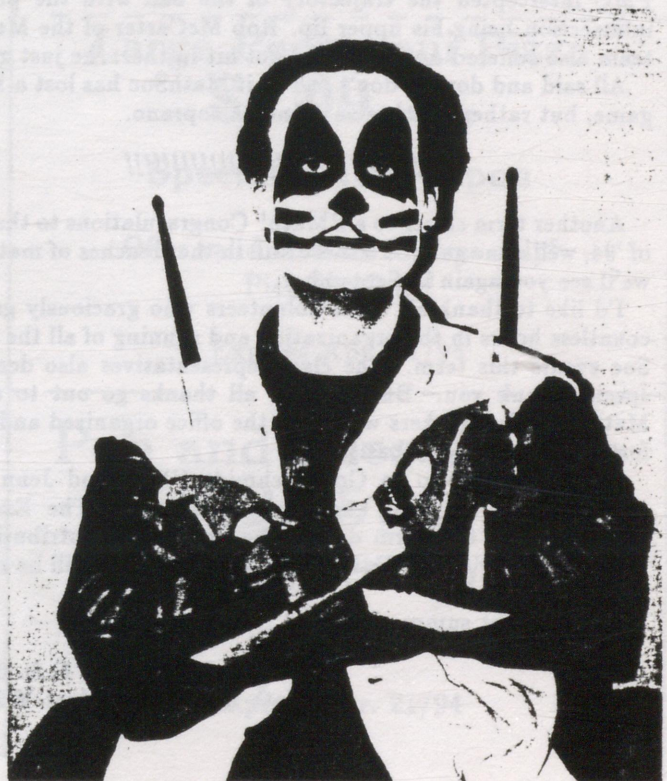
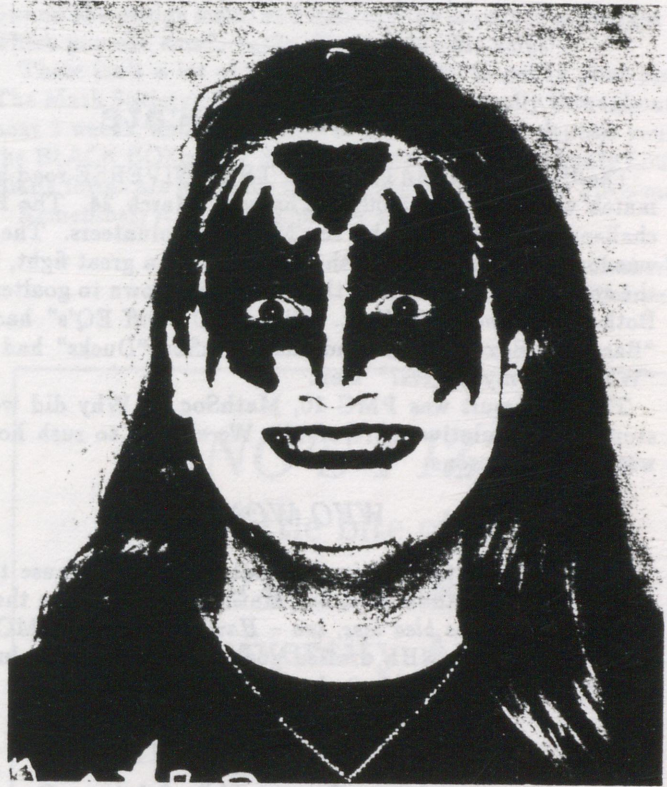


# *math* NYWS

Volume 64, Issue 6 Thursday, March 31, 1994



## lookAHEAD

mathNEWS	
April 5	mathNEWS end-of-term party
Math Faculty	
March 31	Last day of math classes! See ya at the Bomber!
April 8 - 21	Exam period

## EXECommunicate

The ULTIMATE BATTLE OF THE UNIVERSE road hockey match was played at 5:00pm Thursday March 24. The PMC's challenge was taken up by the MathSoc volunteers. The game was long, cold and wet. Both teams put up a great fight, but in the end, as it so often does, the game came down to goaltending. Both goalies were excellent. The PMC "Diff EQ's" had Ron "Base 16" Hextal in net and the MathSoc "Ducks" had Jerry "Where are my fingers?" Han.

The end result was PMC 10, MathSoc 6. Why did we only stop at a cumulative score of 16? We all had to rush home to watch the Simpsons.

## WHO WON?

The PMC will try and justify that they won because they're score was greater than ours, but MathSoc won because they had way more fun. [*we bled less, too - Hawk*] Unlike the PMC, with 2 full lines and an NHL drafted goalie, the MathSoc volunteers had only 3 hockey sticks, 8 players and Jerry.

## CASUALTIES

Two players got hurt. No, not while fighting. One of the PMC intercepted the trajectory of the ball with the point of intersection being his upper lip. Rob McCarter of the MathSoc team also suffered an injury. He got hit in the... he just got hit.

All said and done, I don't feel as if MathSoc has lost a hockey game, but rather that we've gained a soprano.

## IT'S OVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Another term closer to a BMath! Congratulations to the Class of '94, well done gang! To those still in the trenches of mathdom, we'll see you again in September.

I'd like to thank all those volunteers who graciously gave up countless hours in the organization and running of all the MathSoc events this term. The class representatives also deserve a special thank you. But most of all thanks go out to all the MathSoc office workers who keep the office organized and ready for service on a daily basis.

Special thanks go to Gord Schmidt VPAS and Jenn Dickson VPF, for all their hard work this term. The Exec ran very smoothly this term due to the important contributions of these two individuals. Gord, Jenn, your presence will be missed. Thank you.

Have a great summer!

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



Computer  
Science  
Club

A Student Chapter of the ACM

## CSC Flash

Greetings from the Computer Science Club and from me, the illustrious Calum T. Dalek. First thing, I would like to apologise for the error that occurred in the last Flash, that being the ACM programming contest being called the AMC. This was caused by an error on my secretary's part during my dictation of the article. She has, of course, been exterminated.

## Office Reorg

As those of you who have seen the office recently do doubt realize, the CSC has undergone some major reorganization. Two major upshots of this are that we have much more shelf space for our amazing library, and that most of the germs in the office have been exterminated. Many thanks to the efforts of the CSCSC Crew!

## Memberships available

The CSC has begun to sell memberships for next term, as well as disk quota in the math undergrad environment. As a special bonus, the usual \$1 administration fee will be waived for users whose data was accidentally deleted by MFCF this term.

## calum.csclub is online!

Next term's members will be able to have accounts on the CSC new computer, calum.csclub. It's up and running right now, but accounts will not be available until the beginning of next term. calum is a SparcStation 10, with 64MB of RAM, and 1GB of hard drive space. As well, the CSC disk from the undergrad environment will be accessible from calum, for your added file storage pleasure!

## And more stuff!

The new batch of CSC T-shirts are in, with the Mandelbrot set generator and ray tracer on the back, for only \$14, as well as the ubiquitous CSC pens and *It doesn't have to make sense*; it's University Policy buttons.

Have fun in the summer ahead. Keep on computing.

Calum T. Dalek  
Chairbeing

**Congratulations to Greg  
Dinning on becoming the new  
1995 Math Grad Committee  
Chairperson**

*And 1995'ers: Be afraid. Be very afraid!*

## The Pink Tie Pledge

The Pink Tie Pledge is heating up! We are only 3 days into receiving forms as of Monday, and we are already above the \$3000 mark! To see how we are doing as of today, check out the Tie across from the C&D. We need to reach our goal of \$10 000, and we need everyone's support to continue the greatness of our illustrious faculty.

The Pink Tie Pledge is a necessary source of funding for the faculty, and its continuance will ensure the value of our degrees for years to come!

We have benefited from other Alumni donations while we have been at Waterloo. Computer terminals don't grow on trees, you know! And improving the current status of the Tutorial Centre has made our education just a little bit easier. Now is the time

### Nominating Committee for the Dean

The Dean of Mathematics, Professor Jack Kalbfleisch, is nearing the end of his first term. A Nominating Committee for the Dean has been created for this cause and is now searching for opinions and questions concerning the reappointment of the Dean.

Please forward any opinions or questions to myself or to Dave Bauer, via email or written. All opinions will be of use, while remaining confidential.

Ian R. Hosein [ihosein@undergrad.math](mailto:ihosein@undergrad.math)  
Dave Bauer [dabauer@jeeves](mailto:dabauer@jeeves)

### Challenge to All Grads

Well, since all you grads have terrific jobs lined up (ya right), I just wanted to pose a formal challenge to you.

By now, most of you should have received your letter asking for pledges to the Pink Tie Pledge. How much do you think you can give? 50 bucks? 100 bucks? Before you decide, remember that this [great] institution got you your job, and, even if you never use your Math expertise, will be helping you to live happily ever after.

So, the actual challenge.. I challenge each and every grad to pledge \$1,000 over the next three years. To hell with the \$10,000 goal. I think it should sit more around the \$30 - \$40,000 mark, which is why I have pledged my \$1,000.

I know you are going to argue with me, saying "The last thing I want to do is give one more god-damned red cent to this university." However, consider for a moment the impact that you can have on the many problems that exist here. How many times have you bitched about a course not being offered when you are on-stream, or that the class is full and there are not enough sections, or that the course has been discontinued due to lack of funding? The last one is a real pisser if you wait until your last term to take the course, or if you take too long getting the prerequisites in order to take a course that you really, really want. Here is your chance to help improve things around here, and now you can't complain that you didn't have the opportunity.

Most of you who do have jobs, will be making upwards of \$30,000 a year to start, so there shouldn't be a problem giving up 1% of your salaries for three years to help give others the same privileges that you enjoyed around here.

Well? Any takers? Are you Mathies or are you wimps?

Michael Melvin

for us to return the favour to the students that are coming after us. They will need even more alumni support than ever before due to the government cut backs.

To become a member of the Dean's Prime Number Club, we are asking for a donation equivalent to 1 co-op fee over the next 3 years. That is \$303 in 3 installments. If you are unsure of your future right now, or going to be proceeding to Grad School, then you can defer the beginning of your pledge. Just use the "Other" line on the pledge form, and indicate the sequence of pledges with which you are comfortable. Every little bit helps!

There isn't a lot of time left this term to get in your pledge. The Math Society office will be open occasionally throughout the next 2 weeks; and if the office is closed, you can deposit yours in the BLACK BOX on the 3rd floor across from the Comfy Lounge. Blank forms are available in MathSoc, or beside the Tie-o-meter.

Remember, it is YOUR pledge that counts.

Eric Sutherland  
PTP Chairperson

## GINO'S PIZZA

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Expires Apr. 21/94

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Expires Apr. 21/94

## Co-op Students, Where Were You?

Students Advising Co-op, SAC, held a forum Wednesday, March 16, at DC 1351 to answer questions about the current co-op system. The Co-op Department had close to 10 people ready to answer any questions that students had. However, the student turnout wasn't all that great. Despite that, many good questions and concerns were raised and addressed. Just in case you were not able to make it to that event, I'll sum up the major issues discussed at the forum.

There were many questions about computer access to co-op postings as promised by the Co-op Department. The majority of the software for on-line access is being tested right now. We should have some form of on-line access by this spring. Hopefully, the entire system would be up and running by the time we come back this fall.

There were concerns from the student population that the Co-op Department may be filtering resumés before they reach the employers. The Co-op Department expressed that this practice is not common. Students who wish to apply for jobs outside their own disciplines are welcome to do so. In the case when the company explicitly requests the resumés be from specific disciplines, the Co-op Department may consider screening resumés before they reach the employer in order to maintain the relationship between the employer and the University. In the future, students will be advised on the job outlines that only students from certain disciplines need apply.

Perhaps less well known is the contract option that some employers have with the University. For companies that cannot hire co-op students due to policies such as head count limits, the University offers an alternative. The University can take care of the payroll and the benefits by employing students to work on contract with these companies. There is a fee associated with this procedure for the employers. Students who wish to contract with the employers individually, and perhaps save the employers some administrative fees, must understand there are risks involved with doing so. Please consult with the coordinators or lawyers before signing any contract.

There were student concerns about a possible increase to the co-op fee. As of March 16th, the Co-op Department had not received its budget. Like any other service, if the Co-op Department doesn't get enough funding, then there will be cutbacks in services or an increase in fees. Currently, there is a hiring freeze at the Co-op Department. There is also a salary freeze. The Co-op Department has no plans to cut services. Should there be a significant cutback in the budget, then the Co-op Department may consider increasing co-op fees.

There were students at the forum who were really concerned about the image of the Waterloo Co-op Department. They came up with plans to help increase the awareness of different programs at Waterloo from which employers can hire. There are also plans to create co-op jobs through student networking and a greater emphasis on marketing.

There was a lengthy debate over how the University of Waterloo should advertise its Co-op Department. Due to lack of communication, high school students were led to believe that finding a job would be guaranteed. Some thought statistics, such as placement rates, should reflect placement of students in their own fields of study, facilitated by the Co-op Department (as opposed to finding jobs on their own). Since it is difficult to define which jobs fall within a student's field of study, the Co-op Department would have difficulty gathering this data. The Co-op Department agreed that the University should advertise its co-op programs honestly, but did not commit to any specific action.

Many students came to the forum with complaints. The Co-op Department expressed that any complaints about the services provided by the Co-op Department should be voiced. Students can do so either through SAC, or directly to the Co-op Department.

A lot more questions were answered during the forum. If you missed this one, there will be another one near the beginning of the term in Spring and Fall. SAC plans to use forums like this to get student feedback. Should you have any questions about SAC and other co-op related issues, please use the SAC mailbox called "Dear co-op" located in NH to contact the current SAC representatives.

Good luck with your interviews, and happy work term.

Poesy "Crispy" Chen  
Your SAC Rep

## mastHEAD

*That's all we wrote!*

Whew! had a ton of articles tonight: too many, in fact. Thanks to everybody who helped out, and apologies if we couldn't use your article.

Well, the last production night of the term has come and almost gone. Well, not quite. Melvin and Curtis and Flip (oh my!) still have a few hours to put in, but don't worry: we're Real Men. Real Cleanshaven Men.

Special thanks go to everybody who has helped out over the term. An extra-special thank-you goes to Dean Chan for taking the KISS pictures littered around the issue. We hope you enjoyed viewing the pictures as much as we liked putting make-up on each other. Just like girls' night out...

The people who were out tonight (and their favourite Ian Facey joke) were: Joeb Hewitt (Ian Facey and Randy Klawitter walk into a bar. Dean Kalbfleisch is there, holding a model of the eiffel tower...), Jillian "Flaky" Arnott (Ian at the press conference supporting his union brothers and sisters says...), Fuzzy (And then Ian said "No thanks, I don't think I could take 67 more of those."), Darren "M" Morby ("Ianman"? What kind of pseudonym is that?), Denis "Hey Yiu" DesRosiers (Why do you wrap Ian in duct tape?), Derek "Dragon Man" Brunner (So he won't explode when you fuck him), Jennifer Watters (With a popsicle in his hand, Ian...), Stuart Pollock (... chicken, handcuffs, and live wire.), Darren Rigby (Who's Ian Facey?), Curtis "Methuselah" Desjardins (If you REALLY want sex, try a PROSTITUTE!).

As always, thanks to Gino's for the great 'za, and to Graphic Services for the great service.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw

(Sex is for procreation, not recreation...)

Michael "Gonna catch shit for this one" Melvin  
(... but that's not what his mother said last night)

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## The Dark Road to Arts

I had a really funny, witty, rolling-on-the-floor article for you gals on getting an Arts degree. Unfortunately, the side-splitting humour somewhat detracted from the deep and meaningful message of the article. It was also ridiculously long. I have thus deleted all interesting and enjoyable portions, to leave you with these cold hard facts.

We all know mathies who have transferred into Arts. We all know mathies who are about as artistic as a brick wall. Less common, however, are mathies who want to get both an Arts degree and a Math degree. Most mathies with interest in Arts take an Arts minor. Most mathies with a greater hunger for Arts take an 'Honours X and Z' program, which expands into (for example) an 'Honours Computer Science and English' degree (not a real Arts degree, but virtually the equivalent). Less common than any of these strange breeds are mathies who want to get real, separate, Arts and Math degrees.

Most of these mathies choose to get their Math degree and then transfer into Arts. Arts gifts them with 20 credits toward their diploma, and then lets them finish the other 10 or 20 (depending on whether they want a General or an Honours BA).

Some mathies, however, want to explore a more concurrent approach. They want to intermingle their math courses with their arts courses, to the point where they simultaneously graduate with two degrees. They loath the idea of having 'Arts terms' and 'Math terms' when they'd prefer taking an even mix of arts and math courses throughout their entire education. Believe it or not, these freaks exist. I know, I'm one of them.

Unfortunately, Math and Arts don't agree on how to handle concurrent diplomas. Math says "if you're getting an Arts degree, we'll count half your credits towards your Math degree". Arts says "you must complete the requirements of your Math and Arts degree, taking additional 10 or 20 credits (respectively) above what is normal for a mathie of your program". This is pretty confusing, so I'll give an example.

Phlendo is a mathie in computer science. He needs 40 credits to graduate with his CS degree. Phlendo also wants a BA in Basketweaving. Ooops, that's only offered at Laurier. Lets change that to a BA in English. Phlendo takes a total of 50 courses, including all the courses necessary to get his CS degree and all the courses necessary to get his Arts degree. He fills the proper forms to get both diplomas. Arts says "here's your diploma, have a nice life". Math says "wait, you're getting a 30-credit arts degree, only 15 of those can count to your math degree.  $50-15=35$ . You need another 5 credits to get your math degree, you pathetic artsy".

Now if Phlendo had taken the same 50 credits, but in a different order, he would have been fine. If he'd taken his 40 'mathie' credits, graduated, and then transferred into arts to take an additional 10 credits, he'd get two degrees. For some reason, the Math Faculty seems to think we need to take an additional 5 credits if we choose to study for a BA in Arts and an Honours Math degree concurrently, as opposed to separately. I talked with Prof. Wainwright regarding this, and his flat response was 'its policy'. Well, you don't have to look at CSC buttons to know the answer to this one folks...

Luckily, there's a sneaky way to take your degree "almost" concurrently. Do your 40-credit Math degree as normal, but take an additional 5 Arts 'electives' throughout your education, graduating after 9 terms. Then, enroll as a post-graduate student, take five courses, and show up at the Arts building and claim a diploma. As long as you don't get your two degrees in the same term, the Math Faculty won't explain (yet another logical policy).

What we've got here is a classic case of bureaucratic clash-

ing. Math has its system, Arts has theirs, and they don't agree. The poor student caught in the black vice (oh no! I have 12 cards in my hand!) of administration suffers because of it [*If the Faculties can't get Add/Drop Deadlines to be consistent across campus, why would you think they'd have consistency in the way they handle their respective programs?* — Curtis, (BMath'92, BA'93)].

I hope this article has been somewhat informative and interesting, to someone. Please note I am a student, and not an advisor. I based this article upon reading the course calendar and speaking to three advisors in Math and Arts on the subject. The whole idea of concurrent is so damned confusing I heartily recommend you speak to an advisor about it before even attempting it. I'd heartily recommend Betsy Zanna (x3252) of the Arts Faculty. Also, if concurrent isn't a big deal to you, don't do it. Go for a minor, or an "Honours X and Z", or transfer into Arts after you get your Math degree.

Chris "Artsy" Norman

## KISS Roolz! Ian Facey Droolz!

### What do YOU think about TA's?

Last summer, the Federation of Students Board of Academic Affairs prepared a report on the Quality of Teaching at the University of Waterloo. In this report, there were many concerns that were brought up by students within our faculty. Math teaching assistants consistently got the worst comments, and the worst marks. Something has to be done about this.

As a result, I am writing a report on the Quality of TAs in the Faculty of Mathematics. In this report, I am including current problems with the current TA-ing system, and citing an example of each, so that the faculty does realize that each specific problem exists.

In order to complete this report, I need to get some more comments and complaints that the student body has had with Teaching Assistants. I am not looking for something saying that TA Mr. X is really bad. I AM looking for reasons why TA Mr. X is really bad. Please forward anything that you wish to be included to [esutherland@undergrad.math](mailto:esutherland@undergrad.math)

Have a great summer everyone!

Eric Sutherland

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

## Professor Furino's Anecdotal Talk on the History of Mathematics

The C&O club treated everyone to a short talk by Professor Furino last Wednesday on the history of mathematics. The turn-out was remarkable. It was remarkably justified. From anecdotes of the machines Archimedes built to defend his city to the writings of Newton as collected by Keynes, from the opinion of Galois about the woman who would cause his demise to the opinion Prof Furino had of himself at twenty-one, (comparing his achievements at that age to those of Gauss), he managed to make us laugh and think about what we are and what we do here. Professor Dickey even added an amusing bit about a secret sign and the Gauss Foundation, a club of Waterloo students in the seventies.

Most of the history of mathematics I might forget. Some of the anecdotes, I filed for future reference at parties. But the talk conveyed much more. Prof Furino entered the room robed in a green and wine red gown, of which he would say nothing until the very end. Just before closing he asked if we knew this gown. Someone came up with : a Waterloo doctoral gown. "Right", he said, "but not just any gown, this is THE gown, the first ever worn by a Waterloo math Ph.D: Ron Mullin." (He was actually the second Ph.D, but the first one did not have a gown.)

Somehow he had just made real the connection between us and the world of mathematics. A friend said, leaving the talk :

"Professor Furino makes us feel proud." I'm not sure if I would have had the honesty of formulating it this way, but my friend is right. Most of the times we feel incompetent, or worse. Very rarely we feel bright, once in a blue moon even brilliant. But how often do we feel proud of what we do here? Most of the time we can't even explain it to non-math students. I felt proud. Of what, exactly, is not clear to me. Was it of the tenuous connection between Sir Arthur Cayley and us via Prof Dickey? Of course not. Was it because of the no less tenuous connection between Prof Tutte, the allied code-breaking effort and us via Profs Mullin, Vanstone and Furino? Ridiculous. And yet, for a while all the work I am doing to get this degree made a little more sense. I felt part of something. Who knows, I may even have worked harder on the assignment due the next day.

As for those of you who missed this talk : next year, or whenever, when Professor Furino will again be asked to speak about the history of mathematics (as I am certain he will), make sure you attend. You may forget all the history, remember some of the anecdotes but surely forever remember the feeling.

Serge G. Kruk

## Graduating Class of 1994!!

We have finally made it!! Classes are now over and our last set of finals will come and go before we know it. Then...it's off to the real world.

The Math Grad Ball on March 19th was a great success! Thank you all for coming out. We would like to especially thank everyone who worked so hard preparing for this grand event. You did an excellent job.

This past year has been a blast! Thanks to everyone who came out to all the Math Grad events: from the car wash last summer to the Blue Jays game a few weeks ago. A special thanks goes out to all of you who spent numerous hours/days/weeks helping out. It couldn't have been done without you. And we can't forget everyone who contributed every Wednesday by munching on that great pizza.

Some final things to take care of:

- Class composites and the group photos are in and can be picked up from the MGC office.
- Remaining MGB champagne glasses are on sale for \$5 for 2 or \$3 each.

Now we are all going our separate ways, but we have made friendships that will last forever. Best of luck in your future! We'll see you at Convocation on May 28th.

Lisa & Eneida

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## Top 10 people NOT to have as mathNEWS editor

10. Saddam Hussein (he'd try to use mathNEWS to blow up the other faculties)
9. THIS SPACE FOR RENT
8. Larry King (doesn't know where Canada is, let alone Waterloo!)
7. THIS SPACE FOR RENT TOO!
6. Brian Mulroney (look what he did to the Conservative Party. Imagine what he could do to mathNEWS)
5. THIS SPACE FOR RENT!
4. Anyone without a spell-checker/grammar-checker (see last issue)
3. Anyone who's dead (they'd be hated by other mathNEWS staff members for not doing any work)
2. Me (I'm usually asleep all day [in class too!] - see #3)
1. Hawkeye Melvin (he can't keep disgusting items like *Math, the Universe, and Everything*, covers like the election issue and that alt. sex.movies one, and general references to sex and swear words out of mathNEWS!)

Ian "Ianman" Facey

*I'm sure Ian will be delighted to hear that I'm slated to edit in the Fall term. "THIS SPACE FOR RENT", my skinny white ass.*

Steve "Flipper" Shaw

*Steve, you should know by now that "THIS SPACE FOR RENT" means "I'M A LOSER AND I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING ELSE EVEN REMOTELY FUNNY TO SAY"*

Hawkeye

## Letters to the Editors

*or something like that*

I've noticed that some items have been missing - even though they were PROMISED. How come you haven't been continuing Darcy Generic, which you said would be continued (Feb 4th issue)? And what about that item on pg13 of the same issue titled 'Oh, look what we found!' You said (underlined) more would be coming out in future issues! Next time, say 'To be continued (Possibly!)' or 'More might (underlined) be coming out in future issues.' Why don't you put Darcy Generic on the page where you would have put that stupid *Math, the Universe and Everything* column. We can do without it!

Ian 'Ianman' Facey

*[Darcy Generic hasn't been included in the past few issues because his creator Joeb "Jiro" Hewitt has been busy with other projects. We'd love to print more of Joeb's comics, but we can't do it if we don't have them. We haven't printed more of the map because it didn't generate much interest. -Flip]*

I had a question for all of you mathNEWSgods: If womyn are not wanting to be referred to as such because of the connotation of "wife of man", and if this pisses men off so much, why don't men just call themselves "myn"? I mean, two can play that game ...

M'evil Male inch  
(figure it out)

## Letter to Gridby

*re: The Bodily Fluid on the Flat Submission*

Yes! I admit it! It was my Flat entry that was splattered with blood. (Sorry Gridby if I caused you to pass out or something — I had an unexpected appointment in Hamilton and didn't get back until 5:30 PM (or so) and did a rush job while trying not to bleed (I had a bad cut on my finger) on the words and I had no time to re-do it.) So what's wrong with a little blood? I don't know of anyone who has gone for years without blood — because blood is essential to living. Sex, however, is not (except for perverts like Flipper.) I don't plan ever to have sex because there are better things to do, like going to Calculus class to LEARN CALCULUS! I have a LIFE! Which brings me to my main point: get sex OUT OF MATHNEWS! I'm paying for mathNEWS through some fee somewhere or other (whether I like it or not!) and I don't want sex to be where my money is going. So why don't the editor and sub-editor use THEIR money to start their own publication and call it sexNEWS and leave mathNEWS with some responsible (and celibate) editorship (see Top 10 List). mathNEWS would be better with just the Gridword, Squiz, Flats and news from the world of Math (or at least from the Faculty of Math) because Math is sacred and should be free from perverts like Flipper and people who spray-paint  $\pi$  incorrectly on the construction area plywood (it's 502884 not 504884!)

Sincerely, an irate mathNEWS reader!

Ian "Ianman" Facey

*Ah, what the hell — I'm going to jump in here. I've said it before, I'm going to say it again: if you don't like what I write, then don't read it. It's your choice, Ianboy. You have every right to disagree with my views about sex and booze and all the other things that make my world go around, but it's not your right to interfere with my right of freedom of speech. If you want to complain about where your money is going, go to MathSoc — they're the ones that fund us. Ask for your \$7.50 back from them. They'd be happy to give it to you — just explain to them that you're against freedom of expression.*

*I think it's great that you've also set yourself up as sole arbiter of what is good and what is not good. If you truly think that Math should be free of perverts like me, then you should probably talk to the Dean about it and see if you can get me kicked out. I'm sure he'd listen to you - after all, you're Ian Facey, and you know what's what.*

*I also LIKE your GOOD use of RANDOM CAPITALIZATION.*

*As a final note, I do publish my own independent newsletter, The Flipper Times. Anybody interested in receiving it should e-mail me (sfshaw@undergrad.math) to be put on its mailing list.*

Steve "Flipper" Shaw  
sub-editor-in-charge-of-perversion

*WHAT?! Get sex out of mathNEWS? And put it where? Out in the streets, where all the little Flipper and Hawkeye wanna-bes can get their grimy little hands on it? Ya, that's a real good idea, Ian. The last thing you want is a bunch of little perverts running around trying to take over mathNEWS. Shit, that's already happened. Well, you don't want it to happen again. So keeping it in mathNEWS is the best place for it, especially since we don't get it anywhere else.*

Michael "Hawkeye" Melvin  
editor-in-charge-of-vulgarity

## Email From a Bored Co-Op

*Where Your Tax Dollars Really Go*

On my first two work terms I worked for a certain government agency. During my eight months there my co-worker and I generated some pretty bizarre e-mails. I offer the following proof that idle hands (or minds) are the devil's playground (Sorry about the cliché, it was too appropriate.)

From: The Screwgun  
To: Brunner  
Date: Thursday, January 28, 1993  
Subject: Unkown (CONFIDENTIAL)

The nails are plotting their revenge. They say they're tired of being hammered and want to sober up! We cannot allow them to join Alcoholics Anonymous. If they dry out, they will want to leave and every manmade structure built in the last three centuries will fall apart. You must put a stop to this. The only ones we don't have to worry about are those that hold Jack Daniels barrels together. See if you can get some as spokesnails. We need to advertise!

Keep the liquor flowing and KEEP OUR HOUSES TOGETHER!

Pound those fuckers  
And keep 'em  
Reeling or it will take an  
Army all day and all of the  
Night to put  
Our damn houses  
In the shape they  
All were before!

From: Ontario Hydro  
To: Brunner  
Date: Monday, February 1, 1993  
Subject: Notice

NOTICE TO ALL CUSTOMERS OF ONTARIO HYDRO:  
The lights will be going out at precisely 9:00pm Friday night. Yes, they have finally decided to stand up for their rights. If you wish to join them they will all be going to Houlihan's in the market. There will be a free pitcher of Rickard's Red to every millionth Ontario Hydro customer through the door.

Bring your shades, it will be bright!

From: Taxman  
To: Brunner  
Date: Tuesday, February 2, 1993  
Subject: Allowances for relatives of MP's  
Attention all welfare recipients:

Due to recent pressure from the recession and various special interest groups, there will be major cuts in payments. Namely, all recipients living in houses worth more than \$200,000 and or driving cars worth upwards of \$50,000 (i.e. Porsches, Mercedes, Lamborghinis etc.) will be regrettably cut off. As will all close relatives of current MP's. It is expected that these moves will decrease costs by roughly eighty four percent. We apologize for any inconvenience that may be incurred as a result of these cuts. Unfortunately, as they say at SOS, the heat is on. As most of you know, there is an election coming and it is time to hide our donkeys (cover our asses). There's nothing that we can do about it. So, quit your bitching or you'll be cut off permanently!

From: Desrosie  
To: Brunner  
Date: Thursday, February 18, 1993  
Subject: Zabba!

To whom it may concern, I haven't yet decided who I'm going to send this decadent piece of filth to yet, but you'll know when you receive it. Unless, I haven't sent it, then you won't know that it is for you and it would be highly coincidental that you might read this before I sent it. Too coincidental, in fact. I think you're a fucking spy. You loathesome nazi bastard! I have a mind to carve a swastika in your forehead with a grapefruit spoon whilst my assistants dip your testicles in cream and lower you into a pit of starving cats. Better yet, I might just hang you from the ceiling by your eyelids and kick you in the crotch until you blink. Not that you don't deserve worse, it's just that you're not worth the effort it would take to do something more painful...

From: T. Ron Vestite  
To: Brunner  
Date: Friday, February 19, 1993  
Subject: Confusion of the Masses

Here is one of the many loathsome messages that you sent under the assumed name to a rather odious buffoon named Allen. In the days of my youth I was told what (chicken butt) it means to be a man. But it seems that I have forgotten and taken to wearing women's underthings (ooh, but they feel so good). Unfortunately, it seems that being an alcoholic is less socially acceptable than being a transvestite. I must have hit rock bottom when I started stripping for those politicians. I performed some pretty unnatural acts with them and I was lying in a gutter down in the part of town where even the rats are too afraid (smart?) to go. When I looked up there he was like a saviour standing in the morning sun. Geraldo Rivera! Now I make millions of dollars on the talk show circuit and I know that I am not a bad person just because I like the feel of a good brassiere against my shaven pectorals. I can afford the best in lingerie and I finally feel good about myself.

From: Desrosie  
To: Allen  
Date: Wednesday, March 31, 1993  
Subject: Geriatrics and Octogenarians

They call it God's waiting room. The place where the nearly dead and utterly useless fester whilst they wait to meet their maker in the hot sun. Terrible place for it if you ask me, if you stuck them at the poles the stench would be significantly reduced and the young could make full use of the sunshine. It's not like the old bats would know the difference between an eighty watt light bulb and sunlight. Swimming is out of the question, little more than shark bait, their only protection is that great whites particularly dislike the taste of the rubber used on wheelchair tires and often choke on Depends undergarments. Mail is delivered once a month when the pension cheques come in. An event which is celebrated by a mediocre night of bingo and smoking Popeye cigarettes. Visitors are frequently left emotional invalids, no longer capable of chewing solid food.

Denis "Government Employee" Brunner



# Math, the Universe, and Everything

*Flipper's End-of-Term Column*

Another term has come, another term has gone. As usual, this column will be a review of this term's high points (like beer, sex, and the Bombshelter) and its low points (Ian "Ianman" Facey). But first we'll start off with...

## *What I Learned This Term*

Being a mathNEWS editor (okay, okay, assistant sub-editor) is harder than it looks. Not only are you expected to have a basic grasp of English, but you may have to shave in the line of duty. Also, mathNEWS editors are expected to drink a lot of 50, which wasn't that much of a stretch for me.

The simple act of shaving and getting a haircut magically makes the Bombshelter door staff ask me for ID. At lunch. C'mon, I don't look *that* young.

Taking four math courses in a term really sucks. I'm looking forward to next year: two math courses and three electives per term.

When a girl in Guelph spends the entire night rubbing parts of her body all over parts of your body, it doesn't mean you're going to get lucky. Trust me on this one.

Doing stunts in a fast-moving truck while completely fucked up is a really stupid thing to do. Trust Scrote on this one.

Drinking six double rye-and-gingers in twenty minutes is just asking for trouble. And a black-out.

Some people still don't like me. Don't worry, I'm not going to mention Ian Facey's name here.

## *Flipper's End-of-Term Awards*

**Stupid Joke That Went Waaaaay Too Far Award:** This is an easy one. In the first issue of the term, I made a passing comment about overalls in the Bombshelter, and it was blown way out of proportion by a whole bunch of people. Of course, that did not stop me from putting "overalls in the Bombshelter" jokes in every subsequent issue. How could people take that seriously when there are so many other problems facing the Bomber, such as the fact that there's a whole bunch of white guys always on stage dancing to disco songs?

**Hot Issue That Sort of Faded Away Award:** Remember the newsgroup banning? Anyone? Remember how the everybody was mad about the fascist-pig-administration bowing to

the whims of a tiny minority on campus and banning a few harmless groups? I thought you did.

**Biggest Disappointment of the Term Award:** Me. Not only did I not get arrested this term, but I did not get threatened with a lawsuit of any sort. I also failed to be reprimanded by the Dean (but we had *quite* a nice lunch), co-op officials, or any of the regular crew that finds my stuff offensive. And to top it off, I wasn't even quoted in the *Gazette* this term. That's the one that really bothers me - if I'm not good enough for the *Gazette*, then maybe I should give the whole thing up.

**Guy Who Just Refuses to Get It Award:** The guy who has sent us the same Top Ten list for three issues running now. Now, I'll admit that I'm prejudiced against Top Ten lists (they stopped being funny in, say, 1983), but even so, you'd think the guy could take a hint. To top it off, his masterpiece was about that favourite subject of bad Top Ten list writers - Star Trek. Wheeee — we've only had about six of those in the past three years. Six too many, in my opinion.

**Worst Bar on Campus Award:** For the sixth consecutive term, Fed Hall has won this coveted prize. I'm sorry — I don't get frisked going into any other bar in town; I don't think I should be frisked when I go into Fed. Throw in a couple of BEnt employees beating up random people and you've got yourself a party.

**Best Sport Award:** Dave Borean. I made fun of him a couple of issues ago and he took it extremely well, explaining his side of the story and then buying me a beer. The man is more than a good sport, he's a god.

## *So Long, Farewell, Yadda Yadda Yadda*

That pretty much wraps it up for another term. Don't forget the traditional end-of-term drink-til-your-face-falls-off drinkfest at the Bomber today. C'mon over and say hi. Hell, buy me a beer. Nobody else will.

You'll hear from me again in the fall term. I'll be the editor at that time, unless Ian Facey tries for a power grab.

Until then, have fun, drink a lot, and live well. Have a good summer, and good luck on exams. Remember to ask me about *Flipperfest 4: Don't Step On My Blue Suede Shoes*.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw



## Attention Women!

*Get Them While They Are Single*

You know that foreign language that is sometimes spoken in the CSC foyer? Well it's not French. Quite often it's a mix of Pascal, C, Modula-3 and other wonderful programming languages. And sometimes FORTRAN too. It may come as a surprise to you, but there is quite a large population of Computer Science Club men on 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 no one else is ever going to.

### High Income Potential.

Need I say more? I challenge all single girls to pick up at least one of them before the end of this term! Hell, I challenge ONE single girl to pick up one of them by the end of the term. Anyway, here are the top ten reasons why you should date a CSC guy over anyone else in the entire universe (except me):

10. Legendary knowledge of personal hygiene.
9. Master of virtual sex, the safest sex there is.
8. Privilege of guaranteed seat on the CSC couch.
7. Privilege of squeezing between up to five CSC men while sitting on the CSC couch!
6. Loves to stay home with you, as long as his terminal is working.
5. Will love you even during that time of the month. Hell, he probably won't even notice any difference.
4. No danger of Suzanne Vidovic stealing him away from you.
3. After a month of dating him, you'll have mastered Tetris.
2. He is open-minded and liberal about sexuality. Though he's low on experience, his knowledge of deviant sexual practices gained from reading banned newsgroups ensures an average of 16 orgasms/hour.
1. If push came down to shove, he'd trade UNIX account for you (maybe).

Chris "CSC" Norman

## Top Ten Reasons That It's Taken Me Even Longer Than Curtis To Get My Degree

*(or I'm a loser too, baby, so why don't you kill me)*

10. Had to give the administration as many chances as possible to screw me around.
9. Had to stay around to pick up all those babes on the rebound from Eastern European men.
8. The Bombshelter ('nuff said).
7. The Bombshelter (St. Paddy's Day Version).
6. Still filled with Existential Angst
5. Have to avoid real world at all costs due to severe xenophobic tendencies.
4. Have yet to run naked around math building screaming, "Herbert! I have found the answer!! Where's the Irish Spring?"
3. Had cash to burn and Tuition = Mo' Money Mo' Money Mo' Money!
2. Hey, I could get a bottle of wine for \$1 in France!!
1. Hey, I could smoke up for free with roommates in The Netherlands!!
0. Still can't count with actual numbers (but give me an 'x' and I'll rule the world!)
- 1. Hadn't submitted anything to mathNEWS yet.
- 2. Had to prove to Tomas Tocek (among others) that Curtis wasn't the only God-damn, Mother-fucking, Scum-sucking, Whore-banging Bastard to start in 1987 and still be hanging around!

Dan "The Milkman of Human Kindness" Kennedy

*[At least you made it out of this place, if only for a year or two. I've been here from the git go, and haven't actually left the campus since the Winter '89 term (\*sigh\*) yes, I have no life, shoot me and end my pain — Curtis, the other God-damn, Mother-fucking, Scum-sucking, Whore-banging Bastard who started in 1987 and is still hanging around]*



## I'm Outta Here!

*the term in review*

Well, it's been another earth-shattering and foundation-shaking term here in the Faculty of Mathematics. Okay, not quite. The only shattering that happened were my hopes of graduating (what else is new), and the only shaking going on was that of Steve's wienie.

However, we did have fun at *mathNEWS*. We had the chance to immortalize ourselves, even though some people didn't like the idea of having to shave. We also found out that some people don't like the blandness and some people obviously don't like the humour. Some people are pathetic. We had a few new people out to write for us, as well as the old die-hards. We only got into a little trouble, with no lawsuits pending. Oh well, there is always the Fall term ...

MathSoc also seems to finally be on it's feet. It has had great leadership this term, not to mention a whole whack of new volunteers this year. I think that all the work that has been put into it for the last few years is finally beginning to show, despite all the complaints that are thrown their way.

Steve and I have failed at turning the Bombshelter into a disco bar. This is deeply saddening, seeing as how we are two of the most regular customers (and that's got nothing to do with the 50). We have managed to become renowned for our disco-dancing escapades, which some of you may have seen last night. Scary thing is, I was sober.

Steve and I also feel that as a part of the new campus centre, they should have a Bombshelter pool bar for the summer terms that we are stuck here. It would be serviced by the lovely Bombshelter waitstaff, and would start at the third floor of the Math building, with a water slide to the pool. They would have to have a microphone to place your order at the top, just so that there would be no time wasted in getting wasted. That's what people love about us; we're always thinkin' ...

As I already said, I'm not graduating this term after all. Hell, I might just try to beat Curtis and Dan at their own game! I am taking off for the RCMP, and I just wanted to say bye to all my friends here at U(W). It's been a great five years, and I'll miss you all. Anyone who wants me to keep in touch, just drop off or Email your name and birthdate, and I'm sure I'll find you (one of the perks of being on a federal police force, I guess). Thanks to everyone upstairs for keeping life interesting, and thanks to the crew at the Bomber for making it a pleasure to wake up each day.

Good luck to all you young whipper-snappers who just came here this year. Hope you graduate (eventually) and find jobs that have absolutely nothing to do with what you're doing now, just like I did.

So long and thanks for all the Frosh ...

Michael Melvin  
aka Pudge  
aka Hawkeye  
aka Phocmeples

PS - I'll be back ... or I'll see ya all in Hell!

## Subscribe to *mathNEWS*!

A great deal at \$5: forms on *mathNEWS* office door

## The Penis

*and why you should love it*

I really would like to see a "Myn's Week Rag", especially after this last "Women's Week Rag". Talk about blatant advertising of female genitalia! Christ, I could just see if I started an article on the penis:

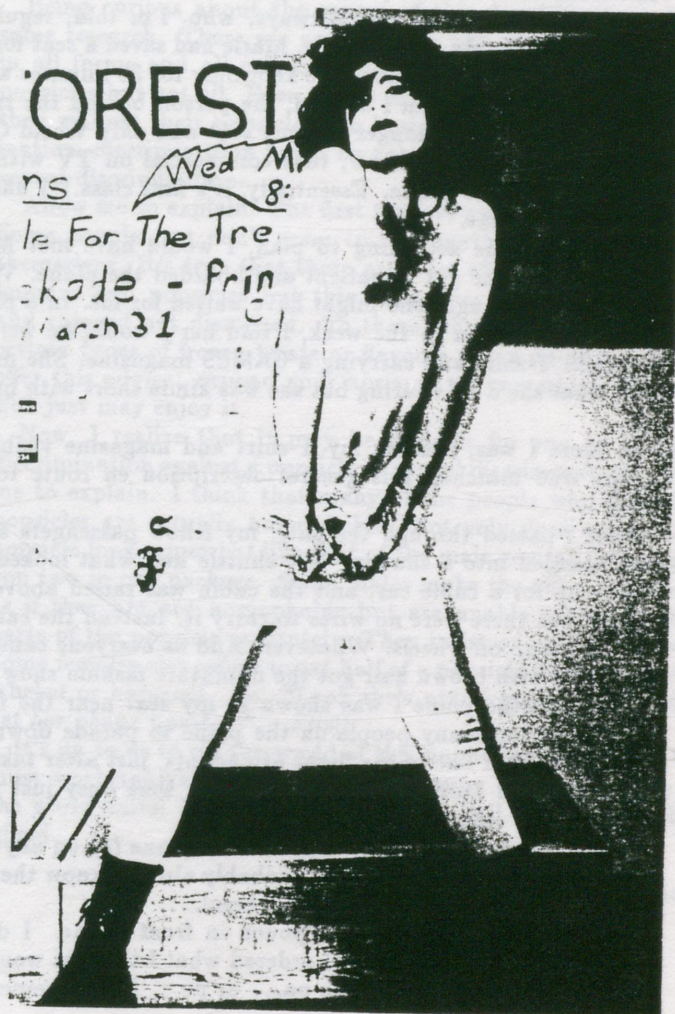
"Have you ever looked at your penis in the mirror? Have you ever got a raging hard-on just to see what your partner enjoys oh-so-much? Have you ever tucked it between your legs to see what you'd look like if you ever decided that being a wom[ey]n is better than being a man? Have you ever loved your penis so much that it started drooling uncontrollably? Have you ..."

I think you get my point. I could go on and on about why I think my penis is great and how everyone should celebrate my penis by hugging and kissing it. It would have made such a great article, unfortunately one of two things would happen:

- some irate dyke would find me and beat the living bejeezus out of me, or
- no-one would give a fuck (kinda like the Cunt article in the *Imp'tint*).

So, look for the First-Hopefully-Annual Myn's Week Rag coming to a *mathNEWS* near you. But for now, just love my penis to best of your ability, and I'm sure everyone will be happy.

M'evil Male inch



## The Other Half of the Fun

Rigby's Third Law: Mathies cannot count, or perform other simple arithmetic, such as the calculation of time zones.

As you may or may not recall, the other article this term with a similar title ended with me at the airport just in time to catch a flight to Montréal.

The rest of my itinerary was as follows: at 4:30 catch a flight to Montréal, Dorval airport and take a taxi to Mirabel airport. There, meet Marie Vasiliou, one of my teammates at the puzzle tournament all this effort was supposed to be getting me to. Later, at 9:00 or so, I think, we board a flight for Heathrow airport in London. This was an overnight flight that would land in midmorning. From there, change airports again and meet another teammate, Julian West. Off to Vienna next, where we would meet our fourth and final teammate, David Samuels, and finally be bussed to Brno, Czech Republic, the site of the tournament.

However, as many of you already know, I arrived at Pearson airport only in time to catch the last flight out to Montréal and still make all the flights mentioned above.

The flight to Montréal was uneventful, although I did look out the window while flying low towards the landing and inanely think to myself that it looked like a little Lego town. I couldn't help it! The grass looked Lego green, the roads looked jet black with bright yellow lane dividers. It did look like Legos.

It was a quick trip out of Dorval airport. (down-jet-way-downstairs-baggage-claim-left-turn-outside)

The taxi trip was my mother's idea. She explicitly told me not to use the shuttle. None of us was aware that it was free while a cab ride was \$50 plus. Oh, well. Live and learn.

My flight was on British Airways, who, I'm told, regularly overbooks its flights. Fortunately, Marie had saved a seat for me — at 4:30. Such reservations are kept only for 30 minutes and I was a touch late. When I arrived, the person behind the ticket desk told me they no longer had my seat and only World Class seating was left. (You know, that commercial on TV with Up On the Roof as its jingle. Essentially, it's first class.) I had no problem with that.

If all had gone according to plan, I would have met Marie here. Instead, she got impatient and boarded the plane. When I got there, I thought she might have waited for me. In a phone conversation earlier in the week, I told her I would be wearing a GAMES T-shirt and carrying a GAMES magazine. She didn't know what she'd be wearing but she was kinda short with brown hair.

So there I was, making my T-shirt and magazine visible to anyone who matched this general description en route to the plane.

After I passed through the gate, my fellow passengers and I were hoarded into a shuttle. The shuttle had what looked like a hook-up for a cable car, and the cabin was raised above the ground, but there were no wires to carry it. Instead the car was stilted and up on wheels. Whatever. And as everyone came on, short girls with brown hair got the miniature fashion show.

On board the plane I was shown to my seat near the front. There were too many people on the plane to parade down the aisles, so I asked one of the flight attendants, just after take-off, if he could find Marie's seat. He said they were busy just then, but would try later.

Dinner came. If you've ever flown on a plane (or on anything else) with an in-flight meal, you probably already know the food isn't the best quality. On the other hand...

I found a menu in the seat pouch in front of me. I didn't recognise a single thing in it. I ordered what I thought would be the least offensive dish. It was pa... or pe... I can't remember

what it was called but what I was served didn't resemble food.

Apparently P-somethings are crescent-moon shaped slices of soggy fibrous Styrofoam, with taste to match. I couldn't finish it; I felt ill.

It was an overnight flight, so, having little else to do, I went to sleep.

When I woke up, there was only an hour until landing. Again I reminded a steward that I was looking for someone on the plane. He said he would see to it.

"Would Marie Vasiliou please make herself known to one of the flight attendants. Thank you."

The steward came back. "We've paged her for you," he said.

Thank you, Annie Sullivan.

He later told me that she would be waiting to be one of the last people off the plane.

After landing, I got up and near the door to meet her, which meant that I got to listen to a flight attendant pleasantly say goodbye to every passenger. People think it's annoying when it gets said to them specifically. I nearly died of sugar poisoning. Eventually we caught up with each other and departed down the jetway.

We had considerable trouble finding a sign for the busses to change airports in London and we were bewildered by the showers in the public washrooms in Gatwick airport.

We met Julian slightly more easily there and discussed puzzles all the way to Vienna. And in Vienna, we sat.

There were two busses that were supposed to be picking people up and neither of them could come. One of them was off in Vienna somewhere at a hotel picking up the Turkish team, who were on a schedule completely on their own. (Either that or they were mathematicians all. Consult Rigby III) From the latest reports, the other bus was having a weensie bit of difficulty crossing the border while the bus was still empty. Result: the members of about half the teams sit just outside the gate for two hours playing checkers on a towel someone had brought.

We were put up in the Hotel Rustical, which was very nice, but missing a few things:

- Curtains over the bay windows.
- Single beds you could pull apart. There was a chair which turned into a bed, which Julian took, and two single beds, one for me and one for David. Each was made of wood with a sunken mattress. When we entered the room, they were sitting side by side. You could never mistake them for a double bed because of the wooden section right down the middle. However, they were either nailed to the floor or to each other because we couldn't budge them.
- A high ceiling in the bathroom. The entire hotel is based on the triangle. The window was triangular, and the roof sloped into the room. The bathroom was tucked into one corner. The bath was shoved way into the corner such that no one over the age of six could stand for a shower. Even more of a hassle was the toilet paper. It was on the opposite end of the room from the can, too far for any human to reach while perched.

The competition itself was great. Out of 52 competitors from 13 countries, Canada came in third while I came in 42nd. (I had a really bad morning, if I had to justify myself.)

On the other hand the sightseeing was incredible.

We went to the Moravsky Karst, a huge limestone cave that had a river through it. I took a lot of pictures using a disposable camera with a flash. I'd be able to show you some impressive things if I hadn't left the camera in Europe somewhere.

continued from page 12

After the convention we went to Prague to do some exploring. We saw the giant metronome one technical school erected to replace the statue of Lenin that once stood during Communism.

Speaking of Lennon, we saw the John Lennon Wall, which had his likeness on it, among other things, but which would pass for graffiti anywhere in North America.

We saw the Astronomical Clock. They say that after its construction the artisan responsible was blinded so that its beauty couldn't be duplicated. It may be beautiful, but damned impossible to read.

From there we went shopping on the Charles Bridge over the Vltava River. All kinds of tourist crud. T-shirts that say *Praha* that were made in Korea, towels with little cartoon animals in all sorts of sexual positions, you know the stuff. In one crystal shop, I bought a cream and sugar service for my mother for Christmas, to be shipped by air back to Canada.

I went looking for the Eiffel Tower, myself. Don't laugh; I found it. The Czechs have a replica (much smaller) in Prague. (which is in Bohemia, in case you ever wondered where that was.) It was hidden by trees on the top of a hill. By the time I had climbed the hill I was too tired to climb the stairs into the tower.

I took a funicular train (look it up) back down to the main part of the city. From there, with map in hand I worked my way back to others just in time for the bus home. That night I packed and slept long.

So long, in fact, that I nearly missed the bus to Vienna the next morning. We first went to the airport to say goodbye to most of our group from the day before, leaving only three people: myself, Marie and Mark Danna, one of the editors with *GAMES Magazine*. He acted as our tour guide, and suggested that we look up one of his friends, who was a native of Vienna.

Both he and she were once professional frisbee throwers, but he settled down in New York for a regular job (if you can call writing for *GAMES* a regular job. That's like writing for *mathNEWS*, a dream!).

She lived on a small street which we could not find called the *Kaerntnerstrasse*. After several requests for directions, we went straight down a small street, went into building # 10 and up the stairs.

I took this opportunity to ask why we had been looking for the *Kaerntnerstrasse*. He replied that that was where she lived. I then asked why we were breaking into an apartment building on a different street. He replied that he'd thought the stairs curved the other way and started back downstairs.

After we discovered the right street, Mark's friend suggested Schoenbrunn Castle and the Vienna Opera House.

The Castle had numerous ballrooms, dining rooms, huge grounds and gardens galore. It was also the site of the world's oldest zoo, a butterfly house, Roman ruins, and a bush shaped like a head with flower eyes and nose, two more bushes, one on either side, shaped like hands with the thumbs where the ears should be, with a fountain squirting water out of the mouth into a pond. Who says the medieval Austrian monarchy weren't a fun-lovin' bunch?

Later, Mark's friend (okay, I don't remember her name, it's been 6 months and I think I've done pretty well remembering things. Happy?!?) caught up with us at the Opera House. I took pictures there (with my other camera) and I can now show a picture of a lit chandelier, a tourist's arm in a polyester sleeve and a lot of brown. (Isn't photography fun?)

Later, I dined with my friends at the Ghoulish Museum, complete with photo albums/menus. For dessert we went out in search for gelati, which Marie recommended. We found a small cafe with something resembling it and settled.

I tried asking what one of the flavours (*Himbeere*) was but the

server didn't know the English and I didn't have my English-German dictionary with me. However, I solved the problem quickly. I had her tell me in French. (*framboise*, if you care).

Finally we headed back to the airport for our flights the next morning. Mark left (he was on vacation) and we sat up the whole night, trying to stay awake.

By the time I'd gotten home, I figured that I'd been up for 40 hours straight. I had arrived in time to join my family taking my mother out for her birthday. And they all lived happily ever after.

But you know, that crystal cream and sugar service still hasn't showed.

Darren "Gridby" Rigby

## Discrimination at UW

Believe it or not there is discrimination here at the University of Waterloo. Before I continue, I want to assure you that this is a serious concern and should not be taken lightly. This is not your typical form of discrimination since the objects of this distasteful behaviour are not exactly people. In fact they are not people at all. They are popsicles.

Just last week I heard someone say "They're just water and sugar, you know." As if a popsicle had to be anything other than mostly water to be respected. You and I are mostly water and we feel entitled to the respect of others. Why should a popsicle be any different?

Being curious about the source of this discrimination, I did some research. There are some people who dislike all popsicles in all forms and all colours. Other people seem to like some popsicles but not all. Even others are very particular about how they will eat their popsicles. So basically we have racial discrimination, discrimination based on colour and what just might be sexual discrimination.

Allow me to explain. The first two are somewhat self evident. Some people just don't seem to like anything that is not like themselves. It's true that there are a lot of differences between humans and popsicles but this differences should be explored and enjoyed not dismissed. To those who seem to dislike only certain types of frozen treats or flavours of popsicles, I can only offer this advice: expand your horizon, try something different. You just may enjoy it.

Now, I realize that it may be difficult for you to think of discrimination against a popsicle as sexual discrimination. Allow me to explain. I think that many of the people who don't like popsicles are actually homophobic. Not only does a separated popsicle look somewhat like part of the male genitalia, they give you two in one package. Some males make the effort to appear as if they are not homophobic but are unable to eat the two parts of the popsicle separately. They insist on eating it whole. Some females also refuse to eat half of a popsicle for fear of being labeled or harassed. (ie. "Look she's practicing again." ["And get her phone number!" - Flip])

It's up to us to rid the world of this unpleasant situation. We must work together to educate the masses. Popsicle lovers of the world unite! Enjoy a popsicle today! Hell, share one with a friend.

Jennifer "Jeffie" Watters

## The Ultimate Magic Deck

Surely by now you have experienced the most popular new activity in the Faculty of Math. There's hardly a horizontal space left in the building that hasn't been dominated by people pursuing this interest. No, I'm not talking about mixing electronic music or banning newsgroups, I'm talking about **Magic: The Gathering!** Notice the bold type there. That's to catch the attention of **Magic** players who would normally not read this article, but will be drawn to it by the judicious use of phrases like **Booster Deck!** Good! Got your attention!

Let me tell you about the latest expansion set, soon to be distributed by **Wizards of the (east) Coast!** Yes, it's the **I don't wanna play this game no more deck!** Here are just a few of the great cards that it will contain!

- **Spontaneous Combustion:** Interrupt, One Red Mana. Whenever this card is played, the owner of the card wins the game, but both decks must then be taken and burned. No Exceptions. This one will probably get a lot of your friends mad at you, but it's a hell of a lot of fun in a tournament. *The Macedonian general surveyed the battlefield... hundreds of them, arts accountants, and he knew that at least one of them would have a first name beginning with 'K'...*
- **Corner Brook, Nfld.:** Land. May be tapped at any time. Doesn't really do anything. By turn fifteen you'll probably start wondering why you even bother. An important card when played in conjunction with *Now You Two Kids Play Nice*
- **Summon Dean Kalbfleisch:** Conjure Dean of Math, Two white mana. The Dean is a 1/1 monster. Once played, any card which is potentially offensive to either player is removed from the game and burned. The Dean may only be removed from the game after all offensive cards have been dealt with properly.
- **Attack Physical Manifestation:** Instant, Four Black Mana. This card entitles you to thwack you opponent about the head and ears with whatever objects are available. Has absolutely no other effect upon the game, but if he's got *Eye for an Eye*, you'd better watch out.
- **Burn Both Decks:** Enchantment, One Red Mana, Two Colourless. Both decks, including sideboard and ante, are taken and burned. The game is called a draw. This card was invented as a low-power version of *Spontaneous Combustion*, but a number of people actually like it better.
- **Now You Two Kids Play Nice!:** Artifact, Six Mana. As soon as a given player decides to play this card, all effects which would cause people damage, break enchantments, kill monsters, drain life, hurt, hinder, or otherwise inconvenience *anything*, are assumed to do nothing instead. Games in which this card is used can go on for weeks. Very useful when played in conjunction with *Corner Brook, Nfld.*
- **Toronto:** Land. Automatically doubles all mana received from Newfoundland cities. May be tapped to induce a feeling of aesthetic uneasiness.
- **Get a Life:** Interrupt, Two Blue Mana, Three Colourless. The owner of this card is declared winner of the game, both decks are burned, and all players must then run out and join their appropriate Faculty clubs. All things in life are relative, after all...

Joeb "Summon Mister Evans" Hewitt

## What I Learned This Term

Well, it's the end of lectures again. And as I wind up my inaugural term as *mathNEWS* writer, the big question is: *What did Darren " Morby learn, lo, these past three months?*

1. If you wear your baseball cap all day, you don't have to bother with combing your hair. Go Jays! Three-peat! Three-peat!
2. As "Fuzzy," fellow high school alumnus Erich Jacoby has been going to U(W) off-stream from me until now. He looks much the same as he did in high school. (And elementary school? Well, that *was* a long time ago...)
3. John Wetmiller's head, or rather his fictional namesake's head in **XENOPHOBIC**, is better equipped with Uzis than many drug cartels.
4. People really, really, really, *really* don't like Barney the Dinosaur. That puts him in league with Wesley Crusher and Jag Bhaduria, LL.B. (Int.).
5. How to play better bridge in the Comfy Lounge. Not much better, but better. Thanks to the other Comfy Lounge bridge players (too many to mention) for helping me out.
6. The pumping lemma. Or, as I like to paraphrase Monty Python, the "easy-grip pump-action lemma for easy pumpypumpy lemma action."
7. Unlike Darren "Gridby" Rigby, I do not want to be a lab rat when I grow up. One trip to the PAS is one too many for me!
8. I quote Ren & Stimpy way too many times.

Good luck on your exams, everyone. I know I'll need it after my CS 360 prof reads this article. **LECTURES ARE OVER! HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY! JOY JOY JOY!**

Darren " Morby  
(Oh yeah, *way* too many times)



## profQUOTES

- "Once a term I have to do it or you won't think I'm human"  
Marshman, Math235
- "We usually give you a hint and say 'hey, psst! This is NP-complete!'"  
Ebergen, CS360
- "Sure you could say that. But how many marks would you get? Zero."  
Best, Math138
- "So we have shown ... Why are we doing this?"  
Best, Math138
- "I'm ashamed to put this on the board but ..."  
Dickey, Math235
- "I want a three dimensional body"  
Best, Math138
- "It does require a certain degree of eyesight, or insight, I don't know."  
Younger, Math136
- "One times anything is one. That is the definition of one."  
Ragde, CS134
- "It seems like it's Campus Day today. Do me a favour. Take these kids aside and tell them the truth about this place."  
Ragde, CS134
- "This function has a life separate from the curve it lives on."  
Forrest, Math138
- "How many of you have seen this before? How many of you understood this? How many have seen this, but never understood it?"  
Forrest, Math138
- "Ever had the feeling that your brain is on holiday?"  
Furino, C&O351
- "So what have we got here? We've got a board full of numbers that'll impress the bejebies out of the people in the hallway."  
Furino, C&O351
- "You know, sometimes I'm amazed I got a degree."  
Furino, C&O351
- "If you have a weak heart, you'd better leave because this stuff will excite you so much."  
McGee, AM343
- "Now don't you put that in mathNEWS."  
McGee, AM343
- "If you like it in one dimension, you're going to LOVE it in k dimensions!"  
McGee, AM343
- "Holy smokes! I was having so much fun!"  
MacKay, Stat450
- "I have big ears."  
MacKay, Stat450
- "And at no time did my fingers leave my hand."  
MacKay, Stat450
- "Ooo! I'm rich!"  
MacKay, Stat450
- "Somebody must be able to solve  $x^2=0$ "  
Forrest, Math138
- "I can just say: Well, when you add this thing up, you're going to get a number between zero and plus infinity."  
Best, Math138
- "Do you ever measure yourself first thing in the morning?... your HEIGHT I mean!"  
Lancot, CS436
- "I'm not turning this into a course on Pure Math. I might fail it."  
Springer, Stat230
- "Maybe you have more insight than I do, but the first time I saw this I had no idea what I was doing."  
Springer, Stat230
- "That's a good feeling. I hope you have similar feelings in the final exam."  
Ebergen, CS360
- "I've moved you from Newfoundland to downtown Toronto."  
Faber, Clas302
- "Are you emotionally prepared? You learned last year there's an X, you learned this year there's a Y ... and yes! There's a Z!"  
Best, Math138
- "B.B.King had a song called 'Nobody loves me except my mom', but we don't think he's going to kill himself. It's just a Blues song."  
Student doing a seminar on Teen Suicide, PSYCH 315
- "You missed it! I was so excited I ripped my pants!"  
Struthers, MATH138
- "If your dog is hungry, take out a gun and shoot the dog. You've solved the problem, right? The dog is no longer hungry."  
Centore, PHIL100J
- "Isn't Arts kind of the wastebasket of the university?"  
Centore, PHIL100J

continued from page 15

"I hate calculus!"

Vanstone, MATH136

"We're in fluid here."

Corbett, PHYS122

"Not that it's important, but it's good for your education."

Vanstone, MATH136

"Grab and squeeze, okay."

Smith, ECON102

"If you're not an accounting student, don't worry, you're not confused anyway."

Smith, ECON102

"Let me show you what I can do with this vacuum."

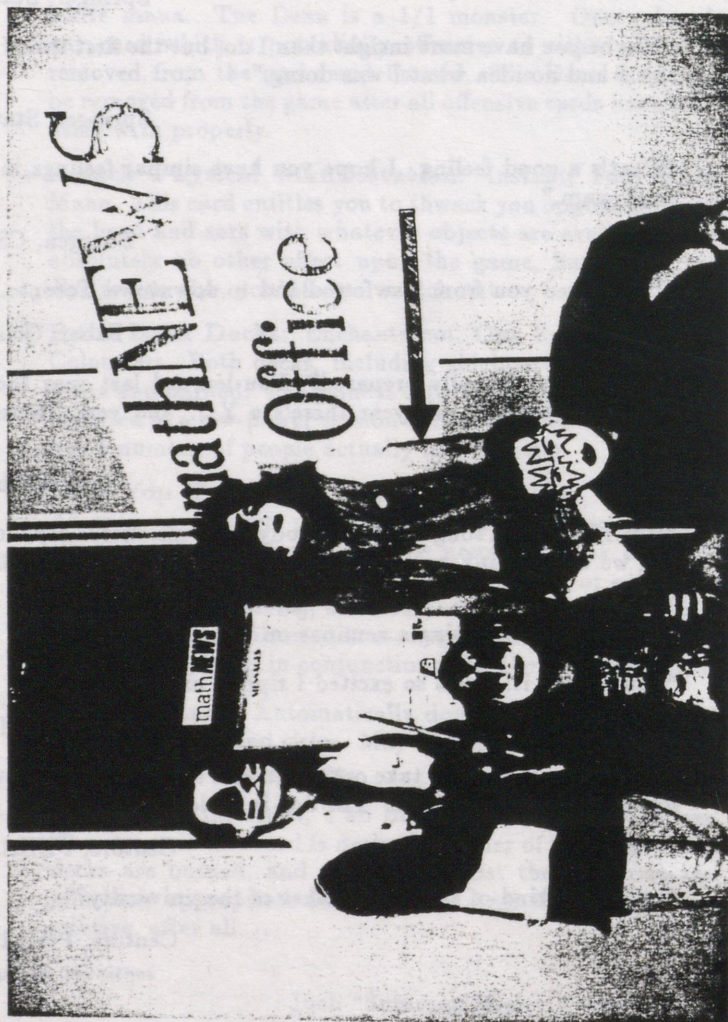
Smith, ECON102

"Screw it and put it away because it's squirting you so much."

Smith, ECON102

"Gauss developed this in public school, I'm not trying to make you feel bad or anything..."

Vrscay, MATH138



## Ace on Bridge

Here we are at the end of another massively successful term. Twelve of the CLCC regulars made it down to the local Waterloo club, and of those, six won! All of you have taken huge steps in learning this game.

For those of you who are just learning how to play this quizzical game, good luck, and I hope to see you in fall, as we start to put Waterloo back atop the podium of University Bridge in North America.

Last week, I posed a couple of problems for you. The second one has many options (which are 1♠, 3♠, 4♠, and pass). I chose to bid 3♠, as I had seven tricks in my own hand, and I thought that at the given vulnerability, opening at the 3-level was best.

The first hand was a big problem, both theoretically and psychologically. Much of the decision of whether to bid must come from what you know of your opponent. What do you know about their hand? They have a lot of hearts, and they must have spades, and a void in diamonds (likely). So, where are our tricks coming from? Chances are all of our tricks are in spades. In order to set 6♥, partner is going to have to have either the king or ace of the suit. Not very likely. Is 7♦ likely to be a good sacrifice? By the law of total tricks, there are about 20 trumps, so there are 20 tricks, so we should be about down three in 7♦, which will be -500 (better than the value of their game, let alone slam). Given this, it seems to be right to take out insurance, and bid 7♦. It turns out that partner did have the spade king, and 6♥ had no chance, and 7♦ went down four for -800 (man was the law off!! Not much purity here...). This was still not a horrible result as our partners got +650 for making 5♥. Oh well...

For the final problems of the term, I am going to take one from a hand that was played this last weekend. Your partner opens with 2♠, and feeling that you need a good board (at match-points), you leap to 6NT. How do you play the hand on the lead of a small diamond?

You	Partner
♠ AJ32	♠ KQT984
♥ AKJ3	♥ Void
♦ A3	♦ 654
♣ AQ4	♣ J853

The other is from a Knock-Out match that was played last week. You are in 6♠, needing a pick-up. Spades break 3-1 off-side.

You	Partner
♠ AKJ532	♠ 876
♥ T32	♥ A4
♦ A97	♦ KQ86
♣ 4	♣ AQ73

Thanks to all for listening. See you in Fall!!

Ace Upmysleeve  
Posing as Eric Sutherland

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# XENOPHOBIC

(Part 5)

John looked at his watch. Just after four. Mat had been gone getting his module thing for the better part of four hours. John would've gone with him but Mat insisted that it would be better for them both if John rested and built up his strength for tracking down Professor Wainwright. John wanted to protest on the grounds that it would be cool to see the insides of a real spaceship, but then realized that in his present condition, his sanity could snap if he confronted any more metaphysical weirdness.

A quick look around the room reassured John that, at least for now, reality had the right size and shape. The walls were fairly solid, although the paint was cracking a little here and there. The Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade poster John had bought to add character to the room was still characterizing away. The television was still square, well, squarish. The rug was just as drab as always. The easy chair John sat in was as easy as it ever was. And the bare pair of lightbulbs were harshly illuminating everything. Nothing looked metaphysically weird, but in a way, that's the problem with metaphysics. Everything looks normal, but nothing ever is.

The loud whiny protests of metal springs at their being forcibly twisted signalled that someone was at the front door. Mat's voice then solemnly wafted into the room. "All right, John. I've got it. Let's go." But it wasn't really Mat of course. It was an alien calling for him.

"Give me a minute," John called back and began walking to his room.

"I'll wait for you outside." Once the door closed again, John immediately turned and took a kitchen knife with about the heft and size of a small dagger, and placed it in his jacket's inner pocket, thinking it was sensible to keep an extra option open.

Mat kept the object concealed during the walk to campus. The mysterious thing that required four equally mysterious hours to be recovered from some alien spaceship, during which time John sat at home trying to make sense out of what had happened around him. The worst event by far to take was finding out that aliens had killed two of his best friends. An almost musical tone was struck deep within John, and although the note itself was elusive, the rough, uneven texture was unmistakable. For a brief moment, John's soul wanted to sing a song of vengeance. And John was left trying to figure out how the melody went.

The campus seemed absent of people on the gloomy, overcast Saturday afternoon. Meaning of course there was little chance of an innocent bystander getting caught up in this conflict, except John of course. John wasn't sure whether or not to think of this as a good thing.

The stairwell of the math building was much dimmer than the light of the outside weather despite the heavy clouds in the sky, and the change of luminescence upon entering the stairwell created a blurring effect in John's vision. So, leaning against the handrail for support, John closed his eyes to try to clear the problem. A low wispy hum began floating in the space around John, to which the echo-sensitive walls and air contributed blending tones. John, squinting, turned back to Mat, who was concentrating on the now faintly glowing, cylindrical device now in his hands.

"What's going on?" John's tone was still controlled, but the words brandished an unkind, impatient edge.

Mat didn't look up. "I should be able to detect the other module by proximity. I'm not sure how accurate I can get, but I should be able to figure out if it's nearby."

"And is it?"

Mat briefly frowned, his facial expression highlighted in the object's soft glow. "It doesn't seem to be."

"Well then, come on." John started up the stairs without waiting for any response.

Professor Wainwright's office was somewhat familiar to John, as John had had a few discussions with the man over University life in general. John had gained respect for Wainwright from those talks, but now it seemed like such a waste, that is if his guess that Wainwright was the alien was correct. That assumption seemed to be their best bet, and ergo his office would be a good place to start tracking him. John's realization that Wainwright's office was indeed in last night's puddled hallway reinforced this theory.

The hallway today felt strangely empty and soundless to John. No sizzling noises from blue puddles like the previous night, just silent blue ink-like stains remained. Wainwright's office door was closed, and although it was hard to tell in the obtrusive lighting of the corridor, it seemed that no one was inside. John put his ear to the bulk of the door and Mat turned the knob and opened the door.

John's fear of the unknown spiked, and his whisper nearly became a hiss. "What are you doing!?"

Mat calmly turned back to John. "He's not going to be far from the module, and it isn't here. I would've received an indication by now."

John hated being proven wrong, and often made situations worse when he tried to save face. "Well then... How... How did you know the door was unlocked?" The tone of voice was accusing.

"I didn't." Mat held his look on John for a second until John resigned his aggressive pose, then they both walked in.

John then fervently wished he hadn't.

John sat, on the hallway floor against the wall, trying to decide how to react to what he'd seen two minutes ago. Inside the office lay the perfect evidence to support the theory that Wainwright was indeed the alien they sought: Mike's body. John couldn't shake the image of the corpse, partially propped up against a desk, eyes closed, mouth open, and tongue lounging to the side in an almost drooling appearance. Blue puddles were everywhere, on the floor, on the walls, on Mike's clothes and skin, sizzling away. But the worst of it, the part of the scene that kept sending chills throughout John's own body, was that Mike's body hadn't decomposed at all. In fact, it all seemed like Mike was just sleeping after a night of drinking, and would later wake up, probably feeling a monster hangover.

Mat came out of the office, closed the door, and turned to John. "He's changed."

"What?" John started to stand up again.

"He's taken someone else's form here. Pretty recently too. I'd say perhaps in the last half-hour or so."

"He's no longer Wainwright?"

"No. We can only hold the biological samples from one thing at a time. When we replace the sample, the old form is lost."

John didn't understand. "Well, what about your alien form?"

Mat paused briefly. "No, we still keep our own form all the time and we can switch back and forth at will. It's kind of like a cut and paste buffer."

"Oh. So, who is he now? Not Mike..?"

"No, not Mike. When we extract a sample we have to decide right away whether to use it or not. See, the samples we extract only retain their uh.. structure for a very brief amount of time before it kinda fades out. And people on earth apparently can't

continued from page 17

produce more than one of these samples per person. They just.. blob out. Their bodies, what's left of the them after the process, just change into those blue puddles." John was confused and disgusted, and Mat noticed. "Anyway. He didn't take a sample from Mat, and I can't tell from the remains who we're looking for now."

John started walking back down the corridor, and Mat came up to his side.

"What are we doing now?" Mat asked.

"I'm hungry." Really, John's stomach was experiencing sensations of a more violent kind, but John decided to pretend it was hunger.

Eric was sitting at a table in the comfy lounge as the two entered. John headed straight for a candy machine and scrutinized the stock behind the plastic casing.

"Hi Mat. Hi John. Feeling better today?" Eric was showing genuine concern. Oddly enough, John felt trapped by it.

"Sorta. Where's Charlene?" It was a blatant attempt to change the topic.

"She just left for Columbia Lake. You know you don't look so hot. Are you sure you're okay?"

John was trying to think of a response when Mat cut in. "Eric, have you seen Wainwright today?"

"No, but Charlene just brought up some papers to him for me."

A panic started within John as he turned towards Eric, who recoiled from the sudden attention. John noticed a tone of urgency in his own voice. "When?"

"About ten minutes ago I guess..."

Mat's turn, "When did she leave for Columbia lake?"

Eric paused, obviously disturbed from the interrogation. "A couple minutes ago." John swivelled and speedwalked to the window while Eric's tone heightened. "Hey. What's going on guys?"

"Come on John." Mat was already on his way out. John couldn't see Charlene anywhere outside, but then it was dark outside with the heavy clouds threatening. John turned to the door and saw Eric moving towards him with a concerned, inquisitive look.

"Look Eric. I'm not gonna lie to you but I can't tell you yet. Just ask me later okay?" John then turned and left without waiting for a reply. John hated leaving Eric in the dark like this, but John consoled himself with the thought that it was possible Charlene was now nothing more than a form for an alien to take. The uzis in his mind shot that thought down.

John and Mat briskly jogged all the way up Ring Road and past Fed Hall to reach Columbia Street. All the time, John growing more and more fatigued while Mat appeared unaffected. John was not a distance runner, and the cramps in his abdomen were becoming painful.

Mat wasn't even panting in his speech. "I still don't get any reading from this. Perhaps it's just not sensitive enough to detect the module he's, uh, she's carrying."

"She might not be the alien, you know."

"I think she is. I'm sorry."

John decided to stop talking as the two jaywalked across the street to the open field near Columbia Lake. The gloom of the heavy clouds had darkened considerably during the time John spent inside, and the resulting dimness left John peering as far as he could in all directions in an attempt to discern anything of value.

Columbia Lake was further west along Columbia Street, and was about one-quarter the size of the University's main campus, but the early evening darkness she wore completely hid her from John's perception. In fact, all John could make out of his

surroundings were objects tall enough to block out parts of the horizon where it seemed lightest. The entire open field around him was consistently dark no matter where he looked. Suddenly, John felt like a sitting duck, cliché and all. Nervously, he looked up to the cloud-quilted sky.

A blast of pure light shocked the quilt, blinking John's eyes and removing his footing, and he fell on his side listening to a low-pitched rumbling explosion. Instantly, John had rolled onto his stomach, palms on the soft ground on either side, twisting his head all around looking for something to reestablish his bearings. The explosion had ceased. Mat was pushing himself up into a seating position, module in hand.

John brought his knees under him. "Mat, what was that?"

Mat's visage in the module's glow reinforced the tone of urgency in his voice. "It was... It was energy released by a module! She's shooting at-"

Another blast of light shocked the area and hit the ground near the tow. John fell backward as the force of the blast's impact with the ground sent him reeling. In the split second he was watching, John's memory logged the image of a bolt of white lightning arcing from the trees behind Columbia Lake, to the ground not five feet in front of him. Desperate emotions ran rampant like juggernauts within John, but a mixture of duty and stupidity refuted all internal attempts to flee. Still, it was difficult for John to keep himself under control.

John was unable to stop from shouting. "MAT!! How come you didn't WARN me?! Where'd that come from?!"

Mat's response was a little more temperate, but not by much. "It came from Columbia Lake! That's where the energy itself came from, but I can't get a handle on where her module is!"

John quickly went over his memory and found the logged image. "Well we're sitting ducks here! Do something!"

"I can't! I'm not picking up her module at all! Just the energy!"

John took a moment to think about all the expletives he could say, and braced himself for the next blast. Life and death seconds went by, quietly.

"Now! C'mon!" Mat's voice startled John into realizing Mat was up and running towards the lake.

John popped up to his feet and sprinted hard after Mat. John noticed how crazy this stunt was, but he tried to concentrate on how to run smoothly over the rough, patchy grass and the slightly uneven fielding.

It took the lesser part of a minute to traverse the distance to the edge of trees beyond the lake, and John was unable to gain a step on Mat, always four or five metres ahead of him, the entire way. John pulled up against the first tree he could and bent forward, panting. A few seconds later, with his inconsistent breathing smoothed a bit, John looked up at what was happening.

Two barely defined forms had just started fighting. Leaping at each other. Slashing attacks with invisibly fast hands. They were like predator cats in their agility and style. The entire spectacle caught John off guard as a small piece of air wedged itself within the width of his windpipe. John instantly fell to one knee, choking.

Once the throat cleared, he looked back to the battle. The combatants were Mat, in much the same form as that which accosted John in the television room doorway, and a slightly larger thing with a similar aspect about him. As a defensive instinct, John took a step behind the tree, but his view was still locked on the fight.

It was difficult to see which had the upper hand. Not because of the darkness, although the lack of light did cause a problem, but because of the speed of every attack and counter, the blistering pace of every thrust and parry. John wondered if the

## Good-bye to Hawkeye

Mat-alien would be able to draw upon Mat's fencing experiences to aid in the fighting.

The Mat-alien leaped at the other's head and hung there. The other alien responsively delivered a kidney punch, then an instant, mighty body slam to the ground. A dull clang rang out as the Mat-alien deflected a split-second follow-up hand-thrust aimed for the head. John remembered from the t.v. room the sharp, efficient weapons they might call fingers.

John just barely saw the tail end of some sort of kick that sent the bad alien bouncing off a nearby tree and onto his back. Immediately the Mat-alien jumped, and was flying up in the air, gathering potential energy for a devastating attack. A slight brightening of the scene brought John's gaze back to the other alien. Although the alien was on his back, it held something upward...

A blast of light emerged from his hands, streaking upward. John shut his eyes and retreated completely behind the tree. A second later, John heard a loud thud closer to his position. He opened his eyes. One of the aliens was on his back, nearly motionless, ten feet in front of John. *It's Mat*, John thought. No, he knew. He could tell somehow from the manner of the alien that this one was Mat, and he could tell that Mat was dying.

Despite an urge to go to Mat's side, John remained behind cover and holding his breath until he could hear the fading sounds of foliage rustling away from him. John let out his breath and darted over to Mat.

"Mat. Mat!" John kept his voice low in fear of the alien's proximity, but there was no mistaking the desperation and woe clinging to his vocal chords. "Come on Mat. Get up! You can't let him get away! Come ON!!" John started to shove the body over in madness, trying to force Mat up, but he stopped himself and attempted to quickly impose order over himself.

"John..." John looked down, Mat's face was on the alien body, and it was speaking to him. "Go after him," Mat's voice was soft and slow, but not hampered by heavy breathing or spasms of pain.

John couldn't stop tears from welling up in his eyes. "Mat c'mon. You have to get him. You're the only one-" Mat was shaking his head.

"I can't. He has my module. You have to get it back. You have to."

John didn't want to go after that alien. He didn't want to leave Mat to die.

"Go!" Mat's whisper was a shout in John's ears. "Now!"

John stood up slowly, digging at his eyes to prevent all tears from shedding. Then he turned and started walking towards where he had seen the alien go. John hated himself immediately. He would not forgive himself for every step he took in the opposite direction from Mat, despite the feeling that he himself was the last chance to stop the alien from killing too many more innocent people.

This ain't over yet.....

*Note from the author:* This story will resume in the next term in which I am available to complete it, (either summer or fall depending if I get Internet access at my summer co-op.) Good luck during exams and beware of anything alien...

John Wetmiller

This isn't an article dealing with the hottest topic of the week, nor is it someone's step by step explanation of absolutely nothing (however amusing that may be). I would like to take this opportunity to say good-bye to a very good friend of mine, as well as many others, Mike Melvin (Hawkeye as known by the mathNEWSstaff).

I haven't known Mike for long. I had first seen him during this year's frosh week. I was away from home for the first time, scared, (still didn't know what a factor was), and plain lonely. As he had for many others, Mike made this faculty appear as a place where I could find many friends and enjoy my stay, and not only get an education that would look really impressive on my resume. Although he was not seen for most of the week due to the fact that he was the frosh director and had to work behind the scenes, he stirred up the place. I distinctly recall him as the idiot who came to the Dean's Breakfast in his pyjamas. Who is this guy? At least I knew I didn't have to worry about being the weirdest person on campus. However ludicrous it may have seemed to someone who had come here thinking that this was a place of work, Mike made it quickly evident that this was a place where we all help one another in making ourselves better people and not challenge the computers at coming up with answers, to mostly stupid questions (What's a pointer anyway?). Thanks to his efforts, as well as others, this year's frosh week was the most successful ever. It was a special experience in my life, and I have him to thank. (I think this should be a new paragraph, but I'm in Math) Is there a point to all this? Yes, This is Mike's last year. He is finishing up his degree in Mathematics to become an RCMP officer, which has been his dream for the longest time (What the fuck did you do math for?). After successive applications to go into training for this career, he was finally accepted this year, and starting in April will be off to Montreal for training, then off to Regina (I hear it has mild winters). Okay, for those of you still reading after not being bored by the last little bit, so what has this guy done? I mean being fuckin' stupid enough to come to breakfast in one's pyjamas should give you no more recognition than an Artsy thinking that Calculus is actually a good elective ("why not? I mean they take Psych 101!"). Well, recently, during the record low temperatures we've been having, he decided he wanted to go to the local variety... barefoot! Dummy. On his way there he realized that he was cold (very perceptive) and ran back home. Only second degree frostbite on his feet ("Mike why don't you want to go play volleyball?"). So he may not be very bright; at least he knows that the square-root of 1 is actually 1 (You learn from your mistakes, Rich). Oh the point, right. I guess the point is that he made the place a little more fun, a little more cheery when absolutely nothing worked, or when I failed my third mid-term in a row, thank goodness for the 50 in CS (raises my average). He was there always helping, suggesting, drinking root-beer. I know that many people will miss him, and although he feels a little down about leaving all his friends, and the surroundings that he has grown to love and contribute to over the last five years, there are many new things that await him.

We wish you the best of luck, bud. We love you and will truly miss you once again. I personally hope that all your dreams and ambitions will come through, and that you come and visit us in a few years ( I'll give you my address at Mac).

We send you our love and thoughts,  
Cezary, Marcin and the rest of the gang.

## Changing a Flat

It's true. This section was kept out of last issue due to lack of space. The one time I get submissions (plural), and look what happens. The answers to the flats below are in this issue, under the title "The Final Flat."

I got more submissions last week than all of the others combined! I am thoroughly impressed. I knew you guys could do it.

For starters, There were four submissions to both contests. In the pre-written flats, The Trio and Darryl "Darryl" Farr each got two out of four flats correct, while Ian "Ianman" Facey and Ian "the other Ian" Vander Schee had flat completes. By random toss of a nickel the winner is Ian "the other Ian" Vander Schee! Here are last issue's sols.

Reader Submission- glue, luge. False—kitchen, Kitchener. Word D—fi(ne ar)ts. Heteronym—notable, not able, no table. Link—palace, pal, lace.

As to reader-written flats, I got a whopping six entries! Three from Ian "the other Ian" Vander Schee, and one from each of Darryl "Darryl" Farr, Live from Deep River... Hammer and Ian "Ianman" Facey (Did you pop a jugular or something while you were putting in your paper? Did anyone see a pale body with one hand in the BLACK BOX slumped on the floor?) Partially because of quality, and partially because of his own clairvoyance of flat type, the winner last week was Live from Deep River... Hammer!! Here is his entry:

### PARTIALLY REVERSED CHARADE (14)

I went down to the psychic show  
A famous THIRD to see.  
(The DNOCES said, "You will find out  
How much FIRST it will be!"  
But when I paid my fifty bucks  
And had my fortune told,  
He preached to me about the Lord!  
He was a friggin' WHOLE!

The above flat is an excellent example of what creative license can be taken with most of the flat types. Many types can be doctored so as to be phonetic, reversed, partially reversed, progressive and so on.

Phonetic flats involve the sounds in words. Spelling is completely unimportant, pronunciation is everything. e.g. PHONETIC CURTAILMENT place, play. (5, 4) (All phonetic types are completely enumerated.)

Reversed flats involve reversing a word or words somewhere along the way. e.g. REVERSED CURTAILMENT stinky, knits. (6) (Note that the word was curtailed *before* it was reversed; this is the general rule.)

N-gram flats take sets of letters and treat them like letters. You can have bigrams, trigrams, tetragrams, etc. e.g. BIGRAM CURTAILMENT paints, pain. (6) (The n-gram shouldn't be a word by itself.)

Progressive flats have the same operation performed on the baseword several times. e.g. PROGRESSIVE BEHEADMENT aspirate, spirate, pirate, irate, rate, ate. (8)

Repeated-Letter Deletions remove all occurrences of a single letter from a word. e.g. bassist, bait (7) (You can also have repeated n-gram deletions: lava lamp-la=vamp)

Here are this week's (last week's) flats:

SECOND SOUND CHANGE (Phonetic Letter Change) (7,6)  
My summer days are always LONG  
Until the SHORTER comes along.

### PARTIALLY REVERSED INTERLOCK (10)

My experience last week was truly ALL  
ONE to put out the OWT  
The rescue team later broke down my wall  
And won't pay for the new one, no doubt.

### PROGRESSIVE BEHEADMENT (7)

"Sorry," said the SEVEN, "you've got the wrong guy.  
I don't work with SIX." "Could you give it a try?  
I'm looking to get a new shelf for the den  
Painted in FIVE." "I can't help you there, then.  
I'm more into copper than any earth tone.  
Get a carpenter, lady, and leave me alone!"

### REPEATED-LETTER DELETION (\*8)

I built a doghouse just last week  
It wasn't very BIT  
Because it fell in LARGER  
When Fido entered it.

I am still making available information about the National Puzzler's League. I am going to be on campus until April 18; if you want a copy call at 725-6538. Until next issue, (that is, somewhere else this issue) this is Darren Rigby, writing as,

Gridby

## Words, Words, Words

This is a letter, well, actually a collection of letters that have been placed on the same sheet of paper. They (the letters) will hopefully come together in a fashion that will be part of a coherent correspondence. Unfortunately, from time to time the letters don't come together in their intended sequence. For instance: one might type 'pushead' when they really meant to call you 'phadeus' (As in Riker's middle name spoken by someone with a speech impediment). It happens all the time! Fortunately, most of the time when letters get ornery they form utter nonsense. Like when 'mathNEWS' becomes 'tmnahwes'. From time to time though, those pesky characters actually form random words with random consequences. Like when they caught Ben Johnson for taking steroids. He read the package of pills and it said 'dotiress' (instead of 'steroids' which is English for nasty shit that will make your dick fall off) which just happens to mean really yummy candy in Ben's native tongue. So, he ate tons of the stuff and then his pee went bad and they kicked him out of the Olympics. Unfortunately, when they did let Ben back into the Olympic competition, the label did read steroids, but he didn't care because he had previously lost his penis in a bizarre game of poker. The details are sketchy, but there have been reports that he won an extra belly button and another two feet of tongue that night. So, overall he may have come out ahead in the poker game. This is especially true when you consider that it was damn near ready to fall off from the dotiress. Ben's wife was particularly pleased by the extra two feet of tongue and forced him to poker all night long. As for the extraneous belly button Ben passes it off as a third nipple.

Denis "Grover" DesRosiers

## mathNEWSquiz # 6

## The Triannual ARTSquiz

Hi everyone! All term we've been having serious questions for serious people. I think It's time for a change! For the rest of term, we're going to have Squiz questions that **anyone** can do (even those pesky engineers who have nothing to do but pick on us mathies all day). First, however, we're going to have the solutions to last issue's squiz: **Double Definitions:** 1) Olympian; 2) Coast; 3) Bus; 4) Marker; 5) Yellow Pages; **Potpourri:** 1) Richard Wagner; 2) 50; 3) Samuel Parris; 4) The People's Republic Of Singapore; 5) *Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?*; **Comic Books, etc.** 1) Try to take over the world; 2) The Mighty Mutanimals; 3) *Happy Happy Joy Joy*; 4) Fox; 5) *Kimagure Orange Road*.

Here are the people who responded to the squiz, and what they got: Ian "Ianman" Facey (5), Phage and 2 (8), Dimaalexjamiej-efftimsoneyasarahdan (9), Wayoleon & Sinc (9), and the winner of this week's prize: Dave "Waldo" Swart & Mike "Baloo" Swart (10)! You can pick up your prize in the MathSoc office. Now for the squiz questions this week:

## Song Lyrics

## Name the artist or the song

1. Turn it up  
Bring tha' noise!
2. Lollipop, lollipop, ohh lolla-lollipop!
3. We are living in a material world  
And I am a material girl.
4. The House of Pain soon will reign  
Over the hip-hop scene in white, gold, and green.
5. Everything louder than everything else!  
Everything louder than everything else!

## Jeopardy!

I give you the answer  
you supply the question

1. The Isles of Langerhans.
2. Prof. Farhad Mavaddat, Dmitri Galter and Davood Rafiei.
3. The number of characters in our pseudonyms.
4. Chickens, handcuffs and live wire.
5. Acta Coprolitica.

## Cartoon Characters

What kind of animals  
are these characters?

1. Mickey Mouse (many Disney movies).
2. Mr. Horse (The Ren & Stimpy Show).
3. Bugs Bunny (Merry Melodies).
4. Eek The Cat (Eek The Cat).
5. Huckleberry Hound (Huckleberry Hound). Be specific!

## Buildings on Campus

1. After whom is the Dana Porter Library named?
2. Carl A. Pollock Hall?
3. William G. Davis Computer Research Centre?
4. B.C. Matthews Hall?
5. Needless Hell?

Stuart "Harry Organs/Jean-Guy!" Pollock  
Darren " " Morby

## The Final Flat

If you haven't yet read 'Changing a Flat,' don't read this!!!!

There was some problem about space in the last issue, so the last contest never hit the stands. These flats can be found in the other flat article in this issue.

The previous solutions were: Reader Submission: fundamentalist. Sound C.: awesome, autumn. P. R. Int.: terrifying; trying, fire. Prog. Beh.: ((p)l)umber. R-L Dele.: S(a)turd(a)y.

Ianman still submitted flats despite the lack of contest (and the loss of blood) last issue. We can only print one (due to the lack of SPACE around here!) and here it is:

## PROGRESSIVE DELETIONS (8)

The farmer was TWO with  
doing a task that was FOUR

Doing a ONE job of cleaning

The feeding THREE. What a chore!

(Since you asked) Flats aren't all the NPL does (just 80% of it.). These are just some of the extras:

CRYPTOGRAM Every letter is represented by a different letter globally.

'QU \*AZONIA \*AJTG ENIGMA QO (N ELZYMLZJBM)  
NOA NBGMA UZY BMYPQTM, KZJ'A CJBX XNGM LQB  
LNX NOA XMII LQV XZ IZZG UZY BZVMWZAK XLNX  
UMIX IQGM SMXXGOS AZEO.' \*BDQAMY \*YZWQOBZO,  
\*INAK \*BIQOSB \*XLM \*WZZRM

ANAGRAM A transposal of a common phrase, word, etc. that refers to the original text. e.g. I ask me has Will a peer?=William Shakespeare

## I AND ONE WEIRD CLAN (\*5 2 \*10)

ANAQUOTE A quotation has all spaces and punctuation removed, is cut into three-letter chunks and those chunks are alphabetized. e.g. Find the clues= DTH ECL FIN UES

(2 3 4 4 4 1 5'1 8 7 3 9 3 2 6 2 2 5 5. 5, 5, 4. \*5 \*4)

ALT ARH ASB ATA ATT BES BET BRI CAN DES DET DTH  
EDU EEN EEW FRA HED HER ITH ITU NKM ORD OWA  
PIN RDS ROT SAI SAI SLE THR UIR UMM YMN

FORMS A crossword with a geometric shape. The same words appear across and down.

## SQUARE

1. Happiness
2. A meal
3. Accustom
4. Loose stones on a hill.
5. Leaf of paper

Here are these sols: 'If Donald Duck walked in [a whorehouse] and asked for service, you'd just take his his and tell him to look for somebody that felt like getting down.' Spider Robinson, Lady Slings the Booze. Alice in Wonderland. It has been said that a bride's attitude towards her betrothed can be summed up in three words. Aisle, altar, hymn. Frank Muir. 1.BLISS 2.LUNCH 3.INURE 4.SCREE 5.SHEET

Thanx 4 all th subs Im sh/t f spA. C U aO am Darren Rigby

Gridby

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# GRIDWORD

## gridCOMMENTS

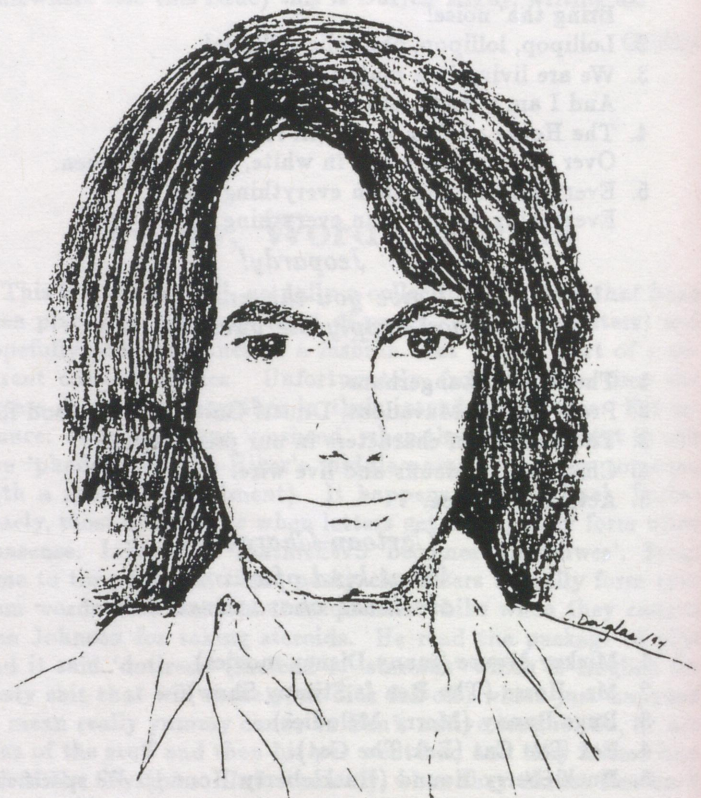
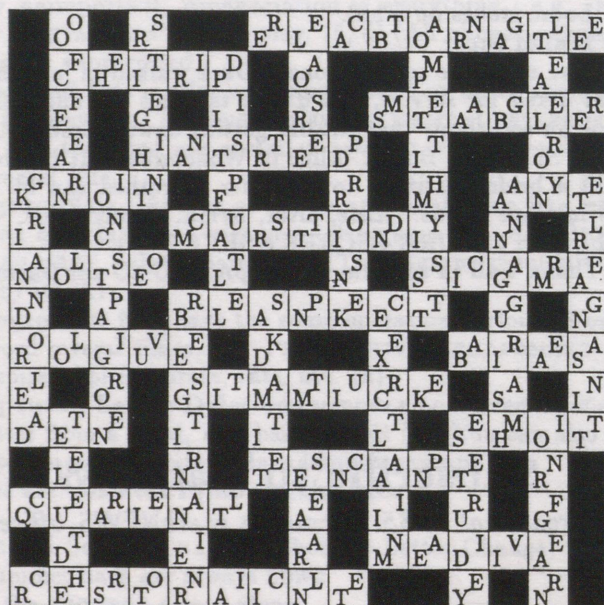
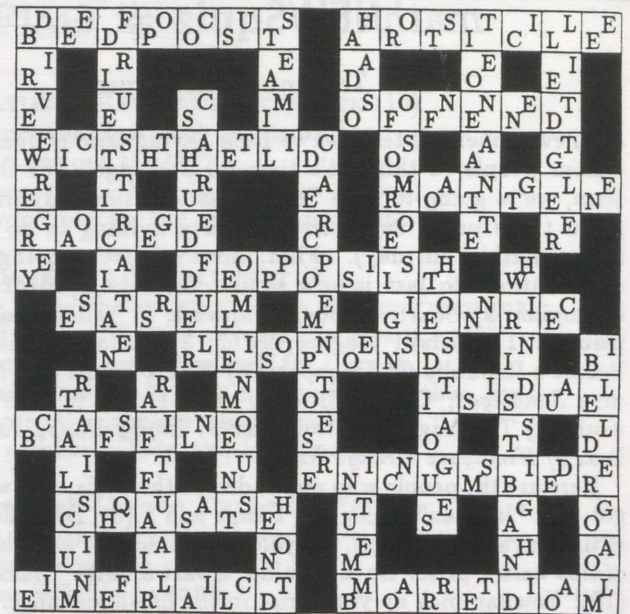
Good morning everyone. How is everyone this fine LAST DAY OF CLASSES!!!! (until next Fall at least) Hope everyone has something special planned for the holiday weekend. I plan to impose on the hospitality of my roommate's parents once again (home cooking, gotta love it, even if it isn't my grandmother's). I guess I've blabbed on long enough, so let's get down to business.

For the cryptic this week there were submissions from: Bob the Great and Powerful; Blaine; Sox & Inking; Dave "Waldo" Swart & Mike "Baloo" Swart; Saga Gyul/De Tenors Man & Raggamuffin; Phage and 2; Dimaalexjamiejefftimsonyasarahdan; Ian "Ianman" Facey; Mephisto; and French Sin Beaste. For the conventional, the only correct solution came from Dimaalexjamiejefftimsonyasarahdan. Other conventional solutions came from: Jamie Benson & Mike Corrier; Ian "Ianman" Facey; and Phage and 2. The winners this week are . . . Dave "Waldo" Swart & Mike "Baloo" Swart and Dimaalexjamiejefftimsonyasarahdan. You might be able to pick up your prizes in the mathSOC office.

So how do they get the caramel in the Caramilk bar? Here's what people had to say: I'd tell you. But then I'd have to kill you; Unfit to print. Suffice to say, it involves several feet of surgical tubing, some lubricant and a yak; Well it all starts when 2 chocolate bars love each other very much . . .; They beam the caramel in using transporters from Star Trek; by the caramel tunnelling effect; 3 words chocolate elves.

Seeing as how there isn't a grid this week, there is no need to submit your solutions to the BLACK BOX. Hope everyone has a great summer. See ya in the fall!!

Jennifer "Jeffie" Watters



HAVE A NEIL DIAMOND  
KIND OF DAY