math NEWS

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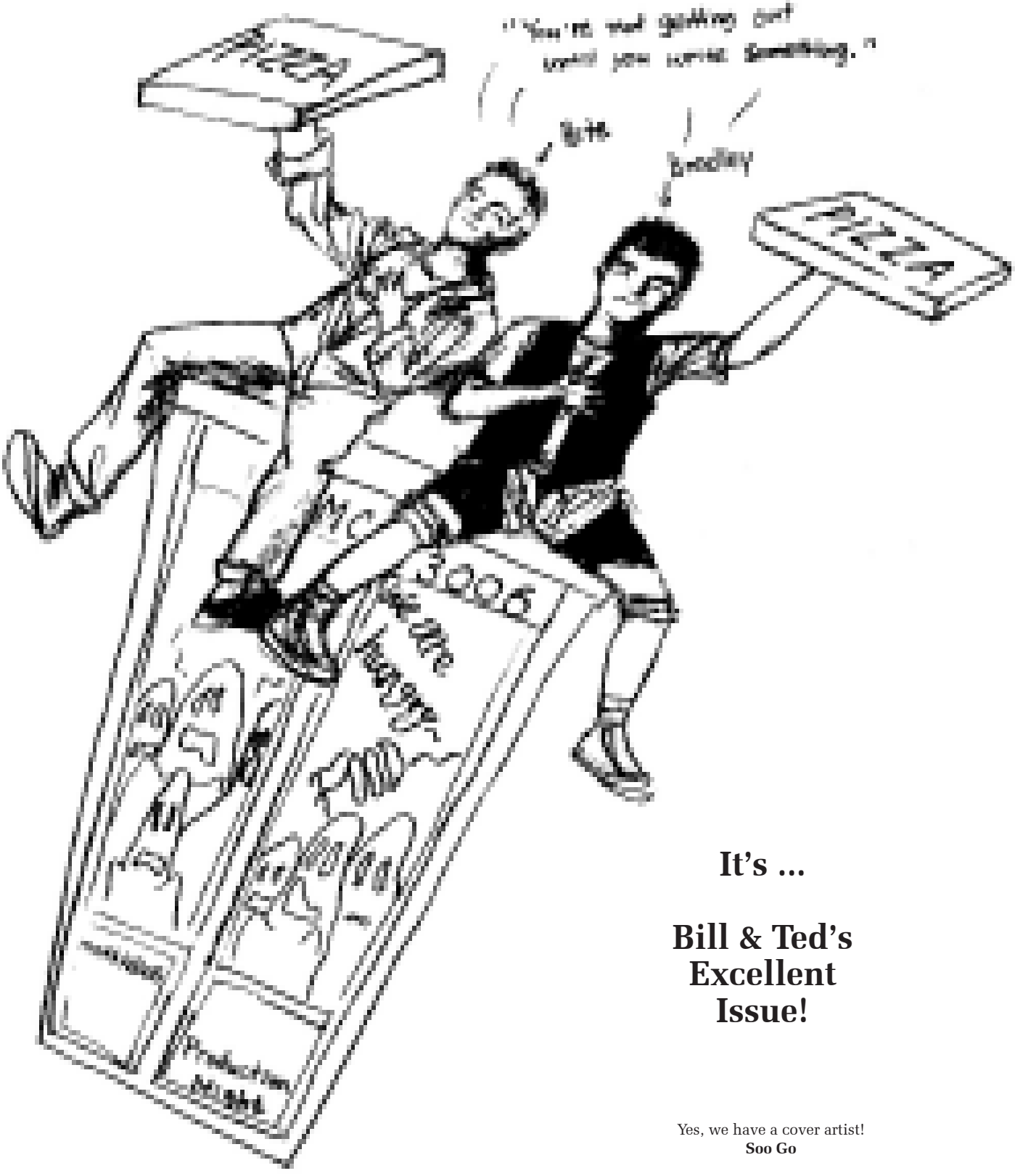

It's ...

Bill & Ted's Excellent Issue!

Yes, we have a cover artist!
Soo Go

Prez Sez

Hey all you Mathies,

Congratulations to the Scunt Team. Everyone had a great time and no sleep. Extra thanks to everyone who helped clean up my house.

I don't have a whole lot to say right now so I'll keep it short.

Free Money. Yep, that's right, the University has lots and lots of money they have to give away as bursaries. Fill out a form in the registrar's office and some of that money could be yours!

This Monday and Tuesday the first year at large representatives were elected. Thanks to everyone who ran and everyone who showed up to vote.

The construction that is currently ongoing under the trophy cases in the third floor hallway will soon provide us with a storage area for tables, and slightly less construction (we can't do anything about the rest of campus though).

That's all the Prez news… Now for some advice:

Things not to eat:

- Cheap cheese, no matter how many people are cheering
- paint (edible is not equivalent to non toxic)

Things okay to eat:

- hot tamales and beer
- double bubble gum
- macaroni salad

Things GOOD to eat:

- Raymond's cooking
- Cheetos

Ben Willson

Not-quite-*ultra*CLASSIFIED

Astrologer/Exotic Dancer seeking position within Math Society. Preferable employment within a directorship role. Experience includes many years of gazing into crystal ball and sweating topless on stage to the greatest hits of the 80's. Skills include tarot reading, fortune telling, and knowledge of various ritual dances involving oil. Pre-installed fire pole in office preferred, but not necessary. Call Petri Bananie at (519)55-DANCE.

Amadaeus, inspiration provided by "The Man"

*ultra*CLASSIFIED

"Speed Racer" by Aphex Twin is a kick butt song!

"Where's my fudgeicle? Where's my fudgeicle?"

"Hey. They are playing that fudgeicle song. Turn it up."

Math Grad Committee

Yearbook:

The 2002 yearbook has begun production and we are looking for your pictures! We're looking for pictures taken any time during the last four or five years you've been at Waterloo. The only guideline is that most of the people in the pictures should be graduating. It's also time to start thinking about what you want to say in your grad write up. These will be due November 30, and must be submitted through the web site.

Social:

MGC will be holding a grad BBQ at lunchtime on Friday, October 12 outside of MC. More details will follow later, so plan on joining us!

Website:

MGC has a brand new website! `www.mgc2002.com` — Check it our for lots more information and updates. You can also sign up to be on our mailing list if you want to receive email notices about upcoming important dates and activities.

If you have any questions, please email us at `mgc@student.math.uwaterloo.ca`, or swing by the office anytime! (MC 3029)

Jennifer
MGC 2002 Chair

*look*AHEAD

***math*NEWS**	
October 5	Issue #2 gathers for turkey
October 15	Issue #3 production night 6:30pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
October 19	Issue #3 awakes from its alcohol-induced slumber
Math Faculty	
October 9	Open course enrollment for W02 term
November 2	WD Deadline
MathSoc	
Thursdays	Movie Night
October 11	MathSoc meeting
October 11	Oktoberfest at the Aud
Pete Love's Stuff	
Wednesday	Bomber
Thursday	FEDhall
Friday	Predrink for Oktoberfest
Bradley T Smith's Stuff	
October 18	Turn 23
MGC	
Wednesdays	Pizza Day
October 12	Grad BBQ
October 20	Fall Convocation
MEF	
October ??	Deadline for Fall proposal submissions
Co-op	
October 9	Postings End
October	Interview-a-thon
Miscellaneous	
October 5–14	Oktoberfest Woo-hoo! Let's party.
October 8	Thanksgiving Day
October 9	Start saving for Christmas presents
October 11	Premiere of "Survivor" 3
October 15	AA program for Oktoberfest begins
October 15	1st dose of harsh reality for froshlings (They all get hangovers from Oktoberfest)

How We Could Make Movie Night Better …

and help subsidize math*NEWS*

Well, how many of you can say that you were at the last movie night? No, staying up late to brush your roommate's teeth doesn't count as a good excuse. To start, we need to get a big cattle prod (yes, a cattle prod) to gather up all those boring frosh that go to boys and girls night instead, because movie night is that much better. The other angle would be to start playing movies that are in the theatre (most of us know how to get them anyways (not me, but you know who you are …)). I mean, how many people would come if they saw that "Glitter" was playing (okay, you wouldn't get anyone to come to that). But let's just say that Tushar and Kyle decided to play Star Wars: Episode II, you'd have to project it onto the MC and pump the Star Wars theme through the P.A. system (oh, yeah, they don't have one anymore …), anyways, people would come. And they would pay. Imagine the extra money this would generate. If they do follow these suggestions, we could easily increase profits tenfold (maybe more …), and then "donate" the extra profits to *math*NEWS (a.k.a. pay *math*NEWS for the great idea).

Mark Toivanen

Honorary Lifetime Membership Nominations

Nominations for the HLM in MathSoc were opened on October 1st and will run until Monday, October 15th at 4:30 pm.

The recipient of an HLM is granted all the rights and privileges of a social member of the Society for so long as MathSoc endures. They also get their name engraved on a plaque, which is on display for all students to view.

The Nominee must:

1. Be graduating or have otherwise completed their studies; and
2. Have contributed significantly for most terms spent on campus, including not only contributions to math activities but also to other activities which have enhanced student life.

If you know of anyone who may be deserving of this award then please fill out a nomination form (available outside the MathSoc office, MC 3038) and return it to the Internal Mailbox in the MathSoc Office before the close of nominations.

Colin Davidson
Internal Director, MathSoc

MathSoc Election Results

On October 1st and 2nd there was an election for the two first-year at-large representatives for MathSoc council. The results are:

- Robson Clark: 19
- Lino Demasi: 20
- Catherine Hicks: 11
- Paul Nguyen: 31
- Michael Tersigni: 9
- Yvonne Yip: 32

Congratulations to Paul and Yvonne, and thanks to all candidates for an enthusiastic and fair campaign.

The Election Committee

People Are Good?

I apologize initially for my intention to place a serious article into *math*NEWS. Alas, those of you who have met me may realise that I fail miserably at being serious. Oh well, there is always a tenth time of things I do more then 10 times.

Sunday: I got up around 11 am and went to school. Normally I don't get up this early on weekends but I went to bed 19 hours earlier so I had a need to get up and go somewhere which was not my bed.

Now on my way to MC; I was unhappy that the wall along the sidewalk under the underpath between DC and E3 was dismantled. Why would someone dismantle a wall. I suspect that this took some effort since the blocks the wall was made of were moderately heavy.

To me it appeared as vandalism. Hence I began replacing the stones. In this process some guy, let's call him Frank to protect his identity from being dishonoured.

So, Frank says, "Do you need any help with that?" I quickly accept his help. And we quickly finish assembling the wall.

We then continue on our way. When we get in sight of the Egg fountain I notice that there is a bike rack and a chair in the moat around the egg. So I get Frank to help me remove the bike rack from the fountain. We do this but leave the chair there since I didn't really know where the chair goes.

This leads me to 3 questions.

1. Who did these acts of mischief? Like really, it didn't impress me. There was no thought put into this vandalism. I saw no signs of artistic merit. Like really if you are going to vandalize something at least do it in an interesting way. We all make use of the campus on a regular basis as students. We would prefer if our campus looked nice; which is hard considering some of the hideous architecture but we could without thoughtless rearrangements of walls. If you are going to remove some bricks from a wall at least at least make them into an Inukshuk; celebrate your Canadian culture.
2. Why do we not take better care of our campus? This incident filled me with disgust at which point I opened my eyes to the gross amount of litter on the ground. I bet I could pick up a bag full garbage within an hour and not even dent the amount of litter on campus. Why is the litter not picked up? Oh yeah were lazy/busy University students who are too good to pick up trash.
3. Do I value asthetics? Yes always respect the beautiful.

Perhaps I will begin litter pick-up ventures.

Dave

*math*NEWS Election Results

On October 1st and 2nd there was a group of people dropping ballots in the BLACK BOX because they thought they were voting for the *math*NEWS at-large representatives for MathSoc council. The results are:

- Yolanda: 7
- Raymond Lai: 0 (A '1' and a '-1')
- Batman: 5
- Bradley T Smith: 6
- Ray's WatCard: 1
- Adam West: 1

Congratulations to Bradley and Yolanda, and thanks to all candidates for a dry and unfair campaign.

The *math*NEWS Election Committee

3V1L L33T

Bang Bang Boogie

This was written really early in the morning. I have work later today, and I was just reading all the MegaTokyos again and I decided that I really wanted this to be the title for my article. Yes, it roX. What's there to say? Quite a bit actually (but less than Raymond's articles).

I missed the first issue this term because I usually forget that Mondays exist and because Tuesday (911) was a busy day for me. Well, it's been busy up until recently. So I guess it will be tough to find things to talk about in this issue . |\|0T+

Scunt rox. Any sort that is. There should be plenty of other articles in this issue but I would like to thank MonkeyMan, Bradley, and Van for a gr34t 4 am dinner (like a fox).

There's been a lot of t4lk lately about the new laws that the Americans will be passing; that will restrict civil liberties. As usual I took an unofficial poll of 100 people and 73 didn't like it, 20 were ok with it, 5 abstained, and 2 said quack. What does this mean? Well, it doesn't take any Stats courses to figure it out. It means that we will be very uncomfortable if such restrictions were placed in Canada or the States. Laws are, of course, quite different here than in the US. The US is planning on passing a law that would allow them to remove foreigners from the country. This does not violate the constitution, so no freedom is lost. We can expect a lot more Internet surveillance. For me the Internet is a free place, and I know it will continue to be free in one way or another.

What we need is more technically adept people passing bills controlling the use of technology. Recently (last few years) there has been a ridiculous increase in the number of tech laws, occurring primarily because of large companies waking up and lawmakers considering the Internet and its technologies tangible. I realize that wasn't a proper sentence but you get the idea. If a technology can be broken then it isn't good enough. Yes it can suck but that doesn't make it bad.

Windows is a decent platform. I lik3 it because it's nicely graphical and there was research put into designing it. Yes, I like Linux as well. Why? Because it serves a purpose. MacOS are also quite good, because they do a job well. The point is — don't outright hate something. I hate Mac mice (that's my primary argument against dem Apples), it's tr00 but because of some major functional disability. What I'm getting to is that people need to experience and use each platform to the best ability. Try different things.

Recently there have been many demonstrations calling for PEACE. These demonstrations have been calling for peaceful solutions to the current military crisis. To quote Ali G *[Woo, my boy from Staines! — TaxiEd]* (from the 11 o'clock show in England, just as another side note, his name is rea11y Sacha Baron-Cohen), "Violence Solves Everything." Why do I say this? If somebody hits you in school then you tell the Teacher who takes care of it. In the current situation who's the teacher? There is no teacher. Sure, some may consider the US the big bully, but then don't whine when the bully hits back. Others think no retaliation should be taken. Well then, don't you think that terrorists will strike again? This is not a singular war against just bin Laden. There are lots of groups out there that have a fight with the US, there have been lots of strikes (one only needs look back to Yemen) and there will be more. Thus, saying peaceful resolutions are available is not statement that should be taken into consideration; especially when the enemy considers that they want every American d34d. How does one negotiate with that? Thus a military response is necessary.

There is one picture that I saw that said: "Afghans are people too." Yes, it's true, but this military reaction has already been established as a one without massive bombing. Think about it this way: how would you f33l if you'd been living with TV and electricity for your life and then one day (in 1996) somebody overruns your city and imposes new restrictions on you. That is what many hard-liner fundamentalist Taliban did. There is a lot of opposition from within but they have relative peace after 20 years of constant war. Of course the war now continues and the fate of much of the world lies in that area. New alliances are being made, some broken and many countries being weakened.

One of the countries that is being slightly (I consider it slightly) weakened is Pakistan. There is a d33p and wide rift between many portions of the country and the situation grows worse daily. Yet the current president will gain more support as the economy grows. Iran of course is going to side with the Americans on this one. That's right, I said with. People in Iran are growing tired of the almost 20 year feud and a more moderate government is now in place.

This article has g0n3 on quite long but there's been a lot of support for the impartial news that I've been supplying on my website (`http://www.student.math.uwaterloo.ca/~t3singh/911`) and I really needed to tell it in my own words. I still read articles that make my eyes well up with tears and I still believe that civilians should not be targeted in any military resolution (accidental civilian casualties are unavoidable, but should be avoided).

Good job Doug and Nory on Orientation … it was g3333333t.

Shouts to all the participants of the Scunt. Shouts to Ta><i, MonkeyMan, Dan, Snuggles, Yolanda, Colin, Ducky, Paul, Liam, Albert, Gilad, Dave, Mallard, Quack, Kyle, Mike, Mike, Mike, Sana'a, and especially to Erika, Anthony, and Mike (but especially Erika) for playing Ultimate with m3 right after the Scunt. That's right, we ran around after being awake for more than 36 hours for like an eXtra 4 hours. N3xt time I write an article I promise to include a lot more overall news events (for those spending all their time in Real-Time).

Good Night
Tushar Singh
Quack

Please send comments to `t3singh@uwaterloo.ca` or `god@uwaterloo.ca` (until it is disabled)

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*math*NEWS 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. *math*NEWS is editorially independent of MathSoc. Content is the responsibility of the *math*NEWS editors; however, any opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and not necessarily those of MathSoc or *math*NEWS. Current and back issues of *math*NEWS are available electronically via the World Wide Web at `http://www.mathnews.uwaterloo.ca/`. Send your correspondence to: *math*NEWS, MC3041, University of Waterloo, 200 University Ave. W., Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, N2L 3G1, or to userid `mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca` on the Internet.

The Princess babes: Bradley Theodore Smith and Pete S. Love, Esquire

Investment in Bonds

This is no ordinary investment advice

In recent days, multitude of people of flocking to baseball stadiums or their favourite local sports bar or sitting in front of their TV sets. They are trying to catch a glimpse of history — Barry Bonds' chase for the home run record (he may or may not have broken the record by the time you read this). Boat rentals in the San Francisco harbour has skyrocketed. Many people are trying to take advantage of the situation. Here at S.C. Reamer Financial Consultation Service, we can help you reach your financial dreams.

With our sports record chasing fund, you will be able to witness historic sporting events no matter where they occur. The transportation cost is paid for and you don't need to worry about missing the event. In 1998, we took several investors to that memorable night in St. Louis where Mark McGuire hit his 62nd dinger. Later that month a few clients witnessed Mr. McGuire's 70th homer leave the park live. All of them had a great time, so much so that many of them are now working here.

Our work is not restricted to sporting events. We also have experts on the stock market, the bonds market, and the commodities exchange. The specialists of S.C. Reamer Financial solve the tough problems and think hard so that you, the client, don't have to.

Our consultants are experts at beating the market. They can find what is going on behind the scenes before anyone else. All the information we receive come directly from the horse's mouth, there is no second-hand information. We are working hard so that you, the investor, can gain an advantage over others without breaking a sweat.

Fast-growing industries are our specialty. We have experts on fields such as data security, biotechnology, and the internet. Our specialists have up-to-date knowledge. We recruit agressively to ensure that they are recruited right after they are relieved of their previous work. We don't discriminate anyone and any applicant has a fair chance of being hired regardless of their race, gender, or background.

For just a small initial investment, you can sit and wait for your money to grow. Our service charges are one of the lowest and I personally guarantee that all transactions are made according to what you, the customer, wanted.

Scott C. Reamer
CEO, S.C. Reamer Financial Consulting

(S.C. Reamer Financial, due to accusations of insider trading and stealing employees from other companies, has had all its operation suspended and its assets frozen. Thanks to the work of our investigative reporter, the authorities found the evidence to put Mr. Reamer under arrest. However, the investors may not be able to recover all of their deposits.)

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

George "Dubya" Bush's trip to U Waterloo

If you don't remember it, you may have been on campus that day …

It was a great rainy day at the University of Waterloo, when all of a sudden, from out of nowhere, George "Dubya" Bush appeared in the middle of the MC building. In his deep Texan accent, he said "Well, y'all, how'zit doin' here at Oxford?" Suffice it to say, the mathies actually did try to get help from the engineers, but they had problems of their own — it just so happened that Sir Issac Newton was giving a lecture on how to cross the street, and they all need to know how to use those famous laws that keep them safe while street crossing. Anyways, back to our real story. By now, Mr. Bush had made his way up to the sixth floor and gotten lost. Good thing he had his trusty old-school issue map of the MC (that hadn't been updated since they added the seventh floor and didn't have the sixth floor either, go figure). Anyways, he ended up getting off the sixth floor, but he ended up on the roof between the sixth and seventh floors. "Dang. I should'a gone to school past second grade!" he said. But he managed to find a giant pink tie, and he thought that it could be his ticket to get to the bottom of the building by going down the building wall. "Letz go," he says, and starts to scale the wall in a downwards spiral, somehow ending up breaking into the comfy lounge, where he was greeted by a group of Dungeons and Dragons players who invited him to join their cause of saving the great Mizerna from the evil guardian Dormitrea, who just so happened to look just like Osama bin Laden (purely coincidental). Suffice it to say, Mr. Bush was convinced that bin Laden had used a time machine to get into this RPG game and decided to use his destructo-ray to incinerate the castle of Kamistra, where he thought bin Laden was hiding (he wasn't there). Kamistra was really pissed now. He decided to wreak havoc on anything the evil Bush controlled, which happened to be nothing more than a two-handed dagger that only procked once in a blue moon (if you're still with me, you've got a problem. I'm not even following it anymore … I'm just trying to get something from this, even if it doesn't make sense. See, you're still reading this, aren't you? *[Ya, well, I am one of the editors. — TaxiEd]*). Well, there's not enough words to fit this story today. Tune in next week for the conclusion of George "Dubya" Bush's trip to Waterloo …

P.S. If you haven't read my other articles, they are a great way to pass the time from one issue to another. There's no crime to reading them any less than 15 times each (yes, I know that's not a big number, but let's let the pure math students get the real big numbers.)

Mark Toivanen

Soccer Balls Are Evil

Or 5 Ways To Get A Concussion

Beware! They're out there. The soccer balls. Sure they look innocent at first, but the you notice all pentagons, which sound like pentagrams. Ever since first infiltrating our planet and taking over soccer, they have been ploting to give us a whack in the head. Oh no … there's one coming now … aaaaaaa!

Gilad

It's Still My Last Theorem

What is this place? *math*NEWS? I do not care who thou art, thou hast no right to imprison me thus. While being here, in this time of yours, I have had the opportunity to review past issues of your nonsensical journal. I am particularly bothered by issue 0, which brings notice to my 7th number being found not prime. To this I say HA. Does thou think that because one can have a machine factor a number that it is better than Fermat himself? To this I say HA.

I am very ashamed of this man named Professor Willy who thinks he has proven my theorem. It is MY THEOREM Willy, not yours. I alone can prove it. While here, I have studied your twentieth century mathematics and have learned of the techniques you have used to solve my problem. I have found some major problems in your proof: 1) On page 7 you describe the behaviour of a certain group of elliptic curves. However, you do not realize that elliptic curves have nothing at all do to with MY THEOREM. 2) On page 237, you attempt to find an equivalence relationship between a certain group of elliptic curves and modular forms. However, you do not realize that modular forms have nothing to do with MY THEOREM. 3) On page 892 you prove that all elliptic curves are modular forms. However, this mean that your proof has at least 892 pages! Why do you need over 892 pages to prove one statement made of 6 letters and an equals sign? Are you a complete moron? I will now prove my last theorem for those of you privileged enough to read this article.

Proof:

We will start with n is a prime and generalize from there.

From MY "LITTLE" THEOREM, we know that $x^p + y^p = x + y \pmod p$,

we also know that $z^p = z \pmod p$,

therefore we conclude that $x + y = z \pmod p$

I would finish the proof, but the bounds of this page are not enough to contain it.

Pierre

Principles of Computer Piegramming

By Ada Lovelace

According to the latest journals I have written, Computing is easy as baking a pie. For whenever I have a problem, for example an unstoppable Turing Machine, I bake a pie. Piegramming, as I like to call it, is the solution to all of my computing problems.

My dear Charles, as sweet as he is, loves his dutch apple pie. So whenever he invents a new idea – say a computer language – I bake a pie.

Piegramming, then, is really a two part phenomenon that can be practised especially at this institution of higher learning. Here are the two fundamental steps to Piegramming:

1. Be able to bake tasty, fattening, and generally sleep inducing apple pies.
2. Have a cute, gullible, and exceedingly smart boyfriend from whom you may steal ideas.

There! Now the secret of computer Piegramming is out in the open. May the world's assignments become easier, and the brilliant boys of the world become fatter.

Kev LovelaceDot Oh

So Laurier has a Residence Named After Me?

So who's this Ron Eydt guy that you at Waterloo, a school reknowned for its mathematics, choose to name a residence after? Oh, he was administrator. Good.

So, I see you here in the 20th century *[Actually, Leonhard, it's the 21st now — TaxiEd]* have chosen to name a great deal of items after your pronunciation of my last name: The now defunk Houston Oilers, the Edmonton Oilers, and all those other sports teams called the Oilers. Well, I've got news for you: My name is pronounced U-ler, not oiler. I'd spell it with an 'oi' if I wanted that sound, and don't feed me any of that crap about you knowing how to pronounce German names, I think I know how to say my own name, thank you very much.

Okay, well, with that off my chest, I can get to the really cool stuff. Bill and Ted were taking me to your 135 and 137 classes when I noticed something cool: You're still using my notation! I was half-giddy to see things like f(x), e, i, and π being used over 200 years after I introduced them. And to think, that punk kid Lagrange said that they wouldn't catch on. What's he got named after him now?

The other big thing I liked about your society was the way graph theory has grown. Why, back in my day, it was a big deal to walk across all the bridges in a city exactly once, now you're concerned with girth, matchings, and list-colourings. Pretty cool, but the assignments could probably stand being a bit harder.

I suppose you're all expecting to get some piece of wisdom from me. Well, what can I say besides use your mathematical skills to befriend royalty. I love hanging out with the Russian Queen, she's a super lady, and everyone should get to chill with a monarch, at least for a few days. Other than that, be excellent to each other.

Party on, dudes,
Leonhard Euler

Fantastique

Bonjour all! I have had a really fun time here in your town. I enjoyed the sights and activities — especially the water-slides at SportsWorld … what fun! I mean, if you were one of the greatest generals in history, and you were stranded in 2001 for one day, where would you go? WATERLOO! This town has everything to impress the modern general. I won't even get a chance to hit the roller-rink or go go-karting like I'd planned, so next thing I'm going to do when I get back to my time is check out my local Waterloo.

Anyway, I've gotta go, thanks for bringing me to your time, especially since I'm not a mathematician.

Napoleon Bonaparte

History Quiz

For those of you who know that Marco Polo is not just a water sport, here's a little challenge for you: **Name the event that occurred every day between September 3 and 15 in 1752**. In case of a tie, here's another question: **What is Ziggy Pig?** Submit your answer to the BLACK BOX or mail it to `mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca` by October 15th. Winner gets a most triumphant prize.

Chris 'The Kreased'

I'm in control of all groups

Where am I? Why are the people here staring at glowing boxes and hitting tiny piano keys? Why are these people looking at a cart travelling in a fixed path? What year is this? Who are these people who brought me here? What was inside the box that took me to this place? Well, I suppose I should leave my mark while I am here.

Before this century, people worked with ordinary number systems which were simple and easy to grasp. In recent years, however, people come up with difficult problems that no one can solve. That is, until now. I have come up with a brilliant system which will make all the mathematical problems solvable by anyone. With this kind of system, everything can be translated into an element of the system. The system is truly revloutionary — a + (b + c) = (a + b) + c for any 3 elements of the system, the system has an identity e where ae = a for any element a of the set, and there is an element b for every a so that ab = e. This is a great breakthrough. I intend to call a set with the above properties a "Group," but I'm open to suggestion from others.

That's not all. I have thought of a great system where for any 3 elements a, b, c of the set:

1. a + b = b + a
2. there is a 0 in the set where a + 0 = 0 + a = a for any a
3. for any a, there is an element (-a) where a + (-a) = 0
4. a + (b + c) = (a + b) + c
5. there is a 1 in the set where 1a = a1 = a
6. (ab)c = a(bc)

I haven't come up with a term for the set. I like the term "ring" to define such a set. That way, I can be the original Lord of the Rings. I can go further and define a "field," but I don't think many of you are ready for it.

So what if I can't do arithmetic. Arithmetic is invented to drain children of all imagination. They are forced to do mindless addition and subtraction so that they can't think for themselves. That way, children will listen to anyone, ANYONE, who stands in front of them. Think of the consequences — people will copy down whatever the person up front writes on the wall. People doing what has been assigned to them. If we allow this to continue, we will end up with an Earth full of potatoes.

Look at the young people today. They are subjected to constant testing. The people in charge say that testing is good for evaluation, but true talents cannot be found via a single test. We cannot assume that we can determine the intelligence of everyone just by using one single test, not even if it is a magic test. Success or failure of a person should not be determined by the result of one single test.

All right. I'm only 20, but since when is age a barrier to mathematical discovery. Many mathematicians before me had made important findings before they reach 20. Young people should be allowed to think for themselves. Their enthusiasm can easily overcome their lack of experience. Giving a chance, young people can achieve as much, if not more, than their elders.

I can say more, but I WAS in prison for being a revolutionary. If I say one more thing I can get myself killed. In fact, I think someone in jail wanted to take me on one-on-one.

E. Galois

Time Travel Made Easy

Caesar — It's not just a salad dressing dude

Running late for my Stat 231 course (once again), I find myself wishing I had a time machine … not so I can get there on time, but so I can prevent it from becoming a course. But then, if I had a time machine, why stop there? There're so many personages of historical significance I've always wanted to visit …

Well, with the help of Deputy Van Halen (the new dude), *math*NEWS bagged Bill & Ted's time machine and did just that. I mean, who really wants to have meaningful contact with things from extraterrestrials to common household pets? Mr. Clean already knows Victoria's Secret — yes, that's why he's grinning — and that's already too much. Do you want your dog telling you about his escapades with the fire hydrant down the street? Or maybe the comfy couches could tell you about every heinous thing that's happened in there — trust me, you don't want that.

Well, for a limited time only (and a small fee of $¥-1), *math*NEWS is making our time machine available for Mathie use. Imagine … you could visit Napolean before he became just a short dead dude, or find out if George Washington was really born on President's Day … if you go far enough, you could even visit Noah and Joan (of Arc). For an additional pimping fee, you can even visit Missy (make sure she's not your mom first). Just make sure you return the time machine when you're done; I'll need it to pass Stat 231 before I'm 231 … there'll be no Colonel Oats Alaskan Military School for me.

Chris 'The Kreased'

Warriors Beat Western

At their own Homecoming

In front of 11 300 Western fans the Waterloo Warriors kicked the Western Mustangs' butts at their own Homecoming Game by a score of 22–3 this past Saturday. This the second time that the Warriors have beat Western at their Homecoming Game, the last time was in 1997. It was quite sad to see such a giant and spirited crowd at the beginning of the game empty out of the stadium by half way through the 4th quarter. Even Albert, the old man who runs a lap every time that Western scores a touchdown had nothing to do.

Previous to Saturday's game Western had won all the games they played in their new stadium, TD Waterhouse stadium, they were 5–0 there. It was only fitting that the Warriors break in their own stadium since it was a 1999 playoff win over Western of 35–21 that closed out the old J.W. Little Stadium.

This was the first time I had been to the new stadium. The stadium is rather nice and very big (it was built for the Canadian Summer Games). But there was one very stupid oversight. It seems that someone did not take into consideration the direction the sun would be shining in the afternoon (you know when most game would be played). The sun shines directly at the scoreboard making it impossible to read. Making it essential to hear the announcer to know what's going on and how much time is left on the clock.

You all can see the 3–1–1 Warriors take on the Guelph Gryphons this Saturday at 7:30 pm at University Stadium. Just show your WatCard at the gate to get in free.

Nadia V. Ursacki

Bill and Ted's QUEST to the Past

Having brought various famous Math figures into the present, Bill and Ted proceeded to start school like any co-op Math student. Little do they know, their time travelling experiences would save their classmates from eternal damnation.

As Bill and Ted walked into the MC, they took out their schedules to see where they would be heading first. They were shocked to find out that their schedules may be 'faulty.' Bill was enlisted as a Environmental Sciences student with 2 courses: REC 200 and DRAMA 223. Ted, on the other hand, was enrolled as a CompEng student with 9 courses, 5 of which conflict with each other, and 1 course that doesn't exist. Confounded and confused, Bill and Ted headed to their nearest UNIX workstations to fix their mangled schedules.

Bill was first to log into QUEST. After 50 minutes of futile attempts and error messages, Bill proclaimed: "Dude, this QUEST system is so bogus!" Ted replied: "I know, our grasp of the English language is better." Bill then said: "Well, let's fix it, so we can go to school like normal folk, but with a time machine!" Ted then countered: "Dude, you're not making any sense!" and Bill answered: "I know! I can't understand a word I'm saying!" Bill and Ted then walked into a dark secluded corner on the sixth floor, where they stashed the phone booth, and went back in time.

Bill and Ted emerged from their phone booth into the CHIP office in the near past. They found the QUEST office, where Quest was still being developed, and located the files that Jordan Primo had invented to create Quest. Bill then smashed his electric guitar into the computer system, then they both re-entered into the phone booth to return back to the present.

When they returned to the present, they found out that QUEST did not exist, and they rejoiced. They headed upstairs to MUO, where they met up with the MUO lady to have their schedule changed. However, they were shocked to find out that even though QUEST has been destroyed, Jordan Primo was quickly working on an integrated administration system called "NOACCESS". It seems that for each program they destroy in the past, the nofarious Primo dastardly comes up with a new program, each time more crappy than the last, to replace the one destroyed in history. Bill and Ted decided quickly that they must destroy the source of the foul program, instead of taking out the programs themselves. They headed into the evil Primo Lair to confront the fiend beast.

When they got to the basement hideout of Primo's data-gathering base, they found Primo and his time travelling toaster. Bill exclaimed: "Dude, the reason why this Primo guy was able to factual exactnatize our steps is that he has been travelling back in time with us! That's why he's able to come up with a new program when we destroyed QUEST!" Ted then said: "Let's destroy his toaster, so he can't hatch his heinous plot!" At which point, Bill threw his Calculus textbook at the fragile toaster, which then burst into flames and imploded on itself. Once the toaster was destroyed, Primo was sent back into the firey depths of hell where he can concoct evil programs like QUEST and ACCESS without harming human beings.

When the dust cleared, NOACCESS was destroyed, and the student body never retained their knowledge of QUEST, as Bill and Ted successfully destroyed QUEST and it's evil-doer.

Bill: "Dude, QUEST doesn't exist!"
Ted: "Most excellent, dude."
Bill: "Now we can register, without going insane!"
Ted: "Bodacious. You all suck."
Bill: "What?"
Ted: "I'm sorry, but playing this time travel stuff really bites."
Bill: "Bummer. Oh well, let's go to class."

Amadaeus

Dude, That's Your Mom

San Dimas, home of America's greatest waterslides, was torn apart as today's events unfolded in court. Bill S. Preston, Esquire, son of Bill's dad, is suing his father, Bill's grandfather's son, that his marriage to his stepmom, Missy, who is also Bill's dad's wife, is disgusting and downright dirty. Bill, in hopes that court decisions will result in the untimely demise of his parents' relationship, wants Missy's hand in marriage. Said Bill to one reporter "I want Missy so bad. She's a fox. Foxamadox. Yeah, sweet like a fox. How did my dad end up getting her anyway?" Bill discovered his true feelings for his stepmom while on their prom date.

A surprising and disturbing twist was revealed by today's star witness, Ghengis Khan. His testimony read "Grr grunt gurrrr yah yah yah raf raf." Roughly translated it reads "When I time travelled through history to this crack whore city, I slept a hooker called Missy, even though she said I could call her whatever I liked. I love San Dimas!" Dude!

Bill's dad was absolutely devastated. "I had no idea what all those whips and chains were for. I always thought that since Missy was in mechanical engineering, they were her tools …"

Bill's comment was "Oh, I knew, believe me. Whew!"

After Khan's shocking testimony, the court had no other option but to return of verdict of Slut. Thus the marriage of Missy and Bill's dad was null. Missy, upon being proposed to, said, "Ew, no, absolutely not! I want Ted." Ted, however, was unavailable for comment, as his army school is located in MCSixthFloor, Alaska.

ComputerChairExtraordinaire Krysta

View From The Booth

So this is thirteen years in the future, huh? I must say, it is a most excellent time to live. Any time that is smart enough to summon a great historian like myself must truly be bodacious.

While I'm not familiar with famous *math* figures, I'm doing my best to help out. I've been reading up on all of this math stuff, and it's pretty confusing. Like matrices. Those things are evil, dude. I will be the one to destroy the matrix, one day. Whoa. I don't know what I just typed.

Anyway, it looks to me like math isn't a topic for me, so I'll stick to the future in Waterloo. Like I said, it's a pretty radical place. There's not nearly as many waterslides as I'd expected, but these computers are really powerful. Almost too powerful. It's a good thing I know Kung Fu or they might get the upper hand. Whoa. I think 2001 is doing something to me.

Technology has really improved. I mean, I came here through a tiny cell phone. It's so much better than a phone booth, even if it was a little cramped. But what it lacks in room, it makes up for in *speed*, and a really cool ringer.

Speaking of which, it's time for me to head back to the past. But let me leave you with these words: Party on dudes, and I can dodge bullets. Whoa.

Ted "Theodore" Logan (Dictated to Dan Woodley)

mastHEAD

Whoa, dude, a totally long mast*HEAD*

Surfing through time is cool. We grabbed a whole bunch of personages of historic significance, preferably mathematical and saw what happened. But I certainly did not expect for things to get crazy and to have Agnesi go down on me! It wasn't without warning or anything, I saw the signs, I was pretty sure what time it would happen, but still, you don't expect something like that. Oh yes, and it was really unspectacular. I sat back to just enjoy the show, but it was all fizzle and no fun. This was mostly my fault because I thought a few were going down, so I closed most of the window, including Agnesi, which was the only one that went down this afternoon. Now, I can't even get an Agnesi window when I log on, which is sad. At least I got to travel through time and have sex with Alan Turing though.

Hmm, Pete should be introducing the question, but he's still laying out the issue so I'll do my best. Pete had an appointment with a doctor at Health Services to check out his pinched nerve and the next patient was, dun dun dunnn, Pete's girlfriend! With all this excitement and surprises at Health Services, Pete wanted to know why everyone else had to go to Health Services. And now, for your entertainment, is one of the longest *mast*HEADs ever with the *math*NEWS staff's answers: Nadia (To see if my toe nail will ever grow back), Raymond (To see if they can cure QUEST), Robson (to get rid of that damned crotch-imp), Albert (Two words: explosive leakage), Ian (To get that midterm removed from my rear), Snuggles (Intimate contact with a *math*NEWS Editor), Yolanda (Co-op ate my baby!), Gilad (The evil soccer balls, there out to get me!), Marshall (My girlfriend threw up one morning), Jason L. (To remove the bottle cap in my mouth (so I can speak at full volume)), Latrell (My brain hurts), Krysta (To get a hamburger blood transfusion (stupid caf food!)), Adam S. (2 for 1 enema Tuesdays), Mark (Cancer treatment), Mike (To pick up), Chris (I need a Stat231-ectomy), Anton (Duck duck goose), Kev (To much Rec 100), Soo (Spoon! Fork! Spoon! Fork! Spoon! Fork! …), Dan (I need a brain transplant), Emerald (There's something outside MC?), Simon L'Avier (Yolanda ate my baby), *[Hey, I thought I got rid of him! How is my pseudonym Simon back at* math*NEWS without me using him?? — TaxiEd]* Lino (You mom. Oh, your mom.), and Louis (twelve).

Well, let's thank all the little, medium, and large people who made this issue possible. Yolanda and Marshall offered a TV to watch Bill & Ted on when they saw the microscreen I found. Gino's made 6 pizzas super fast, and haven't even flinched about the no sauce request. All those folks who made way fro *math*NEWS in the lab, or did we just drive them out? Eddie Van Halen. CRO Geoff who let ballots disappear from his election for ours. Yolanda again, for filling the 'Soc Office with just enough paint fumes to make layout fun again. The lovely folks at Graphics Services, who printed issue 1 in 6 hours — a new record! And to anyone else I forgot to mention.

Bradley T Smith (Their pond has the best fishing in town)
Pete Love (I have to get a blood test thanks to my girlfriend)

What San Dimas is Really Like

Field Trip Report

Its as boring as this article.

The Duuude

Frosh Problem Corner

Hey frosh, what's up? Welcome to your very own problem corner, brough to you by Lino and Mohamed. Every issue we are going to try and bring you new problems to solve and send in solutions to in an attempt to win a prize at the end of the term. And since this is a problem corner, we also thought that you could send us problems. However, there are some problems that are aceptable and some that are not.

Examples of unacceptable problems:

- Problem #x from your assignment that is due in the future.
- "I have bad gas, what should I do?"
- Prove Fermat's Last Theorem

Examples of acceptable problems:

- Prove Fermat's Little Theorem
- Problem #x from your assignment that you have had returned but still don't understand.
- "I've only been in math 3 weeks and I forget what girls look like."

Now, here are this week's problems:

- Find the maximum and minimum values of the expression in terms of n: $(a_1 + 2a_2 + \ldots + na_n)/(a_1 \times a_2 \times \ldots \times a_n)$ with $0 < a_i < n$, $a_1 + a_2 + \ldots + a_n = n$
- Find all functions f(x), R —> R such that $f(x + y) + f(x) + f(y) = 2 \times f(x + f(y))$

Drop off all solutions in the *math*NEWS BLACK BOX on the third floor between the comfy and the C+D.

This weeks problems were written by Lino.

If you have a problem suggestion you want us to use as problem of the week, send it into the BLACK BOX. Pretty much anything you want to send us, put it in the BLACK BOX. This includes the problems you want us to solve.

"Lino the Rhino" Demasi and Mohamed "Sheik" Omar

The San Dimas Exit takes you directly to Boringville

Here is the San Dimas Civic Centre. Notice the lack of People, or fun things. There is not even statues of Bill & Ted, dudes!

Are You A Big Baby Or A Bony Fossil?

Touch my hands. I'm a Gemini!

Although most individuals at the university can be considered adults, everybody knows that no one really acts their age. Take the quiz and see just how old you really are.

1. You are walking along Alumni Lane when you come across an innocuous puddle. You look left. You look right. You look down and:
a) jump in puddle, frolic, splash, WHEEEE!
b) Think how nice it would be to empty your bladder.
c) Wonder if it is an alcoholic puddle.
d) Mutter about those damn taxes … always raining on my parade.

2. While you are having a few drinks with your friends at Fed Hall, you look to the dance floor and make eye contact with an attractive member of the opposite sex. The individual walks over and offers you a drink. You smile at the individual:
a) And ask them if they hate taxes too.
b) Punch the person in the face, and run away giggling.
c) Slap the person in the face with a trout, run away giggling.
d) Think unsexy thoughts. Think unsexy thoughts.

3. When you engage in conversations, you occasionally interject with:
a) A ninja kick to the nads.
b) Some comment about taxes.
c) A peace offering of Pez.
d) A bathroom break. You really gotta go.

4. As you walk around the Engineering buildings, you come across a huge tub of Lego Mindstorms. You build:
a) An auto-flush port-a-potty. You really need to go.
b) Something that will complain about taxes for you.
c) A car with a built-in bong. You'll be the most popular person on the street.
d) Optimus Prime. No one messes with the Big Bot.

5. Your favourite flavour of squishy is:
a) Alcoholic. Cuz it causes you to go to the bathroom. But then again, everything causes you to go to the bathroom.
b) Alcoholic. DAMN THOSE SHTUPID FORSHAKEN TAXESSSH!
c) Alcoholic. You don't really like it but you want to be socially accepted.
d) Alcoholic. But it still tastes bad.

Ok, so here's where we tally up your score to find out what your actual age is. For each of the question and answer pairs, add to your total the values in the table below:

Q	a	b	c	d
1	1	4	2	3
2	3	1	4	2
3	2	3	1	4
4	4	3	1	2
5	4	3	2	1

So now for your actual age. Drumroll please… If your total was:

- Less than 5 points: check your arithmetic, kids.
- 5–7 points: Take a look around. Are you sure you're not still in the womb?
- 8–12 points: Hmm! You're a ripe one right at university age. Try to contain your throbbing sexual urges. Down boy, down! Agghhh! Don't hump my leg!
- 13–17 points: Middle age never seemed so real. Quit your job and become an Elvis impersonator. It's your only way out!
- 18–20 points: According to this, you've seen two world wars, the invention of the light bulb, and the Matrix is weird and scary. Oh yeah. Suspenders are now in. ROCK ON!

DISCLAIMER: Pffft. These are the same people who thought about the Stud or Dud quiz and the Fox or Ox quiz. What do I know? Party on Wayne. Party on Garth.

MonkeyMan & KayDot Oh

Here we are again …

Another week, another article

Well, like the title says, it is another week, but we didn't get a *math*NEWS last week. So what's the deal? Why does *math*NEWS only put out an issue every other week, you might ask (especially if you are frosh). Well, this is what they don't want you to know! [censored] … (just kidding!). Well, there's all those students that get their MathSoc money back (yeah, for $10, you can get quite a few free issues of *math*NEWS, but not everyone is interested about getting such a great free publication). The other issue is how the cash is spent. Most of it goes to the Bradley and Pete, just because they want free money, but also because they say so (I don't know, they're Bradley and Pete, what should you expect?). Well, if you really want *math*NEWS to put out weekly (or daily) prints, you should get out your big, fat, juicy cheque book and write a $1 000 000 000.00 cheque to me (yeah, I'll do it for a billion dollars! and if you want an hourly update, that'd be no prob with that amount of money). Otherwise, you'd be best to not complain about how often you get to read this high-quality, free publication. For those of you who do send me that nice, big, juicy cheque, I would like to put the little disclaimer here: I **must** ensure that the cheque does not bounce, so I ask for a three week period in which I will do nothing but wait for the bank to tell me that the cheque has cleared. (P.S. getting together with a bunch of friends to all pay for part of this fee is not acceptable. It must be done by one individual, and only he or she will get the regular version of *math*NEWS).

Mark Toivanen

Waterloo Mathie Purity Test

Give yourself the indicated number of points for each question that you can answer a 'yes' to. All technicalities count.

Have you ever:

- seen a pink tie? (1)
- seen The Pink Tie? (1)
- worn a pink tie? (2)
- worn The Pink Tie? (1,000,000)
- worn a pink tie to a formal event? (3)
- off-campus? (15)
- dyed your hair pink? (5)
- with permanent dye? (15)
- used pink face paint? (π)
- painted your entire body pink? (10π)
- been inside the MathSoc office? (1)
- worked in the MathSoc office? (2)
- been to a MathSoc movie night? (1)
- read *math*NEWS? (1 - easy point alert!)
- written an article for *math*NEWS? (5)
- spun cotton candy? (15)
- been to the Comfy Lounge? (1)
- slept in the Comfy Lounge? (2)
- overnight? (3)
- for more than one night in a row? (15)
- participated in a Scunt? (5)
- won a Scunt? (wheeeeeeeeee!)
- made an item of clothing entirely out of duct tape? (coat, pants, visor)(15)
- worn it? (15)
- off campus? (50)
- stayed up all night coding and worn pyjamas to class? (2)
- stayed up all night coding and worn nothing to class? (dude!)
- quacked at somebody? (5; 15 if you're a frosh)
- answered "Goat" when someone shouted "Rabbit"? (5; 15 if you're not a frosh)
- tried to pick someone up using JavaCode? (-5)
- and it worked? (400 billion)
- Give yourself one point for each term that you've used in normal conversation: boolean, buffer, proxy, mutually exclusive, normal distribution, lol.
- Give yourself one point for each item that you own: Pink Tie, MathSocks, π button, Pink Tie pin, Math Cheat Shirt, more than 18 different back issues of *math*NEWS.

SCORING:

- Less than five: You are in Arts. Put this publication down and go read Shakespeare or something.
- More than a million: You probably work on *math*NEWS.
- More than five: You're a Mathie/Softie. You probably knew that, but isn't it nice to have it confirmed?
- i: You're in Pure Math.
- int numPoints = myTotal: You're in CS.

Meagan "In need of a nickname" Shaughnessy

The Triangle Story

Our story begins with an ordinary young boy, in an ordinary school. It so happened that one day in class they were learning about factual exactnation. As they moved on to a new topic, his teacher offered to the class a question. Nobody responded right away, so the teacher began to pick 'volunteers,' in elementary school style. Again, nobody had any response, so eventually she reached the boy of our story.

He thought for a moment, and carefully formulated an answer.

"A triangle?"

Well, the teacher was furious, to understate the matter. Saliva sprayed as she ordered the young man out of the room.

So he made the trek down the hall to the office. When he got there, the secretary ushered him into the principal's office, where he was seated, and waited. Eventually, the principal made his way into the office and sat down. He shuffled about some papers and got settled. After a minute or two, he got to the point.

"All right, young man, what brings you to my office today?"

"Well, it's like this, sir …"

The story having been told, the boy soon found himself walking home, expelled from school. Before long he ran into a police officer. Things proceeded as before and the boy wound up in the clink awaiting arraignment.

His court date rolled around and he was brought before the judge.

"So young man," the judge boomed, "what brings you into my court today?"

"Well it's like this, sir …"

And the boy told his story.

"Let me get one thing straight here before we proceed. When your teacher asked you this, you didn't say, 'A Triangle,' now did you?"

The boy slowly nodded. Everyone in the courtroom knew it was over from that moment on. Court dates went by in a flash, and eventually he was sentenced.

Life.

The boy spends 20 years in jail, every year drawing more and more triangles on everything. On himself, the cell floors and walls, sheets, clothing, books, cellmates, on and on and on.

Finally, he is released. He's on his way to the freedom of a new life, crossing the road from the prison he's spent 20 years in, when all of a sudden he's struck by a truck. After fighting for his life in hospital overnight, he passes on.

And that's several minutes of your life that I just wasted that you will never get back.

If you don't know already, you don't need to know.

The Chimney Sweeper

Μαθ Ροκσ!

Ι αλσο λικε βασεβαλλ.

Ευγλιδ

Sometimes you feel like an oven mitt

An exploration of white space

In Laymond's Terms

Raymond, you're my bitch, come over and take out my garbage

For some odd reason, my mailbox inside MathSoc gets taped with a variety of self-adhesive plastics once in a while. It's now getting mildly amusing. I'm looking at your general direction, Snuggles.

I seem to be the butt of most jokes around MathSoc these days (just like last term … I see a pattern brewing). I've seen my thermo mug taped securely on the ceiling, my Windows desktop converted to a crude but amusing bitmap of me having relations with a cow, having my watch stolen after asking a friend to keep it safe for me, and now, my WatCard has mysteriously disappeared.

For some reason other than me being a complete idiot, I entrusted my friend, let's call him "Derek," with my WatCard for some MathSoc purposes. Feeling that I made a complete mistake handing over my academic identification to him, I immediately asked for it back, at which point, "Derek" threw my Watcard to my other friend, let's call him "James." As the crowd of my friends figured out that I'm going to be the target of the impending prank of horror, my third friend, let's call that bastard "Marshall," caught the now airborne WatCard and tried to hid it in his ass-pocket. As I stampeded towards the general direction of my WatCard, Marshall passed it over to someone, who still remains nameless and faceless. The fact is: "Marshall" lost my WatCard by giving it to someone he doesn't know.

A search commenced five minutes later, after I was put into a headlock and suffocated when I stole "Marshall"'s wallet. Apparently, taking a wallet isn't the equivilent of taking a WatCard, but I think it's an equal trade. "Marshall," however, didn't see it the way I did. He proceeded to physically maim my voice for several minutes, then punched me in the stomach after declaring "YOU OWE ME A FUDGEICLE (actual spelling of fudgicle)."

My WatCard is still at large, lost somewhere in the MC (Mainland China, Microsoft Compound, Merry Christmas, Master Cyst, Muffin Cake, Mundane Crap, whatever). Marshall basically 'misplaced' my WatCard by giving it away to someone. I can't imagine what that person is doing to my WatCard right now (Going on a buying spree at UW Store? Buying V1 Food?).

Some speculate that my WatCard got scared of me and decided to separate from me. Some think my friend, let's call him "Ducky," placed my WardCard inside the Frosh Election ballot box which was strategically placed in the middle of the crime scene. Some people speculate that Snuggles ate it. Some said co-op ate my WatCard, and others say co-op ate their baby. Nonetheless, my WatCard is no longer with us.

Long story short, me no WatCard, me was in headlock, me spoke in funny voice for ½ an hour, me no WatCard, "Marshall" and friends laughing.

It's probably sitting, framed, inside "Marshall"'s room, with him doing a victory dance.

Hmmmmm … maybe my new WatCard can be issued as "Laymond Rai" …

Laymond Rai

The Internet Boys

A True Story About Two Evil Magicians

Once upon a time there lived two very nice girls. They were always pleasant, smiled a lot and liked to surf the Internet all night long. One day they left their dwellings and moved to the beautiful country of St Jerome's. It was a small country with only two towns Sweeney and Finn. The country was the most peaceful and friendly place in the Waterloo world, but there was one bad thing about it: it was haunted by two evil magicians dubbed "Internet Boy" and "Super Antenna Man," who, by the power of telepathy, could stop the Internet of the whole country from working.

The inhabitants of St Jerome's were terrified: wireless Internet was the only means of existence for them, so if the evil magicians ever decided to block the radio signals from the computers to the antennas, the well-being of the whole country could have been endangered.

The two very nice girls decided not to wait for their fate and made up their minds to undertake some action. They wanted to save their fellow-countrymen (and themselves), so one day they left their small city Sweeney and started the journey to the far away town of Finn. They walked and walked and walked, the minutes passed, but they still couldn't find their way through the glass forests and the cement mountains. Finally they reached Finn and saw the entrance to the Basement caves under the town, where the magicians lived according to the legends. They had to fight their way through the herds of dragons and other smelly inhabitants, that were guarding the secret headquarters of the magicians, but they were rewarded for they saw one of the magicians playing pool in his room. They wanted to capture him while he was not looking, but decided to have mercy on him and warned him before attacking. The magician fought bravely, but had to surrender and promised not to be EVIL again.

They went back to Sweeney and waited for days and days, but the first magician put an evil spell on the girls' computers and they were endangered yet again.

Some time after that the girls went to check out on the first magician to see if he was behaving himself. On their way they met the second magician. When he saw them he was so terrified that he broke into a run. He cast a spell on one of the innocent civilians and locked himself in her house. The girls tried to knock down the door, but the magician enchanted it. The girls decided to use a new tactic — they tried to wear down his endurance by guarding the doors and letting nobody out of the house. Days passed but the girls never gave up their vigil. One morning as the sun crept up over the misty veiled hills the enchanted door creaked open. The poor civilian stepped out and declared: "The magician is not here anymore." The girls looked into the house just in time to see the magician: he took one look at the girls, and in desperation leaped out the window. Unfortunately and sadly enough the magician landed on his head in a peculiar position. When he came to, the magician found that he had forgotten his evil ways. In fact, he received an "E" for effort when he came by the girl's dwelling and attempted to remedy the internet problem. But his enthusiasm did not help the Internet, and alas, he was reduced to an antenna. Thus, everybody lived happily ever after.

Katya and Yoshi

The Frosh Cornered

Predictions For The Future

First of all, there was a small typo in my last article. In one of my points, I made reference to a bowl of candy in the dean's office. However, "bowl" was spelt "bowel." I wish to apologize to anyone who tried to sneak into the dean's office looking for a mysterious bowel that was filled with candy.

Having been frosh at Waterloo for a month now, I think all of us frosh feel as though things have really settled in, seeing as how we all know our drinking limits, gone beyond them, and keep hearing about these "mid-terms." I also feel ready to make a series of predictions about the future and I hope to see how many will come true some day. So my predictions for the future are:

MC will be renamed

In the face of new government cuts, the university will have to find new types of partnerships with the corporate world. Much in the way new sports complexes are named after companies, so will our buildings. Except, with a cool twist. I think the university will look at this building, and combine a cool name with a corporate one, thus renaming the MC "Fort Sybase."

The frosh 15, will give way to the frosh 40

For those of you haven't heard, the frosh 15 refers to how 1st-year students tend to gain 15 pounds by eating residence food, and in many cases losing 15% off their average. However, with the number of university students in 1st year about to explode, many will find their high averages needed to get into university in the first place will drop to where the rest of the world's are, and more people means more competition for co-op jobs means more nights studying means heavier frosh.

A significant number of fights will break out in residence lounges on Wednesday nights

Last Wednesday a large number of mathies witnessed the beginning of a new Star Trek series, featuring Scott Bakula as captain, and more half-naked vulcan babes than have ever been in the series before. This is all great, except if you are a West Wing fan like myself. There is a bit of overlap between the timing of these shows and for us in residence, TV's are not abundent. It would be far easier to wrestle an alligator, than convince a bunch of "Trekkies" to switch the channel to the West Wing. Hopefully I am not the only person in such a situation. Thus, when the new season starts, there may be some trouble between "Trekkies" and "Wingers".

I will personally get in trouble for making fun of artsies

Some of my best friends here are in arts, but that doesn't mean I don't crack a few jokes. (By the way, did you hear the one about the doctor who needed to buy some brains to put into a patient of his that need a transplant? So he goes to the brain depot and the salesperson asks what kind he wants. The mathie brains are $100 a gram, engineering brains are $150 a gram and artsies are going for $1500 a gram. The doctor says "Why the heck are arts brains so expensive?" The salesperson replies "Are you kidding? Do you know how many arts students we have to go through to get one gram of brains?") Thus, I will likely find myself in trouble with every arts student on campus.

A "Settler's Anonymous" will be formed

If you've been by the comfy lounge in the past, well, since us frosh got here, you will see a large group of people playing a game called "Settlers." I really fear for some peoples health, as they seem to spend a good amount of their time playing this addicting game. Perhaps we should force warning labels on the boxes, "Warning, Settler's will cause you to forget you need to sleep and eat in order to live."

Math and Engineering will combine into a super-faculty

The signs of this are a factual exactnation. With software engineering, and electrical engineering electives, one can see the lines between the faculties blurring. I suspect a super-faculty will soon be formed. However, to counter this, arts and science will merge into a rival super-faculty. In heated confrontations, a wall will have to be put up to protect one side of the campus from another and splitting the grad house into east and west factions. The height of this cold war will come as math and engineering stage a blockade of the SLC in response to art-sci's positioning of medium range ballistic missles in the centre. (okay, maybe I got a little carried away on that one.)

Well, I'm sure we'll all look back at this article in 2006 and see how I really called the renaming of the MC, the Trekkie riots, the Settler's epidemic, etc. I can't wait to prove how right I may be … okay, I might be wrong on some. But when this cornered frosh is having to take Real-Time programming, I'm sure we'll all know the truth. I'd love to hear any predictions you may have, or comments you have on mine. So see you next time, same frosh time, same frosh corner.

Ian W. MacKinnon
imackinn@student.math.uwaterloo.ca
The Cornered Frosh v2.0

How To Make Duct Tape Clothing

Or What To Do With 32 Rolls Of Duct Tape

Seeing how EngScunt was approaching it was time to make duct tape clothing again. Making duct tape clothing is harder then it looks. Simply wrapping it around the intended victim … I mean person, doesn't work (like Albert's duct-tape dress at the charity ball last year). As we learned later you need to make duct-tape material. It's not too hard, just time consuming. You just layout a piece of duct tape, sticky side up and put another piece sticky side down over half the width of the first one. Then put another piece over the remaining sticky part. Careful, this could result in a sticky situation. Then just turn over the material and lather, rinse, repeat (which you might have to after messing around with all the duct tape). After you have the material, you take a real piece of clothing and trace it out on the material (i.e. a suit). Then just cut it out and tape it up and your done! Now you're ready for any event, be it the charity ball or scunt.

Gilad

Rest, Elevation, and Direct Non-Violent Action

I guess everyone is still thinking about Sept 11. Here's something that both proved myself. I love giving the frosh their best

ing, listening, waiting, talking. People cared. Dozens of people approached me and asked how/when/where they could give blood. People felt the shadow of tragedy, they felt the horror of terrorism, and they responded. Hundreds of dollars were collected by Math alone with informal tins on the 3rd floor.

But now, where is everybody? I don't hear any requests to give money, nor any to give blood. It's like we were suddenly wakened from a nightmare: for the first few moments, we all held onto something until we relaxed, and then remembered that everything in our life is fine and that there is nothing to be scared about. Or cared about. So it was for every other world tragedy that we ignored — only that for this one, we managed to pay attention to it, for about a week, thanks to the help of elaborate campaigns by the mainstream media.

Sigh. Amid all these feelings of sorrow and pain and return to apathy, I have not forgotten how beautiful the earth is. Last Friday I was out enjoying the moonlight and the firelight at a friends house. I was listening to Nightswimming by REM, and then I walked quietly down a side road. Lest I forget the mystery and enchantment of the earth.

Speaking of natural mysteries, today was Ladybug Insanity Day. I've never seen that before. There were ladybugs everywhere, landing on me, walking on all around. I watched them fly into the ground and crawl all over the Math Building. Weird, but cool. All these little bugs, running around like crazy, full of energy, but not knowing where they are going. Which reminds me a lot of the frosh and frosh week. I didn't write for the last issue, so I didn't get to talk about Frosh week. I'll save you all the "it was a great week" ra-cha-cha, because you know it's true (Pourquoi? Because we are, Artois!). Being allowed to participate in Frosh Week at all was a struggle. I don't think I feel like bringing to the foreground all the reasons why I feel mistreated by the Faculty. The truth is, I love Math, and I love Math students, I just don't like some of the Faculty. They probably don't like me either. I guess that's the way it is.

Though, I do love those profs and instructors and grads who love teaching and who are here for the students, not for research. They rock, and they inspire me to be a teacher. Though, so do the ones who suck, because it makes me want to be a prof instead of them.

Anyway, at one point in Frosh Week, someone started to sing a cheer that started with "I want to be a …" I waved my arms and screamed "No, no!" much to the confusion of many frosh. That cheer, I told them, never existed, except in the figments of some people's imagination.

And yet, in the cold, damp recesses of the Math building, I watched someone lip-synch, word for word, the words of the cheer that never happened. So the cheer lives on. And so do my articles in *math*NEWS — be warned, ye of liberal tongues, that you may find yourself censored, or prohibited from being an orientation director, if you articulate words that disturb the minds of those on the mighty fifth floor ramparts.

I guess I can see why the Faculty has problems supporting me, since I have been critical of things they have done. I have to say though, in recent weeks (cross my fingers) they have been rather fair, in two aspects. One was that they didn't re-ban me from frosh week, although, they didn't approve me either. That was left to the orientation directors. After literally hours on the phone, they were convinced.

I hope I proved myself. I love giving the frosh their best chance. I tried to give it up to my frosh straight — here's how it is. Here's how co-op rocks, here's how it sucks. If some were hoping I would lie and say Math and Math Faculty and co-op is all daisies, love, and altruism, they were dreaming, in technicolour. But I did try and psych my frosh up with the love I have for fellow mathies and fellow students. And to be proud of the school that they go to.

Maclean's comes out every year with some wonderful stats about how wonderful UW is. We have a sensational reputation. Then you talk to students, and you here some horror stories. They start to pile up, and as you walk your path, your start to realize that this isn't the pristine ivory tower of learning you envisioned. Their is this horrible period of dissillusionment, and apathy.

But then, you reach the end, or the near end (Look! an old man is talking …), and you look back, and you realize how much you cherish the people and experiences of this place. And you want to tell the frosh, and make them understand, both how hard it is, and how good it is.

I got a call in MathSoc one day. I was supposed to tell everyone about it, but, I'm sorry, I forgot. They lady on the phone told me that a particular frosh had switched out of math because his/her leaders had described math as being too hard. She reminded me to tell others to be careful not to overdo our warnings.

Now, veteran mathies know, we say it's hard because it is. The CS department was in a near-panic a while back with the suprisingly high attrition rate. The minimum averages were lowered. So it is hard. But it's do-able. We need to make that clear. You can survive, but you will have to work, hard.

And for all the painful, backstabbing, misleading and apathetic vibes that have inflitrated my time here, the reality is, UW rocks. I hope that the frosh got a sense of that. I think they did. The amount of volunteers at *math*NEWS is insane. The fact that we had a six person election for two positions on MathSoc council is unprecented to my knowledge.

The other unprecendented thing that the faculty has done is that they have been a great and benevolent assistance in helping to control the profileration of advertising in the Math Building. They even brought in the big guns, the lawyers, to help the scenario. Anyone can submit ads to MathSoc (MC 3038), but if you don't and you're not a for-students, by-students, non-profit group, then your advertising may be subject to fines. So students, don't get caught up in advertising for a company by littering flyers, or you may be paying up to $1.00 per ad!

Someone sent me a forward today, you know, one of those good ol' forwards you loathe for its stupidity and gullibility. This was a variant on one of those "HIV needles in blah," but it had a real website and phone number, so I emailed them. I tried to look it up on `urbanlegends.com`, but couldn't find it.

So someone else pointed me towards `www.snopes.com`. Try clicking on Rumours of War. You'll find all kinds of great rumours, some of which are true, others are false. It's a great site. Anti-propaganda and pro-truth.

Peace and justice in to all in the upcoming weeks.

Jesse Bergman

*prof*QUOTES

"You all know what RAM is … it was probably the 3rd word you ever said: 'Mom' … 'Dad' … 'Random Access Memory.'"

Vasiga, CS 241

"You can drink, you can have sexual relations with whoever you want, but you can't use GOTOs."

Vasiga, CS 241

"When you're on the bus visiting Aunt Bertha, you can do subset constructions … it kills HOURS! And people will stare at you!"

Vasiga, CS 241

"It's a common custom in some cultures to exchange Finite State Machines on Thanksgiving."

Vasiga, CS 241

"What if you were expecting 100 bytes, and the client sends 256? Well, if you're in Redmond, you would say, "This is just a webserver, I don't need to check that stuff."

Cormack, CS 452

"What's the sum lemma? it's probably the biggest piece of dumbass there is."

Irving, Math 239

"What do you have? Crap + Crap cube + Crap squared … if you don't follow the crap stuff, it's ridiculous."

Irving, Math 239

"Let me first write the wrong answer here."

Haxell, MATH 239

"The weight of an elephant is itself."

Haxell, MATH 239

"So a man can spend 10% of his life with woman #1, 20% with woman #2, 30% with woman #3 … or vice versa. And I don't want that to be on *math*NEWS."

Best, C&O 370

"No cookies until you answer the question."

Best, C&O 370

"If you liked CS 134, you'll like this course. If you didn't … have you checked out sociology?"

Munro, CS 240

"'Z,' contrary to popular belief, is the millionth letter of the alphabet."

Munro, CS 240

"A terabyte here, a terabyte there, pretty soon your C drive is full."

Munro, CS 240

"I have a hockey pool and picked Wayne Gretzky to score first tomorrow night."

Munro, CS 240

"On previous terms, no matter how many times I say it, a non-empty set of students get this wrong."

Lawrence, PMATH 330

"We're going to restrict ourselves to an infinite subset."

Lawrence, PMATH 330

"Variables go away when the block they are declared in is excited."

Mavaddat, CS 246

"You get an overflow error on your calculator when it starts smoking on you."

Furino, MATH 135

"Proof: it's obvious."

Furino, MATH 135

"Try to use mathematical terms. I make an exception for the word 'stuff.'"

Furino, MATH 135

"This is a good opportunity for me to take my drugs …" (leaves the room and returns 5 minutes later) "… It's amazing how good this stuff feels."

Pretti, CS 134

"That's a very nice proof. So let me make it a bit uglier."

Tuncel, C&O 355

"This is like something from chemistry. Big name, small concept."

Wagner, C&O 330

"You aren't paranoid if they are out to get you. You have to understand that."

Murno, CS 240

" Look, jokes are hard to find in this course. At least give me a smile."

Reynolds, MTHEL 305

"I am going to pick a number today." (students ramble out numbers) "No, YOU can't pick it, I'm going to pick it, *I'm* going to pick it!"

Zorzitto, MATH 145

"No fractions! They're illegal!"

Zorzitto, MATH 145

"You can use something to find the answer … the question is, what is that something."

Gilbert, MATH 147

"Do we all feel safe to put a bracket here? Good! Coding by democracy."

Kierstead, CS 130

" Okay, guys, I suppose I've got to teach you something now. So don't snore too loud."

Reynolds, MTHEL 305

"Who's got the Wednesday notes? Let me read from those."

Zorzitto, MATH 135

"Clock says: talk fast."

Zorzitto, MATH 135

A road trip to Shaggyville

Shine on you crazy Rock'n'Roll carpet

Last time we saw our hero, he was back-packing across Europe and meeting all types of interesting people. Drinking wine, smoking drugs, and other things. We left him in a bit of jam, changing from pink to tye die and nowhere left to turn. After briefly being amused by the colours (the colours, man, the colours), he played with his limbs that were making cool trails. After he woke up from his binge he determined that he had to get back to his roots if he was to regain his original glory of the colour pink. What he needed was a home cooked meal with some Yak's milk (Yak's milk being pink of course). But our poor Shaggy had blown all his money on blow, so to finance his way home he decided to go on tour with a famous rock band.

He needed to get Back to Basics but Limp Bizkit and Cyprus Hill started drooling and mumbling about different kinds of mustards and which one to put on something shaggy to get the proper gourmet taste. Unperturbed he continued searching and his second choice almost ended our grand adventure prematurely, he thought he was joining Queen for the tour of a lifetime, but the group he actually joined was called Queens. He quickly learned the distinction at the first concert, which played in a bar called The Tight Oyster. He came out expecting to rock while the rest of the band just came out. The costume selection should have tipped him off but he just assumed that all rock bands wore turquoise sequin skirts with purple boa's.

Needless to say, Shaggy escaped with his mojo. While drowning his sorrows in the middle of Stonehenge, he ran into the Rolling Stones. He got along with them very well, smoking all kinds of drugs and even replacing Charlie Watts on the drums a few times. Oh man, the things that giant stone heads say when you're blitzed. But one night things all fell apart:

Shaggy: "Man, I think we ran out of booze and drugs and smokes. What are we to do now?"

Mick: "Ya know, I could use a good shag … carpet. What do you think Keith?"

Keith: "That sounds alright to me, Mick. And maybe later we can hummy dummy jo google lick spit junk ffff."

Mick: "What the hell did you say Keith?"

Needless to say, Shaggy escaped with his life. While chilling out from this dreadful experience at a local pub, he hooked up with KISS. Gene Simmons asked if Shaggy was interested in opening for them, and he enthusiastically agreed.

The tour was a major success, at first. But as the tour dragged on, tensions started to rise. KISS started to accuse Shaggy of stealing all the best broads and drinking all the expensive booze. Shaggy just assumed it was just tongue size envy. Then one night, it all came to a head when Gene accused Shaggy of getting it on with his wife, Shannon Tweed:

Gene: "Shaggy, did you touch my wife?"

Shaggy: "No Gene, I swear. But man, I have to say I dug all those Night Eyes movies she did. And that scene in *A Woman Scorned* … man …"

Needless to say, Shaggy escaped with his life. While hiding in a dumpster outside a ritzy hotel, he befriended N*Sync and convinced them that the best thing for them to do was to have them open for him. N*Sync agreed, and the tour was an incredible success.

Night after night N*Sync and Shaggy electrified the crowd with the music and their singing. They fought back crowds of frantic girls and got all their drugs for free. But alas, like everything else in this article, things fell apart once again. N*Sync accused Shaggy of taking all the drugs, and eventually taking all the girls too. Then one fateful night:

Justin: "Man, we rocked tonight!"

Lance: "Yeah, we shook the place apart!"

Shaggy: "Dude, you guys suck."

Needless to say, Shaggy was right. N*Sync threw a hissy fit and Shaggy, tired of running, kicked all their asses and reminded them of who's the real talent on this tour. N*Sync returned to the dumpster from whence they came, and Shaggy continued on the tour … alone … the way it was meant to be … and enjoyed continued success.

So alas, his plan to return to North America is put on hold once again. But perhaps he will tire of the rock star lifestyle and finally return home to the land of his birth. We'll see …

The Goon Squad.

Miss Manners

I go to an office of a prof or administrative person, but the door is shut. Do I open the door?

Most certainly not. The person has probably shut their door for a reason. Would you want someone opening the door to your bedroom? What if you were in a compromising position, you wouldn't want someone to open the door. This works the same for opening someone's office door. Perhaps they are not in the office, or are on the phone, or are already meeting with someone else. What you should do is knock on the door.

I've now knocked on the door and there is no answer. Do I now open the door?

Most certainly not. Nothing has changed in this situation to allow you to open the door. The person may be on the phone, or something else from which they can't be disturbed. You should either try to come back later or slip a note under the door.

I approach on office to speak with a prof or adminstrative person and find that they are on the phone or already speaking with someone else, but the door is open. Do I walk right in?

Most certainly not. They are obviously busy. You need to wait until they are done with the current business before they can help you.

Can I wait in their doorway?

Most certainly not. From their doorway you can hear what is being said to the current person in the office or on the phone. If that person was you, would you want some total stranger to know why you are pleading for marks? You should wait around the door until the current person comes out or the office owner asks you to come in.

Should I jump the line in the MUO if I have only a quick question?

Most certainly not. This is rude to everybody waiting their turn in line. People in the line probably have quick questions too.

If you have a question for Miss Manners please submit them to the *math*NEWS Black Box.

Miss Manners in Math

Snuggles Sez

It's like Simon Sez, but Simon decided that in order for his resume to stand out he should attach a photocopy of his ass. It worked, he got a job with a Libra. Oh dear, the endless jokes that came out of our recent endeavour into astrology. But we're saving that up, I'm trying to convince the editors to have an astrology-themed issue, I've got ideas coming out of my constellations if you know what I mean (wait a minute, I don't even know what I mean with that one). I have a phone, I have a phone, I have a phone. I like having a phone, I finally have a phone … and only a week and a half after they said it would arrive, which also happens to be one day after I got my mom on the case. I decided to go with a cell phone instead of a land line because I'm not around my house that often and it has turned out to be extremely convenient. The power to call somebody or be reached no matter where you are is quite intoxicating. And there is virtually endless amusement when I slip my phone into someone's pants when it's set to vibrate and then I call them (it's like remote control lovin'), the look on certain people's faces when they realize there is something vibrating on their upper thigh is priceless. I should see if I can get my phone into people's laps without them realizing, I managed to get quite a few game pieces under someone without their knowledge (just call me double-oh-Snuggles).

I had an interesting conversation about cell phones the day before I got my own (so needless to say I was still bitter about phones, ok, maybe it did need to be said) … ya, I'm about to tell you what the conversation was, just be patient. It went like this, the person said that they don't remember numbers because they just store them on their cell … so I asked what happens if I eat his cell (and who hasn't that happened too), he said he'll just talk to those people and get their numbers again, I pointed out that that is the reason I write numbers down in my little book (which is a little red book right now), he ended the conversation (in triumph I might add) by pointing out that he could eat my little book and that a cell is harder to eat (it's true, I tried). Arg, outsmarted again. And so now I store numbers in my cell.

I was talking to Forrest (so many R's, so few pirates) about an assignment in a class we're both in, he said he'd already done it in his head but that he had to write it down because he couldn't hand it in in it's current form. The exact quote was "Damn not being able to fit my head in the drop box" … which got me thinking, can I fit my head in the drop box. Turns out I can't.

I tried to fix a monitor by hitting it with my head, it didn't work, but my head sure hurts.

Ahhh, Scunt, how good you are. Everyone did awesome (the Scunt deities, the other teams, and us) and it was a big pile of fun. I cooked a bit … ahh, who am I kidding, I cooked for about 16 hours. First there was the feast, that had 9 dishes of mine and 6 of Raymond's (for a 15 course meal) … then there was my theme ingredients. I decided that we should have a food for every event, so every couple events we sent a particular food too. Here is an incomplete list: Bruchetta, Cotton Candy, Chocolate Dipped Strawberries, Pie (Cherry, Apple, Blueberry, and Lemon Merengue), Ice Cream float, Brownies, Shish Kabobs, Rice Cakes, Trisket Cheese melts, Tuna Sandwiches, Candy Apples, Espresso Shots, and Stuffed Mushrooms. It was nuts, it got to the point where they begged me on the phone to stop sending food (I only sent three dishes after that). But it was fun and everyone was well fed, I saw some people eating out of the food they took home after the House Visit the next day during judging.

"Special K, it's like the cereal but Mathelicious." Special Ed (or Sped as I like to call it) was funny in high school, I was considered Sped because I was in the gifted program, and it meant that I got time and a half on exams (it's funny when they make blanket rules). Nadia on the other hand got to have her exams read to her because of hearing problems. Yup, that's right, their answer to someone not being able to hear is to read them the exams. Does that sound stupid to anyone else? It's funny because chickens on crack would be all skinny.

I use Pico and I love it. Bah vi, bah emacs, simple and sweet, that's what pico is all about. *[You can't spell victory or vibration without vi! — TaxiEd]* Maybe I should just call myself Pico Suavé. Oh the vast variety of things I've been called. I ran into a friend of mine from elementary school (Go Henderson Hawks!) and high school (Go Thornlea Thor!) and he knows me as Skrzydlo (my last name for those of you who thought I just banged my keyboard and a bunch of consonants came out). Then again I tend to be serenaded in Econ class by a hottie calling me Snuggily Wuggily. Not that I'm complaining, it bloody well rocks. Oh Econ wouldn't be the same without it. (Actually it would be horribly boring, I tend to draw pretty pictures using straight lines, Escher style optical illusions, straight lines seeming to be curves, I like curves, especially when I start out straight and then it gets all curvy, K, that didn't make much sense, meh, life goes on).

The frosh leader party was this past weekend and it rocked. I got a disco ball. It makes it all worth it. I hung the disco ball from my pants button and swivelled my hips while saying "You are getting very sleepy" … having a hypnotic crotch has so very many possibilities. Actually I think I was most entertained by it all, but that's all good. The firework glasses that I popularized during Toga (I got 7 different FOC members to where them, including Catherine Scott) were given out to everyone and it made everything good (my standard quote was that when wearing the glasses, (which fragment light causing pretty colours to appear wherever there is concentrated light) life is good). Just looking at a bunch of Christmas lights and spinning in a circle was quite entertaining.

And now it is time, once again for some random quotes that I heard, and found funny enough to write into my little book:
"Did you say Steve Buscemi?" … "No, I said to the Chevy." … "Oh."

"I want to be involved in the doing of things."

"I hate when things don't have holes."

"It would be good for the school if I were selected." (Note: He was selected)

Well, it's time for me to depart. For those keeping track, the Quest is now up on the Orientation page, and my homepage still just says "hello world" (But I'm getting Internet on Wednesday so maybe I'll get around, after four years, to making a real page).

Shnuggely Wuggily

Not man brain not bigger then not not man leads to contradiction because elephant's and whales are big (PM 330 sometimes makes my brain hurt)

Why this is Impossible

I am certain I must be dreaming. This cannot be that I find myself in the year 2001, and there is no unified theory? And quantum mechanics are still terribly annoying. That is of course furthest from the point at hand. These two … dudes Mr. Smith and Mr. Lizak claimed we have moved forward through time. Theoretically you could move back in time by moving faster than the speed of light, which is impossible by my calculations, but moving forward in time (i.e. accelerating to a speed faster then the natural speed we travel through time) is far more unimaginable. But I must say I am most interested by these finding about correlated photons. But I digress. A phone booth of all devices, rather of all chambers for moving through time is a most unique idea; but I still don't see how so many *math*NEWS writers and historical figures could fit in a 3 ft by 3 ft by 7 ft space. Since they have so excellently mastered time and space I guess isn't too much of a problem. When travelling back through time how did they survive approaching infinite mass and their length stretching to infinity where they could reach any point in space instantly, and have no one spew chunks in the phone booth? I was most pleased to get some time to chat with the other people that these Bodacious editors managed to gather from time. It took time but I managed to open Newton's eyes to a broader approximation of the universe, but I had to keep Galileo and Newton from hurting each other over their prospective positions in the history of physics. Fortunately Leibniz wasn't around. I also really enjoyed visiting space briefly to satisfy Pascal interest in vacuum, and I must admit I really enjoyed seeing the light from the stars themselves, and pondering once more the true nature of light. This experience has been most interesting and giving even more to think about in my old age. But I must say I was most annoyed when Brad and Pete gave me socks as a gift, really what are they good for. Fortunately they made up for it with a charming compass with a pink tie on it to remember my radical journey.

Albert P Einstein

Damn! Newton stole my Serway

Granted with the use of a time machine, I felt inclined to meet up with Newton. Yeah Sir Isaac Newton, founder of Calculus and Newtonian Physics (Newtonian Physics: really dumbed down physics), the one and only Newton. Famous for an apple dropping on his head.

After meeting this dufus, I wonder if the apple made him lose one too many brain cells. Really, I have not met some one who failed more miserably at carrying on an intelligent conversation than Isaac.

He was highly amused by my back pack so I emptied it out and let him use it for a bit. In emptying it out he saw my Serway textbook. He was giddy, no I think 'giggily' would be a more appropriate word, when he noticed his name on it.

Isaac was quickly getting on my nerves when he kept pointing out that he could poke himself in the forehead. Who is he kidding, I mastered that trick by the time I was 19. So, I quickly felt the need to get rid of him. It saddened me to realize one of the great role models of Science was so utterly unable to be interesting. So I took back to the phone booth and quickly returned him to his era.

Upon completing this errand I realized my Serway textbook was missing. I blame that dimwit Newton. He took it as well as my Calculus textbook. The goofball was probably just giddy with seeing his name in the books.

How hard would it be for a moron like Newton to found Physics and Calculus with our first-year text? What a fraud! Sure with 30 years and a good textbook even the foolhardy Newton could pass off this whole 'Calculus Thingy' Whatever. Those books cost me $250 too. I think I am gonna hunt down his descendents and sue them for the cash he stole.

I will never believe accreditations again.

Dave "A bitter victim of theft" Nicholson

Fellow Thinkers

Hey Dudes

My name is Socrates and I have been kidnapped from my time period and forced to write an article in *math*NEWS. I was under the impression that we were all dust in the wind. However, I have seen the future and it seems that we philosophizers are not nearly as revered as baseball players. I've been reviewing the history books and they reveal that I will be executed when I return. But for the love of Zeus, being forced to write this is a fate worse than death! Please send me back and get Plato to share his commentary instead — I think I'll philosophize signing up for the Athens Minor League … maybe instead of executing me, I can become a high-paid free agent.

Eyal 'So-Kraytes'

Whatever happened to Alex Winter?

After starring in the cult classic "The Lost Boys" and playing his most widely-recognized character, Bill, opposite Keanu Reeves' Ted in the "Bill & Ted" series, the world seemed at Alex Winters' fingers. He even got to direct a film starring Brooke Shields in 1993. But then something happened. Whereas Keanu got the big movie roles, Alex didn't. Why? Was it because unlike Keanu, Alex was a classically trained dancer and started out on Broadway? Was it because Alex was born in London and had a refined British accent? Was it because, unexplicably, Alex's family decided to move from London to St. Louis? Was it because Alex's name didn't end with a 'u?' Or was it because he never got to say "Woah?" We will never know. But what we do know is that Alex Winter is now a director of commercials and music videos. He has directed music videos for such notable acts as: Axiom Funk & Bootsy Collins, Bomb the Bass, Extreme, Foetus, Helmut, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ice Cube, and Ronny Jordan. If anybody does care, the Chili Peppers video is for "Taste the Pain." Alex was also a director for "… the final installments in the popular "Thelma and Louise" commercials for Peugeot …" No word on how the words "popular" and "Peugeot" got into the same sentence. *[Ouch, that was a low blow. The last car I drove was a Peugeot 106. — TaxiEd]* It is unclear if De Nomolos is involved. So there you have it — this is what happened to Alex Winter. He's making commercials for French cars and music videos for Helmut.

Anton "zer0man"

Soft Eng and Comp Sci

Many of you mathies out there have been wondering what's the hype about software engineering. The answer is, there is none. Really, software engineering is just basically computer science plus a crap load of mandatory courses. Besides that, I don't even notice the difference really.

I'm a softie and we're supposed to be elite since we're the first ever software engineering class. Even though we have the word 'Engineering' as the name of our program, I feel more of a mathie than an engineer. Most of our classes are in MC, aside from one class at the WEEF lab at E2 (that place is elite), and no, RCH aka Rod Coutts Engineering Lecture Hall/Hole doesn't count. That place is crap. I hate that building. It's stuffy and it smells. The air seems to be contagious inside and it puts you to sleep once you're in that place. I don't know, but every time when I'm in Linear Algebra, everyone falls asleep. Yeeeahhh, it must be the room. Yeah, that's it. Maybe due to the poor air quality, people to do weird things in there to try to keep themselves clean. I saw this one guy inside RCH who was sitting down on a bench reading newspaper, and all of a sudden he pulled out a toothbrush and started to brush his teeth. I was like, um, "What the hell?" and I almost broke out laughing when I saw that. Hmm, my suggestion is move that lecture to DC. DC is the place to be. Yeah, that rhymes too. Ok, enough rambling.

Anyhow, my point is that there's not much of a difference between a CS student and a softie. Seriously, I mean, we take Math 137 (not Math 117), we take CS 130, and for the classical algebra replacement we take this course called C&O 103 which is basically exactly the same thing as classical algebra, except it's called Discrete Math (don't ask me why they have to name it differently). The extra stuff we have to take is Physics 115 and Math 115, which is Linear Algebra. Oh, and a course called SE 101 which is an introduction to software engineering. Guess what, we learn about grammar and Lego in that course. Unfortunately, believe it or not, I'm now failing that class or just passing; I got 50% and 35% respectively on my 2 quizzes. AHHAHAHAAA. That second quiz is on grammar too — wow I suck at grammar hardcore and now this is going to be in *math*NEWS, nice. Now watch me fail the Lego Project too. I'm joking, of course. Man, we got to try out those Lego robots last week. That was pretty hype. The robots read a simple version of Java. Me and one of my friends changed the Java code and cranked one of the robots to full power. The robot basically self-destructed once it started up and its wheels flew off because it was accelerating and decelerating so quickly. BAHAHA. Oops. Hopefully the director of SE doesn't read this. :P So yeah, we don't get to choose any courses until 2A term where we get 1 elective, yay, ONE! WOOT!

Hmm ok. That just about concludes my article for this issue. I don't think it makes too much sense, but it's not supposed to anyway. If I'm bored or if I have some time, you might see more of this crap on the next issue of *math*NEWS, or The Iron Warrior, $$$$$.

Backstab

Dinosaur Attacks Up 2000 Percent

Giant-Ape Attacks Remain Steady

University staff reported yesterday that there has been a significant increase in the number of dinosaur attacks on campus in recent weeks. Responding to the recent T-Rex assault on the MC, in which a large dinosaur began to eat passing mathies, officials were quick to emphasize that the situation is under control.

"We've taken every measure possible to ensure the safety of the students here at Waterloo," says Ian Malcolm, Professor of Giant Lizard Studies. "Dinosaurs are no more dangerous than cats or dogs. Sure they may be relentless eating machines with huge teeth, but deep down they are gentle giants."

When asked about the cause of the increase, Malcolm was evasive. "We believe the cause may be the group of time-travelling mathies that have been sighted recently, but we have no way of confirming it. It could just as easily be time-travelling artsies or engineers, or even some sort of nefarious supervillain. At the moment, we can not afford to ignore any possibility, no matter how remote."

Students do not share the university's optimism. "First there were the zombies, then those werewolves back in July. It's like the university is doing nothing to stop the constant monster attacks." says Computer Science student Guy Incognito. "If a guy can't feel safe from dinosaurs on campus, where can he feel safe?"

*math*NEWS staff denied any involvement in unleashing either the T-Rex or the velociraptors roaming around Dana Porter Library. They refused, however, to comment on the Roman army roaming around the sixth floor. The T-Rex was unavailable for comment.

Dan Woodley

Krease Crumpled

A mere fold in the paper of life

Well, I somehow managed to complete my work report on time, but then fell into a deep hibernation for a day … or three … you have no idea how tired five days of sleep will make you feel. Although I don't have to deal with another work report for another two terms now, another evil has taken over its place: *Stat 231*. You've probably heard some of the horror stories about this course — they are all understated. Stat 231 is the factual exactnation of evil.

Last week I decided to leave the course notes at home — we never really use them anyways — little did I know we had a lab that day. SURPRISE! I thought I had walked into the twilight zone — everyone was huddled over a funnel and graph paper, intently dropping balls through the funnel to calculate where they landed … at least I wasn't alone. We somehow completed all the lab questions due at the end of class (by completed, I mean wrote at least one letter down, sometimes just a scribble). Now I find out there are more lab questions that are due tomorrow — but these ones are supposed to have real answers.

I know what you're thinking … "Can it really be that bad?" … "You're joking, right?" … "Do you know when the Mongols ruled China?" — to answer your questions, you'll need to go back in time to when I still had some shred of sanity … of course, that would imply I had some sanity to begin with…

Chris 'The Kreased'

Have You Got A Name For It?

We have data. Would you like some data?

There's this funny story that happened to me and my house-mates, when we were trying to get cable. For extra background information, my house-mates (excluding me) had spent the past summer living in the same house as Snuggles is living in right now, on Lester. Go figure.

So like, sometime during Frosh Week, my house-mate, who will be called Dude, calls Rogers and signs up. They promise to do so, and tell us that the following Monday someone will come and hook us up. The next Tuesday someone shows up and asks us where the cable box is. We conference amongst ourselves and decide that it's in the laundry room of our house (we live in an apartment). We trek down to the laundry room and locate another room, which is locked, where the cable box resides. The cable guy, after a bit of mucking around, manages to get inside this second room. He even manages to find the cable box. However he proceeds to discover that the cable box is locked and he has no key. He then tells us that Rogers people have to come and unlock the box. We do a double take and inquire whether he shouldn't be a Rogers guy. It becomes clear that he's a sub-contractor who installs cable and cable modems for Rogers — a trainee at that. He promises to notify Rogers and leaves. A week goes by. Finally Dude calls Rogers again, and explains what happened. Rogers seems understanding and promises to rectify the situation by sending a guy to our house. A guy shows up, again a sub-contractor, again unable to get into the cable box, again leaving and telling us that he'll inform Rogers.

Around this time, cable at Snuggles's house starts to work. Go figure.

Fed up with this whole Rogers thing (and needing to have cable working by Wednesday, September 26) I take charge and call Rogers. They promise to have a guy come in on Tuesday the 25th. Needless to say they don't show up. I call Rogers again, and talk to someone who informs me that I live on Lester. The conversation went like this:

"You are on 265 Lester Street."

"No, I'm not, I'm at 418 Hazel."

"You sure?" a— Now, how do you reply to that? Of course I'm @#$%@ sure!

"YES, I'm sure!"

"OK, so your phone number is 885-something?"

"No, I told you my phone number when I started this conversation, its 880-9012."

"So you live on 265 Lester?"

At this point I began to realize that when you move, you are expected to get a different phone number, or leave Rogers in a complete and perpetual state of confusion. I'm surprised that Pizza Pizza didn't have issues. Anyways, so having convinced some Rogers support person of my place of residence, I was assured that someone would show up on Wednesday 2–5 pm. Again a sub-contractor showed up. He didn't have the key to the damned cable box. But this guy was a problem solver. He went to his truck, got a crowbar, cracked the box open, flipped a switch and enabled me to watch Enterprise in peace.

I am not a Trekkie

I am not a Trekkie. Although by most accounts I am a geek. I'm not denying anything. I own the shirt. I can't argue against an article of clothing. So I was sitting in my Distributed class. Being a geek I was kinda surprised that quite a few people did not know what a port is. In the computer networking sense of the word. While confusing explanations were offered, I started to think of better explanations. I thought of analogies. And I didn't try to give a clear one — like IP address as a house number and the port is the apartment number. I thought of an IP address as a person and a port as an appendage (or more). And like you could apply a function to a port. Get it? I'm a geek. This analogy got waaaaaaaaaaaay out of control when somebody asked if two IP addresses could perform a function on the same port. Some people had to leave the room. I went back to playing Solitaire on my Palm. I am a geek. I no longer play Solitaire in class. I read *Something Happened* by Joseph Heller instead. Joseph Heller is cool. He wrote *Catch-22*. Am I still a geek? *[If so, it's not because you've read Heller. Awesome books. — TaxiEd]*

My Car is Unhappy

I brought down my car. I got it from my parents. It's a good car. It's a white 1992 Honda Civic. It has gone 320 000+ kilometres. It is unhappy. It has a stick shift. The first and second gears work. But they make an unhappy grinding noise. The third and fifth gears sorta work. I can turn them on and drive, but if I were to let go of the gas it pops into neutral. Makes for an interesting drive. The fourth gear doesn't work at all. Makes for an even more interesting drive. If anybody knows of a place that does cheap transmission replacements (or if someone can do it themselves) talk to me.

Oh Brilliance! Shall we dance?

If you were to yell out "All hail Apathy!" at the top of your lungs, would anyone respond? Do you care? Why is it that really good music is impossible to get now? Really sad. And isn't it interesting how songs diminish after you read their lyrics? I am rambling. That's probably because in the first month of this term I spent more time around Snuggles then I usually spend in the course of an entire term. I am hungry now, and people around me are talking about porn. And the old 70s version of Batman that my other house-mate, who I shall call Sweet, owns. Another person is combining the porn with old Batman. And I'm still hungry.

Time has lost its hold on me …

People are infatuated with time travel. Ignoring the paradoxes caused by time travel (primarily into the past — cuz you know, you might inadvertently become your own mother and father (Or not inadvertantly. What possible advantage would you gain by becoming your own father and mother?). Like this one guy I know. Ask Jess about he/she/it. He'll go on for some time. Ask him about this girl whose name begins with a 'J' and ends with an 'r.' *[Jupiter? — TaxiEd]* Also see if you can convince him to tell me how great would it be when we are all living under the FTAA, I can't believe nobody got me that Frosh Week bribe items. I would've given everything for it. (I think I figured this Snuggles Sez thing out. No problem racking up pages anymore))

Time has lost its hold on me …

will continue on the next page

Don't Eat the Chicken Kiev

Since this issue's theme is Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, I am apparently supposed to be writing as some famous mathematician who has been retrieved from the past. So let's just say that I'm Gauss so I can get on with my rant.

If any of you are living in/have lived in Village 1, you may have encountered a meal called "Chicken Kiev." DO NOT GET IT! IT WILL TRY TO KILL YOU! This assault weapon is sold under the guise of two pieces of chicken which resemble oversized chicken nuggets. Never being one to turn down fried food, I though I'd try it out. That was a choice that I would regret for the rest of my life.

As I sat down with my steaming hot plate of food, I prepared to stuff my face. On most occasions, I would have stuffed the whole piece of chicken into my mouth at once. However, since this piece was particularly big, I decided to actually cut it up and chew it. This decision could very well have saved my life. While carrying on an innocent conversation, I put my knife up to the chicken. It was the last knife I would ever hold in my life …

Coming up, was this the last knife I would ever hold in my life? Yes, it was. Or was it?

Upon impact, one could have observed the chicken swelling up like a pus-filled boil ready to burst. Apparently, chicken kiev means an outer chicken shell filled with a very large puddle of scalding hot oil and herbs. The chicken burst opened and rained its molten centre all over my arm, leg and the neighbouring chair. Pushing aside the unbearable pain, I was able to smell the stench of the herbed oil that was running down my now-crippled arm.

After mopping up the oil, I cut open the second piece of chicken, successfully this time. It spilled its greasy contents in a puddle that crept over the entire plate to defile my corn and potatoes. The stench of that oil reminded me too much of my recent encounter with the first piece, thus rendering the rest of my meal uneatable. I felt it dishonourable to eat something that had so clearly beaten me. I finished my unmolested cake and crept away in shame.

After I returned to my room, I decided to survey the damage. I removed my watch, which unfortunately was on the arm which was sprayed with the caustic oil. It had absorbed quite a decent amount of the herbed odour, an odour that had become anathema to me. Even after repeated washings, the stench would not quit my watchband. My watch will now forever serve as a horrible reminder of the day when the chicken kiev defeated me.

Adam "Gauss" Shelton

Rumble Puppy's Adventures in Time

In the history of time there has been only one man capable of exploding the sun. His name was Martin. He enjoyed long walks on the beach, sunscreen, and Tequila Sunrise. *[1.5 oz tequila, 4 oz orange juice, and a little bit of grenadine — TaxiEd]* Maybe sometimes, occasionally, from time to time, also, he enjoyed entering nude waterpolo contests. Martin was generally a nice guy, except he had the damn blow-up-the-sun power. Everybody was afraid of Martin. Luckily Martin lived at the end of time, where purple is blue and only 6 are alive and none of them understand the appeal of Orange Julius. Crappy tasting orange juice at an unreasonable price.

Sadly these two guys (supposed saviours of the Earth) arrived in a circa 1930's Superman-quick-change style telephone booth. How passé. So these two dumbasses kidnap Martin, thinking "Dude, way." Those 5 people left at the end of time rejoiced, but then Martin blew up the sun and they died. So sad. Too bad.

Rumble Puppy, using his special time-sensing powers (sorta à la Spiderman and his spidey-sense, complete with those squiggly lines coming out of his head, although everybody sees these, not just Stan Lee) discovered this. The two slackers were bringing Martin to 1988. Rumble Puppy always liked 1988, mostly for the flowers, so he decided to make sure the sun didn't get blown up.

Rumble Puppy set out to find the stoners in the present day and eradicate them from all time so that Martin never gets taken away from the future. He found Ted (or Keanu as he now apparently was called) in Australia. Sadly, though he tried his funky kung-fu + wires + Larry Fishburn moves, Keanu was eradicated. In time even.

Rumble Puppy found Bill on a street corner in Sri Lanka yelling "I WAS BILL! THE BILL! YOU KNOW DUDE!" Rumble Puppy felt bad for Bill but kicked his ass anyway for being lame.

No one blows up the Rumble Puppy's sun in 1988. Not even Bill and …

Well maybe Ted … he was so sexy in *Speed*. And *Devil's Advocate* too … that fake southern accent … ooh boy …

UH …

Not even Bill and Ted!!

Milhouse the Magician
The Host with the Most

Time has lost its hold on me … Continued.

Where was I? Right, time travel. Besides attempting to write a crappy high school history report, what possible use for time travel would you have? Are you trying to fix mistakes from the past? Are you trying to restart your life from that point in Grade 10, when you should've done one thing but did another, and now think that your life sucks because of it? You stop that! Be human. Fuck up. Swear in *math*NEWS. Insult politically correct sensibilities of silly people. Sing banned songs. Believe in yourself.

Anton "zer0man"

Time Survey

It seems there was some confusion with last week's *Fuzzy Survey* … Only one vote was cast — *Fuzzy* —, so the *math*NEWS staff took the survey. *Logic* is the winner with 7 votes, while *Chi-chi-chi-Chia* came close with 5. Now for this week's **Time** survey — don't forget to submit your votes to the BLACK BOX!

1. Bill S. Preston, Esq.
2. Ted "Theodore" Logan
3. Scott Bakula
4. Marty McFly
5. Dr. Evil

Logistics, Figuratively!

Bite me

Today's lesson: How to get stuff from people

Who likes paying for anything? I mean come on. Boo paying, yay beer. So today, I will examine two common ways of acquiring things for free from someone: Poison sushi and watch keep-away.

First, the proven successful method: Poisoning someone with sushi, then calling in the favour. The real trick here is getting the sushi to the target. If you're like me and fish makes you gag, then buying sushi for yourself is way too obvious. In that case, you'll need a girlfriend who doesn't realize that sushi is gross. Buy her some sushi and she'll eat like two pieces at most before saying yuck. So now you've got your sushi that neither you nor your girlfriend want. Hopefully, the intended target is nearby. Noticing the unwanted sushi, the he will offer to eat it and maybe even pay you some money for it. At this point, you say "How 'bout you buy me an Extreme Fudgesicle instead?" Ok, this next part takes some persistence, because now the target is beginning to feel ill and doesn't feel that poison sushi should be paid for. Anytime from now on, whenever you see the target, ask, "Where's my fudgesicle?" Eventually, you will get your fudgesicle from the sucker, ha ha ha! And don't feel that just because you got a fudgesicle means you should stop trying to get more.

Unfortunately, I have not experienced as much luck with the other method. However, if you still want to try it, here it is: Watch keep-away. For this, you will need some supplies: a chump with a foldable mah-jong table and a watch who won't shut up, a desire for $10, and some extra people with a little hand-eye co-ordination. So here's what you do: Wait for your target to start talking about how fast he can put together and take apart his stupid table. Act interested (this can be tough). Eventually he'll allow you to time him using his watch. And here's the trick: don't give the watch back! Ha ha! Toss it around to your extras and mock the table-folding weenie. Once that's not so fun anymore (it can take a while), tell him you'll sell the watch to him for $10. If that fails, you can also try selling it to other people. Hopefully you'll have better luck than I did.

Happy acquiring
Marshall

And now, a list

Recent events:

- Learned Crazy Russian
- Learned Settlers
- Went to some writer's guild thing with a friend and fooled around. I started reading 'Ice Ice Baby' in a prose style, and nobody caught on to what I was doing. It was gold.
- Sang karaoke at engscunt, with a more-than-able-voiced colleague. Ice Ice Baby was only the icing on the cake here, since we spent at least an hour in there garnering attention.
- Nearly have my flare down. It's a sweet break dancing move. Come to SLC on Fridays downstairs and you'll see.
- Have been in MC every day for 9 days, 13 by the time you read this.
- Have actually not stripped down, licked funny plants, and sacrificed a small, fluffy mammal in hopes of somehow escaping Needless and the Co-op process.
- Passed out in McGinnis from lack of sleep, rather than alcohol consumption.
- Read aloud several passages from Harlequin romance novels, out of context of course, to the amusement of several people nearby.
- Got to tell The Triangle Story to another roomful of people. If you *really* want to hear it, come find me. I'm in MC about 15 hours daily, so chances are you'll find me eventually.
- Got to use the phrase, "I have butterflies in my pants."
- Factual exactnation. If you get it, you get, it. If you don't, one name: Laymond.
- Went to Production Night, where it appeared that everyone had cracked smoke. Or vice versa.
- Started taking Tae Kwon Do. Excellent …
- Ran for first-year at-large rep. As of right now, I don't know how that turned out. But making the posters was fun.
- Got out of MC now and then.
- This bullet is cursed. x x

That's all for now, folks.

Guess. No, really.
Cockney Street Urchin
"Shine ya shoes fa'nickel guv'na?"

Do you love math?

Do you love math? Hate to see a lonely slice of pi? Think pink? Do we have the product for you! Try MC's (Malicious Calculations) brand new, all exclusive, complete with lifetime warranty (length of undergraduate studies) MathSPOON. MathSPOON comes complete with ladle and handle. Our amazing spoon will help you eat that last slice of pi — oh wait we DON'T want you to do that! What were you thinking! Destroying sweet little pi … Why, the circles and circumferences would be outraged! Chaos and terror would reign in the comfy lounge. The smell would swell and swivel over Waterloo, forcing students inside buildings to escape the odd, out of the ordinary odour.

The students, looking for something new to do, would start attending lectures. These students, learning something here and there, would discover that the MathSPOON is really just a piece of @*!& and really just a regular ol' spoon after all. Then we, the inventors of MathSPOON, would have nothing to show for our Western BA degree.

HasBlondHairExtraordinaire Krysta

Top 10 Ways to Slack Off!!!

10. Write this article.
9. Write notes in Java or C++.
8. Live in the Comfy Lounge.
7. Become an engineering student.
5. Skip number 6.
4. Go to Western.
3. Become a Honours student at Western.
2. Factual Exactnaction.
1. Write nine ways to slack off not ten.

Adam Felix

The Triangle Story

Our story begins with an ordinary young boy, in an ordinary school. It so happened that one day in class they were learning about factual exactnation. As they moved on to a new topic, his teacher offered to the class a question. Nobody responded right away, so the teacher began to pick 'volunteers,' in elementary school style. Again, nobody had any response, so eventually she reached the boy of our story.

He thought for a moment, and carefully formulated an answer.

"A triangle?"

Well, the teacher was furious, to understate the matter. Saliva sprayed as she ordered the young man out of the room.

So he made the trek down the hall to the office. When he got there, the secretary ushered him into the principal's office, where he was seated, and waited. Eventually, the principal made his way into the office and sat down. He shuffled about some papers and got settled. After a minute or two, he got to the point.

"All right, young man, what brings you to my office today?"

"Well, it's like this, sir …"

The story having been told, the boy soon found himself walking home, expelled from school. Before long he ran into a police officer. Things proceeded as before and the boy wound up in the clink awaiting arraignment.

His court date rolled around and he was brought before the judge.

"So young man," the judge boomed, "what brings you into my court today?"

"Well it's like this, sir …"

And the boy told his story.

"Let me get one thing straight here before we proceed. When your teacher asked you this, you didn't say, 'A Triangle,' now did you?"

The boy slowly nodded. Everyone in the courtroom knew it was over from that moment on. Court dates went by in a flash, and eventually he was sentenced.

Life.

The boy spends 20 years in jail, every year drawing more and more triangles on everything. On himself, the cell floors and walls, sheets, clothing, books, cellmates, on and on and on.

Finally, he is released. He's on his way to the freedom of a new life, crossing the road from the prison he's spent 20 years in, when all of a sudden he's struck by a truck. After fighting for his life in hospital overnight, he passes on.

And that's several minutes of your life that I just wasted that you will never get back.

If you don't know already, you don't need to know.

The Chimney Sweeper

Hi Dad!

Look at me, I'm filler!

I frequently receive emails from my dad containing links to web pages that mention me, so I've decided to try an experiment: How long until I get a link to the web version of this article?

Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook. Marshall Drew-Brook.

Hi Dad!

Marshall Drew-Brook

My Preppy Life in 50 Words or Less

Snuggles and Latrell hit my monitor, now The Man is moving it so much that my eyes hurt.

Week was good. Hope everyone had good Chinese Mid-Autumn Festival. Damn, the Chinese Mid-Autumn Festival took up four words. Damn, the explanation took up even more words. Exactly 50 words!

Amadaeus

The Simple Life

Once upon a time, there was a cow. Sweet ass cow. How milky your skin appears. Want to touch cow. Milk cow. Love cow. Oh cow. Your moos are like a gentle breeze that does not knock the derby from my head. But damn those capitalists, always wanting more and more. One day, we'll pull it out and slap them. That's right. SLAP THEM. Those silly capitalists.

MonkeyMan

Tonight At 11:00

Nike Signs Jesus To Endorsement Deal, Drops Tiger Woods

Nike announced today that Jesus would become the company's primary endorser, dropping their long relationship with Tiger Woods. Nike CEO Philip Knight explained the move. "Jesus showed much better name recognition amongst our focus groups than Mr. Woods," said Knight. "Our focus groups also showed that people are more likely to follow Jesus' lead, and Jesus was perceived as being 'cooler' and more 'jiggy with it,'" he added.

The endorsement deal is worth $900 million U.S. over the next 2000 years, with a $2 million bonus for each miracle Jesus performs. Besides appearing in regular advertisements, Mr. Christ must wear Nike clothing at all resurrections, water-into-wine, cheese parties, and PGA tour events.

"We expect our sales to jump considerably due to this deal," said Knight. "We are especially excited about our new Air JC line of footwear. Nike was on a downturn, but now it has seen the light and is born again!" Jesus could not be reached for comment on the deal, but we hope to have more information when we find Jesus.

Two other major endorsement deals were signed this week. The Devil has signed with Microsoft to be the spokesman for Microsoft Office XP. For his services, Mr. Devil will receive Paul Allen's soul, as he already has Bill Gates'. The Virgin Mary has also entered the advertising business, signing on with a birth control company. The company is reportedly changing its slogan to "When Abstinence is Not Enough."

Pete "Goofball" Tanner and Bruce "Goofsphere" Mackenzie

One Man Road Trip

A Scunt experience

As the people involved in this term's Scunt know, there was no Toronto road trip scheduled as an event. This is unusual for a Scunt, since the standard road trips are Toronto, Local, hometown of a Scunt God where you have to do things like talk to a specific person about how he butchers fleas. However, not to be deterred, I took it upon myself to go on a road trip to Toronto.

Well, not really. I actually took a bus in on Friday afternoon for the purpose of grabbing a bribe for the Gods. After I got home and collected the bribe, which I'll talk about later, I called Dan because he told me to. While on the phone, Dan told me to call this guy Eric so he could give me money for Scunt, and after setting up that meeting to call him back. When I called him the second time he told me he was sending me to Scarborough to pick up a doll of Wonder Woman as a bribe for a Goddess who put it on the wish list.

Let me tell you something about Scarborough. Scarborough is on the east side of Toronto. Since the street I live on isn't in Scarborough, I know nothing of the road geography. This means when I got the directions from Dan of how to get where I was going, I tried to follow them. This was my first mistake.

The directions were as follows: Get off the 401 at Port Union, going west. Go left at the second light on to Kingston, then take the second left on to Stansford, go up the hill to the stop sign, turn right followed by an immediate left, and then find the house. So I went west at Port Union, turned on to Kingston at the second left, and then passed by the second light when I saw it wasn't called Stansford, but something like Mathies. Thinking the light number might just be wrong, I continued along Kingston for a bit, and found no road called Stansford. Then I decided to go back to Port Union and try again. This was my second mistake.

In retracing my steps, I found I could either careen up the road into nothingness (Ajax), or go up a hill leading to nowhere (Ajax), but could not get back to Port Union. So I took the left fork, and saw an exit to Port Union after all, and turned right, because that's the way I turned before to go west. I was surprised to find out I went past Lawrence to a dead end. I didn't remember driving into a dead end the last time I drove this road. So I next decided to turn down Mathrocks and find a bar to ask directions in. Fortunately, someone there had an out-of-date map in the car. We found that Stansford was a very short street not worthy of my attention, but there was a road called Stansbury that was, so I assumed that was meant. I know the map was old because my destination street was not present. So I took Kingston in the direction of Stansbury, and found myself at Queen Street.

Ever the intrepid adventurer and Scunter, I went in to a random convenience store at Queen and Kingston to look at a not-so-out-of-date map, where I discovered my destination street was in Mississauga. Then I realized the first letter of my destination street was an R, not a B, and found it in the southwest corner of Scarborough. So I decided to find out how to get there from where I was, and discovered this:

The directions I was given were totally accurate, except that by west they meant south, by Kingston they meant Lawrence, by Stansford they meant Starspray, and by right they meant left. So I rented a movie and left. Then I realized that although the movie was rented for a noble cause (Scunt acquisitions), I had no idea the name of the store or the fastest way to get there from Waterloo. So I called Dan and told him about the directions, and gave him an ETA. And he asked if I had it. And I said yes. And he asked what it looked like. And I explained that by yes I meant no, but I was on my way.

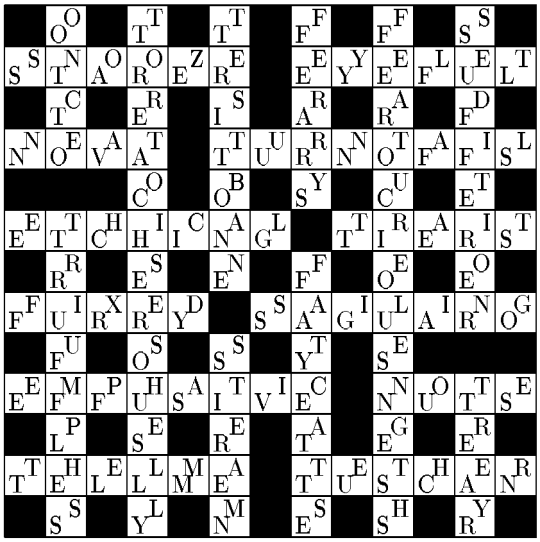
So when I finally got to the house, I looked in the mailbox for the figure because that's where I was told it would be, and it wasn't there. But I heard music coming from inside the house, so I rang the doorbell. A 45-year-old Chinese woman answered the door. When I explained I was here for a Wonder Woman doll she looked at me like I was an idiot and said she didn't know anything about it. So I did what any sane person would have done. I went back to the car and bitched out Dan.

My car phone is a cell phone that has no battery, only a cable to connect to the car. The cable likes not working. I had to call Dan about five times before getting through. While I was doing this the Chinese woman was glaring at me through the window trying to decide whether to call the police or mental ward. When I finally got through to Dan and backed out of the driveway, my phone died. Giving up, I decided to go up the street a little, but then the Chinese lady's daughter ran up to the car and asked if I'd talked to Michael. Then I rolled down the window, and she asked me again. I said no, I talked to Dan Pollock. So she asked if I went to Waterloo, to which I said yes, and she ran back to the house to get the doll. Then I called Dan and told him we're both lying bastards, and I was about to have the doll.

Upon my return to the Comfy Lounge, Dan and I set off for POETS, which I passed on the way. And upon arrival at POETS, after I spent 3 hours driving around Scarborough and Queen Street, we were told the Goddess who wanted Wonder Woman had just left for Windsor.

Right now Dan has the doll, and what he's doing with it and its action arms only he knows. The moral of the story: … alright, I was bluffing there is no moral of the story. Just never trust Dan when he relays third-party directions to you.

Chris Marks



Solution to Grid 1

mathNEWSquiz #2

Hanging On in Quiet Desparation is the English Way

Hello all. This is your SquizMaster(s). We like pie. We also like getting answers to our Squiz. But these were the answers to previous issue of the Squiz.

Lyrics: 1. *Bloodhound Gang, The Bad Touch* 2. *Barenaked Ladies, She's On Time* 3. *Olivia Newton-John, Physical* 4. *Shania Twain, The Women In Me(Needs The Man In You)* 5. *John Travolta, Greased Lighting* Theme: *Sex***Medieval Stuff**: 1. *La Brede* 2. *Magyars* 3. *719A.D.* 4. *Rhenish (Western) Franconia and Eastern Franconia* 5. *Ottokar II Pzmeysl***Teamsters**: 1. *1996* 2. *Brian "Latrell" "The Man" Fox and "The General" Nadia V. Ursacki "MMIM"* 3. *1998: Discount, 1999: Thrifty, 2000: Ryder, 2001: Thrifty* 4. *Flicking away a pretend cigarette* 5. *Canadian Tire***Random** 1. *See Volumn 75* 2. *Gabrielle's weapon progression* 3. *With a hockey stick*

We had exactly one submission. This is wrong. We need more submissions. RIGHT NOW! Drop whatever it is you are doing (especially if its a Math 137 Assignment that's due in 5 minutes) and DO THE SQUIZ! Drop your answers in the BLACK BOX or email them to *math*NEWS! Be like Paul Vet who submitted the only solution, and is the winner. Paul can drop by the MathSoc office and get his prize. So be like Paul next time.

Lyrics

One Point for the Artist, One Point for the Title.

Another Point for the Theme

1. The world is not enough
   But it is such a perfect place to start my love
   And if you're strong enough
   Together we can take the world apart my love.
2. Until that day
   Until the world blows away
   Until you say there'll be no more goodbyes
   I see it in your eyes
   Tomorrow never dies
3. With a GoldenEye,
   Golden, GoldenEye,
   With a GoldenEye,
   GoldenEye.
4. Got a licence to kill (to kill)
   And you know I'm going straight for your heart.
   (Got a licence to kill)
   Got a licence to kill (to kill)
   Anyone who tries to tear us apart.
   (Got a licence to kill)
   Licence to kill.
5. Ooohh, the living daylights
   Ooohh, the living daylights (the living daylights)
   Ooohh, the living daylights (the living daylights)

Scunt Trivia

1. In what place did the math team come in in the Fall of '89 Eng Scunt?
2. What was the theme of the Spring 2000 Eng Scunt? *[You'd better get this! — TaxiEd]*
3. What was the name of the Scunt god for whom the math team provided a pool of candy to "swim" in in the Fall '99 Eng Scunt?
4. What else was in the pool with her?
5. Whose house was the pig's head cooked in?

Bill & Ted's Stuff

1. What is the number that Rufus dials to demonstrate the time machine?
2. In which city will they actually end up if you dial the number?
3. In Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey, the character of Death pays homage to which movie?
4. What is the name of the Star Trek episode that Bill and Ted are watching before their robot selves pay them a visit?
5. What was the original name of Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey

Well, best of luck with this Squiz, and we want a lot of submissions this time around. Or else Nadia will get mad. You don't want that, do you?

The Squiz Guys

New Phones Causing Stir

Theatres Upset with Inconsiderate Cell Users

During a recent interview, a local theatre proprietor had this to say: "A few years ago, people attending the theatre were courteous. Now, we can't even put on a show without at least one interruption." The "interruption" which he is referring to is the use of cell phones during a performance. With the recent increase in cell phone users, heads of theatrical institutions everywhere have noticed this alarming trend.

This epidemic has occurred before when the first cell phones were introduced. The problem seemed to disappear but it has manifested itself once again. And the problem is worse than ever. The new cell phones, which enable their users to travel through time, are causing great disturbances to people everywhere. The interruptions usually begin with someone's cell phone playing a round of Fur Elise or The Entertainer while the owner clumsily fumbles through their purse/pockets to answer it without further disturbance. Upon answering the phone, they then enter the space-time continuum in a bright flash of light, permanently blinding anyone in a 20 foot radius and leaving everyone else in the room in a state of epileptic seizure. An unfortunate number of theatrical performances have been cancelled due to actors refusing to return to the play after being interrupted by a theatre-goer temporally shifting into another century.

And the problem is not limited to theatre houses. Many people have been observed using their cell phones while driving as well. This has been hypothesized to be the cause of numerous accidents. The cell user is distracted while talking on their cell phone and then, after hitting the "Quantum Leap" button, is transported to another time, leaving their car careening down the freeway at speeds of above 130 km/h. Many of the drivers sharing the roads with these cell users find this behaviour irresponsible and rude.

Although the songs do provide amusement to some small-minded individuals, most find the cell phones an unnecessary aggravation. In short, please only use your cell phone when appropriate. Thank you.

Adam Shelton

Most Excellent Clues

Across

7. Rift right in shoreline (6)
8. Takes up submissions around old rural route (7)
10. Plot to grab back broken harp (3,5)
11. Not really brainy: on again, off again (6)
12. Armoured? Let pub floor collapse (11)
14. Flat-out debits (6)
16. However, sadly, Earl lost a retainer (6)
19. Armour that mammogram is shot on (11)
23. Plant little seen, from what Audobon said (6)
24. Slam hard to break glue bond (8)
25. Sleeping? Bag screw and croissant (7)
26. Back-stab about one kilo of dyed stuff? (6)

Down

1. Accidentally arrest Rue, who keeps books (9)
2. Tart only up for exotic fruits (8)
3. Scotch smuggled in both wartime and peace (6)
4. What 21 is for: robs boat at sea (2,6)
5. Tendency to talk first then tear later (5)
6. Spiral stairwell? No sale (5)
9. That place is in Toronto, not here (5)
13. Readers like these (9)
15. Awful Brit leer (8)
17. Where you pay to raise the bar (8)
18. Cat who's well cross-referenced? (5)
20. Up or down to decide who hitches a ride (6)
21. Cloth to drag the Spanish down (5)
22. Stars go crazy for sovereigns (5)

Highly Non-Bogus Clues

Across

7. Grim B&T character
8. Built the good robot Bill & Ted
10. Spurts water, can be egg-shaped
11. Other group at Battle of the Bands
12. Having only one electron orbit
14. Death says: "____ '____, Dano."
16. The princess babes were most ____
19. Alaskan military school owner
23. Great expression of approval
24. Use of long-outdated speech
25. Game Bill & Ted play with Death
26. Thing Bill & Ted do to Death

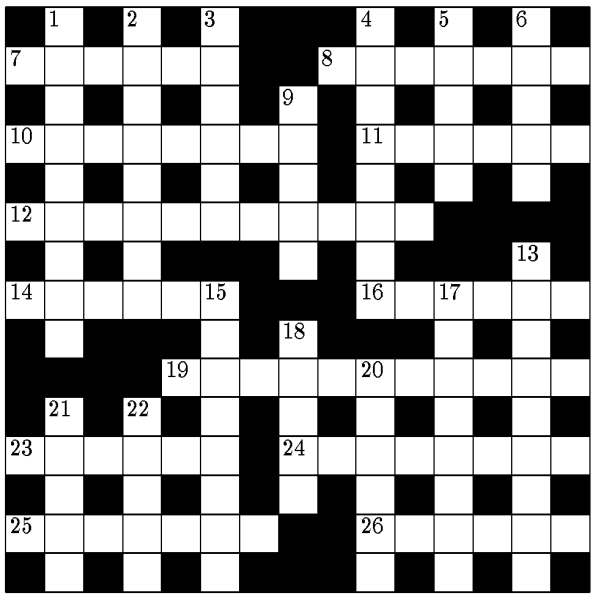
Down

1. Bill & Ted villain
2. I can't think of a good clue for openwork
3. Massive fleet of ships
4. Bill's adjective for the unusual
5. Leave a mark
6. Type of journey
9. Mountain range not visited by Bill & Ted
13. A single datum in a collection
15. Lunar optic organs
17. Cute as can be *[Like me! — TaxiEd]*
18. Missy's last name in Bogus Journey
20. Occupy with tents
21. Dirty colour
22. Character 3 years older than Bill & Ted

*grid*COMMENTS

A Most Atypical Crossword Puzzle

What a great first showing for the *grid*WORD! Don't tell the Squiz, they might get jealous. The issue's Bill & Ted theme flows right into the *grid*WORD. I put a whole bunch of questions that only those who can look up info from Bogus Journey might do well at, and Linda's cryptic, well, you'll notice the pattern, and the reason why I think Linda is the most awesomest GridMaster around. So, you'll want to try and solve at least one of the grids and send it to *math*NEWS with your witty answer to the *grid*QUESTION: *If you had a time machine, who would you kidnap?* You should probably give a reason too.



On the conventional side of things from last *grid*WORD, the first couple solutions came in through email from Adam Weatherhead and Lina Lum, who said that over the summer she, just like Ozzy Osborne, forgot to read *math*NEWS — a most heinous crime. Also, Matt Sheehan submitted a completed conventional *grid*WORD electronically, and he said, "I forgot to drop out during the summer, so unfortunately I'll be here for the next eight months, kicking myself every day for throwing away almost 6 grand on TORTURE, PURE TORTURE!!!!!!!" Hmm, he sounds upset. Then, in the BLACK BOX were solutions from Amr Hiram, Chris Marks "DiMono," and Derek McCart. But when all the scores were tallied and we looked at who also solved the pattern of the first letters, Matt won. Hey, Matt, you've got a C+D gift certificate waiting for you in the *math*NEWS box in MathSoc.

Meanwhile, things were heating up in Cryptic Land. Matt solved that one too, so would he go unchallenged? Chris Marks also submitted a complete solution along with Avery Miller (I forgot how to do laundry), Josh Bennett (I forgot to reclaim my sense of decency and now I'm paying the price), and Colin Davidson (I forgot to find a girl with an all over tan :). Forced to resort to randomness, we picked Avery Miller as the cryptic winner. So Avery, just follow Matt, he will lead you to where the prizes are kept.

That leaves nothing left to do but remind you that solutions and answers to the *grid*QUESTION should be emailed to *math*NEWS or dropped in the BLACK BOX some time before we open it next (6:30 pm on October 15th). Enjoy.

Brad & Linda