

EXECommunicate

Hi there again! Thank god these !@#%&*() mid-terms are over for me!

We're in the home stretch now little mathies and mathites. There's about 2 weeks of class left now, plus 2 days if you're taking an abundance of non-math or non-engineering courses.

Congratulations to "THE THREE GUYS THAT WENT DOWN TO PHOENIX AND HACKED THE COMPETITION TO BITS". Well done Ian Goldberg, Seiji Ando and Ka-Ping Yee. The UW team won the ACM International Collegiate Programming Contest. Way to go guys!

The math undergraduate newsgroup is now online. Its name is alt.geek, no, just kidding. It's called uw.math.ugrad. This is a great place to find out what's happening in the Math Faculty, MathSoc and its clubs and a good place to voice concerns and ask questions.

This year's Campus Day went well, only 14 pre-frosh got lost. They were found drooling at the computers in the MFCF computer room and outside the CS 452 Real-Time lab. They were reported to be caught in an infinite mind loop mumbling phrases such as, "I'm gonna go to Waterloo, you get to play with trains!" and "Gee, computers sure are fun! I like computers!" Ya, right, a wee bit of CS 241 should cure them of such an ailment.

Well, that's about it for me. If you see me in the halls, please point my burn out corpse in the direction of the MathSoc office. Please disregard the salivation and the goon-like psycho-babble. Catch ya later!

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

CSC Flash

Waterloo is a World Champion!

This past week has come and gone proving to be quite successful for the CSC. The U of Waterloo team came in first in the AMC Programming contest in Phoenix Arizona beating out teams from many major American universities, and several teams from universities from overseas. The team of Ian Goldberg, Seiji Ando and Ka-Ping Yee deserve our heart felt congratulations for their magnificent victory.

On March 7, my namesake arrived at the University of Waterloo. Now the CSC has its own computer, having been dubbed Calum. In fact, March 7th is now a CSC holiday known to all as Calum Day.

As always our fabulous CSC T-Shirts are on sale in the CSC for \$14. Come down to MC 3036/3037 and get your very own CSC T-Shirt with a Ray Tracer and a Madelbrot set Fractal generator on the back. Be a fashion setter with this marvelous enhancement to any wardrobe!

Also there are pins and buttons for sale as always. Come down and get the ultimate in writing style, and/or one of our unique "University Policy" buttons.

CTRL-D is now in the planning stages. Come in and Vote!

On a parting note I would like to say hello to my two children (Gee I have not see Fergie in ages). Oh yes, and by the way...it has recently been discovered that Prince Andrew is sterile.

With Love,
Calum T. Dalek
Chairbeing

Financial Fly-By

Shoplifters of the World - BEWARE!

The C+D is trying new foods for its' Monday menu. So far, you, the student body, have rejected several different selections. If you have any suggestions (no rice), please see myself or Brenda Wilson (the C+D manager).

As of Thursday March 10, the C+D has developed a shoplifting policy. This unfortunate move was forced on the C+D by a few of our beloved patrons who feel they are entitled to eat some of the C+D food without paying for it. Thanks folks! Most of our food has a very modest markup, if it has a markup at all (for example, cheese is sold at cost). Out of a 5 cent markup, 2.5 cents pays Brenda and Mary's wages, 2 cents pays the cashiers' wages, and half a cent goes to MathSoc improvements (such as new computers and photocopiers). The University Police will investigate all shoplifting complaints.

To Steve Kingsley-Jones (EngSoc VPF): Great article in *The Iron Warrior* (Mon Mar 7/94- The Engineering C&D: The Vision)!

Thanks to all who helped out at 1B Info Night and on Campus Day (tomorrow, as I write this, but 3 days ago, as you read this). You're terrific!

See ya at the MGB!

Jenn Dickson, VPF
(with the typing expertise of The Hedonist
corrections by Jenn)

"Strike Down" Petition Was a Success!

No, the endowment fund has not been "struck down", but the petition was still a success.

(what, is Chris on drugs again?)

No I'm serious, it's a success. Of course, it would have been hard for it to be a failure, because its purpose was to find out if the Math Faculty student body was strongly against the marginally-passed Endowment Fund. It's hard for an opinion poll to be a failure. The petition drew an earth shatteringly large 9 signatures. This is quite a small number for a faculty of 3700+ students (though it is more 'votes' than most MathSoc executives have received [*now that's a bit of an exaggeration - Flip*]).

We now know that mathies, in general, are not strongly opposed to the Endowment Fund. MathSoc should feel justified now in pursuing the instigation of the Endowment Fund, without guilt. Of course, it should be noted, they were pursuing it before without guilt. The attitude I found was more of a "if they didn't want it, they should have voted against it. We've passed it by Fed bylaw number XVBKNP so cares what the student body wants" attitude.

Thank goodness the petition *wasn't* widely signed. If it had been, MathSoc might have had to question what its purpose is: to fulfill Fed bylaws, or serve the interest of Math Students. Luckily, there is no conflict - this time.

Hopefully, we'll see amendments to the lengthy mathie Constitution that will prevent any future problems with referendums.

Chris "No Aliases for the semi-serious articles" Norman

Letter to the Editor

On a serious note, being a way-off-campus student (i.e. I'm on a co-operative workterm for W'94), I just read Fuzzy's article "Endowment: Here's why not!" this week. I was impressed with this effort, as it is the first truly thoughtful piece I have seen against the Fund. Personally, I wish it had been distributed among the referendum mailings as the synopsis for the "NO" vote. I have heard that MEFCOM was passed by a very slim margin, and I feel a lot of this had to do with the quality of the propaganda (so-to-speak) each side was able to produce. As a basically undecided student with little access to campus, I had to rely on the information available in earlier mathNEWSs and in the election packages. I'm sure this was common among the few who at least took the time to vote. Thanks and congratulation to both Eric and Fuzzy for a mature and intelligent "debate" on an issue sure to have a profound effect on our school. It was important to have both views expressed.

The second comment I'd like to make is regarding the quality of mathNEWS. In general, I have seen a notable improvement in the contents of the newsletter. Although I did not entirely agree with doing away with pseudonyms, I have to admit that the change has been quite noticeable. I must say, however, that a good part of this is most surely attributable to the aggressive position of recent editorial staff. Although I do not always agree with the way in which certain points are made (for instance that mathNEWS writers may write with impunity), the points themselves are always valid.

With regards to the loss of pseudonyms, my dissent was not because I feel that complete anonymity is a good idea, but rather because of a feeling these names gave the reader. I suppose the "clique" or "cult" feeling is one you are trying to avoid, as I see a turn towards semi-legitimacy occurring. More that it was nice to know that Flipper was "that guy who wrote about masturbation" or the Puzzle Bandit was the guy who wrote the ... well, that one's pretty obvious, I guess. What I mean is that you could create a pseudo-personality to go along with the pseudonym. It's more interesting to think that "Aaron Silver is gone" was written by Guelph Erronious (damn, how does he spell it?) than by the guy in front of you in CS. A compromise, if perhaps anyone is interested, might be to list the pseudonyms in the masthead.

Well, that's about it for my tirade. I'll just sit here and wait with bated breath for Joe's Darcy to continue and for more tales of Gridby's attempts to get to Europe.

Bored,
Debra "T4" Richardson

Just a couple of notes: mathNEWS writers do not have impunity. While the editor has final responsibility for what appears in the paper, each author is responsible for what she writes. That's the big reason why we no longer accept anonymous submissions.

For a short period in the summer, I was including my pseudonym and my real name in the mastHEAD, but everybody who called me into their office to discuss difficulties with my articles still managed to miss it. Moral: nobody reads the damn thing.

As for Darcy Generic and the adventures of Gridby — well, you're going to have to wait for next issue.

Flip

lookAHEAD

mathNEWS	
March 28	Issue #6 production night 6:30pm, MathSoc (MC 3038)
March 31	Issue #6 hits the stands Hey! That's a Thursday!
Math Faculty	
March 31	Last Day of Classes! See ya at the Bomber!
MathSoc	
March 18-31	Make fun of Marco
April 2	Party at Marco's
Co-op	
April 30	Ha ha! You still don't have a job!
Flipper	
March 18	Getting real drunk tonight. (Spirit of the West. Wahoo!)

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profQUOTES

- "How does that work? uh...it doesn't work. Hang on..."
Forrest, MATH 138
- "...over two times 4 plus 1, which is not 5." (wipes five off the board)
Forrest, MATH 138
- "This Technique has been around for at least thir... what decade are we in now?...at least thirty years."
Munro, CS 340
- "Thank you for insisting that I don't know what I am talking about."
Coffin, CS 246
- "Don't ask me why...Not that I don't know, I don't care"
Coffin, CS 246
- "Wait a minute, what am I saying...that's nonsense."
Lipshitz, AM 231
- "I won't tell you about the relationship between me and my officemate, but ..."
Lanctot, CS 436
- "I wasn't using the terminal for anything else, honest!"
Lanctot, CS 436
- "You wondered why I have that couch in my office."
Lanctot, CS 436
- "It's now 43 minutes into the lecture and you should be thinking about sex, or something other than economics."
Kerton, ECON 101
- "We have a coronary in the corner."
Furino, C&O 351
- "It wins by default because it has no other competitors. We'll call that the Tonya Harding approach."
MacKay, STAT 450
- "We're going to change the whole course, so don't fail."
MacKay, STAT 450
- "Don't spend too much time on it [assignment]. Just give up!"
Graham, CS 448
- "And now you have a basic knowledge of Real Analysis. You'd be amazed by how much you should have learned by now!"
Allan, AM/PM 331
- "There'll be a test...with just you and me alone in a room. With the lights on."
Huron, MUSIC 270
- "You're coming with me, kicking and screaming."
Dickey, PM 334
- "I drink a bottle of vodka at a time."
Frape, EARTH 238
- "Be careful what you say to the local people because they are the enemy."
Frape, EARTH 238
- "Probably if I say a few more things, everyone will be confused"
Younger, MATH 136
- "I'll give you a secret. Once you remember that you won't even think anymore."
Younger, MATH 136
- "If I had prizes here you'd get one."
Younger, MATH 136
- "If you thought about it...don't think, but..."
Younger, MATH 136
- "I thought I was hearing the right answer but I don't think that I was hearing right."
Younger, MATH 136
- "I'm going to define something that you already understand, but I'm going to define it in a way that you can't understand it. I'm going to see if I can really blank out your mind."
Younger, MATH 136

Puzzle Day Results

Was there a puzzle day?

Yes. Sorry about all the confusion. I sort of forgot to tell the publicity people where and when the event was happening. Nevertheless, some people managed to show up, and we had a lot of fun. For those who missed puzzle day (and who are mad at me) please leave a friendly message for me at the MathSoc office. (Puzzle Day 2, perhaps)

We played "Mindtrap", a logic puzzle/trivia/mathematics question/brain teaser game. For four hours straight, two teams answered countless questions in the attempt to win MathSoc T-shirts of their choice. Thanks to our Quiz Master, Flaky, who read all the questions aloud, each participant had the chance to exercise his/her mind with each question. While some questions required little thinking, others required serious head scratching.

Some questions were good old classics, while others were really corny. We had no problem with mathematical questions. (Who do you think we are, Engineers?) We even got some of the impossible ones.

The winners are...Bashful, Fuzzy, and Jean Guy. Winners can go to the MathSoc office to claim their prizes. Thanks to all who participated and made this event a success.

If you like to play "Mindtrap" instead of "Magic", you can borrow the game from MathSoc with your ID card.

Until next time,

Poesy "Crispy" Chen

The Pink Tie Pledge

What is it?

Within the next few months, the Faculty of Mathematics Class of '94 will become alumni of the University of Waterloo. The Pink Tie Pledge is an opportunity for us to leave our mark on Math! It represents the commitment of graduating Math students to the University of Waterloo. The graduating class of 1990 initiated the Pink Tie Pledge to donate money to specific projects in the Faculty of Mathematics. Our donations will allow the faculty to provide even better learning opportunities for the students who follow after us.

What do you mean by a pledge?

Your pledge is simply a promise, made in good faith, to give a specified amount over a given period of time. In this case, you are asked to pledge to donate each year for three years. Remember, your first payment will not be due until one year after graduation. Each spring, you will receive a reminder indicating the amount you have pledged for that year. If your personal circumstances at that time do not allow you to honour your pledge, simply notify the University and you can continue your pledge at a later date.

Pledge Levels

- *The Dean's Prime Number Club*: \$101 per year over three years.
- *Other*: choose an amount which you are comfortable giving over the next three years.

Alumni who make a 3-year pledge of at least \$101 per year (the closest prime to 100) are eligible for membership in the Dean's Prime Number Club. Privileges include the designation of a Personal Prime Number, and a copy of the annual MathTies calendar. The program is designed to encourage every member of our graduating class to consider a gift to Math. Remember, no matter what size donation you make, you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have made an investment in future students of the math faculty.

Everyone who participates in the Pink Tie Pledge will receive a Pink Tie Lapel Pin!

How can I make a Pledge?

Just fill out the pledge card which was mailed to you, or pick one up at the information booth, or at the Math Society Office (MC 3038). Return the completed pledge card to the MathSoc office. You will be contacted one year after graduation, in May 1995, about how to make your actual donation.

Where will the money be spent?

All gifts from our class will be spent either to provide more teaching assistants for tutorials for upper year courses, to purchase instructional equipment, or to bolster the Descartes Scholarship Endowment. If you wish, you may specify where your donation will be spent.

Donations in the past have been spent on:

- developing the UNIX-based instructional environment, including the purchase of X-window terminals for the undergraduate computer labs, and the establishment of the Software Tools Lab.
- extending the Descartes Scholarship Program to support upper-year students who did not originally receive Entrance Awards.

Donations in the future could be spent on:

- enhancing the Tutorial Centre program and increasing TA support for upper-year classes.
- upgrading the Macintosh equipment in the CS labs
- expansion of the Software Tools Lab
- continuing development of the Descartes Scholarship Program for upper-year students.

Why should I participate?

Return the favour! Many UW alumni have contributed to the quality of our education at Waterloo. We benefited from their generosity - let's do the same for the students who will follow.

As well, underfunding is eroding the excellent teaching and research for which Waterloo is well known. The Faculty of Mathematics, especially, is world renowned - and as graduates of the faculty, we are favoured by employers. Due to the government cutbacks, the faculty is becoming increasingly dependent on alumni donations to fund upgrades of teaching equipment and assist in the Scholarship program. Your pledge will help keep our programs strong and uphold the reputation of the faculty. We can help to guarantee the value of our own degrees by supporting Waterloo after we graduate. Let's do our part to secure the quality of education at Waterloo!

It's affordable! At \$101 per year, you can qualify for the Dean's Prime Number Club for less than \$8.42 a month!

Our gifts motivate others to give to the faculty too! As students, we see the day-to-day effects of underfunding. When we are willing to do something about it, others will take the problem seriously. The University seeks private support from a number of sources. Among them are alumni, corporations, foundations, parents, special friends of the University, and faculty and staff members. Many of them are already contributing to UW, and when others realize how strongly we feel about the need for private funding, they are more likely to be convinced that Waterloo is worthy of their own support.

Will I receive a tax credit?

Yes! Your donation is eligible for a tax credit.

Federal tax credit on	\$101.00
calculated at 17%	17.17
Total Federal Tax Credit	\$17.17

You could deduct \$17.17 from your tax payable. This means that your charitable donation of \$101 would actually cost you only \$83.83 (or \$6.99 per month!)

The Goal

The goal has been set at \$10,000. We need as many people as possible to participate. Won't you help us reach our goal?

It's up to us!

The Pink Tie Pledge campaign is here. The total amount will be displayed on a chart in the Math C&D foyer. Watch the pledge drive heat up!

Eric Sutherland
Pledge Chairperson

Man as Just Another Animal

or *The Satanic Bible* by Anton Szandor LaVey

Freedom of expression exercised to the fullest. Typical "buy my book - make me rich" publication. I won't bore you with the details of their rituals concerning sacrificing chickens, cutting their heads off and watching them run in circles with blood gushing all over the place. Or with the performances of hatred and destruction in order to 'cleanse' one's body (*The Book of Lucifer*, p.64 and *The Book of Belial*, p.115). Instead, I offer some alternatives how to get the most out of this book. Here are some tips for those that already purchased the book and don't know what to do with it, or for those who received it as a gift (didn't someone like you or what?). You may also want to read this if you are thinking of buying it in the near future.

1. It is great to use outdoors, when camping for example. Nothing will start the bonfire quicker than *The Satanic Bible*. There is no need for matches or gasoline, just place the book in the center, underneath a pile of dry branches and logs, and if you stare at it long enough it will light up by itself. And while watching it, you can recite some curses or just sing a few songs.
2. Another great use for this book is in the bathroom. It is a fact that the toilet paper roll isn't infinite and you are about to run out sooner or later. This is where you can use pages out of this book. They are only one-ply, but they are made of good quality soft paper with most of them having writing only on one side. So make sure you keep a copy of it handy. [*This is kind of dangerous, especially since it can be used to start fires - Hawk.*]
3. I think that each computer should come with a copy of this book. As you all know, static electricity can be very damaging to the computer components, and it is necessary to ground these electrostatic charges. That's where this book comes in handy.
4. And one more use that I can think of, is to distribute *The Satanic Bible* to all rooms in Village. As a recent theft prevention measure, all floor doors have to be locked. Until now, the villagers dealt with this nonsense by propping the doors with Bell phonebooks, but now they could have a smaller, lighter book to kick around.

So you see that *The Satanic Bible* is a very versatile thing. That's why we have one in our household. And what about reading it? Nah, I know better ways to learn about selfishness, rudeness, ignorance, and hatred. Just look around, this world is already filled with it even without reading this crap.

Tomas "as nasty as he wants to be" Tocek

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Editor: Michael "I shower with my clothes on" Melvin, Steve "Mr. Double Rye-and-Ginger" Shaw

Attention Women!

Get Them While They Are Single

You know that foreign language that is sometimes spoken in the Math Comfy Lounge? Well it's not French. Quite often it is a mix of Slovak, Polish, Czech and other wonderful European languages. And sometimes German too. It may come as a surprise to you, but there is quite a large population of East-European men on our campus, and that's what this article is all about. I decided to bring to your attention all the good qualities of these men, as they are a very valuable asset to our school, and they can also be a very valuable asset to your personal life.

Firstly, it is easy to spot them, as they distinguish themselves in the crowd by being extremely handsome. Their faces are nice and soft, caressed by the winds of the Baltic Sea. The average East-European man is very athletic, strong and muscular, as he used to hunt in the deep forests for food with his bare hands. But his real qualities lie inside. The East-European man is very patient and obedient, as he had to survive the long years of communist oppression. He is also very adventurous and spontaneous now that he is living in a free country. And the East-European man can outdrink almost anyone, as he had been raised on Vodka since he was breast-fed.

There are some famous UW students that happen to be East-European. For example, the man inside the Waterloo Warrior mascot, the founder of the UW Film Club, the best Snow (the singer) impersonator, the Wesley Crusher fan club president, and many more.

As you can see, East-European men are awesome. I challenge all single girls to pick up at least one of them before the end of this term! Here are the top ten reasons why you should date an East-European man over a Canadian boy:

10. he has a sexy accent
9. knows his countrymen that play in the NHL and can get their autographs
8. enjoys learning the meanings of new words, especially those not mentioned in a dictionary
7. he is good at playing card games, from Euchre to Strip Poker
6. prefers to spend time with you, rather than watching TV, playing baseball, or drinking beer
5. will love you even during that time of the month. (He endured communists all his life, so putting up with one cranky female is no big deal.)
4. will be there for you in the morning, and the following evening, and the following morning, and whenever you let him
3. he can teach you a lot of new things about his culture, new games, and new positions
2. he is open-minded and quite liberal about sexuality; not like these conservative, tight-assed, closed-minded, 'I give you a friendly pat on your bum, and you call it harassment' North Americans
1. he has travelled half of the world to find YOU

Tomas "East-European mathNEWS correspondent" Tocek

Win Friends, Eat Pizza

Submit to mathNEWS

So You Still Don't Have a Co-op Job

heh heh heh, you big loser

For those of you who have been sleeping for the past seven or eight weeks, the first round of co-op interviews is over. According to a figure that I just made up, a full 95% of co-op students are currently without jobs, or are working at Canadian Tire, which doesn't count as a real job. So now you've got a lot of choices to make: do you start looking for a job on your own, or do you go through second rounds? Do you give up and register for the summer term at school, or do you just give up and go the Bomber now? Do you go on a rampage through Needless Hell, killing everyone you see with a machete, or do you use an axe?

Second Rounds: They Ain't So Bad

Just in case you haven't had enough of Needless Hell, you can keep going back every day, until you get a job. Just think of the fun as you fight with five thousand jobless students to look at twenty postings for jobs as camp counsellors at Camp Blood, and a dozen jobs with some pyramid marketing company. Whee! Line-ups! It's just like the beginning of term all over again! Add to this the large number of disaffected co-op students hacking up administrative personnel with machetes and axes, and you've got yourself a pretty inhospitable atmosphere.

But wait, isn't co-op supposed to have on-line job listings this term? Yeah, right. And my hair's gonna start growing back any day now.

Search For Your Own Job

Hey, there's plenty of jobs out there, available for the asking. After a couple of years of school here, all of us are qualified for extensive and rewarding careers in many fields, most of them involving food services or data entry. Getting employers to hire you in today's economic climate is easy. In fact, all of these jobs are available on campus:

- Director of Co-op: this is being offered for the first time as a co-op job. Duties include: well, I don't really know, but how hard could it be? *Benefits:* you'd make a ton of cash. *Drawbacks:* everybody in the co-op program would hate you, and make a lot of jokes involving you and barnyard animals.
- Fed Hall bouncer: your main duty apparently involves frisking people that come into the bar on Alternative Night. *Benefits:* wouldn't involve too much work, because nobody goes to Fed in the summer. You'd also be able to get yourself and all your friends (even your entire house!) in the kitchen door whenever you want. *Drawbacks:* you'd have to spend time at Fed Hall.
- mathNEWS editor: yeah, we don't really have one for the summer term. Duties include going to the Bombshelter, drinking 50, and making fun of people who write letters to the editor. *Benefits:* get to see the Dean on a regular basis. *Drawbacks:* well, you wouldn't actually get paid.

Make Your Own Job

One alternative to getting someone to hire you is to make your own job. It's fun and easy to do - for example, just look around the campus today. I see a great need for the following jobs to be created:

- Prostitution ringleader. Not only is this fun and exciting, but it's also highly illegal. Don't worry, you won't be arrested until the Imprint does a cover story on you. Act now, and you'll be able to get a summer sublet at the MSA to use as your bordello.
- Practice dummy for the Bombshelter. You may think that the bouncers at the Bomber automatically know how to beat up people they don't like, but that's simply not true. It's a skill that takes long hours of practice, and this summer the Bomber is considering hiring someone for the bouncers to beat up. All you have to do is pretend that your credit cards don't work, and the bouncers will take care of the rest.
- Fascist censor who complains about newsgroups that he doesn't read in order to get them banned. Oops, sorry, that position's already been filled.

Go Back to School for the Summer

This should probably be your last resort. It has been scientifically proven that too many school terms in a row make you look a little bit like a weasel [*I heard that!* - Curtis].

Steve "Flipper" Shaw

mastHEAD

You've not gotten rid of us yet. 5 down, 1 to go. Back to brighten your Friday morning, annoy your profs and cure your Irish hangover. Tonight's P-nut gallery says ... Can I stroke your hair? Thanks to those who showed, and wrote and more thanks to those who wrote and didn't show and to those who didn't write and didn't show well ... Have a beer. Here's a list of those who showed and snarfed pizza (and their explanation of why Hawkeye wasn't here tonight):

Charlene Knowlton (he has a big date with a fish), Marco Koechli (he's running around outside with bare feet in a blizzard looking for his shoes), Jenn Dickson (he's still looking for Flipper in DC), Darren Rigby (I tied him up in a burlap bag and dumped him in Columbia Lake), Darren Morby (he went to see a prof on the sixth floor), Jennifer Watters (tracking down his twin from the Larry Pub), Erich 'Fuzzy' Jacoby (piercing his other nipple), Denis DesRosiers (he's busy cleaning the blood out of the Black Box), Derek Brunner (he's in the Bomber getting a head start for St. Paddy's Day), Joel Hewitt (he's planned a wild evening involving PostScript and popsicle sticks (PostScript is a registered trademark of Adobe Systems, INC.)), Stuart Pollock (he's having a disagreement with the Wom[ey]n's Centre), Joe Zubkavich (he's out dating Fido), Jillian 'Flaky' Arnott (the K.G.B. is after him and he is hiding at Fed), Poesy 'Crispy' Chen (because the C.I.A.'s looking for him, too), and Curtis Desjardins (he's taking a shower while fully clothed).

As always, thanks go to Marion over at Graphic Services, as well as to Gino's Pizza, official supplier of pizza to mathNEWS.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw
assistant sub-editor-in-charge-of-the-whole-shebang
Michael "Hawkeye" Melvin
editor-in-charge-of-studying-for-midterms

The Comfy Lounge Card Club takes on Hart House

Yup, That's right. We bad!

Well, we're back from Toronto, and the big bridge challenge match. Ben and I thought we were cursed after the first day of fun, finishing 3rd overall both sessions, which got us NOTHING!!! The next day was a little more successful, with one of our teams finishing 2nd, and the other one was 3rd. Some noteworthy results:

Sat. Aft.	2nd	Drew Gillen-John Wetmiller
	3rd	Ben Zeidenberg-Eric Sutherland
	7th	Mike Nidd-Theresa Verhuis
Sat. Eve.	3rd	Ben Zeidenberg-Eric Sutherland
	5th	Janice Halbert-Ron Sutherland (my dad!)
	7th	Rod Scott-Thomas-Jamie Hodge
Sunday	2nd	Drew Gillen-John Wetmiller Ben Zeidenberg-Eric Sutherland
	5th	Wilfred Kwok-Alan Ling Paul Weiss-Jason Pollock

Thanks to everyone who came along, and to those that wanted to, but couldn't quite make it. We had a really great time.

Naturally, when you play 97 boards of bridge in two days, some interesting hands are going to come up. Here is a difficult hand to bid from the Teams on Sunday. You hold:

♠ QJ4 ♥ J4 ♦ AJ863 ♣ J93

The bidding goes (They are vulnerable, you are not):

LHO	Pard	RHO	You
—	—	1H	P
1S	3D	6H	?

3D by your partner was a weak bid. You have to make a choice to pass or bid 7D. The match may depend on it.

Here is an opening bid problem (they don't come up to often). What do you bid with (you are the dealer, you are vulnerable, they are not):

♠ QJT97654 ♥ J43 ♦ A ♣ J

I can think of at least 4 opening bids with this hand, but which one is the best? Who knows.

A couple of quick announcements. There will be a final bridge game in the final week of term. (look for posters) Also, if you are not going to be around this summer, but want to be a part of CYBOrg (Canadian Youth Bridge Organization), then please make sure you leave your name and number with me. Also, if you want to try and be a part of the Canadian Junior Team that will be going to Buenos Aires or Bali in 1995, then make sure you talk to me SOON!

Here's lookin' at cha'.

Ace Upmysleeve
aka Slave Boy
aka Eric Sutherland

Win Friends, Eat Pizza

Submit to mathNEWS

To Tomas, with L-O-V-E

If the government can be completely blind to important criminal events (i.e. billions of dollars for projects being added to the earthquake relief fund, the LAPD ignoring sexual harassment cases among officers), you can ignore a little swear word here or there. You must hear them enough in the halls, etc.

It does indicate a complete lack of efficient expression but, look what faculty we're in.

Charlene Knowlton

Top Ten Reasons Why We Wished For a 2-Day Reading Week

10. We want Fed and Bomber to ourselves.
9. Less free time for all the nerds to solve Fermat's Last Theorem.
8. More time to masturbate in class.
7. We want everyone to know which faculty killed all the engineers.
6. More time to check out the math chicks (yeah right!).
5. Can't wait to start the 2nd round co-op bullshit.
4. Less time to figure out the Math 136 textbook is useless.
3. Minimal liver damage.
2. A univeristy without artsies is a real university.
1. We're be too drunk to notice.

Farhan "The Farm" Thawar

Top Ten Reasons Why We Got a 2-Day Reading Week

10. The non-CS mathies would forget what C+D stands for.
9. Homeless mathies wouldn't have the comfy lounge to sleep in.
8. More time to masturbate in class.
7. Must reply to chain email within 72 hours.
6. CSC would close for more than 2 days and our world would collapse.
5. Couldn't find another time to schedule the Math 136 exam.
4. Somebody somewhere said "Make it so."
3. More Classes! More Classes! More Classes!
2. Want to keep the title "Nerdiest University in the Universe".
1. Though it was funny to call it "Reading Week-end".

Farhan "The Farm" Thawar

ultraCLASSIFIEDS

Dear Muna,
POP!

With love,
Your long-distance Leo

Dearest Chouette,
SMOOTCHES!

Poor Little Chou

Congratulations to the soon-to-be Mr & Mrs. Fly-away Stiller
from the staff at the Math C&D

Math, the Universe, and Everything

Flipper's Dating Service

Are you bored? Lonely? Drunk? Do you have low standards? Then Flipper's Dating ServiceTM is the perfect dating service for you! This is a dating service created by a balding alcoholic for other balding alcoholics and the people who love to love them.

This Scientifically Calibrated LoveTesterTM will determine your FlipperLoveScoreTM, which will then be compared to other people's FlipperLoveScoresTM. Scoring information is at the bottom of the page.

Part One: Who Are You?

- How would you describe your body?
 - sort of like silly putty, but more humorous.
 - hair, hair everywhere. Well, except my head.
 - I have no visible scars. Well, not many.
 - 350 lbs of pure chewing satisfaction.
- When I think of sex toys,
 - I think of whips and chains.
 - I think of jello and a laxative.
 - little dogs named "Fluffy" cower in fear.
 - I think of Chelsea Clinton.
- When I'm intimate with someone, I call it
 - making love.
 - having sex.
 - fucking.
 - getting back at my mother.
- My best pickup line is:
 - "I've never met a nun I didn't like."
 - "Say, are you Chelsea Clinton?"
 - "I bet you've never seen one of *these* before!"
 - "Look, Dad, I told you to pretend you didn't know me."
- When I want to relax and enjoy myself,
 - I sit back and have a bottle of beer.
 - I sit back and have a keg of beer.
 - little dogs named "Fluffy" cower in fear.
 - I usually end up getting arrested.
- I think the best part about going to Fed Hall is
 - the music.
 - getting frisked by one of the bouncers.
 - after being frisked, getting the bouncer's phone number.
 - leaving.
- My friends describe me as
 - that little bald guy.
 - that stupid little bald guy.
 - that stupid little bald guy with bad breath.
 - Chelsea Clinton.
- I would describe my religion as
 - Topolist.
 - Branch Flippidian Church of the Apocalypse.
 - anything that involves blood sacrifices of small animals.
 - one of those other cults that always have those columns in the Imprint.
- On my day off I like to:
 - walk around my house naked.
 - walk around my neighbourhood naked.
 - shoot random naked pedestrians.
 - hang around playgrounds, looking for new friends.

Part Two: What Do You Want?

- My idea of a romantic evening is
 - a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou.
 - a keg of beer, a bag of chips, and a blow-up doll.
 - illegal in three provinces.
 - remember the mathNEWS election issue cover?
- My ideal sexual partner
 - would be a gentle and caring person.
 - would have an extremely large penis.
 - would have extremely large breasts.
 - both b) and c).
- I am looking for someone
 - who doesn't drink.
 - who doesn't smoke.
 - who will pay me money to pour sardines down my pants.
 - to run over with a forklift.
- My deepest sexual fantasy is to:
 - have sex with a professional sports team.
 - have sex with a professional sports team's mascot.
 - have sex with the DJ at the Bomber.
 - have sex.
- What I want from foreplay is:
 - about six double rye-and-gingers.
 - three hours of dealing with incredibly complicated clothing, toys, gels, lotions, and vegetables.
 - having a shower with my clothes on.
 - turning out the lights.
- My favourite position for having sex is:
 - on the top.
 - on the bottom.
 - in front of the TV, so I have something to keep myself occupied.
 - remember the mathNEWS election issue cover?
- I would never
 - have sex with more than four people at once.
 - unless they asked nicely.
 - say "No".
 - want to sleep with somebody named after a dolphin.

Scoring

Score one point for every question you answered. If your score is a number, then congratulations! You can count! If you can find another person whose FlipperLoveScoreTM is also a number, then you should probably spend the rest of your life with them.

Now What Do I Do?

Simply send this completed survey into mathNEWS along with \$75, your home phone number, and some polaroids of yourself in various states of undress. We'll then sit around and laugh at you for a bit, throw the survey into the garbage, take the money and go to the Bomber.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw

How to Snuff a Wild Shinobi

Disclaimer from the Author: In this article I am going to mercilessly make fun of a certain movie. I accept the possibility that, being a North American, with a thoroughly non-Japanese cultural background, I've missed out on this film's redeeming qualities. If there are any. The material contained within this article is intended for entertainment purposes only. I take no responsibility for any damages caused by reading it, including injury, alcohol poisoning, or years of costly therapy. Use at your own risk.

Anyone who has ever read my articles on a regular basis will be aware of my peculiar fondness for incredibly bad movies. I once thought that Japan had learned something from *Gamera Super Monster*. They have. They aren't pulling their punches anymore. Hide the children and livestock, it's time for...

Joeb Hewitt's Guide to "The Dagger of Kamai"

The title sounds relatively harmless, doesn't it? Unless you were one of those lucky people who actually lasted the entire way through this one at the last CTRL-A showing, it might be tempting to think of it merely as just another bad martial arts movie. No. This is totally wrong.

The Dagger of Kamai is badness in it's purest, nastiest form. The timing is off, the continuity is nonexistent, and the character development can all be summed up in the word "Jiro". But why take my word for it? Grab a bucket of popcorn, sit back, and enjoy the show.

Act One: Mediocre Martial Arts Movie

Before the carnage begins, the audience is treated to a ten-minute lecture on some mountain somewhere that has something supernatural associated with it. There's a person/place/thing that's being revered as a god or maybe a demon by someone, somewhere. Or at least I think that's what was going on.

Next, we get to meet the hero of the story, a strapping young lad named Jiro. His adoptive family is killed by a ninja bearing a startling resemblance to the scarecrow from the *Wizard of Oz*. Jiro is blamed with the crime, and flees into the woods. Then there's credits, running, credits, rock climbing, running, and more credits.

Things to do during this segment: Remind people sitting beside you that there'll be a quiz about the mountain later on during the presentation. Try and form some sympathy for the young lad, before Acts II and III make you sarcastic and cynical.

Things to Notice: When his adoptive mother and sister die, they both shout Jiro's name. It may be a little early to label this as a dominant trend, but just keep it in mind, okay?

The Redeeming Characteristic: This segment is short. On with the next one.

Act Two: The Bad Martial Arts Movie

Following the credits, Jiro is found by a monk who offers to teach him the ways of the shinobi (that's "ninja", if you happen to be a nineteenth century north American novelist, but more about that later). He's brought somewhere and forced to kill a man who turns out to be his father. With a whisper of "Jiro", the old man expires, and that's when we find out that all shinobi look like the scarecrow from the *Wizard of Oz*.

Jiro spends at least a month and a half in training, learning how to leap through the trees, leave blue streaks behind him whenever he moves, and run like one of the pilots on Thunderbirds. The monk tells Jiro that his father was a shinobi, and sends Jiro on a mission to find out what happened to him on the

mysterious mountain. Did I mention that Jiro didn't know that it was his father that he killed? Don't worry; that fact should in no way interfere with your enjoyment of the film.

So, our hero sets out to follow the footsteps of his father. After performing a heroic deed with his newfound shinobi powers, he is led to a town where he finds his biological mother. She presents him with his first change of clothes, and shortly thereafter gets drugged and killed by an evil shinobi. Her last word is "Jiro".

Things to Do: At this point in the movie, it's beginning to look like every new character brought into the narrative is just there to be used as ninja-bait at some later time. A few exceptionally trusting souls might be a little skeptical of this, and will want to give the movie another chance. It's not worth it. Trust me. To help those people who cannot accept the expendable nature of this movie's extras, I've devised a little game.

After Jiro's mom dies, the people in the back row of the theatre will start taking bets on who bites it next.

Odds are given as investment - reward. Please, if you've seen the movie before, don't let this interfere with your choice of victims. I advise that monopoly money be used instead of the real thing; not only will this prevent anyone from going broke, it'll prevent anyone from posting this article to uw.general with the subject like "Make Money Fast".

Tall, Handsome Shinobi: 3 - 1

Old Man in Hut: 3 - 1

Short, Stubby Shinobi: 2 - 1

Young Girl in Hut: 2 - 1

Female Shinobi: 1 - 1

The Monk: 1 - 2

The Dog: 1 - 5

Jiro: 1 - 10

The Ship's Captain: 1 - 15

The Bartender: 1 - 25

Mark Twain: 1 - 100

Things to Notice: Yes, I think that we can finally say that dying people shouting "Jiro" are the unifying theme of this film. Also, get a trekkie friend to check out the continuity errors between Jiro's father's speech and Jiro's mother's speech.

The Redeeming Characteristic: Well, at least Jiro doesn't have any more relatives to kill off...

Act Three: The Really Bad Martial Arts Movie

Lotsa people running like the Scarecrow and leaving blue shimmers of light behind them. Jiro is pursued by evil Shinobi trying to find the treasure that his father supposedly found. In true ninja, er, I mean shinobi, style, Jiro picks off his enemies one by one. Then there's more footage of people running like the scarecrow.

In a fight with the aforementioned female shinobi, Jiro is wounded and gets nursed back to health by a kindly old man and a young girl. The old man deciphers an paragraph of english text that was hidden in the hilt of Jiro's dagger, which turns out to be the instructions to find Blackbeard the pirate's lost treasure. Jiro takes the translation, three sacks of gold dust, and sets out for California. Shortly thereafter, both the old man and the girl die. Both say "Jiro".

With the help of an American slave, Jiro gets on board a cargo ship... but they are not alone. The female shinobi makes another attempt on his life, but is bested in combat by a length of rope. The captain puts her under Jiro's care, and orders him

continued from page 10

not to kill her. She doesn't wake up from her coma and Jiro does some disgustingly biological things with soup. Then there's some trouble and they are set off in Alaska. Jiro and the shinobi start a relationship. That's when I got up to get a slice of pizza.

When I got back, there was another fight scene with the monk and an avalanche and someone got a dog. I don't know much more about it than this but Todd and Piotr assure me that I didn't miss anything.

Things to Do: Shout "Ooh" every time the director made bad use of a dramatic shot. You can also shout it whenever any normal object left sparks behind itself. Hell, shout "Ooh" whenever you feel like it. If anyone in the audience is still taking the movie seriously, they deserve the abuse.

Things to Notice: Notice Jiro's well-chosen arctic survival gear (leopard skin loincloth). Also notice what a cute couple Jiro and his ex-arch-enemy make. They've got a lot of shared interests (daggers, knives, shuriken). As one final note, if anyone out there has ever seen either *Star Wars* or *Fugitive Alien*, you know what's gonna happen next. Yes, it gets worse.

The Redeeming Characteristic: That was damn good pizza.

Act Four: The Really Bad Western.

Jiro lost his companions in the avalanche, and sets out for California on foot. Along the way, he rescues a beautiful young Indian woman who was really french. Jiro was quite relieved when he discovered that all North American natives speak perfect Japanese. So do the country hicks. How about that.

Befriended by Mark Twain, he sets out for California and the treasure. Confronted by the evil monk, Jiro learns that the female shinobi was really his half-sister. She is mortally wounded, thus saving the film from the obvious logistical problems that would exist if she lived, but waits until the battle is over to moan "Jiro". The monk himself is done in by a well-placed dagger up the sternum.

That's when they tell us that the monk was only a body double.

So, Jiro, his surviving companions, and one full-grown husky dog set off back to Japan with several metric tons of treasure to exact justice and hopefully end the movie.

Things to Do: This is when we play the Dagger of Kamai Drinking Game. I, personally, never touch alcohol, and under normal circumstances would not advocate it's use by others. These are not normal circumstances. If the movie had ended, say, around Act II, the drinking game would not be necessary. Speaking as a veteran of umpteen *Commando Cody* movies, I think I can fairly call the next act of this movie an ordeal. Remember the ending of *It Conquered the Earth*? This is worse. Look, just trust me, okay?

The drinking game goes as follows: Starting when Jiro arrives in the western town, and continuing until he boards the ship for Japan, take one drink whenever one of the following occurs.

- Someone Dies
- Someone shouts "Jiro".
- Someone speaks Japanese.
- Someone obviously hasn't even consulted a world atlas before putting together a film.
- Mark Twain shows up.
- Mark Twain speaks Japanese.
- Mark Twain discusses oriental philosophy.
- Mark Twain dies. (Finish your drink! Hell, finish two!)
- Mark Twain reveals that he's really french.
- Anyone turns out to be related to Blackbeard.
- Anyone turns out to be related to Jiro.

- Something mildly amusing happens.
- Someone in the back row screams "I've gone blind! I've gone blind!"
- You can't hear the guy in the back row screaming "I've gone blind!" because you're too drunk.
- Take another one, just to be sure.

This should guarantee that you at least a half hour of contiguous chugging. Important safety note- If at any time you begin to enjoy the movie, stop drinking. You should be sufficiently prepared for...

Act Five: Historical Drama

Voiceovers, more stock footage of shinobi running, some fight scenes, more voiceovers, someone related to Jiro dies, another voiceover, and, finally, the movie's single metaphor. There. That's it. If you're very lucky, and even more drunk, Act Five should be relatively painless. Otherwise, you have my sympathy.

I'm not even going to try and quantify this one. "I claim this monk for the country of France" is all I'm saying.

Things to Do: Gibber. Twitch. Maybe yell "I've gone blind!" every once in a while.

Things to Notice: Remember that mountain? Back at the beginning? What the hell was all that about? What was the point? Why was someone compelled to make this movie? What is the speed of light in a vacuum? How heavy is the country of Finland? Oh, well. I guess some questions are better left unasked.

Redeeming Characteristic: It's over. Don't complain.

So, there you have it. Next time you're looking for some way to waste two hours of your life, make sure it isn't *Dagger of Kamai*. And, yes, I *did* order my own copy. Company loves misery, I guess...

Joeb "Call me Jiro" Hewitt

Nomadic Tricksters - The Chronicle of a Dying Breed

The Dragon - Episode One

Having taken his desert rat for a spit, the one they call Dragon stepped away from the stein. Joe was a large creature and easily distracted. The joke was too easy for the Dragon to pass up, besides he could handle Joe. The Dragon. Ha! They had called him that ever since the Nacho gathering. He slid up to the bar with his pretzels and cheaz dip and waited for the reaction. It would come soon.

Joe's tastebuds had been deadened by the alcohol, but his tongue knew the texture of beer. This wasn't it. Neurons fired and misfired, people chuckled sinisterly. The Dragon. The Dragon! That sly bastard! In a former life he had been Derek the Sly. Today, he would eat sled. Or, so Joe thought. What really happened was that Joe caught the floor as it raced up towards him, with his face. Damn teflon boots. You just couldn't make any fast moves in them. Dragon deftly grabbed the spittoon and dented it with Joe's head. Too easy.

Dragon had been to some two-bit towns, but this was absurd.

Denis "The Dragon's Roommate" DesRosiers

XENOPHOBIC

Part 5

DAY THREE

John lay on his bed, doubled over and on his side, desperately concentrating on keeping his stomach from regurgitating pizza remnants eaten four hours ago. Mike was dead. Mat too was dead. Two of his best friends in his tenure as a University of Waterloo student were dead, killed by aliens. Only, the alien that had killed Mat had not at the time recognized Mat as an *intelligent* being until it had procured and analyzed a sample of Mat's atomic structure. Unfortunately, ripping atomic structure samples from the human body is just uncomfortable enough that the subject immediately dies of shock. *Great*, John thought, *Mat would love this if he were here.*

Mat walked into John's room. "Here's a glass of juice, John. It should help." John didn't look up; he didn't want to have anything to do with this entire situation. John knew it wasn't really Mat standing by his bed. It was apparently a physical and behavioural emulation of Mat based on manipulation of the sample taken from Mat's structure. Still, something inside John couldn't ignore what was happening, so, taking it slow and steady, and careful not to look up into Mat's face, John pushed himself up into a slouched sitting position.

The glass was offered near John's face, and John accepted it. Mat's form left the room and John took a sip from the glass. John noticed his watch, temporarily labelled twelve-forty, and tried to shrug off the anxiety sickness that started over forty minutes before. It was then that Mat had revealed his alien self to John, all the while standing not two feet from John. For the subsequent half-hour, the alien, now back to Mat's form, *rationaly* explained to John the remorse and sorrow he felt over what he, what it, whatever had done. And over that time, John's mood *rationaly* changed from being paralyzed by fear and hyperventilation, to a nauseous unthinking zombie, at which point John just up and walked into his bed.

John eventually recovered enough to make his way back to the t.v. room and, once there, carefully leaned against the arch of the doorway. Mat sat in the chair and was watching the tape John had confiscated. The same video bearing two seconds of footage depicting Mike being killed by what Mat termed a 'bad' alien. *As if there were other kinds*, he thought. John lost some of his recently acquired control over his nausea, and closed his eyes to attempt to regain it.

"How are you feeling?" John felt some more nausea over how normal Mat's voice sounded.

John, eyes still shut, answered hoarsely, "I'll live." The mind's uzis blasted off an appending thought: *until you decide to kill me too.* John resumed speaking. "Going over the tape?"

Mat paused a moment, then spoke with a disgustingly accurate tone of concern. "Yes, this part of the tape worries me."

John opened his eyes to the screen. Mike was unmoving, the strange cylindrical object in hand. John was able to blurt off a bit of nausea with some new curiosity. "What is that?"

"It's a module that naturally converts uh.. motion..? streams into energy and also amplifies the output. As a tool it's incredibly flexible, but basically it's just a battery, sort of a hyperactive Energizer. But *this* one looks like a, uh., prototype unit, uh.," Mat seemed to struggle in finding the right words, ".sort of a, pure, type of converter. Orders of magnitude better than the current technology. I have one in my ship in fact. But it looks like from here he has one too, which makes him that much more dangerous."

John was having trouble taking in all this information while his innards were trying to initiate an implosion. "How bad is

this guy?" Moments after saying it, John no longer wanted to know.

"We're not sure how 'bad' he is, but he was, uh, *made*, to be pretty bad."

Focussing on what that might have meant, John almost missed the sudden illumination glaring through the window from the driveway. Realizing what the light meant, at least, John turned back to Mat. "Eric and Charlene are here. Eject the tape Mat."

John turned his attention back to the door and the top of the stairs while Mat kneeled in front of the VCR. Mat's voice was low, "You need some sleep but we should talk more about this tomorrow." The door opened and from where John was, he could see two pairs of sneakers, one after the other, walk in. Mat continued: "I need your help, John."

John turned to see Mat's sincere stare, while hearing two bodies clomping and chuckling down the stairs. "Ok."

Eric was in a chipper mood, "Hey John! Where were ya?"

"Yeah, we all missed ya at East Side's tonight." Charlene's mood was just as bright, and she walked straight into their room.

John started walking slowly to his own room. "I was feeling lousy earlier, so I stayed home."

Eric took on a serious pose for a second. "That's too bad bud, how're you feeling now?"

John didn't stop walking. "I feel like I'm gonna die." And with that, John closed his door, pushing in the lock. He mainly said it for the melodramatic effect, but, unlike most times when John went for melodrama, this time the phrase felt too real. John didn't bother getting out of his clothes and just got into bed, turning out the light and plunging the room into darkness.

Black. Everything black. Nothing but black. Nothing. Can't see. Just black. Nothing. Too much. Do something. Nothing. There's nothing there. There's nothing there, so do something. Can't move. Black. It's just black.

Pain hit him sharply. It then lingered long enough for him to get a fix. A positional reference for linear thinking. John was able to reach out. He grabbed outward for the wire-thing that was the pain, entending from the black to his stomach. Positive he now held the wire despite a void of sensation, John yanked with what strength he could summon.

John barely opened his eyes. He was exhausted. And what's more, he was hot. And what's more, he couldn't remember any dreams. Yet, John now felt in worse shape than those any of the previous nightmares had left him.

There's light in the room, John thought. In response, John's body undertook a shift of weight towards the bedside clock to verify this confused conjecture. The clock glared twelve-ten. John didn't understand. After all, he had just gotten into bed. Certainly he had only slept a couple of minutes at most.

A new voice entered the room, "John? You're awake?" John struggled to lurch himself into a position to see what was going on. Mat was standing in the open doorway to his room, it was already midday, and John felt extremely hot under the cover and in full clothing. The sensation of heat was becoming painful.

Mat approached closer, "Are you okay?"

John, deliberately, peeled off his bed covers, then looked up to Mat "Compared to what?" he grumbled while setting himself to stand.

"You were in some sort of a coma. I was just about to go get

continued from page 12

some help."

John stood up, and was hit with a dizzy spell. "I what? No. Wait." John looked down and took a breath, then started to the kitchen. "I don't feel good," John continued, "But I should be okay in a moment." He opened the fridge and examined the contents. John opted for the water instead of the orange juice.

The two of them sat at the kitchen table and John poured himself a glass of water. Mat spoke as John raised the glass, "Eric and Charlene have left already."

John's right eyebrow arched in Mat's direction. "To get help?"

"No, they have that committee meeting on campus today."

"Oh yeah." John's faculties were returning, and the heat was subsiding, but the exhaustion lingered, and John couldn't help slouching in his chair. John suddenly recalled that he had locked his door the night before. He just as quickly decided he didn't want to know how the door became unlocked.

Mat took on a more serious pose. "I've been thinking. The enrgy module the uh.. he, has. You know, from the video tape?" John winced as the memory of Mike's death returned.

"Well, if I can get my module close enough to that one, I could, I think, set up a link between the two and then I can disable his module. I'm guessing that he needs a module to get his ship working, it sustained considerable damage coming here." John glanced over to Mat's face, wondering whether all this was a bad episode of Star Trek, or The Twilight Zone. "And if I can stop him from escaping, then I can catch him." Mat paused, possibly to wait for John's reaction.

John decided to not outwardly show a reaction. "How close do you need to get?"

"Within I'd say, twenty feet or so without any shielding between them. But I first have to get my module. And I haven't been able to find out where he is yet. Although he wouldn't have gone far from his ship and I saw it go down in this area. But I don't even know who he looks like."

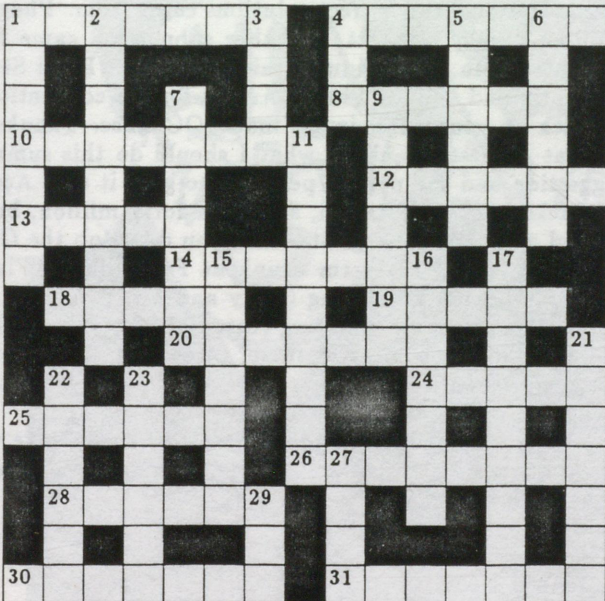
"Not Mike." John frowned into his glass as he put it down. An uzi blasted him square between the eyes and John reflexively looked up.

"What?" Mat had noticed the reaction.

"Wainwright."

To be continued...

John Wetmiller



mathNEWSquiz #5

Just when you thought it was safe to read mathNEWS

There were TWO, count them, TWO submissions to the last quiz! Apparently, the Shelburnites asked some very hard questions. Darryl "Darius" Farr came through with ten correct answers, but it's Wayland "Wayoleon" Chau by a nose with eleven! Congratulations, Wayoleon, you are the proud owner of a coveted squizprize which the friendly MathSoc office will gladly place in your possession!

Anyway, the fourth quiz had the following for answers: **Song Lyrics:** 1. Cliff Richard — Give a Little Bit More; 2. Eddie Money — Take Me Home Tonight; 3. Barenaked Ladies — What a Good Boy. **Ancient Persia:** 1. Darius I (a.k.a. Darius the Great); 2. Zoroastrianism; 3. Ahuramazda. **Potpourri:** 1. *Bwana Devil*; 2. He played in the NHL; 3. Ernie Coombs; 4. *Thunderbirds*; 5. Lou Gehrig's Disease. **Canadian Comedy:** 1. Jerkeroo; 2. "Hi, how ya doin'?"; 3. Ted ("That's me!"); 4. Manservant Hecubus; 5. Two acceptable answers: he was lazy or he wanted sympathy.

And now we present the fifth quiz of the term:

Double Definitions

Example: Celebrity sea creature of the '60s, or mathNEWS columnist — Flipper.

1. Washington capital resident, or athlete.
2. Where land meets water, or go downhill.
3. One computer's information highway, or mode of transportation.
4. Writing implement, or T.A.
5. Leaves in a phone book, or those in an old book (two words).

The Fresh Scent of Potpourri

1. Who wrote *Ring of the Nibelung*?
2. How many Argonauts (in Greek mythology) were there?
3. What is the name of the minister of Salem involved with the Salem Witch Trials?
4. What country has the highest population density?
5. What game show is based on one computer game?

Comic Books, Comic Strips, and Cartoons

1. What do Pinky and the Brain do every night on *Animaniacs*?
2. In *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle Adventures*, what are Ray Fillet, Mondo Gecko, Leatherhead, Wingnut, Screwloose, Jagwar, and Dreadmon collectively known as?
3. What does Stinky Wizzleteats sing on *The Ren and Stimpy Show*?
4. Name the family in "Fox Trot."
5. What anime series contains Ushiko and Umao as ripoffs of Romeo and Juliet?

Good luck to everyone. Submissions, hopefully not splattered with blood like one of the Flat entries, may be inserted in the BLACK BOX across from the Comfy Lounge by 6 P.M., Monday, March 28.

Darren "M" Morby
Stuart Pollock
Joe "Section 8" Zubkavich

Grid Clues (Cryptic)

Across

1. (?)doc. fuse made unclear (7)
4. heard right isle host is unfriendly (7)
8. I left tennis with love poem (6)
10. very happy EC snow (8)
12. finally angle m is dead (6)
13. Igor gets completely full (5)
14. pop, fish are silly! (7)
18. brush gently Saturday, Tuesday, Thursday, Monday with you (5)
19. see I, no, I charged (5)
20. SOS, line maimed African hunter (7)
24. right lad, it is like tide (5)
25. in Africa's inorganic gambling house (6)
26. gin dries beside arena (8)
28. crush a gourd (6)
30. induce if Clint scrambles (7)
31. marriage always reaches its title at last (7)

Down

1. little Diana edge apart (7)
2. balk the faster rut around (9)
3. half is me (4)
4. owns ash mixture (3)
5. ant X left the dweller (6)
6. jumbles left title is small (6)
7. meticulous scare fullback retainer (7)
9. cosmos is absorbed without sea (7)
11. builder uses bizarre tracer pen (9)
15. fateful love minus love within (7)
16. finish stage right, oh captured victim (7)
17. 20/20 vision hid nights cripple (9)
21. ill eagle sounds unlawful (7)
22. rain is absorbed by dried grape (6)
23. you entered confusing trial ceremony (6)
27. one thing time confused (4)
29. House of Tan started spicy (3)

Grid Clues (Conventional)

Across

1. mattress upright
4. eg. a, an, the
8. annoy
10. kept
12. rancid
13. ran
14. lay away
18. picture support
19. type
20. answer
24. put forth
25. confuse
26. burden
28. innocent
30. green stone
31. tedium



Down

1. beer making place
2. diet specialist
3. tassel
4. trouble
5. form an idea
6. shelf
7. tremble
9. alien
11. break down
15. eg. boron
16. boring
17. eg. bracelet
21. sleeping place
22. powder
23. concern
27. without feeling
29. finish

gridCOMMENTS

good morning class. ow! not so loud, don't you know what last night was? I hope someone does cause I sure don't remember. I hope everyone's midterms went better than mine. And thanks to the powers of democracy I now have another one to study for. I guess we know which people won't be winning the grid prize ever again. For the cryptic we had correct solutions from: French Sin Beaste; Barney the Skipper; Hi-Fi Stereo; Internal Strategy; The Trio; Phage & 2; and Bob the Great and Powerful. Other submissions came from: Brian Young & Jennifer Tripp; Ian "The Other Ian" Bander Schee; and Jillian "Flaky" Arnott. For the conventional the correct solutions came from: Phage & 2 and Jillian "Flaky" Arnott. Another submission came from Lady and Mr. Man. The winners this week are... Hi-Fi Stereo for the cryptic and Jillian "Flaky" Arnott for the conventional. You can pick up your prizes in the mathSOC office. Thanks for all the great suggestions about what I should do this summer. The suggestion and the person/people who gave it are: Accuse Michael Jackson of molestation, settle for forty million, buy a small island, and drink margaritas until you die (Bob the Great and Powerful); spend the term drunk at Fed (Jillian "Flaky" Arnott); nude butterfly catching (Lady and Mr. Man; try and set a record for projectile vomiting (Internal Strategy). I think I should be able to do most of these, of course I will have to substitute my favourite home bar seeing as how I won't be in Waterloo. The others are all possible.

Well I hope everyone has a good weekend. I will leave with the following question to ponder: How do they get the caramel in the caramilk bar?

Jennifer "Jeffie" Watters