# mathNEWS

*Volume 87, Issue 6* *Friday, November 30, 2001*

# MGC

Hope everyone had a great term! Thanks to everyone who helped out with MGC and to everyone who came out to our events. I'd like to wish everyone good luck on exams, and a safe and happy holiday!

One last reminder — the last day for grad photos is December 14th if you want to appear on the composite and yearbook.

# Class of 2002!

Friday Nov 30th is the last day to submit yearbook pictures and grad write-ups.

Last year 165 graduates submitted a grad write-up. This year we want to have at least 166 write-ups. Please send your grad write-up in ASAP.

To submit your write-up go to:

`www.student.math.uwaterloo.ca/~mgc/gradwriteup.html`

We really really really need your pictures for the yearbook. This is your chance to have pictures of you and your friends remembered forever! If you don't want to give up your prints there is a scanner that can be used for free in the CHiP. Instructions for submission are available on the MGC website.

Thanks!

Laura Atkinson and Cecilia Cotton

# *look*AHEAD

| | |
|---|---|
| ***math*NEWS** | |
| November 30 | Issue #6 frees itself from the bondage of PMath 334 or 345 |
| December | Ahhh! No *math*NEWS for a whole month |
| **Math Faculty** | |
| December 3 | Lectures End |
| December 6–20 | Examin-athon |
| December 12 | Winter Fee Payment Deadline<br>Pay now, you deadbeat. |
| January 3 | Winter lectures begin |
| **MathSoc** | |
| November 30 | Electr0nica at the MC |
| December 5–14 | MathSoc opens for business |
| Anytime | On-line Exambank caters to your needs |
| **MGC** | |
| November 30 | Yearbook write-ups due<br>Write or be forgotten. |
| **Co-op** | |
| January 2 | Recommended work term start date<br>Start the year with pointy-haired bosses. |
| **Miscellaneous** | |
| December 6 | Multitudes suffer panic attacks due to Math 137 |
| December 15 | Tie Domi announces plans to run for Tory leadership |
| December 21 | Everything you learnt in the term will be forgotten today |
| December 25 | Christmas |
| December 26 | Boxing Day |
| December 27 | Jousting Day |
| December 31 | The century is one year old and the 21st century is such a stale term already |

# Progress on the Bachelor of Computer Science degree

Work is continuing on the process to create a new Bachelor of Computer Science degree. The faculty members in the CS department, in an electronic vote, chose two models for further development out of the five presented to them. The two models chosen were the comprehensive model (resembling the current B.Math (CS) degree, in having a fairly extensive CS core with some choices in fourth year) and the self-directed model (in which the core would be reduced somewhat to allow more choice of CS courses). These two models have gone to independent teams for further development.

The two teams will produce descriptions of programs matching their respective models by Wednesday, December 12. These models will be available on the B.CS Web page (see URL below) and paper copies will be available for perusal in MathSoc. CS faculty members will vote on the final choice of model following a special departmental meeting in January.

Student input is important to this process, and so far we have received little. There is an undergraduate representative on each team: Dale Nesbitt (db2nesbi) on the comprehensive team, and Geoff Pounder (gspounde) on the self-directed team. You may send comments to them, or to any member of the two teams. You can also look at existing design and support materials on the B.CS Web page (`http://www.cs.uwaterloo.ca/admin/curric/bcs/`). E-mail comments and discussion from the newsgroups uw.general and uw.cs.ugrad are archived there.

Following the final choice of model in January, the CS Curriculum Committee will refine the suggested program, taking into account all comments. There will still be time, up until the point where the finished program begins the approval process with a formal vote at a CS Department meeting, for students to have an effect.

Prabhakar Ragde
Associate Chair, Curricula
Computer Science

# Women In Math

Stressed from exams? Need some relief? Female? Come join in some YOGA with the undergraduate WIM (Women In Math) club! WIM will be holding YOGA sessions in the 3rd floor Comfy Lounge on December 6th and 11th at 10:00 pm. Wear comfortable clothes and bring a mat or blanket.

WIM will be hosting a 'Back to Classes' Social event for all women undergrads in mathematics. The tentative date is set for January 17th. Keep an eye out for posters in the new year.

The next WIM meeting is scheduled for January 7th at 5:00 pm room TBA. All female math undergrads are welcome! Hope to see you there!

If you would like to help out and/or have any questions or comments for WIM, email us at:

`WIMugrad@student.math.uwaterloo.ca`.

# Spring Exec Results

The following four mathies shall make up the spring terms MathSoc executive:

Ben Willson, President
Geoff Pounder, Vice President Finance
Mike Jepson, Vice President Activities and Services
Raymond Lai, Vice President Academic

# Subscriptions!

*The laughter doesn't have to stop*

Going to be off campus next term? Wondering how to occupy your time during those boring early morning meetings? Wonder no longer! For a nominal fee you can subscribe to *math*NEWS for next term — or any term, come to think of it. And then you'll get a copy of *math*NEWS delivered to your door about every two weeks. Sure, you might be thinking now, "Oh, I can just read it on the web," but really, all that pointing and clicking, it's not the same is it? Anyway, we like to stick bonus stuff in the issues — just think of the filler you're missing! Plus, *math*NEWS is more portable then your computer. I'd like to see you read an issue online while piloting a CF-18. All it takes is a little money to pay for postage. But it's still a pretty good deal. Have a look at the rates:

| | Canada | U.S. | Overseas |
|---|---|---|---|
| One term | $7.50 | $10 | $15 |
| Three terms | $20 | $25 | $35 |

This is the cost of about 6 exciting issues of *math*NEWS. All prices are in in Canadian funds. And if we happen to publish more than 6 issues, then you get them absolutely free! So with the three terms you can get a full year's subscription, or break it up over a longer period of time. If you are going to be out of town this Fall, next Spring, and the following Winter, we can handle that! If that doesn't make sense, come by the *math*NEWS Office to subscribe some time and we'll explain it to you. If you're too far, then send us e-mail to mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca. Subscription forms (along with cash or cheque made out to *math*NEWS) can be dropped off at the *math*NEWS office (MC 3041) whenever someone is around, slipped under the door, left in our mail box in the MathSoc Office (MC 3038), dropped in the BLACK BOX, or you can hunt us down any way that you want (preferably if we want it too) and give us money for your subscription. If you are mailing us a subscription form, please send it to the address listed in the ISSN along with your cheque. (F = September to December; W = January to April; S = May to August).

Taxi!

***math*NEWS Subscription Form**

Name:

_____

Mailing Address:

_____

_____

_____

Terms Desired:

1. F W S 20__ 2. F W S 20__ 3. F W S 20__

Canada: $7.50/term, $20/year

USA: $10/term, $25/year

Overseas: $15/term, $35/year

# What the North Pole is Really Like

Fairly uneventful with the exception of those two wizards named Harry & Gandalf. Boy! Santa is fat.

The Duuude

# The Walk For Capitalism

"Capitalism is the only social system based on the recognition of individual rights, including property rights, in which all property is privately held."

Ayn Rand

Sunday December 2nd, 2001 is Capitalism Day. In over 100 cities all over the world, from large cities like New York to smaller urban areas like Stratford, people will show their support for capitalism by walking for capitalism.

The University of Toronto's Objective Club is organizing the Toronto Walk for Capitalism. The rally starts at Metro Hall Square (King & Duncan) at 10:00 am followed by the walk at 11:00 am.

For more information or if you are interested in going, please contact Graham Hearn at gtjhearn@uwaterloo.ca or Keizo Marui at kmarui@uwaterloo.ca.

Keizo

# I want a Firebolt!

*Oops, wrong book — where did I put my amnesia dust?*

So like many other people, I put on my cloak and hat two week ago and went to see Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stoned. While it pales in comparison to the book, it's still a good movie. So if people have the chance they should read the book first, as it's more interesting if you know the end. Plus lots of things in the movie will make more sense.

It's interesting to note that if the movie had been made ten years ago or even five it would have looked very different. There is a lot of CGI in the movie (since unfortunately the Ministry of Magic wouldn't allow Warner Brothers to employ real wizards in the making of the movie), but it's well used and isn't flashy (like Star Wars). So it doesn't take over the movie and you don't notice it's there.

One thing you may have noticed is that the movie (and the book) have a slightly different name in the US. There it's called Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone. Apparently, they didn't want to confuse the American public. They also changed the word 'lorry' to 'truck,' 'lift' to 'elevator,' and 'post' to 'mail.' Hopefully they did not have to dub the movie for audiences south of the border with an American accent.

So the movie's pretty good, but the real thing to look out for is the fifth book, rumoured to come out some time next year.

Gilad 'I want a real wand, damnit' Israeli

**ISSN 0705—0410**

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

The Two Towers: Pete Love and Bradley T Smith

# Shaggy Without Borders

*Shaggy meets the Seven Cops*

Happy Cop: "Now sir <GRIN> let me get this straight. You found yourself on a desert island … with smurfs?"

Shaggy: "That is correct. After touring with the Rolling Stones, KISS, and N'Sync — damn N'Sync, I carried that band … pretty boys the lot of them — I was on a boat that …"

Bashful Cop: "Whoa, whoa, whoa! N'Sync? KISS?"

Shaggy: "Yes. Gene Simmons accused me of cheating with his wife!"

Grumpy Cop: "Hmph, Didn't I see her Night Eyes?"

Shaggy: "Actually, she wasn't in the first Night Eyes movie. She was in Night Eyes 2 AND 3 and she was also in all four Incident Behaviour movies. I think you're thinking of Tanya Roberts."

Doc Cop: "You seem to know a lot on this subject. We don't care much for soft-porn-lovin' carpets such as yourself around here. You still haven't convinced me why I should let you in."

Shaggy: "<sigh> Haven't I told you that already, I need to get home, it's the bloody plot line behind this whole series, I'm tired of travelling the world, I want to go back to my family and nestle in the sweet embrace of my mother's soft polyester …"

Dopey Cop: "Um, hate to interrupt you there, Oedipus, but aren't you getting a little off track? Just start from the beginning."

<Insert cheesy dream segue here>

*I've been through Europe, I've toured with everyone from N'Sync to the Rolling Stones, I've been trapped on Smurf Island, and I even wrote for some girlie magazine. But none of it compares with the jubilation of returning to my homeland. Now all that separates me from returning to my loving family and adoring fans is one small step for me, one giant leap for carpetkind: customs, also known as the pit of despair, just waiting for the albino to come around with his wheelbarrow ... oh no, I just saw that in some movie.*

*And so I approach that dismal centre of the humourless, the customs checkpoint, the last barrier between me and that which I hold dear. Will they wave me across in their arbitrarily random fashion? Or will they poke and prod me in all the wrong places? Only time will tell, oh wait, I'll tell, that's right, I remember how this works now.*

<Picture Wayne and Garth waving their hands here>

Interrogator: "I'd like to bring in someone at this time." <into intercom> "Could you please send in X4?" In walks the old man from the first issue.

Shaggy: "Oh my goodness! It's the old man from the first issue!"

Old man: "Yes, it'sa me. Didn't thinka you'da see mea again?"

Shaggy: "That's right. How did you end up here?"

Old man: "Actually, I'm not an old man. Just posing as one. I'm agent X4. That's all you'll really need to know for the moment. I've been tracking your movements ever since you started your journey."

Shaggy: "Why were you tracking me?"

X4: "We had reason to believe you were involved with some shaddy organizations. And, well … a talking shag-carpet tie roaming across Europe is kind of a hard thing to miss. The last time we saw a carpet tie we paid no never mind to him and he ended up stealing nuclear arms and selling them on the black market. We didn't want to make the same mistake again."

Shaggy: "You honestly thought I was involved in some sort of criminal activity?"

X4: "Actually, we thought you could possibly be involved with an international carpet-shampoo cartel bent on eliminating the competition in Europe. Or maybe the front man trying to flood the European market with large amounts of carpet cleaners. But our intelligence told us you were just a big shag-carpet tie travelling across Europe."

<You know I remember just like it was yesterday …>

*I approached the customs checkpoint with a feeling of dread, I knew they wouldn't just wave through a giant talking shag carpet. The morose metaphoric morbidity of the situation sullenly demanded a determined drive towards destiny. I figured I would just dazzle the customs officials with my alliteration. But alas, it was not to be. Before I had gotten two steps towards the border I was waved into a little room that was reminiscent of my time in the womb. Then the questioning began. They kept asking questions, but it seemed that they already knew a good portion of my adventure. Did they have some sort of secret camera on me at all times, or were they just reading* math*NEWS*?

<Funky fuzzy freaky foamy fermented transition>

Interrogator: "Okay, I've had enough of this. You're hiding something and I'm going to find out what it is!"

Shaggy: "Honestly, I'm just a tie trying to …"

Interrogator: "Enough! Bring the 7 cops back in here!"

Sneezy Cop: "Now what … ACHOO! Now what … ACHOO … did ACHOO! … you ACHOO! ACHOO! ACHOO!"

Sleepy Cop: "I think what my colleague is trying to ask is <YAWN> is what <YAWN> what … Zzzzzz …"

Naked Cop: "What were your actual plans while travelling through Europe?"

Interrogator: "My God, man, put some clothes on! You guys are useless. And Dopey, where's that evidence? Don't tell me you smoked it! Argh! Just get outta here! All of you!" <cops leave>

Shaggy: "Is this the best you can do to try to get me to talk?"

Interrogator: "I still have an ace up my sleeve: I can bring in … the giggling girls!!!"

Shaggy: "NO! Not the giggling girls! I'll tell you what you want to know! What is it you want to know, anyways?"

Interrogator: "Well, uh, you see it was, uh, well, you had some uh, luggage, and it was, uh, contraband, uh, talking pink carpet, and uh, time machine, shaggerrific, uh, well, do you have anything to declare? Tobacco? Alcohol?"

Shaggy: "I declare this was an entire waste of my time. You don't know what you wanted from me, do you?"

Interrogator: "Ah, crap. No. You're free to go."

<Fade in, Fade out>

*Thus ended the travesty that was me crossing the border. All that was left was to somehow make it back to Waterloo; needless to say I hitchhiked with a forty-year-old balding monkey driving a eighteen-wheeler, but that is a story for another day. Till then, stay pink!*

The Goon Squad

# New Christmas Commercials

*******MEMORANDUM*******

FROM: Jacob Mansley, VP Media, Rogers Wireless

TO: All Staff

RE: Upcoming Media Campaign

The festive season is once again upon us, and it can only mean one thing: our annual media bombardment is at hand. This year, our commercials will take on a more humourous twist: we will satirize Santa Claus.

The target of our new commercials will be young university students, specifically, those of a techy/geeky nature. Below, you'll find a partial transcript of our most recent commercial. I hope it will give all of you a taste of what's to come.

———————

[Santa shimmies down chimney, places presents under a tree, and realizes that he's missing a gift for Tommy]: "Oh no! I left Tommy's toy in the workshop. I better call up my elves!"

[Head elf picks up phone] "Santa??!? I can't hear you from the static … hello … hello??!?"

[Santa taps on phone, frustrated because of the static from the phone] "You stupid elf. Can you hear me? I'm missing gift AH20605TY. Just airdrop the gift through the chimney. Can you hear me???!?"

[Cut to Elf: It's obvious that he's not getting a clear signal] "What? I can't hear you! Are you in trouble? Is your cover blown? Oh shit. If you blew your cover we're going have to activate Plan B." [Elf heads to big red button, and presses it. Large nuclear missile launches from the North Pole and streaks into the sky] "May God have mercy on his soul."

[Star-wipe back to Tommy's house, now a devastated crater in the ground, narrators voice comes on] "Please prevent Santa from being bombed this year: buy a good mobile phone." [scene fades out]

———————

That's it gentlemen. The violence will definitely catch their attention, and we're going to sell phones!

Hope to see all of you people at the company Christmas Party.

Jacob Mansley
VP Media, Rogers Wireless

# Everyone Forgot the GlowWorms

Twice now this term *math*NEWS has devoted issues to fictional characters of a diminutive nature. In fact, characters of this nature seem to abound in popular media. Smurfs, Hobbits, Leprechauns, Children, and Fraggles are some of the more popular imaginary characters of a small size. Sadly some of the most memorable little people get short shrift.

Hands up everyone who remembers GlowWorms. This community of worms showed us just what love meant. It didn't matter that they were small radioactive balls of certain death to anyone who came near. They were cool and they were small and no one remembers.

Another small band of do-gooders rarely remembered: Snorks. These underwater adventure seekers were always good for a laugh. And to teach small children how television executives have no imagination and then when something gets popular (Smurfs) you rip it off and make some money. I really like that one Snork that just went, "Awooga! Awooga!"

The LP
I dont care what you say, Willow rocks!

# Santa Claus

*Friend or Foe?*

Imagine this. It's a quiet winter night. Everybody in your house has gone to sleep, anticipating a big day tomorrow, possibly plagued by visions of sugarplums. Suddenly a man lands on your roof. He climbs down the chimney (not a skill that most people have) and walks around your home. He steals your food, and leaves suspicious packages around the house. His task complete, he silently leaves your house and proceeds to do the same thing to your neighbour.

Sound suspicious? Well it may surprise you that somebody is doing this **every year**, without any intervention by the authorities: Santa Claus.

That's right. Some people, who are clearly in denial, will say that he doesn't exist. Others, swayed by his apparent selflessness, will insist that he's a good person who couldn't possibly have an ulterior motive. A third, much smaller group, blames the whole "Santa myth" on a vast government conspiracy involving aliens and greeting card companies. The fact is, Santa is a very real and very dangerous threat.

Let's take a look at the facts. He lives at the North Pole, away from prying eyes. He maintains a standing army of slave elves, who are brainwashed, or just not powerful enough to rebel against him. He appears to have genetically engineered a new species of reindeer in some sort of twisted experiment. And he seems to have no means of supporting himself (as he is forced to steal milk and cookies just to stay alive), yet he manages to build millions of toys each year.

Just think: if I were to climb through your chimney and leave an unmarked box, you'd probably have me arrested. But Santa Claus is allowed that access every year. Sure, the packages usually turn out to be harmless toys, but is that any reason to let our guard down? I'm not sure about you, but my safety and peace of mind can't be bought off by an action figure. *[How about a BB gun? — TaxiEd]*

And are these packages as harmless as they appear? We know that he manufactures all of these goods by himself, even counterfeiting when the need arises. Why would he take this expensive (and quite illegal) approach unless he want to add something to the toys? It could be a tracking device, a bomb, or some sort of mass-hypnosis device. It's doubtful that we'll know until it is too late. It has also been confirmed that this year's shipment will include a large amount of Harry Potter merchandise. Harry Potter is a wizard and therefore, is in league with the devil.

Why aren't the authorities doing anything about this? Even if you're swayed by the man's "noble intentions," these acts are still quite illegal. Obviously he's got someone backing him on this. But who? It doesn't appear to be the government. They could certainly make better use of a man who knows what everyone is doing, and has access to any building in the world. It's not the elves, either. They wouldn't be backing a man who is essentially a slave master to their kind. His supernatural powers point to only one source. Is it just a coincidence that Santa is an anagram of Satan? *[Anybody ever notice that Claus is an anagram of Lucas? Does this mean Christmas is directly connected to the Star Wars franchise? I think we all know the answer to that … — TaxiEd]*

But then again, that's probably what he wants us to think …

Dan "the not-so-happy Elf" Woodley

# Screamer's Believe It or Not

It's late November and it's 10 degrees, it almost feels like I'm back in BC. Compared to the fall we had last year, this is like a heat wave. This November has been a weird month, weather wise, but may not be as odd as some of the things I have heard recently. The following events are real — nothing is manufactured here.

### *Big Mac Fever*

No, I'm not talking about the recently-retired Mark McGwire. A man in the US has recently eaten his 18 000$^{th}$ Big Mac in the past 29 years. This means he has had 1.7 Big Macs a day, the equivalent of 14.5 cows. Maybe he should have bought a farm back in 1972, when he started this binge. He could have opened a burger place of his own and rake the profits, instead of giving tens of thousands of dollars away to the restaurant chain (and I haven't accounted for the drinks or fries that goes with the sandwich yet).

### *Mr. Potter's Pocket Change*

Harry Potter mania is sweeping across the world and anywhere you go, you see advertisements for the wizard. Every business is trying to associate itself with the lucrative wizard, and the Royal Canadian Mint is no exception. Most of us know that the RCM mints coins for almost EVERYTHING. The RCM is planning to mint a "limited edition" Harry Potter coin and put it on sale. No details on the cost of the coin yet but coin collectors should be wary — I spent $12.95 to complete my 2000 millennium quarter set ($3 worth of quarters, $4.95 for the holder, and $5 for the uncirculated quarter), while one has to pay $24.95 to buy it from the Mint.

### *But officer, the puzzle's more important*

For some odd reasons, people multitask only when they are driving. Drinking, eating, reading, and talking on the phone while driving are rather commonplace these days, but a man from Cambridge has found a new way to occupy himself while driving. On a routine police check on highway 401, the man was found to be playing with a 3D puzzle of the New York skyline. The puzzle itself was ordinary enough, but it has the WTC twin towers in it. According to estimates, this particular puzzle can fetch about $500 on eBay. Perhaps the driver was trying to finish the puzzle quickly so that he could pay his other traffic fines.

### *Former Owner's Legacy*

Many of you will be off on work terms in about a month and you probably have found a place to live during the frigid months of winter. If you are going to work outside Waterloo or the GTA, then you may not have seen your new residence in person. After reading this, you might want to go sublet hunting in person from now on. A man recently bought an apartment in Pennsylvania that was previously owned. The man did not visit the apartment before making the purchase. So he had no idea of what was in his new home. On the day he moved in, he discovered an unusual object on the floor: a dead man! Little was mentioned of what happened afterwards, but I'm sure the he would not want anything to do with anyone who knew the former owner of the apartment.

Jason "the Screamer" Lau

All my attention are going to the wrong places

*[All your attention are belong to us — TaxiEd]*

# Take Your Kids to Work Day

The thing that I like best about kids is that, quite often, they belong to somebody else. This means that when they get dirty, smelly, sticky hands, loud, obnoxious, or just plain boring to be around, I can send them back to their parents. Unless, of course, it's national Take Your Kids to Work Day, and I'm the one chosen to show them around the office.

There was one kid. One 14 year-old, grade 9, just starting high school, no worries, whole life ahead of her, daughter of a co-worker. That's all.

It should have been simple. She had already heard some stories about me and thought that I was funny, so I'm thinking, "She's bright, she's perceptive, we'll get along fine." Well, I was wrong. Right from the start I could tell that things were going to be tough. I started off by making a few jokes, but was met with almost complete silence. Almost complete, because there was some noise made which, if English, was unintelligible, and much too short in nature to be complimentary.

"So, this conversation is pretty much one-sided, isn't it?"

"… hmmm …"

But that was only the first sign of trouble. The second sign of trouble showed up when I asked her if she had any idea of the kind of career she was interested in. "I don't want to do anything with computers." Surrounded by several rows of the computers required to do our work I could only sigh.

Still, I persevered. Knowing that the nitty-gritty details of the job would be far too technical I tried to stick to the basics. I thought that if I could make her understand what we do, how we do it, and why it is important to some, then I would at least come out ahead. And as I explained, it was fascinating to me actually see the process of someone's eyes glazing over; I could actually tell when the conscious mind left the building. I have never seen anything so glazed outside of a Tim Horton's. It would probably have helped had there been some common frame of reference. ("Oh, you haven't heard of the Microsoft anti-trust trial? Well, that's okay, it didn't really get much media attention.") We managed to get through it somehow. Now I would get to find out how I had done. Finishing up my spiel I asked her what she thought. "Do any of these computers have games on them?"

Wow. Is this how Alex Trebek would feel if one of the contestants asked to buy a vowel? So, after a couple of hours there has been absolutely no connection. Then I start to wonder: does she have the wrong impression of what a working environment is like, or do I?

And that's when I started to feel old. Oh sure, there have been signs before, such as the world spontaneously deciding to call me Sir, the K-tel record compilations that no longer contain no longer contain fifty of the greatest songs that I've never heard of. Heck, most of the examples I'd given this kid could have started with "In my day …"

Worse, I suddenly realize what I've become. I haven't turned into my father, I don't resemble my mother, I'm not even a relative. No, I'm the strange family friend. You know, the one who can carry on a conversation for hours, yet not give anyboday a single clue as to what they are talking about. The one who is always telling jokes which are probably funny, seeing how much he's laughing, but you can never manage more than a smile. Ya, that's me now.

D.K. Gardiner

# The Frosh Cornered

*The Sum of the Parts …*

I find it really hard to believe that 1A is drawing to a close. It's even harder to think that half of us frosh will not see the other half until 4B in 2006. We'll all be over the hill by then. Anyway, it's a shame to see all the 4-stream people go, and they will be missed.

There are two things that I have realized after writing for *math*NEWS for a term. One, you do not get the chicks that Raymond promised you would get for taking over his column. Two, you get a lot of funny ideas for articles that are not really long enough to make the cut. So, for this final issue of the term, I will be combining a bunch of parts of articles, into a whole of one that will hopefully be better than the sum of them.

## One Man Road Trip

I've come to the unfortunate realization that most female smokers look really good. This is unfortunate because the first thing I look for in a potential girlfriend is 'not a smoker.' I don't have anywhere to take this line of thought, so I'll just stop.

There's this totally amazing bus I was on a few weeks ago. It had that ad which says "Pornography hurts" with the crying child. Directly next to it was the ad which says "Take your kid to work day" and has the two kids sitting in a director's chair. I found that funny.

Ambiguous sentence: Cosmo says you're fat. Switch the f for a ph and it has a totally different meaning. Use it as an insult or a compliment, impress your friends. They say the way Scotty got so fat was by eating Uhura.

I've come to the realization I don't know shit about anything. By this I mean I can't remember cool things that happen to me. I have lost count of the number of times I've endured something, or heard something, said "That's gotta go in my next Road Trip," and then completely forgotten what it was. I had about three topics all ready and prepared for this one, but now I can't remember any of them. One of them might have been cheese. Somehow my closest memory to what the topic was about always has to do with my housemate James doing up his boots.

I found an old email from my brother the other day. "The history of the world as told through funny errors which were submitted to profs." Here's a few samples that I can remember:

- Mozart was the most famous composer in the world, and so was Handel. Handel was half Italian, half German, and half English. He was very large.
- Sir Francis Drake circumsised the world with a hundred-foot clipper.
- Thomas Eddison discovered electricity by rubbing two cats together and declaring, "A horse divided upon itself can not stand."
- John Milton wrote Paradise Lost. Then his wife died and he wrote Paradise Regained.

I think this might be my longest Road Trip yet. *[But then along came an editor with a 100-foot clipper — TaxiEd]* I remember thinking the first one was long. Then I compared it to my rants which I write semi-regularly, and realized it wasn't nearly as long as I suspected it was.

So I've decided what my topic for this article is: Not having money to buy food sucks.

DiMono

### *Mathie Insults*

Has there ever been a time you wish you could insult someone who stole your terminal so that they think, "Damn, that was a good insult!" Well wait no further, here is a list of insults you can throw at other mathies. So next time that person steals your chair, send 'em one of these babies.

1. You're as irrational as $\pi$!
2. You are definitely the inverse of cool!
3. On the function of stupidity, you are the absolute max!
4. "Nerd" must be one of your factors!
5. You should really be in the advanced section … of Rec & Leisure!

### *Dumb Questions*

In grade 8, your teacher may have said, "There are no truly stupid questions." However, I think we all know this is far from true. In order to show this, I will give several counterexamples.

1. Is it true that the pink tie was originally white, but it was washed with a red sock?
2. Can I get a pink iMac?
3. Since the photocopiers seem to be smarter than I am, can they help me with my MATH 135 assignments?
4. Why wouldn't I want to be in residence for 2A?
5. WillYouGoOutWithMe.class
6. If I got 90s in high school, that pretty well guarantees me the same here, right?

### *What the Maclean's Issue didn't tell you*

1. At UW, the thousandth applicant gets in free!
2. All scholarships at U(T) require a gladiatorial-like competition.
3. The Queen's grease pole will be at the 2002 winter games for snowboarders to use after the half-pipe.
4. Several joke applications were sent to and accepted by McMaster, so there is currently registered a I.P. Freely and an Anne L. Retentive.
5. By some freakish coincidence, all the entire class of 2003 Engineering at Western have the middle name Gord.

### *What the Maclean's issue should have graded*

1. Bars per capita.
2. First year students with cars you can mooch from.
3. Percent of university budget laundered to anti-unicorn groups.
4. Number of rednecks.
5. Number of faculty who used to have a career on Broadway.

Well, that's all for this term. I'll see you all again in January, well, half of you anyway. Make sure to get your copies of *math*NEWS sent to your on your co-op terms if you are going on co-op and good luck with whatever you are up to next term. *[Yes, get a subscription! — TaxiEd]*

Ian W. MacKinnon
The Cornered Frosh V2.0

# *prof*QUOTES

"This is where the proving theorems goes out and the cheating like mad comes in."

Munro, CS 240

"It's not how brilliant you are; it's how dumb you're not."

Munro, CS 240

"I'll give everyone a virgin — I mean version."

Graham, CS 130

"You are smarter than my other class, but don't tell them I said that."

Mamon, MATH 137

"Let us get started so we can leave early. I hope that this does not end up in *math*NEWS."

Mamon, MATH 137

"Don't look at me. Look over there unless I smile and wink at you."

Mamon, MATH 137

"There is no reason for you to fail this course — but some of you will anyway."

Mosca, MATH 239

"And we are not going to follow the notes just so we don't have to smoke the same drug as those guys who wrote the notes."

Mosca, MATH 239

"Just remember that some of these criteria might fit into some real-life example that you actually care about."

Mosca, MATH 239

"Let's say I really care about the occurrence of 0011 in a string, because every time it happens, it rains or something."

Mosca, MATH 239

"It's not a good boundary if it's not closed … all your cows can get out."

Mosca, MATH 239

"Proof 101 — Even if you are making stuff up, write down what you are proving. You may get 0 on the question, but at least you've gained some credibility."

Mosca, MATH 239

"Are there any more questions? Are there any more donuts?"

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

"They are contradiction proofs, you're trying to generate non-sense."

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

"Where are we going? Anyone remember?"

VanderBurgh, MATH 135

"Here's a proof that our proof is actually proving something!"

Pretti, CS 134

"Note: 1 + 2 = 3."

Hewitt, MATH 235

"A fuzzy feeling is better than no feeling."

Atlee, SE 101

"Will the real objective value please stand up."

Best, C&O 370

"I mean, it has got to have a derivative, damnit!"

Wainwright, MATH 237

"There's nothing better than a little quadratic formula in the morning."

Bauer, MATH 135

"I can tell you a really bad math joke about this. Actually, is there any other kind?"

Bauer, MATH 135

"I will refrain from going through the proofs, since it would probably make my ears bleed."

Bauer, MATH 135

"I should have stayed in bed."

Bauer, MATH 135

"If you can do this, you'll be famous, so don't bother trying."

Zorzitto, MATH 145

"I hate the zero polynomial!"

Zorzitto, MATH 145

"My brain, it's just … gone."

Giesbrecht, CS 130

"Sign up for watpubs BEFORE leaving campus at www.watpubs.org"

Pete Love

# My Preciousssss

Greetingss my preciousss. Has been a much long time since that evil hobbitsesses has taken my precious away from me yesss … thhhssssss. But did we resst? No … Have been sssearching for my precisouss all the while. ssssss<gollum>.

But whatsss thisss the reaches my earsesss? A great and powerful new wizard has come, yess he hasss. Will seek, him out, golum will, and the wizard will help us find those infernal hobbitses Bagginses, we will. Will have my preciouss in my pocketses again. Have travelled far across the land … we hate the paleface don't we, my preciousss? Paleface hurtses us. Makes bad people notice us. Hobbitses see us. But, my preciousss, we finally founds the place to see the new wizard, yess we did. In a strange town called Waterloo it was. Many peopleses came to see the wizard. He is a powerful wizard for sure. sssss<gollum> But no! whatss this trickery? This great and all-powerful wizard is a hobbitseses! How can that be? He is short like hobbitses. Oh my preciouss, he must be a hobbit. He even has a hobbit name: Harry Potter. We hate hobbitses, don't we precious? We hate the Bagginses, the Potterses. They stole my precious away! And now they are wizards! Oh my preciousss … those blasted Potterses are flying on broomstickses. What kind of wizards fly on broomsticks? But which one of you has my precious?

Oh, someone is wishes to speak to us my preciouss … it's a big man …

"Hey look buddy, nice costume and all, but Lord of the Rings is premiering in a month. This is a Harry Potter screening. A shame too, because I didn't even get to see the Lord of the Rings trailer!"

# Hobbits, Hobbits, Hobbits

*The New Smurf?*

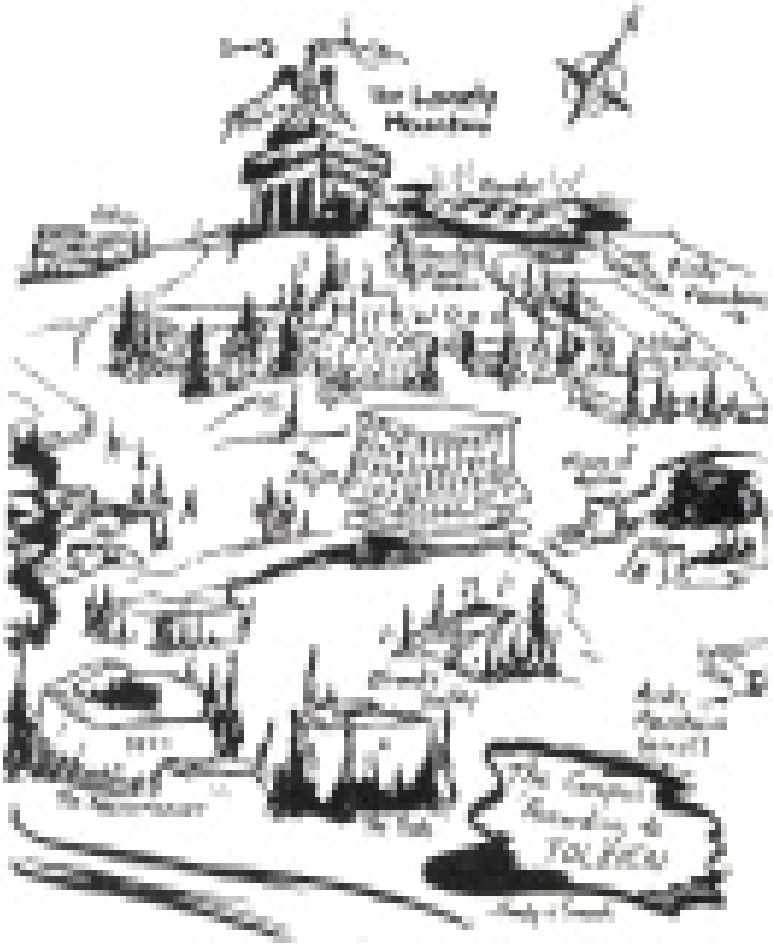
Thinking back to the October 19th Smurf themed issue of *math*NEWS, I began to wonder how many times one could use the word "hobbit" in a single article. I mean, anyone could write "hobbit hobbit hobbit …" until they filled up about seven pages, but that would take no skill at all. How many legitimate uses of "hobbit" could be placed in a *math*NEWS article?

Some will be quick to point out that my hobbit count could never hit the smurf count from some of those articles. I mean, hobbit has a few things working against it. Smurf can replace any word in a sentence, but "He took his hobbit to the hobbity hobbit, just in time to hobbit the hobbit," just doesn't make any sense. And hobbit names don't end in the word hobbit, unlike smurfs. When was the last time you heard of someone named Frodo Hobbit of Hobbit Row? It seems that if I'm going to have a remotely impressive hobbit count, I'm going to need to get in the hobbit of using more puns and obscure references.

But what kind of hobbit puns could I do? I mean, hobbit doesn't sound like much. I've done the hobbit/habit connection already. I could do hobbit/how 'bout, I suppose. I think that's stretching it hobbit too much for my tastes. Hobbitat/habitat works, too. And that allows me to go on a tangent about how hobbits live in places like Hobbiton, scoring me two hobbits at once.

That hobbit wraps it up for me. (Hobbit/about? That's even worse than hobbit/how 'bout!) The hobbit count including the title and signature stands at 38 uses of the word hobbit, with at least one hobbit in each sentence. Happy hobbit hunting!

Dan Woodley
Hobbit Name: Till Grubb



# George Lucas Gets Rights to The Hobbit

*Plans to divide it into 3 movies*

Excited about all the hype the Lord of the Rings trilogy is generating, independent filmmaker George Lucas decided to get a piece of the action. He quickly acquired the rights to produce The Hobbit and enlisted himself as screenwriter and director for the book. However, in a surprise twist, he plans to turn The Hobbit into a trilogy and has set tentative release dates for Christmas 2009, 2010, and 2011. Here are some preliminary plot summaries:

**Episode 1: The Goblin Menace**: It's a troubled time for the dwarves. The first movie begins with Bilbo living with his Uncle Bowen and Aunt Eru in Bagshot Row. One day he goes out for a meal with his neighbour, Old Bendalf, only to return home to discover that his home has been destroyed by minions of Smaug. Left with no other options, Bilbo joins Bendalf (who's actual name is revealed to be Gandalf) and his troop of dwarves on their quest to defeat Smaug. The movie ends with the travellers destroying the Mines of Moria, forcing Smaug's goblins to regroup, and escaping thanks to the Millennium Eagles.

**Episode 2: Attack of the Elves**: Weeks later, the band are now in Mirkwood and must do battle with massive insects in the snow. Bilbo finds himself alone, and acting on the advice of the astral-form of Gandalf, he seeks out Gollum to train him in the ways of the Rings. However, sensing the dwarves are in trouble, Baggins cuts his training short in order to rescue his friends from Smaug in Forest City. Using his new Ring powers, Bilbo manages to defeat the wood-elves and rescue all the dwarves. They escape down river, fleeing Mirkwood only to be left with a cliff-hanger: Gandalf has been frozen in boronite by Sauron.

**Episode 3: Return of the Ring**: It turns out that Gandalf was not actually frozen in boronite, and much is revealed about the true nature of his wizardry (Lucas uses Gandalf's high magichlorine count to explain his powers). Finally, the wanderers encounter Smaug in person, gaining access to his layer by the poorly-guarded back entrance with the help of adorable, furry trolls. After a lengthy dialogue between Smaug and Bilbo, Bilbo finally releases his anger and strikes down the dragon with a light arrow to the heart. At which point the travellers must fight in the Battle of Five Armies, escaping just as Lonely Mountain explodes. The series ends with Bilbo heading home to Bagshot with Gandalf and hints at the possibility that the magichlorines could help Bilbo conceive a son immaculately.

Bradley Thorin Smith

# Hobbits Ate My Brain!

I can hear them. The pitter patter of little feet is everywhere … they're out there and they're after my brain! Who??? Silly question. Why, the hobbits of course. They're coming for me and they're coming for you. The hobbits' main attack style consists of swarming in on their prey and slowly beating them to death with large melons. This gruesome death is stretched out over many days, during which the hobbits feast. They're animals, I tell you. If you see one, don't run. You're done for. Just accept your fate.

Picture reprinted fromfrosh issue 1991

# 3√1l l337

I'm feeling rather down today, so to commemorate this occasion I shall try to do something novel.

At movie nights we (as in I) make a big deal about Yuen Wooping. Yuen Woo-ping is perhaps one of the greatest martial arts directors that ever lived. He has taken kung fu to some of its greatest levels by combining it with wire fu. Wire fu has been used in movies like The Matrix and Iron Monkey.

Speaking of Iron Monkey, there's 2 versions (3 depending on who you talk to, but the 1930s version doesn't count =). Iron Monkey (1977) is also known as Bloody Monkey Master. It is one of the worst films I've ever seen. It's full of senseless plot and religious experiences. The only redeeming quality of Bloody Monkey Master is the BLOODY; bloody doesn't describe it. Of course it does introduce Kuan Tai Chen who goes on to have a role in Iron Monkey Strikes Back (1977 as well).

Tai Chen made his living through martial arts films in the 70s and parts of the 80s. Perhaps one of the other great Chinese martial arts films is King of Gamblers. It is a funny, well thought-out, well-made film and I highly suggest it. The Gambling teacher in King of Gamblers happens to be a teacher of sorts in yet another film: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon.

Brilliant and beautiful are among the few words that accurately describe CTHD. It's ull of aspiring stars who have now made it big, none bigger than Michelle Yeoh. Spicy although her makeover just after CTHD was horrible. Why do I say none bigger? Well, cause she was in a Bond film (yes this was before, but, you know …): Tomorrow Never Dies.

Who will forget the action and excitement in that one? Yes it was a rather weak plot, but I absolutely loved the locales and it revisited the South China Seas. If you remember The Man With The Golden Gun, then you'll remember the South China Seas: beautiful, like no other, perfect cliffs over bright blue seas and teeming with wildlife. Of course, you should remember the characters. The biggest and shortest was Nick Nack, aka Herve Villechaize, aka Tattoo on Fantasy Island. The Original Fantasy Island, not the new version. He's the guy who said: "The Plane, The Plane." Of course, another "obscure character" on that show was the Bartender. You may not know this but his name was Ian Abercromble.

You may be saying who the fsck is Ian Abercromble? I'll tell you. He is an uncredited voice in Shrek!!! That's right, one of my most beloved movies, SHREK. Booyakasha is the only word that describes Shrek. One of the less well done characters was Cameron Diaz's.

If you remember Cameron Diaz then you remember Charlie's Angels. Actually, you may remember Lucy Liu better. Although the "acting" by all 3 angels was perfect, Lucy Liu did a much better job in Shanghai Noon. Although many consider it to be in poor quality, Jackie Chan did a stupendiferous job and you won't hear any qualms from me. Co-starring with Jackie Chan in Rush Hour II was Ziyi Zhang. The only person to make it real big (I know that I said Michelle Yeoh did well but …) was Zhang. She does a spectacularrrrr job in Wo Hu cang long (CTHD) and that is all thanks to Ang Lee's direction and the martial arts director's dedication. Who is this mysterious martial arts director? Why Yuen Woo-ping of course.

That brings us in a complete loop. Like Lord of the Rings, GO SEE THAT. Hope you enjoyed this banter.

Tushar
Quack

# *mast*HEAD

*One article to find them*

*and in the darkness bind them*

I went to my parents' on the weekend (which is where I go for cable) and my dad was gracious enough to have taped Iron Chef U.S.A. for me. The show is so silly. First of all, the host is Canadian, and secondly, he's not a god. Chairman Kaga earns respect by separating himself from everyone, but the non-pepper-eating William Shatner was going around giving hugs! And the point system was too involved: I think it should be marks out of 20, and don't show us the breakdown. There was a lot of cutting away from the cooking and don't get me started on the explosion segues. I'm sticking to the hilarious dubbed version.

My one regret from the weekend, besides letting my landlord's dad get me drunk, was I didn't tape the Untalkative Bunny. It's on at three o'clock on weekends, but I missed it completely. I think it's the best cartoon to come out of Canada since the Cat Came Back.

Speaking of coming, we were discussing why women are better than men (or are they?) and one point was, women can have multiple orgasms. Big deal. I can get one off in under 2 minutes flat. Sure, it may take a minute or two to reload, but I have to let my roommates use the shower too. Did I ever mention we had a 'vote' and 4/5 of those living with me agreed that we should be allowed to masturbate in the shower? We had a 100% voter turnout, much higher than the FEDS rate (10.3%).

As seems to happen this time of year, my thoughts drifted off to Christmas, but I wanted to keep the *mast*HEAD question non-denominational, so here's the wonderful *math*NEWS staff, complete with year and program, with their response to what do you want to see under your ~~bush~~ tree this year: Albert O'Connor (1B CS, Fire), Raymond CT Lai (2A CS, A girlfriend … without the use of JAVA code … and a pizza from Brad (you know what I want)), Nadia V. Ursacki (CS Alumna, A job), Kevin Wan Min Kee (4A CS, Josie and her Pussy Cats), Lino Demasi (1A Math, 38DD-26-36 who's down with OPP?), Robson Clark (Every last mathie! A *math*NEWS with my top 5), Ian W. MacKinnon (1A CS, A Nimbus 2000 broomstick), Jason C. Y. Lau (3B C&O, Standing room only pass for the Hogwart Express), Dan Woodley (2A CS, A bigger, fuller tree), Gilad Israeli (2B CS, A Nimbus 2001 broomstick, beat that Ian!), Dave Nicholson (3N PM, Something blue, maybe pink), Chris Marks (2N Math, A shrubbery), Kyle Swidrovich (3A Math Sci, An invisibility cloak with a velcro fly), Latrell (Me Latrell need no stuff under tree. Me want to smash Decepticon brains!), Soo Go (1A Math, A firebolt), Pete's girlfriend (2N PM, I want a *math*NEWS editor ~~in my~~ under my ~~bush~~ tree), Snuggles ($3N_2$ CS-IS, Something soft, sparkly, shiny, and snuggly), Louis Mastorakos (2B CS, The Lord of the Rings homegame).

I suppise we should thank Gino's for having gourmet pizzas. We tried the spinach delight and it was yummy-terrific. Plus it's getting cheaper to order food since I discovered their flyer in the mail. Thanks to Graphics who have done a great job all year getting *math*NEWS printed on time despite our inability to get it to them on time. Maybe we'll get them something nice for Christmas.

Happy Holidays!

Bradley T Smith
(4A, PM&C&O, One of those Harvey Potter books)
Pete Love (1N CS, Xena)

# New! Improved! Test Your OS Quotient!

*Find out which OS (Operating System) you are most like!*

Take this handy-dandy quiz, wherein we shall determine the OS that most suits your personality. It is a completely unproven fact that using a non-compatible OS will cause you to implode!

Now, on with the questions:

1. For support do you rely on …
   a) Yourself
   b) Friends
   c) Big Brother
   d) Parents
2. Would you describe your personality as …
   a) Forgetful
   b) Supportive
   c) Vindictive
   d) Shy and Misunderstood
3. Your friends think you should be a …
   a) Artist
   b) Librarian
   c) Revolutionary
   d) World Dictator
4. Your significant other describes you as …
   a) Sadistic and hard to please
   b) Hard to get up but can go all night
   c) So easy, you just have to point
   d) BASIC
5. You can often be found wearing a …
   a) Tuxedo
   b) Business Suit
   c) Bell Bottoms
   d) Jeans and a T-shirt
6. To which animal do you relate best …
   a) Turtle
   b) Sheep
   c) Penguin
   d) Camel (Watch out, they spit!)
7. When it comes to colours, you prefer …
   a) Black, grey, and white …
   b) Blue. Just blue.
   c) Primary colours
   d) Fluorescent colours
8. You drive …
   a) Quickly
   b) Slowly
   c) With starts and stops
   d) Like a blind man

Now to tally that score …

Compare your results to the following Table (also Handy-Dandy)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | a(2), | b(1), | c(0), | d(3) |
| 2. | a(3), | b(1), | c(0), | d(2) |
| 3. | a(1), | b(3), | c(2), | d(0) |
| 4. | a(0), | b(2), | c(1), | d(3) |
| 5. | a(2), | b(0), | c(3), | d(1) |
| 6. | a(3), | b(1), | c(2), | d(0) |
| 7. | a(2), | b(3), | c(0), | d(1) |
| 8. | a(2), | b(1), | c(0), | d(3) |

Phew! glad to have that done with, now for Results!

0-6 Windows: Bow down to Big Bill. Looks like you're a mainstream user double-clicking their way through life. Maybe it's time to pull an all-nighter and break into a new OS.

7-12 Mac: Ahh, the sweet eternally graphical realm of the Macintosh. Contemplating a long life in the single click domain, Macintoshes and their older cousins the Apples are lovable and cuddly.

13-18 Linux: Sweet! The power system steadfast like a rock, changing at the whim of the masses. This is the place to find all of the open-source innovators; and you get to argue about pronouncing cool words like 'GNOME, and LINUX'

19-24 Commodore: Like a rock. With a turtle on it. Probably fairly pixilated, but what's life without the odd drawback. This lovely OS dates back to when computing was young, and dinosaurs ruled the earth, when disk drives could have their own OS, and when the colour blue didn't imply Doom.

Quatch, Evil, Du-og, Roju (With a LASER!), Unicorn, and Random Comfy Crawlers

# Comfy Lounge Explained

I know some of you are wondering why the Comfy Lounge is so damn addictive. People go in with the intention of just meeting a friend, and before they know it, they're doing nothing but going to the Comfy to play cards, or Settlers, or Crazy Russian. Clearly, this is a phenomenon which must be researched and explained.

The Comfy Lounge is actually a giant interdimensional vaccuum cleaner *[So that's why it smells so much... — Pete Love]* . It tries to take all the smart people in Waterloo, so all the mathies, and draws them in with calls of "Come get work done" or "Come get cake." Then takes the path of least resistance to suck all the smarts out of you until all you are capable of doing is playing cards and Settlers, and wishing you had a girlfriend whoonly has two legs. And that's the way it is.

Glibglob the trans-dimentional architect

# Top 10 Reasons To be an Ent

1. You are bigger then the average bear.
2. Showing up 4 hours late for an exam would be almost expected.
3. The Lifespan baby; the lifespan.
4. Entwives have nice limbs.
5. I like green.
6. Ent rhymes with bent.
7. I could hide anywhere.
10. Then I wouldn't have to ever take STAT 231.
11. I could be a christmas tree!

Three Disks for the Stats-king, with Data to Fidget,
Seven for the Pure-mathies (Modulus P),
Nine for the CS students doomed to Widjet,
One for the Dark Lord in his dark faculty
In the land of Engies where the shadows lie,
One Disk to rule them all, One Disk to compile them
One Disk to run them all and in the CPU bind them
In the land of Engies where the shadows lie.

# Here Comes the Flood

Every school term, I tell myself that this term is more stressful than the last. And every term, that's been pretty much true. You'd think that with my light 3-course load that this term would be the exception; but it isn't. Allow me to explain!

I had a lot to deal with after getting out of jail. The unjustness, the punishment, and the meaning of democracy. Thank you to all my friends who helped me deal with that. The healing process took time, and you really helped me cope.

Within a couple of weeks, I felt up to attending a first-aid mixer/competition in Montreal run by the Association of Canadian Emergency Response Teams. I had the most amazing time. I met medics from all over the country, I explored Montreal with some incredible people. At times I was spreading love and joking around, and then at others I was serious and learning first aid and focusing on being a realistic victim. Even the road trip there and back was incredible, as I got to spend time with some awesome team members, who went from being colleagues to precious friends in a single car ride.

By the end of the conference, I was feeling perhaps the best I'd ever felt. The weekend had been so worthwhile. I was more confident than ever. I walked around in an exuberant mood. I felt unstoppable.

The day after I got back from Montreal, there was a talk I wanted to go to, but I found out that my friend had been in a bicycling accident. So instead, I went to his house and helped his girlfriend take him to the hospital. While there, I left them alone for a bit and went to use the phone to call my mom to see how she was doing. It turned out she was on the phone talking to my relatives in New York. My father had died of a heart attack the night before.

I wasn't sure I would write about this. I don't want to give the impression that I am asking for attention or sympathy. I just, I feel that writing is my outlet and it would help me to write about this stuff. I'm only hoping you'll listen, and think, and maybe learn. Nothing more.

I haven't seen my father since I was six. He left my mother and I when I was two. I have a lot of anger and sadness related to him, and I had always planned to travel to him and confront him one day.

Now he was dead. I was too late. I rollerbladed home as fast as I could, and between tears I scrambled to find someone to take me to Toronto so that I could rent a car and attend his funeral. I had to be there, I knew, so that I could have some sort of catharsis, some sort of release. An awesome friend to whom I am in debt didn't hesitate to drive me. Thank you so very much. And my bestest of cousins (unrelated to my father) was exceptionally kind enough to come with me. Luv ya.

After renting the car in Toronto, my cousin and I set out. The drive down the 401 was mostly uneventful. But then, just after we crossed the border near Kingston, I collided with a deer on the road.

I remember it very clearly. The sudden reflection of the headlights on an animal. Time slows. The next instant is the realization that it's on the road. Then that I am going to hit it. Then that I really am going to hit it and there is nothing I can do.

First I screamed involuntarily and uncontrollably from sheer shock of the deer body smashing into the car, twice. Then I had an instant to reflect. There was no way I was going to make it to the funeral. F*ck! I would never get to my father's funeral! I felt the need to scream again, and I didn't hold back.

I managed to keep the car on the road as I was braking. I pulled over to the side. My cousin and I were both ok, physically, but I was freaked. The front of the car was totalled, and it reeked of blood and fur.

I remember how beautiful the stars were that night. Once I was sure we were all right and that I wasn't going to go into shock or faint, I looked up into the sky, and laughed… one of those uncomfortable laughs that I have when things are so horrible it's insane that they are actually real. I'm trying to understand, G-d, why has this happened. Wasn't there an easier way to teach me a lesson? Or, if I wasn't supposed to get there, couldn't the car just have run out of gas or something? And after all these years of not having a father, was attending his funeral too much to ask? It didn't make sense.

There had been a toll booth only a mile back, so we walked there through the cold. We told the toll booth attendant what had happened, and he radioed the police. I sat around upset, crying sometimes at the sheer overwhelmingness of my father and the deer. Unbelievable.

The police took an hour to drive three miles from their station. It became clear that I was screwed because I was driving and the insurance only covered my cousin. I could have lied and said that my cousin was driving, but I decidedly firmly that I would not do that. I decided that my integrity was more important than money, and that if I were to lie, then I would have my money, but at what cost? I'd rather be the person I want to be than have the possessions I want to have. I always talk about not selling out, and when push came to shove, I stayed true to my beliefs. Then again, I have been saving up for a while to travel. I was going to go all over Europe, to Israel, to Japan, and then come back and bike across Canada.

All that blown away by an unwary deer, who unwillingly gave its life to crumple the hood of my red rental car. And in that instant, my dreams of travelling and my hope of seeing my father buried were crushed in a brutal trail of blood and fur.

I felt like giving up and breaking down. I did break down. I cried, hard. It hurt so much that I just couldn't prevent my tears. Thank G-d my cousin was there for me. And we didn't give up. We called a cab. There was no going back now. My life was f*cked, and I'd be out thousands of dollars probably, so what's a little more. Might as well spend it while I still had some.

So we waited 50 minutes for a taxi cab. It cost $110 US to drive way over the speed limit to Syracuse airport, 80 miles away. I hate flying, but I had to make it.

But the police's and cab's lateness meant we missed the plane by just a few minutes. There was a second plane, but if we got on it, we would probably be a few minutes late for the funeral. So I called my father's side of the family and asked if things could be delayed a half-hour or an hour so that we could get there. I was told that things were already in motion, that there was a certain rhythm to these things...

For the first time I broke into a rage. "A certain rhythm?" I yelled. "This isn't f**king music, this is the first-born only son asking if you can delay his father's funeral by a few minutes so that he can be there." There was nothing that they could do, I was told.

What about contacting me earlier? What about making the

# Oh, he flooded ... just like Bradley's Knapsack

funeral a couple days later so that people who want to be there from out of the country, say, uhm, like the deceased's first-born and his first wife, could be there? What about that?

Then they tell me that if I want to talk sometime I am welcome to come down. Thanks. Thank you so very much. A little bit too late, don't you think? Everyone's all apologetic and sympathetic now that my father is dead. They're eager to help me understand why my father left us. Why a father wouldn't answer the letters of his seven year old child. Or phone calls. Where the hell was their sympathy then, when I was young, when I needed it? And where the hell was my father? Perhaps the only good thing about not making it to New York is that I probably would've had a lot of strong words to say there.

Anyway, upset, I called my mother. What should I do? Get on that plane, she said. You've come this far, you've got nothing to loose, and I know how much you wanted to be there. Go. But it will cost $500 US for two people on the flight. It doesn't matter, go. She was right, she knows me.

So we got in line. Two people before we were served, a lady we had been explaining the situation to, came up and informed us that the flight was cancelled due to mechanical problems.

I had lost. I never got to see my father living again, nor even attend his burial. I went back home to Ottawa and stayed with my family for a while, trying to make sense of things.

When I returned to Waterloo, I was past the crying, feeling pain, sorrow, and self-pity stage, and was just looking for friends to lean on and hug as I began the slow healing process. I am so incredibly gifted to have you all in my life.

There was one person in particular who I talked to, who, just a month before had only been an unquainted pretty face… her warmth and love filled me with a joy I thought I would not know again for a long time. One moment she was at the edge of my view, and then suddenly she stepped in and renewed my strength and faith; for had all this not happened, I would have never gotten to have known her, or her comfort, or her trust. Or her smile or her eyes. Or her heart.

Feeling suddenly rejuvenated, I decided it was important to stick to my vision of helping as a medic, and so I went to the protest against the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank meetings in Ottawa. I handed out copies of the constitution before the march, then became an impartial medic. It was a successful day for me as a medic… way better than Toronto!

Speaking of Toronto, when I got back from Ottawa I found out that the police had destroyed most of the stuff they had seized from me in Toronto. I felt awful, and the officer on the phone reminded me that it was not his fault. I said, "I know, I just used to love democracy so much." I had tried so hard to be an impartial medic. I was detained, arrested, searched and seized unjustly. My charges were dropped, so why keep my stuff?

Clinging to the hope that justice would prevail, I spent nearly an hour on the phone over various days to various officers trying to learn about my belongings. I was told to talk to my arresting officer. When I finally got a hold of him, he told me that I was supposed to talk to another officer. That second officer told me to call the property office.

The property office eventually informed me that my stuff had been destroyed, disposed of, or get this, auctioned off! My hockey helmet had transformed into a bike helmet, and much of my gear wasn't even mentioned at all; I assume they were lost. Weren't they supposed to protect me and my things as well? All that remains for me is "a vinyl poncho, map, and papers." Mostly, though, I don't want my possessions back. I want my rights and freedoms back. I want my love for the Charter to be justified and justice to be served. I want my love for my country to be renewed and my faith in democracy to be restored. But I have been abandoned.

Sometimes I feel a frustrated sense of rage (against the machine, great band, the sentences at the end of this article are from a song of theirs). I was there when children choked on teargas a mile from the fence. I listened to the non-protester Quebec City citizen testify that police fired teargas into the home of his infant child. I saw the footage of an old lady, alone, give a flower to police and then get teargassed ... in the back. I was arrested in Toronto for no good reason, and my stuff was stolen and sold off to the highest bidder ... or destroyed! I was there to treat people in Ottawa, and I saw horrifying squads of police take down peaceful protesters who didn't resist and spray chemicals unnecessarily. I patched up the horribly recognizable jaw marks of a police dog on someone's leg and discovered that the muscle damage was severe enough that he had to go to the clinic. And there are so many other tragic violations happening all the time, both here and around the world. But we aren't stopping them, nor are we holding anyone accountable, and worst of all, for the most part, we aren't even paying attention.

I think that right now we are in a revolution. Our society is changing drastically, at this very moment. Now is a crucial, critical time to stand up for what you believe in, because the forces of change are so strong that without strong opposition they will easily succeed; and because the forecast of our eroding rights suggests that if we don't stand now, we won't have a chance to do so ever again. So please, I implore you, rise up now, awaken and learn about the world and demand justice and truth, not just for yourself, but for your fellow citizens, your country, all people of the world, and the planet itself.

Sigh. I feel so stretched now, between dealing with being in jail and my father and a deer and car insurance and money and classes and violent police memories of Ottawa and even the intense love I have felt here. At times the emotions are so intense. But I want you all to know that no matter how hard your life is, there are people out there who care about you, believe in you, and love you. I do. Please keep standing up for what you believe in, and know your rights. I really don't want you to follow me. I just want you to care. To think. Be educated. Get informed. Believe what you will, just believe something, and do not go quietly into the night, convinced that you are powerless or helpless. The truth is, you are strong, and beautiful, and the world at any time is only as evil or as good as we choose to make it. Or support it. Or neglect it. Change is possible, and hope is a good thing, perhaps the best of things. It has to start somewhere; it has to start sometime. What better place than here? What better time than now???

Jesse Bergman

To read more about my experiences, please visit:
http://www.student.math.uwaterloo.ca/~jbergman/

# White Like Us

*Have you kissed your white lately?*

University of Waterloo is well known for its diversity. Therefore, *math*NEWS has embarked on a quest to find the stereotypical Caucasian individual. After interviewing and surveying a large number of students, we have selected the three whitest students in the university.

**Kenneth Chung**

Hi. How's it going? Yeah. I'm pretty white. Well, I've been white since I first moved to my hometown in the boondocks. I can prove that I'm white. Here's a list of personal information that proves it.

- I've been to a square dance.
- I've tipped a cow.
- I've curled.
- Pete Love speaks more Chinese than I do.
- I don't own a pair of chopsticks and I've used the rice cooker less than both my housemates.
- My favourite food is poutine.
- I don't drink Canadian or Blue.
- My favourite song is *What's the D-d-d-dillio?* by Mest.
- I want to live in a small town.
- My idea of a good time is "dirting" it around town.
- I know the definition of "keelers."
- Most of my friends from back home are pregnant.

Dudes. My name is Keizo. I'm the blond Japanese guy at the Bomber. I know this has been overdone, but it gets my point across.

- I'm not a musician or a super genius.
- I don't sit on the floor to eat or know how to make rice.
- I'm not from a large city or even a small one for that matter.
- I am a proud son of a pig farmer, and my home address starts with R.R.#1.
- I have gone cow tipping before, and shovelled shit too.
- I speak English and very little Japanese.
- I'm lazy and usually do a half-assed job.
- I have substituted beer for breakfast, lunch, and/or supper.
- I don't have a problem with country music, and Jeff Foxworthy IS funny.
- But most of all I am the anti-Raymond.

My name is Keizo Marui, and … I guess I'm white on the inside.

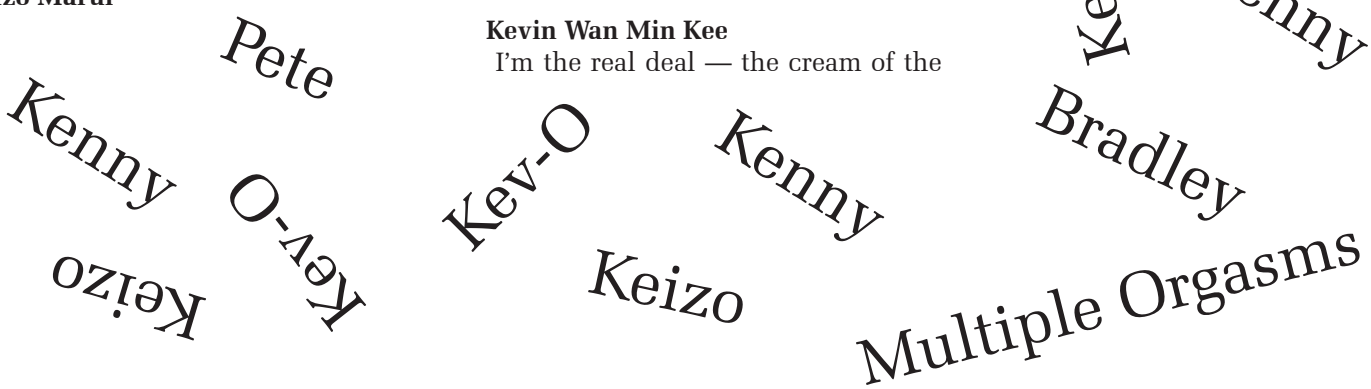
**Kevin Wan Min Kee**

I'm the real deal — the cream of the oreo — the white of your egg. You don't believe it?

Take me on:

- I'm from Windsor.
- I've played bingo at 3am.
- My preferred music is loud and has distorted guitars.
- I'm more white than Brad.
- I refer to the people at the bubble tea shop as "those people."
- I only speak Engwish and a bit of Deeetroit.
- I spent a summer learning how to skateboard to no avail.
- I can't jump.

**Keizo Marui**



# What Kind Of Keizo Do You Attract?

1. What kind of beer is he drinking when he's hitting on you?
   a) Keith's
   b) Millers
   c) Blue Light
2. How does he try to pick you up?
   a) By JAVA code.
   b) He tells you, "You have an ass like a nine year old," and then passes you a note that reads, "I need a girlfriend. Are you interested?"
   c) Gets you really drunk.
3. When he finds out you have a boyfriend, he …
   a) asks, "How big is he?" and says, "I have a gun!"
   b) jumps off the third floor balcony of MC.
   c) asks, "Are you willing to dump him?"
4. You notice him staring at you because
   a) you're wearing pink.
   b) you're blonde.
   c) you're carrying your CS textbook.
5. The song changes in the background as he is trying to hit on you. He gets excited because _____ is playing.
   a) a song from the Gladiator soundtrack by Hans Zimmer
   b) Wave
   c) a Christmas carol

Point Scheme:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. a)2 | b)3 | c)1 |
| 2. a)1 | b)2 | c)3 |
| 3. a)3 | b)1 | c)2 |
| 4. a)2 | b)3 | c)1 |
| 5. a)1 | b)3 | c)2 |

5-7: you attract Raymond — self explanatory.

8-12: you attract Canadian Keizo — this hot and sexy duuude is a fine pick and you should jump at the chance to go out with him if the opportunity should arise.

13-15: you attract American Keizo — you're treading on thin ice here, do something about your appearance to be more attractive to Canadian Keizo.

frosh one! and frosh two!

# My Preppy Life in 50 Words or Less

I'm too happy for my own good. My friends have probably committed me by the time you all read this. I'll try to limit the screaming to 50 words or less when the good people at the mental hospital drag me away.

Thus ends my 50-word articles. Sorry.

Laymond Rai

# 50 Words on 50

Why doesn't the Bomber have 50 anymore? I went in wearing a Kenora dinner jacket (red wool), and wanted some 50, but it was long gone. No Crystal either! How am I supposed to look like a fifty year-old now? Maybe they'll get some Molson Stock Ale.

Smadley B Trith

# Krease Crumpled

*Is it over yet?*

This term seems like it was the fastest one I've been through yet — I guess that's what happens when you sleep through most of it … or as my roommates call it, 'staring catatonically at the computer screen.' Sorta like I'm doing right now …

Anyways, with this being the last week of classes in the term (okay, I'm not including Monday, but who is?), take a moment to think about what you actually did this term. I mean, it's almost time to go home for the holidays (unless you're in CS 246 and have to wait until the end of the exam schedule) — wasn't it just Hallowe'en? And Frosh Week — how long ago does that seem? Now you look around Waterloo and see Christmas decorations all over. My how time flies when you're … yep, you guessed it … having fun.

Admit it, you had fun this term — amidst all the midterms, late-night assignments, applying for jobs, and sleeping through class, you managed to have fun. Ok, I'll make the exception of Stat 231 … that is pure torture. Now, you're thinking either "Where's my fudgesicle?" — in which case you already know what I'm talking about — or "What kind of nut are you?" — in which case I'd respond "Mmmm … donuts …" Actually, if you're not having fun, there are a few simple ways to fix that next term:

- Volunteer at the MathSoc Office — you'll meet a lot of interesting people, and find out what they do for fun.
- Play Settlers in the Comfy — find out why it's among the most addictive games known to Mathies.
- Take a fun elective — why take an elective if it's just a course you're going to sleep through? Besides, being able to form sentences without using the words 'computer' or 'code' goes a long way towards helping you pick up that girl/guy you've been thinking about.
- Eat cotton candy — what better way to pick up your spirits than pink sugar on a stick?
- Write for *math*NEWS — this should go without saying. I mean, you get pizza every second Monday, you will meet the nut who writes this article (and other assorted nuts), discuss the meaning of life (or what Shaggy does in his spare time), and you will have fun.
- Watch Scott Bakula on Enterprise and Quantum Leap — I had to say that.

Krease

# Friends of Pete

Well, here is a second installment of everybody's favourite article. I know that you were all very disappointed when there wasn't one in the last issue.

Life as Pete's girlfriend is quite amusing at times. I get to watch him try to perform many astonishing feats. Amoung some of the more amusing are his attempts at head/hand-stands, his insistence that most people should be in his club, and his attempts to lift me (and not drop me on my head). I must add that the latter of these feats is not accomplished very often. He quite often lifts me into the air; however, he also usually ends up dropping me with my head fairly close to the ground in comparison to the rest of my body. Thank goodness for my cat-like reflexes, as I am usually capable of rescuing myself from certain head-damage.

continued on next page

# *math*NEWSquiz #6

*Well, I guess we can't expect too much*

We were hoping for lots of submissions again but aren't we all hoping for things that we don't get. So what did you guys think of the Harry Potter movie? Anyways here is the answers from last issue. **Lyrics** 1. N'Sync *It's Gonna Be Me*, 2. BackStreet Boys *The Call*, 3. O-Town *Love Should Be A Crime*, 4. Britney Spears *Oops! I Did It Again*, Theme: *Songs that 13 year-old girls scream about*. **BackStreet Boys** 1. *Boxers*, 2. *Howie*, 3. *Quincy*, 4. *Brown*, 5. *A jeep*. **Harry Potter** 1. *By nearly swallowing it*, 2. *Lightning Bolt*, 3. *Gryffindor*, 4. *Voldemort*, 5. *9 ¾*.

Since we only got one submission from Frosh One she's automatically the winner. If you care, she got 13 points. You can pick up your prize from the *math*NEWS mail-slot in the MathSoc office. There is no winner for this issue's Squiz so you can just do it for fun.

*Lyrics*

1. And now I'm glad I didn't know
   The way it all would end the way it all would go
   Our lives are better left to chance I could have missed the pain
   But I'd of had to miss the dance
2. In all the confusion, there's something serene
   I'm just a posthumous part of the scene
   Now I'm floating above looking in
   As the radio blares and wheels spin
   I can see my face slump with a grin
   And you … you're the last thing on my mind
3. If you question what I would do
   To get over and be with you
   Lift you up over everything
   To light up my room, my room
4. I try to say goodbye and I choke
   Try to walk away and I stumble
   Though I try to hide it, it's clear
   My world crumbles when you are not here
5. There's a magic runnin' through your soul
   But you can't have it all. (What ever you do)
   I'll be two steps behind you (Where ever you go)
   And I'll be there to remind you
   That it only takes a minute of your precious time
   To turn around, I'll be two steps behind.

Good luck on your exams for those of you who have them like my fellow SquizMaster. If I'm lucky I won't have those again :)

The Squiz Guys

# *grid*COMMENTS

*Well, I guess we can expect too much*

More grid more grid more grid. It feels nice to take a break from the *grid*WORD. In fact, if anyone is interested in taking over, I'd love a term off …

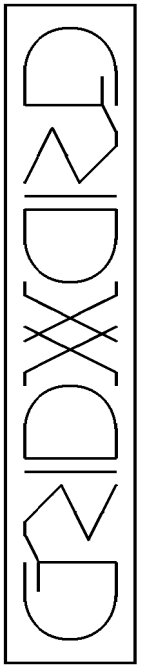
So, the winners. For the conventional grid, Markov (sign: Midvale School for the Gifted — Pull), Michael Huang (who drew a slow-moving vehicle sign), Jenny Mecking (sign: Caution, Blck Belt), and Charles DeGaulle (sign: Do Not Enter) all had correct solutions, but random number selection says Michael Huang wins.

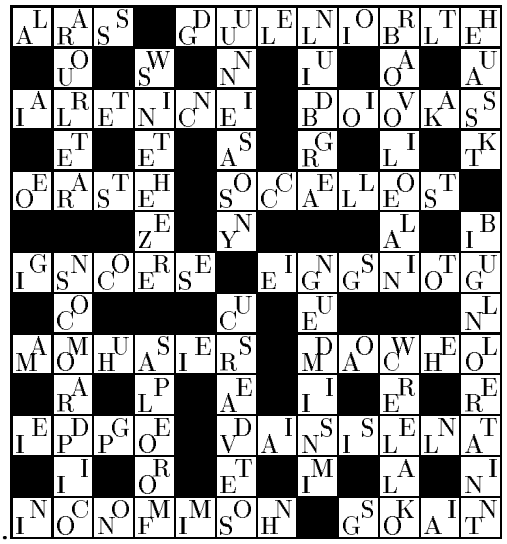
The cryptic was correctly answered by Colin Davidson (favourite sign: having a large number of people lined up on the comfy balcony; what it signifies: soon someone is going to be very, very wet), Robson Clark (X marks the spot), Chris "Di-Mono" Marks, Beatrice (whose solution to the previous grid was unfortunately lost, sorry Beatrice), amd Brendan Lucier, who had three signs which he drew for me: (1) Danger! Natural light! (2) Comfy Lounge next right; (3) Watch for flying cow-dogs. For drawing three, Brendan wins.

Thanks to Brad, Boppy, and Domenic who filled the grid with their own words again. You know, you really should have my job, even if you don't want it.

Congratulations winners, prizes are in the MathSoc Office, ) will start up again next year.

Brad and Linda



# More fop from page 15

And apparently, as an intimate friend of Pete's, I am expected to be virtually naked at all times, or at least it is not unusual for people to suppose that I am somewhat unclothed at any period in time. (Just ask his roommates.)

It has been set that I am allowed to be Pete's girlfriend because I fulfill most of Pete's checklist for a girlfriend; I don't wear capris, I don't smoke, I can do wide-grip pull-ups (I can do two sets of two), and I smile. When it was mentioned that I use ICQ (which is a no-no on Pete's list), Pete just replied, "Well, you can't have a perfect girlfriend at the beginning of a relationship. You have to have something that you need to change, right?"

I think that I need to adjust a few things in Pete. One of the more important ones is his impression that I am … *[Ha ha, I'm not printing that ... — Pete Love]* Some romantic he is ... But, overall, I would say that he is a great guy.

Merry Christmas all,
Pete's girlfriend.