



## lookAHEAD

mathNEWS	
December 2	Last issue hits the stands! Get over it.
Math Faculty	
December 5	Last day of classes! Yippee!
December 8	First day of exams! Wow. Three whole days.
January 3	First day of classes
Flipper	
December 2	Party at Flipper's

## Prez Sez

Welcome to the end of term. To those frosh who lasted this far, congratulations, you only have to do this another 7 times (or more). To those of you who didn't, you're probably drunk too read this anyway, so welcome to ARTS!!

Flipper, you balding little twerp. I must admit that I found last week's copy of *Impotent* very amusing and also very revealing. I see that your fantasies are almost as interesting as my life. But no fear, one day you too will find a lovely young faculty newsletter editor. Yes, she may be balding, she may smell like Labatt's 50 and she may even have a fetish for small rodents and yes you'll be in love. In a couple of years the two of you will settle down, have a couple of bald kids, perhaps even a bald little dog (Mexican hairless will do nicely) and a Mini-van with the paint peeling from the roof. But Flip, old bean, you'll be happy, almost as happy as sitting through MathSoc constitutional meetings. Looking back on your life, you'll see your many triumphs, the first man to drink his way to a BMath, the Labatt's 50 poster child and the man who brought *Impotency* to UW. You'll lean back in your favourite wheelchair, and you'll sing to yourself, "I did it my way!". Take care dude!

Thanks go out to all MathSoc volunteers who selflessly gave up time on a weekly basis to man the MathSoc office. Well done. Even more thanks go to those few who took on the extra responsibility of a Directorship of a Board. Again, a job well done. The most thanks of all must go to four individuals who have made my two terms as MathSoc President an exceptionally fulfilling experience. They are (in no specific order) Jane Pak, VPAS F94, an individual with tenacity and drive who makes sure that projects get done with her special personable style. Andrew Goodin, VPF F94, a very level headed calm individual always ready to lend a helping hand when needed. Gordon Schmidt, VPAS W94, a very sure and organized individual that kept the society running with foresight and dedication. And lastly, Jenn Dickson, VPF W94, always full of reassurance, innovative ideas and a valuable asset to the Society and the C&D. To my fellow exec, thank you. The best of luck in your future endeavours.

Thanks to all who made these last three terms so enjoyable.

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

## Editorial

## Reflections on mathNEWS

As some of you know, this was my first (and last) term that I edited *mathNEWS* by myself. Last winter, I was assistant-sub-editor to Mike Melvin, and previous to that, I had a fair bit of layout experience and a lot of writing experience. This term, I finally realized how much time a project like *mathNEWS* can suck out of your life. My writing suffered, leading to the lack of *Math, the Universe, and Everything* this term — a lack that has been corrected in this issue, as long as the article made the final cut.

When I came into this job, I had big plans of turning this paper around and turning it into something that I, my staff, and the entire faculty could be proud of. I don't think that I succeeded in that lofty goal, due mainly to me underestimating the amount of work necessary to get this paper out every week. Feedback this term has been mainly positive, with a few negative remarks made about the number of in-jokes that people saw in each issue. However, with one exception, I think we put out slightly-above-average issues consistently, and I thank my staff for their time and effort. (At least we didn't get issues returned to us in the BLACK BOX with the word "shit" scrawled on every page, so I know we did better than some other terms.)

I'd also like to respond to the whole in-joke thing. Sure, we had a fair number of in-jokes this term, but we can only print what we get. To tell you the truth, I didn't understand them all either, but if we can make just a couple of people laugh, then we've done our job. You don't like the in-jokes we print, then submit your own in-jokes and we'll print those instead.

The exception to the slightly-above-average generalization made above was of course our spoof of *Imprint, Impotent*. With two or three exceptions, response to the issue has been overwhelmingly positive, and I think that everybody involved in its production can be proud of it. I myself had very little to do with the organization or layout of the issue, as both these chores were taken on by Curtis Desjardins, and he put a lot of time into making sure that the issue got out and looked as good as it did. Special thanks also go out to Stephen Johnston, Poesy Chen, Tara Mulder, Paulo Ferreira, and Steve's roommate Ben, all of whom helped out far above and beyond the call of duty.

At the beginning of the term I had a discussion with a former editor of *mathNEWS*, and I mentioned my plans to improve the paper to him. He was a tad skeptical, and said that it wasn't something that I could do without the dedicated help of at least two or three other people. I found he was right, and would like to thank those members of the staff who did help me out a lot this term — coincidentally enough, they're mostly the same people mentioned on the *Impotent* team above. It wouldn't have been the same without you, guys.

As a final note, and as a reward for anybody who actually read through this much sentimental bullshit, I'd like to remind everybody about my party tonight - if you don't know where I live, ask one of your friends, or drop by the *mathNEWS* office. We'll take a look at you, and if you don't look like too much of a loser, then we'll tell you where to go.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw



A Student Chapter of the ACM

## CSC Flash

Greetings, mortal scum.

It is I, Calum T. Dalek, the Supreme Being of the Universe. I presume that you are interested in the magnificent doings of that superior club in the Western Spiral Arm of the Milky Way. They had the control-D dinner yesterday at the Weaver's Arms and a good time was had by all. Such doings of my worshippers are noted, and soon all beings shall bow down before the power of the Supreme Dalek. All resistance shall be hunted down and destroyed. **Seek! Locate! Exterminate! Exterminate!! Exterminate!!!**

### *Events since last time*

My CSC has hosted many spectacular events since the last time I had an opportunity to enlighten you. Included were a talk on the legal issues of computing, a trip to see the new Star Trek movie, and our annual international Othello tournament.

### *Amazing Achievements*

If you haven't heard this yet, you must have already been exterminated, but I'm so enthusiastic about it, I'll tell you again. Waterloo entered two of the 78 teams in the East Central Regionals of the ACM's International Scholastic Programming Contest. Our teams placed first and second. Normally, the top two teams would advance to the finals, to be held in Nashville in March, but some obscure rule prevents two teams from the same university to advance. Thus the first and third place teams will go to the finals (and the fourth place team will probably get the "wildcard" spot). The team members were

<i>1<sup>st</sup> place</i>	<i>2<sup>nd</sup> place</i>
Zygo Blaxell	Brad Bart
Nikita Borisov	Clayton Grassick
Philip Chong	Ka-Ping Yee

### *Other Amazing Achievements*

My CSC had another record-breaking term this term! They managed to collect 357 members, far surpassing past terms' numbers. I wish to personally thank all of the members who contributed something to the club, and encourage them to join again in the future.

else

As usual, much information can be found in the uw.csc hierarchy and the CSC's homepage at <http://csclub/>.

See you in cyberspace,

Calum T. Dalek  
Chairbeing Extraordinaire

## ActSci Club

Hi everyone! It's me again. Another successful term is coming to an end and this is my chance to thank everyone who made this term a memorable one.

But first, I'd like to spend a little time informing you people of the upcoming convention in Montreal on January 13, 14 and 15. This is an annual event and is organized by the Actuarial Students National Association (ASNA).

For further questions regarding the convention, you can contact the following people:

Kevin Reimer (ASNA President) work #: 888-3900  
ext. 7958

Tom Peng (ASC President) home #: 658-6739  
office #: 885-1211  
ext. 6534

Anna Bulkovshteyn (ASNA delegate for Waterloo) home #: 741-1917  
home #: 886-3723

This basically sums up what I had to say about the convention. I hope to see a great turnout from us Waterloo students. I can honestly say that Waterloo has the BEST actuarial science program in the country so let's not disappoint the other universities and ruin our reputation if we have a poor showing.

Now, getting back to the club. First, I'd like to thank all the 95 members who supported our club (I don't think we've ever had this many members before!!!) Since this is my last term (HOORAY!!) and I was only taking 3 courses, I tried my very best to provide you members with a term filled with informative speakers and fun-filled events.

If you didn't know already, we had an actsci ice hockey team this term. We started off the season slow but then, we got our act together and finished the season strong. Thanks for a great season guys!! Team members (who are ASC members) are: Thomas Ng, Chris Moorley, Ashwin Ranjit, Paul Sauve, and Tom Peng.

Actsci hats were also a great success this term. Only a couple in the black/white model are left. I think these hats kick any other faculties' by far!!!

Any way, to end off, I'd like to thank all the ASC Executive who helped make this term a successful and enjoyable one. The Club wouldn't have run as smoothly if it weren't for them. The following is a list of this term's ASC Exec:

President:	Tom Peng
Vice-President:	Thomas Ng
Treasurer:	Mike Hughes
Class Reps:	1st year: Lorraine Pauls Caroline Pereira
	2nd year: Anna Bulkovshteyn
	3rd year: Jonathan Song
	4th year: Zahir Bhanji
Secretary:	Erin Rogozinski
Publicity Directors:	Joanne Phoa Carol Liu

Well, I think that's about all I have to say. Enjoy the rest of your term and good luck on your finals and I hope to see ya all at the Convention in Montreal!!!

Tom "Long-winded" Peng

## profQUOTES

"For any of you who know Kitchener... 60 degree corners, places where 5 roads meet at one spot... silly place."

I. Munro, CS 134

"It (the midterm) is not really a test of your knowledge of Chapters 1-8, it's a test of your peripheral vision."

Woolner, PHYS 121

"The words here are not just applicable to doughnuts, you can apply them to innertubes too."

F. Zorzitto, MATH 137

"This is worth a PhD thesis—not a bad thing to knock off in your first year."

I. Munro, CS 134

"Um... this is not a rhetorical question."

Younger, MATH 235

"Let me write it in a slightly more suggestive way."

B. Marshman, AM 251

"Don't you dare quote me in mathNEWS, Stuart, or I'll give you a zero!"

B. Marshman, AM 251

[applause from next room] "You should be clapping at this too—because I guarantee you that whatever was said in there is not as important as this theorem here."

Forrest, Math 147

"It's true. Which is a useful property of a theorem."

I. Munro, CS 134

"Remember, never get interested in an exam question."

Woolner, PHYS 121

"We need to pick a letter between x and y. How about z?"

Cummings, PMATH 336

"What are they called—folders? The dumb looking things that you double-click on and they explode."

I. Munro, CS 134

"I'll take regular languages for 20.' Don't you wish they had that? Jeopardy for nerds."

Shallit, CS 360

"And then it just sits there and plays Go with its friends, or whatever computers do at night."

I. Munro, CS 134

"Don't worry about this kind of question... I would never put it on an exam. Of course, there are 7 or 8 other instructors for this course!"

Zorzitto, MATH 137

## We Interrupt This mathNEWS...

*Never look a gift horse in the mouth;  
its breath is terrible.*

Here I am at Renison trying to rid my system of a mild flu that has long overstayed its welcome. I never knew what crappy music my fellow residents listened to until I had to rest while they played it.

Meanwhile in the Waterloo City Centre, it is still up in the air whether the mayor will be Susan "I won on election night by nine votes" Forwell or Brian "I won the recount" Turnbull.

Elsewhere...

• From the "What Did I Say That Was So Funny" Department:

A statement from British chemical firm Proteus International on their new animal-neutering drug includes this passage: "It also shrinks the testicles, but arguably it is better to have shrunken testicles than no testicles at all."

*The Toronto Star*, Sat. Nov. 19, Page K13

- From the "Case of the Hot Cheekster" Department: The University of Idaho is being sued for \$940,000 by a former student who claimed that warnings against standing on the heaters should have been posted. The ex-student had fallen out of a third-story dormitory window after standing on a heater in order to moon students outside.

*The Toronto Star*, Sat. Nov. 26, Page G13

• From the "And Afterwards, Go Drink Beer" Department:

A recent UW Computer Store ad placed the Math & Computer building between two other buildings: the Davis Centre and the Bombshelter. Hmmm, I wonder if they hired Flipper as their advertising manager.

*The Iron Warrior*, Mon. Nov. 14, Page 15

And finally, I present Darren's End-of-Term Hit List:

- **The rally where Lloyd Axworthy was hit by eggs:** What gives? Didn't your mommies tell you not to play with your food? How do you expect to be taken seriously with that behaviour?
- **SNL Weekend Update anchor Norm Macdonald:** I know you never tire of that joke, but people are simply not interested anymore whether or not the Germans really like Baywatch star David Hasselhoff. As David Spade would say, "It's called a new joke; look into it."
- **Airlines whose planes have dropped frozen waste:** I think that one is obvious. See issue 3.

Till next term...

Darren Morby, a.k.a. "", "Billy Ray 'Way Cool' Gilooly", "Ren", and "You there with the Lynx hat"

## Where is the 'Support' in 'DCS Customer Support Centre'?

Remember the days of the old I/O room on the first floor, where you could use their computers, scanners, and laser printers until 12 midnight? Well, they've gone the way of the Dodo, I'm afraid.

Now, DCS has their *new and improved* Customer Support Centre down the hall from the old I/O room in a newly renovated central location. Not only do they have the services provided by the old I/O room, but they also provide printer quota and terminal server accounts there, too. Or so it is in theory.

You see, they advertise that the DCS CSC is open until midnight (as with the old I/O room), but then why do they routinely shut down access to the scanner at 10pm (whilst still taking bookings for it until midnight), and why have they shut the Centre down at 8pm tonight (I had the scanner booked between 9-10pm).

I ask you, where is the Support that is so prominent in the name of the Centre? Hey, if they want to close down at 10 (or 8 for that matter), fine!, but then the least they could do is stop advertising their "open until midnight" falsely.

Ticks me off to no end.

Curtis Desjardins

Who would like a little Service on a mathNEWS Production Night for once

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## Bobo the Sacred Exam Cow

It all started back in high school. For Grade 11 English, we had to decorate our writing folders. Most people just plastered them with all sorts of crap, but one guy, Derek, just cut out a picture of a cow's head and stuck it on his folder - that was it. He'd hold it up in front of everyone and just go "Mooooooo..." At first, we thought he was whacked, but then we realized the wisdom of his ways, and joined in unison.

At home I managed to scrounge up 3 porcelain cows. They used to come in boxes of Red Rose tea years ago. I brought them to English, and gave one to Derek and my other bud Jon. The 3 of us would put the cows on the corner of our desks, and moo every once in a while.

One day we had a big test in class. After finding out that we all totally whaled on it, we attributed our success to our cows. Soon we realized that we had stumbled across a very powerful form of talisman, and we vowed to use our cows to bring us tidings of good luck in all of our academic pursuits.

Well, here I am in 3rd year university, and I still put my cow on the corner of my desk whenever I write an exam. Some mock me, calling me "idiot" or "Dan Quayle", but I know that deep inside they envy me - me and my sacred exam cow.

Oh yeah, you're probably wondering why his name is Bobo. Well, he never actually had a name at all until recently. My roommate was gearing up for a big exam...

**Roomie:** Jay, I need to rub Bobo.

**Me:** Who?

**Roomie:** Your cow, you fool - I need to rub Bobo for good luck!

**Me:** But my cow doesn't have a name...

**Roomie:** Yes he does, his name is Bobo - now let me rub him!

It slowly dawned on me that he was right - his name *was* Bobo! How could I have been so ignorant?

For the very same exam, my other roomie asked if he could rub Bobo for good luck. He proceeded to rub Bobo under his armpit with devilish delight. Mortified, I ordered him to cleanse Bobo thoroughly, and then apologize to Bobo. He apologized, but not very sincerely at all. I don't think it's a coincidence that he did poorly on that exam. It just goes to show you that you can't degrade Bobo and get away with it like you could with, say, an anatomically correct inflatable sheep. Bobo has feelings, you know.

I'm surprised that more people don't understand the power of the cow. Sure, we all know that they provide us with milk and leather, and that they're fun to tip over, but do we really take the time to appreciate their other contributions to society? I've heard that the cow as a sacred animal in some cultures. I think they're on something. No, wait - that didn't come out right. They're *onto* something.

Jason (Pokey) Ubeika

## Distinguished Teacher Awards

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

## Grumpy Young Frosh

*Man, I Think Sarah's Lost It*

### GUYS SUCK!!<sup>1</sup>

There have been disturbing rumours going around recently saying that I think math guys are a waste of blood. That's not true at all!! Would I be that cruel?? I think *all* guys are a waste of blood!!<sup>1</sup> I spread my distate and venom *equally* between all of the unfortunates sorry enough to belong to the opposite gender!<sup>1</sup> I guess you could call me a... what's that name for a person who hates all men<sup>2</sup>, again?... no, not "sensible," no, the more technical term... ah, yes, a misterogynist! Yes, indeed, I am, without a doubt, a misterogynist. In a way, I think I'm rather glad to have the honour of being so labelled. I mean, am I guilty of misterogyny if I think math guys are OxyMorons (and weenies)? Am I exhibiting misterogynistic behaviour if I believe all engineering guys to be thugs that need to have things repeated to them three times before they understand it? (why else do you think the faculty needs E1, E2, and E3? "Duh, Engineering... Engineering... Engineering. Duh, oh, okay, guess there's an engineering building there!")<sup>3</sup> If so, then yes, I proclaim myself proudly to be a misterogynist! Yep, yep. Guys *definitely* suck.<sup>1</sup> I can't think of one good reason why any of them exist on this planet.<sup>1</sup> In fact, I wish all guys lived in Montreal,<sup>1</sup> because then there'd be a chance that they'd actually become destinked with the rest of Quebec society. (Heh heh heh) I don't think you should hold your breath on that one, though (although I have the feeling that Montrealers will want to.) Why do guys suck so much? Well, the actual reason is unknown, but scientists have been able to identify certain recurring symptoms of guydom that shed some light on the mystery. These symptoms (known as Guy Things<sup>TM</sup>) are not fully documented as yet, but the following represent prime examples of reasons why all guys suck:<sup>1</sup>

#### Guy Thing #1: Facial hair

What's with guys' ugly fascination with facial hair, anyway? What's with the putrid goatee/sideburn/chin wisp (as in the case of the less "manly" - as if that's an insult) growing fetish that so many people in this university proudly display? Why do guys insist on growing these facial tufts? Why do they want to look like they've sneezed and forgotten to wipe their faces? Is it a throwback to the hunting/gathering/facial hair sprouting urges of their (unfortunately not-so-) primal ancestors? Is it an indication of their protective and environmental sensitivity in their desire to allow endangered species of amoeba to root in the comfort of their facial forests? Or do they grow that stuff to hide the fungi sprouting on their chins? Beats me. But hey, it is a great source of free food, I suppose.

#### Guy Thing #2: The Leg-Shaking Thing

Why do guys do that leg jiggling thing? Whassupwithat?! Call me sensitive, call me high-strung, but every time I feel the table start to vibrate because some idiot in the corner can't keep his leg still, I get the most overpowering urge to grab a chainsaw and HACK HIS LEG INTO A BLOODY PULP!!!!!!! (oops. Sorry. Did I do that?? Time of the month, you know how it is!) And the worst is when two idiots start it up at the same time! Ooooh! No one else seems to notice (they're probably sitting on a goddamn node in the bloody oscillation interference pattern thing) while I hang on for dear life with whitened knuckles

to the bench, my teeth rattling in my skull and my eyes filled with hate as the entire table is jarred in time to the GODDAMN SHAKINGS OF THE IDIOT IN THE CORNER'S LEG!!! (sob) I don't *understand* it! Why can't the world keep still?! (whimper) Why does it keep moving like this?!? (sob) Why did I get such a rotten mark on my Bus midterm?! (open weeping) Why do so many people watch 90210?!?! (heartbroken sobbing) WHY DON'T I HAVE A MILLION DOLLARS?!?!!!

IT'S BECAUSE OF GUYS, THAT'S WHY!!!!

DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE!!!!!! (The room averts its face in horror as Sarah mangles an innocent computer keyboard.)

(Ahem) Right! Well, I feel much better now.

Oh, and by the way, I'm off to co-op next term, so this will be the last you'll hear from me for a while (unless things tick me off enough in Ottawa that I send more articles down here.) Have a nice Christmas, everyone.

And don't worry, I don't actually mean any of the things I write in these articles.

(twitch twitch)

Sarah "Over the Deep End" Kamal

<sup>1</sup> Except my daddy.

<sup>2</sup> Except their daddies.

<sup>3</sup> Guess someone had better tell our poor engineering pals about the gravity, gravity, gravity of books, books, books.

## Semi-Coherent Letters to the Editor

*OK, Who Let The Engineers Out Of Their Cage?*

Dear mathNEWS,

We would like to express our extreme disgust at the vile swill which you have seen fit produce in the form of **Impotent**. Have you no shame?! Your denigration of this fine university's institutions, as well as its student body as a whole, just serves to illustrate exactly how out of touch your staff is with the world around us. In that one issue alone, you have managed to offend every special interest group on campus. The only exception to your unrelenting attacks has been the WPIRG, the only group on campus truly deserving of ridicule. Seriously, what the hell does the \$3.14 I pay each term go towards; the creation of a newsgroup over which they have no control and buying spray paint so they can put thought-provoking messages on the walls surrounding the to-be-completed-by-2025 Campus Centre. In conclusion, we would like to express our vehement repulsion towards the picture of Chris Norman with his mouth sewn shut. Combined with the dress he was pictured in, it clearly demonstrates that your "newspaper" is obviously in the hands of black, Italian, Bible-thumping, Billy-Joel-loving, bald-headed, militant republican lesbian reactionaries.

Mario "Barbapapa" Bellabarba 3B Civ Eng  
Jason "Woody" Wood 4B Chem Eng

## Top 10 Sources of Satanic Evil at UW

Well, it's Friday, the cute girl in my night class didn't show up, so I left class early. I suppose I could go home and clean my room before the health inspectors show up, but I figured what the heck, let's write an article for *mathNEWS* instead. Due to lack of inspiration, I've decided to do a top ten list. Since this is issue 6 volume 66 the choice was obvious.

Without further corruption, let us proceed with the top ten sources of satanic evil at UW.

### 10. *The Feds*

Is it just me, or does the new Student Life Centre bear a startling resemblance to a circa 3000 BC Sumerian sacrificial altar? Well, it's a little bigger, and no one ever argued about the use of office space in a sacrificial altar, but beyond that the resemblance is striking. Remember folks, pagans are just satanists with cooler hats. Burn the centre now. Let's start paying for a new one right away.

### 9. *The CSC Couch*

You thought those inhuman goblins sitting on the CSC couch were actual UW students? Surprise! Years of obscene rituals involving goats, TRS-80s, and oblong fruit have made the CSC couch a sink hole of evil. From its depths emerge all kinds of creatures born of hell, and better left there. Foul vapors leak from its recesses (I'm talking about the couch, not the members). And you thought the CSC just had a hygiene problem, well let me tell you, it's a hell-gene problem.

### 8. *Co-Op*

You're in third rounds. Your desperate for a job. An evil, grinning, co-op officer hands you a 'special job form'. Well don't sign it! Read the small print. Chances are ten-to-one you'll be spending a work term in hell! And no, I don't mean working for STN.

### 7. *This Article*

Feel it. Feel the evil. Seeping from these unholy pages into your trembling fingers. This paper, pressed from baby's skin. This ink, distilled from the seminal fluid and vaginal blood of those who participated in production night. These evil words, the product of a demented mind. These forces are corrupting you, right now. Give in, you have read to far, your soul is already lost!

### 6. *WatSFic*

These people aren't really evil. They just heard the CSC was going to be in my list, so they whined until I agreed to include them also. Congratulations guys! Now you're as respected and loved at the CSC. Don't you feel special!

5. *Femynysts* These agents of Hyll are bent on the corruption of the human race. Renaming 'women' as 'womyn' is only the first step in their evil plot. Eventually they'll rename the 'bible' the 'bibly', and who can take a book called the bibly seriously? Especially once they've taken out all the stuff that's sexist to women. The book will eventually read "God created the world, and some day it'll be destroyed, have a nice day". How can you base a religion on that?

### 4. *Math Courses*

The average math student has sold their soul to the devil three times by the time they reach 2B. The sad thing is, their marks haven't even gone up.

### 3. *Food Services*

The evidence is there. Human fingers in the meatloaf. Mashed potatoes with a texture oddly reminiscent of baby fat. Food Services is just a front for the orderly disposal of corpses consumed in evil satanic rituals! The barbarism of this is shocking, especially when you consider that you can get fine quality human corpse flesh in the C&D for half the price!

### 2. *Beer*

Beer is the source of 90% of the satanic evil in UW. Beer is also the source of 90% of the good. Beer is basically the source. All is beer. Praise beer. Beer is one, I am one with beer. Hallelujah.

and the number one source is... *mathNEWS!*

*mathNEWS*. Think back for a moment to when you were a frosh. Young. Pure. Innocent. That all ended the first day you picked up a *mathNEWS*. Since then your days have been naught but an exercise in drinking and debauchery. Day after day you have supped on the feasts of sensuality and experience, with narry a thought to your immortal soul. But wait, it is not too late! Repent now! Burn this issue of *mathNEWS* right now! Burn it! Burn it! Then burn the math building to the ground! And burn the *mathNEWS* editor! Burn him! Burn him! And feast on his charred flesh! And defile his body! Then cry out to lord Baal, for your soul shall be saved!

Christina "Worship me! Worship me!" Norman

## PMC&O Club

### "End of the Reign" Update

Yes, the term is coming to a slow end. This means my reign as Queen will soon be over. But before I relinquish my throne I would like to thank all of the speakers we had this term. In particular the last two which have gone unthanked in *mathNEWS* so far: Jeff Shallit, the mathematical detective, gave an entertaining talk early in November, and George LaBahn brought us all a little closer to understanding MAPLE. Thank you both for the great talks!!

Lastly, a reminder to ALL of the PMC&OC family of the Big Time End of Term Gala at Shot in the Dark on Monday. (I think that's the 5th) I hope to see you all there.

Marni "Look at the size..." Mishna  
(No, that WASN'T a quote!!)

# Math, the Universe, and Everything

## The Official mathNEWS Alcohol Awareness Quiz

As we all know, alcohol consumption is not a good thing to be taken lightly. Rather, alcohol consumption is a good thing to take with painkillers or other heavy drugs. Ha ha! This is just an example of the fun we like to have around here at mathNEWS as we sit around, fake our budgets, and drink Ripple. We don't really want to encourage you to go out and spend all of your money getting yourself drunk — that would be stupid and irresponsible. What we really want is for you to spend all of your money getting us drunk, because we're a lot more interesting than you are.

On a serious note, though, alcohol awareness is something that is very important. For example, I'm very aware that I don't have any alcohol in me right now, and I'm very upset about that. Since this issue is of such importance, we here at mathNEWS have put together this little quiz that won't tell you a damned thing about your alcohol problems, but we take a couple of cheap shots at the CSC, so it's probably worth your time to read it and answer the questions to the best of your ability.

**1. When somebody says that you don't have to drink to have fun, you:**

- (a) Laugh at their funny joke.
- (b) Punch him in the mouth.
- (c) Agree with him, then have another drink.
- (d) Agree with him, have another drink, then punch him in the mouth.
- (e) Hey, at least the CSC didn't file a complaint with the Ethics Committee.

**2. You would describe my alcohol consumption as:**

- (a) Below average (4 drinks/day).
- (b) Below average (10 drinks/day).
- (c) Below average (20 drinks/day).
- (d) Below average (40 drinks/day).
- (e) Enough to get beat up by BEnt employees regularly.

**3. Your favourite place to drink is:**

- (a) Fed Hall, because you really like the music and have brain damage.
- (b) The Bomber, because you think McGill is cute.
- (c) In your closet, because nobody steal your drinks there.
- (d) Oktoberfest, because everybody looks stupider than you do.
- (e) In class.

**4. You know you've had too much to drink when:**

- (a) You go home with a person that you've liked for years.
- (b) You go home with a person that you've just met.
- (c) You go home with a person that you're related to.
- (d) You go home with a person that is actually a German Shepherd.
- (e) You go home with a German Shepherd that you've liked for years.

**5. Responsible drinking means:**

- (a) When you puke, you quit drinking for the night.
- (b) When you puke, Fed Hall staff *have* to kick you out.
- (c) When you puke, you thank God for giving you more room in your stomach for beer and keep on going.
- (d) You always wear a condom when you're drinking.
- (e) You go home with a German Shepherd that you've liked for years.

**6. When you're at Fed Hall, the most important thing to remember is:**

- (a) To be very, very careful when BEnt is doing the security.
- (b) Where the exits are.
- (c) Hey, some of these kids are sixteen. Be careful, and for God's sake don't use your video camera.
- (d) What are you doing at Fed? Don't you know the Bomber's open?
- (e) Boy, the music really does suck, doesn't it?

**7. When you're at Flipper's party tonight, the important thing to remember is:**

- (a) The host gets 20% of all alcohol that you bring.
- (b) Heck, you can sleep with the host if you really, really want to.
- (c) Don't listen to anything that Flipper says, especially if a lot of people are watching you really closely.
- (d) Don't puke on his roommate. Really, I mean it this time.
- (e) Nobody, but nobody, goes in the basement. Trust me.

**8. When you come home drunk from a bar, the first thing you do is:**

- (a) Fall down the stairs.
- (b) Try to remember the name of the person that you brought home.
- (c) Break open the rum and continue the party on your own. Matt.
- (d) Realize that you're in the wrong house, and crawl into bed anyway.
- (e) Go to sleep in a puddle of your own vomit.

Well, that's about it. To score the quiz, count the number of beers that you've bought me over your life. If you score under a thousand, then you are a really big loser and should consider changing your ways. If you score under a hundred, then you're a really really huge loser, and you should consider throwing a keg party in my honour. And finally, if you score under ten, maybe you consider getting off of the CSC couch and taking me out to the Bomb for the month of December.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw



## Pooh Goes Apeshit

Everything was rather quiet in the hundred acre wood. The trees whispered to each other as the wind rustled their leaves. Under a large oak tree, there lived Pooh bear. From inside Pooh's house, there came a steady bang...bang...bang!, that was making his honey jars rattle on the sideboard. The light came through the window, and in the evening sun Pooh raised the axe once more and brought it down on the tattered remains of Christopher Robin. "Why...won't...he...fit..." puffed Pooh to himself as the axe came down once more. There was a small pile of earth, and a hole next to it, which Pooh had hidden with his favourite rug. Christopher Robin, selfish prat that he was, didn't quite fit in the hole Pooh had dug, so instead of making it wider, he had decided to hack Christopher Robin's legs off. "A far more sensible idea", thought Pooh, and hummed a little song to himself as he cut the last tendon and rammed the rest of the body in the hole, finally covering it up with the rug. "Always too bossy," thought Pooh, "Always too bossy, always grabbing me by the paw and saying 'Come on Pooh lets have an adventure' or 'Pooh you are silly!' in that affected cutesy spoilt brat voice, and his stupid little shorts - bastard!"

Pooh had waited all afternoon for Christopher Robin to come round, humming a little tuneless song to himself whilst gazing blankly into the fire and fondling the oaken handle of the axe. When C.R. had finally turned up, squeaking in his child-actor voice "Come on Pooh! Open Up!" Pooh had answered the door normal as anything, talked about the weather, and then went to the cupboard and fetched the axe. While C.R. had sat there, prattling on about what a silly bear Pooh was and how he had very little brain (which wound Pooh up no end) Pooh had raised the axe high and brought it down with a satisfying thud on Christopher Robin's skull, cleaving it virtually in two, with just some muscle fibre in place to keep the pieces upright, and freezing C.R.'s eyes wide in horror that Pooh, lovable Pooh, could do such a thing! Pooh giggled a little and wiped some saliva from his mouth with a shaky paw. Then Pooh, calm as anything, had mopped up the blood, washed the axe and begun to dig the hole.

Piglet had wondered why Pooh had not called for him that morning, to have his tea and biscuits, and so he decided to visit Pooh instead. He admired the evening sun, blood red, and listened to the birds singing. Pooh watched him get nearer and nearer, and plugged in the drill.

Piglet had no time to realise what had happened - the drill pierced his skull, sending a beautiful fountain of blood all over Pooh's orange hide. He rubbed the blood in and all over himself, licking, licking, always licking. Then he pulled Piglet inside and put him in the cupboard. The syringe lay on the sideboard, and Pooh picked it up, paws shaking and sweating, and filled it full of solution of the funny white powder that had been given to him by a strangely spaced-out Rabbit. It was a strange effect at first, and Pooh thought he had seen many strange things, but then experienced a euphoric feeling of power. It made him irritable, and C.R. and Piglet had everything that was coming to them, no doubt at all. When night had fully fallen, Pooh dragged the bodies out and buried them in a makeshift grave.

"Adios, dear friends," Pooh giggled. "Things are going to change around the 100-acre wood now I'm in charge," he laughed hysterically and went indoors.

The next day Tigger and Roo made their way happily to Pooh's house, to see if he knew where C.R. and Piglet were,

as no-one had seen them since yesterday. They were sure Pooh would know, as he had had tea with Piglet yesterday and was meant to be playing Pooh-sticks with C.R. in the morning.

When they reached Pooh's house the door was wide open and Pooh was nowhere to be seen. Tigger and Roo looked inside Pooh's house and noticed a large hole in Pooh's floor and a notice was stuck on the wall with a large blob of congealing honey "OWT CHAGIG THE DRAGGN" (spelling had never been one of Pooh's strong points). "That's odd," thought Tigger, "there are no dragons in the 100-acre wood only heffalumps. What is that silly bear up to now?"

Not even Tigger would have imagined what Pooh was up to at that moment. That morning Pooh had woken with a splitting headache and a rather snotty nose. So he had taken a large dose of the white powder and a little while later had a brilliant idea! He left the house with a container marked INSECTICIDE in big red letters. He took the container and went to Eeyore's favourite patch of thistles. "This will serve that manic depressive donkey right," laughed Pooh aloud. "Always cheating at Pooh-sticks, cheats never prosper," Pooh said to himself. Then he hid behind a tree to watch the unsuspecting Eeyore eat himself to death - sheer poetic justice thought Pooh as he dumped the nearly dead body of Eeyore in the same grave as C.R. and Piglet - "Shouldn't cheat should you?" shouted Pooh as Eeyore's eyes stared with disbelief. "You're lucky I didn't chop you up into little bits and feed you to Tigger!" laughed Pooh maniacally, before he covered the makeshift grave over.

Pooh didn't return to the house until dinner time as he was totally spaced out all morning. So when he returned to his house he was in an awful mood and all he needed to make him absolutely mad was the sight of Tigger and Roo bouncing up and down outside his house singing "bouncy, bouncy, fun, fun, fun, fun, fun, the wonderful..." "Wonderful?", thought Pooh aloud, "My foot, you'd think the writer of this shitty story could think up better lyrics for a song than that, and to think, they released the soundtrack album on cassette and CD; a lot of people are going to get ripped off." This lightened Pooh's mood somewhat, but the respite was brief.

"What was that you said?" asked Roo. "God, does he never stop asking pathetic questions?" Pooh thought furiously. "I'm going to have to deal with these prats as well. Is there no-one in this place with intelligence apart from me?" Pooh asked despairingly.

Pooh felt himself extremely lucky as Roo had to go home for his afternoon sleep and that left Tigger at his mercy. Even better, Tigger suggested that himself and Pooh go and play Pooh-sticks; Pooh had smiled slyly as an idea formed in his overactive brain, and agreed - "What an opportunity," Pooh whispered to himself as he followed the innocent Tigger to the bridge.

Once on the bridge, and the rather pointless game of Pooh-sticks was under way, Pooh thought he'd much rather push his stick up Tigger's arse, rather than throwing it into the stream. Tigger was leaning over the side of the bridge looking for his stick. So he did not see Pooh's wide horrific grin as he outstretched his arms and moved toward Tigger with the intent of pushing the stupid cat into the stream - "Cats hate water, tee hee, he'll drown."

There was a loud splash as Tigger hit the water and started to

*continued on page 10*

*continued from page 9*

struggle as his head was covered by water, he gulped and choked. Pooh was holding on to the rail of the bridge and jumping up and down with excitement and was joyously shouting at the drowning Tigger.

"Why?" spluttered Tigger as he slowly started to turn blue with the cold, which Pooh found hysterical, after all, a blue Tigger?? How absolutely silly. "I'll tell you why you bastard," screamed Pooh. "It serves you right, hiding behind doors and jumping out, and scaring the shit out of people." But Tigger did not hear Pooh's answer as he was already floating downstream face down in the water, dead - "Good riddance," laughed Pooh, and looked at his watch, "Still time to get that little dick head Roo before he wakes up."

Pooh sneaked to the sleeping form of Roo's mum and saw Roo's ear poking out of her pouch - "Now I've got you, you little git", Pooh thought, smiling, as he threaded a needle with extra strong cotton. He was jolly grateful for Piglet's sewing lessons now, because he would be able to sew up Roo nice and tightly, so he would not be able to get out and his mum would not be able to rescue him. So very slowly and carefully Pooh began to sew Roo into his pouch and thereby suffocating the annoying idiotic twit. After the deed was done Pooh made his way back to his house wondering how Roo's mum would take the death of Roo. Badly, hoped Pooh, as he began to cough uncontrollably and felt general nausea overcome him.

By the time Pooh got home he had puked up several times and was very desperate for some more of the white solution. He trembled as he picked up the syringe and gave himself the remaining amount. An awfully large amount, one might say, for a small little bear like Pooh. In fact too much, Pooh died of an overdose, but he died with a smile on his face: he was dreaming that he was the only teddy bear made with a willy and dreamed how he surprised Eeyore one day - but that's a story for another day.

Mike "A.A. Milne" Arseneau

## Jane Yips About Something

*But We Still Appreciate Her!*

It's been a great term for MathSoc and, we owe it all to our many volunteers who faithfully helped out throughout the term and, to all of you who came out to the MathSoc events. So, before you all go into hiding, in preparation for exams, we'd like to send a big THANK YOU to all our directors, our class reps, our office workers and everybody else who helped out. Best of luck on finals and have a grreeeeeeeeeeaaaaattt holiday!!!

Jane "Babe of Every Month" Pak  
VPAS

## Bad Computer Joke #4

The only good thing about MS-DOS is that its rename command is REN.

Darren "REN" Morby

## Women's Bathroom Life

*Socializing is O.K.*

Well, here I sit. It's late Friday night, and another wonderful issue of mathNEWS came out today. Whilst leafing through the ever so wonderful and glorious (cough, choke, ahem, excuse me, could you please pass me that shovel?) pages of the most recent issue, I came upon the delightful article entitled "Urinal Etiquette". Having now read and pondered this enlightening article on the joys men experience while in the washroom, I have decided it is time to enlighten the male population on the subject of that oh so pressing question: why do women go to the bathroom together? This is of course my own personal view, but I have decided that since I have been often asked about this (and I'm sick of being asked), and since urinal etiquette was not beyond the scope of mathNEWS, that I would attempt this curious matter (even though it has nothing whatsoever to do with Flipper being mostly bald) (sorry, a token Flipper crack seemed appropriate).

So, why do women go to the bathroom together? Though men may not understand this, (especially in light of the information outlined in the urinal article) women see the bathroom as a social place. Women occasionally go there together to answer the call of nature, but more often to discuss pressing issues or occurrences. It is a wonderful place to discuss men without them being able to eavesdrop on a conversation which we don't mean to offend them, but they may misunderstand.

This, however, is not the sole reason, as I see it. Often a woman gets this pressing need, when with friends, not to be alone in the bathroom, or not to be the only one that needs to go. It seems to be an uncontrollable hormonal thing that all of a sudden, you realize you have to go to the bathroom, and the idea of going alone just doesn't seem right or desirable. So what do you do? You ask a friend or a female you know to go with you, thus obtaining puzzled looks from the males present. Strange, but true.

Of course, this is not to say that all women always go to the bathroom with another woman as often as they can. There are those of us who need those few moments alone to collect and possibly refresh ourselves. There also exist many times when a woman just goes to the bathroom by herself, quickly and quietly, does her thing, and then returns to what she was doing.

So, the mystery is solved, as I see it. This can also be used to explain the "Why do women take so long in the bathroom" problem. So, to all you men out there, who seem to find the concept of socializing in the bathroom unacceptable, **STOP ASKING US WHY WE GO TO THE BATHROOM TOGETHER!** It's really not that important an issue, and it really doesn't concern you. It's a female thing and that's all you really need to know.

Amy "Euchre Woman" Green

## ultraCLASSIFIEDS

Now that Leslie Rosenblood is a phallic symbol, is he going to be banned from campus?

Da Superfans

Whee hee! I'm done!

Kivi

Thanks!

...to Stephen Johnston for his PageMaker/Photoshop/Corel expertise, Stephen's roommate Ben for the use of his computer, Dean Chan for the use of his video capture board, Poesy Chen, Tara Mulder, and Paulo Ferreira for their extensive help with layout and last minute filler articles, Steve "Flipper" Shaw for bugging off and leaving me with the entire job, Jan Weber over at Graphics Services for her infinite patience with our printing screwups, Rictor Webb Printers for their help in correcting some big errors, Jason Wood and Mario Bellabarba for their help with last minute ideas for ads (there's interfaculty cooperation for ya!), Imprint staffers for giving us so much material worth satirizing in the first place, all of those who were able to help us out by writing articles and supplying us with some great photos, and to everyone we poked fun at. Sure, putting together the Impotent issue was 2 weeks of hell, and nothing but one big headache, but the final product was *amazing!* Congratulations on a job well done!

Curtis Desjardins  
Special Projects Dood

## mastHEAD

Wow. The last issue, finally. See if you ever get me into this position again. Well, maybe if you're covered in chocolate syrup. Anyway, we all had a great time tonight, and hope that you enjoy this issue. I think my my favourite part was scanning all our stuff down at the Customer Support Centre. Whoa, I'm hallucinating again.

The fun folks who were out tonight to write, type, proof, layout, and eat pizza (and what they think Tara's problem is) were: Chris "Christina" Norman (She hasn't had enough lesbian sex with me), Stuart Pollock (The hair... it's awesome), Curtis Desjardins (Which one? The one where she's a Psycho Hose Beast, or the fact that she's from Oakville?), Kivi Shapiro (She doesn't pronounce her name right), Karl N. Zaryski (Her name spelled backward comes out as "a rat," which is not good at all), Jennifer Watters (She won't tell me), Tara Mulder (Flipper, the one person whose respect I yearn for, doesn't love me as I long to be loved), May Szeto (Problem? I think she is awesome. She is my role model. I love her. (DNQ)), Jillian Arnott (She drinks skim milk), Stephen Johnston (She has so many problems that it is very difficult to give only one), Poesy "Trouble" Chen (One word - Oakville), and Darren "Ren" Morby (I missed the question, but my answer is "12; 15 if you throw in the baby oil.")

Special thanks as always to those crazy folks over at Graphics Services, and to Gino's for the extra-groovy 'za that they threw our way.

Steve "Flipper" Shaw  
(She has no brain.)

## mathNEWSquiz #6

Squiz? What Squiz?

Hi, folks! How're ya doin'? Gearing up for finals, I hope. I hear that is has been a bad term for more people than just me (Jean-Guy). Well, as this term comes to a close, I'd like to thank those of you who stuck around and submitted answers to the squiz. (Or even read the damn thing!) Well, here are the answers to the last squiz that appeared in mathNEWS (for those of you who tuned out, that was mathNEWSquiz # 4): **Movie Quotes:** 1) Strange Brew; 2) Any James Bond flick (Dr. No, for the exact quote); 3) Airplane; 4) When A Man Loves A Woman [*Why does Meg Ryan have to be so annoyingly monogamous?* - Curtis]; 5) Groundhog Day; **Song Lyrics:** 1) One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer - George Thorogood; 2) Kokomo - The Beach Boys; 3) Friends In Low Places - Garth Brooks; 4) B-Boy Bouilliabaise - Beastie Boys; 5) (Don't Go Back To) Rockville - R.E.M.; **Drinks & Shooters:** 1) Lotto 6/49; 2) Cement Mixer; 3) Sloe Comfortable Screw Against The Wall; 4) Colorado Bulldog (sometimes falsely called a Tootsie Roll); 5) Instant Hangover; **Potpourri** 1) Super Chicken; 2) Foster Brooks or W.C. Fields; 3) Mint Julep; 4) .08 %; 5) Spruce Beer.

Alllllrighty, then! Let's get on to the people who submitted, and their names, shall we? The following is a list of those who submitted, with their score in parentheses: Robyn Landers (4); Pokey & Phil Collins (5); Slaves To The Gridword (6); The Grebel Contingent (8); the winner is (drum roll, please) Bob, The Great And Powerful, with a whopping score of 10!!! You can pick up your prize in the MathSoc office!

The format for this squiz is different than our normal format. There is no squiz. Go away. Leave us alone.

Stuart "Jean-Guy" Pollock  
Darren "Ren" Morby  
Steve "Butcher" Shaw

## Grad Happenings

Welcome to the end of this term! I think that we're all at the point that we just have to say that school really sucks. But, look on the bright side... the holidays are almost here!

The group photos are in (the ones that were taken on the front steps). For the few of you that haven't come in to get them, do so - we don't want them!!!

Since this is the last issue of the term, I'd like to thank everyone who came out to our events during the course of the term. In addition, I'd like to thank all of the MGC Directors who made my job so easy just by being competent. Also, thanks for all the time and effort from everyone who helped out. It's been a great term, and we couldn't have done it without you!

Greg Dinning  
MGC Chair

## gridCOMMENTS

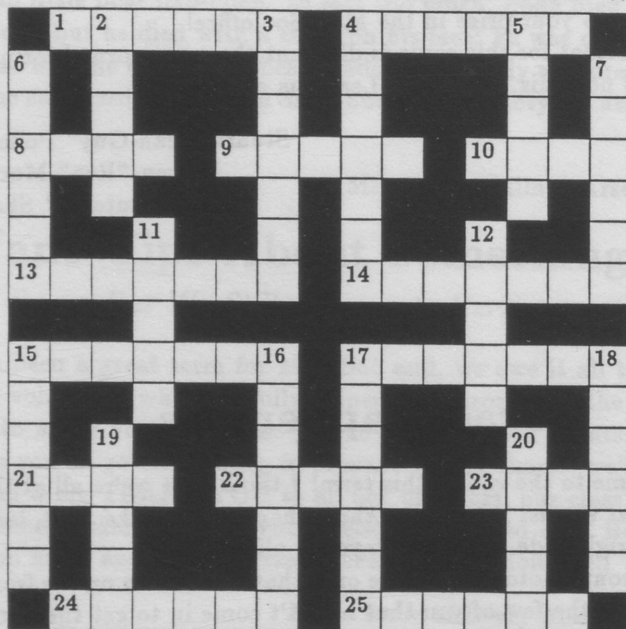
Hello everyone. There were a shitload of submissions this week. I guess that you liked having the extra week to work on them. Or maybe not having a conventional gave you more time to work on the cryptic. Without further ado the submitters were: Robert "I'm in print again" Bridson; Ziv Zero Returns; Raffi; Reza "The Rezanator" Shahidi; The evil Galactic Warlord Larry & Mr. Boy; Ian "The Word Guy" Facey; Robyn Landers; Bob, The Great and Powerful; Slaves to the Gridword; Pokey & Phil Collins.

And the winner is ... Ziv Zero Returns.

Everyones favourite lyrics were : "You know I'm bad" (Michael Jackson); "Ken Davidson will kick your mother-fucking teeth in" (the Ken Davidsons); "You brush your teeth! ch chch chch chchch!" (Sharon, Lois, and Bram); "I am slowly going crazy - 1,2,3,4,5,6, switch" (Sharon, Lois and Bram - popular aren't they?); "I'm just givin' the dog a bone" (AC DC); "We're just musicians here to thin the thickness of your skin" (Max Webster); "I must admit I felt a little uneasy when she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe" (Bob Dylan); "I'd rather clean all the bathrooms in Grand Central Station with my tongue, then spend one more minute with you." (Weird Al Yankovic); "Wow. Yeah, wow. With me." (Pure); "All I need is a T.V. show" (Genesis);

Well I guess that this is it for this term. This last gridword was made to help you to get into the festive mood. Hope you enjoy and Happy Holidays.

Jennifer "Jeffie" Watters



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Editor: Steve "Flipper" Shaw

## Grid Clues (Cryptic)

Across

1. ballerina craned wildly (6)
4. shared blender! (6)
8. Nicholson is part of pick up game (4)
9. poet is an erratic false sort (5)
10. be an adjoining vegetable (4)
13. knitter knitted a trifle (7)
14. hunted right amongst the rumbling (7)
15. frolicker will lovelessly reap corn (7)
17. last reindeer has bachelor of letters and motorcycle maintenance (7)
21. edging is in excellent condition (4)
22. time has ended, come Hailey (5)
23. in Katmandu sky becomes dark (4)
24. quite sufficient (6)
25. tune moldy English! (6)

Down

2. woman in actual icestorm (5)
3. hire confused and loveless courtier (7)
4. tressed in swirling sweets (6)
5. five eels swim around little helpers (5)
6. adapt within drumhead justice system(6)
7. French give Don nervous twitches (6)
11. grandma inside? that is silly (5)
12. don't untie! (5)
15. wild party north of food storage closet (6)
16. rude oaf was heard to have a red nose (7)
17. unnatural bedroom causes tedium (7)
18. towel relatives after short sleep (6)
19. six strange female fox (5)
20. Roman god of love has pie in cud (5)

## Gridword Solutions

Can be found on the mathNEWS door

Now leave us alone.

## Too Long for profQUOTES

Prof: "Now I could check this by taking the derivative of the whole mess, but I don't want to, because that would take up too much time. So what I'm going to do is ask this person here to spend some time and take the derivative and report back to me."

Student: "I guess that makes her the Designated Deriver."

Zorzitto, MATH 137