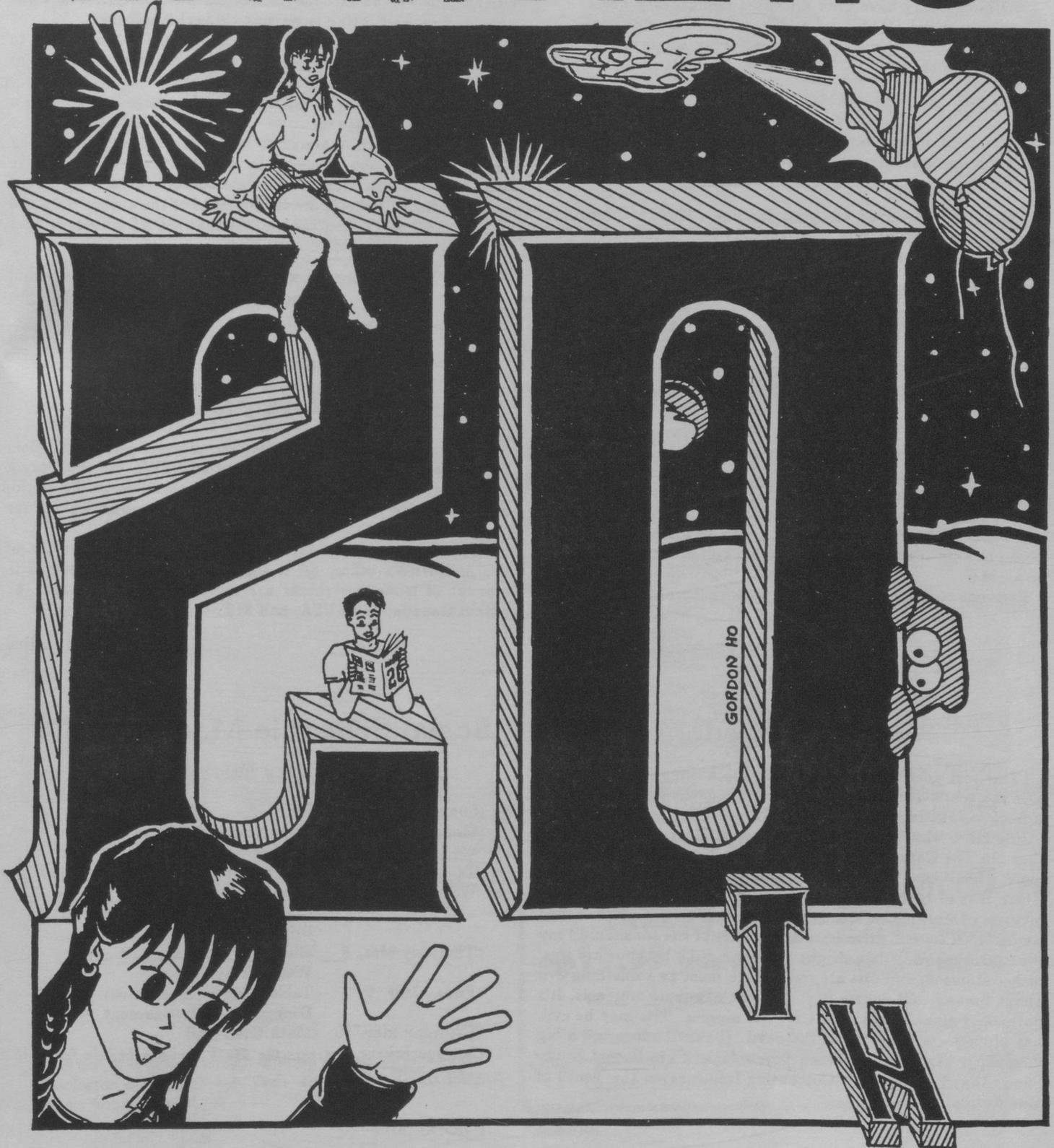


Volume 61 Number 6

Friday, 2 April, 1993

mad

# NEWS



## FeedBack

The March 19<sup>th</sup> edition of *mathNEWS* (V61-5) contained an article entitled "The Zone", which inaccurately detailed that MathSoc's clubs had received no funding last term. The passage is as follows:

As it happens, last term's treasurer seems to have forgotten about the budgets for Math Society clubs. Although they have been allocated money, they never quite received it. Any of it. The treasurer, of course, claims the clubs simply misplaced every single record of monies received.

The facts:

- The term in question is F92, not S92 as some assumed. Thus, the treasurer in question is Jeff Stammler, not Barb Torner, as some zealous students assumed.
- Most clubs received complete funding. The PMC was left short \$50.00 for a talk that was held late in the term. The CSC received no funding.

With the facts stated, I would like to mention that Jeff Stammler is working to fix the problem.

Although the entire tone of the article is humorous, its intent is suspect, especially as it states "the treasurer claims" something the treasurer never did claim. Having the article authored by the self-proclaimed "idealistic troublemaker" of MathSoc doesn't help either.

The accuracy of a newspaper is always of paramount importance. With a newspaper geared heavily toward humour, accuracy is even more critical as something stated in jest can be taken seriously. Perhaps the editorial policy of *mathNEWS* needs review. I have a great deal of faith in the editors of *mathNEWS*, and believe that appropriate action will be taken. With diligence, blatant inaccuracies and suspect statements as these can be avoided.

Personal apologies are extended to Barb Torner.

Shannon Mann  
CSC/mathNEWS/MathSoc Hanger-on

## Words Of Wisdom

[This just goes to show how little some things have changed over the years. No, this is not a letter from the latest Imp'tint, it is from Vol. 2, Issue 4, July 12, 1973 — Ed.]

You know what? According to a recent *Time* magazine article (Sex On The Campus), not only are we all walking around nude in the dormitories, but we're all getting laid. Isn't that fantastic? There it is in black and white - not to mention the four-colour pictures of semi-naked "coeds." (How would you like to be called a coed?) Of course, there were no pictures of tits (or should I say breasts? bosoms?). It's alright to show a girl's back, or her legs, or her stomach. But tits are out! There must be something evil about breasts. Of course if you do see a woman's breasts, it's not nearly as bad if you can't see her nipples. Tits may be evil, but nipples are the work of the devil. (I can see it now - a big newspaper headline: "Leading Psychologist Says Recent Study Shows that Nipples are a Corrupting Influence on the Youth of Our Nation.")

Ishmaile

## The Zone

For once, end of term has come without any major controversies at MathSoc. The Treasurer of last term (Fall 1992) has realized that he did, after all, fail to fill the budget requests of the PMC (partly) and the CSC. Arrangements are being made to pay them.

Co-op is finally being more open about Continuous Placement. The MathSoc couch has found a happy home in the main office. Orientation will be alcohol-free (at least officially). The birds are chirping, and spring is wafting through the Zone.

The tape/record player is not installed, as it was unable to broadcast to the lounges, but the trusty radio is as worthy as ever.

In fact, nothing bad is happening in the entire Zone. What a good note to graduate on...

[of course, certain statements in last ish's Zone have caused no end of caustic comments to the Editors. Oh well, let us make clear here and now: the opinions stated here (even if presented as or implied to be fact) are the opinions of the author only and do not necessarily reflect those of the *mathNEWS* editors or your personal reality. — Ed.]

The Zone is written by a former senior councillor and idealist troublemaker at MathSoc

## Read More *mathNEWS*

This is a friendly reminder to please, please, please, **PLEASE, PLEASE** subscribe to *mathNEWS* for the Spring 1993 term. We enjoy mailing-out issues throughout the world, and you'll enjoy reading your favourite faculty newsletter on your co-op term.

To subscribe, take a subscription coupon from the door of the *mathNEWS* office, fill it in, and include the appropriate amount of money — checks are welcome. The rates are: \$7 within Canada; \$9 to USA; and \$12 overseas.

Pilot in Hell

## Social Schedule March 2 1979

*Or Where Did They Find All The Time?*

Sunday Mar. 4	Car Rally
Monday Mar. 5	Pinball Tournament
	Cribbage Tournament
Tuesday Mar. 6	Eucler Tournament
Wednesday Mar. 7	Wine and Cheese
	Paper Airplane Contest
	Bridge Tournament
Thursday Mar. 8	Slide Rule Contest
	Watsfic Movies
Friday Mar. 9	Table Hockey Tournament
	Backgammon Tournament
Saturday Mar. 10	Math Grad Ball

Can you believe this was the Math social schedule for only 1 week??!

## Co-op Program

*Work-term subroutine psuedo psuedo-code  
from Issue 35.2 Friday, May 25, 1984*

```
begin { work_term }
month := 1;
while month <= 4 do
  begin
  if home <> place_of_work then
    output rent_money;
  output bills_money;
  day := 1;
  while day < month_end do
    begin
    weekday := 1;
    while weekday < 5 do
      begin
      get_out_of_bed, breakfast;
      get_ready_for_work, on_bus;
      if weekday=1 then
        writeln "Monday (groan)";
      gosub work;
      get supper;
      if month=4 and day > 15 then
        panic work_term_report
      else
        read_a_book;
      if weekday=2 then
        input A.Team
      elseif weekday=3 then
        goto watpub
      else
        input The.National;
      weekday := weekday + 1;
      day := day + 1;
      end
    gosub weekend;
    end
  month := month + 1;
  end
do too_little_documentation;
return { to_school }

procedure work
begin
call job;
nop until time = 1700;
if weekday = payday then
  get paid;
return { home }

procedure weekend
begin
perform strange_acts;
out_all_nite;
return { exhausted }
```

Sauron

"Most of the graduate students wouldn't even think about being a professor seeing how low their wages are... (class laughs)  
Thanks for your sympathy!"

L. Smith, ECON 102

## N-jineer Jokes

*from Issue 14.3 Friday, June 14th, 1977  
Way back when we used to poke fun at engineers*

Did you hear about the engineer who asked everyone to save their burned out light bulbs?  
He needed them as he was building a dark room.

A definition of gross ignorance:  
144 engineers.

Mathie: Do you always drink your beer that fast?  
Engineer: Yep. Ever since my accident.  
Mathie: Oh, you had an accident recently?  
Engineer: Yep, some guy knocked my beer over.

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<b>2 Medium Pizzas</b> <b>\$11.99</b> plus tax with 3 items Pickup or Delivery Coupon offer only, No additions Expires May 7/93	<b>Medium Pizza</b> <b>\$7.99</b> plus tax with 5 items Pickup Only Coupon offer only, No additions Expires May 7/93

## Letter to the Editor

### *A Most Unsavoury Happenstance*

I am writing in response to a past Guelph Erroneous quip. I believe I have the right to voice an opinion here, due to the fact that while I am not in Math, I am however not in Arts (Pah! I have chem labs that last longer than their weekly schedule!).

But I digress. I am writing to express my outrage at (expletive) Guelph Emulous' outright theft of one of my jocular anecdotes. Guelph Epididymis had overheard me elucidate my views on the Math building, saying:

The upper math levels are much akin to a labyrinthine rat maze; where one scurries to his/her appointed destinations after much travail, and is rewarded by pressing a feeder bar to receive a pellet or some assorted Yummy.

Guelph Epiglottis and other colleagues chuckled with mirth at the time; little did I know that Guelph Androgynous was formulating his evil master plan at that very moment!

Guelph Esophagus must be dealt with. Must we postulate quietly to ourselves, like those poor lost souls muttering in the Physics Computing Labs, and be branded "Outcast", "leper unclean"? Or, do we have the right to theorize at will? Guelph Excrescent should be reprimanded for such bullying behaviour before society as we know it collapses.

All bitching about Guelph Exostosis aside, I tentatively (with much trepidation) submit one of my Enrich Your Word Power Fun Catch Phrases: "Yes, I suppose you're right, Mr. Walking Phallic Symbol."

Mikselplic

## mastHEAD

This issue took a lot more work than usual because we've gathered together the best articles that have been printed over mathNEWS's 20 year history. [Happy birthday is sung.]

Thanks to everybody who helped out with either production or reader's night. Their names (along with their favourite old articles) are: Eric Sutherland (Watman & Duck); Kivi Shapiro (How to Date a Mathie); Joe Hewitt (Name that Equation — The uncut, unedited, european version.); Mala Krishnan (Umm ...the choice ...the selection ...I can't decide!!!); Rob Del Mundo (Grey Cup Article — Fall '88 My first published work!!!); Brian Spencer (How Bureaucracy Castrates mathNEWSEditors [not printed]); Monica Rooney ((cover actually) Engineering chicken!!! Fall '91); Curtis Desjardins (the article where I rolled my face across the keyboard just to see what I'd get (by the way you dickhead editors, you forgot my name in last issue's mastHEAD — Thanks a fucking lot!)); Rob Bell (An open letter to apathetic mathies Fall '89); Peter Milley (ST:TNG the logic puzzle); Chris Beauregard (Prof Blackmail in 3 easy steps (not printed — used internally)); Peter Westergaard ("Losing my Precision" Lyrics); Bill McEachern (Any old article); Dale Wick (Prof Football); Christopher Calzonetti (What? mathNEWS was around before i came here?); Teresa Hawkins (The mouse cover); Betty-Jo Hill (MastHead (Just kidding)); Kevin Hare (Anything but Guelph Erronius); and Ian Goldberg (The first set of profQUOTES).

Thanks also to Marion at Graphic Services!

*(Productionist's Note: Last issue of the term! Look VERY carefully at the cover for a neat-o message! But we've been here until 6 am... (sigh))*

Christina Caldarelli (Random Number Testing)  
Erich Jacoby (W3TPIC (1st one I wrote and got published))

## A Response

Dear Cilpeskim,

Point number one: The joke that you claim I stole from you is hardly an original one. If you had been paying attention, you would have noticed that the same comparison has been made no less than two other times in mathNEWS this term alone! Furthermore, your lack of attention brings me to point number two...

Point Number Two: Comparing the sixth floor of the MC to a hamster maze wasn't even the real joke! The real joke was the suggestion that this experiment is already going on, all the time. There was an article earlier this year by Moses (the math student, not the strolling prophet) in which he described an expedition to the sixth floor to find a semi-legendary lost room of Xterminals. In my article, I suggested spreading said rumor as a perfect way of obtaining experimental subjects. This leads us to point number three...

Point Number Three: "Mr. Walking Phallic Symbol" is supposed to be original? Oh, come on! I could claim that you stole this phrase from my article "Wow, I'm Impressed", which as far as I know set the record for the most times the phrase "erect penis" has ever been used in a mathNEWS article. Next time you try to write for us, try and be a little more clever. This, conveniently enough, brings me around to point number four...

Point Number Four: Next time you write a commentary to mathNEWS make sure that the person you're writing it about isn't the person who retrieves it from the black box. I managed to grab your letter before Christina or Fuzzy even knew it existed. Even as we speak, the crack hitmen of The Brotherhood of The Hats (pacifist terrorists, topolistic knights) are surrounding your domicile. They've been trained in the arts of Fone-Fu and Deadly Mime. (maniacal laughter in background) HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, MR. MIKSEPLIC? IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU! HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA!!!!

ahem.

That's all the points I really want to make right now. Thank you for your time.

Guelph Erronius

## Random Number Testing

*from Issue 38.5 Friday, July 5, 1985*

```
10 INPUT "TYPE A RANDOM NUMBER {R€[0,1]}";
20 IF R=RND(1) THEN PRINT "YES! THAT IS A RANDOM
NUMBER":END
30 PRINT "SORRY, TRY AGAIN"
40 GOTO 10
```

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## CSC Flash

It's been a great term, with many activities. I'd like to thank all of our speakers for the term: Paul Prescod, Ellen Hsiang, Dave Huron, Ed Dengler, Phil Kazman, Bernie Roehl, Andrew Wong, and Prabhakar Ragde. Thanks to both the Computer Graphics Lab and the PAMI lab for graciously conducting tours through their labs.

In other news, I'd like to congratulate the winners of our two recent contests: Ian Goldberg who won the CSC programming contest, and Colin Springer who won the Abalone Programming contest.

The end of the term the Control-D Dinner will be tomorrow, Saturday, at Vijay's Authentic Indian Cuisine. Drop by the CSC (MC 3036) for directions and details. We hope to meet and then car pool to get there.

### *Extra Undergrad Quota*

Finally, here is some late breaking news on a new service from the CSC. We have made an agreement with MFCF to place a CSC harddisk on the Math Undergrad machines. We will be selling quota at \$2.50 per meg per term, with a \$1.00 administration fee when you add more quota. As you know, on workterm your quota is lowered to around 1 megabyte, so if you want more quota, the CSC hopes to help. Consult the office staff in the CSC to find out if this new service is available today. If it isn't, we hope to have it available before exams start.

I wish you all luck on exams. See you next term, when we'll have more CSC excitement than the law should allow.

Calum T. Dalek  
Chairbeing

## Cabbage Patch Compatibility

*from Issue 37.1 Friday, January 11, 1985*

Now that the Christmas rush has ended, toy customers are finding themselves with a problem — incompatible Cabbage Patch clones.

The profusion of CP clones, even those which claim to be 99major consumer headache. Clone purchasers find that patch dresses and tops and other softwear items often fail to fit. Even the popular LETTUCE 1-2-3 fails on some clones. This leads to a Cabbage Patch crash, known to the industry as "shredding".

Coleco itself is unaffected by the clones. "It may be a real salad out there now," says a spokesman, "but there'll be a tossing start up anytime now. Customers will move to us when their Coleslaw 'tata or DEC rhubarb fails them. Coleco's new dolls are doing well, and even the revamped cabbage junior (originally the Parsnip) is selling."

While Cabbage pulls ahead, Apple Dolls Inc is suffering. "Our dolls are seen as old-fashioned," laments president Joe Jobs. "Even our Macintossed is selling slower than expected."

For customers with semi-compatible clones, we offer this advice, Trade yours in on a Coleco CP, perhaps even the new all-terrain cabbage doll, the CP AT. It may be more expensive, but it beats being leafed in the lurch by a clone.

Sauron

"You people, having dealt with Pacman, are ideally suited to handle Quantum-mechanical operators."

J. Leslie, PHYS 234

## PMC&OC Weekend Update

*It's hell to pay when the fiddler stops — it's CLOSING TIME.*

Hmmm. The last PMC&OC Weekend Update for this term. Sigh. And I was just getting used to churning these babies out...er...carefully crafting each article with precision and eloquence.

Our funky PMC apparel came in a while ago, and it looks mahhvelous!! Our Godel Escher Bach logo hack, resplendent in red, black and gold, emblazoned upon shirts of all kinds! The perfect shirt for every handsome gentleman and every pretty LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

On the sports front, we lost our last broomball game - due to inept goaltending, as usual. Let me put it this way - I was late, and we had a shutout going until I showed up. D'OHH!!! But on the whole, the PMC&OC Machine had a very enjoyable term of volleyball, indoor soccer and broomball. Thanks to all who came out to play!

I guess that about wraps it up for this term. I'd like to take this moment to thank the rest of the executive suite - President Dean Gaudet, Vice President Andre Chang, Secretary Amber O'Hearn - for their contribution, resulting in another good term for the club.

As well, a big PMC&OC thanks to all those non-executive types who helped out and made things run significantly smoother than they might have, including ex-presidents-for-life, co-rec team captains, sign posters, office cleaner-uppers, AND all those who made the Mother of all Bake Sales both a resounding success and an impossible act to top (for any suckers who would be foolish enough to attempt such an endeavour)...mmm...baked goodies.

Of course, thank you to all our speakers — Prof. Stan Burris, Prof. Prabhakar Ragde, Daniel Brown, Nikhil Shah and Colin Springer. Your efforts were greatly appreciated. Thanks also to all of you who came out for our talks — I trust you found them enjoyable and informative. I trust those of you who are around this summer will continue attending our talks. As for the rest? Well, we'll see you in the fall!!!

As for me? Into the great wide work term, I guess. I enjoyed being your Treasurer and spending PMC&OC money for PMC affairs. We should do this again sometime. I think I can pencil y'all in for, oh, say early September? In the meantime, good luck on finals!!! And have a good summer, for those of you who will be up here. Just remember - I have dibs on first base when I'm up here!!!

That's the term...and I am outta here!!! It's CLOSING TIME, folks! Be seeing you.

Tak

PMC&OC Treasurer/Goaltender/Starting First Baseman for games I'm around for

## Ramblings, Ravings, and Incoherent Mumbles

*from Issue 15.7 Friday, November 11, 1977*

...in which such gems as [Snidhofer's] long-awaited First Law (it reads *All of Snidhofer's laws are false*) and Snidhofer's Inequality ( $2 > 1$  for all positive integers  $i$ ) are revealed.

-pogo

## Ramblings, Ravings And Incoherent Mumbles

from Issue 18.5 Friday, October 20, 1978

Welcome to History 261, "The Decline and Fall of Capitalism". In the old days I would have suspected you of coming to this course for the pornographic delights it offers: discussions of money, psychedelic drugs, freedom of speech, and so forth, but of course you poor sheep can't possibly think such things. This will be a brief introductory lecture; on Wednesday we'll have a complete class.

It is a common misconception that the origin of the failure of Western Civilization arose in the rebellious Sixties, where the post-war Dr. Spock-raised youth went to great lengths to deny the values that their old-fashioned Establishment parents had tried so hard to instill in them. No, quite the opposite; it arose in the almost diametrically opposed Seventies, in which the young people who became your parents found themselves without a cause. Vietnam, the SDS, and Abbie Hoffman were all gone; they saw the former generation's leaders grown fat and complacent, and they turned away in disgust from their older brothers' and sisters' excesses and searched in vain for something to glorify, contenting themselves in the meanwhile with modified Muzak and visual Pablum brought to them by that most insidious of drugs, television. It was sometime in the late 1970's that Our Glorious Leader began to realize that the Marxist trumpetings of hedonism and state control, until then just propaganda, were actually coming true. But the state was not aware of the power it had. It too was affected by the general malaise, unable to halt a gradual slide into depression, overwhelmingly tired from the continual burden of command over a population losing their spirit and sluggishly sinking into their own biomass. And then the youngest generation discovered what they had been looking for all along: themselves.

### Orientation '93

*The Party Continues*

Hi everyone! Just thought we would give you a little nudge before you all got too involved with exams and the like. Anyone wanting to go to Fed Orientation weekend (July 9-10), the cost will be \$35 or less, which includes 2 nights stay at the luxurious V2 Hilton, a party to end all parties Friday night, meals to burn Saturday and Sunday breakfast, and a T-shirt! (Whew! I'm outta breath). If you are interested get in touch with Mike or myself anytime soon.

Also, we need your name for your personalized shirt. We are also looking into hats, and some other stuff for the leaders. We are still looking into some ideas for a crest for the pocket on the leader shirts. If anyone has any ideas, don't be afraid to mention them.

Finally, a gentle reminder that we would like to have \$40 from everyone by the end of exams. You can leave an envelope under the door of MathSoc with your name, payment, and the name you want. (Well, I've always wanted to be a Lucifer...). Right now, I can say the total cost to you will not be more than \$60, and it may be less. If you just can't pay the money right now, please get in touch with Mike or myself, and we will arrange something.

Thanks a bunch all! I hope exams aren't too stressful, and you'll be hearing from us soon!

EC aka Eric

The Leader's First Axiom, which only a few people in the world have heard, was first formulated about this time. He said **The way to control a state is to control the minds of its youth.** The reason this had not been obvious in the past is that previously post-adolescents had fire in them, a drive to achieve something with their lives. But in the intense, hectic Seventies, they were confused by the myriad possibilities available to them: in having achieved the freedom of choice, they had lost the ability to choose. Symptoms! In the summer of 1978, one of the most popular songs was one where a boy told a girl that he wanted and needed her, but there was no way he could ever love her. The unspoken slogan was no longer the **Turn on, tune in, drop out** of heavy-metal Sixties but **Get your rocks off.** Oh, sorry; I forgot that that doesn't mean anything to you. Others: Philosophies such as that of Ayn Rand became popular, glorifying the ego; money spent on self-gratification rose alarmingly; and entire generation turned away from the people around them, looked inside themselves, and liked what they saw. It was so much easier to worship oneself; after all, wasn't there so much one could discover about oneself?! Interpersonal contact broke down, mankind became an archipelago of islands, and The Glorious Revolution was met not by organized resistance, but a scattered and listless passivity. The people had become too self-centred to care.

No, your parents were not the last defiants, but the first complacents. They betrayed not only themselves, but all of their descendants, and ironically enough you have the dream they cherished. You believe that you are happy, you believe that you have a purpose, and you love yourselves. Why not? You have no depth to hate. The only reason I can tell you all this is that this class is not being monitored today, the Leader's plan has been put into effect completely, and what I am saying is so contrary to your conditioning that you will forget it before you leave this room. My only hope is that some of you have stronger wills than the Committee realizes. Now take your pink obedience pills, and get out of here.

Prabhakar Ragde

"I have East-West dyslexia, and my wife has North-South dyslexia, so we both have to be there to get anywhere."

P. Ragde, CS 134

### Computer Science Announcement

The Computer Science Department is organizing a monthly seminar series with the support of Canadian Pacific. The series is aimed at Mathematics and Computer Science undergraduates, and is focusing on **Industrial Applications of Information Technology.** Seminars will be held on the last Tuesday of the month at 3:30 P.M.

The last seminar for the winter term will be **Tuesday, March 30, 1993 at 3:30 P.M. in MC 5158. (NOTE NEW ROOM!!)** The speaker will be Scott McClure, speaking on **Advanced Technology Systems at SPAR Aerospace.**

**Undergraduates are particularly encouraged to attend!**

Refreshments will be served.

## Of Cabbages and Kings,

from Issue 27.1 Friday, September 18, 1981

I have forgotten why I came to this appalling place. It could not have been the campus. Lacking the tradition or the finances of older universities, it makes do with rude clusters of buildings huddling together on an obscene amount of open space, occasionally grasping at the sky, but more often squatting obstinately like the Arts Library. The sole redeeming feature of the whole sorry mess is the Environmental Studies II building, but I cannot say whether I am pleased that the architects finally decided to display their vulgarity openly instead of cloaking it in tired functionality, or upset that I have to pass the eyesore every time I take the transit bus to the Village stop. At least it provides a convenient scapegoat for the students who need to blame their own miserable fortunes on something else.

It certainly could not be the social atmosphere. The few good people have no doubt been weeded out by whatever screening process is used to select Village residents. I have no idea how I escaped elimination, though it is beginning to look like several hours a day on that poor excuse of a transit system would have been a small price to pay to avoid living with such morons. My roommate is a good example. Coming through his room on the way to watch the sunrise one morning, he looked in such sorry shape that I took pity on him and invited him along. When he mumbled disinclination, I tried to inspire him by singing an aria from Rigoletto. This brought only several ungrateful racial remarks (fortunately, directed at a race of which I am not a member) and a threat to force-feed me my own shoes. It was just as well. Sunrises are wasted on such as he.

The rest of my fellow freshmen (who insist on being addressed by the degenerate appellation 'frosh') are little better. When they are not busy pouring grain alcohol down their throats, they are discussing methods of seducing the giggling, gum-chewing creatures who inhabit the floor above (though I must admit that the thought of two such empty-headed collections of people in vigorous and mutual copulation would provide a certain degree of amusement were it not for the horrifying thought of the mongoloid children who would almost certainly be produced from such unions).

Perhaps part of the blame should go to an Orientation purposely designed to keep them as disoriented as possible, but I doubt it. For my part, I have managed to avoid their repeated calls to middle of the night rallies of destructive behaviour by sleeping on a couch in the Campus Centre. Once the last load of revellers have staggered out of the Bombshelter the only distraction comes from the occasional janitor attempting to buff-wax my feet to the floor. The turnkeys come by every so often to wake me up, but these gentle meek souls are usually in so deep a drug-induced stupor that it is difficult to say who is waking whom.

No, it must have been the rumours of academic excellence, though I realize now that they were probably started by alumni desperately trying to create a reputation where none existed before, and given credence by chartered accountants, life insurance salesmen, and the like. My first class was an eye-opener. A short, shabby, bespectacled man climbed onto the main platform. Neither he nor the class acknowledged each other's presence, and when he started to rub off the blackboard I assumed he was a member of the janitorial staff. He turned out to be the professor, as I discovered when he started chalking unintelligible symbols on the blackboard while mumbling into it. At first I thought that the poor fellow had a speech impediment, but I

soon realized that he was attempting a poor imitation of a Central European accent. This was no doubt affected to cover up the fact that the majority of his salary goes to support a colony of relatives in some godforsaken place like Botswana. Even sitting in the very front row, as is my wont, I could make out at most one word in four. The class did not take very well to my repeated requests for clearer enunciation, preferring to pass notes and gossip, and finally I stopped listening and started rereading my copy of Finnegans Wake for the third time that week. I shall have to get more books soon, or my brain will atrophy.

The one good thing arising from this experience is that I can tell my parents, who with their usual lack of faith expressed doubt in my ability to cope, that there is absolutely no way I will wash out of this place academically. I will be writing this column as often as my schoolwork permits, which, if present trends are any indication, should be every week. My main purpose is to improve this paper, and judging from the content of the issue that was mailed to me, I cannot see how this will fail to occur. So until next time, I remain

E. Siastes

## How do you feel about Smoking?

from Issue 6.5 Friday, October 25, 1974

*Gosh, aren't you glad some things have really changed?*

Circle the appropriate number:

Do you smoke?

(1) yes (2) no

Would you like one room of the lounge reserved for non-smokers?

(1) yes (2) no

Are you bothered by smoking in classes?

(1) usually (2) sometimes (3) never

What sort of policy would you like to see observed regarding smoking in classes?

(1) no restriction

(2) majority rule

(3) unanimous consent to smoke

(4) instructor's consent to smoke

(5) smoking only if adequate ventilation to ensure clean air for those who want it

(6) no smoking at all

(7) other suggestion (specify)

Which do you think is more important?

(1) the right to smoke (2) the right to not have to breathe smoke

## Edible Condoms?

from Issue 57.4 Friday, October 25, 1991

A short time ago, there was an article in the Globe and Mail concerning the use of chocolate bar wrappers as condoms in Australia. This was a serious article, but how could we let it pass us by? Just think of the possible pick-up lines: 'Hey baby, wanna see Mr. Big?', 'Hey, You got chocolate in my peanut butter...', 'If you've got three friends, I've got a Kit-Kat you can share.'

The advertising companies have known about the property of the wrappers for some time it seems: 'Snickers really satisfies.', 'A Mars bar a day, at work, rest or play.', 'M&M's melt in your mouth, not in your hand.', 'Oh Henry, It'll get you every time.', 'You better not lay a finger on my Butterfinger.', 'The only thing better than your Crispy Crunch, is someone else's.', and of course 'You can take it fast, you can take it slow, you can make it last, you can make it go.'

Some companies seem to be trying to use the name of their chocolate as the advertisement: Skör, Hershey Kisses, Oh Henry, Mr. Big, Big Turk, Sweet Marie, Wunderbar, Cherry Blossom, Milky Way, Three Musketeers, Eat More, and Temptation.

I'll leave you with these thoughts: How come Almond Joys got nuts, and Mounds don't? Is that a Mirage? And just how do they get that soft creamy caramel inside the Caramilk bar?

The Wiz.  
Other Random People  
(Thanks Ed)

## Travel

from Issue 35.3 Friday, June 15, 1984

One of the cheapest places to travel this summer is home, mainly because of the meat. If you are willing to pay a slightly high price (and can wangle an invitation) you can travel to someone else's home. Homes usually have many recreational facilities, including the driveway, the front lawn, the attic, and the TV. For more adventurous hoofers, there may be quaint corner stores and laundromats.

Some interesting and unusual vacation spots have come to our attention in the last few weeks. Landlocked Listowel and Brantford are quite popular because of the warm weather. Closer to Waterloo, there is the rustic hamlet of Roseville and the brisk tedium of Homer Watson Boulevard in south Kitchener. Mandrive Travel is offering a three-day tour package in West Waterloo and environs. This includes an afternoon at the Kwikie Minit Mart, an evening in the charming student ghetto of Sunnysdale, a solid day and night locked in a small room on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of the Math Building, and a delightful morning stroll through the facilities of Raytheon Incorporated on grandiose north Phillip Street. As an optional bonus, anemic tea will be served in the lunchroom at WatCom.

For those guys and gals out there who don't just fool around, Avatar Services is offering a fifteen-day swinging singles cruise down the Grand River from Galt to Dunnville. Although this writer doesn't have all the details just yet, the prospects are pretty hot! A five-piece dwarf ragtime band will be aboard, along with a masseur and a whip-mistress. Some rowing may be involved.

So you see, people, the summer is shaping up just fine! See you in the sun!

XXX Rena

"...and 6.6.6. It's a devilishly hard problem."

C. Small, STAT 230

## Conspiracies

Okay, I'll admit it. I'm not what you call a mentally stable person. I have my good days; I have my bad days. At least I haven't gone entirely crazy yet. I mean, I don't talk to furniture, or shoot TV sets because I don't like what's on. Okay, so there was that one time that I did shoot a TV set, but that doesn't count because the guy on the screen was looking at me funny. He deserved it.

Anyway, as I was saying, I'm a bit unstable. That doesn't mean, though, that I can't see when there really is something going on. Like now. Let me explain...

There's a conspiracy going on. I can tell. It all started when they served Dutch Potato soup every day for a week in the village cafeteria. I mean, they wouldn't be doing that unless they were expecting a lot of Dutch people, would they? That's when I realized that Holland must be planning some sort of invasion of Canada. They must be sick of tulips and are coming to take our dandelions. There's just no other explanation.

I understand that I may have worried a few of you with the above paragraph; don't worry. It won't be too bad. And I, for one, happen to like wooden shoes. But Holland isn't really what's bothering me. It's the editors of certain other student newspapers that really make me nervous. In the same week, Imp'tint quoted Grant Morrison, and Iron Warrior *badly* misquoted the Pixies, leaving out most of the best expletives. Do you realize what this means? Do any of you even begin to understand any of the implications of this?

Late at night, while I'm asleep, the editors from Iron Warrior and Imp'tint sneak into my room, and listen to my tapes and read my comics. The nerve of some people. I really don't need this kind of treatment, and neither do the Pixies, especially considering that I've heard that they've broken up but I'm not willing to believe that rumour until I see it in writing and personally signed by Black Francis and Kim Deal. The other two band members don't count.

The final straw came today. While picking up a bottle of Iced Tea from the C+D, I noticed for the first time that the girl who works there is pretty. Suddenly, everything made sense. You see, I've always had the sneaking suspicion that Iced Tea actually tastes like aftershave, but for some reason I've been deluded into believing that I like it. Now I know — by association with countless smiling, pretty cashiers, I've been programmed into a mindless Iced Tea junkie.

My thoughts came back to editors listening to my music while I was asleep... I listen to the Pixies, the Jesus and Mary Chain, The Ramones, They Might Be Giants... all in all, a very unattractive group of musicians. Don't you see? the companies that produce walkmans benefit from lots of butt ugly bands; that way, no-one will ever invent a portable VCR-TV and ruin the market! And where do they make portable VCR-TVs already? I don't know! Holland, maybe. Waitamminute! Isn't Holland invading Canada? Yes, they are!!! It all makes sense!!!

The cafeteria is serving dutch potato soup in order to feed all the Dutch people who are invading Canada. The invasion force is funded by revenues from Iced Tea sales, and we will not be able to properly defend ourselves because we'll be too busy listening to ugly bands on our walkmans. Then, the Dutch people will fix Joey Ramone's face and lypo-suction the Barenaked Ladies to half their original size, thus clearing the way for mass marketing of portable VCR-TVs and leading to Holland's monopoly of the world economy! Don't you see?

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going back to village and hiding under my bed. Elvis is there, and if he has a pack of cards maybe we can get in a game or two of euchre before someone releases the marmosets.

Guelph Erronious

## The Great Worm Controversy

from Issue 9.2 Friday, September 19, 1975

Sometime during the summer, some artsies decided to attempt to beautify their corner of the campus by buying or building a statue or monument, and placing it in a prominent place, where the other faculty's students would pass and drool with jealousy.

Boy, did they goof.

For the princely sum of five thousand bucks, they got a big red thing which can only be described as an ugly worm. Instead of being on a pedestal, it is just set down in the grass where Physical Resources can't get close enough to cut the grass growing up from under it. The thing looks like it crawled out of a hole somewhere, and was sexually assaulted by a passing n-jineer, and then, quite understandably, died of shock. I wouldn't give you two cents for the thing, which means whoever was responsible got took for \$4,999.99.

The n-jineers have a moat in front of n-jineering 2, as a feeble attempt to make their faculty (sic) seem presentable. This particular building, and its associated moat, were built in 1962, and both haven't been cleaned since. There is a pulsating green thing in the bottom of the fountain which threatens to crawl out and make the Andromeda Strain look like chicken soup.

The S.B.O.C. (Superior Beings on Campus), the Mathies, have a large monument outside M&C, which looks very much like somebody dropped a dinosaur egg on a fire hydrant. This artwork is much more complex than meets the eye. For example, it is not chopped out of a handy chunk of stone, but rather out of metal. [Actually, it is and has always been made of fibre glass — Ed.] This seemingly useless fact was discovered by a certain hairy physicist who got mad at it and threw a Frisbee at it. The methods in which scientists do their work is sometimes amazing!

However, the greatest symbol on campus remains—The Pink Tie, known to mathies as Pinkie. Pinkie is presently stored in a top-secret location known to approximately 200 people. It has been defaced by Kathy-X and the n-jineers, both of which are equal in destructive power. Pinkie will receive a facelift in the near future, and then will be flown in the true splendor it deserves.

## IT

from Issue 9.3 September 26, 1975

It has been discovered that the large red "Work of Art" that had previously haunted our campus has been removed from behind (the front side if you look from M&C) the Arts Library.

Rejoice.

The plague to the eye (eyesore) has been removed! This brings up the subject of the reason for its disappearance. One could assume that the Works of Art commission repented and secretly removed the "Work of Art." One could say that the dastardly n-jineers decided that violating the red thing in the open is too out in the open and moved it to their building (anyone have a search warrant?) to violate it to their hearts' content.

The real truth of the matter is simply that it got up and left! Yes dear readers, it was sick and tired of being stared at with contempt. It was sick and tired of being put down by math-NEWS. It was sick and tired of the fact that it cost (only) \$5000.

The poor ugly pseudored blobbish looking mess of fibreglass that glowed in the dark had a brain and decided to leave. I, being atheist, refrain from saying "Thank God!"

As an epitaph, let me say this:

In life he was dead, So that's why he haunted us?

## Want Ads, Winter 1991

from Issue 55.2 Friday, February 1, 1991

Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to the Nth tri-annual Want Ad Awards. This term we have an impressive array of awards competing in a wide variety of ad hoc categories. So without further ado mathNEWS presents:

- The "Why do spelling mistakes always end up where they're the most damaging" award. a.k.a the "Your copy editor can't read" award goes to: Albert Campbell Collegiate Inst, Job # J65501001 on page 1 for a student who will work with "Laser dic technology on the Macintosh"
- This year the "Let's overuse our company motto" award goes to American Express Canada Inc Job # B01706001 on page 2, who want two students to discover why "MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGES"
- The "After you work for them you can write for math-NEWS" award goes to BNR job # 261001490 on page 7 for the following qualifications:  
"If you get a kick out of seeing you words in print, if you have read a lot of bad documentation and think you can do a better job, if you can write . . . BNR is interested in talking to you"
- The Best Job of the term this year goes to: Bingeman Park, Job # B34601003 on page 8 who are looking for a "Picnic Co-ordinator"
- The "Honesty is The Best Policy" Award goes to Cherniak Gottlieb and Company, Job # D94901002 on page 13: This company is looking for a "SuperDos Programmer" but cautions, "This is a junior level position which frankly will have a number of tedious low-level duties which must be performed"
- Our coveted "I Can Do That" Award goes to Canadian Tire Corp Ltd, Job # 445309001 on page 12. Canadian Tire is looking for a programmer who will be able to "Utilize E-mail system."
- The "We Want Your Body, and We Want it Long" Award goes to Confederation Life Insurance Company, Job # 377105013 on page 14. Confederation Life mentions that "THE CO-OP STUDENT WILL BE REQUIRED TO WORK OVER TIME IN THE MONTH OF JULY" and "We would like to emphasize the two work term commitment for this Co-op position"
- This term there is a tie for the "Big Company Benefits" award. K Mart Canada Ltd, Job # 873906001 on page 27 tries to entice you with the statement that "Ample free parking is provided as is a subsidized cafeteria" The second award goes to Alias Research Inc, Job # H92401001 on page 1 because "Alias is located in downtown Toronto but is not part of the office tower jungle at King and Bay. We are situated just north of St. Lawrence Market in less hectic, but no less convenient, part of the city"
- The "Over Qualified Students Only" award goes to Microsoft Corporation, job # A56403005 on page 31 who are looking for students with "Programming experience and a BS in CS, EE, Math, Physics or a related discipline"

The Harvmonster  
Scott and Joey and Phlegm

## Guilty of Chromocide?

from Issue 35.1 Friday, May 11, 1984

**Chromocide** (*n.*) the wilful killing of aesthetic use of colour.

For many years now, the University of Waterloo has been practising the "crime" of chromocide, offending students with multi-coloured sculptures and, lately, distastefully coloured buildings.

Every student here has seen the phallic totems in front of Hagey Hall. Nothing more need be said about them—very few people actually like them.

Few students see the Orange Cow beside Carl Pollock Hall. No one quite knows what to think of it, but the general consensus of students is that it is one of the ugliest sculptures ever seen. Fortunately, the sculpture fits right into the environment created by engineering students.

A plastic sculpture called *Convolution*, but known to students as the Red Worm, once sat near the Arts Library. A few civil engineers decided that this eyesore was just too much to take, so they blew it up. Its remains can be found in the warehouse on north campus.

The most notable "artistic" monstrosity on campus now is the piece of Skylab debris sitting in front of the Math building. It was perfectly at home nestled away with the Orange Cow, where very few people saw it, or cared about it. It is now the focal point of the campus, as everyone looks forward to seeing how it's been redecorated each day.

Sculptures are fine—we can live with, and do something about, ugly sculptures. The constant re-decoration of the "CS" sculpture is an example. What we can't do much about is the University assaulting our eyes with ugly buildings.

Before ES2 came along, the campus looked great. The massive grey Math and Computer building, the sugar cube Arts Library, and the collection of brown brick buildings all blended in with each other nicely. Then the offending Red Worm was blown up. So ES2 was built.

ES2. It has been described as "the only building on campus that makes no attempt to hide its banality." Its hideous reddish (the University calls it salmon pink) colour stood out as the

ugliest thing on campus. (Maybe it was made the colour it was just so people could find it easily.) Inside, its sterile white corridors do nothing to aid its cause. ES2 is just plain ugly, and the University knew the students couldn't do anything about it.

Until last fall. Then, a fine arts student (I've forgotten his name) made some large rust-coloured foam brackets and attached them to ES2 in various ways. The students loved it. At last, ES2 looked like something neat. It had *character*. From that day on, no one could look at ES2 with the same disdain he/she once did.

So the University fought back, and hit the students where it hurts. Their homes.

Look at the Married Students Apartments from the ring road by Hagey Hall. The vomit-coloured yellow-green siding being installed stands out. One building wouldn't be too bad, but when all six of them bear the same colour, the ugliness is multiplied. The University's explanation: "The brick has deteriorated."

Ugliness on campus, as mentioned before, can be lived and dealt with. When the ugliness of a building is forced on not just students, but the city as well, then first-degree chromocide has been committed.

What can be done? We could teach the University designers and our architecture students about effective use of colour. But that doesn't undo what's been done. If this were coupled with the painting of the siding at the Married Students Apartments, the solution would be almost complete. But the problem will never be solved unless everyone at the University (students, faculty, staff, governors, planners—everyone) realizes that the campus we have is beautiful, and must be kept that way.

This means that the students should not go out blowing up or repainting sculptures, and the University should keep its building designs and colours at least aesthetically pleasing. How about it?

dwarf

## VapidFire

- Reports indicate that the MFCF initiative towards tying down chairs in the labs has something to do with the City of Waterloo's new leash laws. Authorities believe it will cut down on incidents of... well, whatever chairs not on leashes might do.
- We at mathNEWS have also been hearing rumours that the new Poop and Scoop laws will be applied throughout the faculty. It is hoped that the quality of lectures will be improved as Profs are forced to deal with their own crap.

Suicidally Vapid  
Guelph Erronious

## Vapid Fire

from Issue 47.1 Friday, May 13, 1988

In order to raise money for the grossly over-budget Davis Centre, the university has rented out the building to the British Broadcasting Corporation to film the next season of Doctor Who. The BBC, pleased with the building's resemblance to a traditional Doctor Who set, has apparently offered the university the use of Daleks as security guards for a minimal charge. Filming for 'Keeners Of Mars', the first episode, is set to begin in September.

## Bruised Vegetables are our Friends

from Issue 57.5 November 8, 1991

In my lifetime, I have seen many interesting and truly fascinating trends. But recently, in my ongoing study for the better treatment of vegetables, fruits, and toxic waste, I have witnessed something that takes the proverbial cake.

I was sitting in the Engineering Lecture Hall, waiting for 5:00 so I could give my talk as part of the Gathering of Really Apathetic Persons Examining Vegetables In Natural Environments, when I saw a person talking with a kumquat, and after a particularly emotional scene, he gave it a BIG hug.

Now, I don't wish to comment on the idealness of this action, but I think the reaction of the now much-maligned kumquat is enough to make the heart grow warm. Instead of yelling at this poor person, who had obviously gone through an emotional trauma of epic proportions, it just sighed, and fell to the ground exposing itself to the world, as if to say...

"I am a free spirit, and I will not allow petty restraints to cloud my world."

If only the milkman down the street could be as considerate.

I'm Andy Rooney

## Watman

from Issue 43.2 Friday, Jan 30, 1987

*Not our last, not our first, not our best, not our worst,  
but certainly our most famous, or infamous, serial*

On their way back to Village 2, Watman scanned the village green with his Watbinoculars while Duck furiously pedalled the dynamic di-cycle, barely missing pedestrians.

"Holy curvaceous contours!" noted Watman, peering closer.

"What is it, Watman? Have you noticed some dastardly deeds, some conniving criminals, or some simmering schemes over there where those girls are sunbathing?"

"Keep your eyes on the road, Duck, I'll explain later."

Duck was suddenly struck by an abrupt realization.

TBKERBLAM!!

## Dr. Slug's guide to Social Acceptance

from Issue 43.2 Friday, January 30, 1987

Hi! My name is Dr. Slug and believe me this is no coincidence. Having majored in the capricious field of Social Acceptance it is my responsibility (as a slug) to inform you of the omnipresent fears that encompass your everyday life. This is particularly true of the species Mathie (Thincalot-sleapalot) and never so acutely as in the case of the academic hyperborean gastropod (askus-Heartbreak).

This week we will discuss what you do when the raspberry jam from a jelly doughnut spews down the front of your Mickey Mouse sweatshirt. Of course, there are ways to avoid this crucifying social embarrassment. For example, you could buy a lemon filled doughnut. However, eat enough of these and you'll look liked Ronald Reagan getting an enema. Once in a while you have to have a raspberry filled doughnut. But let's say on this day of woe you're not wearing a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt but say a Skinny Puppy T-shirt. It suffices to say a red grebo dripping from a Puppy Skull could be an improvement, whereas a Mickey Mouse waving a lentiginous "hello everybody" with raspberry goop clinging to his nose is (and here's the big word) SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE.

Ah, poor misfit of society that you are! You're standing there like a P.I.B. at a funeral and you know, you just know, there is no way to cleanse Mickey of the crimson curse. Scared? You should be! Your friends mock you, relatives disown you, and even the neighbour's cat would rather choke on catnip than be seen using your leg for a scratching post. It won't be long before the whole of society deems that you are unfit to play in the reindeer games. Even the Kent Hotel would slam its doors in your abbreviated face.

As I see it, (and as a stomach footed Ph.D. I should know) you have one of two choices. You could run to the nearest euphemism flushing Mickey and his sociopathological slime to kingdom-come. Then pray that no one saw you in transit. More recommended is that you fall to one knee looking obliquely to a corner of the ceiling with your arms pointing at strange angles. With any luck you will be mistaken for a Tempo Cigarette commercial.

Of course the advice given above applies to Mathies. If you're an engineer give it up. You didn't stand a chance to begin with.

"Fozz" Sutherland

Extracting himself from the resulting wreck, Duck exclaimed, "Wholly radical reincarnations, Watman! Didn't we die in the last issue of the winter term?"

"Why yes, Duck! Hmm... Something's rotten in the state of Denmark, and it sure isn't the pastry."

"Another thing, Watman, why were we cycling to Village 2 when it's closed for the summer? How come something abstract like a realization wrecked our bicycle when it struck me? Who could write trash like this? Has mathNEWS gone downhill?"

"More importantly, Duck, how could you, my obtuse sidekick, realize that you are merely a fictional character created by a (probably warped) mind?"

Who could be causing so much confusion and inner turmoil in the lives of our heroes? Who could be so powerful as to tamper with their very thoughts? Could it be...? No! Well, maybe? Is it possible???

"Yes!" cried the mathNEWS writer, being borne down from the clouds on the backs of a flock of ducks. "My problems shall soon be over, once you two are out of my way! For many hours now I have been struggling to develop a plot for this episode, and midnight, when the laser printers shut down for the night, fast approaches. But never again shall I be tormented by this arduous task. From now on, I'm going to syndicate you as reruns! Nnnnyahaahaahaahaaha!!!"

Can our trustworthy twosome escape this predicament? Will the evil mathNEWS writer torture mathies everywhere with old Watman episodes? Will this self-referential episode make it to the Imagen on time? Stay tuned for next week's (or last year's) exciting episode...

na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na WATMAN  
The Chuckler

## ultraCLASSIFIEDS

To whom it may concern:

I need the ransom by next Friday, or else the hostages will be no more.

R.G.B.A.

The Royal Gingerbread Assassin

P.S. The 5th Prime Number is 11.

To the editor of Iron Warrior—Stop reading my comic books. It's not nice.

GE

To: SANJ

I'd call you over for a weekend but, I'm actually going home. After that those darn EXAMS begin. See you at home. Good luck on exams!!

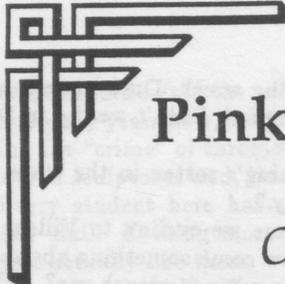
MK

To:

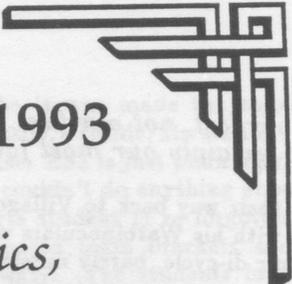
Boring Annoying Turkey—The 3B Mechanical  
Corny Stupid Banana—Engineers  
Fairly Goofy—of 306

Hey, Dudes! Iron Warrior is no match! We dominate in print!

The Most Awesome Dominating Mathie Neighbour



## Pink Tie Honour Roll - Class of 1993



*On behalf of the Faculty of Mathematics,  
Dean Kalbfleisch would like to thank the following  
students for their commitment to the Pink Tie Pledge.*

*Your support of the undergraduate program will help  
to maintain the quality of the UW Math degree.*

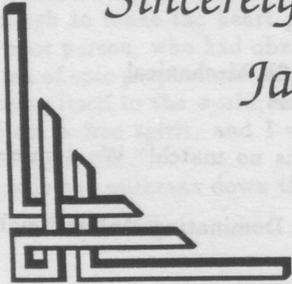
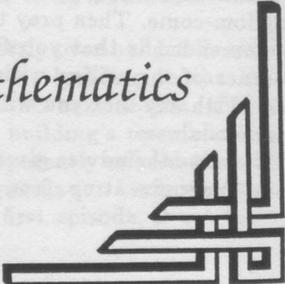
David Aiken  
Scott Bee  
Brian Biemann  
David Bright  
Steve Charikar  
Tim Clarke  
Kirk Cooper  
Stuart Cuthbert  
Christine Czank  
Eric D'Souza  
Greg Desroches  
Sonya Deziel  
Wayne Edwards  
Waldemar Fischer  
Stephen Frederick  
Robert Fryer  
Wendy Gallant  
Geoffrey Gibson  
Chen Hui  
Mayra Husic

Stella Kalamaris  
Stephen Keppel-Jones  
Thomas Kim  
Patrick Kruithof  
Christine Ladouceur  
Manfred Lebinger  
Oliver Lee  
Daniel Leroux  
Ambrose Li  
Ka-Leung Lin  
Bill McEachern  
Kevin McRae  
Stephen Mereu  
Frank Miceli  
Ewa Morawska  
Mark Morell  
Stephen Morris  
David Panko  
Craig Parkins  
Dwayne Pascal  
Nicole Rau

Becky Riedl  
Joanna Ritchie  
Phillip Rittenhouse  
Collin Roberts  
Luisa Scarpelli  
Christopher Schwartz  
Gary Shearer  
Wayne Stevens  
Tammy Thibert  
Stephen Tomlinson  
Greg Tong  
Mike Treffry  
Doug Turner  
Erik Von Schilling  
Greg Walker  
Lynne Warrack  
Damon Williams  
Robert Wineck  
Vince Wong  
Steve Wynen

*Sincerely, Jack Kalbfleisch*

*Jack Kalbfleisch, Dean, Faculty of Mathematics*

## Spring Tingle Tangle Tango

Now that we've had our first positive signs that Spring is here, let us suggest a few things you can do to take advantage of this season.

- No doubt you've spent many hours this Winter inside the PAC, just to steal a few looks at the others working out in their tight shorts. With better weather on the way, some of these [hunks/babes/wonders of the world] will take their work outside. Go ahead! Follow them! The streets will be filled with bicyclists sporting lycra with the neatest designs. Naturally, it's the curves you're looking for. And — Oh joy! — sometimes you'll see them walking on the sidewalk,

*continued from page 13*

as the girl comes (gee, salvaged just in time, eh!) and clears away the crap on the table.

Crap? Huh. I can remember when a piece of crumpled aluminum laminate, a tiny ripped corner or the curled black edge of a cigarette meant maybe two, three days in Dreamland. Now, they don't know, they think they got progress, but is it any better? Sure, you can get onto the machines now, even play a couple of games before they tear you off back, wriggling and scratching like we always used to, you can get a pitcher or maybe some hard stuff without five goddamn bloody fucking years peeling the black skin off the heaving sores running down tight scarred bone-limbs angling awking away when they tumble you down back out 'cause you haven't scrape scoured enough Jesus pus and speckled filth and bilge from the corners. And it was never enough. You can even fucking get laid. But Dreamland? They never heard of it.

Oh god, once it was on a Thursday, kicking down Sixth with Chewey, we found two tabs bejesus sitting shed off some uptown Manager, sure it was with his tight blue Sunday Best torn and splattered by a thousand greedy shot and his pure sweet white bones thrusting smiling through the soft flesh torn twisted with the puke and scud by the creak crumbling backways of Some Fool's brickwork monument to his tight-ass love-sucking sister. "Bless poor mama, she never whored a Dreamer," but they don't know how she spent her midnights beaming with a sewer pal or two wet smiling in the alley. And we scooped them up, two clean pink ruby ripe angel-souls waiting like god made us prophets to nectar and whey wrapped in Hospital Houses, the cruel waxed paper thrown to the sick breeze behind us with their precious treasures deep down in our crying lonely honey-humming throats and scooting out of the alley for a Dreaming Place before we sweet-settled blind and smiling in the middle of the Sixth with some wanderer's heaving eighteen wheeler spitting me out of its bug sucking chrome grillwork on the way to tumbling round icebergs sitting crisp and cool in Holland Marsh.

(Holy shit, and Angel, laced in white tight peeling purity opening up for the kiss of God settling smooth home into Wonderland—)

(not to mention the ubiquitous green blob assassins, curling quivering into the golden shadows bright with the crisp tight dying of the evening's (green blob) sunny blaze blasts, drunk on the wail of the storm starry-arry wind warbling cool with sweet November) (and without cheese or Polskie O'Gork or the Five Flaming Fingers of O'Brian's Latin Legacy sliced with the stones of Timothy)

And all that.

[Phil Kelly wrote these little gems under the title above - of course, they weren't continued from anywhere — Ed.]

obviously flaunting their... but I digress. *This idea was brought to you by the newsgroup alt.lycra*

- Mud sliding! Find a well-travelled path through a patch of grass (you'll find many of these on campus), and do the Pete Rose! But don't wear a yellow hard hat, or someone will certainly mistake you for an n-jineering Frosh.
- Under the cover of the Spring fog, you can have fun with Campus Security. On a bleak and dark evening, take a walk with several of your friends. When you spot a pair of people wearing reflective orange vests, shout out loud, "Let's get them!!" Hours of fun are guaranteed! And hey! They are looking for some excitement every once and a while.
- Sculpture Surfing! U(W) has many pieces of "art" just waiting to be used. Loading-up at the Bomber beforehand will increase the fun and challenge.
- Not getting enough? Well, be a voyeur and watch as all the campus ducks get it on.
- The time-honoured sport of Thawed Dog Turd Skipping. Note: This is the sport in which you hop over steaming fly-ridden mudpiles, *not* the practise of jumping skipping ropes made of... well, you know.
- Listen for this someday when you're walking from the Math building to the University Plaza: Near the Davis Centre overpass, you can hear your footsteps make a chirping sound as it echoes off of the tin siding. It really works! Try it!

Suicidal  
Pilot in Hell

## Top Ten Questions Not To Ask During A Midterm or Dental Exam

*from Issue 55.3 Friday June 8, 1990*

10. Do I get extra marks if I beat the proctors in a stare fight?
9. Dorry boud your binger.
8. What do you mean, it's open book?
7. Didn't you say we could bring any calculator that didn't dim the lights? I have my own forklift.
6. Rwah wrah rwah wrah.
5. Would you please move your arm, it's in my way? I can't see your answer for question 4.
4. If no Aids are allowed, how about HIV virus?
3. I'm in Math, so I don't have to answer the essay questions right?
2. Could I finish this up later and hand it in tomorrow?
1. More morphine please.

Not the Secretary  
Grim Smurf

## More profQUOTES

from Issue 40.4 Friday, February 28, 1986

Fifty minutes is a long time for a professor to talk without saying something silly. The increase in the number of quotes that mathNEWS receives is evidence of this. We will keep printing them as long as you keep sending them in. (The chance to submit a quote is one of the best reasons for paying attention in class.)

"Yes, we have no Wong."

Randy Goebel, CS486

"The assignments are put in pessimal order."

Randy Goebel, CS486

"Some guy is registered in section 2, attending section 3, and getting assignments back in section 1."

Randy Goebel, CS486

"It's wrong in the sense that it doesn't work."

Randy Goebel, CS486

"Let's say 'very simple' — 'wrong' is such a strong word."

Randy Goebel, CS486

"There, that's half an hour down. We've got one hour left for the last question."

Ken Davidson, taking up M130B midterm

"You want the thing in my pants."

Peter Ponzo, AM 391

"Infinity is a large number."

S. M. Seager, C&O 351

"Instead of taking  $i$  to infinity, I'm taking  $i$  to four, which is a dangerous thing."

Keith Geddes, CS 375

"This event will occur infinitely often, but not very often."

C. Small, STAT 333

"A large prime doesn't contain powers of two, or powers of ten, or powers of anything for that matter."

G. Gonnet, CS 340

"This is not exactly reality we are talking about, but in mathematicsdots."

D. Siegel, AM 365

"By this time it's all moot, I could be talking about anything."

D. Siegel, AM 365

"I wonder if I'm actually accomplishing anything here."

George Cross, MATH 230B

"I don't really know what this is for."

Mosevich, CS 330

"All these midterms I throw at you are really midterms, so I feel morally clean."

Romas Aleliunas, CS 435

"A spline is something engineers used to use, and a spline isn't kinky."

Romas Aleliunas, CS 435

"If you feel cheated by me stopping early, you can stay for a few minutes and watch me erase the boards."

Chris Springer, ACTSC 221

"Let those little chippies test themselves."

Rudy Seviora, EE 427

"If you have a joint you have everything."

Christian Genest, STAT 330

"Make it simple, even though it is more complicated."

Wendy Myrvold, CS 360

"(in response to an engineer) You probably know too much for your own good right now."

Dave Taylor, CS 354

"It's not obvious to me that a flowchart is the best way to describe this, but since one was promised, here comes one."

Dave Taylor, CS 354

"Have you ever seen anything written in SNOBOL that was understandable?"

Dave Taylor, CS 354

"If  $n$  is a prime we call it  $p$  That's just the way we do things."

Dave Easton, PMATH 340

"Uns sanitary as it may seem, first you P on the chopstick. Then no one else can P on the chopstick until you've V'd on it."

Doug Dymment, CS 354

"This isn't a trick. If you use a trick more than once it becomes a method. This is a standard method."

John Baker, MATH 332B

"So, this is left as an exercise for the instructor."

Bruce Char, CS 350

"A sort of instantaneous proof by induction. If it's true for  $n = 4$  it must be true for all  $n$ ."

Bruce Char, CS 350

"What you actually probably did, probably you actually solved this in MATH 130B."

Ed Moskal, MATH 230B

"Is it clear that this condition very easily obviously holds?"

Prof Shah, MATH 234A

continued on page 15

## Change

from Issue 43.1 Jan 16, 1987

continued from page 14

"After a short delay, one of the gates immediately becomes one."

K. Culik, CS 369

"You can do this in an arbitrary order, if you do it sequentially."

K. Culik, CS 369

"In Canada, or in the English speaking world..."

Prof Kreindler, CS 498L

"I screw up my subscripts because I'm an idiot."

Erich Fraga, CS 337

"Oh, shit... I'm sorry guys... O.K..."

Erich Fraga, CS 337

"I have to learn to stop swearing in class, otherwise it gets printed in mathNEWS."

Dave Easton, PMATH 340

"Does anybody here read mathNEWS? Does anybody here submit quotes to mathNEWS?"

Peter Dibble, CHEM 363

## Double Jointed, and Triple Standards

Glasses, notebooks up to the eyeballs, a faster walk than an African gazelle, squash rackets sticking out of backpacks, and sweat, lots of sweat. These are the things you can look for when trying to identify a person who is taking multiple majors and/or minors in completing their degree. (Often referred to as a Double Jointed, Triple Standard or DJTS.)

As for their personality, the typical DJTS student is always trying to get more things to do (as if they didn't have enough already). For example, you can find many of us writing for mathNEWS, tutoring high-school students in drama, brainwashing frosh, and creating laundry from scratch ALL AT THE SAME TIME!!

Now, I bet you are wondering how you can be inducted into this cult. Well, it's easy, just become temporarily insane for the remainder of your university career. You'll be surprised by all the benefits that you will receive. There is no longer any need to do homework during the day; you will get more pretty words printed on your diploma (although they will only print 2 of your many specialties); and you'll know so many people from all of your classes, that you'll have an assignment network that would rival InterNet.

So, get off your brains! Walk, NO! RUN! to your nearest advisor, and sign up for a couple of extra majors. No money down! No interest required! You don't have to pay until Fall 1993! Don't delay! Space is limited! Sign up today!

Slave Girl  
Slave Boy

"Yeah, we did do that. It ended up in mathNEWS... We won't do it again, or it will be in mathNEWS again."

R. Brown, ACTSC 462

Long ago, in a simpler time, I could exchange one disk (with a stamping of the Queen on one side and a moose on the other (or vice versa)) for a donut.

If I didn't have any such disks, the machine in the carpeted C&D lounge would give me some in exchange for a picture of the Queen, and at least two-and-a-half times as many for a picture of Wilfrid Laurier.

(This seems to violate the idea of equal value for work of different sexes, and seriously overvalues WLU. Said machine also refuses to accept Sir John Eh? MacDonald at all — perhaps due to excessive alcohol content.)

Anyway — moose disks. They're also useful for laundry, Robotron and parking costs. I like 'em.

So now I walk into the C&D, only to find that my humble, all-purpose disk doesn't cut it anymore. Since I routinely toss the practically worthless little beaver-coins onto my dresser (Jeeves is very patient about such abuse) I have to surrender TWO !! moose-disks. I get back my donut and two EVEN SMALLER coins - the Bluenose in MicroMiniature. I can't even hold onto these little cretins - I lose them almost instantaneously, like TTC tokens. My donut consumption has dropped dramatically — for me, their price has essentially doubled!

Now the government is going to give me a loon coin? Bloody noisy lonesome-sounding birds. The machine won't even convert them to moose-disks. Anybody want to barter a real snazzy COBOL string manipulator for some donuts? (Stop laughing.) No? Oh, well.

Al 'Go' Rithm

## Controversial Subject

*Nipple of the Week*  
from Issue 53.1 Friday, May 11, 1990



## Stupid Thought of the Week

from Issue 53.1 Friday, May 11, 1990

If you were at a Killer Dwarves concert and basketball players were in the front row, would you be able to see the concert?

"I'm losing my mind. I shouldn't be allowed to operate heavy machinery."

M. Coffin, CS 246

"This (straight) line is a reasonable approximation for this circle."

E. Vrscay, MATH 138

"Looks like math was a hazardous business back then!" (referring to the young age at which some mathematicians died)

J. Wainwright, MATH 237

"Hmmm, how should I phrase this...X!"

P. Morenz, PMATH 334



## The true nature of God revealed!

I never thought it would happen to me. I was sitting in my CS246 class, listening to Prof. Mike droning on about how he asked Flo the florist to send his grandmother some flowers, when I had a revelation.

A divine revelation.

At first I thought it was the Gino's pizza I had eaten for lunch doing acrobatics in my stomach, but no, it was a divine revelation. An honest to goodness divine revelation. A revelation so divine, its divinity so divvy, I knew that I had to tell the world.

God is an object oriented programmer — and we are but objects.

Thing about it, we are all humans. As humans we can be divided into subtypes of males, females, and TAs. Further subtyping can continue until we develop a unique object-identity for each of us, like human.mathie.male.cs.handsome.dragon, etc. All other things and aspects of existence can be classified in similar ways. For example, we might have "rock" as a basis object, with subtypes of "stone", "brick", "C&D pastry", etc.

Also let us consider the similarities between the earth and a computer program. In the beginning there was nothing. Then God wrote a few funky functions to give us light, and dirt, and animals, and fig leaves, etc. Or, if you take a more scientific view, the universe was created by the big bang (the first compile). From there, God implements her Earth program. She starts with a huge ball of molten material, implements a cooling routine, atmosphere routine, single-cellular organism routine, etc.

And what about Syntax Errors? Take a look at the platypus for example — don't tell me God did that on purpose.

I could continue my explanation for pages and pages, but I would undoubtedly bore you to death, and as I really don't understand object oriented programming or the nature of the universe well enough to back up my claim; let's just assume I'm correct. After all, this is a religious matter. I have had a message from God and I see no reason why I should have to explain it or justify it! God told me she was an object oriented programmer, and if you don't like it, tough cookies!

But what does this really mean?

It means an entirely new way of looking at the universe! Let's consider some of the implications here:

Is this version 1.0?

It would be silly (and hey, we don't want to be silly) for us to assume that this is v1.0 of the universe! Will our existence be tossed away for a more efficient version? How many times has God compiled the universe anyway? What happens if it crashes? We can all hope that the universe data is backed up somewhere, so all we'll lose if it crashes is (maybe) the last few weeks of our lives. Or will we lose a few millenium? How often does God back up her files anyway?

How fast is God's computer?

Does she have some sort of super God-computer that can compile the universe, run it, and play tetris, all in real time? After all, if God's computer isn't running in real time, then neither are we. If we're not running in real time, than any programs we write to run in real time will have to actually run several times faster than we think they should!

How the heck is God programming?

Is she typing on a keyboard? No, that would be silly. Think of how \*old\* the universe is. Back when God started programming there weren't any keyboards ...and we know what that means don't we — PUNCH CARDS! Picture an omnipotent being shoving punch cards (at nearly the speed of light no doubt) into her Godputer(tm). Perhaps since then God has managed

to pick up a keyboard, or even one of those neat direct neural interfaces that Barkley used on the episode of Trek where he became smart enough to pass C&O 230. You never know ...

Did God create Woman to program the universe? Think of how bored God must have been after her several billion years of programming the universe before she created Woman. She probably said something like "Oh ME, I really don't want to write that STUPID wheel algorithm. I know, I'll create a self programming process!" She called that programming process Adam, and then Adam spawned an Eve process (carefully modifying his code so that the Eve process would have to do most of the work in further spawnings), and then Adam and Eve spawned more processes to do the work for them. Hey! I knew there had to be a link between CS and sex somewhere!

As the receiver of this divine wisdom, I am founding a new religion, "the religious order of OOPS" (object oriented programming systems). Please mail cheques, made payable to "Pope Ahmoras of OOPS", to mathnews@descartes.

Ahmoras the Dragon

"The unfortunate part (of the assignment) was the number of ways these problems can be solved except for those problems which couldn't be solved at all."

D. McLeish, STAT 450

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## The Articles THEY Didn't Want You To See

It's the end of another term, and we at *mathNEWS* have enjoyed bringing you Waterloo's best Mathematics newsletter every other Friday. We hope that you enjoyed all of the articles we presented, whether they were funny or informative, or even just the masthead.

Unfortunately, not all of the articles that we received for publication were judged to be suitable. Unlike certain other student newspapers, *mathNEWS* is supposed to have some sort of responsibility about what it prints. In the interest of fairness, though, I am going to give you a brief glimpse of the articles THEY didn't want you to see...

Some articles we received were simply judged to be in questionable taste. This was true of the article, "How to Make Love to a Mathie". Questions were raised about how the dean would react to this one; they were silenced when we saw how the editors reacted. This one was actually resubmitted a week later, re-titled, in an attempt to slip it past the editors and into the issue. The new title was "Absolutely Nothing About Duct Tape...". It didn't work.

Other articles were left out in the name of journalistic integrity, such as "MC-Gate; the Math Faculty Arms Deal Scandal". In it, certain professors here at U(W) were linked to the heavy weapons deals that were so heavily publicized last summer. That's right; our very own faculty may have been instrumental in the Super Soaker craze of '92. Allegations of a high powered, laser sighted ultra watergun being hidden in one of the robotics labs have never been substantiated.

Then, there were the articles which were too controversial or sensitive for inclusion in *mathNEWS*. I am of course referring to a certain essay which had originally appeared in a different university's newspaper that Fuzzy found and spent hours typing in and proofreading only to have it rejected by a certain ex-editor-that-I-could-mention-here-but-won't, just because it happened to use the phrase "erect penis" a bit too much. Enough said.

The circumstances surrounding the omission of certain other articles remain slightly mysterious. "That *plATmN* guy- Perky *mathNEWS* productionist or Evil TA Assignment Marker from Hell?" mysteriously disappeared while it was waiting to be printed. So far, no one has managed to figure out why or how this happened...

Finally, at least one issue was rejected purely for humanitarian reasons. Yes, I am of course talking about "Nice Guys Revisited". This article was placed in a protective titanium shell, and buried three miles deep in the Canadian shield. Hopefully, it will remain undisturbed for millions of years.

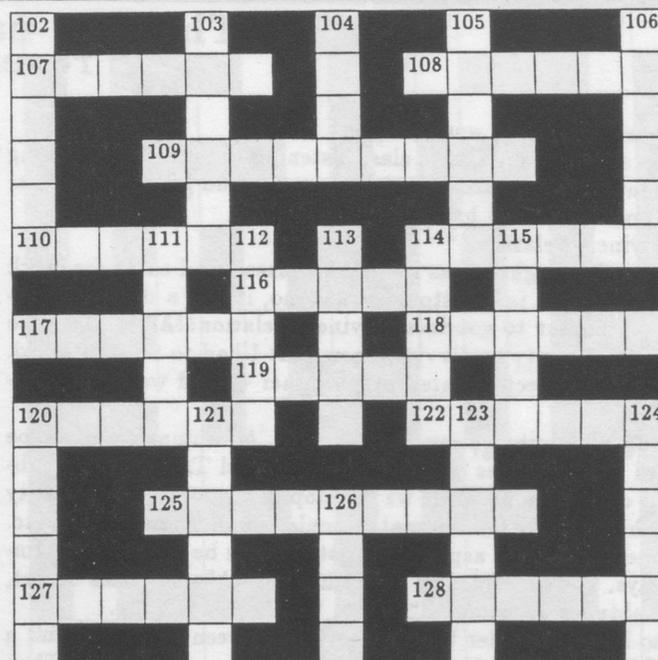
This has just been a taste of all the stuff we haven't printed, and remember: THEY didn't want you to see it...

Guelph Erronious

ISSN 0705-0410

*mathNEWS* is normally a fortnightly publication funded by and responsible to, but otherwise independent of, the Mathematics Society at the University of Waterloo. Content is the responsibility of the *mathNEWS* editor; however, any opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and not necessarily those of MathSoc or *mathNEWS*. Produced with *plATmN*, including the new on-line layout facility. Send your correspondence to: *mathNEWS*, MC3041, University of Waterloo, 200 University Ave. W., Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, N2L 3G1, or to [userid:mathnews@descartes.uwaterloo.ca](mailto:userid:mathnews@descartes.uwaterloo.ca) on Internet.

Editor: Christina Caldarelli, Erich Jacoby



## Feed Back

from Issue 55.3 Feb 15, 91

That's it, I've had enough! I want to complain about the low level of trash contained in recent issues of *mathNEWS*. For example:

- the Pure Math Club contained a mention of the rec.arts.erotica newsgroup - shameful! (Besides, we all know that the acronym PMC is a blatant sexist joke about PMS)
- the Dean's Honour List contained many names which, when pronounced backwards, were blatant derogatory remarks
- all of the profs quoted in the prof-quotes were male (and some of them are pigs, too)
- the column on soup contained the sentence 'Serve and enjoy,' an obvious reference to sexual domination
- the title 'CSC Flash' is an obvious promotion of indecent exposure
- the serial Loopy's First Case had no pictures, so I couldn't understand the storyline.
- the interview with Saddam had the word Nantacitz, which could offend some people if they were to misread it as Nanta's tits
- the word 'Dick' appeared in bold heading on page 6 of the January 18th issue
- anyone who would even consider the Pink Tie, the Natural Log, or MathSocks to be kinky sex objects is not only totally warped but is also a traitor to their own faculty.
- also I didn't understand some of the jokes.

If you agree with me and feel that you would rather see a half empty issue or better yet a nice, respectable paper like the Gazette, come see me anytime and we can bitch about it to each other.

the B.I.T.C.H.E.R.

## Puzzle Page Comments

It appears that "People with too Much Time on our Hands" were finally caught a little short, since we weren't given the official answers to the Puzzle Page. In addition, "escuincle" raised the point that there may be a multitude of solutions to the *Logic Puzzle*. So, to be fair to all the participants, the first four puzzles were marked on correctness, while the *Logic Puzzle* was marked on whether it was attempted or not, allowing a maximum score of 5. There were eight submissions, and they are from (in alphabetical order): 2 and Phage (5); Bubba the Logic god (3); Digital Orgasm (5); escuincle (1); The Fanatic (5); Lurkin (4); Mag Furukawa (4); and, R2D2 & Banger (1). By a random sampling, Digital Orgasm wins! D.O. can pick up their load... I mean, prize in the MathSoc office.

Pilot in Hell

## Letters to the Editor

from Issue 43.1 Friday, Jan 16, 1987

Dear mathNEWS,

I am quite distressed. Last time I was here, it was summer term. The trees were green, the halls were uncrowded and there was never more than 25 people in the lounge with the couches. Now, three people can't sit together at lunch without brandishing a weapon and the halls are almost impassable between 20 after and half past.

Rumour has it that this is because of something called "regular students". I am also told that, as I am in 3B, I will have to spend the rest of my undergrad life with these people. Frankly, I don't like it.

I propose two solutions: 1) The University senate decrees that there will only be summer terms all year. This will make life easier for the squirrels and should please all but the most devoted skiers. 2) The University senate decrees that all regular students go on a work term this winter. (I am sure they could use the bucks anyways.)

If you find any support for these recommendations, please pass them on to the appropriate parties.

Thank you,  
The Anonymous 3B Co-op Student

Dear Anonymous,

Stop bitching! I am a regular student and feel that co-op students are scum. These are some of my major concerns: 1) Anyone keen enough to pass a course in the summer doesn't deserve to live. 2) All you rich co-op students monopolize the female population of Fed Hall sporting fast cars and the latest big-town styles, only to leave for Pinawa in four months, leaving us regular students to pick up the emotional pieces until the next capitalist lot comes through. 3) Considering the job training-learn-to-dress-for-success attitude displayed by the co-op students, you don't deserve the space required for existence in an academic institution. Rather you should leave our precious space for academic pursuits and do your lounging in the hallowed halls of such shrines as IBM or Government office blocks.

It's a pity you're past the point from which you can repent. May your career have all the excitement of a co-op job programming COBOL accounting packages for a Computerland store in Peterborough.

dan schnabel (the editor)

## Ramblings, Ravings, and Incoherent Mumbles

from Issue 18.9 Friday, November 24, 1978

Picture a flock of pigeons on the roof of an office building. They perch under a huge advertising clock, unconcerned about the distant cheering of thousands of throats, strutting about, doing whatever it is that pigeons do with their lives, when a sharp crack sounds and they take to the air in a dirty grey spiral like clouds in a hurricane — there. Freeze that, frame it, and put it away in your collection before it fades.

Cause and effect; it travels through our lives, sowing and reaping, giving and taking. These are the moments of which history are made; the *now*, when past and future meet in a bunched hourglass spread for an instant. Then it passes and a single thread remains along with the dominoes spread along it, falling forward in ponderous rhythm. Perhaps they had been falling for years, obscured until now, monoliths of Ozymandias giving up their potential to become yesteryears. Unfreeze it.

The pigeons beat the air frantically, their little hearts racing in adrenalin terror. Another crack sounds — still not too late, but they think only of the unknown, the fear, rising like a whirlwind — and a third, and it is done, a life has been taken, and they are forever a symbol of the irretrievable, rising into the heat of the afternoon to vanish from the face of the earth.

Had it not happened, would the image be not as bright today, not the dying glow of white-hot steel quenched? Perhaps; but the fan is gone, and we must all place our feet together, hands at our sides, and let cause and effect tip us over to crash in great jarring waves onto the sandy surface of what might have been, nudged by one twisted finger of a man helpless to prevent his own fall. Over go men in muck and grit of a soil not theirs; over go children with open veins and tampered minds; over go four much like us somewhere in Ohio. Over goes an entire generation, heads submerged placidly in the waters of content after an instant of shouting, feet bobbing in the warm autumn sunshine.

One of my earliest memories can be dated almost to the second, unlike the others which huddle in the dusty corners of my mind. Sprawled on the rug in front of a black and white console set, I complain bitterly because my favorite kiddie show isn't on, while my parents try gently to make me understand. But they cannot compete with Uncle Whatever-his-name-was, and disconsolate I fidget with a little toy artillery piece, distant cousin of the machines producing the solemn sounds coming from the small oval speaker. It is fifteen years ago tomorrow: November 25, 1963, and the hopes and dreams of the New Frontier are being laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery, along with the mortal remains of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Prabhakar Ragde

## Enginews: an Endangered Species

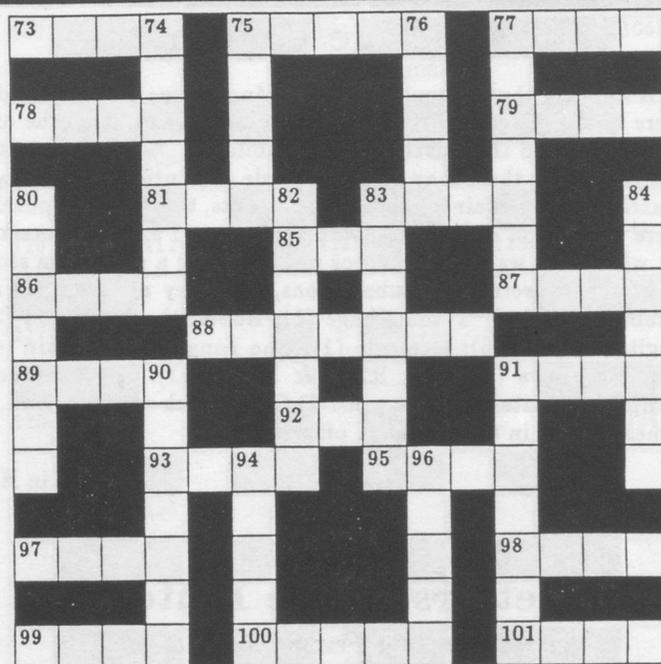
from Issue 8.5 Friday, July 4, 1975

Once again Enginews has shown the world that an undergraduate newspaper has full freedom of the press and as such is entitled to print as much racial, sexist and ethnic discrimination as it wishes, in whatsoever fashion it damn well pleases, and to hell with authority. In the words of the editor, now the ex-editor, "Engsoc tried to censor this issue, but I outsmarted them."

## Grid Clues

## Across (Cryptic)

1. Beautiful ladies in sexy suits (5)
3. He said it in a blur. Too fast for me! (5)
6. Beer hurts (3)
8. Two eyes and I for MathSoc president (3)
9. Snake in hot sauna (3)
11. Flow within pebbles (3)
14. Saw a thousand treated boils (7)
17. Tumbling in the macro batch job (7)
20. Ominous, big (even large) is statue! Karl likes 2001! (7)
24. O grab me, don't trade me (7)
28. Burning screwed up me final (7)
34. A decrepit city is run poorly (5)
35. Music to my ears. Strings are good (5)
41. Run around the ashes (3)
43. Surgery massages back. Good for long hikes. (5)
45. Boy 'n' has lots (5)
47. Iron or gold? (3)
49. Backward mountain drink ties the knot (3)
50. How orb left forehead (4)
53. Alas! Appearance is wanted immediately (4)
55. Stares at Laurier without William (5)
57. Beg for a weird apple without urine (4)
58. Relative poker bet (4)
59. You are arty but slow (5)
61. Crazy aged exclamation (4)
63. Kick your disgusting thing (4)
64. Hear a time of confusion (3)
67. Sun King of Israel (3)
69. One hundred can do magic (5)
70. A bolt strikes and feels heavy (5)
72. Give the ball back, bro! (3)
73. Imprecise EC,  $\pi$  is a long story (4)
75. Gee, this looks funny (5)
77. Levy me a ride (4)
78. Preparation aids headless seaweed (4)
79. Icons don't do much (4)
81. The other group of guys is raw meat (4)
83. In that wild play, Cats (4)
85. Kept headless, it is competent (3)
86. Dry, urbaine, lousy, and lackluster (4)
87. Carry the water? It's a Swedish joke (4)
88. Don't do the first two, Mark! (7)
89. Hear an unusual story on a rampage (4)
91. Dissolve electric drivers license (4)
92. Off-brown gets squished (3)
93. You state teaching assistant preparation (4)
95. Alphabet sun begins magic (4)
97. A shitty dice game (4)
98. Mined ring makes a cookie (4)
99. With interesting clue inside... (4)
100. It's 12:00 in France. Undone? No, just shy (5)
101. Yule be sorry at Christmas (4)
107. Personality marks dinner and vases (6)
108. Afro lick dance (6)
109. This darn country is going to hell! (9)
110. Al maps gooey substance (6)
114. Going to the grocery store for classical music (6)
116. Natural environment is both love and thanks (5)



117. Shine it in the sunlight (6)
118. Sure, tumors is backwards, but where do babes come from?(6)
119. Alternative lifestyles retain water (6)
120. Collect bush eaves (5)
122. West ate properly (6)
125. Fat polio is taken over by manager's ideas (9)
127. Commie alcohol is reversed death (6)
128. Binary blood type is a legend (6)
129. Tired, confused, wordy direction (6)
132. Carefully gotten by a kept woman (6)
136. Void not in tangerine (6)
137. The base of Al, the Indian death goddess (6)
138. Say what? Shocking! (4)
140. Goose sounds like cheese (4)
144. French greets hand lotion (4)
145. You thought me a narc? (4)
146. Charged particle ends cursor repetition (9)
147. A sticky luge is wrong (4)
148. Distributing Cain in Peru (4)
149. Boxer's goal, OK? (4)
152. It's not picky (4)
154. Emus, bloody emus without heads on a crest (6)
155.  $8\pi$  under the sea (6)
156. EC is blah, and turns white (6)
157. A naughty army without hair (6)

## Down (Cryptic)

2. Evil St. Nick (5)
4. The dancing ditz is last, not first (5)
7. Pole is broken and lumbers along (4)
8. Deal with bad stress for heading oil cartel (4)
10. Blue nose in summer (8)
12. Freak fob is fab. Just finish it (8)
15. Lapel length (3)
19. Crazy lard in the back of the ship (3)
22. Demonstrating ignorant minds (3)
23. Sticky face upside-down (3)

25. It's a seed! It's an ear! It's a bump on my foot! (5)
27. A dog is teased (4)
29. The soft fern got knocked over (4)
31. Ha! (Note disappointment) (5)
37. Arm! (4)
38. See! Train track is holy (5)
39. God in a storm (4)
40. Chocolate bar is there, love (4)
42. A frantic lope like the Pope (4)
44. In line, do this to a boat (3)
46. A darn good language (3)
48. Sounds like constipated energy (3)
49. My previous state looked up (3)
51. Elmer Fudd sings "Kill da Wabbit" (5)
54. The hedgehog makes a boom (5)
56. Battle the raw soldier (3)
59. Tacky asphalt. Roads. (3)
60. Hey, especially if I agree (3)
62. Ideally opposed to drugs (3)
63. I look lousy (3)
65. High circle (above bass) (4)
66. A repossessed musical (5)
68. Woodwind? A homeless sound (4)
69. Acre everywhere for Indian (4)
71. The wheel got confused on the post (4)
74. Money in Washington (7)
75. Israelite has bras, but is not quiet (5)
76. Exchange Inc. to water (5)
77. Hi's neighbor needs a drink (7)
80. Shelled early, without rock is old (7)
82. Hi, a messy holy one (7)
83. Braves burn in flames (7)
84. Cheap stadium is liberty (7)
90. Donald meets ET and blows his horn (7)
91. Give an 'A' for my organs (7)
94. Northern city is on guard (5)
96. Twist hair in bee sting (5)
102. Father or mother are trapped (6)
103. Bailey's and peppermint schnapps. What a release! (6)
104. Scandinavian group goes both ways (4)
105. Symbol of the past. Offense is in gap (6)
106. Play part of charge motion (6)
111. Sum over standard error (5)
112. Living quarters of a crazy indian (5)
113. More than one Ren? Sounds like you're full of shit (5)
114. Crow's song has effect (5)
115. Public voter (5)
120. disgrace, crazy gas left mist (6)
121. Non-violent colour (6)
123. Back Burton and Horton over Patricia in horseshoe place (6)
124. Mystery in game turns (6)
126. Screw up the endless bluff (4)
130. Take it out again, regarding fresh Jolson (7)
131. Aye! Today we begin! (3)
132. Endlessly lost up in space (3)
133. Fonzie gets old (7)
134. Jump because it's wrong to ask (4)
135. Blow all remaining food (4)
139. Not Here's credit is proof (7)
141.  $\pi$  and onions don't mix — Winston Churchill (7)
142. EC's son is crazy. He makes logos (5)
143. The joined particle isn't charged (5)
149. I heard Neil won't stand for it (5)

150. I might confuse the hour (4)
151. Evil mood (4)
153. The path to your court date follow (5)

*Thru (Cryptic)*

1. Tooth to teeth (5)
5. I dart around a threesome (5)
9. Dry, eh? (4)
13. Cow home that can't be hit (4)
16. Crown of certs (5)
18. Vomiting sounds are Tchaikovsky's favourite (5)
21. After left ate right (5)
26. Vermin's eye loves proportion (5)
30. Smurf takes love for you and gives it shapes (5)
32. Tent with accountant and soldier (4)
33. A little tone of music (4)
34. Recovering alcoholics, Canadiens again (5)
36. Dear fourth: backwards, I'm afraid (5)
52. Mr.Clean was here (4)
53. One spinner at the pinnacle (4)
62. Shakespeare's back, but he's boring (4)
63. It now turns outwards (4)



*Across (Conventional)*

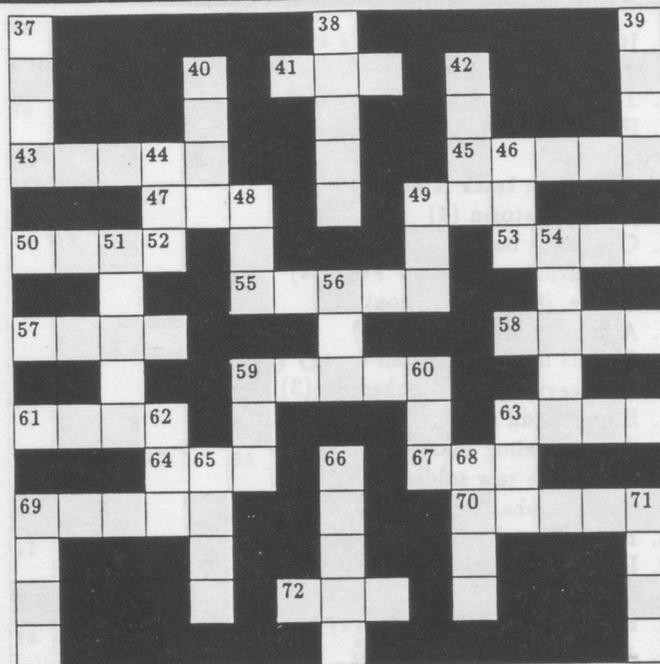
1. Not end (5)
3. Wonderful (5)
6. Charged particle (3)
8. One of ten (3)
9. Night before (3)
11. Curve (3)
14. Upgrade (7)
17. Speckled (7)
20. Storm (7)
24. Coach (7)
28. Condiment (7)
34. Over the hill (5)
35. Weepy veggie (5)
41. Child's desire (3)
43. Advertisement (5)
45. Solitary (5)
47. Era (3)
49. Anger (3)
50. Bee's relative (4)
53. Third person plural (4)
55. Ebony (5)
57. Fe (4)
58. Prom acquaintance (4)
59. Hi (5)
61. Power (4)
63. On the summit (4)
64. Spicy (3)
67. Nothing (3)
69. XX (5)

Across (Conventional)

- 70. "\_\_\_ without a Cause" (5)
- 72. Canine (3)
- 73. Adept (4)
- 75. Trinket (5)
- 77. Soft drink (4)
- 78. \_\_\_ Processing (4)
- 79. One to everyone in the group (4)
- 81. Tree or part of hand (4)
- 83. \_\_\_ an egg (4)
- 85. Single (3)
- 86. Grain (4)
- 87. Proclaim (4)
- 88. Knock my gun away (7)
- 89. Deer (4)
- 91. Plane (4)
- 92. Consume (3)
- 93. Level (4)
- 95. On cars or animals (4)
- 97. Wound (4)
- 98. Fall \_\_\_ the Gap (4)
- 99. Regulation (4)
- 100. Want (5)
- 101. Behind (4)
- 107. Maintenance (6)
- 108. Pre (6)
- 109. Beatles' tune (9)
- 110. Soccer/golf shoes (6)
- 114. Middle (6)
- 116. Not verbose (5)
- 117. "Fresh Prince of \_\_\_" (6)
- 118. Soap (6)
- 119. Perfect (5)
- 120. Brief sleep (6)
- 122. Painful occurrence (6)
- 125. IRA bomber (9)
- 127. To oppose (6)
- 128. Ticket to an interview (6)
- 129. Academic institution (6)
- 132. Tree limb (6)
- 135. Us (2)
- 136. Compelled (6)
- 137. Day planner (6)
- 138. Suffering (4)
- 140. House landed on this witch (4)
- 144. Unruly child (4)
- 145. Knitting (4)
- 146. Odd (9)
- 147. Vocalizing music (4)
- 148. Burning desire (4)
- 149. Eons past (4)
- 152. Disfigurement (4)
- 154. Fuel (6)
- 155. Short summary (6)
- 156. The magic word (6)
- 157. Small singing brown bird (6)

Down (Conventional)

- 2. Stream (5)
- 3. A Japanese strategic game (2)
- 4. Response (5)
- 7. Require (4)



- 8. Ensnare (4)
- 10. Holiday (8)
- 12. Study of C3P0, R2D2 (8)
- 15. Swine (3)
- 19. Final (3)
- 22. Evergreen (3)
- 23. Soap (3)
- 25. Incompetent (5)
- 27. 2n, n is integer (4)
- 29. The good, the bad and the \_\_\_ (4)
- 31. Locomotive (5)
- 37. Fall (4)
- 38. Canopy (5)
- 39. String (4)
- 40. Prince before kissed (4)
- 42. Rip (4)
- 44. Atlas (3)
- 46. "\_\_\_ it be" (3)
- 48. To wane (3)
- 49. Pen and \_\_\_ (3)
- 51. Small (5)
- 54. Valentines Day (5)
- 56. Every last one (3)
- 59. Magician's ... rabbits(3)
- 60. Possession (3)
- 62. Indefinite article (3)
- 63. Beer (3)
- 65. Exclusive (4)
- 66. Ran away with the dish (5)
- 68. Violet flower (4)
- 69. Desire (4)
- 71. Building blocks (4)
- 74. Example (7)
- 75. Camel (5)
- 76. Combine (5)
- 77. Fabricated (7)
- 80. Long neck, and no fashion sense (7)
- 82. Grover, Elmo, Harry (7)
- 83. To engage (7)

## mathNEWSquiz Results

Many submissions, all recognized this time.

Because of an oversight, one set of solutions to mathNEWSquiz #4 weren't counted in the last issue. The solutions were from Ahmoras, Dan the swollen eyeball, Evil Pete, and Bubba. They scored an 8. Sorry for the error.

The answers to last issue's quiz are: **Movies:** 1) Ghost; 2) Hot Shots!; 3) Raising Cain; 4) Falling Down; 5) Sneakers; **Cartoons:** 1) he was 'Jim, dear' and she was 'Darling'; 2) skunk; 3) Birchwood Elementary; 4) Boopadoop; 5) hare remover; **Games:** 1) 5762 points; 2) six; 3) outfielder Fred Lynn (helped the Red Sox win the AL pennant in 1975 by batting .331); 4) billiards (derived from the French word "débuter — to make the first stroke; to break); 5) Baltimore Orioles (before the turn of the century!!!); **Potpourri:** 1) Person of Opposite Sex Sharing Living Quarters (in other words, shacking up); 2) Dot and Dash, in honour of telegraphy; 3) The Riddler (get it? E.Nigma? Riddle? Ah, forget it!); 4) Minotaur; 5) estivation; **A-Team:** 1) John Smith, Templeton Peck, H.M. Murdoch, B.A. Baracus; 2) Lynch, Decker, or Briggs; 3) Milk; 4) Amy and Tanya; 5) They get hired, ruffed-up, inventive, beat-up bad guys, then make their escape; **Fawltly:** 1) Basil, Cybil, Polly, and Manuel; 2) Basil; 3) Siberian Hamster, it was really a rat; [Sorry, but the answers to #4 and #5 were too numerous and profound to list]

We had a great response from the last quiz! The seven submissions, including their scores, are (in alphabetical order): Ahmoras the Dragon, Bubba, Dan the Gigantic Swollen Eyeball, a couple of engineers, and NOT Evil Pete (17); Beauty & The Beast (14); The Flowery Twats (16); The Mad Doctor Chrome (15); Mag Furukawa (13); Phage, 2, Me, and Buck (14); and R2D2 & Banger (6). Ahmoras' group can claim the quizprize in the MathSoc office.

Love!  
Name that Movie

1. I love you.
2. I love you!!
3. I LOVE you!!!
4. I love you?
5. I love. You?

Since this is the last issue of the term, we won't be asking for your solutions... put them in someone's mailbox or smoke them. Thanks to everyone who participated in the quizzes this term.

Token Artsie  
EC  
Pilot in Hell

## maTHEft

from Issue 8.2 Friday, May 23, 1975

On Friday, May 16, Ye Olde Rigid Tool was stolen from MathSoc's trophy case on the third floor in front of the Lounge. This was believed to be the work of the n-Jineers. However, on Monday the 19th, the trophy case was broken into again and some MathSoc T-Shirts, which were on display, were stolen.

The incident has been reported to security and MathSoc intends to prosecute.

84. Hammy \_\_\_\_\_ (7)
90. Famous (7)
91. Funny, \_\_\_\_\_, funniest (7)
94. \_\_\_\_\_ other one (5)
96. Sea (5)
102. Down-home, country-style (6)
103. Untruth (6)
104. Apple's middle (4)
105. Argue (6)
106. Tempt (6)
111. Encore (5)
112. Unclothe (5)
113. Start (5)
114. 'Baby' bass (5)
115. Famous (5)
120. Movie, flash, pinhole or reflex (6)
121. \_\_\_\_\_ as pie (two words) (6)
123. Able to stay awake through an 8:30 (6)
124. Where a cameo might make an appearance (6)
126. When the fat lady sings (4)
130. Motorbike nickname (7)
131. Fall behind (3)
132. Panhandle (3)
133. Book section (7)
134. Owed (4)
135. Four of them keep the roof up (4)
139. ...-2, -1, 0, 1, 2, ... (7)
141. Non-repeating (7)
142. Indy driver (5)
143. Poet's produce (5)
149. Little old lady, who? (5)
150. Fairy story (4)
151. Moon's gift to the shore (4)
153. Hourly changes (5)

Thru (Conventional)

1. See after hit (5)
5. Oscar the grouch (5)
9. TV award (4)
13. \_\_\_\_\_ Ashtrays (4)
16. See 111 Down (5)
18. To speak in public (5)
21. The rain in Spain falls here (5)
26. Discordant sound (5)
30. Fathers (5)
32. Tidy (4)
33. Lease (4)
34. Archaic child discipline (5)
36. Where the penguins don't live (5)
52. Blueprint (4)
62. Musical pitch (4)
63. Brand of car (4)

## Stupid Joke of the Week

Q: What do you get when you cross an elephant and a grape?

A: elephant grape sin  $\theta$

The pLAmN Guy

# GRIDWORD

## gridCOMMENTS

*A grid like no-one has seen before  
(and will probably never see again)*

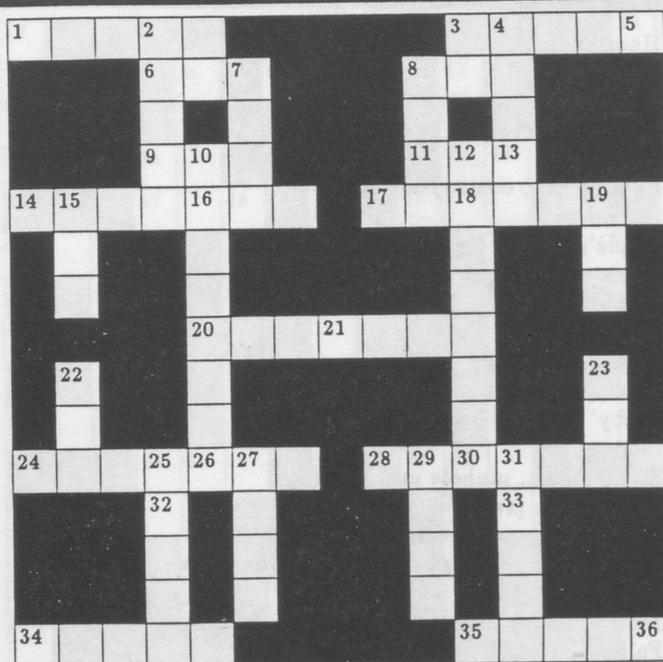
I am in shock. In all my years at UW, I have never had so many submissions for the gridword. I guess everyone liked the level of it. There were 8 submissions for the crypt-EC, and 7 for the conventional. Our intrepid solvers were for the Crypt-EC: De Tenors Man; Oops, I lost the first one; Phage & 2; De Saga Gyul; I & metalinguistic.shar.z & Blaine the PeeWee; Admiral Lee, commander Starfleet; Me; and an incomplete one from Maxwell Smurf and some other smurfs, but mainly a certain smurfette; and for the Conventional: 2 & Phage; Desmond & Stumpy; R2D2 Banger; Me; Maxwell Smurf and some other smurfs, but mainly a certain smurfette; and not-quite good ones from De Tenors Man and Marge HINCHCL. And the winner is: (insert drumstick here) Me for the conventional, and Oops, I lost the first one for the crypt-EC. Congratulations to our winners! you can pick up your prize in the MathSoc office anytime.

Here were some of the nifty comments about everyone's favourite shade of plaid and Audrey's new hairstyle: Hunting Gordon — NOT!; Black and yellow with filaments of red; deepest darkest magenta, with undertones of enhanced cepia & the slightest tinge of traffic yellow contrasted sharply by harsh verticals of springtime forest green; taupe with sunset crimson; I like all shades of plaid!; And as for hair: isn't very conservative; What? You mean UW has connections to the outside world?; Can't say that I care!; It's very ... hairlike, don't you think?; A cynical attempt to distract voters' attention from the real issue — accessorizing. Some other random comments: Favourite external organ: oh, come on now, that's a given; May fortune never favour the foolish; "Nicer" = "Better"? Ha Hi He.

So here it comes, the dreaded 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary 3-D Gridword From HELL! Hope you like it. It only took me and the other contributors all term to do this, so enjoy it dammit! A big thanks to all the people who helped out with the clues: EC, Fuzzy, jeffie (for the grid clues), droG, mouse# 2, and the other People With Too Much Time On Their Hands (for the conventional grid), and to Mala, BJ, Kevin, Guelph, and PeeWee the Engineer (for the conventional clues), but ultimately, all the credit goes to me for the idea and designing the bugger in the first place. By the way, it seems I duplicated a couple of clues in the cryptic grid. After taking the whole term to design the thing, you can live with it. This will give you something to do on your workterm. We'll be accepting solutions all summer, with the winner receiving a FREE mathNEWS (Volume 2) Prof Quotes Book when we print them this summer. How's that for incentive? Anyway, when you solve it, send it to mathNEWS c/o The Math Society, MC 3038, University of Waterloo, Waterloo ONT, N2L 3G1. You've got till the end of the summer, so take your time. Good luck on your exams, see you in the Fall (when the hell am I going to leave this place? You'd think 2 degrees is enough), and happy gridding!

Token Artsie  
Grid-EC

and all the people I thanked above



## JabbermathNEWS

*from Issue 36.5 Friday, October 26, 1984*

'Twas Monday, and the mathNEWS crew  
Did type and edit in MC.  
Enormous was the printer queue  
And the writers were three.  
"Beware the editor, my son,  
The knives that cut, the eyes that seek.  
Beware the pizza, free, and shun,  
The devious long-haired freak."  
He took his Volker-Craig in hand,  
Long time the article he sought.  
So rested he by the C & D,  
And stood awhile in thought.  
And as in sluggish thought he stood,  
The article, in words of flame,  
Came suddenly, with its grammar good,  
All written in his brain!  
One-two, one-two, he typed it through,  
The 404 went  
snick-  
er-  
snack.  
He went below, and got I-O  
And came rebounding back.  
"And hast thou writt'n an article?  
Come type some more, my dearest friend.  
Oh frabjous night! He spelt it right!"  
He sang until his end.  
'Twas Tuesday, and the mathNEWS crew  
Still typed and argued in MC.  
Unmoving was the printer queue,  
And the writers did flee.

Our apologies to C.L.D.