

math

NEWS

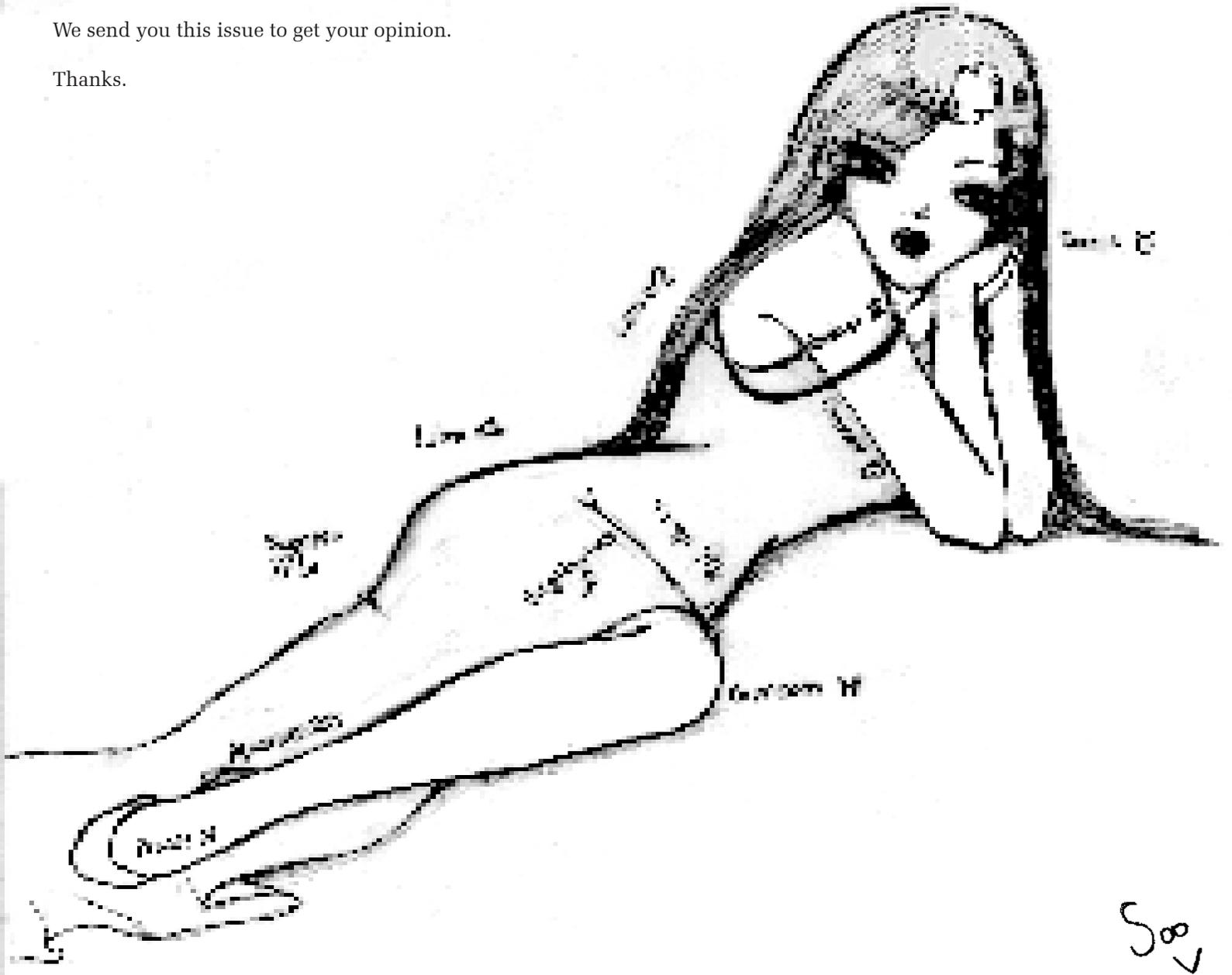
Volume 87, Issue 4

Friday, November 2, 2001

Hi. How are you?

We send you this issue to get your opinion.

Thanks.



500

MGC News

Hey Class of 2002!

**** The Math 2002 Yearbook needs your pictures! ****

The creation of the Math 2002 yearbook is currently underway and needs your pictures. Pictures can come from any time during your Waterloo years: frosh week, residence life, co-op work terms, life off-campus, going out, staying in, Spring 2001 MGC events, travel, Canada Day, Hallowe'en, etc. Most of the people in the picture should be graduating. We are accepting photographs, scanned in photographs (600 dpi) and high-res digital pictures. Please include the names of the people in the pictures and the location or event where the picture was taken. Unfortunately the photos cannot be returned; for about \$1 Blacks can make a duplicate of any photograph.

******* Here's how to submit your pictures *******

On Campus this term, submit photos to the MGC office (MC 3029)

Not on Campus this term, mail them to:

MGC 2002 Yearbook
c/o MathSoc MC 3038
University of Waterloo
Waterloo, ON, N2L 3G1

MEF Funding Council Positions

Want to have a direct affect on how MEF spends your money? Beef up your resume? And get free food? Then join the MEF Funding Council. Nominations are being accepted for several positions on the MEF Funding Council. Councillors must attend the Council meeting on Nov 16th where funding requests are presented and discussed. If you're interested in representing your department or year contact me at mefcom@student.math.uwaterloo.ca.

What are MEF Funding Requests?

Funding requests are simply project proposals from UW Staff or Students. MEF funds projects that improve the academic life of undergraduate math students. If you have an idea but you're not sure whether or not it fits into MEF's guidelines then contact me (Troy) at mefcom@student.math.uwaterloo.ca and we can discuss your idea. Even if MEF can't help I may be able to direct you to someone who can.

Troy

ultraCLASSIFIED

Missing: Two green peppers. They look just like red peppers, except they're green. If found please return to me, they're my only friends in the whole world.

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

Starry eyed: Pete Love and Bradley T Smith

Come on, you're making the big co-op bucks, splurge for the 47 cents in postage. Digital photos can be emailed to mg-c2002yearbook@canada.com or dropped off on CD or disk at the MGC office.

******* Grad Write Ups *******

This is your chance to sum up your time at Waterloo and leave a message for your fellow grads to remember you by. You can now submit your grad writeup at www.student.math.uwaterloo.ca/~mgc/gradwriteup.html. You are limited to 100 words. Only electronic submissions from the webpage will be accepted.

All photographs and write-ups MUST be received by Nov 30, 2001. Don't delay, send your pictures in today!

Your yearbook co-editors:

Laura Atkinson — leatkins@student.math.uwaterloo.ca
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lookAHEAD

mathNEWS

November 2	Issue #4 rebuilt from Pisces
November 12	Issue #5 production night 6:30 pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
November 16	Issue #5 on even ground with Libra

Math Faculty

November 2	WD Deadline
November 19	Spring '02 course enrollment begins
November 18	Quest still is unloved by most students

MathSoc

Thursdays	Movie Night
Nov. 12, 14, 21	Who wants to be a Millionaire? No. You WON'T win \$1,000,000.
November 17	Charity Ball

MGC

Wednesdays	Pizza Day
All the time	Hand in yearbook pictures
November 30	Deadline for Grad Write ups in Yearbook

MEF

November 9	Funding Requests are due
November 16	Funding Council Meeting

Co-op

November 2	Interviews end
November 9	Continuous-phase Postings begin
November 15	The Return of the Work Report

Miscellaneous

November 2-4	Homecoming Weekend
November 3	Wayne Gretzky announces his plan to play for the Phoenix Coyotes
November 7	1 st anniversary of longest U.S. Presidential election night
November 7	My first (and only) midterm — Pete
November 10	European football, not soccer, wars
November 11	Remembrance Day
November 15	Quest to figure out QUEST begins
November 22	The Holiest of days (at least for me), it is the all wonderful
22 nd day of November	

Teachers Wanted!

The Teaching Students' Association (TSA) is organizing a Professional Development Day on Saturday, November 17, 2001. The event will run between 9 am and 2 pm.

We are holding this event for the benefit of MATH Teaching Option students, but other math students who are interested in teaching at the secondary level are welcome to attend. We will be discussing topics such as: technology in the classroom, unit planning, and methods of assessment.

A sign-up sheet will be posted outside the TSA Office (MC 3031) as of today. Space is limited, and the deadline to sign up is Friday, November 9. If you have any questions, email me at loribridgeford@hotmail.com.

Lori Bridgeford
TSA President

Movie Night

Yet again, time to pander movie night to the masses. A third of term left, almost back to the regular room of DC 1302. Not quite, but quite. Our room this week (Nov 1st) was taken by EA (electronic arts, amazing company, mmmm ... games ... or as Ducky keeps calling them, EA Sports). I don't know yet if we did anything funny or not (like setting up a table at the entrance) but the movies last night were quite good. We've got a ton more movies to get through and not much time. So send us your suggestions to movies@mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca.

Lend me your ears for a few more moments, I just found out that we can get some movies way way way ahead of time to show and what not (from our other licence). The only downside is that the costs are huge. So, is anybody interested in seeing: The Musketeer, Atlantis, American Pie 2, Captain Corelli's Mandolin, Bubble Boy. I'm leaning towards AP2 and Musketeer but depends on things.

Shrek WILL BE SHOWN on November 8th. No matter what happens we will show it. Posters will be here very very soon, I just talked with the company person and they've got some waiting to send us. Now if I could only get our address (kidding).

Yet again I will introduce the people who are really running movie night: Dan, Phat Albert, Andrew, Kyle, and myself (I have upgraded to Random guy #3). Dan and Andrew are quite likely to run it in the summer term, and Albert is quite likely to run it next term. I'm just the guy who happens to know both our licensing companies well. To those people that I promised posters to, you will get them, I just gotta refind the sheet with your names on them. So you should've gotten an email, if not then mail me post haste: movies@mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca. Till next time,

Tushar, Quack

Orientation 2002

Under Construction

Hi everyone. I'll be brief. Stephen Snuggles Skrzydlo and Kenneth Chung have been selected as Orientation Directors for next year. Pretty funny, if you ask me. Anyway, volunteers are wanted for Orientation 2002. For those who are interested, there will be an info session on Friday, November 2nd at 5 pm in MC 4020. In addition, there are Orientation Application Forms beside the MathSoc door. I'm amused. That is all.

MonkeyMan

Mathies, Get Your Articles Out of the Gutter!

A reliable source in Vancouver indicates that a local high school, Point Grey Secondary School, deemed *mathNEWS* inappropriate and has banned the *mathNEWS* website from its computer system. Are our articles too deep for the young minds of high school kids? Here's a few comments from Point Grey students.

"*mathNEWS*? Eeeeeek! I don't want to be seen reading it." — Elizabeth Johnson, grade 10

"I read *mathNEWS* all the time! I want to grow up to be like one of the smart, friendly, cool writers there!" — Tony Bosello, grade 8

"*mathNEWS* r0x0rs! I <censored> to it in my room when I find that a new issue came out." — Nathan Seto, grade 9

It seems like banning the site from the school system does not prevent students from reading *mathNEWS* and let it poison their virgin minds. However, being good role models for those kids, please must make all your articles PG, or else TACO is going to go after you!

(follow-up: An anonymous Point Grey alumni told me that he could access <http://www.stileproject.com>, a porn/gore/definitely-not-TACO-approved site from the high school with no problems. Hmm, *mathNEWS* is more inappropriate than roadkill pictures?)

Yvonne "Soft'n'<censored>" Yip

Man versus Technology

So I was going to the washroom. Strangely enough most of my stories of getting into trouble at work start with this line. The more interesting of the two washroom encounters was the day I went to do my business standing up, and after all was done I walked away and heard nothing. This was strange for the urinal I was using was an automatic. That's right, like the car, less hand work. But something had gone terribly wrong this day. The automatic urinal did not automatically flush. At that moment all the order in the man-made universe collapsed. Since we know we can't entrust man himself to flush his own urinal, we will entrust infallible technology take care of it for us. This is the technology we are to base our utopian future on? Such musings aside, all I wanted to do was try to flush the urinal. So I poke and prod the plumbing searching for a lever or button of some kind. There is none. Not only are we primarily entrusting technology, we aren't giving ourselves a manual override.

So what do you do when the automatic urinal doesn't flush. This is what I asked one of my co-workers after I left the wash room. She thought about it for a bit, and then did something very bad. She gave me an idea. She said that I should enter this issue into the company's Bug Database (Bugdb). Then I did something even worse. I did. Apparently the Bugdb is a company wide communication tool and thus shouldn't be abused (because that's what e-mail is for). Fortunately my boss found the situation amusing so I didn't really get into trouble. Then I found out who I should actually tell about the malfunctioning urinal. I assumed someone came in to take a look at it, but the urinal hasn't been the same since its first day of disobedience.

"Phat" Albert O'Connor

Why Insurance Premiums should be based on Astrological Sign

I am completely serious when I say that each person's insurance premiums, whether it be life, car, property, etc., should be based on astrological sign. I believe there is statistical evidence out there but no one has been able to give me the necessary data to analyze, Yet I feel that if I had the data this is what I would discover:

For life insurance:

Sagittarians lives the longest. (I am not just saying this because I am one.) The reason this sign lives the longest is because they are young at heart. They never grow up! It is true. Lowest premiums go to the Sagittarians! But in a very close second, Leo's with there love for live, should get the second lowest premiums. Then Capricorns come in third because they never want to give up on life. I won't tell you who I think should have the highest premiums. Ok, wait, I changed my mind. Scorpios should definitely have the highest. They rule the house of death and regeneration. I hope I don't scare anyone ...

For house insurance:

The lowest premiums without a doubt go to the Cancerians out there. They are home loving people. They even rule the house of home and family. My only concern would be the other members of the household. Taurians come in second because of their love for personal possessions. They would never let anything happen to all their materialistic goods. Never. Libras come in a distant third. They do love home and partnership but I could see them acting careless enough to burn the place down. As for the highest house insurance premiums ... Aries wins with their ability to act without thinking! I once read that the most likely crime committed by an Aries would be accidental murder. Some advice, Arians, think before you act, think before you act, and calm down a little!

For car insurance:

I would have to give the lowest premiums to Geminis, they have an eye for detail that I will never understand. (Hmmm, probably because I am the opposite sign from them.) Aquarians love for humanity means they would never want to hurt another person at any cost, so I will have to give them the second lowest premiums. Virgos come in third because of their need to be perfectionists at all times. I'm sure that quality also applies to driving. Pisces easily win the award for highest car insurance premiums. Their head is always in the clouds dreaming about something, I don't know how they could know what is going on in front of them. But I really like Pisces so instead I will give the award to the Sagittarians. Too careless and reckless to pay enough attention. I proved this one the other week. I smashed up my parents focus. \$3000 worth of damage. (Ouch!) Need more proof? Britney Spears (a Sagittarius) has said that she must be the worst driver in the world! I think she wreck a lamborghini a little while ago if I'm not mistaken ... So those are my conclusions. I am looking for data to make verifications. If you have a source for my data (remember I need exact birth dates) please email me at this address: sammurra@student.math.uwaterloo.ca. Until then, I am going to go to a cemetery and look up dates of birth and death that way. I will tell you what I find ...

~Sagittarius Shannon

Psychic's Corner

We thought for this issue, we'd get some free Psychic readings from everyone's favourite fortune telling, credit-card charging clairvoyant, Mama Yomama. Mama, you ready?

Mama: "Yeah I am, love. Let's get to it!"

Okay, first on the line is Jill and she's having problems with her significant other.

Mama: "Hello Jill love what can Mama do for ya?"

Jill: "Well Mama, I'm having problems with my boyfriend."

Mama: "Yeah, I know. The cards tell all."

Jill: "Anyways, I think he's cheating on me..."

Mama: "With someone from work? Oh dat true, love."

Jill: "Yes and I'm not sure ..."

Mama: "If he gonna come back?"

Jill: "That's right. Because I ..."

Mama: "Love him very much ... I know, love."

Jill: "I just <sniff> I just <sniff>"

Mama: "Want him back so much. Ya. I know love."

Jill: "I <sniff> I <sniff> ..."

Mama: "Love him so. Yeah. Dat's what the cards say. But you gotta let him go and move on, love. Okay?"

Jill: "<sniff> <sniff> <blubber>"

Mama: "Okay, love. Now don't forget to leave your credit card number with my people on the phone. Take care, love."

Well Mama, you're one for one so far ... let's see if we can keep that streak going, here's Joe.

Mama: "Yo Joe."

Joe: "Yo Mama, I gotta know."

Mama: "What do you gotta know, Joe?"

Joe: "Joe gotta know if he getting mo dough."

Mama: "Joe, ya know, you getting more dough but there's gonna be a low."

Joe: "A low for Joe?"

Mama: "Joe, some ho gonna take your dough and kick yo butt out da door."

Joe: "Say it ain't so!?!"

Mama: "Joe! The cards they know!"

Well Mama, you're helping Joe with his dough and that ho who gonna make him low and kick him out the door. Let's move on to Biff.

Mama: "Biff, what do want to know from the cards?"

Biff: "My job Mama, ya see ..."

Mama: "Oh I see a grand promotion very soon, love. The cards say you moving up da ladder very quickly, dear."

Biff: "But I just got laid off. The entire company collapsed because of my bonehead decisions."

Mama: "Ahhh ... but the cards say that love is still in the air ..."

Biff: "My wife just left me and took the car and the kids and the dog."

Mama: "Ahhh ... ahhh ... the cards say that riches are coming your way ..."

Biff: "I just declared bankruptcy."

Mama: "Uhhhhh ... the cards say I gotta go, Biff! Thanks for calling! Well, there you go. The cards see and know all. I too can help ya love ... just make sure you got a valid credit card and I'll let you know what the cards say! Call me today!"

Thanks Mama.

How to Wine and Dine an Astrological Sign

I would like to teach everyone the proper way to win the heart of a person based on their astrological sign. I would like to hear if these methods work so please email me any comments to sammurra@student.math.uwaterloo.ca. (Warning: You may first want to find out if you are a compatible match with the person you seek)

Aries: Whatever you do, DON'T tell an Aries what to do! They may never speak to you again after that. But be ready for a night full of excitement! If you want to take an Aries out you need to suggest something exciting. A movie just won't cut it unless it is an action film. A sporting event could be a good choice. Make sure you have enough ideas throughout the night — an Aries keeps going like the energizer bunny!

Taurus: A Taurus knows food and knows it well. You will need to either take them to a very expensive restaurant or cook a perfect meal at home. You will have to make the first move with a Taurus, but be careful, they will not be rushed. I always say, the world can always use another Taurus. They are good people, just make sure to tell them that.

Gemini: For a date with a Gemini you don't have to go anywhere fancy. They love to talk so a coffee shop would make them happy. They have many interests and are willing to talk for hours. Make sure you have enough to say in that time. They also love gossip! Make them laugh! You win her/his heart much quicker!

Cancer: Be careful with the sensitive Cancerians. They can be hurt easily so watch what you say. The best place for a date would be the theatre or an art museum. And my best piece of advice: Red Wine. They love it! Make sure to give them lots of compliments but remember that Cancerians can quickly see insincerities.

Leo: Go all out! Leos love extravagance and feel that they deserve it! They also like to be in the spotlight so you may want to take them somewhere social. Make them feel like you adore them! (They won't know if you fake it.) Get ready for a night of fun but don't forget the flowers.

Virgo: Plan, plan, plan. Virgos are not spur of the moment people. Have the date completely mapped out before you even ask them. Make sure it is no place loud or offensive. A nice dinner and a movie would suit them fine. Play up your intelligence. Virgos are attracted to people whose intelligence is higher than their own.

Libra: Libras love art and music so a date like a concert, the opera, or an art gallery would be perfect. Libras like prettiness. Dress nice, get flowers, be careful with the music in your car. Libras are wonderful conversationalists so don't worry about what you are going to say. They take pleasure in pointing out the other side of an issue (remember they are the balance) so try to take on a strong position of some topic.

Scorpio: The best place to take a Scorpio would be a social gathering or a charity bazaar. They also like recreations so you could include that as well. Just remember to give your full attention to the Scorpio. Listen carefully and don't fake it. They will know. Also, be ready for anything. Scorpions are known for their unpredictability.

Sagittarius: Sagittarians are interested in everything! Don't worry about what you say or suggest because they will like it. Anything outdoors is ideal for them: picnics, sailing, concerts

outside, you name it. My only warning: Sagittarians like their freedom. Don't prey into them too much or expect too much. In time they will open up.

Capricorn: Capricorns are very conventional. They don't come up with radical ideas. Something simple like dinner is a good bet. They prefer people who are intellectually stimulating so make sure you are ready to talk, and talk about what you know. And remember: BE ON TIME. You'll regret it if you aren't.

Aquarius: Try something new. An Aquarian is always ready for something out of the ordinary. You will definitely keep them interested longer. They are the social butterflies or the zodiac so somewhere near people could also be a good choice. They have many interests so be ready to listen but they only like to talk about what is important and significant. No superficiality here. Warning: If they make a mistake don't keep bugging them about it. The Aquarian has probably already forgotten about it.

Pisces: First, Pisces love the idea of love. Be romantic, very romantic. Don't forget the flowers. A Pisces won't forget thoughtfulness or kindness so make sure to do it! They also like to help people with their problems so ask them for advice. They are also great listeners. Be caring and considerate. They deserve it. That's all. I hope it helps!

Your personal astrologer,
Sagittarius Shannie

I Should Have Been an Aries

My Sign-Reversing Involution

It has come to my attention that I would make a much more appropriate Aries. I'm an air sign at the moment (Libra), but it's more than obvious that I belong to the fires — don't get me started on how well I get along with Leos and Sagittariuses. Plus, I'd rather have the head than the hind.

I thought it wasn't possible to do anything about this problem until I was introduced to polarity. Libra's polarity is Aries, since we're seven and one in the ordered set (or opposites on the cycle if that's how you view them). Thus, it's time to bring in the combinatorics.

In C&O 330, we learned about sign-reversing involutions as a way to count integer lattice walks that don't overlap. Using my inferior knowledge of enumeration (hmm, fun midterm though), I took the involution, ϕ (an automorphism on $S - E$), and applied it to my birthday, which didn't prove to difficult as I only had to ensure that $\phi^2 = \text{id}$, $\omega\phi = -\omega$, and that $[(E, \omega)]_0 = \sum \omega(\sigma)$ (that's a sum over all σ in E , of course), and BAM! My birthday stayed the same, but my sign was reversed to Aries as planned.

Now I'm all about me and sheep. Enumeration and polarity rule. They don't call it CandO because you can't do it.

Bradley Taurus Smith

G is for Gemini

I like having my hands touched. How much? I love it. I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT! It causes problems. I went in for an interview, calm, cool, and collected. At least, I was until I got to the handshake. Phew! I'm spent.

MonkeyMan

JLove 1.00

It seems like everyone wants to make fun of people asking girls out with JAVA code, but very little people actually practice this method. Maybe the reason why people don't ask other people out using JAVA code is because there isn't a real standard in the industry. I'm going to try to popularize this underused method by creating the standard. I call this standard **JLove**

java.uw.mathie

Class Jlove

```
java.lang.Object
|
+-java.uw
   |
   +-java.uw.mathies
      |
      +-java.uw.mathies.util
         |
         +-java.uw.mathies.util.jlove
```

public class **Jlove**

The **Jlove** class is a compilation of a set of methods that would allow a student of the UW.MATHIE class to write a properly formatted piece of code that could ask out a member of the opposite sex using JAVA code. JLove has been extended to ask questions for couples in relationships, as well as numerous pickup lines.

Although compilation of code of correct syntax is guaranteed, outcome is a variable that cannot be predicted.

Since:

UW F00

Constructor Summary

Jlove()

Creates a Jlove user.

Method Detail

askOutInitial

public boolean askOutInitial(Mathie Target)

Instigates the initial asking out process on **Target**.

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

"Maybe", or "No".

offerDinner

public boolean offerDinner(Mathie Target)

Asks **Target** out to a restaurant for Dinner

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

"You'd better take me to a 5-star restaurant", or "You're not trying to poison me, are you?".

offerMovie

public boolean offerMovie(Mathie Target)

Asks **Target** out to a theatre for a movie

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

"Watch chick flick" or "No Planet of the Apes, Please".

offerGolf

public boolean offerGolf(Mathie Target)

Asks **Target** out to a Golf Course

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

"No" or "No".

offerSex

public boolean offerSex(Mathie Target)

Asks **Target** to engage in sex.

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

"Really?", or "No, really?".

public boolean offerSex(Mathie Target, Location)

Asks **Target** to engage in sex

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Location - The location where sex is going to take place

Returns:

"Yes", or "Yes, are you insane?"

offerAlcohol

public boolean offerAlcohol(Mathie Target, Alcohol Type)

Asks **Target** to join in for a drink

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out. **Type** - The type of alcohol being purchased

Returns:

"Take, and I'll stay with you", or "Take, and I'll leave with you".

askSign

public sign askSign(Mathie Target)

Pick up line: Ask **Target** for their astrological sign

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

Their Astrological Sign, or belittling laugh.

niceShoes

public void niceShoes(Mathie Target)

Pick up line: Tells **Target** "Nice Shoes"

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

lookHot

**Order your JLove 1.00 from www.jlove.com,
Only 3 easy payments of 13.99
Plus we'll throw in Raymond for FREE!!!**

JLove 1.00 Continued...

public action lookHot(Mathie Target)

Pick up line: Tells **Target** "You look hot tonight."

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

Returns:

Awkward pause, butt pinch, or face slap

public void hello(Mathie Target)

Pick up line: Tells **Target** "hello"

Parameters:

Target - The person being asked out.

leaveInShame

public void leaveInShame()

After rejection: Person asking leaves in shame. May also be used when co-op rejects you for all 24 jobs.

beHappy

public void beHappy()

After acceptance: Person asking does the happy dance.

dodgeSlap

public void dodgeSlap()

After **Target** gets disgusted, attempts to slap you. This function will attempt to evade slap.

limbo

public void limbo()

If **Target** does not give answer, person asking will be placed in **Limbo** state.

Amadaeus

In Laymond's Terms

He Bled When You Prodded Him

People have tight wallets these days.

The MathSoc Charity Ball is coming up (We're helping the Kid's Help Phone this year), and as such, MathSoc has ventured outside our comfortable confines of the MC to the barren wastelands of our local malls to solicit for donations for the ball.

Store after store, we got reject after reject. We gave the same "shpeal" to every single store inside that mall, and they quickly replied "no" or "You have to call the head office," which translates to: "Muahhahahaha, you want to ask us for money? Not in YOUR lifetime!"

Actually, I was just standing back watching Yolanda being rejected. When Yolanda thought I had enough practice watching, she gave me a store I can 'hit.' I hit a few, rather unsuccessfully, until I reached **Radio Shack**.

I went in and gave my "shpeal" to the **Radio Shack** guy. He then tells me that he donates to a specific charity, which translates to "Screw off, I don't want to donate." However, as stupid as I am, I completely misunderstand the translation, and I continue with my "shpeal." The **Radio Shack** Guy gets mad and starts to yell at me. At which point, I flea the store for my life.

Moral of the story: Stop your "shpeal" when someone cuts you off, or threatens you with a knife.

Laymond Rai

Zodiac Signs On Strike

Horoscopes Delayed Indefinitely

Millions of horoscope readers were disappointed to find that their fortunes were gone last Monday, the result of a strike by the Zodiac Union. Several of the zodiac signs provided a brief "Make your own damn fortune" message, as opposed to the usual predictions and advice.

Reasons for the strike varied amongst union members, but all expressed a similar sentiment. "I'm tired of being blamed for people's problems. Every time something goes wrong, Fate is always to blame," said Aries. "When your wife catches you in bed with another woman, it's always 'Fate is against me.' When, after a night of heavy drinking, you end up in Winnipeg with no pants and a strange tattoo, 'Fate is against me.' Failed your midterm because you haven't attended class in a month? You guessed it: 'Fate is against me.'"

"Look, we're not against anybody. Yeah, sometimes we make bad things happen. A crop failure here, a computer crash there, it's all part of the job. But we are not the kind of people who go around holding grudges. Some people just need to take responsibility for their own actions," said Cancer. "Hopefully a few weeks without a real fortune will get people to realize when they make a mistake," comments Virgo.

Not all signs are participating in the strike, however. Taurus has been sending out fortunes as normal, while Leo has been sending "Don't be a whiner" all week. "Some of the other signs just don't appreciate the responsibility they have. Some people will always be critical, no matter how good a job you do."

The cosmic forces of the universe are working to find replacements for the striking signs. Dissatisfied by the lack of monkeys in the Zodiac, they have started to consider simian writers to fill the positions. "We've been looking at a group who did some great work with Shakespeare. We've got an infinite pool of candidates to choose from, so the strike may continue for a while."

Dan Woodley

Smurfoscopes

The Horoscopes in *smurfNEWS* were never popular for some reason. Here's a selection of the 104 entries, see if you can figure out why they suck.

Brainy: Today you will wear your glasses and act smart.

Hefty: Today you will be strong and live in a mushroom. Nice tattoo.

Papa: This is a good week for you to wear red. You may want to consider a change with a shave, but all signs point to this being unusual.

Smurfette: You're still the only girl.

Vanity: The time is still not right to tell everyone you're gay, wait a couple weeks and we'll let you know.

Cook: It's a good day to bake a cake, but beware Greedys, they may steal them.

Greedy: It's a good day to steal a cake, but beware Cooks, they may chase you with brooms.

Azrael: Meow, meow, meow. Meow, purrrr, mew! Meow, meow, Gargamel purrrrr.

Gargamel: Bark, bark, woof. Yelp-yelp-yelp, aroooo! Woof bark, Azrael woof woff.

We like them,

The Ass Brothers: Louis P & Bradley T

So you want to be a *mathNEWS* editor?

Many people want to learn what they will become in their futures. Unfortunately, I am not a fortune teller, so, all I know is, you're reading *mathNEWS*. However, I can help figure out if you'll make a quality *mathNEWS* editor or not.

Here's the deal kids. You fill out this neat-o little test as follows. Write down the numbers 1 to 13, and leave a space for two (yes two!) answers after each number. Then go through the test and mark your answers for both the Pete and Bradley portions. Then, check the answers section, hidden somewhere in this issue ...

Pete Test

- 1) When you go out drinking where do you usually end up?
 - a) At my girlfriends house (Not your girlfriend, mine asshole).
 - b) Loose Change Louie's.
 - c) Raymond's house.
 - d) MC Comfy Lounge.

- 2) When you go out drinking, what do you usually drink?
 - a) Molson Export.
 - b) Balding Formula (Labatt 50).
 - c) Blue Light (or possible Sleeman's Honey Brown).
 - d) Pepsi Twist or Jolt ... Caffeine.

- 3) When you have a whole Sunday to do nothing do you ...
 - a) cook some chicken breast to put in your blender for breakfast for Monday morning. Not wear underwear until 8:30 pm, when you go to find your rollerblades ... and start remixing some song.
 - b) go roller blading (home, since you ended up somewhere else the night before).
 - c) program that TCP/IP stack so that your real time project can be controlled from anywhere on the net. Next step, use SMS to control it from your cell phone.
 - d) write an article for *mathNEWS* about video games that's over 10 000 words, while wearing preppy clothes.

- 4) What was the last leather item you wore?
 - a) A belt, to tuck in your Polo shirt.
 - b) A vest, with no shirt underneath.
 - c) My Palm VII's carrying case.
 - d) My Harley Jacket.

- 5) What kind of underwear do you wear (on a typical day)?
 - a) None.
 - b) The same pair I wear everyday.
 - c) My Ralph Lauren ones, with the little horsies.
 - d) Boxers, with Curious George.

- 6) Two attractive girls (or people of the sex you most prefer) offer a threesome, you ...
 - a) take delight in turning them down.
 - b) take delight in turning them down, then go home with one of their friends.
 - c) stare in disbelief, you didn't even have any Java code on you.
 - d) wake up, in the CSC again ... with wet pants :(

- 7) How many condoms do you carry on you?
 - a) A box, they only expire in 2004.

- b) None.
 - c) Trojans isn't that some kind of horse you upload?
 - d) 1, from my frosh kit.
- 8) What is the most important quality in a mate?
 - a) DVDA.
 - b) DeCCS.
 - c) The ability to do wide-grip Pull-ups.
 - d) Avid Counter-Strike player.

 - 9) If you could change one thing about your body, what would you change?
 - a) Increase breast size.
 - b) Faster fingers, so I can type *mathNEWS* articles more quickly ... or just longer articles.
 - c) Get rid of my thyroid problem.
 - d) Get that Swedish penis enhancer.

 - 10) You got your tattoo as a result of ...
 - a) cheeseburgers at McDonald's.
 - b) this chick wanted her name across your chest.
 - c) you wanted the DeCCS code tattooed to your body, since it makes you illegal to cross the border.
 - d) *mathNEWS* logo, along with every article you ever wrote for *mathNEWS* (in font size 4 so that they'll all fit).

 - 11) Your in the gym and this hot girl (or person of your preferred gender) with red hair walks in and starts working out on the rowing machine. Your friend suddenly mentions they really like redheads. You ...
 - a) look up, and realize, yeah it smells funny in the gym, but there aren't any terminals.
 - b) colour your hair red that night, and ask your buddy if they still like redheads?
 - c) write a Java script to run on the timer on the rowing machine to ask her out, for your buddy.
 - d) walk up, and kiss her (or him, or it, or uh, whatever).

 - 12) You wake up in your dream, and look out your window, you see ...
 - a) the CSC doesn't have any windows.
 - b) a hot air balloon being blown up in a big field.
 - c) all these letter falling down like in the matrix, except you can read it, and it's some hot chick, programmed in Java code, and she's bringing you a Ralph Lauren Polo shirt.
 - d) some strippers (your choice on gender).

 - 13) Your friends are throwing a party during frosh week. Clearly against the rules (I know, they're a bad influence on you). You ...
 - a) go drinking somewhere else where there aren't any frosh to get you in trouble.
 - b) bring your PC, and get ready for a wild LAN party.
 - c) can't be in frosh week, you're not in school anymore.
 - d) club all the FOCing people over the head, and go to the FOC-free (yeah right!) party.

Now, how close are you to Bradley?

Bradley Test

- 1) Work sends you to England, you ...

So you still want to be a *mathNEWS* editor? Why? Really?

- a) take the money, run to Mexico, throw a huge BBQ party.
 b) ask if they have Blue light in England.
 c) go and work as little as possible.
 d) ask your friends if British girls (or guys) are slutty.
- 2) You get to England, and realize you lost your Canadian to British Dictionary, you ...
 a) study from Bond movies, accidentally become a heart-throb.
 b) act like you're a foreigner, that could easily be taken advantage of sexually ...
 c) no prob', you can talk to everyone in Java.
 d) go back to Canada, and have a BBQ, Canadian style, complete with Back bacon.
- 3) You got fired. What do you do?
 a) Go drink a blue light, and get wasted.
 b) Screw your bosses children (yes, both of them).
 c) Steal everything you can and run.
 d) Go back to Texas, and invite him to a BBQ, Texan style, complete with gun showdown.
- 4) Your friend asks you, do you think you could do the fat test? Gain 30 lbs in 30 days for \$3000 cash? Your reply is:
 a) "Can it be all muscle?"
 b) "Hey, that's a great excuse to get to be on the bottom all the time!"
 c) "Whoa, Eric did it!?!?"
 d) "Say sure, go back north, and eat whale blubber for all of August."
- 5) You hear the song *Detachable Penis*, and everyone laughs at the thought of a detachable penis, but then you realize, yeah, you do have a detachable penis. You ...
 a) say, "Sure, check this out, we'll go BBQ it, and I'll get a new one tomorrow."
 b) tell them it's great, you can just drop it in a bucket of bleach every night, and never worry about STDs.
 c) wonder if you should tell everyone about the Java plug in so that they can have it too (Get it, plug in ... ha ha ha).
 d) point out that removing it is cheaper than buying a jock for soccer (football in Britain).
- 6) Your late for class, you ...
 a) go to Louie's and start 'working' early. Maybe you can get two tonight.
 b) go write another long winded *mathNEWS* article
 c) BBQ your textbook. Mmmm, paper and mustard.
 d) regret not leaving the Bomber until 11 pm last night.
- 7) You're playing with Pete's phone, when you break it. You don't think he's noticed yet, so you ...
 A) run.
 b) try and seduce him.
 c) BBQ it, and say it fell in ... Mmmm Cell phone and mustard.
 d) switch it with one you made out of Lego and hope he doesn't notice until you can get his repaired.
- 8) You're telling the border guard you're on your way to Atlanta for the weekend. He looks at you funny because ...
 a) you're entering France.
 b) you start cursing when you notice you forgot your BBQ.
 c) he just realized that you where the punk that slept with his boyfriend.
 d) you're Raymond Lai.
- 9) You lose your pistol on the subway. You ...
 a) do your best Keanu Reeves impersonation, get your buddy to derail the train, and try and pick up the chick that looks like Sandra Bullock as the train rockets out onto a busy street.
 b) silly rabbit, it's just a pistol, it's like the worst weapon in Counter Strike. You still have your Grenade Launcher and Phaser Blaster.
 c) wonder how you're gonna light your BBQ.
 d) resort to plan B: Stab everyone instead (Hey, don't have to pay for bullets this way).
- 10) You fall out of your alcohol induced stupor, when you realize you are stealing an anvil. You ...
 a) figure you could use it as a table weight, so the wind doesn't blow away your table cloth at your next BBQ.
 b) notice it has the pointy end, and could be kinky. If only you had a paint can shaker to mount it on.
 c) drop it on Daffy Duck.
 d) realize you still have your drug high, because there is no way that you could carry an anvil. Those Blue Light Buzzes last forever.
- 11) Pete has noticed his cell phone is busted. You ...
 a) come out clean, it fell in the BBQ.
 b) tell him you think you're pregnant.
 c) decide that now is the time to seduce him.
 d) run faster.
- 12) Outlook Express ...
 a) could be better, it could colour code the Java code so that your girls can read it more easily when they get your kinky emails.
 b) isn't even good with mustard.
 c) is no Pine.
 d) saves on time when out of the country. You can email your far away pen pals, and plan wild nights of kinky sex ahead of time.
- 13) Why did you take this test?
 a) Brad is hot, especially with Spicy Mustard.
 b) Brad is hot, and you want to sleep with him.
 c) Brad is a *mathNEWS* editor, come on guys, even I would sleep with him, provided he writes back a Java script that says YES!
 d) You are hot.

Now go find the solutions, conveniently located on some bizarre page that may or may not exist, and see how well you are at becoming a *mathNEWS* editor.

This just in, the answer key finally wound up on page 22.

I'll Have The Special

Now with a rich creamy center!

Back when I was editing this nickel and dime show, I used to pump out one of these articles every issue even when I had nothing to say. Once I finally graduated and ran away, the well dried up and I couldn't bother anymore. But since I returned to town earlier this year, I've been more inspired and well, I'm back with another Special.

For those of you not familiar with previous editions of *I'll Have The Special*, I rant and/or go on about something, never really have a point, never draw a conclusion and generally waste everyone's time when all is said and done. The list of people most affected are:

- the *mathNEWS* editor(s)
- the proofreader of this article
- you, the reader
- and of course, yours truly ...

So let the fun begin!

- I'm only happy when it rains. I'm only happy when it's complicated. And though I know you can't appreciate it, I'm only happy when it rains.
- So I'm reading this book on astrology, and I get to the chapter about Cancer. And the section headers for this part of the book are "You and Cancer Man," "You and Cancer Woman," and "How to Attract Cancer." I chuckled for hours.
- I'm only happy when it rains. I feel good when things are going wrong. I only listen to the sad, sad songs. I'm only happy when it rains.
- This brings me to the Bills. Though I agree keeping Johnson and letting Flutie go is definitely a move for the long term, there is definitely some short pain here. The game last weekend definitely showed that Johnson does have some ability and that he COULD be great a QB. But not this season. Hopefully he'll be around long enough without getting killed. Buffalo stinks this year and don't try to convince me otherwise. Last year I predicted the Bills would go 5-11 and they probably would have if Flutie hadn't started 4-5 games (and lost only one of them I believe). I predict 5-11 this year too. I'm not too crazy about the new regime running the Bills. I don't like how they changed the defence. Special teams aren't any better. And the worst out of all of this is that New England has a better record. Sheesh. Perhaps 2002 will be better. Could be worse though. Could be a Lions fan.
- Pour your misery down ... Pour your misery down on me ... Pour your misery down ... Pour your misery down on me ...
- The Ontario Institute of Technology. I chuckled for hours.

So the other day I'm walking down the mighty hallways of the MC when I came upon a familiar face. He was sitting down eating his dinner. To his right, a small consider filled with onion rings. From a distance, they looked like ordinary onion rings. However, once you gazed on them they instantly put on a spell on you. Their golden brownness. Their enticing aroma. Ahh ... onion rings.

"Can I have one?"

"Sure, as long as I can have your soul."

"Deal."

Ahhh ... onion rings. So tasty. A golden ring of perfection. All the steak dinners in the world (with all the fixins', too!) cannot compare to the goodness contained within one of these golden fried critters ... deep fried to per ... wait a minute ...

"My soul?"

"Yes, for having an onion ring, I get your soul."

"Oh no! A trick! I must have my soul back!"

"Well, now that I have your soul I can command you to do my bidding. And there is a simple task I need performed. But it is very dangerous and treacherous and it will not be easy."

"A simple task? How hard could it be?"

"I need you to bring back an object of great value. This particular object will grant ultimate power to whoever owns it. It has the power to build great cities and yet destroy great civilizations all at once. It can create great wealth yet make entire populations live in poverty. It can turn deserts into lush gardens of desire yet at the same time scorch the face of the Earth. It can transform mere mortals into gods! And I require this object. And you will get it for me. But this task will not be easy. It will be difficult. You will travel great distances. You will suffer through extreme heat and cold. Trek through jungles. Trek across deserts. Sail many seas. Climb many mountains. Are you up for this grand challenge?"

<gulp> "If that's what I gotta do ..."

Days later ...

"Here ya go."

"Wow, thanks! Okay, I return your soul to you."

Whew. That was a close one.

- I'm only happy when it rains. You wanna hear about my new obsession? I'm riding high upon a deep depression. I'm only happy when it rains.

So till next time ...

Brian "Latrell" Fox
Former *mathNEWS* editor and overall nutcase

Your Horoscope

For the day of your choice

Today you will wake up or perhaps still be awake from yesterday. You will talk to a number of people that could be zero but might be higher. These conversations will yield things that are good and bad, be localized incidents or part of the grand plan. You will feel sadness and happiness as a result of what goes on today, or perhaps today will just be another irrelevant day. Your boss will make a sexual advance towards someone, well at least someone will make a sexual advance towards someone sometime today. Beware of being shot to death, for this would be bad. Eating food is good advice.

The masters of the stars

The Simple Life

Nice guys. Nice guys finish last. But not me. How many times have you stood on the corner when a cashew walks up to you, kicks you in the nuts and jumps in your mouth? It happened to me once. He tasted so sweet. Skittles. Taste the rainbow.

MonkeyMan

An Encounter of Zodiac Proportions

If you were here last mathNEWS, the event was well attended and was as exciting as advertised. A couple of weeks ago, the league held another event and those who attended had a great night.

Due to space and time constraints, only the highlights of the evening are described here.

The first battle was an encounter between Leo and Scorpio (alias of actual combatants). Leo, superior in size and strength, was on the attack in the early going. He shoved and hit Scorpio early and often and Scorpio was unable to dodge Leo's barrage of attacks. The only relief Scorpio got was the rest it had during the half-time intermission. At the beginning of the 2nd half, Leo continued to beat the daylights out of Scorpio. Late in the 2nd half, Scorpio, who was on the receiving end of most assaults, launched its counter-attack. He unleashed his patented Double Fork attack to grab Leo's legs and threw him onto the ground. Leo, exhausted from his furious offensive, was unable to get back up and Scorpio was declared the winner of the match. No one, not even Scorpio himself, foresaw the comeback. Leo was so disappointed that he couldn't finish Scorpio out when he had a chance to do so.

Later in the evening, a long-awaited match between Taurus and Capricorn was held. Before the match began, Taurus taunted his opponent by mooing him and Capricorn responded by making sheep noises. Early in the match, both combatants, armed with horned hats, tried to win the match by ramming his opponent with his horns. The two contestants charged with

hit the barrier at full velocity. In the occasions when the two locked horns (literally), the contact was so powerful that it can be heard from the back section of the arena. The referee had to warn the participants that their moves were illegal (yes, the WLBF HAS rules) and if one makes such moves once more, he would be tossed from the match. In the subsequent portions of the match, Taurus and Capricorn were more restraint in dealing out attacks. The audience began to grow restless and the boo birds began to move in. Seeing that the fans were losing interest and preparing to throw items and themselves into the ring, the referee asked both Taurus and Capricorn to resume fighting. The two dashed toward each other and their horns got tangled. Both stumbled and rolled toward the barrier, the two hit the barriers and the their hats fell out and there was a scramble for them. The two continued to exchange blows until Taurus shouldered Capricorn out of the ring. Even though the match did not live to the billing at times, most fans were satisfied with the match.

The other matches of the night included a Pisces — Aquarius match and a tag-team match between Gemini and the team of Virgo and Sagittarius. These matches were pulse-stopping and not a moment went by without a wild cheer from the audience. Unfortunately, there isn't enough room to describe the matches in full.

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

Change Your Stars

Take Advantage Of This New Zodiac Sign

Are you disappointed in your Zodiac sign? Are you tired of being a fish (Pisces), a disease (Cancer), or a virgin (Libra)? Do people snicker at you when you say Uranus is rising in Scorpio? *mathNEWS* is here for you!

We've lobbied the underlying forces of the universe to establish a new sign on the Zodiac. That's right, you can get your sign changed to Mathie. Symbolized by a winding pink tie, Mathie is the symbol for you.

Mathies are typically reserved, outgoing, cautious, impulsive, caring, spiteful, logical, irrational, contradictory, and confused. Mostly confused. Math courses tend to do that to a brain.

If you make Mathie your horoscope for the next month would be: The sun will rise tomorrow. You will need to make an important decision on what to have for lunch. You will be disappointed when you get your midterms back (even more so if you weren't aware that you had to write them in the first place). You will fall hopelessly in love with a *mathNEWS* writer. You will read a horoscope in *mathNEWS*.

But that's not all! If you include twenty dollars with your application, we'll throw in this additional horoscope absolutely free: You will win a big lottery prize. You will ace all of your courses. Women (or men, please specify on application) will find you incredibly attractive. You will be bitten by a radioactive spider (or hamster, or fish, please specify on application) and gain incredible superpowers. You will be compelled to send twenty dollars to the author of this article every week.

Dan Woodley

Haven't You Always Wanted A ...

MONKEY!!

Enter the Monkey! Long has its reign been evident over the rest of the animal kingdom. Now it's time for the monkey to take over. Here's a few reasons why monkeys rule.

Monkey + Hippo + Genetic Engineering = Fun! The well loved monkapotamus' strength has been a source of much enjoyment in zoos around the world. The animal's excrement throwing aptitudes have led to many a hilarious adventure. Of particular fun are the many monkapotamus rides that have sprung up in county fairs. Nothing compares to riding a monkapotamus.

Monkey Butlers. Go Mojo! Nuff said.

George. Curiously, never a big fan of yellow. He just hung around with that guy cause he got free food.

People born in 1980 are Monkeys. Only the smartest people are born in 1980, the Year of the Monkey. (or any year +/- 12 from there) Even better, many people born in 1980 will graduate from UW in 2004, another Year of the Monkey.

And most importantly ... **Kenny is a Monkeyman.**

So monkeys rule. Now you know. So prepare to bow down to their glory. If you don't we'll make you watch Planet of the Apes again.

Tet: The Simian's Mother's Brother

ultraCLASSIFIED

Found: Two green peppers. They look just like two red peppers. ...Well, one red pepper actually, I ate one. And it was good. It's gonna cost you if you want this pepper back, and the longer it takes you to pay, the greater the probability it won't be properly fine when it gets to you. It looks so sweet and juicy...

profQUOTES

- “Do you follow this, or are you all high on drugs?”
Sivaloganathan, Math 137
- “By the Mean Value Theorem, he is guilty.”
Sivaloganathan, Math 137
- “I know it’s boring, but bear with me for another half page, and then we’ll do something even more boring.”
Wan, CS 370
- “You don’t mess with exponential functions, they always win.”
D’Alessio, Math 137
- “Liar: But officer, I was only doing 90 kph back there and 95 here. I wasn’t speeding. Officer: Bullshit, I took Calculus.”
D’Alessio, Math 137
- “My wife has finally come to accept the fact that I’m a geek. So the last two gifts she’s given me are a digital camera watch and big chalk.”
Lopez-Ortiz, CS 354
- “This is the closest to math we’re going to get.”
Phillips, CS 241
- “You may ask, ‘What is the difference between a theorem and a proposition?’ Nothing really, we just use one when we’re bored of the other.”
VanderBurgh, Math 135
- “This is one of the highlights of the course, so if you’re asleep, you can wake up now.”
VanderBurgh, Math 135
- “Infinity is like Africa. You can’t calculate 1/Africa just like you can’t calculate 1/infinity.”
Wood, Math 137
- “There were three undergrad markers and only two handed back the assignments, so we will need to hunt down this third undergrad and have him killed.”
Wood, Math 137
- “I’m the boss of this class, I can do that.”
Zorzitto, Math 135
- “Usually mathematicians are normal.”
Stewart, PM 452

Women in Math

Are you a woman? Are you studying mathematics?

If you can answer YES to both of these questions then you are invited to the FIRST EVER WOMEN IN MATHEMATICS meeting for undergraduates. The meeting will be held on November 13th at 5:00 pm, in MC 5136B. See you there! (PS, yes there will be snacks) Please email Shannon Murray at sammurra@student.math.uwaterloo.ca to confirm your attendance.

- “It’s my belief, after 3 minutes of rigorous testing, that this is fine.”
Phillips, CS 241
- “Those of you who have been cheating, try not to cheat as much.”
Irving, Math 239
- “There isn’t an easy way to do this. If there was, I’d be off somewhere on a throne with someone washing my feet.”
Irving, Math 239
- “Research is a lot like crack. [Later] Teaching is not like crack.”
Ragde, CS 251
- “Now I would like to make a note here that positive infinity is not a million.”
Mamon, Math 137
- “I hope you are reading your textbook — it’s expensive.”
Mamon, Math 137
- “Don’t ask me about Epsilon-Delta in the middle of Extreme Value Theorem. That’s like waking up in the middle of night and saying, ‘Honey ...’”
Mamon, Math 137
- “I don’t want to do anything difficult. My brain hurts today.”
Struther, Math 137
- “Let’s use ‘W’ for walk or weights or whatever.”
Wagner, C&O 430
- “I think one thing and I write another, then I say a third thing.
But what I mean, ah, that’s a fourth thing.”
Wagner, C&O 430
- “Sometimes I wish I was an octopus!”
Struther, Math 137
- “Maybe I’m smoking something here.”
Furino, Math 135
- “There is some deep, deep stuff going on. I’ll just give you an example of some deep stuff.”
Furino, Math 135
- “You get an overflow error on your calculator when it starts smoking on you.”
Furino, Math 135
- “These are called Gaussian Integers, named after a man named Integer.”
McKinnon, PM 334
- “Now the exclamation mark doesn’t mean factorial; just raw excitement.”
McKinnon, PM 334
- “There are a few troubling problems with this definition ... one being that it doesn’t make sense.”
McKinnon, PM 334
- So far, so dull.”
McKinnon, PM 334

Things the stars told me recently

You're fat
 You're thin
 You're just right
 You've just left
 You've jutted left
 You've jutted out
 You've been booted out
 You've been thrown out
 You've been kicked out
 You've been diagnosed with the gout
 You've got cancer
 You've gotta date a chick who's a cancer
 You've gotta date a chick who's got cancer
 You've gotta read about cancer
 You've gotta read about dancers
 You've gotta need a dancer
 You've gotta kneed a dancer
 Eat shit and die

Astrologer 101

MathNews to Change Capitalization Rules

MathNews has decided to update the way it is written. Big-M little-ath big-N little-ews has overstayed its welcome and must now make way for little-math big-NEWS (*mathNEWS*).

Some may have trouble adjusting to this bold new way of writing *mathNEWS*, but others believe the change was inevitable. "MathNews and mathNews were both getting tiresome," said one student, "and they remind me a little too much of function names. I like *mathNEWS*, it reminds me of nothing."

Others, like the Iron Warrior, Gazette, and nation of Iran who have all been loyal to the MathNews spelling appear to be willing to accept the change. Said one Iranian, "I want to be in the know of the news publication." Don't we all, Ali, don't we all.

bradLEY t SMITH

Corrected solution to CS 130 Quiz 2

Q: Give a pseudocode algorithm for doing the dishes.

A: While still more dishes
 Yell "Pull"
 Launch dish
 Fire shot gun

Buy more dishes

KayDot Oh

Some non-math *prof*QUOTES

"Or you might try to impress people with your erudition ... by using words like 'erudition.'"

DeVidi, Phil 145

"Be careful sexing because you might have to tell someone about it later."

McCarville, Rec 100

"Don't mind me, I'm going in."

McCarville, Rec 100

My Weekend with Riot Cops

Well, to start with, I broke my finger, but the riot cops were really nice and helpful about it. You, see, it all started Friday, when I played a game of football. We lost, it was quarter final action in the campus rec flag football league. Not that the loss was unexpected (we lost every game in the regular season). But whatever, I'm a dumb kid, so I headed to London for the weekend.

My finger was in severe pain on the ride to London, so it got iced on the way, and all was better. Then we got to London, and I started drinking in some hospitality suite. The pain went away. **Beer is a wonderful painkiller.**

So, the next morning, I look out my window, and see eight riot cops. Keizo, aka "the dude," and I decide, we should go to the hospital, my finger was huge, swollen, and black and blue. But, we wanted lunch first. Lunch was great, we had pumpkin pie instead of salad to start off with.

After lunch, we looked around for a first aid station, but alas, all we could find was riot cops. So, we asked them if they knew where the first-aid station was. They did, but the medics weren't there. So they asked what was wrong. I showed them my swollen, bruised finger, that I could not move.

Riot Cop: "That's Broken."

Me: "You think?"

Riot Cop: "Yeah, you probably wanna go to the hospital ... it's right over here ..."

and on went the conversation. I also found it odd that the riot cop was rather old looking, grey hair, weather faced. Maybe he was young, and it was just the tear gas that had aged him.

Anyway, it only took three hours to get an X-ray, find out my finger was broken, and get a cast thingy.

Now, the unfortunate thing is that I got a penalty for holding on the play that I broke my finger, for holding. When really, my hand got stuck on the opponent's 'belt.'

Pete Love

Friends of Pete

So, life as Pete's girlfriend. It is an interesting life to say the least. I would like to know what it is about Pete that makes people react the way they do to references to him. For example, I was talking to a group of people I knew and a female I didn't know in the C+D. Conversation started on school (as it almost always does) and somehow shifted to talking about Pete. The female then piped up, "I hear Pete has a new girlfriend." I kinda looked at her for a second, assured myself that she didn't look at all familiar (hence likely doesn't know me) and replied, "Yeah, you are looking at her." She looked at me ... blushed ... looked down ... and quietly said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know." Now, I am asking you, what is so bad about Pete that elicits a response like that?

I have also begun to realize that being Pete's girlfriend means that everyone assumes things about me (that I am crazy for one ... but me being in math and writing for *mathNEWS* makes that a given). The other day I had someone come up to me and ask, "Are you Pete's girlfriend?" To which I answered positively. The person then said, "So, how many wide-grip pull-ups CAN you do?" I would like to know how this information circulates. I mean, really ... is nothing private any more? Apparently not.

Pete's girlfriend [No, not me — *TaxiEd*]
 [No, your my BF there Taxi — Pete Love]

How to Take Off Your Bra Without Being Noticed in an Exam

<<Nice and smart Yvonne starts writing the article>>

Every girl knows that taking off a bra without removing a shirt is possible. (For guys, it's just like removing your pants wearing boxers/briefs over them.) However, Albert (of the duct tape dress fame) did not believe two girls, Yvonne and Soo, who shall remain anonymous, when they had an argument about it after the CS 130 midterm on Monday. The argument led to about 5 minutes of continual laughter on the girls' part and Albert walking away.

<<Soo forcefully takes over the station by beating up Yvonne with frozen tacos>>

It all started because I, Soo, noticed a certain pattern of myself writing an exam. I start taking things off myself. First, glasses are carefully placed on the desk. Then comes the watch flying off from my wrist. Then the choker, then the jacket ... Fear not, mathies of fair conscience! The 'stripping' does not proceed any further. (I know. Good thing too.) I did catch myself taking my shoes off, but fortunately, the two-hour exam does not drive me to start taking more items off. (Nonetheless, one must wonder what I would do in extremely long exams such AP Calculus exam as Yvonne has ever so kindly pointed out.)

Now, I do know taking off my shirt in public would draw quite the attention, and generally speaking, an exam isn't the

best place to do so, unless it was so unimaginably nerve-racking that I would have to plead for illegitimate bonus marks. This is where the creative thought of taking off the bra instead of my shirt. At least I'll still be fully (?) clothed after the deed. And you see, as you can imagine, taking off a bra, a non-sports kind (this is usually important), is quite simple, especially if the straps are extensible. Unbuckle the back; extend the strap a bit (optional); slip one arm out at a time. Then you're done! Enjoy all the freedom in the world without the under-wire. Albert would not believe this and insisted on a demonstration. However, this didn't seem too keen of an idea at the time. (Even I have my limits! Well, sort of.) As compensation, Yvonne and I agreed to make him a duct tape bra. I'm not sure what made us demand such a thing now that I look back, but we're making Albert wear it. (We'll give him fuzzy pink lining for the comfort and volume.)

<<Yvonne brutally attacks Soo and retrieves the computer ... actually Soo gave up writing more>> So what does that have to do with the Charity Ball on November the 17th? It is because the aforementioned girls are going to make Albert the duct tape bra to wear to the Charity Ball! Do NOT forget!

(Soo !stripper Go) && (Yvonne == "Soft'n'<censored>" Yip)
{ Don't mind us. We just got out of a CS exam. }

The Frosh Cornered

I am slowly going crazy

I know that when everyone is reading this it will be Friday and all the frosh will have long forgotten about midterms, much in the way people tend to suppress bad memories. However, as I write this, it is very much Monday evening and I feel the need to gripe. Not that any of the exams were unfairly written, but by the fact that one tends to go crazy after a finite amount of studying. Have you noticed any of the following trends in yourself or any of your friends?

- You break out into java in the middle of a sentence.
- You think DeMorgan's Law is kinda cool, and you wish they would show it's enforcement on COPS.
- You find it amazing that an arts student can take a day off school and only miss an hour of class.
- You justify not showering or changing your clothes by thinking that nobody really sees you outside the MC anyway.

If you show any of these symptoms, you are not alone. There are literally hundreds of mathie frosh just like you. So don't be ashamed of what you have become during mid-terms. Person-

***ultra*CLASSIFIED**

You sick Bastard! Give me back my green pepper or I'll come there and murder you! I mean it! That's my pepper, not yours, I'll tear off your legs and feed them to you anal if I have to. And I don't care how to spell that word. GIVE ME BACK MY PEPPER!!!!!!

Lost Stat 443 notes, blue binder, return to MathSoc ASAP. Left on the sixth floor on Saturday night.

ally, I have shown my growing insanity by writing a UML for a CS student on the back of my exam when there was only 5 minutes left. When the 2 hours was up, I kinda looked at it and wondered who in there right mind would write something like this. Then I realized that a mathie during mid-terms is not in his/her/it right state of mind by definition of Ian's Law 1.1.1, check your algebra books, it's there. Anyway, when the exam was over I must have snapped back into right-mindedness and saw the methods for the UML had written.

- void sleepWithTA()
- void makeFunOfArtsie()
- void getBeatUpByArtsie()
- boolean showeredToday()
- int daysSinceLastHairCut()
- boolean fakeIdNeeded(int age)
- void gripeAboutSomethingToSomebody()
- void consumeCaffeine()

As you may see, midterm-Ian has written something that I cannot truly understand. Maybe for finals I will once again understand this writing. Only through the stress and conditioning of midterms can a seemingly sane person write a UML for a CS student. Anyway, I am about to collapse from sheer exhaustion, so I had best finish up. Uhh ... not much to say ... OH! See you at chairity ball soon. Remember, if your a female mathie, the odds are good, however the goods are odd. Ian's 1.1.2 (not that I take credit for that saying, but it's going in my book). See you all next bi-week, same frosh time, same frosh corner.

Ian W. MacKinnon
The Cornered Frosh V2.0

International Space Station

The international space station recently won an award called the “**Prince of Asturias Award**” for outstanding international cooperation. The space station is being constructed with America, Russia, Canada, Japan, and Europe. It is the largest and most complex cooperative space project ever undertaken.

The station will eventually be roughly the size of a football field, and will have a mass (not a weight) of roughly 450 tons. Much of the research conducted on board will be in the biological and physical sciences. The current crew aboard the space station consists of Commander Frank Culbertson (American), Pilot Vladimir Dezhurov (Russian), and Flight Engineer Mikhail Tyurin (Russian).

For more information on the Prince of Asturias Award, visit <http://www.fpa.es/ing/>. To join the NASA press release mailing list, email domo@hq.nasa.gov, and type in the body (not the subject) “subscribe press-release” (no quotes).

I Suck

Well, I feel I should establish for myself a regular column for *mathNEWS*. Seeing as I find self-deprecation quite amusing, I suck. Stories of blunders that happen. I think I could find at least 1 good story along these lines about once every two weeks. It could be more but I’ll avoid depressing the readers of *mathNEWS*.

Episode 42: I have been working a part-time job this term, generally in the evenings. So this past Thursday I show up late. Its shut for the day since the last person was not willing to wait for me. So I don’t feel like opening it up and thus I walk away. Skipping work is bad; you can get fired for it. The next day I get a call from work or so I am told by my roommates. Though before they find out if I am home they get hung up on.

So the weekend then passes I am moderately worried about missing work but then when I go to show up on Sunday. They’re closed. Closed for ‘renovations.’ Right, so they claim, for 2 weeks. Perhaps its a conspiracy to let me just think that I don’t have to work anymore. I will figure it out eventually I suppose.

Though I am moderately pleased that at this time of stress I can stop worrying about my part-time job for a while, I will now thank myself for my negligence.

Dave Nicholson

Pants-Splitting Excitement

Here is a first-hand account of the danger of Settlers. Listen and beware, all ye frosh who have not been drawn into comfy by the siren song of Settlers. Or ye upper-year students who have been living in a cave since your frosh week.

Picture a red pair of corduroys, in the prime of their wearability, a comfy chair, a game of Settlers about to get underway, and one large dose of excitement. This is a very dangerous combination. Chemists don’t have to deal with stuff like this.

Pants + excitement + Settlers + jumping over/onto chair + Post-exam relief = !Wearable Pants

Yeah. We’re talking !hideable, !patchable, !resewable ripping goodness. Krrrhhkkk. Settlers: 1. Frosh: 0.

So stay away from Settlers. No, that’s not good enough, stay out of comfy altogether. And don’t listen to anyone who says otherwise. But that’s not likely to happen.

layer & App
Ronnie and Rob

Ducky Sez “Never More”?!?

So I was working on my CS 241 assignment on Sunday, yes I actually do assignments, when I realized that something was wrong with the servers. They wouldn’t let me compile my Java code no matter how many times I tried. Sometimes I swear this school is trying to kick me out, but there not very good at it because I’m the only person I know who can fail 5 courses and still be a CS major.

My astrological sign is the Libra, the scales of justice. Does that suit me or what? In the book I am reading now I am also a Raven, it seems that is one of the lost signs. To quote this book I am the “soul of the faculty ...” but I don’t know if it is true. Sure I’d like to sell my soul to the faculty but I don’t know how much to charge. How much does a pure evil soul go for these days. I should ask Mr. Jepson, if anyone would know it would be him. Apparently the raven is also an ill-omen, the sign of imminent doom, which I do agree with. Many people have said that I have ruined their life, but what do they know. I say it was like that when I got there.

I looked up my “Life-Path” on www.astrology.com and I found a few interesting things on it. This first of which being that I am supposed to be a marriage counsellor. This made me laugh hysterically and yell at Shannon. Would you let me counsel your marriage? Come on, how bad of a job could I do? The next thing is that my sign (the scale of justice) means that I like to keep everything in balance. If you know me, you now that this is not true at all. I’m all about EVIL. You are EVIL’s bitch if you aren’t me.

Ok, I was on the Internet looking for my horoscope, but I couldn’t find one I like (or one that was remotely accurate). So I thought I would try a French horoscope and translate it to English. This is what came out. “Word, what is on your spirit particuli Arement (particularly me thinks) if somebody tries to force you to do something would not make you plutAx27t (no fucking clue on this one, you?) not. Join a group which will motivate you and raise your love — clean.” Now I don’t know exactly what the hell that is trying to tell me, but believe you me I’m going to listen to it.

The only thing that I can find true about astrology is that Libra is the sign of the ass, and if you’ve ever met me you know that I pride my self on being a complete ass. Just ask any of my friends, on a good day I get called an ass more than 30 times, Mostly by my closest friends.

This week I will leave you with random quotes heard and/or read during *mathNEWS* production night.

- Money is handy, especially if you want to buy something
- You are James Bond meets Sabrina (Somebody explain this to me, its about Libras)
- Libra is the sign of the ass cheeks coming together in balance
- Libras have nice thongs
- Uranus is strong, it’s where your secret powers come from
- Uranus expresses power through partnership

Ducky

*I always knew that mathNEWS would become
better than Imprint*

FACULTY OF MATHEMATICS DEAN'S HONOURS LIST SPRING '01

In recognition of outstanding academic achievement throughout their undergraduate careers the following students will "GRADUATE ON THE DEAN'S HONOURS LIST" at Fall Convocation, October 20, 2001 and have their names displayed in gold on the walls of the Faculty Colloquium Room (MC 5158).

DICESARE Giuseppe Gregorio	H PMTH/FIN	TSE Lanny	HC CS/EL E
In recognition of outstanding academic achievement throughout their undergraduate careers the following students will "GRADUATE WITH DISTINCTION" at Fall Convocation, October 20, 2001.			
CHAMPSEE Sonal	HC CS&ENGL	MOORE Tracy Dawn	3 YR GEN
CHIU Chung-Yuen John	3 YR GEN	MORROW Lisa Margaret	HC CSCI
DROZD Michal Jacek	HCCS&PMTH	RAJKUMAR Ramraj	C CS/SWE
FRIESEN Douglas Edward	HC CSCI	SLOOT Steven Paul	H AMATH
KASHYAP Shawn	HC CSCI	VUONG Vu	HC CS/SWE
LAM Lan See	H ACT SCI	YEH Yuh-Pei Patty	H M/BA(SM)

In recognition of outstanding academic achievement during the Spring 2001 term, the following students qualified for the Dean's Honours List.

AHMAD Anis	HENDERSON Philip Thomas	RAE Jamie B.
ANDREE Sheri Lee Jean	HILL Daphne	RUVINSKIY Ray
ATHAIDE Deirdre	HO Cheng-Jung	SALKELD Robin Munro
BADIANI Seema	HO Gary K. P.	SAMUS Oleg
BENOVICH Michael Joseph	HOEFEL Andrew Harald	SCHLEGEL Adam
BERESKIN Frederick Lorne	HUI Betsy Yu-Pui	SMITH Clayton Douglas
BHANDARI Davina	HUMPHRIES Thomas Donald	SMITH Renee Nicole
BIRO Laurence Steven	JIANG Zhen Ming	SO Joel
BISHOP Laura Anne	KERR Dean Andrew	SO Roy
BRIDGEFORD Lori A.	KNOX Matthew James	SU Ling
BROWN Michael Kenneth	KOUKLINSKI Kirill	SUN Li
BURTMAN Evgeny	KWAN Jimmy	SUTANTO Kevin William
CAPPADOCIA Christopher Michael	LAI Chie Hsiung	SZULCZEWSKI Peter
CAVANAGH Michael Justin	LAKHANI Alneez	TAM Cindy Hau Sin
CHAN Ming Wing	LAM Po Shan Catherine	TAN Chin Ho
CHAN William Wai Lim	LEE Anna Ying-Wah	TANG Peggy Po-Kei
CHAN Wing Ki	LEE Hidy Hiu-Yin	TANG Polly Po-Yee
CHEUNG Irene	LEE Shiu-Yan Sabine	TANG Terence Chi Yan
CLARKSON Jennifer Elizabeth	LEE Wendy Wing Yin	TAPUSKA David F.
CLASSEN Michelle Lynn	LI Huizhong	TAYLOR Michael James
COTTON Cecilia	LI Ming Fei	TONG Angela
DAVIDSON Colin Thomas	LI Yong	TSE Rosa Wai Ming
DAVIS Megan Joan	LO Chris	TURNER John Gregory
DICESARE Giuseppe Gregorio	LOKER David	UN Hilda
DMITRIEV Denis	LUCHIES Drew Martin	VAN DEN HENGEL Marianne Elizabeth
ELKSNITIS Daniel Peter	LUI Jeffrey	VAN GEEST Daniel William
FAGNANI Matthew Michael	MACINNIS Sarah	VANDER PLOEG Daniel Jacob
FARR David Martin	MADILL Jamie	VARGA Leontin
FLATT Steven James	MALICK Amy Jean	VARIA Ajay
FLAXBARD Geoffrey Gary	MARIN Marius Alexandru	VOLLICK Ian Edward
FLEGG Brett Damon A.	MATHON Bob Gurjit Singh	VULPOIU Anda
FUNG Sharon Pui Ying	MCBAIN Brian	WILKIE Kathleen Patricia
GAO Ying Shu	MCDERMID Kenneth Quinn	WILLS James William
GERSPACHER Brian	MCGEE Jonathan James	WONG Eva
GILFILLAN Scott Richard	MCTAVISH James William	WONG Peggy Pui Ying
GILL Bobby Jasjeet Singh	MUI Kar Wai Joyce	WOOD Michael
GORSKI Nancy	MULCAHY Thomas Christopher	WOZENILEK Thomas McLean
GRAVEL Jennifer Lise	NENSI Zahra	YAM Gladys Kar-Yee
GUTCHER Jason R.	NEWSON Ryan William	YE Helen Qiao Ling
HAID Jennifer Anne	NGAI Anita Ching Yi	YEUNG Gary Hei Shun
HAMILTON Justin David	PELESHOK Adam	In recognition of outstanding academic

In recognition of outstanding academic achievement during the Spring 2001 term, the following students also qualified for the Dean's Honours List:

ZHANG Sheng

achievement throughout his undergraduate career the following student

"GRADUATED WITH DISTINCTION" at the June 2001 convocation.

NOWLAN Roger 3 YR GEN

One Man Road Trip

So I was playing Diablo II the other day, and I was playing around with some of my equipment, when someone else entered the game and picked up my boots. And I said, "Hey, them's my boots. Give them back." And he said, "Fight me for them." What will be relevant to people who play Diablo, and gibberish to people who don't, is that I was playing a level 11 Necromancer, and this character was a level 18 Necromancer.

In an effort to stave off a confrontation, I called this person the dumbest person on the planet. Didn't want to fight him, you see; that's violence. Then he put on my boots and tried to taunt me, by saying "Do you like my boots?" I became annoyed. Not because he had my boots, but because he was actually trying to taunt me into attacking him. So I said, "Let's go."

Now let me tell you about this fight. During the fight, he, being a Necromancer, summoned all sorts of skeletons and golems and skeletal mages. I, being a Necromancer, held down a button. And I totally murdered him. It got to the point where the only thing keeping him alive was him running around a tree playing ring around the rosy. Then the game crashed before I could deliver the critical blow.

Now I was upset, until I realized two key facts: 1) The boots were given to me for free; 2) The boots were a piece of trash I was about to sell anyway. So I sent him a message that said, "Do you like my boots?" When he sent back a haha to me I called him the stupidest person on the planet again, and recommended he sell the boots in the game. Now, as amusing as this story is, it doesn't compare to one a friend of mine told me.

In the interests of protecting the innocent, let's call this friend Laymond (NOTE: Laymond Rai has absolutely nothing to do with this event — Laymond). Laymond wanted a specific armour type, so he went into the trading channels and offered 200 000 gold. Nobody bit. So he offered 500 000. Nobody bit. So he offered 1m gold. Finally, someone agreed to do the trade.

When Laymond entered the game with this person, he saw

this person's level was low enough that 3 installments of money would be needed to get it all to him, and told this person so. The person became upset, claiming Laymond was going to run off with the money. So Laymond said, "I would have to be the biggest loser ever to run off with this money."

After much debate, they finally started moving over the money. After two installments, summing 720 000 gold, the person left the game with the armour and the money. So for the next few days when Laymond went on Battle.net, he looked for this person. A few days later he finally caught him online, and sent him a message asking, "Remember how you ran off with my money?" The response came back, "Haha." So Laymond sent this person a message which said, "Do you remember how right before you did that I said I would have to be the biggest loser ever to run off with that money? You're the biggest loser ever."

In Diablo II you can get a trident. This is relevant to a dream I had recently. As my friends know, there's a certain person who went to a town which, in the interests of protecting the innocent, I will call Larnia, and when he went, we were less than friends. I had a dream where he and I and a bunch of other people were all involved in a melee free for all shoving match, where the point was to push people outside the designated area and watch them fall down to the abyss. It got down to me and this person, who I'll call Laymond, as the only two people left at the end. I sat down in the center of the area because it looked like Laymond was going to fall off of his own volition. And then he threw up on me.

So I punched him dead in the face.

Then we both grabbed our tridents and said "Let's go!" And we had a trident fight.

I won.

And the moral of the story: Give me money, I need food.

DiMono

Something About This Ladybugs Me

Vector Control, We Have A Problem

In 1956, an attempt was made to crossbreed colonies of African Honeybees with European worker bees in Brazil to increase honey production. This led to the inadvertent release of 26 Africanized European honeybee queens.

The rest as they say, is history. The loosely named hybrids "killer bees" moved northward about 300 km per year. Over 1000 people have been killed by this unnatural disaster since the release, and there's more where that came from.

Now it is all happening again. Only the threat is much worse. For those of you who aren't locked away in an airtight real-time lab, I think you know what it is to which I am referring.

Ladybugs.

The beetle fad has already swept the continent twice over, and now the beetles hit us a third time. And they have spots. And they aren't cars. And I don't recommend playing 'punchbuggy' with these beetles since you may end up in a brawl. And that's the least of our worries.

Ladybugs are everywhere. It appears that another experiment has gone wrong. What exactly happened is unknown. But the result is clear: The ultimate demise of mankind. The shocking events in recent weeks speak for themselves. Ladybugs swarm-

ing campus, attacking people, kamikaze flights straight into students' faces in hopes that they can take us down en masse. Even local Vector Control is helpless against this demonic swarm.

Incidentally, contrary to popular belief, the primary role of Vector Control is NOT to prevent the linear transformation of vectors over a field \mathbf{F} . Such a task is impossible, short of confiscating the homework of all lin-alg students in \mathbf{R}^3 . Vectors are sometimes defined as animals or insects which spread disease causing organisms and evil and chaos (and possibly war and famine and death) among the general populace.

And I for one welcome our new insect overlords. I would like to mention that as a world famous *mathNEWS* columnist, I could be helpful in rounding up others to toil in their botanical aphid colonies. Until that happens, however, I still hold allegiance to our current government and its human leaders. It may not be perfect but it's still the best government we've got. For now.

Eyal (:|:)

I always knew that I would become a psychic

You May Take This Body, But You Will Not Take Me

and that turned into a double double breaking my friends. Slowly, I walked through the rain and I was trying to figure out what was going on. It only took a few blocks to get to the police station, but we parked for a long time and were driven out and around the block again.

Alone, in the main room, I gathered my belongings. The shining green in the kitchen justified my groggy and tired disposition. 4 am. Yeah, that was the time I had set the alarm for, but now I was fully awake and fully aware of just how tired I was.

Hiking knapsack on my back, first aid pack on my waist, garbage bag in one hand and first aid flag in the other, I set out. So I walked, with a large red cross on my chest, a smaller one on my waist first aid pack, and about 8 on my knapsack. Other medics had expressed worry about me being "marked" before I got there, but I had no worries. I was an impartial medic.

I started to worry when a cop car went by. The another. And another. I was surprised they hadn't stopped me or questioned me. I asked a group of people how far it was to Bay St., but they told me to just keep on going.

So I did. I finally got to Yonge St., and I knew that meant I was close. I passed some vans with police dressing up into riot gear. There were a few people around. Then I got to Bay and Queen. I made sure to cross safely so as not to be jaywalking.

Up ahead, I saw many police, a few cars and trucks, and maybe a dozen or so protestors. I have nothing to fear, I decided. I am a medic. So I walked straight towards them.

As I did, an unoccupied officer turned and strode towards me. We met just a few steps onto the sidewalk. He told me they were searching everyone who came into the square. I told him that I don't think they have the right to do that. He told me that if not, he would arrest me first and then search me. So I chose to have my stuff searched, figuring I had nothing to hide.

As I unloaded my stuff, I guess he suddenly became aware of the medic flag I was carrying. What is this? A flag I told him. I was told I couldn't have the broomstick part in the square. Fine, and he tore the flag from the broom stick. Was there anything else I had? Yeah, I have a gas mask and a helmet, I tell him, figuring no harm done.

Just one second, I'm told, and over comes another officer. I am arrested. I try to think of all the legal advice I'd heard. What's the charge officer? Breach of peace. I decided to go peacefully, and not resist. At about that time, the second officer starts doing the whole bad cop routine. I'm not resisting, so you don't need to do the good/bad cop thing, I said. He stopped. My stuff was searched and some questions were asked. "What am I going to find in here?" My socks and underwear.

My picture was taken, but somehow they forgot and took it again, twice. Then I was placed in the back of a van. I heard an officer say, How are we going to know whose stuff is whose? Don't worry, we'll figure it out at the station.

Have you been to jail for justice? I sang. This is what democracy looks like. I was trying to be strong, and not really sure how to react. I still thought they would realize I was a good guy, just wanting to heal. And protect myself.

At one point, I could hear and see a guy talking in French. None of the officers spoke French and he couldn't really understand a lot of what they were saying, so I started translating from the van, hands cuffed behind my back.

They loaded seven guys on to one side of the van and five girls onto the other. I learned the names of everyone on my side of the van, and tried to keep people's spirits up.

We started rolling at 6:14 am. We could hear police broadcasts

Only one of the seven guys had his hands cuffed in front of him. The rest of us were suffering from exhaustion and dehydration. One person's cuffs were so tight he was numb and cold. I told him to use his body to rewarm his hands.

Watching our sweat and breath trickle down the van wall, our spirits sank, as did our health. Many looked like they would faint. The arm/wrist pain and the heat were taking their toll. It got to me too, but I tried hard to comfort the others by singing and telling jokes, and it worked sometimes. I reminded people to relax, which would minimize heartbeat and respiration, and thus the heat.

At one point, I started rapping. This was my favourite part of the whole experience. For that one minute, we forgot the numbness in our wrists and arms, the sweat on our foreheads, and the puzzled confused sense of injustice we were being subjected to. For that minute, I laid down some decent enough rhymes that the whole van was laughing. I could distinctly hear separate laughter from the girls side, and my heart was moved, for their laughter was pure, angelic mirth, giddiness unbridled; joy that I had forgotten for the last couple of hours. It was like the scene from Shawshank Redemption for me, the one where they are tarring the roof. For those moments, we felt free again, and we could have been laughing in our van, or in our own home, with our own freedom.

Slowly, they processed people from our van. With each person gone, the air got a little lighter, and we were moved closer to the door. But after only a couple of people, they asked for me by name.

I was read a sign on the wall which said I was being recorded audio/visually. I had already read it and translated it for my French-speaking friend, but I listened attentively nonetheless.

I was brought before a brown desk, with an officer behind it. I was told to stand on two faded orange feet markings. I was told that I seemed to know my right to counsel, but I asked them to tell me anyway. Then I was taken and strip searched.

There were two male officers, one of which gave me instructions. It was fairly methodical, and I co-operated fully. To the best of my memory, this is how it went. Take off your sweatshirt. Take off your T-shirt (there are two, officer). Take them off one at a time. Good. Put them back on. Remove your shoes, hand the first one to this officer, hand the other one to me (I handed the wrong one to the wrong officer). Sorry. Don't worry about it. Remove your socks, turn them inside out. Remove your pants. Remove your underwear. Lift up your testicle sack. Turn around. Spread your cheeks. Good, put your clothes back on.

Nothing too horrible, except for the sense that I should not have had to be there, that I had done nothing wrong. Once redressed, I was brought back into the main room. My shoelaces had been removed from my shoes during the strip search but my shoes were not given to me. Nor were my glasses. I was escorted to my cell, and locked in.

I thought again about Shawshank, when Red describes the first night. When those bars slam home ... there's nothing left but all the time in the world. Most fish near go crazy on their first night.

More Taking Of His Body, But No Taking Of Jesse

I made myself promise not to break down from the fear or intimidation or the still pulsating pain in my arms/wrists; nor to erupt in anger for the unconstitutional and unfair situation I was being subjected to.

The bed was a long silver tray, very cold and very hard. Since my glasses were taken from me it was hard to see. I examined everything closely. My water faucet was on continuously, but the water stuck to the side. Staring at the rust covered trickle, I decided I would rather dehydrate than suck rust.

A lady came by and asked me personal information. I thought about the advice I'd heard which was only to give my name, birthday, and address, but then I decided, no, I have nothing to hide. So I answered all my personal info questions honestly, but declined to answer my social insurance number (someone had told me never to give this out, so I didn't) and my mother's last name and phone number. I figured the last thing I needed was the police harassing or interrogating my family.

Excuse me, officer, but my cell doesn't have proper water. Answer: There's nothing I can do. Is it possible you could bring me some water, like in a cup? There's nothing we can do. What about my bag, I have lots of water in it. I can't give you anything from your bag. Can't you give me any water? Sorry, there's nothing we can do. So after sweating in a van, I was stuck in a cage with no water, except rust covered drips and a toilet.

What invariably happens next is trying to figure out ways to pass the time. Exploring parts of the cell. Praying. Thinking things over. Thinking about random things. Movies. Mother. Math. Sleeping. I had horrible sleep, not sure what was going to happen to me or what was going on outside or if my family knew what had happened or if more medics were needed and I was in jail and were the other medics ok and was everyone ok? I would wake up suddenly, feeling pain in my hips and sides, shivering from cold, and wonder, what's next?

We tried talking to each other, and we could, but we were pretty spread out and the room is somehow designed to distort echoes. However, I soon discovered that the setup, while interfering with speech, was sensational for song! So I sang, even did radio show type stuff once and a while. My singing was both for me and others, since the silence only left us pitying our unjust treatment. One guy was arrested for having goggles.

Me, I had goggles, bandanas, rollerblade pads, a helmet, and a gas mask. Not to mention my flag. The came by with my stuff and began to search it where I couldn't see them. They would bring something forward and ask questions. Why would a medic need this? (apple-cider-soaked bandanas). Because you use chemical weapons, and I need to be able to treat my casualties without suffering respiratory distress. It was the truth!

It was hard to see what they were showing me without my glasses. I had to lean forward and squint. Was that my broomstick? I can hardly see, but I think so. A broomstick with a single piece of red tape left. Was it a weapon? No, I said, it was flag. Where's the flag? I don't know ... when I was arrested, I don't know what happened to my stuff. But you can ask my arresting officer, who tore the flag from the stick.

He (Harris) even resigned and you guys are protesting, they accuse. I am not protesting, I told them, I am a medic. I stayed out of the issues to be impartial. I just don't want anyone to get hurt, anyone at all.

An officer tells me that what we need in there is a couple of machine guns. Are you suggesting that the protestors should

be shot? I inquire, clearly alarmed. That's not what I was saying, I was told. I thought about asking what was being said, but the officer went away and continued to search my belongings.

Is this it? No, that's an armband. The flag is a lot bigger, bigger than a piece of paper, and it clearly says I am a medic, and has hearts and a red cross.

Eventually, I think my flag was found. I saw someone walking with a red and white cloth, which if it was my gear could only be my flag. And soon after, the pressure relented.

So I sang, and talked. We tried to keep track of the time, and learn from new people who came in about new events. One person even thanked me for singing. I tried to sing loud enough for people to hear, but quiet enough that they could talk over it if they wanted.

My condition started to worsen as allergies/sickness symptoms appeared as I dehydrated. I felt dizziness and had to spit/run my nose into the sink or toilet or floor. The lidless eyes that watched me must've caught on, because very soon after an officer came to me directly and asked if I had had anything to eat. No, could I please have something to drink officer.

An uncooked grill cheese sandwich and 250 mL of apple juice arrived. Not bad. I drank the apple juice slowly, and ate slowly. My stomach was upset, and I didn't want to vomit.

Someone else a few cells down had vomited earlier. I felt really bad because I so dearly wanted to help and I couldn't, in the way I wanted. So I instructed him. It's ok, we're here, just sit by the sink or toilet, don't worry, we've got you, we're here. When you're finished, clear you mouth and drink small sips of water. I explained how to lie down in the recovery position so that if he wanted to lie down, new vomit wouldn't choke him in his sleep.

I felt this horrible sense that things were bad outside and I wanted to help. I wished that my supplies could be given to the other medics, or that I could be released with nothing but some gauze and water. That would've been enough.

I was released just after 7 pm. I was taken to my belongings. When I asked if I could go through them to see if everything was there, I was told that we didn't have time for f_king around. So I dragged my stuff to the desk where I'd come in. I was asked if I had everything, and before they refused again I leaned down and examined through the plastic. I only got a few seconds, but I was able to spot a bottle of mineral oil. That's not mine, I said. I don't believe in using mineral oil, it's against my first-aid practices. I was told to keep it, probably because it was spilling on my stuff.

I was released. It wasn't till I walked out the front doors that I was sure that I was free again. I nearly cried as two dozen people cheered. I told them all that when I was in jail, I promised myself that if there was anyone waiting for me when I got out I would hug each of them. I did.

That's my story, my perspective. You can read more at:

<http://www.student.math.uwaterloo.ca/~jbergman/o16/>

I was arrested for a flag and for having (but not even wearing any) protective gear. It was all seized, as well as other stuff like a vest and some tissues. I was strip-searched, intimidated, and locked away.

G-d save everyone from such a day.

Jesse Bergman

Astrology = Actuarial Science

I know exactly what you are thinking. How can astrology and actuarial science be even remotely the same? Astrology is just horoscopes. Actuaries use mathematics to assess trends, pricing, analyze risk, etc. Well, guess what? So do astrologers. Allow me to explain.

1. Both astrologers and actuaries look at past trends to make assessment on the future. Actuaries do it with insurance companies, astrologers do it with people. That is the only difference.
2. So now you are going to say, but Shannie, they use different methods to predict the future. Not true, my friend! Both actuaries and astrologers use mathematics! Astrologers use the angles between planets to determine the future! It is all mathematics!
3. Now you say to me, "Ok, I can completely agree with you above two points, but when you get to the specifics, actuaries study compound interest, life contingencies, and statistics. Where does that come into astrology???" Well, all I can say to you is have you ever heard of progressed birth charts and solar return charts? (Just a little aside: Did you know that there are more Virgos than any other sign? And that there are more octogenarians that are Sagittarians than any other sign? Now that statistics!)
4. But you say, "I've got it! Actuaries don't use just one method to assess a company's future! They look at it from different angles!" Oh, my dear, will you not learn? Time to go do some readings about the 12 houses of astrology. The house of self, possessions, communications, home, etc.

I could go on but I'm sure you are all convinced by now. Therefore, Astrology = Actuarial Science. Q.E.D.

~Sagittarius Shannon

50 Words or Less

Is being preppy genetic, or is it derived from environment? I'm going to wear my school uniform for Hallowe'en, don't know how it will turn out since it's still Monday, but I've been told I look preppy enough as it is.

Aren't I a geek to discuss my own preppiness?

Laymond Rai

This day in *mathNEWS* history

10 years ago (November 2, 1991):

Multitudes of mathies are laughing at the latest *prof*QUOTES and irrelevant articles in the *mathNEWS* issue that came out yesterday. [*Sounds like a Saturday* — *TaxiEd*]

20 years ago (November 2, 1981):

The dedicated staff of *mathNEWS* gather tonight to brainstorm ideas and write articles for the latest issue of *mathNEWS*. [*This one's a Monday* — *TaxiEd*]

30 years ago (November 2, 1971):

A few ambitious mathies are planning to create a publication that informs and entertains the mathie population. [*Definitely a Tuesday* — *TaxiEd*]

50 years ago (November 2, 1951):

The future site of MC is a large dirt field. In fact, UW is currently known as the University of Windsor. (*mathNEWS* is only 28 years old, but I just feel like putting this up). [*If that doesn't describe a Friday, I don't know what does* — *TaxiEd*]

S.C. Reamer, *mathNEWS* part-time historian

The Rumble Puppy Likes to Sleep in

Rumble Puppy was not a morning person. In fact Rumble Puppy had never gotten up before 1 pm in his entire life. It just wasn't his style. He liked to kick back and relax. Relax to the max, baby! So one day, this crazy woman called Cleo started calling Rumble Puppy, which was odd since Rumble Puppy didn't own a phone. She would tell him that she could see his future in the stars, tell him of those he'd loved and lost and that she could do it all in a thick Caribbean accent to boot.

Normally getting dirt on his old flames would have made Rumble Puppy very happy. Especially if he could have heard about how Kimmy Sue Hapfenberry (this real cutie that dumped RP back in the seventh grade) was now making a living selling ducks to belligerent postal workers as part of a work/study program. Or that Rita Sue Hawthorne was a migrant farm worker in Northern Alaska. Or how Sharon Sue Hasoosoo was now the Queen of Namibia. Had he known these things, he'd have been happy. Cause he would have shown them all what it meant to love the Rumble Puppy and then leave him like an underused piece of celery.

The only problem was that Cleo seemed only to be able to dispense her advice near 9:27 am. Sadly (for her), Rumble Puppy decided that she needed to be stopped. And since he likes inflicting pain on others and making money as well, he became her manager and started making her appear on infomercials and preview television.

While watching Cleo's infomercial one day, Rumble Puppy decided that his name should rumble as much as he did. So he decided to change it. He would be RuMbLe pupPY! But the people at the name change office tried to stop him. First they used orange peels. Then they tried calling upon the mighty Chippewa maidens. Finally they called in the big guns — two F-17 fighter jets. RuMbLe pupPY destroyed them all using his mind-projection beams. Dejected, the name change officers came to RuMbLe pupPY's house one Saturday morn to let him know he'd won. Sadly, he'd been sleeping. He didn't like being disturbed, so he kicked their asses!

No one wakes the RuMbLe pupPY! Not even crazy Caribbean psychics or name change officers!

Milhouse the Magician
The Thrilla in Manilla (Envelopes)

Dumb Car Names

Number 1 on my list, the Toyota Matrix. What can you say about a vehicle that's named the Matrix?

- "Did you get your seats in reduced echelon form?"
- "Is your Matrix an identity matrix?"
- "Dude, did you hear what Danny did to his Matrix? He got in a wreck, and turned it into the transpose."
- "If only my Matrix had an inverse ... Christ. Why do you tease me, God?"
- "I've had my Matrix for six months, I've driven it 20 000 miles and I STILL haven't figured out its determinant."
- "The Avalanche can change from an SUV to a truck, but damnit, I can shrink my Matrix by taking the cofactor of it. It'll park anywhere."

Travis Derouin

3V1L l33t

my mind so finally I'm making the articles I used to write (2001) together. I will try to keep this article much much shorter than it's been a busy few days at work and at other places (nudge nudge wink wink ... more than worth it) but I have kept on top of research. Please bear with me for a few more moments. I've been getting emails like mad for the articles I've written. Overall I was surprised that people read this article (more than 3 is quite surprising =) Thus combining several articles into one should be more informative than with them all separate.

To start with, the Anthrax threat continues. While everybody panics the doctors are yet again saying that this is not an overwhelming threat. You're far more likely to be hit by lightning (or die in a car crash) than to contract Anthrax (even as it stands now). Last week at work we had a special meeting about how we should handle suspicious mail; I was quite confused at first because I thought they meant email, but I eventually caught on. On a side note, I received a package with my Shrek posters (I now have 3 different Shrek posters) and it was addressed to 3V1L L33t. I got another package in the same way but it had LEGO, which is quite much better.

Was chatting with Mike The Ladies Man about Lego Mindstorms and learned that version 3 is rumoured (could somebody confirm) to have RF as opposed to IR. That would be amazing. I mean I could sneak the LEGO robots into the room where the prof is writing up the exams ... imagine that, commando LEGO bots ... da da daaaa ...

Speaking about commando and under cover. That's some interesting stuff going in intelligence community. Let's just talk about general military contracts initially. Lockheed Martin won a \$200 billion (yes billion (yes \$200)) contract to make a new Strike fighter. The file photos (undated) look really neat. Lockheed Martin beat out Boeing for this contract but since it is such a big contract Lockheed will probably share (but not Martin, jk) it with Boeing. The fighter hovers and flies and does some really n33t stuff. Of course I believe in unmanned fighter planes. That would involve some g00d research (if any military people (just in case readership has gone to 4 or 5) are reading, I could do some really nice graphics stuff, pl33333ze ... I'm not just a pretty face).

In other news, IRA turning in weapons, Peres rumoured to be leaving cabinet (would force elections), Al-Qaeda could be linked to unsolved bombings in Argentina. So, it is a very very busy time for the world (time to switch to the funny A material). Of course we live in our own little microcosm here at UW. Ok ... my windows on this box have randomly started closing themselves. I think it's about time that I backup everything on the D drive, nuk3 windoze and reinstall it. Aight? Excellent.

I was seriously considering turning the linux box at work into a music server, just because I could. But I decided to put a bigger database on. Databases are fun (somewhat), coding is funner (some people prefer codine). My 3vil l33t article in the last *mathNEWS* was slimed down because there were sooooo many smurf articles. As I went from one to another I realized that they weren't articles but frosh clinging to some form of sanity by pouring their insanity into articles. In all of this there were the few bright lights of sanity and normality. To get a better idea read my stats (aka l33t p0ll) article.

Some people have asked me why I put l33t as the title of my articles. Part of it is a joke, part of it is that I can c0d3 and d0 t3nd to research pretty well. The other part is my middle name.

speaking of l33t, Tushar has the t33t article that is even shorter than and I will try to procure the last remaining one at charity ball. FROSH: go to charity ball, Dave dressed up in duct tape last thyme. I've just read my article and it is really not carrying any coherent thoughts. Thus I will now stop writing and proceed to finish the other articles.

Tushar
Quack

t3singh@uwaterloo.ca

PS: MONSTER'S INC. COMES OUT TODAY!!!

When it rains, it pours

Otherwise, some frosh wannabees are here ...

So, has anyone else noticed that the only time it seems to rain around here is when we have frosh wannabees visiting? Well, aside from frosh week itself (OOPS! TOGA night ...). But I've noticed that both days I came to visit campus before any of this school thing started was that it did not rain. Well, here at *mathNEWS* we've got a theory on this. Someone on campus is God (no, Tushar, not you). This "God" seems to have omnipotent control of weather here in Waterloo. Now, some of you may be wondering who this "God" person is. Well, I can tell you who it's not: Tushar (although the reference to his e-mail being god@uwaterloo.ca is a strong link to it being him, I can't believe it myself), Pete or Bradley (they write for *mathNEWS*, and there is almost no fffeeearr here), Laymond, etc. This can leave me to two people that might be this "God" person: Snuggles (well, anyone that can write long *mathNEWS* articles and get away with it has a shot), or Jesse (his hatred for cell-phones could bring about the end of the world ... for heaven's sake, DON'T LET HIM SEE YOUR CELL-PHONE!). But to be honest, the only real person here who might come near to having "God"-like powers would be the markers [*Yeah for me! — Pete Love*], as they have quite an important say on whether or not we pass or (Gulp!) fail our midterms and our finals. Well, that's enough senseless rambling for me today ... tune in next week (or next issue ... I still haven't found anyone willing to pay a billion dollars for a daily *mathNEWS*, too bad! I could use that cash to get a new computer ... I've been almost a week without one (yeah, I know what you're all [*Except those of us who have managed several months or years without a computer — TaxiEd*] thinking, "How can a Mathie go a week without a computer?" Well, it's sort of like having everything you know go totally upside down and twisted inside out, then some) but that's the way the cookie crumbles (or is it crashes, either way ...).

P.S. I want to apologize to my devoted readers who missed out on my article in the Smurf issue ... I had a midterm and (only "God" knows why) missed production night. I promise to never miss another issue again (well, maybe only one more ... but only if it is a REALLY GOOD REASON (not excuse, REASON)). Once again, thank you to my readers for putting up with my rambling, and more on George Dubya's trip to the sixth floor later ...

Mark Toivanen

Statistical Analysis

Radioactive Monkeys from MC

In an experiment gone wrong, 50 gamma-irradiated monkeys were set loose on the University campus. Since their launch early Tuesday morning from the 3rd floor balcony of the MC, there have been 379 reports of missing Watcards (This includes the 318 reports made by Laymond Rai).

The monkeys (and a state-of-the-art *Monkey Hurler 3000* were purchased on eBay — their original purpose was to select random numbers for a Stat 231 lab. “I didn’t think anything was wrong with them,” one experimenter insisted, “I thought that gamma symbol shaved into their chests was just a fashion statement.” Sure. And that lead casing they arrived in is standard shipping material.

For the experiment, the monkeys were trained to steal Watcards from students and calculate $1 + (\text{Watcard number}) \pmod{2000}$. “We knew something was amiss when the monkeys turned a pale green colour and started flying around DC,” say the experimenters.

Many students fled from the monkeys before their Watcards were stolen, but *mathNEWS* co-editor Pete Lizak wasn’t fazed. “Y’know, I like monkey sex,” he said, “I mean, it’s monkeys, and sex ... what’s not to like?” As a result, *mathNEWS* now has their very own radioactive monkey.

“We’ve decided to call it Alex,” says Eyal, “since it spends most of its time drinking and watching documentaries of Alexander the Great.” Alex is currently locked in the *mathNEWS* office, and seems content to sit alone and play console RPGs.

Through intensive research of Alex, *mathNEWS* discovered that the combination of gamma radiation and gold stickers on the back of Watcards will cause a chemical imbalance in the monkey’s brains. The chemical imbalance causes the monkeys to believe they are post-modernist artists who paint with their

own fecal matter. Students are warned not to take the monkeys lightly, as they are dangerous. If you see a monkey, notify Pete Lizak — he will ‘take care of it.’ When asked about his new status as campus monkey nymphomaniac, Pete replied “I hope my girlfriend doesn’t find out ...”

Krease & Wrynn & Eyal & Menard

Top 10 Reasons Astrology is Cool

10. It’s called **as**trology
9. It’s the origin of all science
8. Everything to do with stars is inherently cool
7. One of the signs is cancer
6. One of the signs is a ram
5. Countless websites
4. It’s the religion of the future
3. It’s the cult of the present
2. There was a dog called Astro
1. It’s in *mathNEWS*

mathNEWS Public Service Announcement

WARNING: Walking though the RIM parking lot while reading *mathNEWS* can be hazardous to your health. Not only are there the pesky cars, but there are those sharp “visitor parking only” signs which are nicely placed at head level (yeah, I know from experience).

THIS HAS BEEN A *mathNEWS* PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

So you want to be a *mathNEWS* editor Answers

Pete Love Questions:

1. a) 3, b) 4, c) 1, d) 2
2. a) 4, b) 3, c) 1, d) 2
3. a) 4, b) 3, c) 2, d) 1
4. a) 1, b) 4, c) 2, d) 3
5. a) 3, b) 2, c) 1, d) 4
6. a) 4, b) 3, c) 1, d) 2
7. a) 3, b) 4, c) 2, d) 1
8. a) 3, b) 2, c) 4, d) 1
9. a) 4, b) 1, c) 2, d) 3
10. a) 4, b) 3, c) 2, d) 1
11. a) 2, b) 4, c) 1, d) 3
12. a) 2, b) 4, c) 1, d) 3
13. a) 4, b) 1, c) 2, d) 3

13–22 — Raymond: You are Raymond. Hi.

23–32 — CSC guy: Congratulations, you have achieved the rank of CSC guy.

33–42 — Weird freak: You freak, you’re so weird. Or maybe your the average of Pete and a CSC guy.

43–52 — Pete Love: Way to go! You are on par with Pete. If you ever become *mathNEWS* editor, you can expect to spend your last term at school editing alone and then to edit long after graduation!

Bradley T Smith Questions:

1. a) 2, b) 1, c) 4, d) 3
2. a) 4, b) 3, c) 1, d) 2
3. a) 1, b) 3, c) 4, d) 2
4. a) 4, b) 3, c) 2, d) 1
5. a) 2, b) 3, c) 1, d) 4
6. a) 3, b) 1, c) 2, d) 4
7. a) 1, b) 3, c) 2, d) 4
8. a) 4, b) 2, c) 3, d) 1
9. a) 3, b) 1, c) 2, d) 4
10. a) 2, b) 3, c) 4, d) 1
11. a) 2, b) 3, c) 4, d) 1
12. a) 1, b) 2, c) 4, d) 3
13. a) 2, b) 3, c) 1, d) 4

13–22 — Raymond: Hi Ray!

23–32 — BBQ guy: You seem to have a fetish ... for BBQs.

33–42 — Slutty guy: You also seem to have a fetish, in fact you have several and we would appreciate you not coming to Production Nights.

43–52 — Bradley T Smith: Nice job, you scored very well on the quiz. If you ever become editor, you can expect to spend dreary nights in a crappy Internet Cafe in Europe telnetting into the *mathNEWS* system to secure your position as a tele-editor and an idiot.

133t poll

Hey all, last *mathNEWS* I put up a poll about smurfs. Well, it's time to get results and put up another poll <http://www.oo7.ca/poll.php?id=nrandom>. The topic hasn't been decided but it almost guarantees to be entertaining. The polling system had a few bugs initially but they were ironed out and the results are accurate (to the best of my knowledge). Below are the questions and the results in order of most votes to least votes. A lot more people took the poll than other polls and since this was the first time through I was surprised at the number of visitors I got (around 35).

More side notes, I also did this poll, no I didn't not rig it, you didn't have to answer every questions (initially), blank answers are not shown, you can visit the poll page (it'll stay open a while longer) here: <http://www.oo7.ca/poll.php?id=smurfs>

Some highlights from the poll:

1. Who is your favourite smurf?

Tushar (5)	Papa (4)
Smurfette (4)	Grouchy (2)
other (1)	

2. Who is your least favorite smurf?

Vanity (5)	Normal (3)
Papa (2)	Smurfette (2)
Brainy (2)	Magician (2)
Grouchy (0)	other (0)

5. Are the Smurfs Communist Propaganda?

Yes (7)	Propaganda like a fox
No (4)	

6. What colour would the Smurfs be if they weren't blue?

Red (6)	Green (3)
Aquamarine (2)	Purple (1)
Yellow (1)	Magenta (1)
other (0)	

10. Are you Brad or Pete?

No (8)	Yes (3)
Both (2)	

16. ph33r my n4k3dn355?

Oh y34h (10)	huh? (2)
n0 (2)	

19. Would Smurfs make good pets?

yes (18)	no (6)
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21. La la la la la la...

Sing a happy song (5)	Sing a happy tune (4)
Could you please pass the bong? (3)	
Won't you dance along? (2)	Whistle a happy song (0)

26. Are you a Smurf?

No (14)	Yes (12)
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In summary, I am a smurf, lots of other people are smurfs, n33d a shorter poll, apparently Smurfs taste good, people can't follow instructions (30), I am mildly funny. Till later.

Tushar

Quack

Oh yeah: ph33r my n4k3dn355

What to do at 3:00 am

The Proper Way to do Assignments

So here it is, at around 3:00 in the morning. I am currently debating whether or not I will go to bed tonight or just stay up and go to class on no sleep. The former seems like a better idea for my body, but the latter seems better since I will likely not get up if I go down. You might be wondering why I am up at 3:00 am on a Friday morning. The reason is that I started my algebra assignment at 1:30 and I am just about finished. I just need to complete question 6. The problem is not that tough, I just don't want to do it. I mean at 3:00 in the morning, like any other time, who wants to do assignments? Which is why I am doing my assignments at 3:00 in the morning on the day of which it is due.

The unfortunate part for me is that the assignment is due at 9:30 in Calc class, and I have an 8:30 phil class. This provides two problems. First, I cannot do it during the day Friday because it is due so early. This is the strategy I often use for my physics assignments which are due at 3:30 Friday afternoon (note, I have not started that yet either!). The second problem is that I have to get up for my 8:30 class since I have already missed half of the classes, and it's not critical thinking, so I actually have to go to class to learn stuff.

Why, you ask, would anybody possibly wait so long to do their homework? The answer is simple: keeners! Nobody likes it when keeners constantly ask them questions about their assignments, how they proved number 3, what they got for number 4, and so on. So the simple solution to this is not to do it until

the last possible minute. This way when someone says, "How did/do you do number 4?" You simply say, "I don't know, I have not yet looked at my assignment." This has a success rate of around 85%. You still get some people who will then continue with "Can you look at it and see what you think it is?" or "Do you want to compare when you finish?" To which you simply reply, "I am not looking at it or doing it until Friday night."

I will now prove to you that this technique is a good way to do your assignments. The median mark on my algebra midterm was somewhere in the high 40s out of 60, I believe. That sample contains all the people who do their assignments way ahead of time. Consider the set of all people who are currently up at the time and writing this instead of doing their assignments. The set consists of myself. My mark on the midterm was 60 out of 60. This would imply that I know the material from the assignments better. This can only be due to the fact that I do my assignments at the last minute. Thus, if everyone did, they too could get 60/60 on their midterms, if, of course, it is out of 60.

Although I really would like to give you more great study tips to help improve your grades, you will have to look to another place, perhaps another page where I have another article, or maybe a future issue of *mathNEWS* if I do not have time to write one between now and production. I am off to finish my assignment now, should be done by 3:30, and to bed for 4 hours!

Lino Demasi

Dear Mr. Function

Piegramming, are we?

Dear Mr. Function:

Ladybugs ate my CS assignment! I don't know what to do. If my girl friend finds out, she'll kill me after all that work she put into it. Can you help?!

Sincerely,

NotSoLadyLike

My advice, NotSoLadyLike, is that you talk to the head ladybug and ask for your assignment back. The Asian ladybugs, despite their biting ways, are actually a fairly amicable bunch. In fact, last week the head ladybug, Spotty as she likes to be called, took me out to dinner! It was a fine feast of grubs and local ladybug fare. Haute-couture! So worm your way into their good books, and your girl friend will be none the wiser.

Fruit of the Loom or Ragu?

Dear Mr. Function:

I've got problems, Mr. Function! I don't even know where to begin. The house is almost out of pasta, I'm nearly out of clean underwear, and I don't have any money to purchase any more of either. And don't even get me started on my roommates. Those crazy baboons, or bonobos as they affectionately call each other, are doing it all the time! Two am, two pm, while I'm changing their sheets... they shag and moan as if they're being paid to do it. Last night they even knocked down my bedroom wall in a fit of passion. The landlord was fairly impressed. What do I do?

Hungrily yours,

PastaInMyPants

There really is only one thing to do, PastaInYerPants. And that thing, which is to remain secret between you and me, is that you must discover the truth behind the powdered cheese in Kraft Dinner. Is it real cheese? Can you classify it as actual food? Was it once cheese, and by adding water and milk, does it return to a natural state of cheesedom? Or is the rumour true that it is in fact, clean under wear in disguise. (wink, wink, nudge, nudge).

mastHEAD

The little finger that couldn't

Well, to sum up my weekend, it involved a hospital, riot cops, Joe Clark, a broken finger, and everyone accusing my girlfriend she caused the injury...So, the *mastHEAD* question is "Who or What helped Pete's girlfriend break his finger?": Chris (Alex the urine drinking monkey), Anton (Duck-duck-goose), Mark (Do you really want to know?), Raymond (Why are my jumper cables missing?), Dan (Uranus), Jason (Horns of Taurus), Louis (The power of the Caribbean sun), Ducky (You Bitch! You broke his finger!), Albert (Her finger shackles), Shannon (Pete's GF=Virgo/Leo, Pete=Sagittarius/Capricorn, Therefore, no fingers involved), Snuggles (Mmmmm... Butterscotch), Latrell (It was Doug Flutie... No, Rob Johnson... Flutie... Johnson... ahh, I dunno?), Gilad (She don't need any help), Pete's Girlfriend (I swear it wasn't me!), Ian (Too much 'pull my finger'), Soo Go (I don't know, but you should use duct tape to fix it), Emerald (You see, when a man and women love each other very much...), Andrew (Gravity Imps). (response).

Thanks goes to Gino's Pizza for their pizza and to Graphic Services. Also, to the riot cop who got me to the hospital.

Bradley T Smith (I suspect Pete, he's into *that*)
Pete Love (The jumper Cables)

*Already, two of your problems have been solved. As for your other problem, there is again only one solution. You must knock down **two** bedroom walls in a fit of passion. Surely, this will impress the landlord and win him from the throes of your roommates' evil grip.*

Stupid dog, hold still

Dear Mr. Function:

My new dog is doing some phong-shading on my carpet. That's totally uncool. If I had to guess, I'd say that the new colour of my carpet is roughly (0.9, 0.8, 0.6, 1.0) when it used to be (0.6, 0.5, 0.6, 1.0). I don't mind it when the dog hacks the grass and creates some new clip planes, but my carpet is unacceptable! The carpet even has specular highlights, now! It's soooooo gross. Is there a way I can maybe add some spot lights or point lights to the scene to change the colour back to what it was? Can you at least recommend where I could find some new carpet textures?

Regards,

Ray T. Racer

Your dog suffers from acute piss-space syndrome. Attempt to correct in the following manner:

- *Approach dog from behind.*
- *Think to yerself "I have the powah!"*
- *Heal the dog.*

If dog continues to phong-shade your carpet, repeat until your throat is sore. It is possible that after several healings your dog will continue to phong all over you and your property. The dog's condition could even worsen to a more advanced form, where he quickly gourads on your bed before you come home with your hot date. If this happens, try downloading your latest dog drivers, or consult with your dog manufacturer — and from what I can tell, that would probably be your mom.

KayDot Oh

Pick up lines overheard at an Astrology Convention

- I'm a Libra, wanna rub my ass?
- I'm an Aries, wanna tap my head?
- I'm a Capricorn, don't worry, I have knee pads.
- I'm a Scorpio, and I rule the genitals.
- I'm a Leo, and baby got back.
- I'm a Gemini, two hands, two of you, it's perfect.
- I'm a Pisces, nice shoes...
- I'm an Aquarius, so I like to grab my ankles, wanna see?
- I'm a Sagittarius, and the thighs just point the way.
- I'm a Virgo, and that's not my belly button (that's not my finger).
- I'm a Taurus, let's go to a corner and neck.
- I'm a Cancer, *bouncy* *bouncy* *bouncy*

Note: Each sign has a body part counterpart; find out which is which and this makes more sense [*Check out the cover... — Pete Love*].

If there were 14 zodiac signs we wouldn't need this filler. Stupid zodiac.

c|-|47 l33t

to it is a window with Tuesday night begin had chat rooms sub gada of Laser Quest (ask job DS) questions like that How would I find my own idea
 OK, wait, explanation time. IRC = Internet Relay Chat. Lots of people, the original and still the best. mIRC is used to surf it quite often on a windoze box, but the protocol is pretty available so you can write your own client if you wanted. Dalnet is a grouping of servers that link together. You log onto one of the servers on the Dalnet network and you can chat with people on all the other ones as well. There's more like Efnets, Darknet, and so on. There's channels on each and you log on and chat and whatever, all easy.

It's a particularly good system because some (well most) used to be a warzone online. But that has settled down a little. Anyways, I was just on the beginner channel cause one of my friends is a Channel Op (operator) there. So I op myself and start answering questions, how do I join a channel? (/join #channel_name) how do I quit? (/quit) where am I? (/kick Guest2342343 figure out where you are first) how do I change colours? (press Ctrl-k then the number for the colour from the menu that pops up) how do I find my enemies online? (/kick st00pid_lamer YOU STUPID LAMER, GET A LIFE, YARGH).

So, in an attempt to help you newbies out I have made the following list of pointers.

- Be nice to the admins. They rule the chat room. Swearing will just annoy me and other "sensitive" types. Of course I don't give a monkey in a grocery store for that kinda thing so swear all you want, just remember that if somebody complains then you get booted.
- Don't whine or complain too much otherwise you'll get kicked.
- Don't spam or you'll get banned.
- Don't be a lamer. If you go around being a lamer you'll be banned.
- Don't be a script kiddie. Aight, they just overall suck so you're getting banned the instant I find out that you are what you are.
- DO try to hack the chan op account
- DO try to get other people banned/kicked (see below)
- DO try to make people angry
- DO try to pick up the chan ops
- DO NOT try to pick me up in an IRC room (unless I know you and you're quite good looking)
- DON'T YELL ALL THE TIME
- Be nice
- Get sleep

Astrology Pick-up lines

- I'm a Gemini, want a threesome?
- I'm a Cancer, wanna smoke my stick?
- I'm an Aries, wanna feel the ram?
- I'm a Leo, wanna go down like the Titanic?
- I'm a Virgo, want me to prove I'm not a virgin too?
- I'm a Taurus, wanna check out my back seat?
- I'm an Aquarius, wanna check out my pool?
- I'm a Sagittarius, want my arrow in you?
- I'm a Libra, wanna scale me?
- I'm a Scorpio, wanna see my serpent?
- I'm a Capricorn, wanna check out my black sheep?
- I'm a Pisces, are you wet enough yet?

- Don't ask how to hack hotmail
- Don't ask how to hack emails
- Don't give your body specs on a channel (it's just wrong)
- DO give your computer specs on a channel, but only if it happens to be a P4 1.4 GHz (out megahertz me will you?)
- DO NOT have private conversations in a public channel, ST00000000PID

How to get somebody kicked (even if they didn't do anything) (this is a real conversation):

(in this "scenario," phrackerman is me (excellent), the other people are whatever, op is the operator, boing is who we're gonna get banned)

(phrackerman) somebody is sending me lewd messages.

(boing) /ignore nick 3

(phrackerman) thanks

(phrackerman) umm ... the nickname keeps changing

(boing) really?

(op) just catch the nick and it should work

(phrackerman) thanks, the messages are gone

(h0tguy) I'm a really hot girl looking to chat, message me

*** h0tguy has been kicked for being a hot girl

(phrackerman) does anybody know how to join a channel?

(boing) you say: /j channel_name

(phrackerman) hello? anybody? does anybody know how to join a channel?

(op) boing just told you

(boing) I just told you

(phrackerman) told me what?

(op) how to join a channel

(phrackerman) but boing is on my ignore list because I was getting lewd messages from him about joining sex channels

(boing) WTF are you talking about?

(op) are you sure?

(boing) you're not serious, I'm not doing anything

(phrackerman) ok, I just unignored boing and I'm getting all these join sex channel stuff from him

(boing) shut up man, YOU LIAR

(op) hey, quit yelling, perhaps your security has been compromised, get it fixed and then come back.

*** boing has been kicked for having bugs

(phrackerman) messages gone :-)

and that is how you get somebody kicked from a channel. Notice how you just make stuff up, technically it's not lying cause you're just not reading certain lines (right ...). That's an easy way to get it done, of course you could pretend to be a 7 year old girl and just type, what does join sex channel say? and then you say you're a seven year old girl. Be careful cause you may get a whole bunch of sick-0s (which you should report right away so that they can be banned 4ever and ever).

Other than that I can't offer any good advice at this moment, hope it's helpful. You can download mIRC from <http://www.mirc.com>, btw, you can trade files over irc, that's right, just checkout #mp3 and #mp3trade and so on ... enjoy (Efnets is good for that).

Tushar
Quack

Snuggles Sez

It's like Simon Says, but Simon isn't wearing any underwear. One of the games we played at my event during MMT (the Waterloo Park event) was 'Where the Wind Blows.' Basically someone in the middle says "The wind blows on anyone who" and then says an item of clothing or something they do etc (like, the wind blows on anyone who is wearing a hat). Anyone who that applies too has to get up and switch seats. Inevitably people would say the wind blows on anyone wearing underwear and I would sit right where I was. Invariably others would switch and would stare at me, giving me somewhat questioning/disgusted looks. You see, I don't consider boxers to be underwear, anything that can double as shorts isn't really underwear is it? At some other point one person said "The Wind blows on anyone who loves Snuggles" and everyone switched (me too, loving oneself is very important to a healthy psyche), it made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside (no dirty thoughts here people, it was really a nice thing, a little TLC is always good).

I actually wrote most of this two weeks ago but I submitted late and it would have been the 29th page, so it was cut. But that's ok, I had three other articles in there (I wrote under pseudonyms that had my initials). Anyway I took the easy route and just edited and added small bits, so enjoy and don't worry about time references.

What the??? I was just sitting here, minding my own business, typing up some good old fashioned Snuggles Sez, when my wholesome peace and quiet was rudely interrupted by Pete's little friend saying that she could make her grade with her body. So many possible interpretations, was she getting her grade because of her body? (See Scunt photos if you have any doubt about whether that would be an A+ or not.) OK, fine, that's the only interpretation, well other then the one she meant. Needless to say I ran out to the hallway to join the judging panel when I happened upon a scary scene. Basically her arms were stretched out as arms of an F ... you see, she was changing her body into an F (I guess M235 abuses others as well). I thought about this for a short time, then realized I could make all the normal letter grades out of my body, of course I proceeded to do so.

I discovered that I made a grave error. I misattributed who came up with an idea that amused me. It turns out that the first use of the term Shnuggily Wuggily did not occur in my Econ class, but instead by a Pamalamadingdong. I profusely apologize for the mistake. But in all fairness, Econ was the first time it was used to serenade me, so that's a first too.

Apparently there is someone out there who looks remarkably like me. Some guy who is won a magic tournament that Tom&Jer were reading about and they cracked up when they saw him. So they sent me the picture and I agreed that he did bear some resemblance. He is now called Ruggles (as he is red, well, his hair and shirt were, and that was enough). I miss my wives, they're off working in the real world. You guys need to come in and visit. Actually I miss my whole house from last year, I only see two of them (well, three if you count the Bungist one of them all, but it's debatable whether he lived there). I am definitely missing some "Don't Die" randomness in my life. You should all come visit (hehe, Sky is working for Sleep Country, don't even get me started on the mattress jokes).

A couple weekends ago I drove five hours east to Perth, Ontario (where my camp is located) for a seminar. It was great. We were given a giant mushroom by our neighbour, it was really

cool and mushy (it was like a giant hard marshmallow). Then we got to thinking. We had been up until 4 am the previous night being quite party-ish. Maybe he's upset with us; mushrooms are supposed to be dangerous. So then a couple of us decided (after long debate) not to eat the mushroom and a bunch of others decided that they still would. Needless to say when we went outside we discovered that the people not involved in the conversation had begun to play soccer with the mushroom and it was now coating the better part of a field. Ok, maybe it needed to be said. It was very relaxing to be out at camp (except for the fact that I drove 10 hours and was only there for 24). It's just the atmosphere, sitting in the outdoors, breathing fresh air, and discussing ideology of Socialism and Zionism. Much entertainment for a politico like me. The funny thing is that there is finally someone here from my camp to read all this stuff and truly understand it. Hey Tommy! I can use *mathNEWS* to say hi, ain't that cool? It's like worlds colliding, I normally have my camp world, and my school world, and then every so often I see Tommy and it's bizarre. He was once my kid (hmm, kid as in I was his counsellor), and this past summer we worked kinda together (and we slept in the same cabin). This kind of stuff gives me a sudden urge to start singing *It's a Small World* but then I realize that if I start then I'll only be able to repeat those four words over and over again for the rest of a good portion of my life (damn those catchy songs).

I had a funny conversation with Gilad, I asked him how he had a last name of Israeli, that's not a last name, it's a country! He responded "Got a problem with it, let the country change it's name." Round One goes to Gilad.

Last issue there was a competition between Raymond and I over who had the best middle name. I voted early and voted often ... except I didn't vote that early, just often. I played with fonts to keep Bts entertained when he counted them though, even wrote some in wingdings (there are 6 different entertaining wingding fonts on the MathSoc computers). I won. Yay me. Someone other than me voted for me, I wonder who it was? Hey, whoever you are, tell me who you are. I really like my middle name, I think it fits me, I'm just a snuggly person.

Time for some quotes that ended up in my little book.

"You get your secret power from Uranus."

"I prefer the squibbled jiggles."

"Do you remember when ..." "No Latrell, I was three then."

"We're not going out, that's just about lying on the beach and having sex all week."

"Scorpio's are scary, they look into your eyes and steal your soul."

"There's a bit of Taurus in me" and "Want some more?"

Well it's time for me to go home and get some sleep, or maybe write another article. I recently discovered that I study better when I'm not wearing any pants (I was studying at home when I discovered this). This is unrelated, but interesting nonetheless. See ya around,

Snugglor

I had a thought, but I won't let it go to my head

mathNEWSquiz #4

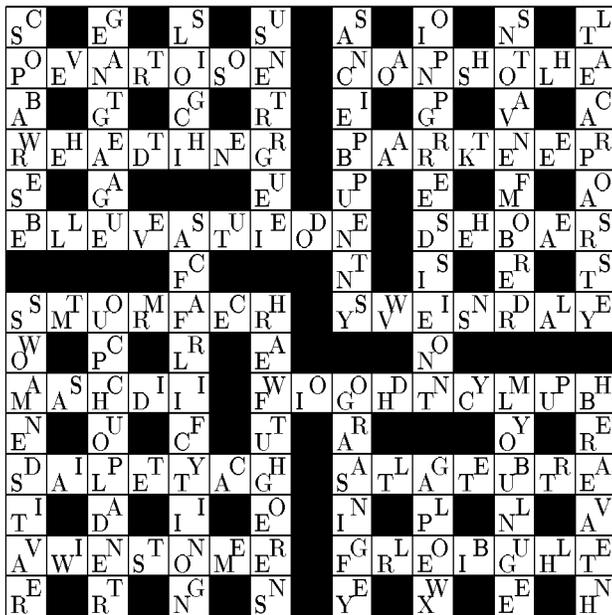
Can we predict the winner's zodiac sign?

Hi everybody. Let's see: Anton is sleep deprived and I have had one of dizzy spells again. So needless to say this is the going to be a short one. So, without further ado, here are the answers to last issue:

Lyrics 1. *Frente — Ordinary Angels* 2. *Splendid — Charge* 3. *Frente — Air* 4. *Frente — Labour of Love* 5. *Splendid — Less Than Zero* Theme: songs written by Angie Hart. **Smurfs** 1. *October 23, 1958, in a story of Johan & Peewit in "Le Journal de Spirou"* 2. *Peyo* 3. *A smurf has to invite you in* 4. *Three apples high* 5. *Gargamel*. **Fall Events** 1. *November 2–4, 2001* 2. *You@Waterloo Day and Class of '66 & '76 Math Reunions* 3. *December 1st, 2001 at the Skydome* 4. *November 22, 2001* 5. *November 17th, 2001*.

We only had one submission this issue. Didn't we tell you last issue that we like submissions? Well I guess you just don't like us or it's midterm season. That's it, it's midterm season. Anyways that makes Geoff Dinnes our winner with 8 points. Geoff came up with another valid answer to "What is special about October 27th, 2001?" it is the last full day of Daylight Savings Time, so we gave him points for that too. Aren't we nice. Geoff you can get your prize in the *mathNEWS* mail-slot in the MathSoc Office (MC 3038).

Lyrics:



Points for Artist, Title, and Theme

1. She acts like summer and walks like rain
Reminds me that there's time to change, hey, hey
Since the return from her stay on the moon
She listens like spring and she talks like June, hey, hey
2. Searching in the sky one night, while looking for the moon
I viewed a mighty light approaching in a zoom
Need was there to tell someone of my discovery
Fifteen seconds later, a light appeared in front of me
To my surprise, there stood a man with age and mystery
3. My hands are two travellers they've crossed oceans and lands
Yet they are too small on the continent of your skin
Wandering, wandering I could spend my life
Traveling the length of your body each night
4. Gone, long gone
We can all be gone, gone, gone
Leave this world all wrong, wrong, wrong
Leave it far behind
5. thought I knew myself so well
all the dolls I had
took my leather off the shelf
your apocalypse was fab
for a girl who couldn't choose between
the shower or the bath

Astrology (of course!)

1. What are the three fire signs?
2. What is the birthstone of Taurus?
3. What is the sun sign of Walt Disney?
4. Which is a better match for Taurus: Aquarius or Capricorn?
5. What is Neptune's symbolism?

Planets

1. Which planet has the longest sidereal day?
2. Which planet is the biggest?
3. Which planet has the longest synodic period?
4. Which planet has the longest solar day?
5. Which planet has the most known moons?

Good luck with this week's Squiz. Drop your answers in the **BLACK BOX** or email them to *mathNEWS* (mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca). And remember to put your name on them.

The Squiz Guys

Satan is in the Comfy Lounge

Want to know who Satan is? Well, he has a red goatee and long hair, and a tricky name. That's right, Satan is Snuggles. Satan is a trickster, as is Snuggles, and Satan is actually not allowed to tell the whole truth, which Snuggles rarely, if ever, does as well. "But hey," I hear you cry, "this is all circumstantial evidence. Where's your proof?" As we all know, James Brown is God. Not only is Snuggles the polar opposite of James Brown, he doesn't even obey the gospel. Snuggles does not get up, and is not on the scene like a sex machine. So you see, Snuggles is Satan.

A concerned viewer

Swimming vs. Driving

Had a long debate last week among several people. Was quite fun, though others called it spam but some came around and argued on the side of swimming. Driving is not better because of pollution, accidents, damage to health, and environment. Swimming is not good cause of, well, didn't hear any points against swimming, only points for swimming. Plus everybody else walked away from the conversation by saying (real quote) "It should be other people's responsibilities to protect themselves from me." Thus Swimming is way better.

gridCOMMENTS*Star-Crossword Lovers*

Things are running late as usual around here, so I'll just say thank you to Albert for helping put together the conventional this issue, and for retyping all the clues after that mysterious crash ... anyway, on to the previous puzzle.

In Crypticland, Colin Davidson made a bid for second consecutive win, saying that the \$20 fee should go to a high powered air filtration system for the comfy. But Chris Marks intercepted with his complete grid and plan to buy 20 litres of milk.

Over in Funsville, where the conventional grid is done, Lino Demasi suggested \$20 go to saving up for settlers, while Geoff Dinnes recommended UW build a conveyor belt around campus so he can be lazy and sing that cool ACME conveyor belt song (hmm, sounds like something we've talked about in 351). Well, since Geoff won the Squiz this week, we can't have him hoarding all the C+D gift certificates, so Lino wins by semi-default (there was a coin toss too).

Of special note, Brad Kimmel, Bossy Wang, and Domenic Kramough solved the grid, but not with any of the words suggested by either set of clues. Strange, but appreciated. You guys should have my job. Do you want my job? Please?

Okay, solutions in the **BLACK BOX** or emailed to mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca. Don't forget to answer this issue's **gridQUESTION**: *What your sign? and I don't mean zodiac!*

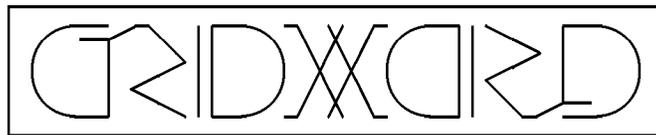
Brad and Linda

Cryptic Grid Clues*Across*

1. Sorry, greens returned without good ending (4)
3. Point of surprising horn duet (3,5)
9. Rim ain't salted, it ain't a margarita (7)
10. Singers eager to back head of studio (5)
11. Sorry, greens returned without good ending (4)
12. Spotted cat from Toledo coming back with key change (6)
14. Slight secret in foreign oregano (6)
16. Replacement of unit is not going anywhere (2,4)
19. Diverts golden mess (6)
21. Stick in the torpedo we lost (5)
24. Sit on the fence, or topiary (5)
25. Nay vote sends it for renegotiation (7)
26. Shared commendation arranged without date (2,6)
27. What philosophy 17D reveals (4)

Down

1. Lazy boy teases a rich ram (8)
2. Vessel, article or thanks (5)
4. Togetherness breaks in on us (6)
5. Push string in, Godiva (5)
6. Food hidden inside extra violin case (7)
7. Take cover off sled dog (4)
8. Dry wit ahead: her (6)
13. Notice I talk up, roll around (8)
15. Do manic sort get around much? (7)
17. Practice arising from dim sun (6)
18. Was previously employed (4,2)
20. Human origin premise that is not flexible (5)
22. Ark we make (5)
23. Announce link with Siamese (4)

**Conventional Grid Clues***Across*

1. Powerful planet
3. Will believe anything
9. Really really quiet
10. Paper arrays
11. Next year of the Chinese calander
12. ___ of justice
14. Fishy sign
16. Christmas drink
19. Angora goat hair fabric
21. Village People adjective
24. Hungry Hungry ___ (singular)
25. Ice ice baby
26. Leo × Pisces?
27. Capricorn's animal

Down

1. Deform
2. King or Queen
4. Not comfortable
5. Between Virgo and Scorpio
6. 1 or 0
7. Mario's side of New York
8. Hay fever reaction
13. Unlettered, untutored, unlearned
15. Genital-ruling zodiac sign
17. Twin's sign
18. Desparately desires
20. Removed or distant
22. This one time at band camp or a violin so big you have to put it between your legs or Yo-Yo Ma's instrument.
23. Brad's housemate Dilts (short form of Philip)

