

**setting:** a street in downtown Kitchener, three days before the federal election, crammed with holiday shoppers and regular spurts of traffic force-feeding itself through the core;

**action:** a group of twenty or so people marching stridently up the street, east side.

At their head, a blond intellectual carrying a red flag; behind, two people holding a banner emblazoned with "MAKE THE RICH PAY", followed by assorted individual signbearers and a red flag bringing up the rear; two-thirds of the way back, a red-cheeked man with disheveled hair thrusts himself forward at each step; he

calls out a slogan and the others chant it hypnotically, in ragged monotone, out of time with their steps;

**background dialogue:** "Fight For A People's Republic and a Worker's and Small Farmer's Government... Oppose U.S. Imperialism, Soviet Social-Imperialism and all Reaction!"

**protagonist:** coming out of a record store on the west side, catches sight of the procession, wheels back and asks at the cashier's:

**foreground dialogue:** "Do they do this often?"

**main action:** not waiting for a reply, he crosses the sidewalk, leans against the lamppost and watches the procession

across the temporarily empty street; **flashes:** a man with shoulder-length hair, crouching in the gutter opposite, camera covering his face; shoppers, the large majority of them carrying Zehrs plastic bags, both being overtaken by and overtaking the single-file procession, creating a study in relative motion, in Moire-effect suspension;

**coda:** the protagonist is offered a free copy of People's Canada Daily News; repeat three times, with acceptance on the second try to keep him amused on the bus ride home;

**net result:** a self-dampening ripple on the profoundly placid surface of urbane urbanity.

# ELECTA

Volume 1 Issue 1

*Toto, I have a feeling  
we're not in Kansas  
anymore...*

## What This Is, Why We Are Doing It, And Why You Should Care

This article has three beginnings and three endings. Pick whichever ones you want.

**indirect beginning:** Last December, at the post-Putnam dinner in the Tien Hoa Inn, spirits were high, though relatively inexpensive since the Math faculty was footing the bill, and the brisk after-contest camaraderie had dissolved into individual warm fuzzy afterglows, as the Oriental cuisine burbled about our stomachs in mild Cultural Revolutions; conversation was as muted as the lighting, and in the middle of the second table, between the frosh and the professors, the topic turned to the nasty effects of devoting oneself to a single cause, like the Federation or the Chevron.

"Look," said one, "there's enough to do around here without getting tied up in one viewpoint, in one set of people, and missing everything else lying right under our noses. What we need is a Thin-Spreading Club."

"What do you have to do to become a member?"

"Well, everyone's a member, you see, to a certain extent. Passive members are those people who sit on their asses and do nothing; active members try different things, go to meetings they've never attended before, just for the sheer hell of it.

But the point is, they don't commit themselves fully to just one thing."

"Wouldn't that be committing oneself fully to the Thin-Spreading Club?"

"Oh, don't quibble with words. You've had too much wine."

**rational beginning:** A rather soppy February, and a past editor and a present editor of a publication called **mathNEWS** were discussing the trials and tribulations of it all.

"It's been said repeatedly that the main purpose of **mathNEWS** is to provide light entertainment on a Friday afternoon. Well, I, for one, don't believe that any more."

"Neither do I. It's obvious that we aren't even accomplishing *that* much."

"Yet I know we've got people who can turn out something more than trivia. The problem is that we're all lazy; we try to get away with the minimum amount of work expected of us, which has been steadily declining since **mathNEWS** started five years ago."

"Well, if we want to upgrade the standard of the paper, it's quite simple: we start rejecting lousy articles and obvious filler."

"Yeah, and as a result our average issue will be a single sheet, one side. People have gotten too used to their own little styles to change them. We have the gridword, we have the personal columns which talk about everything and say nothing, we have the masthead which says even less, and it's all very predictable and all utterly boring. What's needed is a complete design change."

"It's all very well to talk about improved journalism, but **mathNEWS** really can't function as a newspaper. We put the paper together on Tuesday night and it comes out Friday. Meanwhile, the Chevron and Imprint came out before us and can change or include items after we deliver

our paper to Graphic Services. Our lead time's just too long. So what's the answer?"

**synthesized "heavy" beginning:** Easter Sunday, visiting a campus almost completely deserted, back from an isolation more psychosomatic than actual, he could somehow sense the heartbeat of the campus; not a loud pounding boisterousness, but a quiet throbbing certainty, a diffuse awareness of life in and about its borders. As he climbed the steps in front of South Campus Hall, he wondered just how many others never left their little boxes, safe in their few repeated actions, their dreary repetitious rote lives. The wind blew through the funnel opening by the bookstore, rattling the loose stubs of paper on the cleaned-out billboards, and he thought: give them a tool, a can-opener, a roto-rooter to till their soil. All through high-school they've been compartmentalized, strapped into their desks like those little plexiglass machines used to make boiled eggs cubical, and now that they're here they see the few remaining petty restrictions as overwhelming, an excuse to keep their old modes of behavior fixed and unchanging. Show them what they can do, and if a hundred dismiss you as annoying, one may listen long enough to transcend the whole sordid mess.

As he came out on the path between Engineering 1 and the Grad Club, the sun broke through a gap in the clouds and beamed down on him, but it was such a ridiculously obvious symbol he refused to even think about it.

## Woody Allen lives in Manhattan

Once upon a time, films made by Woody Allen were comic. They were the cinematic image of a comedian's monologue, not without serious basis (nor serious intent), but comic. Liked by most because they were funny. As Allen is funny.

I feel sorry for anyone who sees *Manhattan* for its humour.

I find no real interest in the *plot* of the film - there is no real story. Certainly there is no fantastic story, such as in earlier films like *Love and Death*, *Sleeper*, *Bananas*, et al. - similarly there is no fantastic comedy. The camera is an unashamed observer of a sequence of personal events in people's lives, and we examine love relationships build and die, or die and build, or be dead. These people are of Manhattan - "beautiful" people - and we are constantly reminded of this. The backdrop activities are novel writing, television production, book reviewing, and gallery visiting. Thus the setting is the intellectual and pseudo-intellectual, literary and pseudo-literary workings of the city.

I know very little of New York. I know some of the old cliches; I know some of the new cliches: I know that it is a SkyTrain terminal. I see that this place is no relation to the city I saw in *Taxi Driver*. And though I do not know this place, a background of strange, detached, and occasionally meaningless activity does not seem all that alien. Woody Allen lives in Manhattan - I live at the University of Waterloo. I don't understand taxis, and don't understand telephones.

The mood is not serious, only as serious as real life; the humour is only the spontaneous, day-to-day humour of real life. You will see much more comedy in FASS than you will in Manhattan - you'll see even more in an hour in the MathSoc Office. (Admission to the MathSoc office is not restricted to those older than eighteen, however.)

The acting is fine. Woody Allen as Issac Davis is less paranoid, even, than the same character in *Annie Hall* (who was far less paranoid than the same character in *Love and Death*). He is not a caricature, and neither is any other major character. Which, of course, will spoil the entire film for fans of earlier Woody Allen films.

Diane Keaton is the trendy but flaky centrepiece, and is suitably trendy and suitably flaky. She is quite convincing as her character becomes more open (less trendy, more flaky) with the other characters, and so us.

Mariel Hemingway, as the teenage girlfriend of Davis[Allen] is beyond my judgement. I just don't know anyone like that, and I don't know how she should seem. Sometimes she spoke stiffly, as if rehearsed. Was this a skillful delivery, the real life model appearing rehearsed? I don't know.

There is a more general problem I have in understanding the film. The characters are very sophisticated. Much more so than any real people that I know. It recalls my reaction to *Annie Hall*: that the characters many people thought amusingly hokey seemed sophisticated to me. Perhaps this is a film for sophisticated people.

The visual quality of the film is difficult to ignore. Entirely in finely textured black and white, the image is restricted. Moreover, the window we have on the action is limited: often static; often leaving the centre of activity obscure. The view is almost always a human view - the view an observer would have were he actually there. This never really hinders the film, and we see all we really need to - even the visual humour is well borne by the medium. However, I was continually struck by the thought that the observer - the fellow whose eyes we see through - did not *see* well. He did not look where I would, did not seek the perspectives I would, did not force the visual comparisons I would. He does not sense motion as I do. Not at all. Which seems to make me say I see well - I cannot tell. But the film leaves me visually thirsty. I wonder if this is how I would see things if I wore small black horn-rimmed spectacles. This may explain everything.

I thought that the film was worth seeing. On seeing *Annie Hall*, I thought it was fundamentally insincere. Though it too seemed worth seeing. An important point is that I have not seen *Interiors*. From what I have heard and read, though, the progression of Allen's films reminds me of root finding by bisection. *Manhattan* must be very close to the mark. But why was it worth seeing?

I would not mind seeing it again, but I won't go out of my way so to do. I didn't *like* it - it is not really an *enjoyable* film. It is not a comedy, nor a romantic comedy, nor a comic romance. Can it be a romance? This is entirely beyond me.

I once read that though *Hamlet* is a great play, no one would ever want to interview, to know, the Prince of Denmark. I don't think one could really learn anything from Issac Davis, but I'm not convinced that Manhattan is Elsinore.

If you want to understand what Woody Allen has been trying to say, see *Manhattan*. Then you will wonder why.

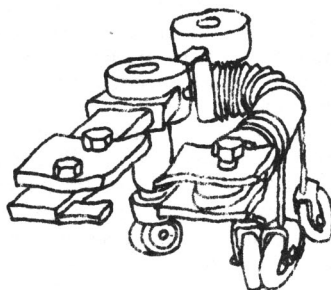
Manhattan, a film by Woody Allen, is currently showing at the Waterloo Cinema.

I loved you once  
he says  
I'll be damned if I'll love you again -  
Looks still mean so much to you  
she says  
Don't they?

And suddenly they are playing conversation by parts  
staring into the darkness  
hands curled around bars of interlacing lines

The letters H, Q, W, Y, and Z are all the letters in the English alphabet with a certain property.

What is the property?



Suppose a bicycle is placed upright on a smooth surface in such a way that it can move freely back and forth but cannot fall sideways. (W.O.L.G., let us assume that it is a standard ten-speed in complete working order.) The crank is aligned vertically so that one pedal is in its lowest position. Assuming the tires cannot slide, if a force directly backwards is applied to this pedal, does the bicycle move forwards or backwards?

## First-and-a-half Childhoods

Adolescence is such a disgusting time of life that most of us have probably forgotten what fun it was to be a kid, or that that feeling can occasionally be recaptured without the censure of society. If something as good as North of Superior isn't playing at Cinesphere, then the best part of Ontario Place is the children's playground; the rest of it is just deathly dull. But, of course, there are signs all over putting an upper limit on the age you have to be to use the place. Next time you're there, watch the jealous look on the parents' faces as their kids climb the rope sculptures or go into the maze of mirrors.

Well, what I specifically wanted to speak of is children's movies. Most of them today, especially since Walt Disney died, are really revolting diabetes-causing bits of sugar fluff and pseudo-emotion. But there is a good one making the rounds.

It's called **Jacob Two-Two Meets The Hooded Fang**, and it's (surprise!) a Canadian film. Which means, using your Wintario tickets, you can get in for almost nothing.

I normally shy away from anything rated softer than Adult, but I remembered who wrote the book: Mordecai Richler, author of *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, *The Incomparable Atuk*, and other gems. *Jacob Two-Two* is close to

being the best thing he ever wrote, and like *Alice In Wonderland* it is meant for both children and adults to read. I didn't quite have the nerve to do my Grade 13 English seminar on it, but maybe I should have. The plot concerns a little boy, age six, who is so unassertive he has to say everything twice because no one listens to him the first time; hence his nickname. (Can you sense the underpinnings of relevance being laid?). When he is finally allowed to run an errand for his father, the shopkeeper decides to have a little fun and teases him about being insulting to a grownup. (Where did that term come from?). The kid, of course, takes it seriously and runs off to the park in fear, where he hides in the leaves and has a dream.

In the dream he is taken before a court and sentenced to be sent to a prison where the sun never shines, watched over by the most dastardly villain of them all, the Hooded Fang. Luckily for all the mistreated children there, there exists an organization called Child Power, headed by two heroes called The Intrepid Shapiro and The Fearless O'Toole. But can Child Power rescue Jacob? And who is his mysterious benefactor, who keeps leaving chocolate bars under his plate of bread and water? Will he knuckle under and admit he is really afraid of the Hooded Fang, or will

he continue to think he's funny?

Having nothing to do except a few Calculus assignments one weekend, I trooped downtown to watch it at a Saturday matinee. Yes, I know: horrible visions of screaming kids, sticky floors, popcorn fights. I have news for you. All that is caused by brats about eleven or twelve years old who *think* they're grownup (sorry, but that word fits so well) and go to see idiocies like *Smokey* and the *Bandit*, where they don't have to concentrate on the plot. Nuisances like that think they're too good for films like *Jacob Two-Two*. The kids in the theatre I went to were quiet and well-behaved.

The film itself is just great. Stephen Rosenberg plays Jacob, and he is one of the few child actors I have seen who can be cute without being sickening. The Hooded Fang is played by our old friend Alex Karras (remember *Blazing Saddles*), who has the sense to be as campy and dopey as he can, pulling off what could be a potentially lousy performance. There are some scenes that really stick in the mind: during the sentencing, for instance, the judge has a choir behind him that chant all those cliches like "This hurts me more than it hurts you", and "It's only for your own good." The supporting cast of villains are truly hilarious, and the good guys don't take themselves too seriously (in fact, at points you notice them trying to repress smiles at the antics of their opposition). Everyone has a good time, including the viewer.

Of course, the film has a "message", namely that kids are people too. But it isn't preaching; it's merely a gentle reminder, and if you can tear yourself away from concerns about maturity and social reality, it's a tenderly engaging way to spend a rainy afternoon. My fourteen-year-old sister thought it was great too. I think there's hope for her yet.

The following are a pair of actual job descriptions issued by the Department of Co-ordination and Placement and posted on bulletin boards in Needles Hall and the Math building on Friday, May 25. The astute job-seeker will note that they make even less sense than usual. This is because they have been garbled in production. It is a challenging task to unravel the text and find out just how many jobs are being offered, and what their descriptions are. The task has been made more difficult by the inclusion of at least three grammatical errors, but should take the average co-op student about thirty minutes.

1

The student would be responsible for developing The student must be a capable Fortran programmer. To assist in conducting system studies of complex The student will assist in the development of The DMS-10 software design and development group A student is required to assist in the software the software for an economic model. Input. Output Activities would centre around a package of communication network problems. The work in computer programs to be used in the analysis of require an inovative and self-motivated student and hardware design in the area of microprocessor and broad input/output relations will be avail-computer programs, which are being developed to general will be at one of the following phases: data returned from DMS Field studies. Further to assist with the development of a micro-application. Experience or a strong interest in able. A portion of the task would be to define design the toll network. Specific duties will

- a) Mathematical formulation programs are required to be developed within the processor controlled intelligent peripheral. colour graphic terminal and teledisplay design precise relations between input and output include assisting in maintaining, expanding and
- b) Model development Product Integrity department for more theoretical Under the guidance of senior designer the student problems is necessary. Experience in the use of variables. running existing programs and developing new
- c) Computer Implementation studies on predicting the performance of tele-will be introduced to the software engineering and structured languages for microprocessor software

2

This economic model shall be used as a tool by programs. communications equipment. The programming lang-development techniques used on the DMS-10 project development is required. engineers to evaluate new network. loop and/or uage will be Fortran and the machines will be the and will also be exposed to a product development station maintenance scenarios. IBM 370. environment. The DMS-10 software development In addition, the student may assist in other group, in general, is responsible for the design consulting projects being performed by the and implementation of the real-time process Maintenance Systems group. The student will be control software for the DMS-10 digital telephone assigned with work term duration. switching system. A strong background in main frame programming Previous software experience would be a definite is desirable. asset.



## Computer Science Club Inaction!

The Computer Science Club held its spring term organizational meeting on Thursday, 10th May, and having planned nothing else for the evening, I decided to attend and find out what the CSC was up to. Normally, it seems, the CSC has guest speakers at meetings, but the guest speaker for that meeting had cancelled the week before. CSC president Robert Biddle took advantage of the cancellation to construct an incredibly boring meeting out of announcements, elections, and discussion of club activity.

The meeting opened with some short announcements: there are some amusing CSC buttons available for 30 cents each; a CSC tea shirt is planned; a meeting featuring Wes Graham speaking about the Computer Systems Group is planned for 24th May; and designs for a new CSC poster are solicited.

For the benefit of the many just-returned co-op students in the audience of about thirty, Biddle recapped the CSC news from the Winter term. He introduced last term's executive, as well as the new CSC mascot (Calum T. Dalek), mentioned the talks given last term, and explained about the not-quite-fledged Canadian Society of Computing Students. For those interested, the CSC has reprints of mathNEWS articles on these topics from last term.

This all paved the way for the termly elections. Mark Niemiec, last term's vice-president, conducted the elections in the revered and democratic CSC tradition. Acclaimed as vice-president was David Buckingham, as secretary was Rohan Jayasekera, and as treasurer was last term's treasurer, Ken Dykes. In the single actual election, Robert Biddle was chosen over John Abbott for the dubious honour of the presidency. In fact, all members of the new executive have been executives before. Continued CSC inaction seemed assured.

Treasurer Ken Dykes gave an assessment of the club's financial situation - not very exciting. Biddle outlined some talks with the Computer Science Department late last term, successful, so it seems. The Department has agreed to assist the CSC financially by extending credit of a few hundred dollars. Thus the CSC has some CS Department money, albeit on a receipt basis. This news lead into consideration of the term's club fees. After heated debate and a number of votes, the fee for the term was set at twenty five cents - a reduction from two dollars. I wonder what new horizons will be prospected now that the CSC is rolling in cash? Anyway, in return, the CSC is to formalize and bolster its consulting programme.

Consulting has long been done from the CSC office on a very informal basis, so it appears, as semi-knowledgeable people like to frequent the office, and as the CSC library has lots of obscure manuals, books, and periodicals. What they plan to do now is have guaranteed office hours for consulting in the evening, have a written consulting policy, have a plan for enforcing the policy through torture, and otherwise rely on the traditional friendly CSC atmosphere to attract those in need of assistance.

The CSC library has been expanded and better catalogued, according to Ken Dykes (wearing his librarian hat). Donations of unwanted books and periodicals have been made by some professors - a good trend. In this way, profs get rid of copies of books that they accumulate, don't want, but can't bear to throw out, and the CSC (and hence anyone wanting to borrow) benefits. It was pointed out that the CSC office (and hence library) is open at odd hours, unlike the library or Computer Reference Room, and that the CSC has traditionally had much more flexible lending rules than either of those esteemed institutions.

Both the topics of consulting and the library lead into a discussion of office policy, and Biddle explained that such a policy had been hammered out late last term. The office's roles, in decreasing priority were: club business office, consulting office, club library, and club lounge. It was pointed out that the last mentioned function was really quite essential, for without it none of the other functions would work! It was decided that the present club furniture was appropriate, though everyone present wished the CSC had a bigger office - MathSoc's office was mentioned as desirable. On the refreshments front, it was decided that the "Hot Chocolate Policy" of some terms ago

(free Hot Chocolate to members) was not to be repeated, but that refreshments were allowed in the office subject to the office priorities. The CSC Tea policy of last term was not, as it turned out, a club funded programme, but rather a Robert Biddle funded programme.

The last topic of discussion was future club activities. There are meetings scheduled with guest speakers, the next one (when you read this) will be the Thursday, 7th June, talk by Ian Sharp, president of I.P. Sharp Associates Limited (well known as a large APL time-sharing service bureau). David Buckingham spoke about plans for an "extravaganza" about computer games to be scheduled for July. Computer games, he claimed, are widespread to the point of being universal, but are very little understood. There do seem to be a number of points to discuss: why computer games are so popular, what makes a "successful" computer game, have computer games really contributed anything to the understanding of computer science, etcetera. Mr. Buckingham mentioned the possibility of a number of talks on the subject, and maybe some demonstrations or competitions. Everyone present seemed enthusiastic.

After some consideration of the desirability of a new club headquarters in Tahiti, the meeting was hastily adjourned to lemonade and "doughnoughts". Sales of CSC buttons (Hackdom is Natural; There's Only One True Brace Style; I'm an Undocumented Feature; etc.) were quite brisk.

I spoke to Robert Biddle after the meeting and asked how active he thought the club would be throughout the summer. He remarked that the activity of the club was always directly influenced by the zeal of the executive, and by that indication the summer would be less that incredibly exciting. New members are invited, he said, to drop by the CSC office, MC 3037, anytime it's open. "We are always eager to put new pins on the map!", he said. The CSC has a map of the world, with pins marking the birthplaces of members, he explained. Densest packing is in southern Ontario, and in England, but as yet there are no pins in South America at all. Once they have representatives for all the continents, they become eligible.

The CSC.  
An outpost of sanity.  
Ha ha ha.

### Found poetry:

Release resources.  
Enter zombie state.  
Wake up parent and dispose of children.

## Stratford: Richard II

The people of Stratford are blessed by a town with a useful name. It entitles them to have an annual Shakespearean festival without looking silly. There is a river called the Avon, not quite like The Avon, but about as grand as the Grand, and as speedy as the Speed. And so each year there is the theatre.



Culture, let's assume, is good. Or at least diverting. It sometimes leads to amusing results. Like penicillin.

This being the case, Shakespeare being thought Culture, and Stratford being thought Shakespeare, I thought to sample the current Petri dish. The menu in the early summer includes Richard II, both parts of Henry IV, Love's Labour's Lost, and some plays that were not written by Shakespeare, notably The Importance of Being Earnest by Oscar Wilde (who would have it no other way). The festival guide, with schedules of performances, seating, etcetera, is available at the University ticket office in Modern Languages. (Make sure you use a modern language in asking for yours!) In May, the festival has a season in miniature of schools performances. These are intended for classes of high school students, who ride buses incredible distances to have the afternoon off. Extra seats are on sale to the public, and naturally they are much cheaper than the same seats would cost later in the evening, later in the season. The Saturday performances seem to sell out quickly, but the weekday performances often play to rows of empty seats. You can telephone and enquire about availability, and reserve seats for "pay when picked up" at the performance. They also sell tickets on a "reserve by 'phone, mail in the money, and tickets will be mailed back" basis (time permitting). Those keen on invisible plastic money should note that the festival does not sell tickets over the telephone.

### A Hack Tour

The stage was set for an expedition. Thus on Monday last, seven people who had nothing to do with Enid Blyton were to see a schools performance of Richard II. I had reserved our tickets the previous Friday afternoon.

Like all good adventures, this one begins in the Math building. This, you see, was to be a public transit trip to Stratford. We had arranged to meet secretly near an obscure room on the third floor - all except for D, who was to rendezvous with the rest of us in Stratford. We planned to catch the 12:25 train to Stratford, arriving there at 12:55. After convincing A that we should catch the 11:33 bus from Needless Hall, (he thought the 11:48 would get us to the station on time (and it would have)) we set off. Amazingly, the bus was on time. Even more amazingly, so was the train - "35 seconds late!" said A, as the two locomotives, one steam generator car, and three coaches pulled up at platform number one. We were almost the only people in the Stratford coach, and our (on time!) arrival in Stratford was courteously announced by first one trainman, then another, then the conductor. D was waiting on the platform, and welcomed us to Stratford. He had arrived 30 seconds before us from the west coast (of Southern Ontario). So far so good.

There are three theatres that stage the festival plays. Richard was at the Avon. The free maps of Stratford that we all (except for C) picked up in the railway station indicated that it would be in the downtown area, a short walk away. Noses firmly en-mapped, was marched purposely forth. The Avon was locked when we arrived. Naturally. But as we stood there, wondering whether this was the right day and the right Stratford, a woman unlocked the doors. She told me that my reservations had arrived. She then asked my name, my address, and my reservation number before agreeing to sell them to me. Not that there was a rush - in fact it seemed we were the only members of the public to buy tickets that day.

It was still an hour to the performance, so we decided to examine downtown Stratford. A bought some books, D decided to become an artist (after seeing the prices on some paintings), and C decided that he too should pick up one of the omniavailable maps. We then split up into two groups, each having lost the other. However, we managed to wander back to the Avon for the 2 o'clock no-curtain curtain.

*continued on page 6*

to set down the strange events of these past few hours here among the remnants of once so beautiful a majesty, that some future investigator of the curio of vain self-defeated races might pass a whimsical moment upon my own tale and that of my people, so little that be left of us. Or ought I say, "them," for surely I am not so much to blame as they for the decimation that has befallen our world, even unto my beautiful Squigglemire Manor?

It seems so long ago that I last trod upon the sandy shores of this fair fine departed estate, time that hangs heavy even as the end approaches so closely as to chafe wearied rough skin long wrought to the flimsy trouble of a day once considered of difficulty, though it hangs now as meagre childhood memory to the crushed glory of our present incapacitation. Oh, how quickly waned those self-anointed glammers sunk deep drowning now in the mire of their own blindness! Time that even as precious memory grappled fading into a sickly rattling demise cannot in all of fond remembrance placate the terrorized mind whose eyes have leant upon the horror of these past, these last, few days.

So quiet had it seemed that evening; hid among the unruly clash of swamp-studding marsh grasses even the petulance of the woodland life seemed dampened under the encompassing calm that hung shroudlike over the heavy August air like some great hesitant breath of evening's slow steadied slide toward indifferent slumber. What huge rent emotion tossed away in the least moment of some omnipowerful spirit lay waiting, biding, beneath the hot veneer of summer's bedtime, hidden gnarling upon the edges of our puny senses yet struggling upon fate's fire-wrought angry chain to secure in blasting envelopment its damned escape?



continued from page 5

Richard II is the first part of the Shakespearean tetralogy that continues with the two parts of Henry IV, and concludes with Henry V. It deals with Kingship and humanity, and studies the fall of Richard and the rise of Henry Bolingbroke of Lancaster, who becomes IV in the course of the play. Nicholas Pennell, made a good Richard, weak and convincing. William Needles was a forceful and gaunt Duke of Lancaster; and Marti Maraden made a delightful Queen Isabel, with a most suitable accent. Rod Beattie, Bolingbroke, sometimes seemed too young for the part (a criticism some of our party made of a number of actors), and I was occasionally bothered by his accent (too American for Shakespeare, I thought [but who cares what I think]). Unfortunately, I always thought of Bolingbroke as having fair hair - oh well. The only actor I was distinctly displeased with was Michael Totzke as Hotspur. Certainly Hotspur is a rash and arrogant punk, but he was made to seem ridiculous. At least he had red hair.

The sets were quite stark, and the props were elegant in economy. The high points of the production were the metal horses, and the tree that came from outer space.

As for the plot, it was the same as in the book. "...the King's blood stain'd the King's own land. Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high; Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die. [dies]"

During the intermission the girls in the row in front of us turned around and said they were from XXX High School, in YYY Michigan. What school were we from? The University of Waterloo, said A. What grade? At that time only A, C, and myself were there, so A said "Well, we're graduate students." Oh, they said. Seniors. Do we have Kentucky Fried Chicken in Canada? Yes, said C, but if the NDP get

ected, it'll be nationalized.

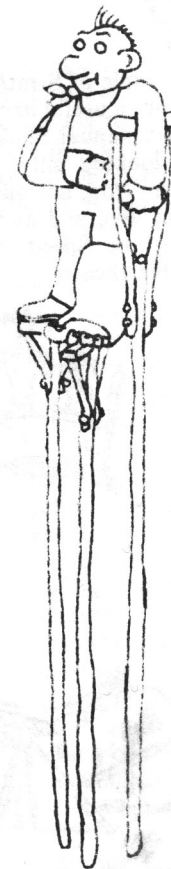
The play ended at five minutes past five, which was unfortunate, the train home having left at five minutes to five.

After walking to the station to ensure that it indeed had left, we decided to find a restaurant for dinner. C vaguely remembered The Queen's Hotel as being recommended, and after finding that the nicer looking Church Restaurant was closed on Mondays, we did indeed decide to sample Her Majesty's hospitality. Dinner cost about nine dollars each (twice the cost of the theatre tickets). The food was quite acceptable, and the cutlery was very nice. K and I convinced D that smuggling the silver out in R's knapsack was not a good idea.

After stretching dinner out as long as possible, we wandered around suburban Stratford looking very much like the tourists we were. We saw some black swans, saw a fish that wasn't quite dead, and walked by a football game. It was very exciting. We did manage to get quite lost, but luckily located the railway tracks, and so the station. This was just as well, as it had started to rain. The wait was uneventful, except that we ate a number of D's toffees, and that we noticed that Thomas Edison had once worked as a telegraph operator for the Grand Trunk Railway. We also noticed that the washroom was locked.

It was raining even harder in Kitchener, and we waited for a lull before dashing to that well-beloved bus stop beside Kaufman's. Here we waited about twenty minutes until a University #7 came, and filled in the time telling tales of the One True Brace Style. The bus driver seemed to think we were drunk.

On our arrival, the Math building seemed just the same. One might almost think it were made of concrete.



Eclectia 1.1:  
Prabhakar Ragde; Robert Biddle; Phil Kelly; Mike Robinson;  
Andrew Malton; Ashok Patel; Rosie Bernath.

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**rhetorical ending:** Freedom is the byword - freedom through transcendence. We're young and that scares a lot of people, so they try to control us by pulling us the way they want us to go. A lot of us pull as hard as we can in the other direction, which is obstinate, pig-headed, and results in zero net movement. What we should do is *push*, and then pull, and yank to the left, go into a square dance maybe, take a little jerky tour. There's a game where two players try to snatch a handkerchief from the ground while retaining their grip on opposite ends of a broomhandle. It's a hell of a lot more entertaining than tug-o'-war.

**practical ending:** We started out with the aim of upping the quality of **mathNEWS** by making a few changes, and ended up with a totally different publication put out by the same people. We don't want to talk about ourselves too much, so this is the last time you'll read anything about us; if you want to learn more, ask one of the contributors listed on the back page. This is a summer experiment, so we're willing to try a lot of things that haven't been done before; anyone can write for us if they give it a little bit of thought. We won't be publishing regularly, owing to a wish not to use filler, so you'll have to keep an eye out for future issues. I've said enough already; dive in.

**functional ending:** Like it or not, you're a member of the Thin-Spreading Club. What we hope is that you'll become an active member, and most of this publication is devoted to helping you achieve that. It should be obvious that what we really want to do is put ourselves out of business by becoming unnecessary. Everyone has the basic curiosity to find out what's happening; unfortunately, a lot of people are scared, introverted, too busy, or just plain lazy. If you think this is an artsie-type idea, then you've missed the point: artsies, mathies and n-jinears are largely artificial divisions of **people**, people who all like to have a good time. Luckily for us writers (and for the unemployment rates in this country), everyone has a different idea of what a good time is. We hope you'll find yours in here.