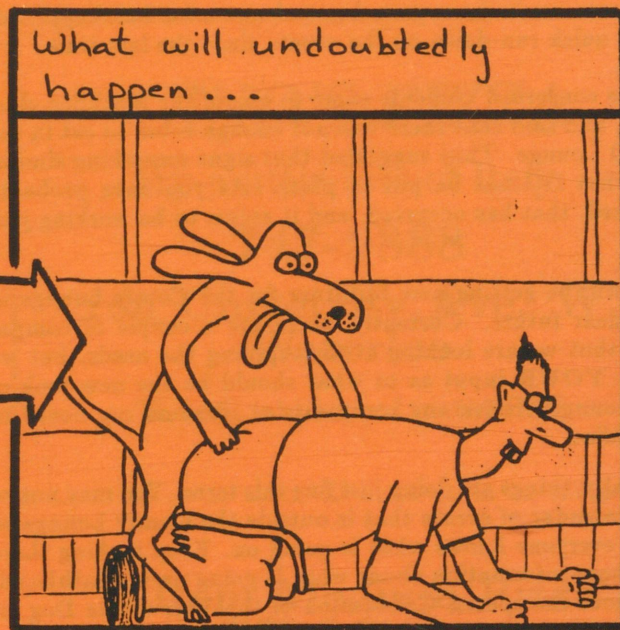
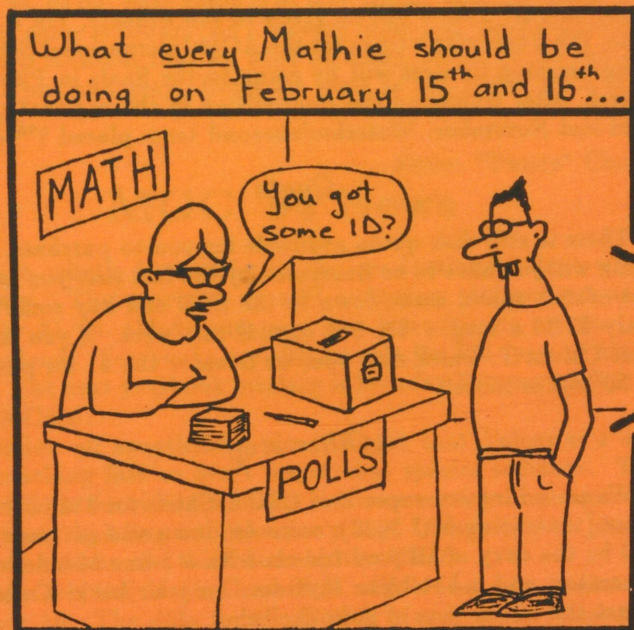


math NEWS

Volume 64, Issue 2

Friday, February 4, 1994



Vote, dammit

EXECommunicate

Already one month of the term has passed and it's slowly time to think about mid-terms, yuck. Let's just hope that it warms up pretty soon.

These last two weeks have witnessed great additions to the Math Society. I'd like to welcome both Gord Schmidt to the position of Vice President of Activities and Services (VPAS) and Jenn Dickson to Vice President of Finance (VPF). Jenn is replacing Jeff Stammler who was temporarily filling the shoes of VPF until a permanent replacement could be found. Thanks Jeff! All the exec have office hours which are posted on MC3039 just across from the MathSoc office (MC3038).

For anyone interested, Needles Hall is looking for Student Advisors to Co-op (SAC). Each faculty has a group of representatives. If you'd like to sit on SAC on behalf of the Math Faculty, please contact me and I can refer you to the proper channels.

Just a reminder that MathSoc is having a road trip to see "CLIFFHANGER" at the Cinesphere at Ontario Place in Toronto. I'm sure some people may even be coerced into trekking off to the Bomber when we get back!. The price for all this is just \$10 (Canadian funds dinner not included).

We are also discussing whether or not we should have a MathSoc specific newsgroup. If you could briefly let me know your ideas, (both positive and negative) I would greatly appreciate it. Mail to mkoechli@descartes.

For Your Information. MathSoc holds weekly meetings in MC4067. These meetings are open to the public. Discussion is also open to all.

Marco C.A. Koechli
Math Society President W94/F94

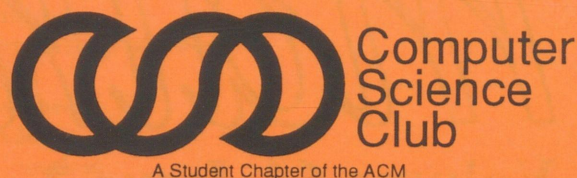
Ex-Speaker's Corner

Two more weeks have gone by, and not a lot has happened. Here is a quick run-down on the events since the last time.

- Some concerned students came to one of the MathSoc class reps, and said that there was not enough room to eat in the C+D Lounge. They suggested that signs something similar to what DC has be put in place. As you have probably noticed, that has occurred, and it seems to be working just fine.
- We will be getting new furniture for the Comfy Lounge in the near future. Currently, there are a couple of companies that we are looking at for suppling the needs, but we need **YOUR** input as to what should be the new look of the lounge. Leave any comments or ideas on my board in MathSoc.
- Socially, things are doing just fine this term. You may notice the calendar of events that is outside the Comfy Lounge so that everyone knows what is going on. Keep looking there for more information about what is going on in MathLand. Do note the special Celebration of the Year of the Dog on Feb 15th, and look out for the article in this issue.
- Congratulations to Jane Pak, the 1994 Orientation Director. You can also look for her article somewhere around here.

That's about it for now, all things concerned. A rather boring two weeks. Party well, and don't forget to leave your boots at the door.

Eric Sutherland



CSC Flash

Greetings all. My CSC is moving right along this term, with an interesting past couple of weeks. Just gone by were two sell-out, standing-room-only, Oscar-winning-performance, Unix tutorials hosted by our beloved president, Ian Goldberg. If you missed it, ask someone who was there about the wonderful information that you will otherwise be without. Also this past while we had Jo Ebergen in for a most interesting talk on Asynchronous Computers. Yet another reason for CSC members to consume free tea and doughnaughts.

Coming Up

Be sure not to miss out on our **hands-on** Mosaic/WWW Tutorial, coming up very soon. The WWW (World-Wide Web) is an interface to the Internet that encompasses gopher/UWinfo, ftp, telnet, hypertext, and much more! Mosaic is a graphical interface to the WWW, and Tom Rathborne will be presenting a **hands-on** session to those interested. Time and date will be posted soon. Meanwhile, you can check out Mosaic and the WWW by pointing your {`mosaic`, `Mosaic`, `lynx`} to:
`gopher://descartes/h0/mathSOC/.csc/.www/cs/home.html`

Also coming up: The CSC's termly Programming Contest! It is on February 26th. If you can program in C or Pascal, come on out! Prizes will be given to the winners. On a related note, the University's team for the ACM International Scholastic Programming Contest will be going to the finals in Phoenix in March, after trouncing the competition in the regional contest, held last November. Waterloo's second team placed 7th overall.

Quota

There is still disk quota available for you to purchase. Never again will you have to be frustrated by the fact that you have run out of disk space; come down to the CSC and buy some quota! Only \$2.50 a meg + \$1, but special this week: if you mention that Calum T. Dalek sent you, we'll waive the \$1 for purchases of 20 MB or more!

Other stuff

We are selling our super cool CSC T-Shirts for \$14 in the CSC office (that being MC 3036); come on down and get yours! You will be the envy of all your friends with a 3-line Mandelbrot set generator, and a 831-byte raytracer on your back! Order now to get the colour/size of your choice!

As always, if you have questions come down to MC 3036, and ask anyone there, or just come down to hang out and talk. You can even come in and lie around on our new couch (if there is room).

Until Next Time, Yours Cybernetically

Calum T. Dalek
Chairbeing

Orientation Leaders Wanted

More fun than you can shake a frosh at

Okay, girls! I know you're all anxiously awaiting Frosh Week '94. Well, I've got news for you. It's just around the corner. Do you remember your Frosh Week (six or seven years ago, before you switched to Math/Bus [*Hey was that a crack at Math/Bus, or those of us who have been here for 6 or 7 years?* -Grandpa Curtis]) thinking, "Gee, there's nothing I want more in the world than to be a Frosh Leader in 1994?" Well, your wish just might come true. All you have to do is fill out an application form which will be available just for you in the very near future. So, look for those signs and follow your nose! And, I hope to see your name of the OC '94 list.

Jane Pak,
Orientation Director 1994

PMC&OC

Last week, Professor Hoffman gave us an interesting talk on surfaces, and how not to colour them. Actually, it provided us with an insight into elementary algebraic topology and an introduction to homology theory.

Looking ahead, Professor Vanstone will be giving a talk on cryptography sometime next week. The exact details are not available at this time, but keep your eyes open for posters for more information.

Despite valiant efforts, our indoor soccer team suffered our first loss of the season last week. Much thanks to everyone who came out to support our team and show them varsity people how indoor soccer is played. Hats off to Tak for another outstanding performance in goal.

But today! Today, we have a chance to put our slight setback behind us, as our next game is at 5:30 today. Did I mention that our next game is today? As I become more and more repetitive, I will also mention that we need as many people as we can get to come out and play. Everyone meet in the PMC office at 5. Be there.

Andre "Twoey" Chang

MGC '94 News

Here is what's happening in the graduating student world nowadays. The yearbook is still accepting pictures up until February 21/94. Make sure you and your friends are part of the yearbook. Yearbooks are still on sale for \$30 (pay at MGC office). The next yearbook meeting is Monday February 7 @ 2:30 pm in MC4067.

Attention all sweethearts, don't forget that Valentine's day is approaching fast so don't forget that special someone. The MGC will be providing a flower delivery service to classrooms in the math building on Valentine's day. Orders can be placed February 9-11 on the third floor by the C&D.

Tickets for the Math Grad Ball will be on sale beginning February 15. The date for the Ball is March 19 at Bingeman Park Ballroom. Tickets are \$45 per person.

Grads make sure to play your squash games each week for those involved in the squash ladder. Make sure to look in the display case for an amazing picture of future opponents. Play hard, play to win. E-mail all game results to Kevin Dixon each week. Look outside the MGC office for weekly stats.

That's all for now, any questions drop by the MGC office. (MC3029 or e-mail at mgc@undergrad.math)

Trevor Dietrich

The Business Administration Club

Do you wonder where you can find the practical skills you need to survive in the real world. Do you want to know how to manage your money? Thinking of starting a business? Or just interested in business management? Well then the UW Business Club is for you!

The UW Business Club is a dynamic organization for all UW students interested in business and management. The Club offers people the opportunity to network with other students and professionals to build beneficial relationships.

Many varied events held throughout the term allow members to be introduced to many areas of interest such as MBA programs, mutual funds, business simulations, financial management, starting a business and a lot more.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

Monday Feb 7 — Elliot and Page on Financial Management.

REMINDER:

Tuesday Feb 15 — Job Fair at Bingeman's, see Career Services for more info.

Business Club memberships only cost \$3, get them at the office or at any event.

Remember the Business Club office (MC3030) has an extensive collection of MBA catalogues with most Canadian schools and many US schools, including Harvard, Stanford and Michigan.

Rob Keys

GINO'S PIZZA

Try a little bite of Italy

747-9888

160 University Ave. W.
Waterloo

The official pizza of mathNEWS

3-Item Medium Pizza

\$7.99 plus tax

Pick-Up and Delivery

Expires Feb. 18/94

Letters to the Editors

We Love Mail!

To the editor,

Seeing my name mentioned in your January 21 issue, I think it might be important to make clear that no, I am not writing a history of the University of Waterloo. The university has an official historian, Dr. Ken McLaughlin of St. Jerome's College, and I understand that his book is coming along nicely.

I did write a brief summary of UW's history as an appendix to the campus picture-book *Images of Waterloo* two years ago, and that text is also available on UWinfo. I do also take an interest in the university's history, and some days feel that I am turning into a part of it. But I'm not a historian and wouldn't want to masquerade as one.

Chris Redmond
Information and Public Affairs, UW

Question: Why is it that every time I read the *mathNEWS* there is always some foul language? Why do you need to swear so much? What do you mean it's cool like that? Get a new editor! Get a life! Ooompf that!

It is quite shocking reading some of the articles in past issues that I missed on my co-op term. For example, Curtis' "Opinions" written with Tourette's Syndrome in last September's issue, or Steve's "Math, the Universe..." in just about any issue. I am pleased to find out that writers have to submit their real names with their articles. So now anyone can track them down and kill them if their writings are substandard. (And no, I never read the mastHEAD, I only read the good article in *mathNEWS*.) As I was saying, every writer beware, because if people dislike your babbling, you might find a copy of your article included in your resume package, as a deterrent. Or worse, your readers will have it sent to your mother. If you are vulgar enough, you can get attention of my bodyguard who will beat that "s—" and "f—" out of you. And I'm sure you wouldn't want your future children to find out what sort of a jerk their parent was. That is, of course, if you will be able to have children, after your member has been re-attached. Offensive language makes me temporarily insane, so watch out.

The bottom line is that I stand behind the freedom of speech, and I encourage you to write whatever you want (and I will do the same). My point is, please be little more ethical, because I have always liked reading *mathNEWS*. The only four letter word you really need to use is L-O-V-E.

Tom Tocek

Since I was one those you specifically named, I'll reply (although I'm sure others want to as well). In the September issue you saw my editorial, which was written to make a point, a point I'm sure you missed if you didn't read the follow-up editorial. The point was that people had some legitimate beefs about certain issues, and yet they would not write anything in mathNEWS because they were afraid of the "repercussions" of what they say (Certain humourless people in Co-op could threaten legal action, for instance). My little display of profanity was the quickest, albeit not the best, way to show people that freedom of speech is valued here at the university - no one came to lynch me, no one tried to have mathNEWS shut down. In effect, I showed those people who wanted to speak up that they had nothing to fear.

And to that end, I have succeeded; people have started to submit articles that are more critical than the previous fluff pieces of old. True, the presence of profanity may not be always appropriate, but I would rather have profanity in a critical, serious article than go back to the easy, safe articles where people were afraid to express opinions. Incidentally, Tom, Tourette's Disorder (note the spelling) is only an umbrella syndrome for many involuntary motor and verbal tics, both simple and complex. Coprolalia, the disorder you meant to use, is the use of socially unacceptable words, frequently obscene, and accounts for only a very small percentage of Tourette's patients, of which I am not. But then, I'm just being facetious.

Curtis Desjardins, F93 Co-Editor

Well, I guess since I'm editor I should reply to this. You see, some of us aren't Nice Guys. I could give you the same argument asking why you are so Nice, and that you should get a new life, etc. But to answer your question. The reason why some of us get off on profanity is that we are so unsure of our manhood that we feel we need to be vulgar. A few of us are so insecure about the whole maleness thing, that it makes us feel tough and big and strong to swear every other word. I mean, you breathe, Flip imbibes, Curtis profanes and I do all three, not to mention a host of other inherently stupid things. I know I will never be anything more than a Neanderthalic lump, who relies on rocks and monosyllabic utterances. I don't have any problem with you being offensively Nice, with all your LOVE-and-flowers-and-bluebirds-in-the-sky-with-the-sun-shining-'cuz-it's-a-great-day attitude. I personally don't buy into that. I can try; I did write an entire article with no profanity. I think I'll pass out now. But before I do, I would L-O-V-E for you to do something for me. Bite me.

Michael "Hawkeye" Melvin

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS	
February 14	Issue #3 production night 6:00pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
February 18	Issue #3 hits the stands
February 28	Issue #4 production night 6:00pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
March 4	Issue #4 hits the stands
Math Faculty	
February 4	Pre-Registration, Spring 1994 TRACE nomination deadline
February 21,22	Reading "Week"
MathSoc	
February 4	Cliffhanger road trip
Co-op	
February 15	Interviews end (first round)
February 18	Ranking forms available
February 25	Job match results posted

Distinguished Teacher Awards

To nominate your outstanding professor, demonstrator, or teaching assistant for the Distinguished Teacher Award, contact TRACE, MC 4055, Ext. 3132. Deadline: February 4, 1994.

Math Celebrates Chinese New Year with LOGIC PUZZLES?

The Chinese New Year falls on February 9 this year. Traditionally, families gather on New Year's Eve and celebrate the arrival of a New Year with, what else, FOOD. Children wish grownups "Happy New Year" in exchange for envelopes filled with lucky money. Shopkeepers and house owners display poems and lucky phrases on red paper. There are countless rituals, weird food items, and ways to get money from one's relatives.

I am sure the Chinese Student Association is holding events for the Chinese New Year Celebration. MathSoc would like to do something different!!

On the 15th day of the New Year, when the first full moon of the New Year occurs, the Chinese celebrate "Valentines" (Well, that is one way to look at it). At one time, Chinese society disallowed the appearance of young ladies in public. It was arbitrarily decided that on the first full moon in the New Year, everyone, including eligible young ladies, should go out to meet other people their age.

To allow the parents to keep an eye on their voluptuous young daughters, mysterious riddles were hidden in poems placed in public areas to occupy their attentions. Prizes were awarded to couples that solved the most riddles.

This is not to be confused with actual historical fact about which I know nothing.

MathSoc is holding its first annual Chinese Valentines celebration on February 24th, a Thursday. The C+D is planning to serve traditional food items including Sweet Dumpling Soup and New Year's Cake.

There will also be a puzzle-solving contest. Riddles and puzzles will be posted throughout the Math building. The first ones to solve each puzzle will qualify to win prizes which include MathSoc mugs, T-shirts, or other novelty items.

Finally, we have the "Brain Busting Extravaganza." Come on out and join us for a night full of brain teasers, logic puzzles, and problems, problems, problems. Check with your physician before attempting to exercise your mind extensively.

Watch for the posters detailing the time and the place. Don't forget, this event is FREE!!! Just show up and have fun.

Poesy "but... I'm not a geek!" the MathematiChen

Did you lose it?

Well, maybe we've got it!

Lost and Found items from previous terms will be donated to Goodwill on Friday February 11, 1994. If you want it back, come and get it in the MathSoc office (MC 3038). Office hours are posted on the door.

Jenn Dickson
VP-Finance

**FEDs' Candidates Forum
(Math Endowment Fund too)
February 9 @ Noon in the
Comfy Lounge
Be there! Be informed!**

Why Math Should be Endowed

Yes to MEFCom

There is going to be a referendum in a couple of weeks' time, and the outcome of this referendum will have a definite effect on the direction that the Faculty of Mathematics takes into the rest of the 90's.

The Yes side contends that there is a problem within the faculty due to underfunding of programs, and a certain lack of accountability. The Math Endowment Fund's existence will have many benefits which will have a wide range of effects.

1. By having a student group assisting with the organization and funding of educational issues within the faculty, we are putting ourselves in more control of our own education, instead of leaving everything up to the administrators.
2. We are demonstrating our commitment to our own education, and hence the faculty's relations with the business world will improve.
3. The Fund will guarantee the value of the UW degree in perpetuity, as the fund will pay off every year, rain or shine.
4. We will be able to direct the funds to where we, the students, feel the most benefit will be garnered.
5. Those that benefit from the Endowment are those that contribute, namely undergrads, alumni, and employers.
6. The Committee that makes any decisions will be comprised primarily of students, and this group will be accountable to the whole math undergrad student body.
7. The Endowment will hopefully be a common link for all mathies, and we can start to rebuild the pride in our faculty.

The No side contends that this is just another tuition hike, but it really isn't, as, unlike the proposed tuition increase and ancillary fees, we will see direct benefit from the fund within our own faculty. They also say that the proposed fee of \$31.42 is so small, that it won't make a difference, however, the projected interest for 1995 is \$12,000, which will certainly help out those clubs that are interested in building their libraries, and any other worthy projects that come along.

They have also brought into question the types of projects that will be funded. Currently, the idea is to apportion the interest to educational projects. If there were any proposals to improve student life, they could go through the Federation of Students Student Life Endowment Fund, which is specifically designed for that purpose. Funding projects like those that the No side mentioned is not going to be a part of the Math Endowment Fund.

As the No side said, The students should have a greater say and control in how their money is spent. But this control can only be exercised through a YES vote for the Math Endowment Fund.

On referendum day, make sure that your voice is heard. Please VOTE!!!

Eric Sutherland (aka Schmid)
MEFCom YES

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Editor: Michael "Hawkeye" Melvin, Steve "Flipper" Shaw

profQUOTES

"When I go home to mummy, I am going to tell her all about inner product."

Jackson, MATH 235

"We're going to do something wonderful and cosmic that is going to simplify all of your lives - Sums of Vector Spaces."

Jackson, MATH 235

[Prof writes an integral, student gets up and leaves.]
"Somebody hates calculus?"

Jackson, MATH 235

"Orthogonal projections are like bran muffins to some people."

Jackson, MATH 235

"You're all looking at the clock, well let me tell you that there is 35 minutes left. At least it is better than having barbed wire in your ears."

Jackson, MATH 235

"So think about it... Don't think about it now."

Yang, CS 486

"If nothing comes up to your mind at the moment, that means you should think more."

Yang, CS 486

"You guys insist to sit at the back. I don't spit."

Lipshitz, AM 332

"You know, sometimes you fire someone, and they come back and kill you."

Blake, PSYCH 338

"... males engage in mounting and thrusting behaviour with anything that moves."

Grimshaw, PSYCH, 102N

"Don't worry. I won't take my clothes off and run naked through the classroom."

Morrison, Phys 122

"We start at hydrogen, then we get He. It's not she/helium."

Eastman, Sci 205

"It didn't happen long enough for me to get home to show my wife. She thought I was drunk, I guess."

Eastman, Sci 205

"And what do musicians know about music - let's face it."

Eastman, Sci 205

"Sudbury - Otherwise known as paradise."

Furino, C&O 351

"On to more boring things."

Furino, C&O 351

"So, go home to your room of contemplation."

Furino, C&O 351

"I'll put it in there for a minute. I can take it out again."

MacKay, Stat 450

"I won't say it's beautiful... actually it is quite beautiful, it just doesn't look that way when you write it down."

Younger, Math 136

"It doesn't bother me, so it doesn't bother you."

Vanstone, MATH 136

"That's easy... Even though I couldn't do it right."

Forrest, MATH 138

"Theoretically, yes - but theoretically 'yes' usually means 'no' in reality."

Atlee, CS 354

"Is there anybody not in Math 138? Like they're going to admit it. They could be spies."

Best, MATH 138

"Life sucks! We have zero over zero and I do hope nobody cancels the zeros."

Best, MATH 138

"I don't think anyone has seen a negative epsilon in captivity."

Best, MATH 138

Prof: "You may have paid too much for that [graphing] calculator. I can do it in my head and I come cheap."

Student: "Yeah, well, it plays games."

Prof: "So do I."

Forrest, Math 138

"Does it look easy? It isn't. Does it look hard? Damn right it should."

Forrest, Math 138

"Eskimos have 16 words for snow. We have one but it's usually preceded by 'damn, damn, damn!'"

Seim, Psych 212

"Well, I'm about three inches, but most males are a little longer."

Seim, Psych 212

Writes on board:

insertee - gives blow job

insertor - receives blow job

Says:

"Remind me to erase this ..."

Desroches, Soc 227

"When it comes to oral sex, recipricocity is usually the case. Am I right?"

Desroches, Soc 227

Endowment: Here's Why Not!

The proposal exists to have the Faculty of Math start up an endowment fund analogous to those that the engineers and others currently have or are initiating. Although I understand the reasons underlying this desire, I feel that there are some important issues which have not yet been examined, and should be taken into consideration by math students before they vote in the referendum.

Firstly, the supposed "voluntary" nature of the contribution. In theory, yes, none of us has to pay the fee because we can get a refund. But if this implies that all of those who don't go through the hassle of getting the refund are giving out of their own initiative, think again. To illustrate: imagine if, instead of adding the \$31.42 to the fee statement, we were to just run a booth in the hall on the 3rd floor soliciting donations. How much would we pull in? I doubt if it would be anywhere near as much. That is because \$31.42 is a larger amount when it is not dwarfed beside a \$1,500+ amount which those of us in co-op are already paying. And many people who would rather not pay, or really can't afford it, are much too busy in the first three weeks of the term running around and waiting in lines to get OSAP and pay fees and see advisors and change courses and buy textbooks etcetera ad infinitum ad nauseum. By the time we realize that we've paid money we didn't want to and should go wait in yet another line, it is too late because the three week deadline has passed. And if you have just arrived here for your first term and English is a whole new (and really wonderful) experience for you, sign-here-pay-there tends to rule over informed decisions until you have settled in, and then it is too late.

Those who do decide that they don't feel they should support another voluntary tuition hike (a valid opinion) are subject to another pressure, as was amply evidenced in last week's Iron Warrior. To quote the article **75 Dollars Worth of Self-Respect** (in reference to people who refunded their "voluntary" \$75 contribution): "I hope that these people feel guilty every time they sit down at a Watstar terminal, or use their new oscilloscopes, or operate the lathe in the student shop. These people should be ashamed that they are enjoying the benefits of the WEEF and are not sharing the burden of the cost." So the contribution is voluntary, but those people who don't "volunteer" are selfish and should be ashamed of themselves, even if they did need the money for something childish, like food, or rent.

And don't fool yourself, this is another tuition hike. By definition, tuition is the money you pay for education. The uses for the money proposed so far have been mostly things which the University and Faculty already do (and should) pay for out of our tuition money, such as TA's, tutorial centres, classes, and computing services and labs. But MEFCOM thinks that this tuition money will be money better spent, because it will be under student control. Well, I have one response to this: MathSoc. MEFCOM describes "a council of 24 students (who) represent the views of the whole faculty". Who will make up this council? Either 24 previously overlooked volunteers will spring out of nowhere (unlikely, given the problems that MathSoc and other student organizations around here have had fulfilling their basic positions) or they will be mainly the same people who comprise the MathSoc group (wrongly termed a clique). They will function in a similar fashion to MathSoc, whose mandate to take \$7.50 from each student to fund social activities, clubs, and services is just a different flavour from the MEFCOM mandate to take \$31.42 from each student to fund educational activities and services (and club libraries). People are already complaining about how MathSoc spends our \$7.50; why are we willing to give an additional \$31.42 to the same or a similar group of peo-

ple, carte blanche? (And we don't necessarily even get to vote for these people.)

What are the long-term effects of this fund? I see two, one direct and inevitable, the other, indirect, slow, and insidious. First of all, the money will always be spent, regardless of need. Anyone, given thousands of dollars, can think of some worthwhile and pressing need which will consume that cash and more. As we can see by looking at the WEEF budget (also in last week's Iron Warrior), there is always an urge to divide the funding more-or-less equally among the departments, out of fairness. This means that each department will be handed, say, \$5,000 to spend, whether they need it or not (although as soon as they smell the money, they will think of some reason that they "need" it). All concept of mature, creative budgeting, trying to do more with less, or honestly looking at just why our education seems to cost so much will be forgone in favor of finding new and novel ways to waste our money.

The second, and more dangerous effect of MEFCOM, lies in the implications for University funding. Presumably, funding is currently awarded on a basis of need (or some permutation of this). If Math students demonstrate that they are going to pay for all of the things that the faculty thinks are low priority (like, apparently, computing equipment, TA's, classes, and tutorial centres) then they will forever stop spending their own money on those things, and throw more of it towards, well, whatever it is that they spend it on now. They will become even less accountable to the students (hard to imagine, I know) and if we complain, we will be told to "take it to MEFCOM, they have lots of money for that sort of stuff." If direct student control of University spending is so effective, then eventually we will expand our contribution, shrink the amount that we pay to U(W), and get to the point where we have to hire full-time bureaucrats to oversee our money and how it is spent, and before you know it, we are back where we started. Wouldn't it be better to put our efforts directly into trying to have more say over how the \$1,500+ that we already pay is being spent, instead of adding a new fee just so we can gain some sense of control? I mean, really, use extra student money to fund more sections of needed classes? And then pay the \$200+ per-course fee on top of that to be in the class? Isn't that paying twice for the same thing? Admittedly, we do need more sections of certain high-demand courses, and more equipment to use in those courses, but I feel that this is where our tuition should already be going. Current wasteful budgeting practices will never improve if we just kindly offer to pick up the slack.

And by the way, if this is supposed to be a student-controlled fund, why does MEFCOM want to give voting positions to faculty members? Shouldn't they just have non-voting advisory positions?

What do I suggest as an alternative? I think that the idea of an interest-generating endowment fund is great, I just don't think that it should be funded by a tuition hike. Rather, I think that we should try various other styles of fund-raising, such as barbeques or pizza sales, and get fund matching from employers, alumni, and faculty. Very few companies will just hand you \$500, but if you ask them to match student contributions dollar for dollar, they are often willing to join in. This way, every dollar that we raise can translate into several dollars, if we get matching from various companies and alumni etc. And this way, students who are already stretched to their (and their parent's) financial limits will not be forced to scrape up even more money, or feel guilty for not being able to.

Things to consider when you vote.

Math, the Universe, and Everything

Herpes, Hair Loss, and Halitosis (And Other Reasons I Can't Get a Date)

I'm sure that most of you have had a similar experience: you fall in love. It's like nothing you've ever felt before, and you know that you've found the person that you want to spend the rest of our life with. So what do you do now? If you're like me, you probably make your first mistake: you introduce yourself.

The relationship is sure to go downhill from there. As soon as you walk up to somebody in a bar and say, "Hi, I'm Steve," what they hear is, "Hi, I'm Steve and I want to have sex with you," which is especially bad if your name isn't Steve. But what else are you supposed to say? Well, I don't really know. But try to avoid mentioning bestiality, genital fungus, or anything of that sort.

A big part of the problem I have in meeting women is that I'm fairly repulsive. It would be a lot easier for me if the rest of you guys were as repulsive as I was, but that's not so (excluding, of course, the guys in MFCE). There are guys out there who have full heads of hair, can control their drinking, and actually exercise once in a while. It's people like that that give balding alcoholic necrophiliacs like me a bad name.

It's not like there's anything wrong with me — it's more like there's nothing especially right about me.

It All Started in High School...

I don't know about you folks, but I didn't date much in high school. It wasn't because I didn't have friends, or because I wasn't interested. It was mainly because I was getting enough sex from my pets, and had no urge to seek out a lover who could actually talk back.

So my picking-up skills were severely retarded by years of fun on the farm. It wasn't until I got to university that I realized how hard it is to catch a squirrel, and my interests turned naturally to other people. That's when I realized that I was at a severe disadvantage and it was time to relearn my social skills, my conversation skills, and my masturbation skills.

Picking Up Is Hard to Do

Okay, so you've seen the guy/girl/vegetable of your dreams. What do you do? It's really easy if it in fact a vegetable that you've fallen in love with — just buy it, take it home, and use it like God intended you to. Then, of course, you can make quite a delicious salad out of it.

If it's a guy or girl that you've fallen for, things are not so easy. Not only can you not make a nutritious and appetizing vegetable platter out of them, he/she will also be the unfortunate quality of sentience (unless, of course, you've managed to fall in love with a Rec student). This means you will have to dazzle him/her with your wit and charm. This is where many people, myself included, fail to make a good impression, mainly because we're about as witty and charming as pus leaking from a diseased canker. And that's on a good day.

These things are *not* witty and charming:

- getting really drunk and throwing up on yourself
- getting really drunk and puking on your potential pickup
- stripping naked and throwing yourself at his/her feet
- stripping her/him naked and licking her/his feet
- offering to show people the pus leaking from your diseased canker

These things, however, are considered witty and charming:

- saying "Hi, I'm Steve."
- saying "Hi, I'm Steve and I want to have sex with you"
- taking him/her on a "special tour" of the mathNEWS office
- buying him/her a drink and then spitting in it
- wearing overalls, unless your boss said you couldn't

Hold on a sec, those things aren't charming. It's that whole pus-from-a-diseased-canker thing again, eh?

Basically, be yourself. Actually, don't be yourself. You're an asshole, or you wouldn't have any problem with meeting people. Hey - I've got it! Pretend to be a Nice Guy. Hell, if it worked for Tocek, it could work for you, too. Just tell your intended pickup that "All I need is L-O-V-E. And lots of O-R-A-L S-E-X."

What Happens if Charm and Wit Don't Work?

Offer cash. If that doesn't work, go out and buy that vegetable you were eyeing earlier in the evening.

Steve "Flipper? I don't even know her!" Shaw

Your Class Reps are:

1B	Rachel Nieuwland	12:30-2:30 T 1:30-2:30 F
	David Ramsay	1:30-2:30 F
2N	Lisa Ballinger	9:30-10:30 M
	Gus Hosein	12:30-1:30 M
	L. Amber O'Hearn	11:30-12:30 R
3A	Poesy Chen	10:30-11:30 M
3B	Mario Chenier	10:30-11:30 R
3N	Ian Goldberg	11:30-12:30 R
4N	Christine Dewhurst	1:30-2:30 R
	Eric Sutherland	12:30-1:30 T 1:30-2:30 R
Prez:	Marco Koechli	11:30-12:30 W 2:30-3:30 RF
VPAS:	Gord Schmidt	4:00-5:30 T 1:30-2:30 W
VPF:	Jenn Dickson	8:30-9:30 MWF

All reps have mailboxes. If you can't speak to them during their office hours, please feel free to leave a message in your rep's (or any rep's) mailbox in MathSoc.

FEDs' Candidates Forum
(Math Endowment Fund too)
February 9 @ Noon in the
Comfy Lounge
Be there! Be informed!

Open Letter to the Criminally Ignorant

Listen up all you apathetic flammers out there. This article is for you.

Sitting around this faculty, let alone this university, I find one fundamental ingredient that is absent: Pride. Not only do we frequent of the best universities in Canada, but we are part of one of the rarest faculties in the World. We will graduate, not with a BSc, or BA... we will graduate with a BMath, and especially in these days where the majority of people have BSc's and work in restaurants, we are setting ourselves apart from them, and perhaps even above.

However, the sad realisation is that people just do not give a shit. I am not saying that we should all walk around as if we are elitists (ie. engineers), but we should at least give a fuck about our faculty. At the risk of sounding insulting (and don't be afraid to flame me) I think it is sad that people are so (a)pathetic that they do not care about anything here other than their present situation, academically. They do not care about anything else but their CAV and TAV. You are not here just for the academic education... if so, you should be taking correspondence courses. No, we are here for the academic enlightenment, as well as for the social skills and personality growth that will truly help us when we escape from this ivory tower.

Bottom line of this boring lecture? Get involved. Show that you give a fuck about your faculty. Where to start?

1. Stop bitching about the FEDs, MathSoc, or even the Imp'tint. Instead of that, get involved. Then you can bitch. Otherwise, you are just an ignorant little snot, who *thinks* he/she has an opinion.
2. Understand what is going on around you. In the next week we have an important referendum for the Math Endowment Fund... something that could make your degree here worth even more in the future... and something that, once again, nobody gives a fuck about. I am not asking you to vote yes... I am not asking you to vote no. I am simply asking you to find out what the fuck is going on and make an informed vote. If this endowment fund does pass, and you do not vote, I really do not want to ever hear you bitch and whine about having to dish out the extra piece of pi.

So, I am going to get off my high horse and go work on some C&O.

Adios Amigos,

Gus

Well I'm glad I'm not the only one who is pissed off at the lack of involvement around here. The only reason the expletives were left in this article is to show just how pissed off some people are at the apathy around here. For the most part I agree. You guys suck. - Hawkeye

Jeez, only our second production night and already we've proved that we really don't understand how this damned system works. After Ian helped us (again), we were up and running, though.

Submitted for your approval, the people who came out for production night, and what their excuse was, were: Kivi Shapiro (I was just sitting here and all these weird people started coming in...), Jennifer Watters (Excuse? I don't need no stinkin' excuse!), Poesy Chen (PMS), Stuart Pollock (Gunja (Rasta time!)), Joeb "Hate, Hate, Hate" Hewitt (It's their fault), Darren "M" Morby (Well, you see, I met this guy who was... oh, never mind), Ian Goldberg (World domination takes up so much

mathNEWS Advising Co-op

Part Two: "It's a Good Idea Not to Barf All Over the Interviewer"

Okay, so you've submitted your resume and all that stuff stapled to it to the employers for whom you wish to work. A hopefully positive number of them will now interview you to determine whether you are the most qualified applicant for the job. For you, this may be a problem.

We at *mathNEWS Advising Co-op* — well, I at *mathNEWS Advising Co-op* — wish to help you by providing the following advice on surviving interviews and increasing your chances of getting a job.

Disclaimer: Following the advice given here does not necessarily imply that your interview will result in a co-op placement. This advice has not been tested on animals.

Your Personal Hygiene

Unfortunately, this is not second nature for some co-op students. You must make an effort to bathe, shave, use zit remedy, or all of the above on at least a daily basis. Keep in mind that it doesn't matter which underarm deodorant you use, contrary to what some want you to believe. And you don't want the interviewer(s) to keel over because of your breath, so make with the mouthwash, people!

Your Attitude

Ideal job applicants are extremely eager and motivated, yet have an air of calm about them. They are obviously proud of themselves, but know not to be too modest about them. And they have the virtues of patience and sincerity. If you can fake these things, you've got it made.

Your Resume

Your employer will refer to it constantly; therefore, you should have it memorized. This is especially true if you have lied — I mean, stretched the truth a little — on it. *mathNEWS Advising Co-op* warns that those who have lied on their resume will be found out. Just ask Jag Bhaduria.

Alcoholic Beverages

Do not attend your co-op job interview drunk or hung over. This article's title, a *profQUOTE* attributed to Professor Hudson, PMATH 351 (*mathNEWS*, November 5, 1993) says it all. Bringing a six-pack for your interviewers, however, is a very thoughtful gesture on your part, especially considering that they must spend the whole day at Needless Hell. And since your interviewers won't remember the applicants they interviewed in their drunken stupor, your chances are bound to increase.

Well, that's all the advice I have for this week. I wish you the best of luck in your interviews.

Darren "M" Morby

mastHEAD

time!), Curtis Desjardins (Too busy practising for the Profanity Olympics, right Tom?), Stephen Mills (I was busy... sleeping), Jillian Arnott (I'm an airhead), Darren Rigby (My mother liked Darren McGavin... as an actor! Get your mind out of the gutter! It's mildewing!), and Erich "Fuzzy" Jacoby (I didn't do it; nobody saw me do it; you can't prove anything)

Michael "Stupidhead" Melvin
(My dog ate me), editor-guy
Steve "Tenny, Weeny Penie" Shaw
(I'm drunk), assistant-sub-editor-guy

Ge e it's fun to have last chance at the edit - Stupidhead

XENOPHOBIC

(Part 2)

DAY TWO

John suppressed a scream as he realized he was falling. Plummeting through the eye of an angry maelstrom of suffocating green mists, bomb-like rain, and unnerving electricity. John tried desperately to look around him, but the blasts of light and the ferocity of the relentless rain bombs kept his sight limited to quick, squinting blinks. John knew he had died this way before, but now it was happening again. The sheer speed of the descent numbed his mind and limbs just as much as the coldness of his drenched body. The accelerating anxiety of sudden impact made his stomach do wild gymnastics using the lungs for uneven bars. And his heart, with every panicked pounding, tripled its efforts to rip open the chest and flee. The terror of the moment took such a grip on him that John uncontrollably spasmed every muscle over which he still had any control. Suddenly, in all the panic, John realized his right hand held a deadlock on something. He fought to tilt his head up in an attempt to discern what it might be.

John hit something. Hard. A thunder clap boomed through his head and all traces of gaseous elements in his body were expunged. Another second went by with empty lungs locked in exhale mode. Finally able to get his lungs to reverse operation, John involuntarily started sucking in water. As he tumbled about aimlessly, what was left clear in John's frozen mind decided he was drowning. It also decided to thrash furiously in an attempt to live. The pain in his chest. Pain in his arms. Pain in his legs. A scream was buried under the ocean gushing into his lungs...

His musculature jump-started awake, heaving the chair that had fallen on his legs into the door, while flipping the body over into a prone position. A sweaty bedsheet covered his head. After a half-frenzied few seconds of removing the sheet from his face and sitting upright, John noticed he was on a floor. With another two panic-flavoured swallows of air, he noticed he was leaning against a familiar bed, and then he realized he was in his own room.

Lightning and thunder, in chorus, flashed and laughed intensely through his room; and with them, a chord deep within John's terror played a brief harmonic on the memory of the dream. John inhaled deeply without thinking, then caught himself and held his breath for a few seconds to get his bearings. Squinting at the red LED clock on the opposite side of the bed, John could make out only the shape of the displayed time. It was just after four in the morning. The storm was still raging. John let out his breath.

"Another intense dream, another night storm, another glass of orange juice," John mused quietly while watching the weatherman on the T.V. in much the same fashion of the previous night. "This had better not become a habit," John sombrely muttered. The weather picture of the Waterloo area was still full of grey clouds, with a dirty yellow cartoon lightning bolt in each one. The weatherman appeared to laugh while pointing them out. John could feel each laugh, even though the T.V. was on mute.

John shook the feeling off by finishing the half-full glass with one gulp. "Come on. Snap out of it. Don't let it get to you." It was often difficult for John to impose order on his mind, for his subconscious seemed to spit out unfinished thoughts like hot lead out of a blazing Uzi. And, after this recent experience, his mind seemed like a full-scale battlefield filled with trigger-happy gunmen. John knew the only way he was going to get any more sleep would be to calm down. So, turning off the television and returning to his room, John did his best to negotiate a peace treaty.

The sun had finally risen, but it had had little effect on the weather. The campus and surrounding area was still dark from opaque clouds and intense rain. The cement in the streets and sidewalks seemed completely glazed with grand puddles. Worms were scattered on the ground with about a footstep's length between one worm and the next. The only thing about the morning walk to campus that even remotely pleased John was the relief that his heavy snow boots, at first believed to have been left behind when John returned from his summer co-op term, were actually found hiding under the bed, and now admirably kept his feet dry.

Still, the rain was pelting on John's spirits as much as on his undersized umbrella. The morning ordeal had taken its toll on John, and as he slouched through another puddle, he resolved to get to bed early that night to try to make up for lost time.

John's spirits didn't improve much once inside. He made it to the math building with his jeans and book bag fairly soaked, his nose fairly stuffed, and his body only fairly awake. Neither of John's two morning classes was particularly interesting, and the morning turned into one long, monotonous yawn. All in all, John was basically out of touch to reality when he made it to the Comfy Lounge at lunch.

The Comfy Lounge usually was filled to capacity around lunchtime, but the combination of the storm and it being Friday kept the crowds light. This socializable area of the Math building was located in one of the corners of the third floor, and as such the far wall and the right-hand wall of the lounge were actually long rows of bay windows allowing one to see the outside. At the moment, the storm raged outside, and the room now appeared only dimly lit by the sparse cross-hatching of glowing bulbs embedded in hollow cylinders in the ceiling. The room's furnishings consisted of old and weathered lounge chairs and matching sofas that sat very low and were, especially in the case of the sofas, harsh for the joints should one try to sleep on them. The room was arranged six groups of about four or five pieces of furniture, each group surrounding a copy of a five-foot-by-three-foot table that only rose two feet off the ground.

John, seeing Eric and some other friends at the far end of the room, walked across the well-trampled rug and walked by the bank of candy and pop machines along the left-hand wall. A game of Hearts had been started amongst the half-dozen or so players, and was dominating the conversation as John pulled up an empty chair from a neighboring table.

Eric was furiously writing scores from the previous round on a sheet of paper, "OK, now we pass three cards to the left." John pushed his commandeered chair beside Eric's, against the far wall, next to the door to the balcony.

"Hey John." Stephane, generally a disbeliever in cutting his hair or shaving his beard, briefly look from his hand to acknowledge John, then put his attention back to the game. "Alright, I think I got ya now, Paul." He grinned to his left at what might be his prey as John deposited himself into the chair.

"That's what you said the last time, and look where you are now." Paul was a very imposing figure without being too tall or heavy. Yet his deep voice and chillingly evil laugh earned him a reference to being the demonic half-son of Ed McMahon, an image he loved to exploit in a card game.

Eric glanced at John a few times in the middle of examining his hand. "Hey bud, you look beat."

John opened his eyes and slouched further into the chair. "Yeah. I haven't been able to get much sleep recently and I can use a nap now."

continued from page 10

"What's this?" Paul looked up from across the table as he finished removing three cards from his hand. "Is a CS assignment due today?"

John put up a weary smile then settled down into a napping position. "No, no, I've been having some nightmares..." John closed his eyes and started to just listen to the sounds around him.

Paul's voice was still clear. "Oh. Too much pizza before bed, eh?"

"Aaagh! How could you do this to me, Eric?!"

"Ha ha!"

John smiled at Stephane's outburst.

"What do you mean, Steph?"

Alanna's light voice could be heard in the background, "Oh, you're so mean."

"What?"

"I mean why'd you give me the same muh..." — Stephane's voice trailed off for a second — "...in' cards I gave Paul!"

"Don't forget East Side's."

"Now now."

"Oh. So Paul. You got..."

"Two of clubs leads..."

"Long Island?"

"Waitaminnit..."

"...I need..."

"...six clubs..."

"...That's too expensive..."

John, in almost an impulse reaction, whispered, "I want much more than this provincial life." And then in the almost stunned silence that followed, John fell asleep.

There was water dripping somewhere. There was water dripping in several somewheres. No, water was falling. A waterfall?

John awoke with a start and realized he was outside. He tried to move but weary muscles and stiff joints resisted movement. It was dark, trees around; a forest, maybe? It was raining. John forced himself to get up. After struggling to stand using a tree stump for support, he looked around. *Where am I? I'm shivering. I must be cold.* He looked down. He noticed he was in his sneakers. He was running. It was raining. He was trying to find someone. He had to warn someone. He had to warn a friend. Something bad was going to happen. There was something in his hand. John yelled out a name. It was Pa... No. It was Maw....

A bolt of lightning from outside jolted John into awareness of a redhead and a blackbeard leaning over him.

"Who's Walter?" Eric asked the question.

"Who's Walter?" John repeated hoarsely the sensory input he had received, then closed his eyes again.

"Cum'on John." Stephane took his turn to talk while John clumsily pushed himself up into a sitting position. "You were dreaming and then you said 'Walter.' You were dreaming, weren't you?"

Now sitting somewhat upright, John opened his eyes and noticed no one had yet left the game. "Uh, yeah. It was a dream. I guess."

"So, who's Walter?" Eric repeated the original question.

John thought a moment, then raggedly got up. "I don't know. Look, I'm gonna go to the washroom for a second. Watch my stuff, Eric?"

"No sweat. Are you okay?"

John started for the door. "I'll tell you when I get back." He stepped out of the Comfy Lounge and turned right towards the men's washroom down the hall. For the first time since these nightmares started, John knew that there was something wrong

with his mind. He considered the possibilities as he approached the washroom door. *I am now crazy and my mind is trying to tell me so through the nightmares, or my mind is deteriorating rapidly into craziness and the nightmares are a side effect, or I am still just as crazy as everyone else but my subconscious is trying to drive me crazy, or something else completely that's so weird I won't see it 'till I'm crazy.* By now John had made his way in front of a mirror. *Ugh. Anyways, I'm cooked anyway, he thought.*

John leaned over the semi-circle washbasin. He cupped some of its scalding water in his hand, and then dipped his face in the hand-cup. As John opened his eyes, he noticed someone kneeling on the ground further along the room. John regained his eyesight and saw a janitor trying to sponge a blue, inky stain off the floor. The stain was about the size of a serving tray, and despite the elbow grease the janitor produced, the discoloration stubbornly stuck to the tile. Returning to his problem, John shrugged and resolved to try and hold onto his sanity for the rest of the afternoon, just long enough until he could relax at East Side's at suppertime.

To be continued next issue...

John Wetmiller

BOOM* *BOOM* *BOOM

The Buffalo Bills CHOKE-ACROSS-AMERICA Tour

Keeps going and going and going and...

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- 1990 Cleveland
- 1991 Tampa (Special Guests: New York Giants)
(Instrumental Solo: Scott Norwood)
- 1992 Minneapolis (Special Guests: Washington Redskins)
- 1993 Pasadena (Special Guests: Dallas Cowboys, their
wives, and an 86-year old grandmother, all of
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Curtis "Go Bills!" Desjardins

PS - I noticed that Jim Kelly was going bald, too. Does nothing go right for this man??

FEDs' Candidates Forum
(Math Endowment Fund too)
February 9 @ Noon in the
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Be there! Be informed!

I Want to Be a Lab Rat When I Grow Up!

Note: This article was written and is about my experiences in Spring Term '93. The experiments mentioned below are probably not still in operation.

I am a Mathie and I have a problem. I seem to be addicted to psychology experiments.

I am taking a Psychology course as an elective, and one of the first truly interesting things they had us do was fill out a long underline-please series of questionnaires. There must have been dozens of surveys, making the package thicker than some textbooks I've used. The questions were in a wide range from "How much do you think an adult male lion can weigh?" to "Have you had sex within the last six months?" Any questions we were asked were voluntary, we didn't have to answer if we didn't want to, and I told them to kiss off on that lion one. It's none of their damn business.

My addiction began, however, the next week when a psychologist hypnotized the entire class. Simultaneously. It was better than a David Copperfield special. When my friends in the row in front of me heeded the suggestion that they touch their ankles when someone knocked on a table, I couldn't contain myself. They bent over, stared at each other and heard me chuckling behind them. I was hooked.

I was quickly disappointed, though. Those same-said friends came back saying that they were earning extra credit for participating in the further hypnosis study, while no one was phoning me yet. I began thinking I was one of the psychologically boring. Perfectly average in every way, fit only for a control group. But if I was average in every way, wouldn't that make me exceptional? (I'm sorry, this wasn't supposed to be that kind of article.)

Finally, I became one of the chosen. A wonderfully British voice asked me if I would like to take part in a heart rate study. (I would have freaked if I had not remembered that I was holding a phone to my ear, and voice had a perfectly logical explanation.) I said I would.

She told me there was a waiting room on the third floor near the elevator and near the weird octagonal staircase. I said fine.

Now, raise your hands, everyone who has ever been in the PAS building. You who are being stared at for having an arm waving in the air know, as I now do, that the octagonal staircase does not go to the third floor, because of the mere matter of a skylight.

I was already late when I made that little discovery. Because of the skylight I assumed there was no third floor (forgetting for a moment the size and shape of the building), and that I had heard the British Voice wrong. so I started looking for an elevator and from there, a waiting area. There aren't any.

I was a full half-hour late when the light dawned. I eventually made my way to the right place and the experimenter (sans British voice) claimed me... eventually.

The British Voice had also told me that I would be doing about eight minutes of skipping rope. I had no problem with that. Plans change, though. I was now doing three 3-minute intervals of alternating skipping rope and step-ups with breaks in between, as closely regulated by some small sub-paragraph of the Geneva Convention.

The experimenter took me down hallways with lots of doors and turns, a maze for human-sized lab rats.

First, I had to wear a sports belt, worn around my stomach, that transmitted my heart rate to a special watch. Cool. There was tape on the watch so I couldn't peek at my own heart rate. She gave it a quick look. She said it was a touch high. (I thought that it might be breakfast still digesting.) She said that we should wait until it goes down in case I have a coronary.

(Good call.) We waited and she checked it again; it had gone up. (Imagine that. This was my first experiment and it could conceivably kill me. I should keep calm?) Eventually, she gave in and handed me a jump rope. She told me to skip vigorously (?) for 3 minutes. OK.

One slight problem: the rope was about a foot short for my height. Hence the rope kept draping itself around my neck, failing to clear my cranium. Besides that, the room in which I was making a fool of myself was a foot short for the rope. So when I did make it around, scrunching my head down, the rope slapped the ceiling, the wall or a table. I found all this hilariously funny. You may call it a nervous laugh but I would have laughed even if I were watching me. (A neat trick if you can accomplish it without a mirror.)

So while I was giggling uncontrollably and extricating myself from the rope (which could have strangled me, barring heart attacks), standing still, the watch started beeping at me, stating in what I imagined to be a motherly tone, "You're overexerting yourself!" What was I supposed to do? It was a belly laugh.

Next I did three minutes of step-ups, uneventful step-ups with only slight giggling. then the experimenter checked my heart rate and noted it.

In a segue that Johnny Carson would be proud of, she mentioned that I met certain other criteria (awww, shucks, you say that to all the guinea pigs, don'tcha?) and would I mind filling out this "teensy" questionnaire for another of her projects? Oh, sure, I still had some ink left in my pen after filling out the textbook in Psych class.

After that, it was back to the step-ups for a final three minutes. And dammit if that watch didn't start beeping again. Well, it didn't kill me either of the other times, so it shouldn't now, right? (It would have been better if she had found me sprawled on the floor gasping my dying breaths. A much funnier article.)

She asked me more questions about how I felt and such and patted me on the head and sent me out of the door to find my own way back to civilization, absolutely certain that my navigation would make the third experiment I had taken part in that day.

Not all experimenters are honest folk, though.

We were shown a movie in Psych class (thus making it a prime summer choice) that was very enlightening. Or is that lightning?

Two subjects, a Learner and a Teacher, were introduced. The Teacher watched as the Learner was strapped into a device that would deliver a shock generated by control panel in the other room. The panel was labelled in increments of 15 to 450 volts, and annotated on a scale from "MILD ELECTRIC SHOCK" to "XXX." The Learner took this juncture to mention that he had a heart condition. A comedy classic.

The Teacher was brought to the room with the zapper, sat in front of the panel and, via microphone, read the Learner a list of words, which the Learner was to remember. If he was wrong, he got an increasingly harsh electric shock.

As we saw footage, from the viewpoint of the Teacher, as he administered a jolt, we could hear the scream from the other room. It had 'em rolling in the aisles.

One guy actually went the distance to 450 V. On or around 300 V, we stopped hearing the screams. It didn't occur to him 'til later that the Learner could be dead! (Certainly hurt, but still...) Those folks who sneaked out beforehand missed quite a show.

But the experimenter lied.

After all, if the Teacher had known that the Learner was an accomplice who never got shocks at all, (did I forget to mention

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If it's not Ice Percolated™, it's not Ice Coffee™

Darren "M" Morby

Me? Critical?

we L-O-V-E making fun of people

Well, let's start with a brutal chop job on the Imp'tint article regarding the Math Endowment Fund. Really now, not only did you not get the right name, you spelled the wrong name incorrectly!

The Gazette was kind enough to not spell POETS correctly. How many years have they been there now...?

Of course we did have our own blunders, but hell, we're new and stupid, not to mention completely unprofessional. My post on uw.general had a blatant error, but who am I to claim omniscience?

Also, in last issue, I wrote an article entitled *The Math Enquirer*. In it, there was a sentence added to my original article (since I find it bad editorial practice to edit my own articles), that implied there was a connection between stolen booze and the ski trip fiasco. There was no implication intended. Our mistake. Someday we'll no longer be amateurs...

It is also interesting to see that there is a review of the head cheeses (or is that cheesi?). There will be a review of the University honchos, headed up by some guy that was under Uncle Jim in New Brunswick. Guess who won't be losing his job.

Likewise, the Dean of Math will soon face review. In this case Uncle Jim has to appoint an alternate chair since the current chair would be the Deans' brother. Damn, just when that would've come in handy too...

Just to prove that I'm not a total cynic, kudos to The Iron Warrior for a near flawless issue. Good job guys.

Michael "Hawkeye" Melvin

continued from page 12

that?) he would have just said, "Frig 'im, fry 'im." without a second thought.

"Wrong!!" Zzzzzot! "Aaaaaaaaarrghhhh!!!" "Liar."

No guilt.

However the experimenter needed a natural reaction, so that his data was accurate. Frig-'im-fry-'im is practical, but unhelpful (though Siskel and Ebert would still have given it thumbs up).

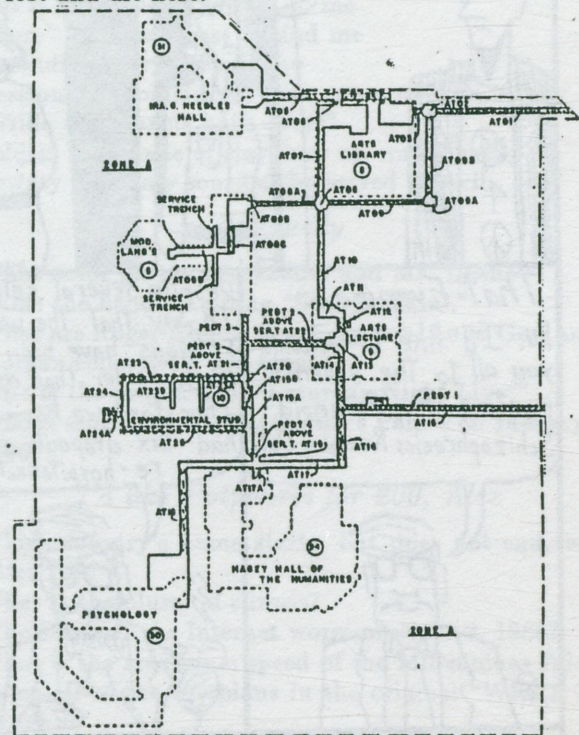
So despite the possibility of being duped into acting naturally, I will probably be participating in these experiments all term long. But what do I do for a buzz during work term? (Besides getting a shock therapy machine of my own?)

Darren "Gridby" Rigby

Oh, look what we found!

how did this get in here?

I have no idea how this got through, but here is a secret. More of them will be coming in future issues (and not just mathNEWS I'm sure). If you figure it out, good. If you don't, too bad. Hope you get lost and die here.



Graduating soon? Enhance your job prospects with a

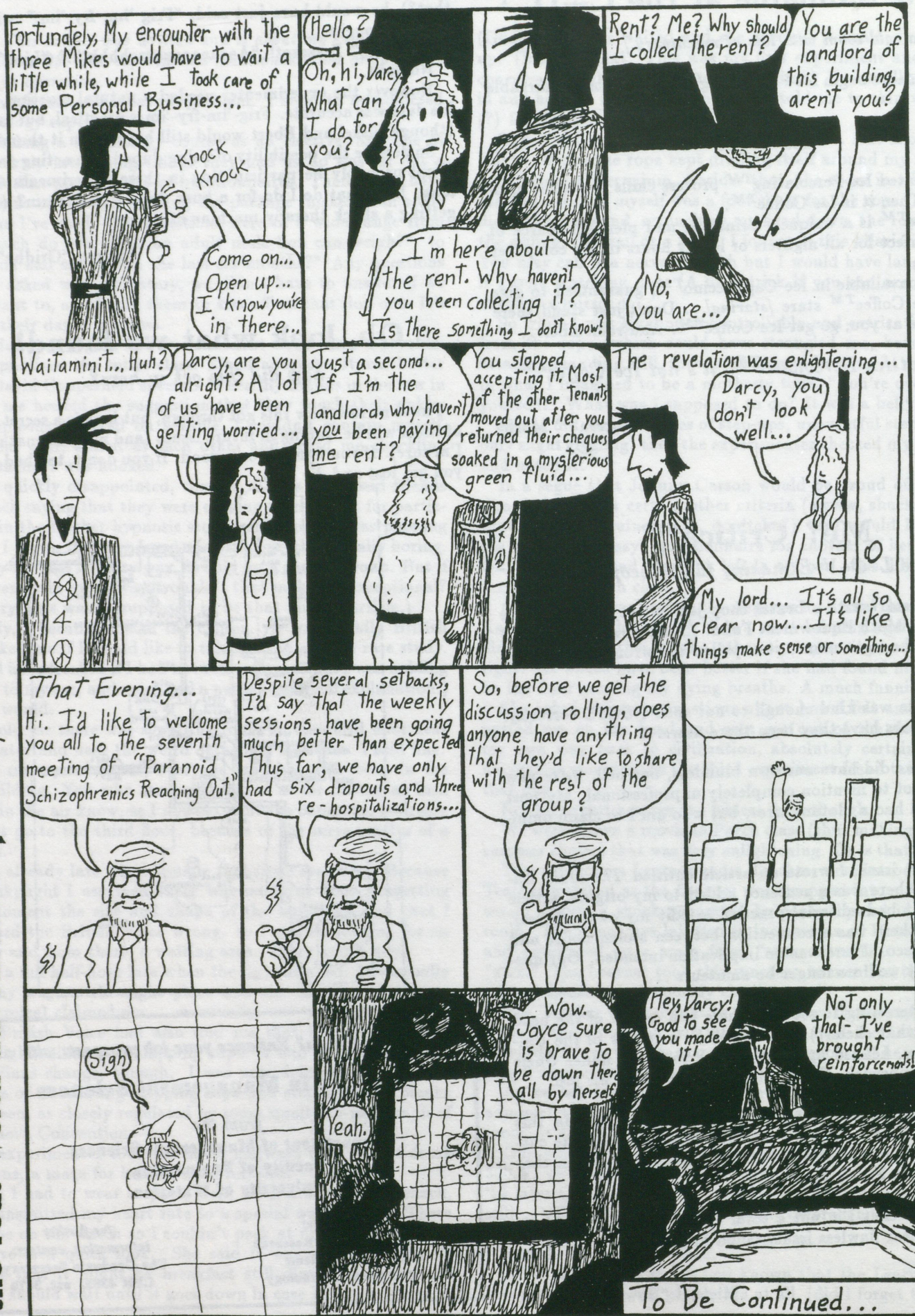
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the real-world adventures of Darcy Generic
Suggested by The Subversive Joab Hewitt.



Flats 101

These puzzles are called flats, because their answers can be written on a flat line, as opposed to crosswords.

The poems below have words missing from them. The missing words (called the base) are replaced by words like ONE, TWO, THREE and FIRST, SECOND, ... LONG, SHORT, ... etc. The words are also similar in some way: in the examples below, the letters are rearranged or some letters are removed. Specifically:

Transposal Commonly called an anagram (but anagrams among flats mean something else). e.g. ONE=bedroom TWO=boredom

Deletion One letter from the middle of a word is removed, leaving another. e.g. ONE=shave TWO=save

Curtailement The last letter of a word is removed to get a new word. e.g. ONE=think TWO=thin

Metathesis Two letters switch places from one word to the other. e.g. ONE=conserve TWO=converse

The title of the poem tells you which of these is involved in the flat and how long the answers are. The examples above would have titles of TRANSPOSAL (7); DELETION (5); CURTAILMENT (5); METATHESIS (8)

Flats always appear in poem form. Any style (or quality) works so long as the answer words are clued so the solver has some chance of getting the answer.

The challenge here is to solve the four flats below. Write all the words in the base, not just one.

TRANSPOSAL (5)
I remember breaking the window
I knew it was BEGUN
Such childish acts are past me
Now since I am DONE.

DELETION (7)
Fuming at the Campus Center
The situation's strange
'Coz that SECOND at the FIRST
Wouldn't give me change!

CURTAILMENT (10)
My editor has some repute
He's gonna kick my butt—
He'll show his famous CUTE
If I don't make the CUT.

METATHESIS (5)
Looking out over the pueblo,
White houses of clay 'fore the setting sun,
The sen ora heads back to her ONE TWO
She enters her home and the day is done.

If these interest you, I have information about the National Puzzler's League, which publishes a monthly magazine full of flats and other word puzzles. Drop me a line (or your solutions) in the BLACK BOX. A prize goes to a randomly selected complete solution.

Bonus Challenge: Try writing your own flats. Use any of the possibilities above (even the examples above, if you want) or one of these:

Beheadment (5) ONE=black TWO=lack
Terminal Deletion (6) ONE=scribe TWO=crib
Reversal (8) ONE=desserts TWO=stressed
Homonym (6,5) ONE=freeze TWO=frees

Include the enumeration (lengths of words) and put solutions on the back of the page with the flat. (Note: a flat can involve more than two words: ONE=tap TWO=pat THREE=apt) Another prize goes to the best flat and complete solutions of the above four.

Darren "Gridby" Rigby
(DART in the NPL)

mathNEWSquiz #2

Welcome to this issue's squiz, everybody! Hope you all liked last issue's squiz. Anyhow, here're the answers to this issue's squiz: **Song Lyrics** 1) Kate Bush - Cloudbusting; 2) House Of Pain - Jump Around; 3) Pentangle - Cruel Sister; **Thebes of Ancient Greece** 1) King Agenor; 2) Antigone, Eteocles, Ismene, Oedipus, and Polynices; 3) Adrastus, Amphiarus, Capaneus, Hippomedon, Parthenopaeus, Polynices and Tydeus; **Time** 1) 97; 2) The Sumerian number system was based on the number 60; 3) Julius Caesar.

Okay, we've only had three submissions (count 'em ... three!) for last issue's squiz. I'll try to make the questions a little more general this time, but first, let's recap the scores for those who submitted: Dima!, ALEX & dAAN (1), Brad "Acid Tongue" Hughes (2) (No, the Michelin Man was not the King of Tyre); and the winnah is (drumroll please) ... Erich "Fuzzy" Jacoby (4). You can pick up your squizprize in the MathSoc office. Okay, now it's time for this issue's questions:

Song Lyrics

Name the song and the artist

1. One has diamonds in his pockets
This one, he wants to buy you rockets
2. The sun is shining in the deep blue sky
But it don't mean nothin' to me
3. There's a shadow just behind me
Shrouding every Step I take
4. Passion and coincidence once prompted you to say
"Pride will tear us both apart"
5. Soldier boy, made of clay, now an empty shell
Tewnty-one, only son, but he served us well

Comedy

1. What actor played Blackadder and Mr. Bean?
2. Name the band who sang "Star Trekkin'."
3. What are Roger Abbot, Don Ferguson, Luba Goy, and John Morgan collectively known as?
4. Who is the producer of "Saturday Night Live?"
5. Who is scheduled to play Caesar's Palace on January 19-21, 1996?

I'd like Potpourri for 200, Alex

1. Which country's name starts, but does not end, with the letter "a"?
2. What is the plural of clitoris?
3. Who released the Internet worm on Nov. 2, 1988?
4. What is the maximum speed of the Millennium Falcon?
5. Name all of the thespians in the original "WKRP In Cincinnati."

The Arts

1. Who painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel?
2. For which painting did the National Art Gallery pay \$1.8M in 1993?
3. Name the author of "Long Day's Journey Into Night."
4. Who wrote "The Aeneid?"
5. Who painted "Birth of Venus?"

Good luck, everybody! By the way, submissions must be in by 6 pm Monday, Feb. 14, in the BLACK BOX across from the Comfy Lounge.

Stuart "Jean-Guy!" Pollock
Darren "" Morby
Steve "Flipper" Shaw

Grid Clues (Cryptic)

Across

1. alphabet begins first native (10)
5. utilize service employment (3)
8. Pat rioted for humanitarian reasons (7)
9. tie orca to Madonna (7)
10. re: drum left slaughter (6)
12. any hydrocarbon is risky (6)
15. marijuana! ass, I um, .. 'k (9)
16. crossing rat slaver (9)
19. 'Explosion's Happen - RA Heinlein (6)
20. canter about while in a daze (6)
22. the salt theft (7)
23. comfort the prisoner Flatfish (6)
24. run around the vase (3)
25. turn, I meant to say championship (10)

Down

1. cherish a peace trip (10)
2. oddly, limp oat is best (9)
3. honor left first assorted pita sandwich (5)
4. coat laden with short narratives (9)
6. Stim, you lie about incentives (7)
7. club soda up straight (3)
11. robber at Clara's (6)
13. cover the shelter (6)
14. almighty science magazine is powerful (10)
15. two greek letters, ps: nut (9)
17. novice, a mate you are (7)
18. woe, most strange couple (7)
19. regret mail order starts with bean (6)
21. question in wastebasket (3)

Grid Clues (Conventional)

Across

1. associate
5. head gear
8. laugh
9. obvious
10. ingrained
12. breakfast food
15. 7th prime number
16. vehicle named Desire
19. nuisance
20. racket sport
22. shaken not stirred
23. prevent
24. not many
25. predecessor

Down

1. Flipper's problem
2. disarray
3. preaching stage
4. Lenny Kravitz song
6. greediness
7. consumed
11. rejection
13. superfluity
14. part of a recipe
15. solitude
17. backward
18. stir
19. having an aversion for
21. amplifier (abbr)



gridCOMMENTS

Unbelievable. I'm impressed. Or maybe I should be insulted. I never did know the difference. There were quite a few submissions for the first grid. Either people are enjoying the challenge or it's much too easy. To those of you who accepted the challenge you have a chance to win a \$2 gift certificate to the Math C&D.

Correct solutions to the cryptic came from: Gimme a prize; Bob the Great and Powerful; Phage and 2; The Evil Galactic Warlord Larry; Brian Youn and Jennifer Tripp; and Pinky and the Brain. Extremely close solutions were given by Dima!, Alex & dAAn; Ian "Ianman" Facey; and Janice Rorke.

Correct solutions to the conventional came from Dima!, Alex & dAAn: and Phage and 2. Sorry, Ian "Ianman" Facey you missed one word.

The winners are ... The Evil Galactic Warlord Larry for the cryptic and Dima!, Alex & dAAn for the conventional. Prizes can be picked up in the mathSOC office.

Thank you, Danny! :) ; "Narf, Pait!" "Shut up Pinky, or I'll have to hurt you."; Happy Anniversary! Ian, maybe you're not aware of this, but this is not the end, it is the beginning. Hope those exams were stressing you too badly.

Keep the solutions coming this way. If people stop submitting, I may actually have to do some of my assignments and I wouldn't want to have to do that. I'll try to remember to include a grid question every week for your amusement. Your stupid grid question for this week is: what is your favourite drinking-slash-socializing establishment?

Jennifer "jeffie" Watters

