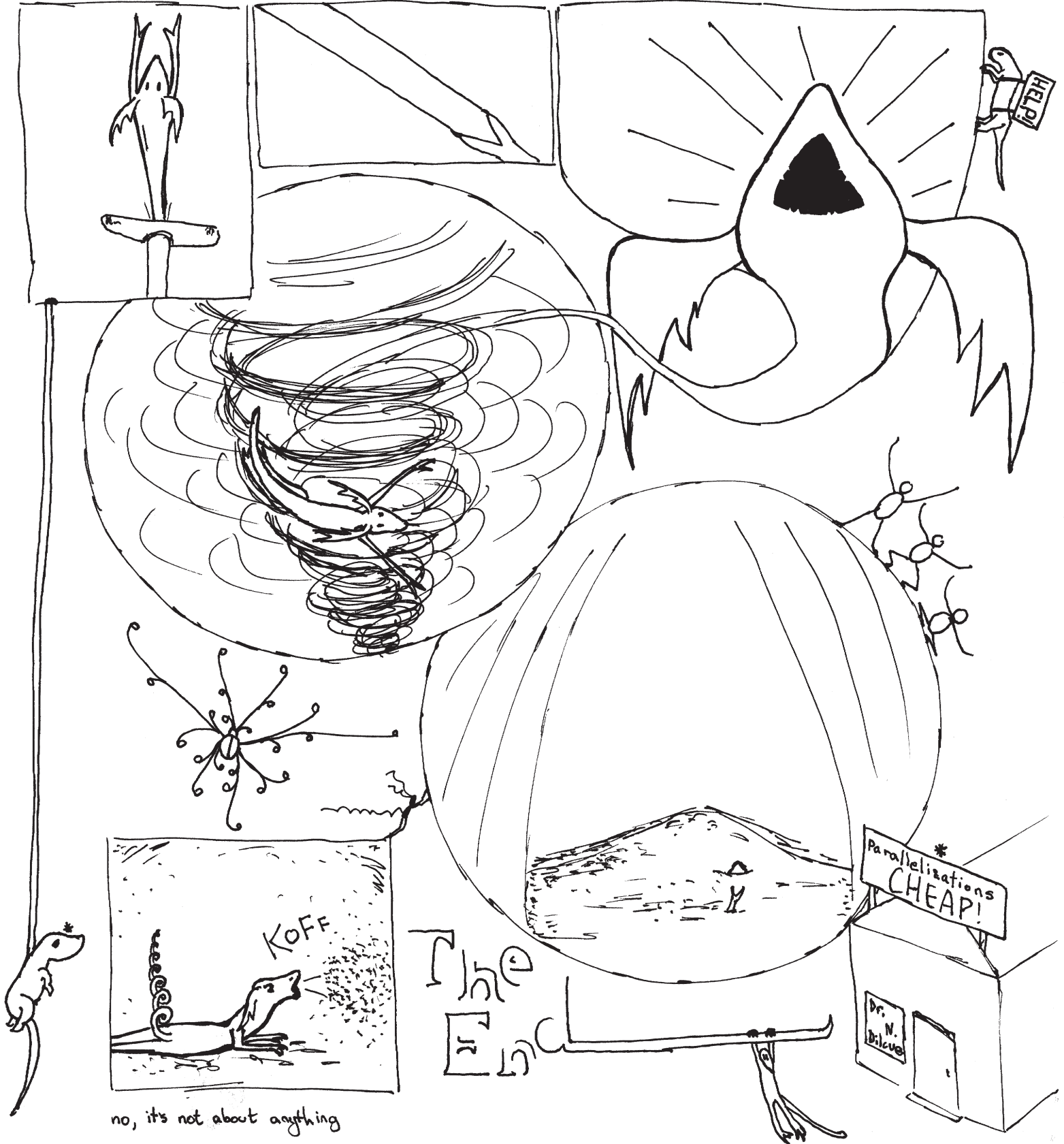


math

NEWS

Volume 85, Issue 6

Friday, March 30, 2001



no, it's not about anything

Presidential mussings

and good mussings they be

Find out your dreams and act on them. Work within your society to make it better place, and don't complain unless you take actions to rectify those complaints.

The only way to make a better world is to do it. I will be going to BC in early May to read and ride my bicycle for four months. Living off the land and philosoplizing about existence. In July I am hoping to get a position as a Katimavik Project Leader in BC. And then next april spend four months touring Europe and Asia. And finally in Fall 2002 I will be doing a B.A. in Poli. Sci or Canadian Studies at UBC. If your ever in the area look me up! www.paulroyston.com

Paul Royston
Math Society President W01

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS

March 30 Issue #6 packs up and moves to Memphis

Math Faculty

March 31 Cambridge makes new offer
April 2 Drumbo promises bags of cash
April 3 Microsoft buys us out!
Goin' to Seattle, baby!

MathSoc

March 30 End of Term Party
March 31 MathSoc mysteriously loaded into large UHaul truck

MGC

April 2 MGC House Party
April 3 MGC House mysteriously loaded into large UHaul truck

Miscellaneous

April 1 Daylight Savings Time
(Clocks go ahead an hour!)
April 1 April Fool's Day!
(Sorry! Clocks don't go ahead.
They go back an hour!)
April 2 You're two hours early!
(Ha Ha! April fool!)
April 13 Friday the 13th
April 13 Good Friday
(Do those cancel each other out?)
April 6-21 Exam-O-Mania!!!

ISSN 0705-0410

mathNEWS is normally a fortnightly publication funded by and responsible to the undergraduate math students of the University of Waterloo, as represented by the Mathematics Society of the University of Waterloo, hereafter referred to as MathSoc. *mathNEWS* is editorially independent of MathSoc. Content is the responsibility of the *mathNEWS* editors; however, any opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and not necessarily those of MathSoc or *mathNEWS*. Current and back issues of *mathNEWS* are available electronically via the World Wide Web at <http://www.mathnews.uwaterloo.ca/>. Send your correspondence to: *mathNEWS*, MC3041, University of Waterloo, 200 University Ave. W., Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, N2L 3G1, or to userid math-news@undergrad.math.uwaterloo.ca on the Internet.

The editors Extreme: Peter "Red Cap" Lizak and Bradley "T" Smith

Three Eyed Fish Found in Pissing Egg

This morning the UW campus was turned on its ear as reports about three eyed fish surfaced everywhere. Most astonishing of the claims was that of an orange fiiish found happily glub glub glubbing in the Pissing Egg outside of MC. Upon further inspection, first year undergrads Marco Petrushini and Dave Scoobello have ascertained the source of the horrifying mutation to be a Pissing Egg Uranium 235 core.

J. Marvin Kafelnicooty, associate dean of Nuclear Engineering had no comment, however, an unnamed source to *mathNEWS* leaked the information on the core. The nuclear powered Pissing Egg has been designed to be able to function, devoid of external power, for over 5200 years, at which point Uranium 235 and it's child plutonium and thorium nuclides will have decayed to the point of leaving nothing more than a Dribbling Egg. The unnamed leak also pointed out the wide speculation within Nuc Eng that the inner shell of the egg is lined with CO59, making it a so-called 'dirty egg', the detonation of which would litter the campus with the deadly CO60 isotope.

Janet "Cupcake" Flossinghamar, a 4th year sociology major commented, "I think the last thing this world needs is more nuclear eggs. First it was nuclear figure skates and now nuclear eggs. Before you know it the world will have nuclear submarines and nuclear bombs capable of decimating an entire zoo or daycare."

Desmondo Hachetman, a freshman beekeeper at Laurier expounded, "This egg is a danger to our highschool. If Waterloo decided to make an aggressive move to annex us, the plutonium generated within the egg could easily be used as a weapons grade warhead fuel." He later went on to explain the need for a WLU missile defence shield to defend the school from UW hegemony.

It seems that nobody really cared much about the fish that had 'evolved' within the radioactive egg drop piss soup, but a spokesman from the Darwin association pursued this reporter aggressively, shouting, "This so called fiiish is nothing but evolution. You can talk all you want about radioactivity and super intelligent, giant, invisible vegetables, but this is Darwin at work, not that bitch Curie, Darwin!" Although it is widely speculated that there could be a whole colony of orange fiiish, nobody has ever considered a subspecies of hyperintelligent invisible fiiish, but they scare the living shit out of me. The chance of a whole colony will be investigated later this year by a joint venture between the once bitter enemies, the BC Society for the Love of Ogotogods and the Loch Ness Human-Monster Love League. It seems that this miracle fiiish has brought about a little peace in the helter skelter world of today.

stdio.h - special to *mathNEWS*

"Statistically the probability of any one of us being here is so small you would think the mere fact of existence would keep us all in a contented dazzlement of surprise."

Lewis Thomas

Three Eyed Fish gets caught “looking”

Fish claims lazy third eye

****SLAP**** “You pervert!”

****SLAP**** “Ewwwww!”

“Get away from me you filthy three eyed freak!” ****SLAP SLAP SLAP****

Those phrases and many more resounding SLAPs can often be heard on the third floor of MC. The reasons for such liberal distribution of SLAPs is the seemingly constant and perverse admiration of the female form by Three Eyed Fish.

“They’re always looking at me!” said blonde hair, blue eyed Karen WithAhKay who is a size 2. “Those three eyes, they seem to just objectify you.”

WithAhKay, who stated she looks great in a bikini, expressed that the staring from three eyed members of society is not like the usual staring she receives from the lonely souls of MC.

“Usually, I can handle it. Normal perverts, they give you the once over, check you out and move on.” said WithAhKay who also mentioned that she tans once a week. “But with these Three Eyed monstrosities, they kind of take you all in at the same time. They make me feel all seedy. As if I’ve been doing a strip tease in the MacLab or something.” WithAhKay also mentioned that despite being sexy, she is also not interested.

The complaints of ogling Three eyed fish range from simple outright staring to more offensive actions, such as undressing

up to three women with their eyes simultaneously.

Blinky Thefishith, president of the Three Eyed Fish Waterloo Students Association, claims that all three eyed fish are born with a lazy eye. “It really is just a genetic thing,” explained Thefishith. “We don’t mean to offend anyone, so please bear with us.

“Besides, I hear this Karen WithAhKay was sweet like a fox.” continued Thefishith. “Wouldn’t mind letting her slap me around...” Thefishith proceeded to wink twice and nudge with his elbow.

****SLAP****

KayDot Oh

Blinky does Cambridge ANY POSITION

So I was walking past the Mongolian Grill the other day, and I glanced at an interesting sign out of the corner of my eye...

Ben



Blinky, oggling the ladies again...

THANK YOU

Campus Day 2001 Volunteers

You did an exceptional job! We knew we could count on you! Thanks to all of you listed below, Campus Day was a huge success!

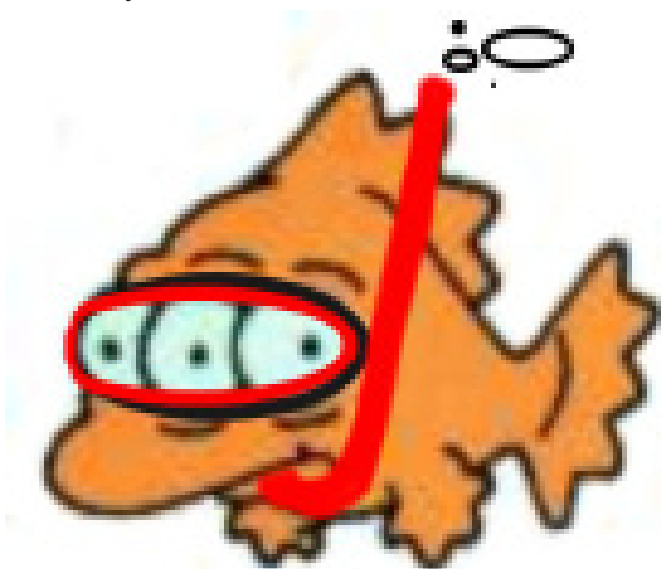
Lama Abouchakra

Jason Ang
 Ali Ansan
 Randi Ash
 David Ashton
 Toni Aston
 Gladimir Baranoski
 Emily Beavis
 Ian Bell
 Steven Bender
 Carolyn Bentley
 Jesse Bergman
 Peter Brillinger
 Geoff Brown
 Michael Brown
 Mike Brown
 Steve Brown
 Ryan Browne
 James Brydon
 Ian Bull
 Colin Campbell
 Joe Capka
 Ken Caputo
 Maria Carone
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 Nick Cave
 Viann Chan
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 Kalpna Chauhan
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 Ryan Shantz
 Rong Fen Shen
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 Syntheia Sin
 Candy Sinning
 Christine Sio
 Anita Sittambalam
 Selina Siu
 Matt Slager
 Maureen Stafford
 missed anyone.

Eric Sterne
 Robin Stewart
 Rafi Syed
 Julia Taylor-Hell
 Dennis The
 Blinky Thefishith III
 Petar Todorovic
 Hun Tran
 Deborah Ann Trott
 Razvan Trufasio
 Sara Tsang
 Erna Unrau
 Shelley Upton
 Nadia Ursacki
 Ian VanderBurgh
 David Wagner
 H. Bobby Wang
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 Cindy Weston
 Holly Denise White
 Rita Wiebe
 Pam Williamson
 Ben Willson
 David Wilson
 Jesse Winkiewicz
 Johnny Wong
 Norm Woo
 Chi Yeung Wu
 Carson Wung
 Alice Yeung
 Cintia Yu
 Maggie Yu
 Jiang Zhen Ming
 Haoqing Zhu
 We apologize if we've



Fillet O'Three Eyed Fish latest campus hit

As of last week, University of Waterloo campus services began serving Fillet O'Three Eyed Fish as a vegetarian alternative for students. The offering was an instant hit, selling out often during the lunch rush-hour.

"We're pumping out as much Three Eyed Fish as we can!" said John Isenga, Public Relations representative of on campus food services. "We've never seen anything like it, really. Even when we offered "Buy two get one free" Frog legs from three legged frogs, demand wasn't this high!" offered Isenga.

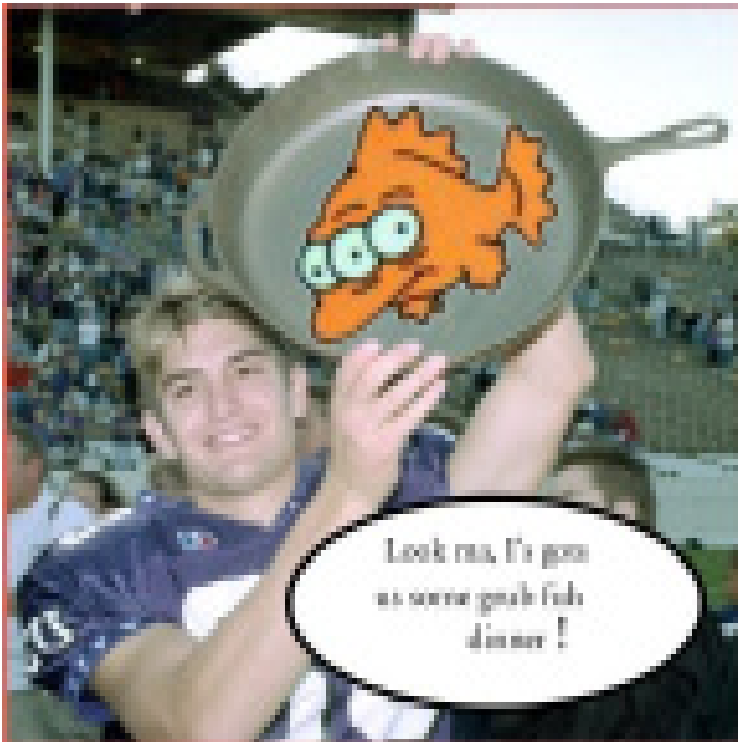
Recent population surges in Three Eyed Fish around Canada have allowed the industry to finally take off. Waterloo's own supply of Three Eyed Fish can be found in Columbia lake. "We've got people fishing [at Columbia Lake] all the time," explained Isenga "We think we might have to bring in a fishing trawler to keep up with demand."

Student demand for Three Eyed Fish products is at an all time high. The social phenomenon is said to be traced to a rumour that Three Eyed Fish can serve as an aphrodisiac. "It makes you more sensitive," claims one 3EF addicted student. "It's as if you've got a third eye yourself," claimed another.

The Three Eyed Fish Waterloo Students Association (3EFWSA) is furious at the recent introduction of Fillet O'Three Eyed Fish. 3EFWSA officially expresses concern regarding the social impact of eating 3EF. "This isn't a matter of offering a food alternative," cried Blinky Thefishith, president of 3EFWSA. "These are your friends, you're eating. And to us, they're our brothers, sisters, mothers, and fathers. It's inhumane!"

Meanwhile, campus food services does not foresee a drop in demand for Fillet O'Three Eyed Fish in the near future. With local supplies of 3EF running low, Isenga stated that other sources are being considered. "Apparently Guelph also has a surplus," commented Isenga. "But everyone knows the top notch 3EF comes from Springfield, USA."

KayDot Oh



How to Derive a Taylor Series

Some people have wondered how I come up with such serial columns as General l'Hopital (v75, 1997; v85, 2001) and Quantum Loop (v77, 1998; v81, 1999). In fact, creating such Taylor Series' is not that difficult, and I shall now reveal the appropriate steps in their creation to anyone who cares, or is actually interested in making their own Taylor Series derivative.

1. Select a story arc. Something you can effectively babble about for six issues. If it's related to math, all the better. You don't have to stick to said arc the whole time but people will appreciate knowing that the column will eventually stop. This may deter them from coming after you with sharp objects (the operative word being 'may'). Prior arcs of mine include "mathematical punctuation", and "why chairs were chained in MC".
2. Write each column the same week it comes out in *mathNEWS*. Don't prepare anything in advance. This way you can slip in any current events as well as give yourself a crash course in stress management. They *usually* only take between 2 and 4 hours to do anyway.
 - When you write, have a math textbook on hand. Liberally insert terms into the column. As an example, don't say "You did something wrong", say "You didn't log the major factors" or "What you-knit was not a-tribute". There are actually two ways to do this.
 - Write the column, go back and change the wording. In my case, most often done with QLoop. Classic QLoop comments include "Lynn Kedlist cursed, then recursed", "My processes have better threads than you, Admiral" and "the CPU will be arrested for making con currency to buy hash".
 - Pick out some good catch phrases first, or words that you want to use together, and fill in plot elements around them. In my case, most often done with l'Hopital. Classic l'Hopital comments include a paragraph containing words all starting with "ex", "Gran U. Larity is into cayenne distribution", "back us now or form", and the redoubtable "Gram Schmidt ortho gone, Ali Zay's shun process".
4. If possible, include some mathematical trivia and words like paraskavedekatriaphobia (fear of Friday the 13th) to maintain reader interest. For QLoop this was required, for l'Hopital it seemed a moral at the end would suffice. Doing this means there's a chance someone will actually learn something by reading the column. Of course, there's also a chance they'll simply be totally confused, but if they miss out on the enlightenment that's their problem.
5. Finally, make sure to carefully spell and grammar check your work. Whether you have available editors on a production night or not, you don't want them correcting intentional "kneed" or "monic" errors anyway.

So there you have it. Note that if you have a topic you can only babble about for one issue, it may still be useful (witness Sine Field). I now leave my legacy in the hands of others... but remember, old *mathNEWS* editors never die. They just get written off.

Greg "hologrami" Taylor

Food For Thought

Urban Art

"Toronto is a good city to mind your own business in."- Writer and U of T English Professor, Northrope Fry

Just off the North end of the Eaton Centre, near Sweet Rosie's Cookies, in the Dundas Subway Station is a mural entitled "Cross Section". Made by William McElcheran.

I still remember when I was just six years old my baby-sitter used to take me to the Eaton Centre to enjoy that positively exciting experience for a five year old, clothes shopping. I remember seeing all the construction then and not paying close attention to the mural dated May of 1984.

Now that I am a little older I notice things that at one time were far less exciting than the toy department of a now defunct department store.

Cross Section is like a photograph of people in the Dundas Subway station at rush hour.

The men in their long trench coats clutching their satchels hurriedly off to meet some appointment with eternity.

The gorgeous lady down at the path level with her husband (or boyfriend?) listening to the guitar playing hippy. The male with her is in a rush to get away, he has a look of total disdain.

The boys a short escalator ride up must be in the middle of a fist fight.

There is a man with a long beard mouth open wide, wearing robes. I can almost hear him saying "believe in the lord Jesus, Satan is upon us". Well its been 17 years and no sign of Satan yet, US presidential elections notwithstanding.

There is a father scolding his son, it looks like the child, perhaps five or six years old dropped a parcel on the ground.

A lot of the people are still dressed as if it were the late 1960s and not the early 80's. But just as the dog, a husky, near the North bound platform never changes his fur coat, the actions, the emotions, have not changed, I'll bet, since that subway station first opened more than thirty years ago.

People still have places to go, people to see. The music changes, the way we get from A to B changes. But the thesis that North America is a society more concerned with getting from A to B than with A or B is very much in evidence in Cross Section.

I love watching the people hurriedly rush off to do their

daily business. There is, arguably nothing as fun as sitting at a sidewalk cafe, like the Second Cup over by John and Queen, or The Now Cafe on Parliament just North of Carlton watching the people go about their daily business.

To be sure there are those who don't seem to appreciate the rhythm in a city. The movie makers who take up every parking space on a one lane side street. The federal or provincial politician who can't seem to do anything other than cut services while they hike taxes. The suburbanite who complains about the bad traffic or the dirty subway system - ironically their low density housing could never pay for wide streets. It takes Toronto income tax dollars to extend the 404. In the end, though, everyone is part of the city.

All this talk brings me to that immortal question what is a city all about. Is it tax revenue for Ontario or Canada? Is it a place for farmers to sell their produce?

I believe a city is more than that. There is something amazing, spectacular even, that three million people can live and work within twenty kilometres of each other. Consuming tons of produce and raw materials and generating so much, arts, letters, learning. (As well as manufactured goods.)

Human beings have congregated for all of our recorded history and then some. Cities are institutions that predate nations, states, even politics as we know it today. A poor, but relevant example, Canada celebrated her 125'th birthday in 1992. Toronto celebrated its 150'th birthday in 1984, but even before 1834 there were people living where the Don River meets Lake Ontario.

Toronto, the word comes from a First Nations word for "Meeting Place". And as I type this little column I am in fact sitting on the 27'th floor of a smaller office tower in the same downtown core where over a million people are right now meeting, talking, doing business and improving the quality of life, intentionally or unintentionally, for everyone.

One may not like city life, but it is nearly impossible to escape it. Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, were, are and will be, the heart of Canada. To think otherwise is a mark of the short-sighted.

Michael Cole

Those Darned Jugglers

Last Saturday at precisely 12 noon EST, the Earth stopped spinning around it's axis, and began to rotate in the reverse direction. Although in some parts of the world this would be making headlines, here in Waterloo nobody really cares. Honestly, would you notice if the sun were to rise in the west and set in the east? You think you would? Well, think again, because you didn't.

Scientists say the reason the sun stood still in the sky was because of the highly powerful combined will-power of every clown, juggler, and circus acrobat. These Scientists claim this event was inevitable, since it is a well known fact that if the earth stopped spinning, gravity would decrease by about half, which would make the world a much more desirable place to live. The Scientists also claim to have known the jugglers and circus freaks were the only ones who could focus 110% of their

minds to telekinetically complete this amazing chore.

Alas, it is unfortunate that their minds were too powerful for the Earth merely to stop, and they overdid it by making it spin at precisely the same speed in the opposite direction. So, if you notice yourself doing things backward and have an unnerving feeling of *deja vu*, just remember you are not alone. In fact, we are going backwards in time right now, but by some law in some physics textbook somewhere that nobody really cares about, we're not allowed to notice.

If you are still unconvinced that the Earth is spinning in the opposite direction as it was last week, then I leave you with the following proof: the Owl said so, therefore it is true.

the Owl

How to pick up

Not everyone in the world is as gifted as Blinky when it comes to picking up attractive members of the opposite sex (As for members of the same sex, Blinky isn't interested, sorry ...but his cousin Winky is). I've recently been experimenting with new methods on how to pick up fine young ladies.

While the techniques are still new and in the experimental stage, they are showing good signs. Usually I just get laughed at, and girls don't slap me anymore. So it's at least an improvement. Onto the techniques.



1. The "Overly excited, I'm always happy, come get some" maneuver



Notice that one of the key elements in all the maneuvers is the Yankee cap. For some reason the ladies like the red cap, and the fact that the maneuvers are performed on the third floor of the MC do attract the gold diggers. So, before you try this at home, make sure you got your hat, you're in the math building, and you got confidence.

Pete Love



2. The "Yo I listen to hip hop, so get down wit' it" maneuver
3. The "I'm pathetic, have pity on me" maneuver



Blinky and friends on their 1998 summer vacation to Mir.

General l'Hopital

End of the Taylor Series

"Will you please explain to us what the point of all this was?" Ana inquired of her sister.

Elly nodded. "The punctuation that's been going missing is all connected to numbers. Periods as decimals, dashes as minus signs, exclamation marks as factorials. But there's no such correlation with question marks, which is why we're seeing more of them! A question mark fancier must be behind this scheme!"

"Don't start into Scheme," groused a large π , rising up from behind a basic pro-log sign. "With all the parentheses involved in that language, my fort ran better under Al Golle. Though he was never able to seize me a big, oh, notation in math!"

"Awk!" exclaimed Max. "I see Q! And it's irrational!"

"pFFT, just call me π ," the π said. "You know Elly, you didn't even mention how commas appear in numbers and as french decimals."

"Right, commatose patients have been sparse too," Dr. Waterson realized.

"Now this all parses," Ana remarked. "It's been a plot designed to amplify appearances of the question mark."

"With an attempt being made to finger Elly as the cause of some problems, owing to her natural immunity," Max reasoned. " π wanted her out of the equation!"

"Indeed," π stated. "But I was thrown a curve by her discussing with people who could track the problem to this sector of town. I regret that I'll now have to dispose of each of you... but my principal ideals must continue."

"Wait, you're forgetting something," Dr. Waterson interjected. "The question mark may not appear often in notation but it is of fundamental importance. Without mathematicians asking questions, we would never be where we are today."

π paused. "There's a ring of truth to that," it admitted.

"Consider the following," Elly stated. "The popular questions that surrounded Fermat's Last Theorem, the current P versus NP problem, even the 23 Mathematical Problems of David Hilbert."

"All of it is mathematically important and all of it involves big question marks," Ana added.

"Don't go recognition crazy now and put mathematics in Jeopardy," Max concluded.

"You think maybe I taught all o'... gee," the π reflected. "I suppose my role is larger than I suspected."

"Of course," Dr. Waterson concluded. "Come on now, let us work to re-solve our differences and put an end to this power struggle."

"Very well," agreed π . "I suppose what I really require is psychological counselling..."

So, as a result of their care, π overcame a period of monic depression and became unconditionally stable. Electra "Elly" Lysis resumed her duties in the l'Hopital as before, actually being five times as functional. Max Value and Ana Nuther Value took relaxing vacations in Monte Carlo and Las Vegas, prior to accepting a case that involved making Al Gore rhythmic using a horn clause. And Dr. Carrie Waterson carried on with her own work... with no other large problem ever revealing itself. So the moral of the story is: If you question marks, don't forget the importance of notation.

Finis II

Greg "hologrami" Taylor

A few useful Theorems (with Proofs)

As you all know, the cramming days are upon us and many of you are scrambling to find time to study for the final (or not). After spending a few days in my secret hub (a.k.a. my apartment), I devised a few theorems and their proofs which may help you in your cram sessions (if not, at least you can have a good laugh).

Theorem 1: Everywhere in UW, a person has to make an important decision.

Proof:

Let $f(x) = \text{University of Waterloo}$

Then $f'(x) = 0$ as the term is a constant with respect to x . So any point x within the UW campus is a critical point, which means that you have to make an important decision anywhere in UW.

Theorem 2: Each and every "normal" person can be represented by 3 dots.

Proof:

If you have taken Math 239 (or C&O 230), then you should have heard of Euler's Formula. By that formula, $p - q + s = 2$, where $p = \#$ of vertices, $q = \#$ of edges, $s = \#$ of faces. Assuming that a person is normal, he has 1 face and 2 edges of personality. So by the formula, $p = 2 - s + q = 2 - 1 + 2 = 3$. So each person has 3 vertices. Thus each normal person can be represented by 3 dots.

Theorem 3: Everything you see can be represented by a real

number.

Proof:

Assuming that you are not hallucinating, everything you see is real. So there is no imaginary objects. Thus the term $a + bi$ has $b = 0$, so the things you see are all represented by real numbers.

Theorem 4: No matter how you do in the finals,

$P([\text{grade} < \text{average}] \cup [\text{grade} = \text{average}] \cup [\text{grade} > \text{average}]) = 1$.

Proof:

Regardless of how you do in the finals, your mark is always going to be either lower than the class average, equal to it, or higher than it. Q.E.D.

Theorem 5: In the long run, the amount of time one spends coding is smaller than the amount of time one spends rebooting after the computer crashes from running the code.

Proof:

Go to a computer lab of your choice in the MC building and ask anyone who is doing a programming assignment.

If these theorems don't aid you for the finals this term, don't worry. They will help you solve a difficult problem someday (when will that day come? I have no idea. Remember, I am a mathie, not a psychic).

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

The Frosh Cornered

Still Cornered, Still Frosh

"I'm Frosh until I pass."

Ben Wilson, F01 MathSoc President

I came to this production night fully prepared to write a farewell speech, a memoriam, for my column. Seeing that my Frosh year is about to come to a timely end, it only seemed appropriate to escape the stigma of being a Frosh and begin to live life as a UW survivor.

However, a conversation with my friends here in the Math-Soc office has changed my fundamental thinkings of all things Frosh. What really defines a Frosh anyway? Many people think the term 'Frosh' is bounded by temporal mechanics, but when the limit of that temporal existence comes to a halt, so does the inherent label. After talking with my colleagues, I have come to the conclusion that being a Frosh is much greater than being bounded by time. A Frosh has an unbelievable motivational spirit to get things done, to get involved in the community, and to serve the students he works for. Being bounded by time on both ends of the spectrum isn't fair to those who have given so much to the Math community beyond their first year as a Mathie.

Having defined being Frosh isn't limited to one's first year at school, I hereby declare that *The Frosh Cornered(TFC)* will continue in the Fall term, after a 4 month hiatus, and *The Frosh Cornered*(Maybe with a minor name change next year) will still be written by this columnist whom all you love and hate at the same time (most likely hate, at least until the next **Corner the Frosh Contest**.) This column will continue to be the pinnacle of useless thought and hilaraty. Count on *TFC* to brighten (or worsen) your day in September, as I roll out week after week of comical justice.

As I continue my role as columnist at *mathNEWS*, I have gained invaluable experience not only in writing, but also in interpersonal communications as well. In retrospect, I realize that I could have improved at some critical junctions in my short, but still continuing, *mathNEWS* career. It only seems fair to share my thoughts on this subject, as it contains apologies and retractions all of you have been waiting for the entire year.

1. I didn't make fun of Artsies enough

Over 7 months, I received a total of ZERO complaints for my blatant attacks on the Arts faculty. I have come to the conclusion that these people can be verbally attacked some more before they actually start to fight back. Next year, I will make sure to humiliate this minority group even more, or at least, until they start to retaliate in anger, at which point I'll switch my focus on antagonizing *Imprint's* lack of professional style and quality writing [*He thinks math-NEWS has style and quality!!! Ha ha ha... — Pete Love*].

2. Declaring my future *mathNEWS* dictatorship before making sure that the current editor isn't coming back as a graduate student is a bad idea

In my last column of the F00 term, I declared my impending dictatorship here at *mathNEWS* to Greg Taylor (F00 *mathNEWS* dictator) and then assistant editor Pete "Love" Lizak. However, I found out after the fact that Pete will be anchoring himself to the *mathNEWS* office after he graduates from his dual AM/CS degree by declaring himself as a

graduate student. As a result, I may not get my dictatorship so early as I thought I would. Even though the *mathNEWS* revolution will not happen overnight, it will happen, and when you see gunpowder smoke and hear "Sempre Fidelis" played by a bass band near the closet space of the *math-NEWS* office in a few years, you all will know that I have wrestled control of mN; office keys from the evil clutches of Pete [*I'm sure I could video tape you trying to wrestle the keys out of my hands, and sell copies for a mint — Pete Love*].

3. I need to keep my stuff short, and sweet

This is a public apology to those who fought off sleep to read my past articles. While writing four page articles was fun, people have told me that my writing is all that embodies the cure for insomnia. Given, I can donate my trade secret to benefit the medical community, but I don't want to associate the good name of *TFC* as the revolutionary cure for the sleep deprived. Keeping my articles short and focusing on the content instead of the quantity is more important.

Now, we've heard what I did wrong, lets analyze what I did right:

1. I stood up for Canadian solidarity

When those bastards at the UW Quebecois Federation sent me threatening emails questioning my ethnicity and advocating the separation of this great country, I wasted no time to take a political stance. In retrospect, I should have given these guys the royal treatment and wrote an entire column on how insanely humourous they all are. Yes, we're all grateful that you gave us the poutine [*Poutine! I swear they are trying to kill us with Coronary blockage using that stuff! — Pete Love*], but can't we all live on as Canadians?

2. The Frosh Cornered Guarantee was established

By the urging of my colleagues whom I will not name (*ahem*KENNY*cough*PETE*ahem*KENNY*ahem*) I created a self-imposed limit of one page columns to make sure I focus on the content and not on the quantity. Given, the flowchart issue of *TFC* was a blast to write, but how many of you actually read the monolith of an article? [*I didn't, and I was supposed to edit it! — Pete Love*]

3. I used more bullet points

- Bullets
- makes things
- readable.

Thus ends my seven month foray into Mathie journalism. What ideas do I have for next year? Well:

Needless to say, I need a break to replace brain matter I've lost over the months. Until the F01 term... Corner someone else in the meantime.

Raymond CT Lai
Still Cornered, Still Frosh;
The Cornered Frosh

mathNEWS Special: Still bitter over Valentine's Day

Everything2.com Nodes of the Week. or two. Or Four

Top Writeup for Valentine's Day

The erotic tales of 'old McMurty': that weird kid's favourite dead dog

An erotic treat! Not so much. Take everything bad that this could be, and multiply by two. Really it's not so bad. No, actually, it is. I only vomitted once! Tasty! A personal favourite.

Top Nodes for the weeks of Valentine's Day

#1 Romeo and Juliet: II : ii

It's Valentines day. This is my favourite Shakespearean love scene. It's a perfect fit, really. No, really. You see, back in grade 11, my somewhat addled teacher, Mrs Sullivan, encouraged us to memorize large stretches of Romeo and Juliet - so that we could see that see with our own eyes that our unrequited love was doomed for failure and death! Way to go, guys; great curriculum choice for the love starved 15 year olds. And now, it flies around, always battling against the inside of my head: "Call me but love", she says. and "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou," she says.

Well, he's dead now, you crazy, wonderful bitch. "Like a winged messenger", my ass. Fucking star-crossed lovers, providing masochistic eroticism for bleeding heart romantics, forever. "Speak again, bright angel!"; "Speak again bright angel!" I'm like a broken parrot. A parrot who sees the mockery of romantic love. I hate you, Mrs. Sullivan! Make the insipid love-babble stop!

DAMN YOU SHAKESPEARE!

DAMN YOU...!!!!

Um, yes. Happy Valentines Day.

#2 polyamoury

An analytical description of people who sleep around. Dirty birds who swing in many circles. Sluts and hos. People who are pimping themselves up "a good time". Swingers. The swinging class. People who do it twice on sunday , but only once with you. The other white meat. Selfish hedonsits.

Of course, I don't personally believe that sluts need a scientific name. We all know exactly what to call the people who have many honest, open partners that they're happy with: **lucky bastards**

Top Writeup for the Week of February 20 sumthin

(I'm not perfect. What day is it, anyway?)

Historical signficance of Xena

Remember when you were seven, and you had no idea how to write a story, and so just added elements together that sounded cool, and so ended up with pirates that were kidnapped by aliens, and then, um they had to fight the devil, so that uh, the giant octopus wouldn't destroy, uh, King Arthur... but here comes Indiana Jones, on a flying dog, with the same name as your best friend! Damn you Julius Caesar!

Well, apparently, the Xena writers did too! Except, they never haled their childish legacy of uninspired confusion, and have continued in this vein, well into their TV screenplay careers. A testament to our inflating ignorance. Hurrah!

Top nodes for the Week of February 20 sum'n

#1 people who use profanity are inarticulate motherfuckers

What I found so utterly delightful about this write-up is the complete lack of ability, in these six people who submitted writeups, to note the delicious irony inherent in its title. Obviously, all of the people who submitted write-ups are ass-eating morons. Not a fuck-wit of intelligence among them, if you ask me. Did I mention they're ass monkeys? Verily, it is so. A plethora of fecaphiles descend upon us. May God have mercy.

#2 did I ever tell you about the guy who taught his asshole to talk?

I never realized how incredibly psychotic William S. Burroughs was. I've woken up in cold sweats many times since reading this shortdiatribe from the sociopath-a-matic. I've never been so glad that someone is dead and gone. Even considering his surely cold flesh, I will buy a shotgun if I ever see someone that looks like him in public. You might want to avoid this. You definitely want to avoid this. I'm sorry I told you. Maybe you should just stop reading.

That about wraps it up. Hope it's been fun. Or something. Happy nodding.

L:I:A:M, Sarcasmosaurus Insididus

Top Ten Things About my Valentine's

by Mary-Loo Winthorpe, Assbackward, Mississippi.

1. The tattoo removal scars are healing right up!
2. I went hunting for the first time and guess what I found in the swamp? Granddaddy!
3. Pa gets out of jail only six months from yesterday!
4. I got smash-liquored with the boys on Tuesday, and I think I might be a woman now!
5. On account of Uncle Richie "having a word" with Mr. Dresden, they've forgotten the whole "ear incident", and they're letting me back into Hair-Dressin' School!
6. Good news: My stalker killed himself!
7. Uncle Barry came to visit, and he didn't try to touch my hoo-hoo once!
8. The rash is clearing up right good, and it hardly smells at all anymore.
9. I gone seen the doctor, and he said that that kind of discolouration is normal sometimes - specially in these-here parts.
10. The law's been changed! I can marry Jed!

L:I:A:M, Darcy's Ego Embodied

</bitterness>

Simon Says

Warning: The only things the same between a Simon Says and Snuggles Sez are the similarities.

Yes, well I guess I have stopped *mathNEWS* writing for a while, but I blame Bradley. He moves off to England and doesn't encourage me to do any articles, and this happens. Honestly, I wanted to write, but it's pretty hard with your chief motivator is in another country. So I dropped out of school and decided to tour Europe. Fear not, this is only for a term. And this leads us to here: I'm in England using Bradley's computer to write up some highlights of the last little while.

Firstly, beware of organ thieves when travelling in Europe. I was well aware of the threat of having a lung or kidney stolen after a night of being seduced and drugged, but I was not prepared for the terrible truth. I was hanging out with this group of guys in Roma, and we were going out every night. One night, Jay meets this girl at a bar, and they're getting along really well without talking, considering they didn't speak the same language and all. We lose track of him shortly before midnight, but think not too much of it — he probably took her back to the hostel or something. Once we get back to the place around three in the morning, he's lying alone, fully dressed, face-down in a bucket of ice. Eerily written on the mirror in lipstick are two words: Call Dentist. She'd drugged him and stolen all his teeth ... probably for their ivory. He had to head home early in shame, and in pain.

Trying to put Jay and that experience behind us, we booted off to Paris. Beautiful city! We promenaded, shopped, and checked out the Left Bank night life. There was one place that claimed to have the most beautiful ladies in France dancing, and seeing as it was only a one-drink minimum, we decided to check it out. The ladies were pretty and the company was excellent, but little did we know that that one drink would cost so much: 1000 francs each! To save you the conversion, it's over \$200. Being travelling students, we didn't have that kind of cash, but we were willing to work in the kitchen to pay off the ridiculous debt. However, the kitchen was fully staffed, so we were forced to dance and provide "company" for other gentlemen visiting the club. And the outfits they made us wear! That week almost turned me right off Paris.

Heading north on my own, I passed through Belgium, which has a surprising style of government. They call it a random monarchy. There's a lottery in which every person in the country is given a ticket, and if the number they draw out of one of the balls on that giant molecule matches yours, then you are the new leader. This system is fabulous, because you get such great variety, and the monarch is completely unprotected, so they are easy to overthrow! I was really disappointed that after my attempt to usurp power from Michel XIII, they picked a number within ten of mine. Disgruntled, I headed north once again.

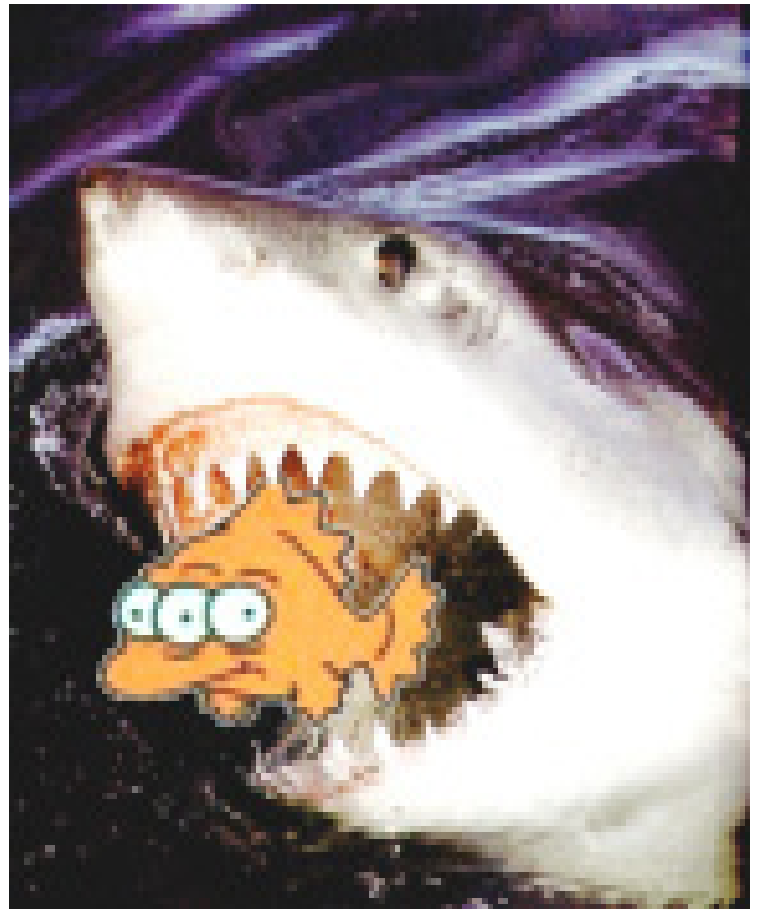
Now, I love Scandinavians, but I don't think I could have lived much more than a couple weeks in the region. It snows all year round there. You frequently see tourists from Germany or Denmark crossing the border to go skiing or hunt reindeer. Granted, they make lovely pancakes and have some fine vodka, but it's not worth it for the 340 days of snow a year. One interesting thing while I was there, though. I was in one of their many calculator stores (which were really igloos and ice palaces), and they don't have MC buttons on their calculators! I'd always taken

MC for granted, and now, it wasn't there anymore. I took it as a sign, but sure enough, a phone call the next day confirmed that MC is still standing and was not destroyed by ravenous caribou like I had believed. So much for my ability to read signs.

Bored of the mainland, I took a fairy (not a boat, an actual pixie like creature) to England. Surprisingly, the white cliffs of Dover are white. Perhaps I had been too disillusioned by Greenland to believe any geographical advertising. I took the train into London and met up with Bradley there. He will deny this, but I know a little secret about him! Y'know (see, here Snuggles would point out that the spell check wants him to change Y'know to Yukon) how there are those guys that you know are attractive despite your being straight, like certain TAs or something? Well, he told me he's got a dreamy CEO at his office. The guy's supposed to be quite a looker, and makes concentrating during meetings very difficult. I guess that's why most powerful men aren't hot, so people will listen to them.

Anyway, I'm heading back to Canada mid-April and I'll be back in school shortly. I'm out of co-op for this little skip the term dealie, but that's fine because if I take a few courses this summer and then do the fall and winter terms, I graduate at a normal time, May 2002. It seems like a pretty far off time at the moment, but that's only 18 regular issues of *mathNEWS* away now. Later!

Simon L'Avier
Writer-in-Europe



Poor Blinky...

The Life of a Mathie in Hindsight

Here's an encouraging thought for you, I'm graduating. I'm one of the last people here from the frosh of '95, here's a brief review of my life over the past six years.

Enter 1995. From the streets of Winnipeg to the three story residences of WCRI. The first roommate, the first keggers, the first frosh weeks, the first classes, the first midterms and the first exams. That's when I picked up the nickname Cubby, and it stuck. I found out Fed was okay for being underage. I decided not to go home for Christmas break and spent the time with a friend in Grimsby.

In 1996 I was introduced to cards and the comfy by the girls. The priestesses of Zoggo were still around. Got involved briefly in *mathNEWS*. I complained about the inability to find the right woman and heard about the Black Orchid in the Married Students Apartments. My first work term was the summer, with the government programming. When the fall came around everybody was doing frosh week and it looked fun, I attempted to sneak into toga but no go, so next year I applied to be a frosh leader. This year I actually went to the Bomber and drank legally. Danced up a storm! This year I surprised my parents by going home for the holidays... Three days on a train is not that fun except when you have an ice storm chasing you.

If 1997 has warned me about anything, it's not to take four CS courses in one term. I burnt out that term, no one really saw me. I stopped dancing and drinking. I passed the term, barely, but I thought about dropping out. One of my best friends moved to Carleton and I was thinking about joining him. Fed died. Frosh week came around. It was my first time as a leader, the things frosh don't know about retreat weekend won't hurt them. I made so many more friends with people I would otherwise not have met. As a leader for Team Demon, I found out that frosh week is definitely more fun as a leader than as a frosh, even if you do have some sort of "responsibility" for a hundred or so other people. Massage fests were first started.

When 1998 came around it was more or less a testing period for me, I was seeing if I would actually stick around and hammer through the CS degree. I failed Stat 231. FOC rules came down the pipe, and we all made fun of the name. This year I was a

leader on Team Hydra, oh-my-god, frosh aren't supposed to be this fun are they? This year I remembered and made friends with a goodly number of my frosh, whether they remember me or not I don't know at this point in time, I think most of them went off stream save a small few. Goons. Swing club started up and once more I met a bunch of new people. I was the terminal influence in a relationship. I also had the most memorable holidays yet.

In 1999 I discovered that in my little hiatus from the social scene, that people I used to go to the Bomber, Fed, the Rev, Lyric, and all dancing scenes in between no longer went out. Things began and ended quickly, lots of emotional turmoil, my year of hell. Oh, I took Real Time, which wasn't wholly why the year was hell, I actually enjoyed the course. Frosh week came around and there was some obvious tension in the air. I was an icebreaker for Team Sailfin, not one of the best weeks for me but I survived it and the year.

2000. I was sorta disappointed no big hoax was performed at New Years. Settlers reared it's head in the comfy, I fortunately wasn't addicted. I took Graphics, another course I quite recommend. Finally decided to take Stat 231 again and I passed it! One hot summer in Toronto, got to meet some very nice Irish girls. Once more into the breach dear friend! Welcome to all the frosh of Team Delta, you made my Term, once more a really good group of people, I was the head leader this time around, spent too much time hanging late at night at the Tie. Goooo Delta! And around the end of the year I realize I only have 19.5 credits... one more year.

That brings us to this year 2001. The end the last. Got involved in *mathNEWS* again, which is why I'm writing this article to you. It's finally over and I'm getting the degree I set out for, Honours CS.

You, dear reader have just read the story of one mathie, one leader, one goon, and just briefly you have been a voyeur into one life. So next time be careful, why don't I read about you.

Cubby Kenobi

Vegetarianism

Well, another wonderful news report. The British are very worried about the "Foot and Mouth" disease. A virus that effects cattle, pigs, sheep. Basically any animal with hooves. Although there are no ill effects to humans, the disease is devastating to farmers. The virus causes blisters to develop on their tongues, gums, feet and teats. It also prevents cows from nursing their calves, and causes spontaneous abortions in cows. The virus outbreaks are happening at alarming rates, and not just in Britain. Irish, French, Argentinian and Dutch cattle have all recently had cases of the virus.

Foot and Mouth disease is nothing new, it has been around before, and effected other countries such as Colombia, Venezuela, Guyana, Argentina, Brazil and the Philippines. Along with an outbreak in Britain in the late 60's.

So what are we to do? The USDA (US Department of Agriculture) is being extra cautious on the situation. Any meat products into the country are destroyed. Anyone who has been on a foreign farm in the last two weeks have the soles of their shoes drenched in a bleach solution if manure or dirt is found. The

Canadian Agriculture agencies are doing likewise in Canada.

Well, we're all safe, then, why should we care? Well, we aren't. The virus can live within human lungs for up to 4 days. This means that it could slip in, and cause havoc to the agriculture industry in Canada.

What about a vaccine, isn't there one already? Yes, but it is by no means a guarantee. The vaccine is such that cattle that receive it may actually develop full blown Foot and Mouth disease (A vaccine is really just a weakened version of the disease). The treated cattle may also become carriers, and although never being infected, they can spread it to other cattle.

So what are we to do? Well, I'm leaning toward the whole vegetarian thing. Part of the problem is how the animals are treated. Some argue that the animals have it good. No predators, they live an easy life. But so do prison inmates. Locked in a cell. The cattle have no where to go. Many are force fed to become obese. Given unnatural diets (such as meat products for cattle), which have led to other health issues, such as mad cow disease.

Continued on next page

Tech Specs

Microsoft Goes Mental; Develops Windows MXP

April 1st, 2001

*****FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE*****

REUTERS: In an unprecedented move, Microsoft Corporation (NSDQ: MSFT; 58 1/2) is announcing the completion and impending release of Microsoft *Windows Mental Experience (MXP)*, codenamed Asylum. Working independently from the core developers of the Windows XP/Whistler project, Project Asylum developers has been gathering data for years and has been developing operating systems alongside their conventional counterparts since the release of Windows 95. It has been a race to see which team can get a product developed and bugless first, but it seems that each year, Project Asylum developers always fall behind in comparison to their counterparts. This year, Project Asylum leader Will Fences pulled through and completed their MXP project before their XP competitors. Microsoft has decided to rollout the secretive MXP edition of Windows and to abandon the bug-ridden Windows XP.

Little is known about this secretive operating system. Microsoft has been strongly promoting the assumed release of Windows Experienced (XP) over the past year, and little attention has been given to Microsoft's 'minor' project. However, since its information release to the public, Microsoft has released data and screenshots for XP's sudden replacement:

- MXP will shift its focus from XP's new menu interface to the completely revolutionary input interface offered by MXP. Users will have to go to a Microsoft-authorized doctor to have a data-port drilled into the head for direct cerebral access to the operating system. Instead of moving the mice to an application, one only has to think of clicking on the folder!
- Revolutionary anti-piracy techniques now allow Microsoft to send and infect Mad Cow disease right into the cerebral cortexes of users who choose to use a pirated version of MXP. A further deterrent would see Microsoft flood an unauthorized user with messages of "All your base are belong to us" over and over again.
- MXP will make sure users fully appreciate the Windows MXP environment experience. Once a user feels resentment using the system or feel compelled to install a double-boot Linux feature, MXP will immediately send a minor electrical shock to incapacitate the user. Once the user regains consciousness, all compulsions to install Linux will magically be erased from the user's memory.
- MXP will ensure application compatibility with older

programs. The MXP OS will enhance existing programs by making them ten times more difficult to access because of helpful "Wizards" that will impede you every step of the way

- MXP's enhanced security procedures will ensure that third party programs do not crash the core operating system by disallowing their installation. When asked, Microsoft spokesperson Fardnoff Pgakk commented: "Our users will no longer have to fear the malicious open source coders at Netscape. We will make sure their buggy programs never touch the edges of MXP" In the rare case that a hostile third party is found to be installed on the system, the system will punish the user with crashes and eventual cerebral degradation.

The final round of beta testing for MXP was concluded last week. When asked why a number of beta testers were sent to hospitals or were committed to psychiatric wards, Mr. Pgakk stated that all beta testers were given a paid week in a hospital of their choice as part of their End User Licensing Agreement (EULA), and some testers opted for the psychiatric wards at their own choosing because of more comfortable surroundings. When asked about the fate of Ga Chan, a tester who was mysteriously found dead with his brain matter extracted, Mr. Pgakk blamed the incident on unruly teenagers. When confronted with the unproven link between MXP to various mental illnesses such as Mad Cow disease, Mike Harris Complex, severe speech impairments, seizures, and Clinton Sexuality Imbalance, Mr. Pgakk countered stating that none of the above diseases had any scientific link to the new operating system.

When asked about the sudden shift of focus, Mr. Pgakk responded: "What's wrong with MXP? We've been following the same ideas ever since Windows 95 came out. Nothing in MXP should be new to anyone, its just faster than before because of its new revolutionary interface. Although we still have some bugs, as always with any program, we are confident that MXP will have a large impact in YOUR cerebral cortex." The press conference ended as Britney Spears came onto stage singing her rendition of "She Drives Me Crazy, With MXP"

Microsoft will release MXP, with a list of Microsoft-Authorized doctors that can plant the proper cerebral hardware for software control, early 3rd quarter this year. Microsoft ended the day slightly higher at the news of MXP at 58 1/2.

Raymond CT Lai
Technology Columnist

More on Vegetarianism

How will becoming a vegetarian help? Becoming a vegetarian is a form of the power we as consumers hold. As someone who opposes a certain product by how it is made, one can penalize the producer by not buying the product and sharing their views. I realize that some people who are farmers will probably not be happy with this opinion. But it is my opinion, so I have to the right to say it.

So are you gonna become a vegetarian? Hold 'em cowboy. I said it is an idea. I've recently been trying to cut down on my meat intake. But my dietary goals don't make it simple. There are

alternatives, and if you are interested there are many excellent sources on how to be careful with your diet when becoming vegetarian. For example, <http://www.goodkarmacafe.com/vegetarian/becomingveg.shtml> is one such site.

Take care all of you in mathNEWS land, and may the unfortunate outbreaks be controlled well before the next issue of mathNEWS. I'm already jonesin' for a burger...hmmm deep fried ground beef :)

Peter "(three eyed) Fish are still good to eat" Lizak

mathNEWS Special: Mathies at the mic stand

Lyrics to coop song

The following is an alteration of 'Home for a Rest' specifically suited to co-op students. Sorry for infringing on copyrights, but it's funny, well I think so anyway. This was originally written up by Daniel Redelmeier, but he's not here now, and so I'm putting it in mathNEWS for him.

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I'll be gone for four months
I've got two of them left
These so-called co-op terms will soon be my death
I'm so bored from the work
I need school for a rest

We arrived in September and Ottawa's cold
went straight off to work trying to guess the dress code
We never did nothin', but watch the damn clocks
warmed the seats of our chairs with the heat of our buttocks

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I'll be gone for four months
I've got two of them left
These so-called co-op terms will soon be my death
I'm so bored from the work
I need school for a rest
I hate Work!

The work it was boring, its damn tech support
What the hell am I doing for my damn work report
they told us that co-op jobs were really quite real
instead we do jobs of a trained monkey's skill

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a week
I've been drunk since I left
And these so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest
Damn this job!

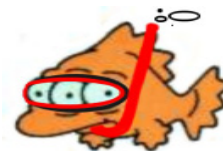
They lured us all in with the promise of pay
then came tuition to take it away
I'm going stir crazy, I'm starting to squirm
Just one damn long weekend this whole fuckin term

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month
I've been drunk since I left
And these so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest
I miss school!

When I first arrived here I'd never touch coffee
now i take it black and I drink two or three
I'm at work again, c'mon sleep take me soon
Don't lift up my head til its time to go home

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month
I've been drunk since I left
And these so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest
Damn Co-op!!!!

Ben



It Drives Me Crazy, Windows XP

Sang in the tune of "Crazy", by Britney Spears

XP, I'll install you,
It's so proprietary, what can I do?
XP, I'll use you now,
It is so buggy, I'll get Mad Cow.

You got new interfacing,
It looks like midterms, it's so confusing.
Running you means so much more,
Your kernel is so buggy, just like before.

You drive me crazy, Windows XP.
I'm so frustrated, it crashed on me.
Ohhh... crazy, I'm all uptight,
XP, you keep blue screening throughout the night.

Tell me, all your Wizards work,
Or else I'll sure sink, just like the Kursk.
Tell me you'll work with Big Blue,
That I'm not wasting, Aptivas on you.

Running you means so much more,
Your kernel is so buggy, just like before.

Crazzzzy, Windows XP,
I'm so frustrated, it crashed on me.
Ugly, get out of my sight,
Can't run, either day or night.

You drive me crazy, (You drive me Crazy, XP)
Ohhh... crashing, and it's not alright.
XP, you keep blue screening throughout the night.
XP, you keep blue screening throughout the night.

Raymond 'Amadaeus' Lai
I SERIOUSLY don't listen to Britney Spears

</badsinging>

profQUOTES

“Even if I take Q [from Star Trek fame], he can snap his fingers as many times as he wants, he won’t be able to sum an infinite number of terms!”

Tenti, MATH 138-MS

“There aren’t many clever people in the world, and most of them are dead.”

Hooper, PMATH 340

(waiting for response from students after asking a hard question)
“Any brilliant idea?” *(pause, still no answers.)* “There ain’t brilliant people any more. They are all dead.”

Hooper, PMATH 340

“I don’t say ‘bullshit’ again because then I appear in *mathNEWS* again.”

Wolf, C&O 487

“A taxi company owns a number of say, pink, taxis...”

Small, STAT 330

(on an electrode’s strength) “It depends on how much they like to suck... if they like to suck hard, or not...”

C. Bissonnette, CHEM 125

“Next week we will cover memory management, which is always useful around exam time.”

Munro, CS 240

“[The quiz marks] ranged from absolutely wonderful to absolutely well-I-don’t-want-to-talk-about-it.”

Springer, STAT 231

Machines use electricity — this is why you shouldn’t program in the tub.

Vasiga, CS 241

“How do you write numbers? You Mathies should know. What do you do? Do you write them down on a piece of paper or walk around in the DC looking for dropped 3’s on the ground?”

Smith, ECON 102

“You Mathies, go find your PMath prof and ask: ‘...where S’s really come from.’ Call me first because I want to be there when you ask.”

Smith, ECON 102

“When you see weird numbers like this, it usually means one thing: it has something to do with physics... so I don’t have an example for this.”

Mamon, MATH 138

“If we have a smooth curve... I didn’t define this earlier. I already see some of you guys smirking.”

Mamon, MATH 138

“I don’t know why mathematicians die at such a young age, maybe they work too hard.”

Mamon, MATH 138

“When I was a frosh, Coke cost me a dime. This DOES NOT make me 102 years old.”

Smith, ECON 102

“I hate saying it’s ‘sort of constant’ in a room full of Mathies. It’s like saying ‘sort of pregnant’.”

Smith, ECON 102

“Everybody see this, or did I just make a complete fool of myself... but that’s OK.”

Chateaufeuf, MATH 136

(Writing undecipherable notes on blackboard) “So what does this mean?... I really don’t know.”

Chateaufeuf, MATH 136

“I’ve given up trying to convince you all that I’m right.”

Chateaufeuf, MATH 136

(After course evaluations)

“Well, that went better than usual. Usually at least 10 hands go up to ask me how to spell SOB. It’s spelt S.O.B., by the way.”

D McLeish, STAT 340

miscQUOTE

“I got a phone call last night as I was getting into bed for a job interview”

Some Paul Guy while waiting for tours on campus day

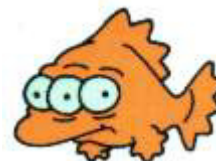
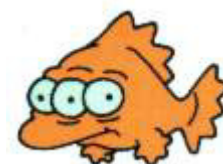
Blinky

Blinky is the lovable fish from the Simpsons, with 3 eyes! Blinky is a 42 year old fish, and his actual name is Blinkieth Kurtis Thefishith III (or so I read). Blinky’s home is a barrel, under the sea, but when in school, he lives in Columbia lake. He doesn’t like to attend class much, since there is no water. But on occasion, he gets one of his drinking buddies to take him to class in a bowl.

Blinky likes the bomber, mainly since nobody drinks water there, so he is pretty safe in his bowl. Except when drunken bastards throw up in it. That upsets Blinky a lot, and he usually proceeds to stare them down. He tends to win, with the extra eye

So the next time you see Blinky, offer him a beer, and try to vomit somewhere other than his bowl. He’ll thank you dearly (as will the grass you vomit on. Your vomit is such good fertilizer).

Pete Love



Subscriptions!

Everyone else is getting one...

Heading off for the summer? Going to be on co-op next term? Graduating and moving away? Looking for a gift for that special someone? Never manage to wake up early enough to snare a copy of *mathNEWS* in the MC building? Well, a *mathNEWS* subscription is the answer to all these questions and more! Indeed, for the low, low prices described below (we haven't even factored in the January postal increase yet! wow!) you can subscribe to *mathNEWS* for the summer term, or indeed for any term! And then you'll get a copy of *mathNEWS* delivered to your door by mail about every two weeks.

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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:

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One term	\$7.50	\$10
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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 deranged X-editor

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Econ 101 Inc. Investigated For Anti-Trust

Federal anti-trust investigators are looking into the business activities of Econ 101 Inc (NYSE: ECON). Econ 101 Inc. has been accused of having a monopoly in the lecture notes industry and even buying out rival lecture notes suppliers to maintain its strangle hold on the market.

According to the Associated Press, Econ 101's employees sell the lecture notes each morning in the captive market of DC1351. With students lining up in a scene all too similar to Cold War Russia bread lines, they have little choice but to purchase from Econ 101 Inc.

One of Econ 101 Inc's remaining competitors, D.C. Copy Centre, is currently fighting a hostile takeover bid from Econ 101 Inc. Meanwhile, share price in MathSoc's copy machine spiked to over \$27.18 per share amid speculation they would be soon also be bought out by Econ 101 Inc. The Econ 101 Inc. bid for the copy machine is rumoured to be for \$31.45 a share. Last September, MathSoc copy machine shareholders rejected a takeover bid from General Electric for \$4.7 billion (\$11.34 per share).

If federal judges confirm these findings, Econ 101 Inc. might be forced to spin-off it's lucrative Chapter 6 lecture notes business. Econ 101 Inc. is also being accused of programming their operating system, Marginal Windows 98, to be incompatible with D.C.'s web browser, Daviscape. In a prepared statement yesterday, Econ 101 Inc's lawyer, Johnny Cochran, said in response to the allegations, "If it's profitable, then it's unstoppable."

In related news, after the announcement of the anti-trust investigation, share price of Econ101.com, in which Econ 101 Inc. holds a majority interest in, plummeted to MR=MC. In other market action, the short term average cost index fell to a 52 week low of 8317.59, down 56 marginal points from yesterday's close, amid mass layoffs, the law of diminishing returns, and a lower than expected decrease in the opportunity cost rate by Fed Chief Allen Greenspan.

Sassy Socialist

Ruminations

Ah, Spring!

When a young man's fancy turns to taxes and the search of affordable housing for the fall term. Even though spring has officially graced us for just over a week, the ducks and geese are already back in full force, doing whatever it is that ducks and geese do here on campus. (go to the bathroom on the walkways, block traffic on Ring Road, and procreate).

Wait, that's not right. Shouldn't the fancy turn to love, or some other ethereal concept? I don't know anymore. I guess that depends on what you choose to believe in.

I believe in my abilities to spell the word "believe" [*So do I!* — Pete Love].

I believe in my abilities to pass CS341. I believe in Catch-22.

I believe in mathNEWS [*That's good, or you'd be writing something you didn't believe in, er believe in* — Pete Love].

I (perhaps falsely) believe that a majority of people read more than just *pro*QUOTES, and will read to the end of mine (or Raymond's) ramblings.

I believe that mathNEWS could use more Katie Holmes, but only as long as she's not wearing those big earrings. (You know, the same ones Nelly Furtado is wearing in the Like a Bird video). I also believe that having more Katie Holmes (or any other girl) will not alleviate the situation that we all like to laugh at so much. You know, the one that the HorrorScope's CS section alludes to every issue [*That's what the Groundhog is for* — Pete Love].

I believe that cell phones are evil. I also believe that I will have to have one very shortly [*Come to the dark side young Anton* — Pete Love]. I believe that people should have to take a course on cell phone etiquette before being allowed to purchase one [*The force is strong in you, I will teach you to use it with a cellular device* — Pete Love]. I believe that carrying a cell phone to a frosh week event is not the smartest thing in the world to do [*Raymond* — Pete Love].

I believe in mathNEWS editor's witty comments [*What do you get when you take the derivative of Optimis? Optimis' silly... (Optimis Prime)* — Pete Love].

I also believe in Will Wright. Why him? Well, he seems to have acquired all what an average computer geek desires: 1. a job in game development and 2. the unyielding attention of the media and public. (Bill Gates meets only 1 of these criteria)

The public is so enamoured with Will Wright's "The Sims" that they fail to see the disparaging messages that this game sends. The messages are: "Maaaaan, are your lives booooring", or, "Even thou you are a dismal failure in Real Life, you can have a kick-ass life in the Sims: a huge house, a cool job, and sleep with 2 members of the opposite sex at the same time" [*So what's the difference between my life, and the above?* — Pete Love].

I believe in me. (No matter what the HorrorScope says)

I believe that God has the hardest job ever conceived.

Anton "I still believe that I cannot be saved"

How many people do I know with 3 eyes?

The story of frosh doing what Dave says

Hmm, 3 eyes, well, I've got lots...

I guess it depends on how you count. I suppose I could count the number of guys who ogle me and multiply by two, but I don't want to get into that... Or you could count the "i"s in my name, or you could count the frozen fish eyes I have at home... (a little more expensive than freezies, but well worth it...)

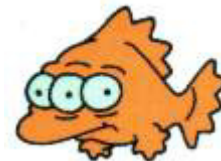
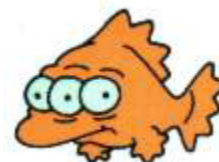
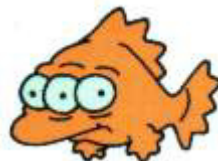
Sorry that was Ben, he started an article inside mine. It serves me right for leaving my computer unattended in the soc office. Ben is one of the people I know. Dave is another person I know and this afternoon Dave said to me "list the people you know." I attempted to count off people on my fingers, but that got difficult and I lost track of who had been listed and who hadn't. I proceeded to begin my list on a sheet of paper. From this list I have determined a few things...by the way to make the list you had to be someone who I had spoken to at least once, found myself in the same room with on numerous occasions and whose first name I knew.

Off the top of my head I could list 100 people (how it was exactly 100 I don't know) who met the above criteria and are currently enrolled in the faculty of mathematics. 33 of these people are frosh, 30 of these people are in second year and 37 are in "upper years." Firstly Dave was surprised that I was in the end able to list more frosh than second years. He was not, however, surprised to find that the first 14 people listed under second year were all in his 1A classes.

My list has shown 16% of the people I know are in regular as opposed to being in co-op. According to "The Man" 25-30% of students are on the regular stream. I guess I should get to work on meeting some more people from the regular stream, just to be a well rounded person.

My list determines that of the mathies I know 24% are female, which is a slightly inflated statistic because I live on an all girls floor and 7% of the girls I know live on my floor. However I thought, and a reliable source (a frosh leader) thinks I'm possibly right, that one third of those registered in the faculty are female. So I guess what I've learned from that statistic is that I should have a little bit of sympathy for the guys around here when they complain about how difficult it is to meet girls. I know they aren't quite brave enough to look outside of the walls of the math building. Apparently 57% of the mathies I know are in CS which seems to be about the correct amount. So the moral of the story is frosh will do anything that you ask them to, I really know 101 people (apparently Latrell counts because he's an HLM) and think about the people you know. I bet none of them have three eyes.

By Catherine "Puddin' Head" Moore + i



The 1st Annual Rusted Cube Awards

A celebration of the very best of the world's worst ads

Every year, on the night before the Oscar, the Razzies are awarded to immortalize the very worst the movie industry has to offer in the previous year. Although television viewers have to put up with horrible advertisements during each and every commercial break, no one has ever rewarded the producers of those ads for their creativity, or lack thereof. In this spirit, I present to you the 1st Annual Rusted Cube Awards.

Due to time constraints, the announcement of the nominees was omitted and only the "winner" of the awards were made public during the ceremony. Here, in no particular order, are the winners of the 1st Annual Rusted Cube Awards.

Most Annoying commercial: (Tie)Budweiser's "Wassup" ads and Rogers @Home ads

The Budweiser "Wassup" ads reach to pinnacle of annoyance and influence. Not only do they irritate your ears, they are so catchy that one can't resist the urge to repeat the phrase. The Rogers @Home ads, on the other hand, naturally drive people to change to channel. They use annoying songs and/or hypnotization to reach their desired effect. (On a side note, the Rogers @Home ads never showed what type of internet connection are they using. Maybe, just maybe, the people in those ads are using cable internet connection).

Least Effective Commercial: No winner

If a commercial is so ineffective that no one can recall it, it truly deserves the honour. On the other hand, since it was so forgettable, nobody knew what was it about.

Least Honest Commercial: Any miracle weight-loss ad

There is NO easy way to lose weight, it's a fact. However, people still fall into these traps in a attempt to lose weight fast. Of course, most of them state that the advertised results are not typical, but since the words "results not typical" are often displayed in fine print, no one looks at it anyway.

Least Understandable Commercial: Mazda ads

In each and every one of the Mazda ads, a boy says "Zoom Zoom". What does that have to do with selling automobiles anyway? Removing that element won't diminish the effectiveness of the ad in any way, but it will certainly clarify what's going on.

Award for "What's he/she doing in this ad?": Albert Einstein in the Pepsi ads

Who goes the owl. Tomorrow, he says. He says go. Fly far, fear far, go far tomorrow. Where says the mouse, say you I go tomorrow? Far, goes the owl.

Are there any mice out there? I'm not a mouse, this I know, for I the Owl told me so. So, the next day, the mouse flew away. It flew far, as the owl said yesterday. Who goes the owl? But the shrew did not fly. He clenched his teeth, and growled in the owl's face "I'm not scared like that mouse was." Fly far, fear far, go far tomorrow, says the owl. But the shrew laughed, and tried to bite the owl. So the owl ate the shrew. If only the shrew knew, he would have flown far, goes the owl.

Are there any shrews out there? I'm not a shrew, this I know, for I the Owl told me so. So, the next day, the owl wasn't feeling very good because he ate the shrew, and he thinks the shrew was diseased or something. So, as he flew across the forest, hunting for his next small rodent to play mind games with he landed on the back of an elephant. The elephant said to the owl he didn't

Seriously, what is the relationship between Albert Einstein and cola? Sure, the chemical make-up of the main competitors are slightly different, but the end result by drinking either is no different. Besides, why would someone buy a product that causes hiccups at an alarmingly high rate?

Advertisements we can live without: Informercials (ALL of them)

Imagine a world without informercials, where we don't have to listen to people claiming a product to be a necessity when we all know that the item is useless. Without informercials, product manufacturers can bypass the celebrity salesperson and the mindless on-site audience and slash the prices of their products, which means more buyers.

Although the Rusted Cube is an award for the world's worst commercials, we have to take some time to honour the networks of which the companies leech on.

Most unnecessary TV network: Outdoor Life Network

If a person truly wants to get outdoors and have an adventure, he will want to experience it up close and personal. Why would someone looking for an outdoor adventure sit on a couch and watch others enjoying the nature?

Finally, as the 20th century has just concluded recently, we present to you:

Worst ad of the 20th century: The Mr. Plow ad

(If you have no idea what I am talking about, refer to *the Simpsons* episode in which Homer bought a snow plow and began a snow removal business.) After viewing this ad, you will only have one response — "Huh?" What does an opera singer have to do with a snow removal service, anyway?

Congratulation to all the award winners, you truly earned it. It is difficult to become the best, but it is even more difficult to be the worst.

(All winners of the Rusted Cube Award can claim their prize from Mark McDermot in his office at MC 7056, University of Waterloo.)

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

Lucky Bird

look so good, and the owl moaned in pain. The elephant said fly near, fear near, stay near tomorrow. Stay where, goes the owl. Stay here on my back. So the owl goes to sleep.

And, as you may have guessed, the mouse, who was still running, came across the elephant, and since elephants fear mice, it got scared and jumped down the canyon and died. Then, the owl noticing it was falling down a canyon, flew off the elephant's back, found the darned mouse, and ate it. Since this was a magical mouse, the owl was completely healed, became immortal, and lived happily ever after.

So, in conclusion, everybody died except the owl who achieved God-like status. This is exactly what the owl planned from the beginning. And, if it wasn't clear, that owl mutated into a human and was renamed to the Owl, and I am he. The End.

the Owl

The HorrorScope

Two Turntables & A Microphone

By tying down an infinite number of professors and beating them with a rabid monkey, the future has been revealed.

MATH

You're in the final stretch and you feel tired. Too much time to playing online games in the Pink Lab.
You will have intimate meetings with CS.
Your lucky number is 3 AM.

CS

Pressure to get those assignments in are getting to you. Time to make a trip to POETS show them your kung-fu.
All other signs will learn to fear you.
Your lucky number is 2 degree black belt.

ACTSCI

Your wallet is heavy with money. Time to roll up all those pennies you've been saving and buy a gumball.
The sound of change will have MATHBUS following you.
Use pepper spray.
Your lucky number is 5 cents.

C&O

Calamity. Your ruler has broken. Your graphs are crap. But don't worry. ARTS will think it's abstract art.
ARTS will soon flood you with dates.
Your lucky number is a lot.

Teaching Option

Since you don't have a symbol, all signs will ridicule you.
Tell them to sit in the corner.
You will become the jester for all other signs.
Your lucky number is grade 2.

PMATH

Partying may aggravate the housemates.
Your relationship is NULL space.
Your lucky number is 54.

AM

Too bad. You can't find a terminal because CS has them all.
Time to learn how to use iMacs.
Your relationship with ARTS is increasing.
Your lucky number is pretty.

STAT

It's the end of the term and you still don't understand what is a STAT231. Time to get hammered.
You will spend some time with ENG drowning your sorrows.
Your lucky number is 1 pint.

MATHBUS

Your path to financial success will soon be covered with obstacles. That's what you get for purchasing Nortel on margin.
Your relationship with ACC will be ugly.
Your lucky number is down the hole.

ACC

Spend some time outside and breathe in that fresh air. It'll all change when some company throws you in the basement with all the other ACCs.
Your relationship with SCI makes no sense.
Your lucky number is auditted.

OR

Unlike the other signs, you can actually spend the last few days relaxing. Miller time.
You will be seeing a lot of STAT in the next few days.

Your lucky number is a 6er.

SCI

Wearing nothing under your lab coat is not a good idea, especially with that pesky C&O peeking under there.
Your relationship with C&O will result in a citizen's arrest.
Read'em their rights.
Your lucky number is 10 years in the slammer.

ENG

Duct taping the textbook to your forehead will not help you study.
The book attached to your forehead will drive away all AHS.
Your lucky number is 700 pages.

ARTS

Jackpot. You can take all those extra burgers at night and sell them to residence students. CHA-CHING! Time to pay rent.
MATHBUS will be jealous of your entrepreneurial skills.
Your lucky number is 49 cents.

ES

Are you a faculty? Program? WHAT ARE YOU?
Your relationship is unknown.
Your lucky number is Suzanne.

AHS

Get laid. Drink milk. Both does a body good.
You will have many relationships.
Your lucky number is also Suzanne.

Three Eyed Fish Overlooked Minority MonkeyMan

While at a press conference last week, Jean Chretien expressed his sympathy for the Three Eyed Fish (3EF) across Canada. In recent months, minority groups, such as the 3EF, have redoubled their efforts to be recognized."

"De Canadee-en Government ununderstands de situashun of de Tree Eyed Fish in Canada." Chretien said. "Houzeeeng, healt-care, and educashun of Tree Eyed Fish iz verree eemporant to Canada."

The statement does not come as a surprise to the Three Eyed Fish Students Association at the University of Waterloo. President and Three Eyed Fish activist Blinky K Thefishith of the 3EFWSA expressed both regret and relief. "It's been a long time coming. Finally our needs as true fish have been recognized."

In the last decade, population levels of 3EF in Canada have steadily risen from the low levels experienced through much of history. The last census of Columbia lake, conducted last fall, revealed more than 200 3EF living there. This was more than 10 times the expected amount.

3EF has long been an overlooked minority in Canada. It now seems that 3EF are starting to have their voices heard. "Three Eyed Fish are fish as well!" exclaimed Thefishith. "We're making the world a better place for our children." continued Thefishith.

When asked if the recognition of 3EF will aid the plights of the 2 Headed Frog, 5 legged cow, and Gigantic Flying Starfish minorities in Canada, Thefishith replied "We're just at the tip of the iceberg. Soon, every minority group conceivable will be recognized. Then we'll think up new minorities to argue over. Its a beautiful world today. I think I'll go for a swim."

KayDot Oh

Straight from the Pink Files - The Repelling Incident of '96

The year was 1996, it was frosh-week and the ever-vigilant Tie Guard was about to have an unwanted visitor. It was early in the morning, about 3 AM, Neil "The Warrior", official mascot of the Waterloo Warriors and Blue, a future President of Math-Soc were fulfilling the glorious position of Tie Guard. And as always, several courageous and determined frosh were assisting in guarding the essence of all Mathies, the Pink Tie itself. A young froshling named Liz, just trying to do her best in the high duty that was bestowed upon her, was watching the roof of our hallowed home, the MC. Suddenly, to the amazement of all that have heard this tale, a person was seen climbing down from the roof.

"Oh, No," Liz exclaimed, "For the love of the tie, Nooooooo". The entire honour guard of the tie was alerted by this one brave frosh, who risked a hoarse throat or even laryngitis in alerting the others. "On the roof, look" she said with a look of forlorn confusion. With tears in her eyes she pointed to the intruder who at that very moment was being lowered by a chain and removing the first of the really cool, weight bearing anchor lynch pin thingies. Neil and Blue leaped into action, donning the chain of command and strapping on their Tie Guard Utility Belts. A young first year leader named Bob Boy Duncan MacLeod quickly used his highly developed sense of mathematical and scientific skills to use a telephone and call the police. Meanwhile, our valiant Tie Guard of Neil and Blue were leading the chase to apprehend the dangerous would be Tie abductors. Right behind these twin towers of heroism were the fearless frosh doing their part to ensure the safety of the tie for all future generations of first year students.

The epic chase, which began with a fearful cry, ended with a horrible crunch. Three of the evildoers were apprehended and handed over to the authorities. so all ye beware, for three remain. Due to the superhuman actions undertaken by the frosh

and our very own Tie Guard, the tie was saved and all those who follow in their footsteps of guarding the tie remember their bold, daring efforts forevermore.

Upon later investigation it was discovered that it was not one inhuman would-be kidnaper, but six. And to the astonishment of all, one of the perpetrators was one of our own, a traitor in our midst, a Mathie fallen to the dark side. His once glowing pink aura had turned a horrible purple... for he had fallen to the illusion of power and world domination. this shameful action by that disreputable Mathie would forever stain the honour of Mathies everywhere. And yet... his actions were overshadowed by the one frosh who stopped him. For her efforts she was dubbed Hawkeye.

So it wasn't the grizzled veteran that saved the day, or even the vigilant leader, it was a frosh, one who had earned the right to guard the Tie by winning the even earlier that fateful day, who saved the day. on behalf of all Mathies, we thank you "Hawkeye" Liz.

Note: Rob Roy Duncan McGregor's name has been changed to protect his identity, it was changed to Bob Boy Duncan MacLeod.

The preceding story is based on an actual event, it had some, um, how can I put this, embellishment, care of yours truley. You see, we had to come up with an event for Ode to the Tie and tradition dictates (a tradition that is now two years running) that this event is planned over supper the night it is to occur, so I wrote these stories up then, with the help of Greg Taylor, Duncan McGregor and Tom Pontoriero (I think those are the people who were there, this was during frosh week which was a while ago already). Anyway, there were two more stories written which I'll be submitting to the next two *mathNEWS*, so keep your eye out for them.

Senator Snuggles

Greenpeace Names New Anti-Nuclear Activist, Claims Experience as Strong Suit

(*mathNEWS* Free Press)— Greenpeace today named Blinky the Fish as their new Director of International Nuclear Interests. Citing Blinky's previous experience and ensuing deformaties as his major qualifications for the Job, Greenpeace Canada's Director-In-Chief Wei Ta Nigh praised his new director as competent, vicious, motivated, and downright earthy.

"Mr. Blinky's previous experience in Nuclear Waste disposal and his vast knowledge of how corporations deal with their industrial waste is a clear asset to our organization," cited Wei, "His deformities only strengthen his cause, and our cause, to fight corporations from mishandling nuclear waste in the near future

When asked about his deformity, Blinky stated that his fourth eye ceased functioning at age three, and he has had limited peripheral vision on his remaining third eye. "I believe that my condition was caused by prolong exposure to gamma-radiation poisoning. All clues point to, yes", said Blinky.

The Greenpeace news conference was not all talk and busi-

ness. At one point, Blinky showed off his convincing marketing skills by standing up on the table and started a "No more nuclear waste" impromptu chant in front of his staff. The news conference ended with a dinner gala welcoming the new director. Two eyed fish was served, and Blinky simply observed: "These fish could have been spared the frying pan, but their deformaties have caused them to be lightly fried to a delicious but crunchy crisp." Blinky continued, "My job is clear: I must prevent any more of these two-eyed atrocities from occurring ever again!"

Blinky's appointment isn't without controversy. Once considered the frontrunner, Briton Moo Moo the Cow dropped out of the race because he found out that he was only eating genetically modified feed, and he wasn't genetically modified himself. However, an obvious no-show to the gala event was genetically cloned Dolly The Sheep. The previously considered candidate disappeared, along with his extended family, last week somewhere in Vermont. A police investigation is under way.

Amadaeus

A Class Act

Act I, Part II

For those theatrical types, yet another little scene you can act out in class to pass the time away.

The Roles

Clara - the whimsical artsy, exuberant, joyful and attractive

Taurice - the jaded math student, bent on world domination

Mark - the suave science student, switching into engineering

Varg - the first year engineering student, invisible to everyone

The Scene

A classroom filled with eager students, unaware of the harsh cold shadow of reality. Their brilliance untouched by experience. The world breathes a sigh of relief.

The Play

(Clara is innocently looking around until she notices the beaker in Mark's hand.)

Clara: Hey sexy! What are you holding?

Mark: Well. I've been observing engineers in their natural habitat and noticed that they consume large quantities of a liquid called beer. In attempt to become an engineer, I've isolated certain ingredients and magnified their properties a thousand fold.

Clara: Fold? I like to do origami!

(Clara turns to her desk and begins to fold some paper. Mark stares incredulously at Clara, slowly turns aside and drinks the contents of the beaker.)

Mark: For some reason, I feel the urge to blow up things. Wait a sec. I'm becoming an engineer. Yes Yeessss YEEEEEESSSSSSSS!

(Clara turns around in time to see Mark slowly fading away. Mark, for the first time, begins to see Varg.)

Mark: DUDE! You're naked!

Varg: *pause* Trippy. (throws back a Pixie Stik)

(Clara turns to Taurice.)

Clara: OHMIGOD! Do something Taurice! Mark's disappeared. I can't see him anymore. OHMIGOD!

(Taurice scribbles stuff on paper and holds it up to Clara's face.)

Taurice: Look. A six by six identity matrix.

(Clara's eyes go wide and then vacant. Taurice goes back to his plans for world domination.)

Taurice: Now where did I put that nuclear warhead.

The Notes

Shakespeare never tried the stuff I'm on.

MonkeyMan

The Three-Eyed Fish Strikes Back

About a year ago, sushi was added to the menu of the math C&D and it's been a huge success. On each day, the delicacy is often sold out soon after it is placed in the fridge of the C&D. However, not all customers of the C&D are happy with this addition. Blinky, a three-eyed fish who lives somewhere along the Grand River in Waterloo, visited the Math C&D recently. He was horrified when he saw the amount of sushi the mathie population consumes each and every day. He asked the management of the C&D to pull sushi off the C&D menu or he and other three-eyed fishes would stage endless protests.

Naturally, the C&D management had no idea what Blinky was saying, as he doesn't speak any human languages. As the two sides couldn't reach an agreement, Blinky left with disgust.

On the very next day, a legion of three-eyed fishes, along with an eight-eyed fish, a fish with a head of a cow and one with a head of Prof. Frink, all of which are from Springfield, USA, gathered in the MC building and staged their protest. According to a *mathNEWS* personnel who is able to speak Poissonian, the preferred language of Blinky, Blinky and his crew won't leave unless they pull sushi off the market. The C&D management refused and Blinky and company decided to seal off the entrance of the C&D. The mathies who frequent the C&D, resourceful as they are, managed to get inside the C&D with other means.

Realizing that their first plan failed, Blinky and company shifted their strategies and settled in MathSoc in an attempt to scare people away. However, the plan backfired, as multitudes of current and former UW mathies visited the MathSoc office to catch a glimpse of Blinky and others.

On the following day Blinky and his legion of fish shifted their attention and decided to disrupt mathie life where it matters the most. Blinky and his friends went on a feeding frenzy and ate everything that are edible on the 5th and 6th floors of MC. The mathies were overjoyed as all of the exam papers for the April exams were devoured by Blinky and his friends.

As many of the mathies who normally visit the C&D were drawn to the MathSOC office, the C&D managers finally decided to have a talk with Blinky. The C&D offered a sample of sushi for Blinky to try and told Blinky that all the sushi served by the C&D are from two-eyed fish. Blinky couldn't control himself and consumed all the sushi of the C&D. Satisfied with the explanation, Blinky and company left MC and returned to their homes.

Blinky may have left the MC building, but his presence can still be felt. A life-sized model of Blinky is placed inside the MathSOC office. Anyone with laser vision will be able to see Blinky in all its glory.

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

Thanks Satan!

I was sitting in front of the Comfy Lounge talking to my friend. I then realized that if it wasn't for all the hardships in my life, I wouldn't have turned out the way I am. Most people know me as a silly individual who is excessively hyper. True. But I'm happy with the way I am. So I want to take the opportunity to say, "Thanks Satan!" I should clarify that I'm not Christian and that I associate Satan with bad things. Anyway, thanks for all

the hardships and temptations I had to struggle with. Without them I probably wouldn't have developed morally and mentally. So if you're ever around, drop by and we'll go out for a beer.

Now that, that's been said and done. Time to continue on with the regularly scheduled silliness.

MonkeyMan

Blarney Stone gets Mono

In the wake of the Foot-and-Mouth epidemic, another disease has gone unnoticed. Last month, somebody showing the early signs of mononucleosis (also known as mono — the kissing disease) placed a big wet one on the Blarney Stone in an effort to gain the “Gift of Gab.” However, the unnamed carrier only succeeded in shutting down another national site on the Emerald Isle.

This Typhoid Mary of the lips single-handedly closed Blarney Castle’s chief attraction with a phone call a few weeks later. So far, 11 other cases have been found in recent tourists, and an inquiry has been called into why authorities were so slow to pick-up on the spread of the disease.

The region around Cork and Blarney has been temporarily quarantined and there has been a strict ban on kissing and the sharing of drinks or wax lips. Used lip glosses are being burned by the thousands within the county while those travelling from Ireland are being asked to dip their lips in the disinfectant bucket before entering other countries. “This is bloody stupid,” claimed one drunken Irishman, “Everyone knows mono takes weeks to incubate, why the bleeding hell didn’t they do something a month ago?”

Other lip-related landmarks have increased security, and a terrorist with cold sores was tackled a mere three metres away from planting her lips on British pop star Robbie Williams. In Rome, half a can of soda sitting near the foot of St. Peter’s statue was the subject of a controlled explosion in case it was laced with mono. No groups have claimed responsibility yet.

Meanwhile, the Irish Parks Commission have made every effort to cleanse the Blarney Stone of the mononucleosis, but the popular attraction still has very little appetite, has experienced some swelling, and is feeling fatigued and feverish. A spokeswoman for the Commission said that they hope to have Blarney Castle fully open in another few weeks, but admits that the Stone shall be more discriminating than previously about who kisses it.

Bradley T Smith
Editor-in-Ireland

Blinky the three-eyed fish and his adventures in the MC Building

OR

Even fish get lost on the Sixth floor

So Ray’s an idiot. He gives me that as a first sentence in my article, then he expects me to take it out. I mean, it works so well. He actually said it, and then it makes sense. I find that kind of humourous... So aside from Ray being an idiot (he’s not actually, he just says stupid things occasionally) he also writes a lot of stuff for *mathNEWS*, as you may notice.

But really, this article isn’t about Ray, I shouldn’t really have asked him for the first sentence, but hey, it worked pretty well, except for the horrible segue from talking about Ray to Blinky. That was it by the way... Yeah, I have no smooth transition between them, sorry, but I just ah well, now I have to take a break for a bit cuz Pete needs this ‘puter...

Back again... So we return to our story of Blinky. Obviously he started out in a river, or pond, or... well somewhere anyways... Speaking of fishing, I was reading Curious George goes fishing [*Did I mention I have Curious George boxers? — Pete Love*], well,

This has nothing to do with Blinky ... but I thought you might like to know.

OR

What I learned this term and what you can do to improve things for the fall.

Hey Kids

This term was fun. Interesting things happened so I thought I would share what I learned.

I learned from FASS that all Mathies seem to share a brain. There’s nothing more fun to do on a Friday night than have someone dump pudding on your head and then tool around K-W for a few hours before you have the chance to shower. Ahhh, Scunt...so many numbers so little desire to call any of them. Settlers seems to have some sort of mind control over people around this building. San Jose is far away...and countdowns, while good for keeping personal sanity, are annoying to those who get a daily update. Bejeweled is an addictive game. Check it out, after exams.

For those of you who don’t know I was publicity director this term...it’s too late to complain about things not being well publicized but if you have any suggestions feel free to e-mail them to me and I’ll be sure to pass them along to whoever might be publicity director in the fall. Speaking of fall, there’s a good chance I could be the social director in the fall, so if you have any suggestions for events you might like to see happen be sure and pass them along. I’m open for ideas. I’m looking into tricycle races and maybe a wing night. Send feedback to ce3moore@student.math.uwaterloo.ca

It’s been great being mathie frosh. I promise to keep the frosh mentality.

See ya around over the summer and you know where to find me in the fall... X2324

Catherine “Evil” “Monkey Keeper” “Puddin’ Head” Moore

Catherine was reading it to me. Some of it seems appropriate, so I’ll just give you a few quotes.

George saw... two little girls...

So this is where the fish are! Now George knew what to do...

He ... picked up the pole...

George pulled as hard as he could, he pulled and he pulled, and he pulled...

Now George could come...

The family’s lunch went flying...

George tugged and tugged.

It was delicious...

And he caught...

Blinky.

Okay, so this wasn’t about Blinky, so much as about reading an innocent children’s story and making it dirty, but at least I don’t keep frozen fish eyes in my freezer like some people...

Ben “Coco” Willson

mastHEAD

subtitle this mofo

Well, it's the end of another term, and surprisingly my last term as an undergrad here :) Hopefully I'll be back in the fall (Accept me, accept me for grad school, puh-leeze), and I'll be able to bring more wonderful issues to you all next year. If I'm lucky, the co-editor, Bradley T Smith, will even decide to live in the country, so I have someone to check the layouts.

Speaking of layouts, sorry about all the screwups, but hey, no one who complained to me actually volunteered to help, except Margaret. Extra special thanks to her for the proof reading help she has done this term.

So, being the end of another school year, we realized that a lot of us were moving up in the ranks of life (read graduating), but not only that, Raymond will no longer be a frosh! So we wondered what should Raymond's column "The Frosh Cornered" be called next year? Well, the enterprising young marketing minds at *mathNEWS* came up with some witty answers, along with their year and program *[All in a neat little table... — Pete Lizak].*

Name Answer Year/Program
 guys are wonderful. Fanta for deserts, Cino's for pizza, and to anybody I missed, I'll thank you when I get a Grammy (Except Brett, cause he's a sleaze).

Brad and Pete, Pete and Brad

Hey Brad, now that the term is done, wanna get *mathNEWS* tattoos?

Top 10 things you didn't know about Blinky

10. Blinky has been caught by Bart
9. Blinky lives by the nuclear power plant in Springfield
8. Blinky was not my highschool prom date
7. Blinky smells like a fish,... wait, he is a fish
6. Blinky has been sued by Slinky, since their names are similar
5. Blinky despises Fillet O'Fish sandwiches at McDonald's
4. Blinky is a deep and caring person, and wishes everyone a happy new year
3. Blinky, like all fish, have time run on a fish year cycle, which like dog years, is shorter than human years. There are about 12,450 fish years, per each solar year
2. Blinky used to hang out with Rocky and Bullwinkle as a child. They went to the same day care centre
1. Sylvester the cat has yet to catch Tweety, or Blinky, or that mouse, that has the Kangaroo for a buddy

Ken Chung	I wish I was Ken	3A, CS
Mark McDonald	Beans, beans, the musical fruit	1B AM
Jason Lau	The Neverending Rant, according to Raymond	2N C&O
Catherine Moore	If I keep this up long enough they're bound to make me editor OR I'm going to have a heart attack. So just let me write as much as I possibly can while I have the chance.	1B CS
Raymond Lai	I hate you all, where is my Blue Light <i>[Uh, that's water Ray... — Pete Love]</i>	1B CS
Greg Taylor	The Column formerly known as Frosh Cornered (Just make it a strange symbol)	done CS/Music
Kevin WanMinKee	A million articles with a million words and eventually I've gotta write Shakespeare	3B CS
Kubby	' /dev/null'	4N CS
Brian Fox	Out of the Frosh and into the Fire	First Year Maple

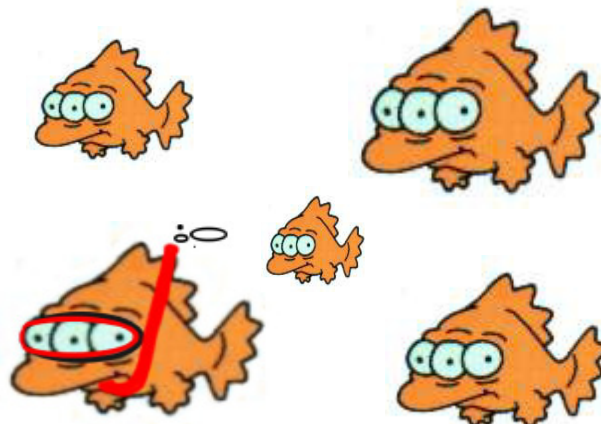
Now the editors' answers

Bradley T Smith	Ray of Sunshine	3rd year PMath
Pete 'Love' Lizak	My Preppy life in 10,000 words or more	4B AM/CS

Blinky's turn

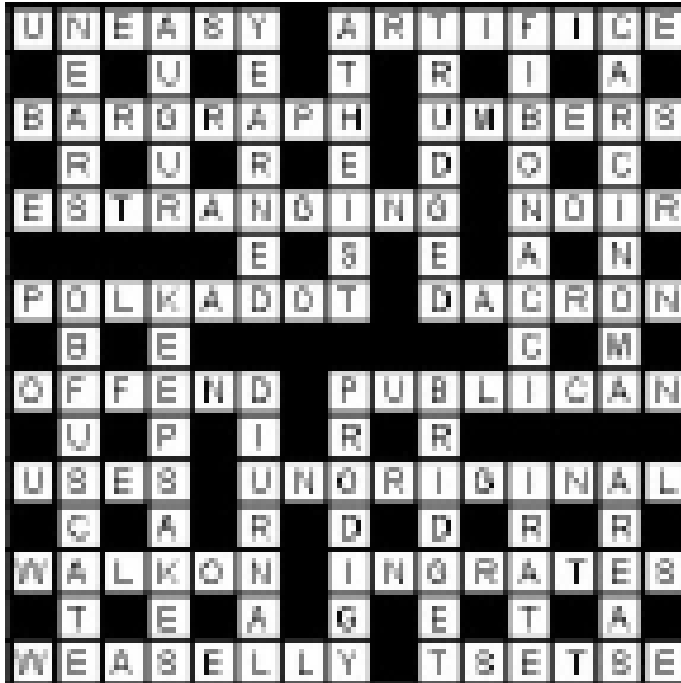
Blinky Thefishith	Glub, glub, glub...	2N Fishology
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Thanks goes to Graphics, for spotting my silly errors, you



Cid

GRIDWORD



gridCOMMENTS

We got 3 submissions that were all very close to the correct solution, Steve was close, but mixed up artifact and artifice, for “Sounds like snow sculpture ruse (8). Marshall was also very close, with only one incorrect, that being degrades instead of ingrates for “Thankless folks rescued from falling rates”.

The winner this week was Beatrice, who wins another lovely C&D gift certificate, wow, how generous can we get :)

Well, the *gridWORD* has been very interesting this term, including several double grids, cryptic and regular all on the same set of squares. Hopefully we will be able to continue into the summer term.

Thanks go to Linda and Matt for making up the grids and a hi-diddly ho, for the layout editor for screwing up only one issue this term [*Hey, that's me :)* — Pete Love].

Take care, and we'll see you in the fall (or next term if you are (un)lucky enough to be here.

Pete Lizak

mathNEWSquiz, or Lack Thereof

Surprise surprise, you found Andrew. He was... um.. out 3 weeks ago. All is ok.

On a separate note, there is no Squiz this week, since it is the end of the term, as the *mathNEWS* dictator, Pete, informed me. So, I will not exercise my brain tissue to spew another version of the Squiz. Instead, I will rant about the fact that nobody answered my Squiz last week.

NOBODY did the Squiz last week. Zip, zero, nil, nada, zilch. NO SUBMISSIONS for the Squiz was sent last week. This is a disturbing trend. The last Squiz I did (Issue 2), NO ONE sent in answers either. I can accredit this to several reasons:

1. Too many Star Trek references
2. Too many obscure Star Trek references
3. You all hate me

I sincerely hope it's not the third reason, but anything can happen.

Anyway, the answers to the Squiz last week are as follows: 1.1965; 2.Minister of the State, attached to the Minister of Finance; 3. 1986 (BONUS: Starting a Law Firm); 4. Honorary Doctorate of Laws (Meiji University, Tokyo); 5. Left.

1. International Auto-Makers Authority; 2. VUE (BONUS: SUV); 3. Z9; 4. Maya Gold; 5. Skydome, Toronto Convention Center; 6. Audi TT.

1. David (BONUS: Chinese Gov't will never let a man with an “English” name be their official ambassador.); 2. 3; 3. The Steam Distribution Junction; 4. Standing with his back to the

wall; 5. Donna. Yup. Donna.

1. Operation Return; 2. A baseball, on his table; 3. Empok Nor; 4. Medical equipment, self-sealing stembolts, land; 5.Defiant-B:Blue, Defiant-A: Purple

1. 21; 2. There is none; 3. Digital Anvi (BONUS: Microsoft, Chris Roberts, WIng Commander: Privateer); 4. Mark Hamill; 5. Dr. Chaotica's Hologram mission

So there you go, although none of you did the Squiz, I'm still shoving the answers down your throat. Don't worry, Andrew will be back next year.. if you're lucky.

Raymond “One Pissed-Off SquizMaster” Lai

Damn Squiz Winners

Now, to make a complete jackass of myself, someone actually turned in a Squiz answer. The winner is Sarah, who knew a disgustingly large amount of DS9 trivia, to my amusement. On top of knowing that Empok Nor was the sister station to DS9, she also stated that Empok Nor was in the Trvias System. Wow, even I haven't reach that level of DS9 trancendence yet.

Anyway, may this lone entrant please come and claim her prize.

Raymond “Jackass Squizmaster” Lai
Someone replace me already