses like there are no more to be granted ever again. But then again, we are talking about the CRTC, where logic goes out the window and the laws of rationality don't ex-

Realtime Survivor... Coming to a *mathNEWS* Near You!

Several weeks earlier, I believe during the unproductive hour known to *mathNEWS* personnel as our "Mad-Dash-For-Free-Pizza Break", ideas got thrown around for a theme for an upcoming special issue. Following the long-standing tradition of serving a special issue at least once every year, we were all brainstorming ideas to top last year's "DaGlobenPost", the "Irrational Toast", and the infamous "Mathim".

I, as impressionable and eager as any Frosh would be, spewed out the idea of using the hit (annoying) CBS TV show "Survivor" as a testbed for the special issue. However, instead of stranding UW students on a deserted island (or Needles Hall, whatever is free first), we would strand 16 senior students on our own version of a deserted island: The Realtime Lab. We could call the issue: *REALTIME SURVIVOR: Outeat, Outcode, Outlast*.

Having sold the idea to the *mathNEWS* editors, I was tasked to bring this issue into existence. I was given no time frame, no direction, no parameters, NOTHING. I was just told to "get it done".

ist. The CRTC should be renamed the Commission Ran by TV Companies. How else can you explain that our cost of watching television climbs faster than a monkey up a tree?

Did one adjective ruin someone's political career?

The municipal election happened over 2 weeks ago, but some election matters have yet to be settled. A mayoral candidate in Toronto has launched a lawsuit against the City of Toronto for a "significant" omission on the ballot. She claimed that she registered with the middle name "Supermodel", but that her name on the ballot did not contain the word "Supermodel". This candidate placed third in the final tally. She claimed that had the officials included the word "Supermodel", she would have won the mayoral election in Toronto.

I think this is nothing but a vain attempt to extend her 15 minutes of fame. Among those in Toronto who voted, 80% of them voted for Mayor Mel (Lastman). Adding the word "Supermodel" won't change the result by much, if any. Anyone who knows a little math can quickly realize that this particular candidate would have needed to get at least 30% (of the total vote) more votes in order for her to win. I think people of Toronto aren't THAT dumb. I don't think 30% of Toronto voters would have changed their votes just because one of the other candidates claimed herself to be a supermodel. If she thinks it is that significant, then I should be able to win any election if I declare myself a superhunk, in spite of the fact that I'm not. "Supermodel", drop the lawsuits before everyone accuses you of being a bitter person who doesn't admit defeat in spite of concrete evidence.

One last Yell

In recent days, all three of the normally reliable copiers in MathSoc were out of out of commission. As exams loom near, the number of people who want to use the economical MathSoc copiers will go nowhere but up. So MathSoc, please get the copiers fixed ASAP, before the disappointed people become disgruntled and wreck havoc on us all.

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

Hence, nothing got done.

Now, I pledge to UW Mathies everywhere: REALTIME Survivor WILL see the light of day... when that will happen, nobody knows. I have been tasked with the heavy task of making this issue, and I WILL get it done.

Soon, we will be able to see how primal Realtime students are, as we put them to trial on adventure after adventure. Challenges will be sought and won, castaways will leave in bitter agony and transfer to arts, alliances between coders will be made, and vindictive enemies will be put to light. We will see 16 brave warriors barricaded into the Realtime Lab as they fight to survive and outcode their opponents. We will observe their fight to find food and their battle for living space. It is, truly, real life as we know it.

Ladies and gentlemen... *Realtime Survivor* ... Coming to a *mathNEWS* near you!

Raymond "The Cornered Frosh" Lai

A pseudo serious article about Perception

What does it mean to see the world upside down? Well, really, it means to see the world as somebody else? Do you by any freak chance see the world upside down? Does it really make a difference?

Consider this... if you've seen the world upside down since the day you were born or you're used to seeing it this way, then it doesn't make a difference. If you point to your foot which in your eyes you see as "up", then you're really still pointing "down" because that's the direction everybody has told you is "down". For somebody else looking through your eyes the world would appear upside down... but it's a matter of perception.

We consider the direction known as "left" because that's what we've been told it is. Left might be the other way for somebody else seeing the same thing. In fact red may be blue and blue

Christmas Shopping For Your Mathie Significant Other

It's that time of the year again. No, not National Cheese Day, it's time to begin your Christmas Shopping. And since you won't be studying for your final exams (see article on exam studying tips), you might as well buy presents. So I've decided to write this article for those of you who happen to not be enrolled in the Faculty of Mathematics, but have someone special in your life who is. Buying a present for someone in math can be a strange and weird procedure. Because most mathies are weird. I'm weird.

If you're in Arts

You're probably incredibly attractive. And it's extremely rare for this pairing to exist. Your mathie significant other thus probably has no idea that both of you are together. So the best present you could possibly give is letting them know that you are both in love with each other. I do suggest you speak in their language. "My lines intersect your planes" and "I am the differential in your integrand" are common phrases that I strongly suggest.

If you're in Engineering

This is also a very rare pairing. If you two haven't killed each other yet, then you guys are probably meant to be. You can stand each other. And your significant other has survived your incessant claims that they would have gone to engineering if their marks were high enough. For this I suggest Full Plate Armour. That way both of you can continue to co-exist without killing each other. If you're not sure what Full Plate Armour looks like, load up a copy of Diablo II and hack your way to Act 4 where the Urdars and Corpse Spitters usually drop said armour.

If you're Other

Well then, I guess pretty much the only weird person in the relationship is your mathie friend. In this case, get them a new pair of glasses, a book on number theory, or even a subscription to *mathNEWS*! Surprise them by wearing nothing but their pink tie — that will really turn them on. I've also heard that paying for their tuition works wonders, although for some strange reason I generally don't see that happening all that much.

I hope that my tips have helped you. If they don't help then ... and I'll ominously leave that blank for you to fill in.

Justin Ng

may be different but they know what question and what somebody else has identified it as.

I guess the point that I'm making and have made is that we all see the world differently but we can interact only because we have commonly defined something to mean something.

Tushar
Quack

Letter to Santa

Well people, this is the last issue of *mathNEWS* for the millennium. I hope that all of you will enjoy the Christmas holiday. To get everyone in the holiday mood, we people at *mathNEWS* decided that it would be a good idea to interview good old St. Nick, so there it is, an exclusive interview with Santa Claus.

Interviewer: Sepiraph

Sepiraph: So Santa, how are you today?

Santa: I am fine.

Sepiraph: So tell me Santa, what's life like being Santa Claus?

Santa: Oh, it is great, I love sitting at home all year around doing nothing and watching my evil elves making weapons to sell to the middle-east.

Sepiraph: Evil elves? What are you talking about? Don't you mean those good elves that make toys?

Santa: For the last time, let me tell you that I don't fricking make toys! I don't know where that rumour came from, I don't know why people think I am this jolly good man who goes around delivering presents to children.

Sepiraph: Well, that's surely a surprise.

Santa: Yeah, and stop calling me Santa Claus, that's not my name. My real name is Satan Claus!

Sepiraph: Satan ... Claus?

Satan: Yeah, that's FUC*ING right. My real name is Satan Claus and I am not this nice jolly old guy that the FUC*ING media portrayed, and...

Sepiraph: Sorry to interrupt but can you stop using explicit language, Santa? We can't publish that in *mathNEWS*...

Satan: That's Satan, not Santa, if you call me Santa one more time, I'll kick your sorry ass, and don't you ever interrupt me again if you wanna live.

Sepiraph: I am sorry.

Satan: And what other crap do you want from me? FYI, I never, ever deliver toys to children and I don't travel on a flying sleigh. See, I have wings (Satan spreads out his wings) so I don't need no fricking reindeers. Also I don't dress in that ridiculous red suit and I don't have white beard. The reason why you dumb asses think that I dress in a red suit is because that's my skin colour.

Sepiraph: So you are saying that none of the stories about you are true?

Satan: Ok, I have had enough of you, get out of here before I decide to rip off your head! (kicks Sepiraph in the head)

Sepiraph: Ouch... am sorry Santa ... I mean Satan.

Satan: You called me Santa again, now you'll get it! (kicks the crap out of Sepiraph, cutting off one of his arms in the process)
End of interview

(Severely beaten-up) Sepiraph

Food For Thought, Scenes from the Fin-De-Siecle

"The best thing for being sad," replied Merlyn, beginning to puff and blow, "is to learn something. That is the only thing that never fails. You may grow old and trembling in your anatomies, you may lie awake at night listening to the disorder of your veins, you may miss your only love, you may see the world about you devastated by evil lunatics, or know your honour trampled in the sewers of baser minds. There is only one thing for it then — to learn. Learn why the world wags and what wags it. That is the only thing which the mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust, and never dream of regretting."

T. H. White in *The Once and Future King*

I suppose this topic is overkill but for one thing I think we should all remember, the millennium ends December 31 of this year, not last year. With that thought in mind I think a little look at the past is in order.

More than one historian will tell you that the "chaos and confusion that was the so called 'Dark Ages' ended on an October afternoon in 1066. The Anglo Saxon 'natives' in England were on a hill just outside of present day London, about ten thousand facing an army of Norman invaders in the field below. The two armies had been fighting all morning and stopped for lunch around noon. They gathered up all the bodies and had something to eat and then started at each other again. Around 3 in the afternoon the Normans started to withdraw from the stalemate.

That was when the dark ages ended. The Anglo Saxons stormed down the hill and gave the Normans the ability to use the one technological advantage the Normans had that the Anglo Saxons didn't. The strip. It's amazing what a piece of metal can do; the Norman cavalry armed with lances were able to pummel the Anglo Saxons and that is why we speak English today rather than something more Germanic.

On June 15, 1215, probably one of the most despised kings in English History, King John, was forced to sign a document. Oddly John was forced to sign the Magna Carte by a Frenchman who hated the English; I believe his name was Simon de Mountfort. Now, Magna Carta means literally Great Charter; its more poetic translation is the great charter of liberties. The Magna Carta was the document that said kings were no more above the law than commoners. (It also had provisions about parliament meeting for 50 days every three years and stuff like that, but who cares about the legislature?)

Jumping forward to 1729, Jonathan Swift published "A Modest Proposal" for dealing with the poor of Ireland. Although I would love to give a Modest Proposal redux for our own Premier Harris, it is getting rather cliched. However, if the noble reader will indulge me with a quotation or two: "I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled..." And a little further on: "...because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us."

Finally, in 1964, a University of Toronto English professor published a book that would turn our understanding of our place in the World upside down, if you can understand the

book! The professor, Marshall McLuhan, the book, "Understanding Media, The Extensions of Man." As McLuhan put it, "The medium is the message."

Using another McLuhan quote: "We shape the tools and thereafter the tools shape us." Final question in my on-going pop quiz, what is the most significant invention this past 1000 years? Answer: Movable type. That said, the really important thing was invented, so far as we know, around the time of Emperor Augustus Caesar: the Printing Press.

You see with the invention of the press and movable type it is suddenly possible to print books and lots of books. Look at my little history... 1066, the English language is born on a field called Hastings. 1215, someone finally got around to telling the king that law is sovereign, not kings, that little piece of paper gave people like Swift the right to satirise their leaders. But it took 898 years, from that day when the Anglo-Saxons came charging down that hill for someone to acknowledge that the most significant change that has occurred to us humans is the result of our own inventiveness.

Our great inventiveness has brought us from the dark ages and the bubonic plague to our hyper connected dot-com, super frantic, 24x7x365 World where the difference between day and night is a program called clock running on our terminals.

So here we stand on the edge of a new millennium and the question is, what will be the big deal? My guess: Education. For about a thousand years we have had Universities, and as they slowly become the centre of learning, not only for philosophical and theoretical matters but also applied and practical knowledge we must ask ourselves, to what end?

As a University student, I believe there is no issue of greater importance for the next thousand years than the question, is learning simply job training, as so many of us want to believe? Or is there more to it than that? Is the process of learning something we can do simply for leisure, "for the love of knowing I read this book" or will it be a case of "for the love of keeping my job, hence for the love of money, I read this book."

Obviously I believe in the importance of a theoretical education that has no applied value. I seem to be in the minority. My question, dear reader, is what is a University (other than a polysyllabic way of saying DeVry) if University is just for job training?

Something to think about when you are done exams, because in a few years there is going to be another provincial election. Do you want your degree to say you can use Visual C++ 42.0, or do you want your degree to mean more than that?

"The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

Justice Louis D. Brandeis

Michael Cole

ultraCLASSIFIEDS

Mathies,

Come out to the Annual General Meeting!

Other Mathies

Phat,

I've been reading your articles.

Slim.

Reasons *mathNEWS* Is Better Than *darkmatter*

Recently, *mathNEWS* received a copy of *darkmatter* for our reading enjoyment. Seeing that *darkmatter* is *mathNEWS*'s counterpart for the physics department, we at *mathNEWS* were naturally curious as to how they run things in the land of explosions. Little did we know that we would be treading in the wastes of ignorance and arrogance we know as *darkmatter*.

darkmatter is a parody publication that comes out every two weeks from the bowels of the physics department. It contains what they consider as funny articles, cartoons, their version of "ProfQuotes" (notice we did not use the *mathNEWS* version of *profQUOTES*, since we own its copyright, and THEY cannot use it), and lots of blank spaces.

The issue in question is from October 27th, 2000. On page 2, they pat themselves on their backs for a job well done because they had 3 more pages in *darkmatter* than *mathNEWS* for that week's issue. It continues to demean *mathNEWS* by saying, and I quote:

"Congratulations Physics... and keep up the good work. Without you, someone might think math is where it's at!?"

We at *mathNEWS* like to think that we are on "A Higher Plane". Therefore, we will dispose of vindictive comments that may be construed as anti-physics. However, I would like to set the record straight on a few matters that *darkmatter* failed to grasp.

1. The reason that *darkmatter* has more pages than *mathNEWS* is that they have margins the size of the Titanic on EACH PAGE. On the October 27th issue, the margin on the first 2 pages is 3.2 centimetres, while the *mathNEWS* margin is a fitting 0.5 centimetres. On page 16, they waste an entire page on a comic called "Doggy Versus Sausage Man", that is 1/2 the size of the page. Finally, on page 17, they wasted an entire page on 7 words, which consists of

"UW Physics... WILL YOU BE MY GIRLFRIEND?" Any sane person would agree that *darkmatter* wastes paper to gain an edge over *mathNEWS* on the number of pages used. Congratulations *darkmatter*, you killed more trees than us!

2. They have their own version of *profQUOTES* called "Prof Quotes". Ironically, the majority of their Prof Quotes are from the MATH FACULTY and have heavy math content.
3. In their last issue, they tore up the cover of *mathNEWS* and pasted it in an odd fashion. They printed the torn-up version of *mathNEWS* and added a large bold word "DIE!!!" Afterwards, *mathNEWS* Editor-In-Chief Greg Taylor wrote on the issue immediately following the issue of *darkmatter* in question, "To *darkmatter*: We strive for peaceful Coexistence." Evidently, we live on a higher plane.

The above 3 points are just a few of many "misinterpretations" *darkmatter* has imposed onto the physics faculty and to humanity in general.

While we do dwell on a higher plane and try not to be bothered by petty matters like this, I feel that *mathNEWS*'s reputation must be defended at all costs. *darkmatter* has tarnished *mathNEWS*'s reputation over and over again, and we must draw the line somewhere. Evidently, we draw the line here.

To conclude, *mathNEWS* is better than *darkmatter*. We have more than 1 writer. We have more than 1 editor. We don't infringe on other people's copyrights (eg. *profQUOTES*). [Ray evidently missed our "Copyright and Trademark Infringement issue" — Rich] We're not sexist (at least we try not to be). We don't print *mathNEWS* on cheap green paper. We create our own covers. I can go on and on and on, but *mathNEWS* is on a higher plane. Again, to conclude: we dwell on a higher plane, and we are better than *darkmatter*. Ditto.

Raymond C.T. Lai

All I Want for Christmas is a Break

I've been doing *mathNEWS* for too long, and I only started earlier this year. I mean, a few years ago when I would look around and all I would see was math, I could handle it. I'd wonder how to integrate along some surface, I'd make matrices out of bathroom tiles, I would even do stats in my head. This seemed like typical mathie behaviour, and nothing to be afraid of. But that's all changed now.

I started looking for math humour everywhere during the summer. What easier way was there to come up with ideas for the next issue? I thought of, and rejected, several ideas. Poke-math went nowhere. The Mathstreet Boys were just sad. And Mathie Potter, the boy who became a mathematician, never got beyond the title. I was trying to come up with an impressive idea, but at least I was not jumping on the first pop culture spoof I thought of.

But over the past several months my search for articles has infiltrated my everyday life. I can't even go Christmas shopping without some bad math humour sticking in my head. I went to the Bay to check out some clothing for my dad. Their new label, *goto*, immediately jumped out at me as *goto*. I can't even remember using a

goto

goto statement, why am I thinking about it now? I headed over to the toys section since my brother mentioned a new game for



his Nofriendo 64. And what to my wandering eyes should appear, but Legend of Zelda: Major in Math, sitting here. A double take later I read Majora's Mask, but I

couldn't help but worry, what was happening to me? I mated the sales clerk at the display case, and he said it had never cross produced his mind. "Big O no! I'm losing it!" I quietly panicked.

I abandoned the Bay's case and got on the GCD bus back home. To optimize my time returning home, I cut across a finite field, and some parallel lines. By the time I mated home, I was math out of math. But math math was math at the math. I mated the mathelectionary mathemath, but math mathly mated. Math math math, math math math. Math? Math math!

Math math math math Brad math math

The Frosh Cornered

Letters to the Cornered Frosh

After last week's 'complaint-o-rama', this week was relatively quiet. I received one email concerning my political agenda from my roommate, who shall remain nameless. Otherwise, the Cornered Frosh's email account is empty this week. I guess this columnist didn't offend enough people in the last issue.

Thus concludes this week's *Letters to the Cornered Frosh*.

mathNEWS... Of The Future!

For those who do not know, our Editor-In-Chief Greg Taylor [*Technically Co-Editor with Richard Bilson. — HoloEd*] is moving onto greener pastures and leaving this desecrated hellhole, known to us as the University of Waterloo. After toiling in the virtual trenches for 5 years, he has finally completed his extremely useful music degree (Notice the sarcasm. It's so thick you can cut it with a knife!) to compliment the holy grail, also known as the BMath. With his departure, there is now room for a new Editor-In-Chief for this columnist to bug and annoy.

It is just a matter of time until I claw up the ranks here at *mathNEWS* and become Editor-In-Chief myself. I understand that there will be significant opposition, namely competent SquizMaster Brad T Smith [*Who IS Editor-In-Training this term along with Peter Lizak... — HoloEd*], to the coveted leather chair of the *mathNEWS* office [*Leather? What leather? — HoloEd*], but I am confident that I will own the keys to that cramped closet someday. [*I guess time will tell. — HoloEd*]

Until that time, I can only plan for my glorious takeover of the *mathNEWS* corporation. With that said, the following is an outline of the changes and activities that will be initiated during my impending benevolent dictatorship.

- **Hold annual auditions to continue the long and glorious tradition of "The Frosh Cornered"**

... And what a long tradition it is, having appeared in *mathNEWS* a total of 6 times! Seriously though, I believe that the Frosh population requires a strong voice to rant and complain on behalf of the Froshie population. We must not squander this excellent opportunity to show to the rest of the math population that Froshies do exist, and we like to complain.

To facilitate the continuity of "The Frosh Cornered", an audition will be held at the beginning of the fall term. Interested frosh must complete a 100 multiple choice exam on current events and political issues (anti-UW Quebecois Federation is not a prerequisite, but it is an extremely attractive asset). In addition to the multiple choice exam, "Cornered Frosh" candidates will have to go through a role play, where they will be given a topic to write about, and they must write a column within 10 minutes that is witty, funny, informative, and politically incorrect. Finally, they must be able to present that column in verbal fashion to a panel of *mathNEWS* editors, where they must defend their style and content to said judges. The winner, or the last one to leave in disgust, will have the honour of continuing the fine tradition of writing "The Frosh Cornered" column.

- **Better pizza**

I don't know who orders the pizza around here (I'm looking in YOUR direction Richard), but the pizza that arrives piping hot here at the *mathNEWS* office contains some ingredients that can make men with iron stomachs think

twice about consuming *mathNEWS* food. Yes, Dominos does make good pizza, and the pizza arrives piping hot in the new "Heat Wave Bag" (NOTE: This is NOT a shameless promotion. However, interested advertisers can contact *mathNEWS* about advertising space. [*No they can't. We don't sell it. — HoloEd*]), but the toppings our "Phantom Orderer" chooses is beyond disgusting. [*Hey, there's usually at least one good pizza. You try to satisfy the needs of 10 people at once. ...not that way. — HoloEd*]

When I inevitably become *mathNEWS* editor, I will make sure pizza is appetizing and does not contain the following repulsive ingredients, that has at one point or another, appeared on *mathNEWS* pizza:

- Anchovies [*Did I miss a production night? — HoloEd*]
- Green Olives (A tribute to Dr. Seuss: I will NOT eat Green Olives and Ham)
- Pencil Shavings
- Hamster meat
- Brown paint [*Actually that was photocopier ink. — HoloEd*]

- **A single SquizMaster for the entire term**

We went through 5 (or was that 6? I wasn't counting) different SquizMasters this term. When I become Editor-In-Chief, I would hire a single SquizMaster and make him/her work for all 6 issues. I don't like the idea of giving pizza to 6 different people in 6 weeks. The thought of that is just unthinkable. [*Actually, we suspect a shapeshifter. — HoloEd*][*Or a nameshifter. — SquizMaster*][*Or evil twins (quadruplets?). — HoloEd*]

- **Offer subscription of *mathNEWS* to our Members of Parliament**

After seeing the diverse views of *mathNEWS* staff this past term, I have come to the conclusion that UW students, especially UW Math students, can probably rule Canada better than any political party. Since I doubt Canada would elect a "UW Mathies Party" into power anytime soon, the next best thing is to bombard the Liberal government with *mathNEWS* so they can leech off of our ideas and run the country more efficiently. [*Well, they can always look us up in the National Library of Canada... — HoloEd*]

- **Offer *mathNEWS* services to the US government**

Evidently, they cannot count. Therefore, we shall offer our assistance to the United States Government in the event they need to count, let it be votes, number of nuclear missiles, or the number of mistresses Bill Clinton had.

- **Declare every second Monday to be "*mathNEWS*day" inside the boundaries of the MC.**

Garfield doesn't like Mondays. I don't like Mondays. I truly believe that the majority of Mathie population here detest Mondays as well. Although changing the official name from Monday to "*mathNEWS*day" may not make anything better, it does sound better and make it easier to swallow. It does also remind everyone that there is a production night on every other "*mathNEWS*day".

Note that the name change will only be in effect within the boundaries of the MC. That means if you step off the MC and enter, let's just say the Arts Lecture Hall, then it

The End-of-Term *mathNEWS*Squiz

Now Hiring: Must be willing to write 5 Squizzes

That's right all you out there in Squiz-solving land, it's the final Squiz of this year, possibly even of this decade! It is also my last Squiz! To celebrate this magic moment, every sentence shall be exciting! Hurray! Well, people submitted again! But first, the solutions! 1. Matt Groening, 2. Mr. Snerub, 3. Brian McGee, 4. J. P. McGregor, 5. Pilot a model plane, 6. 1903, 7. Charles Lindbergh, 8. Snoopy, 9. Overboard, 10. Seattle, 11. Seattle's Best Coffee, 12. Olympia, 13. Space Needle, 14. Wrought Iron, 15. Seine, 16. 8, 17. Roland, 18. Iliad, 19. John Milton, 20. Matt Groening again, 21. Glider, 22. Countryside Acres, 23. \$200, 24. Park Place, 25. Free Beer, 26. Lukas Kamps and Colin Wood, 27. CAR, 28. CAS, 29. CAT, 30. Dan Quayle, 31. Apple of the Earth, 32. Pomegranate, 33. Aphrodite, 34. Daughter, 35. Orange, 36. 1000, 37. Bender, 38. Billy West, 39. Ren and Stimpy, 40. Matt Groening, again!

Our final winner of the century was Yolanda with a dominating 37 points! Honourable mention goes to Pete Lizak with his 6 and Mark, Jackson, Clint, & Yen with a team-effort of 6!

As for questions, there's nothing that needs submission for prizes this issue! Instead, the questions will act as an application for SquizMaster! Without further ado, here we go!

All About You

1. What is your name?
2. Do you like free food?
3. Would you like to be SquizMaster?
4. When would you like to begin?
5. Would you be interested in receiving pointers from former SquizMaster(s)?
6. What is your favourite colour?
7. BONUS: Would you like to do the grid as well?

Well, that's it, an easy set of questions! HINT: The only correct ones will have answered "Yes" to question 3 and have a date sometime in 2001 for number 4! Completed Squizzes can be brought to the *mathNEWS* Disorganizational Meeting in one of the three terms next year, or can be mailed directly to *mathNEWS* at mathNEWS@student.math.uwaterloo.ca! You can even memorize your answers and just show up! There can be multiple winners, so everyone is encouraged to submit!

It's been exSQUIZette!
Bradley T Smith

CORNERED continued from page 16

will be Monday again. Unfortunately, *mathNEWS* has no control over Artsies, or anyone, for that matter.

- **Get a better office than the existing broom closet**

It is embarrassing to see the office of Canada's Bastion of Erudite Thought be housed within a broom closet. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, if you have yet to visit the grand atrium that is our closet, please come and take a look at our abomination we consider as our 'office'. Taking cues from the PMC, CSC, MathSoc, and other Math clubs here in the MC, *mathNEWS* shall find a new office that can fit more than a broom and mop.

If it means that we have to annex a portion of the CSC office, so be it. We NEED BETTER WORKING CONDITIONS. [Actually we have been working on this, and CAS came up with some good ideas a few terms back, but no luck so far. — HoloEd]

- **We will have a separate section for *irving*QUOTES and *vasiga*QUOTES**

mathNEWS experimented with separate sections for Irving and Vasiga this term, and it was a rousing success. We had enough material for both of them alone to fill up an entire page. When I become Editor-In-Chief, I shall enact the "Vasiga-Irving" Law, where they both will have their own page of witty and funny *prof*QUOTES's. [No doubt with the editing done in VI. — HoloEd]

- **Declare war on the University of Waterloo Quebecois Federation**

Since the UWQF has made my "Things I must destroy before I leave" list, I shall transfer my personal vendetta to the pages of *mathNEWS*. Each week, *mathNEWS* will dedicate an entire page to mock and ridicule this so-called federation. I have no quarrels with people from Quebec.

As a matter of fact, many of my friends are from Quebec. However, the members of UWQF are complete idiots, therefore, I must crush them. [As long as I'm not the one ending up in the courtroom. — HoloEd]

Again, to summarize for those people still confused:
Quebecers = good people; like; no hostile intent
UWQF = bad people; no like; lots of hostile intent

- **Get our own poster stamp**

Currently, all posters that goes up around the MC and the DC must be stamped by the benevolent hand of MathSoc personnel. The MathSoc stamp, currently pictured as a log with the word MATHSOC smacked in the middle, must be applied liberally on all posters to make sure it stays up on the walls where it belongs. When I become Editor-In-Chief, we will buy our own *mathNEWS* stamp, and we will stamp our own posters, negating the middleman we know as MathSoc. This will save both time and agony we have to go through by walking 10 steps from the *mathNEWS* closet to the MathSoc safe where the stamp is housed.

So, there it is. Greg, you can leave in good conscience that *mathNEWS* is in good hands. [I'm trying to feel reassured. — HoloEd] Don't worry, we won't run Canada's definitive voice on erudite thought into the ground.

Good luck Greg in all your endeavours. [Thanks. — HoloEd] A word of caution, Greg: Don't interfere with the inevitable destiny of *mathNEWS*, or else I will have to slap a restraining order on you. [I don't even remember seeing the initial straining order... — HoloEd]

Until Next Term...
-Raymond C.T. Lai
The Cornered Frosh

r3lai@student.math.uwaterloo.ca

Time's Up

A mathNEWS perspective on the last five years

Well, I'm graduating this term (I hope). I've actually been here since Fall 1995 — I don't know where the time went and still think I'm too young to be old. But I thought I'd remark on some fond *mathNEWS* related memories I have accumulated over my stay here. Consider this a bonus *mastHEAD* I guess. Hey, if you're not interested, don't read, simple as that.

First of all, I think I arrived at the right time... in 1995 *mathNEWS* was trying to get rid of 11 boxes of old *mathNEWS* issues. So I own quite a backlog. But I didn't really begin my official association until I submitted an article into the BLACK BOX for the second issue of Volume 69, namely "Dream Theme" (about an odd calculus dream). It even resulted in an editorial comment wondering what would have happened if I were in CS... the ironic thing being that now I *am* in CS — first year was enough to scare the Pure Mathie out of me. Though I still do all my home processing on a 486 without benefit of a printer, and I *never* drink coffee... maybe I'm some strange hybrid? At any rate, following my first publishing, I came out to the next Production Night... and have continued to do so for (perhaps) every possible one since. I even ended up drawing 50% of the covers in Fall 1995. Which is interesting, considering I'm not much of an artist (a sample of my work can be found on the *mathNEWS* wall, or the cover of this issue).

Though the following terms I remember being an assistant SquizMaster, barbecue attendant (*mathNEWS* had to fund for itself back then), and part of the *mathNEWS* EOT group who ordered a round of water for some diners at Zeke's. (They reciprocated with HP Sauce, so we sent them Ketchup... or maybe that was the other way around...) I also started writing more, including columns full of puns, columns full of cynicism, columns indicating how everything in life is learned in *mathNEWS*, parody columns... some of these even contained the occasional tidbit of useful information. Not being totally

insane though, I never had any delusions of becoming an editor. In fact, for our Issue 500 Spectacular (we've got a bunch in the office from Fall 1998) when we had a page we needed to fill, I jokingly suggested putting my picture there with the caption "future editor". Little did I know.

In fact, the reason I've now ended up making cryptic HoloEd comments amongst the articles of others is due to the fact that there weren't going to be any current editors around in Fall 1999. As this was discovered in January, it was with quick succession that I found myself an Editor-in-Training, Co-Editor and then Editor. (Followed by another Co-Editorship to round things out. Yes, I edited for a full year running. Maybe I have been here too long?) I'm still not positive how that happened, particularly because I always thought my ability to manage was even worse than my ability to draw. Yet perhaps the moral to that, and indeed of this entire article, is: hey, you never know what you can do until you try, or until you put your mind to it!

But now everything's run its course. The little "Graphics Printing/Imaging Requisition" forms have become "Graphics Visual Solutions Requisition" forms, the *mathNEWS* transfer directory has become obsolete in the face of instantaneous informational transfers, and for some reason this term of editing has felt more difficult than the previous ones. So I'm ready to call it quits. (Plus I'm graduating this term and should probably find a real job.) Ergo, my tally currently stands at 4 editorships, 12 covers, x cynical columns, 12 Quantum Loops, 5 General l'Hopital and other miscellaneous bits and pieces. (x is defined as an integer I don't feel like looking up.) Of course, I may still continue to submit as other former editors do... consider that fair warning. In the meantime, get involved in *mathNEWS* yourself! You can put it on your resume, you know.

Greg "hologrami" Taylor

gridCOMMENTS

The Chill Winds of Finals

Hey folks. So in case anyone there follows American college

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football, apparently Auburn has done quite well for itself this year. They're playing in some championship game or other this weekend, so there was a constant line of students waiting to enter their names into a random draw to get student tickets.

Of course, if you don't care, then ignore the previous paragraph. Ignore this one too, for all I care.

Anyhow. How's life? Personally, I received five solutions to last issue's *gridWORD*, one of which was even correct! So congratulations to **Mark Stratford, Jackson Stone, Clint Torres, and Yen Chung**, who submitted a perfect solution and claim that "Sex, Drugs, Alcohol" are the leading causes of motor accidents. Other submissions came from Ashif, Pete L., the team of Jen W. and Mike "The Ladies' Man" Savigny, and Brian Glick (who claimed to be personally the leading cause of car accidents).

There is no new puzzle this week. This is because, well, there isn't. Nyah. Shouldn't you be studying for your finals or some such crap?

So I guess that's it for me. Of course, I've said that before, and I'm still writing. Who knows? If the call is sent out to me, then I will be a dutiful son of *mathNEWS* (and proud m.N.e. 4life) and continue to write *gridWORDS*. See y'all on the flip-side,

Matt in the Hat