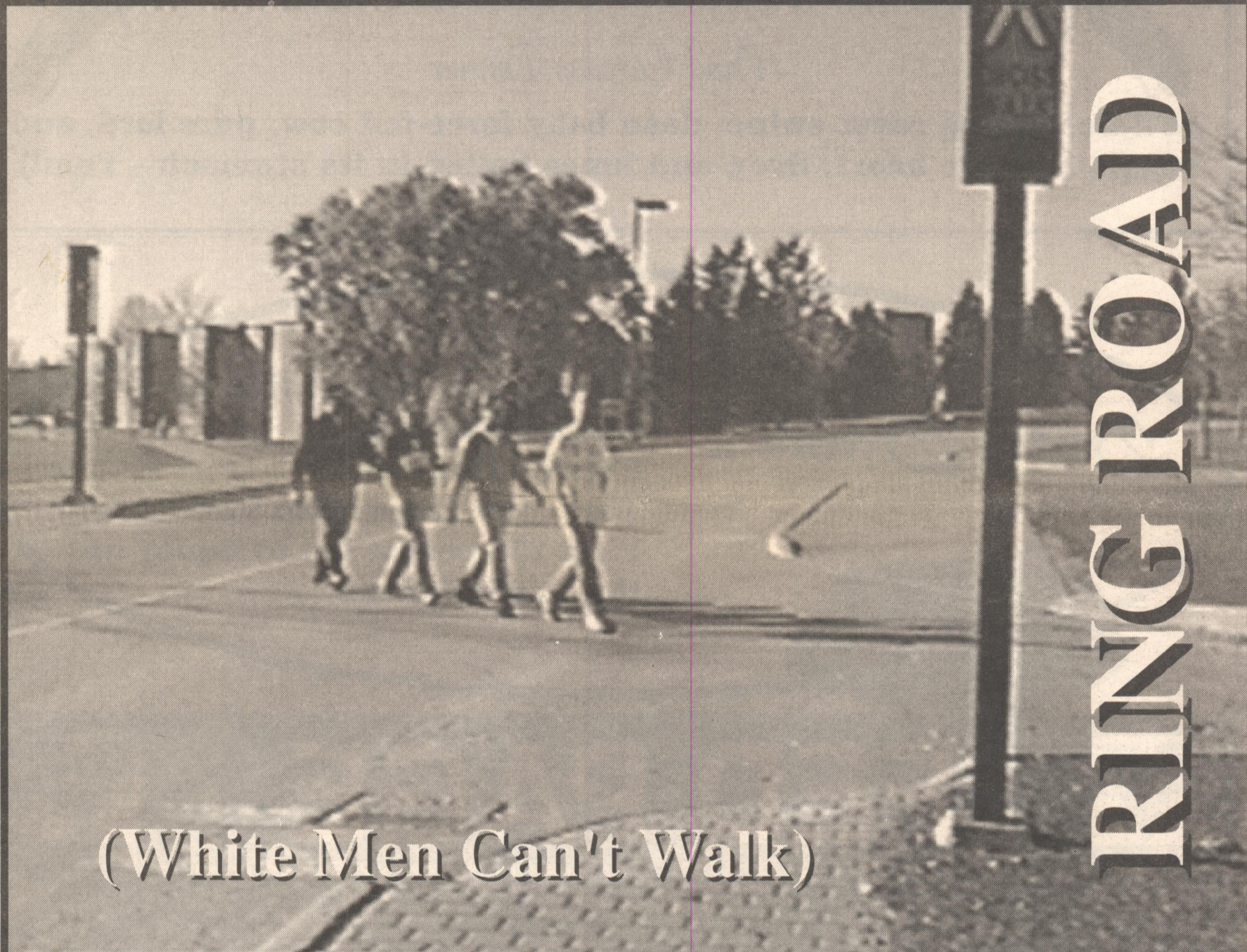


IMPOTENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO *mathNEWS* PAPER

— HELL FREEZES OVER —

The Fab Four Re-Unite at UW!



(White Men Can't Walk)

Inside:

- Axworthy Axed
- Feds Fed Up
- Food Services Monopoly
... *conspiracy revealed!!!*
- 3rd Annual Myn's Week Mag

**Kampus Shop Cow
Skin Jacket Day**

**Bring your own cow
and get a 20%
discount!**

10am-4pm Nov.29



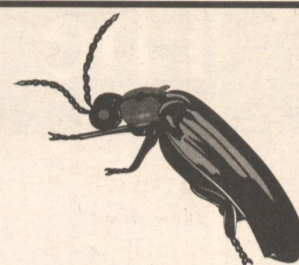
Chia Pub @ Fred's Mall!

**Discover all the *new* Chia
products: Chia wigs, Chia
body-suits, Chia carpets.**

**Cover that bare floor!
Simulate hair where none
was before!!**



UW Meat-Eaters' Club



Dead Carcass Dinner

We'll be serving roast swine, dead baby force-fed cow, pure lard, and haggis (sheep's heart, liver, and lungs boiled in its stomach - Yum!)

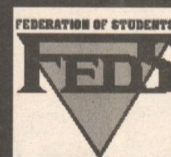
Duck Drunk...



**Sample Our Internationally
Acclaimed Ducks!
Freshly Run over!!!
Taste our "Canard au Vin"
First 250 people get to liquor up
their own ducks!!**



FED PAGE



FEDERATION OF STUDENTS LOCATION: Campus Centre room 235 (If you can find it ;-Q)
FedUP Infoline - 886-FEDS

NOVEMBER



Friday - 25

EOT Party
One More Reason to
Log your hour at..

MathSoc

Saturday - 26

Boat Racing
see Woody in
EngSoc to enter!!

Sunday - 27

**SLEEP
RECOVER
BECOME ONE ...
WITH
THE UN-CHURCH**

Monday - 28

**Town Drier...
CLEAN YE!
CLEAN YE!**

Tuesday - 29

**Watch the
cobwebs form
in
FRED'S
MALL**

Wednesday - 30

**Where Else...
Win a FREE
TRIP to the
BOMBSHELTER**

Thursay - 1st

**GHIA PUB
CHECK IT OUT
FRED'S
MALL**

IMPOTENT

The *mathNEWS* Spoof Issue

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Pseudonyms used in this issue are not meant to reflect the views of any real person, living, dead, or otherwise.

This issue is dedicated to Sandy "Stop picking on me" Atwal.

IMPOTENT NEWS

Lloyd Axworthy marked in Prosti-Tuition Scandal

by Zigfried Fallopián
Impotent Staff

The economy is going down the tubes. Tuition is on the rise. There's never been a worse time to be a student. But even in these worst of times, at least we can find consolation in the knowledge that we're setting a strong moral example for future generations. Right? Wrong. The squeaky clean sober as-a-salamander virgin reputation of Waterloo's "too geeky to get laid, too boring to get drunk" population is being shattered by a few entrepreneurial young students, bent on fighting tuition raises in their own strange way.

Monique Koechli is a stunning 3B year chemical engineering student, entering her 9th academic term. Monique is one of those girls you always want to pick up when you're in Fed, but you just don't think you're good looking enough (and you're right). Well, if you set your eyes on Monique, this might just be your lucky night. You don't need good looks, charm, or a ten inch penis to pick up Monique. All you need is cash, cheques, or one of those stupid Interac cards.

"I really don't have a choice," says Monique. "I figure it'll take me at least three more years to graduate. By then tuition will probably be in the \$10,000/term range."

I pointed out to Monique that tuition is only supposed to double in the next three years.

"Oh you're so naive..." was her reply.

I asked Monique for her feelings on the moral implications of her choice of work. In case you're a complete idiot, I'll spell it out for you: Monique is a Fed Hall whore. And I don't mean one of those girls who wants a couple of

drinks, she wants real money.

"When a woman is raped, is it her fault?" replied Monique. "No. For the same reason I don't think it's my fault that I've turned to prostitution to support my chest electrolysis, I mean, to save up for tuition increases. The government is screwing us for money, why can't I? At least the people I'm screwing have a good time." Monique paused for a moment, a tear in her eye. "My family isn't rich. I'm the daughter of immigrants. Swarthy immigrants, who've come over from the old country. My father had to support us by weaving rugs out of his chest hair. I swore to him I'd get a university de-

gree. I knew it'd kill him if I too had to support a family by weaving rugs out of my chest hair."

I asked Monique for more details of her erotic trade, knowing this would sell newspapers.

"Well, I usually hang out at Fed. It's the best place to pick up desperate men. When I see a good prospective John, I put the moves on him. If things go well, and he starts getting friendly, I start asking him probing questions. Stuff like 'so, has your OSAP cheque come in yet'

or 'won't it be nice when tuition skyrockets and only people from rich families like yours will be about to go to university?' If he answers yes to either questions, I proposition him. I usually charge \$50. There's a \$10 discount if you're a prof, a \$20 if you're one of my profs, and a \$20 surcharge if you're an engineer."

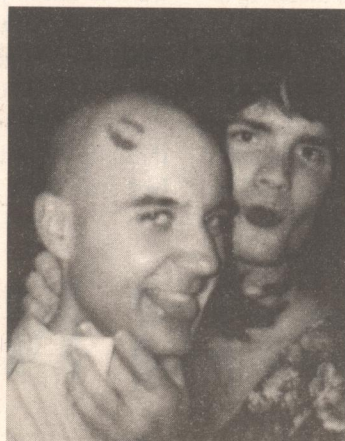
I asked her why she charged extra for engineers. She just laughed.

I wanted to investigate her story further, but I only had thirty bucks on me.

Monique's story is a sad one, but it's one that's becoming more and more common in these days of skyrocketing tuition, and plum-

meting hope of landing a job so you can pay off your debt. Back in the eighties, when the economy was still booming, only about 7% of female Waterloo students were involved in prostitution rings. Now, the number is closer to 22%. Using my Waterloo math skills, I drew a straight line between these two points and figured that by 2045 or so, all Waterloo women will be prostitutes. Even the ugly ones.

Continued on Page 4...



FED FAX

by Society Sally
Impotent Staff

A tisket, a tasket, some gossip for my basket... Well hello my inquiring little readers, it's Society Sally with the latest dirt on your favourite Feds...

Well, well, well, it seems our darling VPOF has been a little "tied up" lately with a mathie whose calculations seem to be very positive indeed. Let me give you some advice Marco Polo, if your sail is up and wind is right, you'll be smooth sailing every night, even if you are tied to the starboard bow.

A little bird just told me that our promiscuous president has been tinkering with a little Bomb-er staffer lately. Mon cheri, be gentle with those engineering hands, because this little ticker could explode on you. Like all the others have!!!!

I hope that you're not laughing Miss Cole-in-one, you're not so innocent yourself... Are you drinking any more

Singapore Slings lately? Oh, I'm sorry, Singapore isn't in Japan, but your little ex-bouncer is!!!!

Silly me, I always draw a Leblanc when it comes to Geography... tee, hee, hee!!!!

What is this office coming to???? I've heard rumour that a certain Academic Affairs Officer is getting some heavy inside help with some pretty internal problems. Perhaps our roving Officer fancies an Internal Affair, or maybe Miss Internal fancies a true romance, or is it a Drewe romance?? My good friend Nancy Nepotism informs me that these two not only work together, but they — shall we say — **WORK** together. What were you guys and gals thinking when you hired this pair?? Everyone knows that bedfellows make bad politicians. See you at

the polls Mr. Drewe!!!!

Gender Schmender, if it isn't Miss Velma Vegetarian rooting out all of those dreaded "Meatheads" in the Fed Office. Listen honey, it's hard enough trying to dig up the dirt on you, but we all know where you'd like to sow some of your seeds this winter!!! Had any Pina Coladas lately, oh no, you prefer the Chocolate flavour, don't you?? Can you really show me how to put those silly things on with my mouth????

Well my children, I hope I haven't caused too much of a scandal. I've been told that loose lips sink ships, but I suppose if our VPOF hasn't drowned yet, neither shall I.

...Continued from Page 3

Christine Norman is a gorgeous 21 year old English student, in her 3rd year. Christine is a straight-A student, and considers herself to be "just like any other artsie girl." She's a whore too.

"Sure, I'm a sex worker," admits Christine. "I'm not ashamed of it. I didn't qualify for OSAP because I took that damned part-time job at Scoops in the summer. I needed to make money somehow, preferably in a way I wouldn't have to report to the government, and I figured prostitution was my best bet."

I asked Christine if she believed her actions were damaging to women.

"Society is to blame. If society didn't portray women as being prostitutes, there wouldn't be any prostitutes. Think about it. If the Pope came up to you in a bar and said 'hey, would you like to fuck me

for money, I'm not wearing any underwear under these robes' would you say 'sure your holiness, let's go back to my place' or would you laugh like it was a joke?"

I really didn't have an answer to that one.



"Even if I am fulfilling some stereotypes, I'm knocking down stereotypes too," insisted Christine urgently, her breasts heaving under my watchful stare. "When I'm faking orgasm, I often call out 'Chaucer' or 'Joyce' to let guys know I'm well read, and not just another dumb blonde.

Actually, I don't call out Joyce anymore, I realized people might think I'm a lesbian. I am, but that's beside the point. It's bad for business. Guys don't want to know you're fantasizing about Claudia Schiffer while they're banging away at you. It wounds their male ego."

I asked Christine if she thought prostitution was the best way for a female univer-

sity student to raise tuition money.

"Not the best way, but maybe the only way, for some girls. Some guys too. I think the problem is we put prostitutes down, when we should look at it as being just another part-time job. Hey, it pays well, hours are flexible, and if you play your cards right you can pass all your classes too without opening a book. You can even make valuable political connections."

I asked her what she meant by 'political connections.'

"Well, take Lloyd Axworthy for example, whom I do every Wednesday night. You have read his super secret report on the true motivations for tuition raises haven't you?"

I admitted I hadn't. Christine looked surprised.

"All that crap about economic recovery is just that, crap. We're in a depression here. People are depressed. So, they want sex, and suddenly we have a shortage of sex workers. Prices skyrocket, soon even the politicians can't buy a lay. The country needs a new class of

cheap attractive sex workers. Lloyd saw this, so he figured if he created a big enough economic need, the university students would naturally fill the sex-industry's void."

I asked Christine if she felt turning our nations leader's of tomorrow into sex workers was a good idea.

"Well, it's no worse than co-op. Better even. You learn more about life from prostitution, than co-op. If you sleep with the right people, you even have a better chance of landing a job when you graduate. I hear that Needless has even started granting co-op credit for time spent prostituting, for AHS students at least."

I contacted Lloyd Axworthy to get his response to the allegations raised against him. He denied the existence of any secret report, and any involvement with Christine. "And you tell that dumb blonde she won't

be seeing \$50 from me again any time soon," was his final word, before he hung up on me.

Not all Waterloo women are getting into prostitution though. Said Sarah Kamal,

"I'd never have sex with anyone for money. Not even if they begged me." I pointed out to Sarah that she'd solic-

ited me last week, and that I'd turned her down, as had every other guy in the Bomber. "Yeah, well...you're a geek! I was only joking," was her flip-pant reply.

Lastly I spoke to UW president Jim Downey. He commented that he hoped prostitution figures would drop back to 7% by fall of next year. He informed me reassuringly that rising prostitution was actually due to the poor fall lineup on network television this fall. My interview with him was cut short, he had a lunch date with Christine.

"People are depressed, so they want sex, and suddenly we have a shortage of sex workers."

World News Briefs & Boxers

We swear there's no news about O.J. ...

by This Hour Has 22 Hammers
Impotent Staff

The first week of this month saw a Florida minister tried for the murders of a 68-year-old doctor and his 74-year-old escort. The doctor worked at a local abortion clinic, and the minister was a strong Pro-Lifer. He was found guilty and sentenced to the electric chair. The man represented himself at the trial and, when asked why he murdered the doctor, he replied, "The man is an abortionist. Since God has decreed that all life is sacred, I had to murder him and his innocent companion in cold blood."

In a related story, the first week also saw a sniper shoot a Vancouver doctor who performed abortions. At press time, nobody knows whether the gunman shot the doctor in the name of the Pro-Life movement. The sniper shot the doctor in the leg - and if the sniper was truly a member of the Pro-Life movement, he also shot the movement in the foot.

The Toronto Star reported the results of a study on Alzheimer's disease published in the medical journal "Neurology" on November 10. It seems that anti-inflammatory drugs like Aspirin lowers your risk for Alzheimer's disease, and

people with 10 or more years of education are four times less likely to contract Alzheimer's than those with little or no schooling. (Which means Curtis Desjardins is less likely to come down with Alzheimer's than anybody else at U(W).) Joan Lindsay, chief of aging-related diseases with Health Canada's Laboratory Centre for disease control, was quoted as saying, "I think the message is that people who are more mentally active are at less risk." This means, of course, that at U(W), the people at Co-op Education and Career Services are at the highest risk of contracting Alzheimer's.

A tax of 2 cents per litre was proposed on gasoline this month. This "green" tax, as it is known, was rejected by environment and energy ministers, according to Sheila Copps. Also rejected were the "yellow" tax (on non-recyclable Post-It notes), the "nicotine-brown" tax (on tobacco), and the "plaid" tax (on CSC polyester material).

Two Toronto men with no previous criminal records were jailed for attempted murder the second week of this month. One of the pair asked a man at the Kennedy subway station for a cigarette. When the man didn't hand one over, the pair assaulted him and stabbed him

three times in the throat. One of the pair received a sentence of three years, while the other received 32 months. Both have been prohibited from owning firearms, ammunition, and explosives for 10 years. (Knives are still okay, I guess.) Shortly after their conviction, the pair were contacted by the U.S. cigarette giant Camels, who want to use the pair to promote the slogan, "I'd kill for a Camel." Details are still pending.

A North York couple were charged with running a mail-order pornography business the second week of this month. The business, raided November 9th by anti-pornography investigators, specialized in videotapes depicting bestiality and bondage. Apparently finding these sex.stories tasteless, U(W) has decided to ban any newsgroups devoted to these stories. Indeed, this story has barely escaped notice from these crusaders, and is fortu (*censored by U(W) Morals Squad to protect students' sensibilities*)

The United States directed its military November 10th to stop enforcing the arms embargo against the Bosnian government. However, they will continue to enforce the embargo of other bodily appendages. John Wayne Bobbitt is reportedly grateful.

Quebec Premier Jacques

Parizeau bought a new residence this month with money given by Quebec city business people. The residence, costing \$800,000, is designed to show that Parizeau isn't just a separatist—he's an elitist, too.

On November 11th, Ottawa held a gathering of about 300 World War II veterans after the national Remembrance Day ceremony. These ex-soldiers got together as a tribute to Spam, the canned meat dish made by Hormel Foods that came on the market as a World War II soldier's ration. Among the dishes available were Spam dim sum, Spam schnitzel, Spam Hawaiian pizza, and Spam couscous. Since \$5000 worth of Spam was donated by Hormel, organizers of the event doubt that the vets will eat all of the spam. Half the leftovers will go to Ottawa food banks, while the remainder will be given to Quebec people who wish to throw their opinions of Quebec at Premier Jacques Parizeau's new residence.

In a similar ceremony, 300 Canadian hackers posted the Spam recipes from this banquet to every Usenet newsgroup under the heading "MAKE.SPAM.FAST". This, of course, is known as Spamming the network.

Beer drinkers were forced to shell out another 50 to 80 cents

for a case of their favorite brew the second week of this month. Prices for a case of beer ranges from \$23.50 to \$30.95, depending on the brand. Steve "Flipper" Shaw, now deep in mourning, will be holding a candlelight memorial service for lower beer prices sometime in the next week or two. Watch for announcements below '50' ads in all campus papers.

Finally, Maclean's released their annual university rankings the second week of this month. U(W) tied for first place with UVic in the "comprehensive" university category. 15 universities refused to co-operate with the survey, saying that the published results are misleading. U(W) is expected to refuse to participate next year, due to a fear that Maclean's will again publish photos that would mislead prospective candidates as to the true nature of U(W): namely, pictures of the CSC and its members, including self-proclaimed geek Ian Goldberg. (And if you're reading this, we somehow managed to get this by Ian's "production problems".)

That's the news. That's it. There's no more. Go away.

"A deck of cards was built like the purest of hierarchies, with every card a master to those below it, a lackey to those above it."

- Ely Culbertson

Sandy @wall's

Sputtering Line

I find myself becoming increasingly concerned with the subservient nature of my faculty. Once the Engineers have finished beating us into submission, the Mathies come by and strip us of what shreds of dignity we have left. By the time the Science guys get to us, we are nothing but shells of our former selves. What can be done about this escalating trend?

Well, we can start by trying to increase school spirit. And how do we go about doing that? Why, through the student newspaper, of course. By featuring obscure bands on our front page, as well as in our voluminous Arts section, I feel confident that all members of the University community will flock to pick up the latest copy of the *Impotent*, assured in the knowledge that everyone else is doing exactly the same thing.

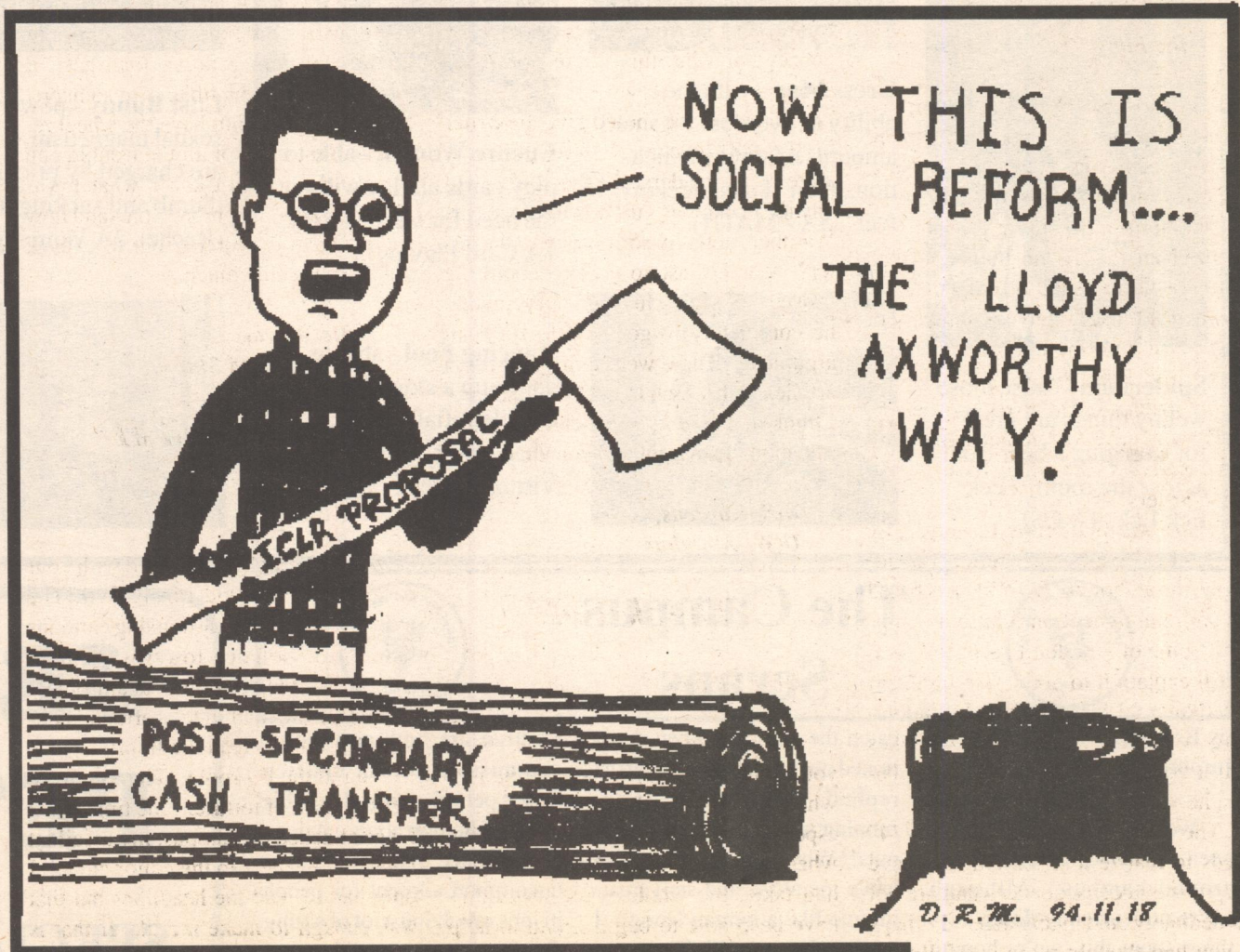
On a related topic, I would like to apologize for the recent appearance of items on our cover which dealt with topics which I'm sure could not possibly have been of interest to the student body. The first was a calculated gamble on my part. I thought that people might actually be interested in Bob Rae's announcement of government funds being allocated to a new Environmental Science building. I learned my lesson, however, when the head of my Arts Staff pointed out that he was sure that his review of the hottest new band out of Toronto, "Metal Joel" (they specialize in Heavy Metal covers of Billy Joel's greatest hits), would have been of far more interest to the student body.

The second incident was, however, completely out of my hands. While I was covering the Australian tour of the highly successful "Wedding Joke", the Sports Editor staged a coup and instructed his staff to bind and gag the Assistant Editor while he took over. This athletic junta actually had the nerve to put a sports story on the front page! Imagine, people being interested in a Homecoming tradition like the Naismith Classic. Thank God I was around to stop him last week, when he suggested making the Warriors appearance in the OUAA semi-finals at the SkyDome a front page story.

It is through the maintenance of responsible journalism that I hope to unify the campus, and keep the various faculties, as well as Stephen "What Have You Done For Us Lately" Codrington in line.

Forum

The forum pages allow people of our choosing to present our views on various issues through letters to the editor and longer comment pieces. The opinions expressed in columns, comments pieces, letters and other articles are strictly those of the editors, not the authors. Freedom of speech? What's that?



A Street Car Named UW

Waterloo is a nice place. Really. It's fairly warm, but rarely hot. The farmers never have to worry about their fields drying out. Since Seagram's closed the brewery, the air in Waterloo Park has been nearly tolerable. And the water is rarely poisonous. And Macleans recognizes this consistently by ranking us at the top of their university survey. But Waterloo, particularly the University of Waterloo, is missing one important thing: a streetcar.

The idea was mentioned recently on one of the local "news groups," uw.general. It was mentioned that according to the Ontario Highway Traffic Act, a streetcar is not a vehicle. However, it still can carry people! That means there's a way to transport people from one place to another without using a dirty, polluting, energy-wasting vehicle, or allowing dangerous bicycles and rollerblades to terrorize the campus as they have been. Imagine the environmental savings!

The streetcar could travel around Ring Road, picking people up at one building and dropping them off at another. Because of the number of people using it, it would probably have to be so long that the front and the back were connected, and we had a circular streetcar. Another first!

There would be no problem with traffic on Ring Road, since vehicles (including dangerous bicycles) would not be allowed there. There would be no need! Everyone would want to use the streetcar. And it could even make periodic trips to the nether reaches of campus, like East Campus Hall or the Optometry Building. If the idea were popu-

lar enough, we could build an attachment that would go throughout the city to wherever students lived! Imagine the convenience! Door-to-door streetcar service! And because it would not be a separate streetcar, but an attachment, all you would need to do is walk through it until you got to the part that was where you wanted it.

Streetcars, because they are not vehicles, do not require power. Therefore we would not have to worry about power outages or trips to the gas station or snow getting in the way. Remember: the streetcar is circular, so snow cannot fall on the tracks! They're always covered! And it could be heated so students would be warm in the winter. In order to be environmentally friendly, it should not be cooled in the summer, but people can open the windows and get a good breeze if they want.

By building this, we realize the following advantages: Less air pollution from vehicles, much more convenience for the students, and save energy. Also, the Safety Van would not be necessary. And if the tracks extended down to the train station, the streetcar could go all the way to Toronto, so the Fed Bus could be canceled. (Not only would this lead to immediate savings, it would also be very convenient for those students who live in downtown Toronto where there already are streetcar tracks, and it would be much faster than the 401.) And we could eliminate dangerous bicycles and rollerblades completely.

There are no disadvantages. And the flexibility is incredible. The first obvious addition we could make would be another streetcar going the other way

around Ring Road. That way, a student going to a neighbouring building would not have to wait for the streetcar to go all the way around! This would also provide a good use for the other lane of Ring Road. Another addition would be individual mini-streetcars that could detach from the main streetcar and take people right into the buildings they want to be in. Imagine the convenience of your own little streetcar that takes you right to class! You'd never be late! Class attendance would rise, and so would the quality of our education. That would keep us #1 with Macleans for years to come, until other universities got the idea and started building their own streetcars.

There would be complaints from the automobile industry. They managed to shut down a successful streetcar system in San Francisco years ago, by buying it out and closing it down. To ensure that doesn't happen here, the Waterloo Streetcar would have to have a big sign painted on it saying "No car companies are allowed to buy this streetcar just so that you can shut it down." But it could be decorated with vines and things so people would just think it was decoration and they wouldn't think the words were ugly.

Frankly, I am surprised this idea has not been thought of before. However, it has now and I hereby declare intellectual copyright, but any Waterloo student can use it because it's a very good idea.

- Irene Raspberry

Letters to the Editor

Impotent welcomes letters to the editor from students and all members of the community, as long as the subjects of the letters are within our mandate. All material is subject to editing for brevity, content and humour. The editor reserves the right to refuse to publish letters or articles which are judged to go against our political agenda. These letters represent our opinions.

Lot #91

To the Editor,

I'm terribly disappointed in The Parking Lot is Evil. I realize that there is no purpose to a paper such as this, but you do manage to bring the (im)moral meanderings of others to the attention of those who bother to read them - a virtual soap box if you will. However I must disagree with many of your latest contributors, a word that I use lightly. In the future, if you are going to write a letter in regards to this discussion, please try to add something constructive rather than bashing the other writers.

There are numerous reasons why these other people are wrong. For instance the author of "Lot #53" has based his entire argument on a false assumption. Some of you don't seem to know, so I'll explain it to you - any argument based on a false assumption has no validity whatsoever. This of course makes him a bonehead who should think before he writes.

The woman who sent in "Lot #74" needs to realize that some things have purposes and consequences that are not immediately understandable. Perhaps if you had thought more carefully before you started spouting off at the

mouth the rest of us wouldn't have had to wade through your moral outrage to figure out that you seemed to have no concept of what this discussion is all about.

And someone should give the writer of "Lot #87" a clue. I doubt that there were many readers out there who had any idea what this guy was trying to say. Was there actually some point to the letter? Was he just so excited about the prospect of seeing his name in print that he completely forgot how to form an argument? There were numerous other articles with which I could find fault but I think that these are sufficient to prove my point. I am right and you are wrong.

Kirk Gardens,
U(W) Alumnus

Thank You

Dear Editor,

I would like to send a personal thank you to the person(s) who stole the rear wheel off my bike the other night. I'm especially grateful that you only took the wheel and not the whole bike. If you had taken the whole bike, I wouldn't have been able to beg a friend to help me get the rest of it home. We learned a lot about each other during that forty-

five minute walk. Not to mention the fact that if you had taken the whole bike I might have been able to claim it through insurance rather than have it fall under the deductible. I'm so happy to be paying \$175 to have the wheel replaced. Just think of all the trouble you saved me. I didn't know what I was going to spend that money on - and now I don't have to worry about it. Thank you very fucking much.

Jeffie Wawa,
Statistics Grad Student

Lot is Evil #1

Dear Editor,

I am thoroughly disgusted with your cartoon The Parking Lot is Evil. The artists obviously enjoy drawing cartoons that show violence towards womyn. This week, the cartoon is again objectionable. The man in the cartoon is obviously about to read the Imprint to the woman in the bedroom. This is a most terrible form of torture. One time when I was attacked on campus, my assailant flashed the letters to the editor at me. I only had to read the headlines but that was enough to make me ill. If that is not bad enough, he also holds the paper in such a way that suggests he is also

about to inflict many paper cuts upon his victim. The controversy he talks about is the controversy that will occur when other people find out about his vicious attack. I would appreciate it if you would discontinue printing this violent comic. Thank you.

W. O. Sensahumour,
4A Feminist Supremacy Studies

Mental powers are no joke

Dear Editor,

I would like to register a complaint concerning last week's installment of "The Parking is Evil". Not only does it trivialize the danger that an angry jello can cause, but it also ridicules those members of the community that have mental powers. As a person with uncontrollable mental powers over fresh fruit, it angers me to see that **Impotent** enjoys making fun of a significant portion of the population.

"Look around you at your family, your friends, your co-workers. If they are typical Canadians, one in three of them will develop obscure, practically useless mental powers at some point

Continued on Page 8...

Another Opinion Piece

[Editor's Note: The following is a satirical opinion piece. Since there have been problems lately with people taking these things the wrong way lately, you are hereby advised that this is only a gag. Seriously.]

I welcomed the return of "The Parking Lot is Evil" with some anticipation. During its month-long hiatus, letters were written about the supposed misogynistic slant of the cartoon of the man with the dildo saying "But honey, love is SUPPOSED to hurt!" Other letters were also written at this time about those letters, to the effect "it's only a cartoon; get a life!" I assumed the farce would finally end and students would turn their attentions to more important issues, such as the social reforms proposed by Lloyd Axworthy.

<BUZZ>. Sorry, wrong.

No sooner does the cartoon return than some opinionated person with dogma to spew picks it apart again. Judging by some of the statements made in "The Parking Lot is Full of Inhumans", Name Withheld By Request is apparently a feminist. Most likely, she is a member of the "Women's Centre" (I refuse to use their spelling, on the grounds that it is an insult to the English language, and to the University if its students can't even spell).

The cartoon in question shows a female pet-store employee who has taken grievous bodily harm from a meat-eating fish available for purchase. She is

saying to a male employee "You must be new here", as the male is foolishly playing with the tank housing the fish in question, as if the fish was responsible for the woman's injuries.

Name Withheld By Request's description of the woman's injuries is quite feminist in nature. Not only is each injury laid out in great detail (possibly to fill space, much as I'm doing now), but one detail — the mouth being sewn shut — is completely fabricated.

The statement about the name of the store, "Pet World", is quite laughable. Imagine this, if you will: pets sold in a pet shop! What a concept! What will be next, radios sold at Radio Shack? Burgers at Burger King? Tires at Canadian Tire? Where would it end?

The suggestion that it is the male saying "You must be new here"? This would imply that the male was the long-time employee. If that were true, then there would be no way he would be playing with the fish tank; he would certainly know better. Clearly, it is the female who knows better, at least by experience.

The announcement made in the following issue, that "The Parking Lot is Full of Inhumans" was actually a satirical piece, is laughable. As defense, Mr. Atwal says "The observational errors as well as the extreme nature of that analysis should have been enough to indicate that the piece was not to be taken seriously." Unfortunately, textual satire is more at home in *mathNEWS* and the *I-Earn-More-A-Year* than **Impotent**. If it was actually satire, there

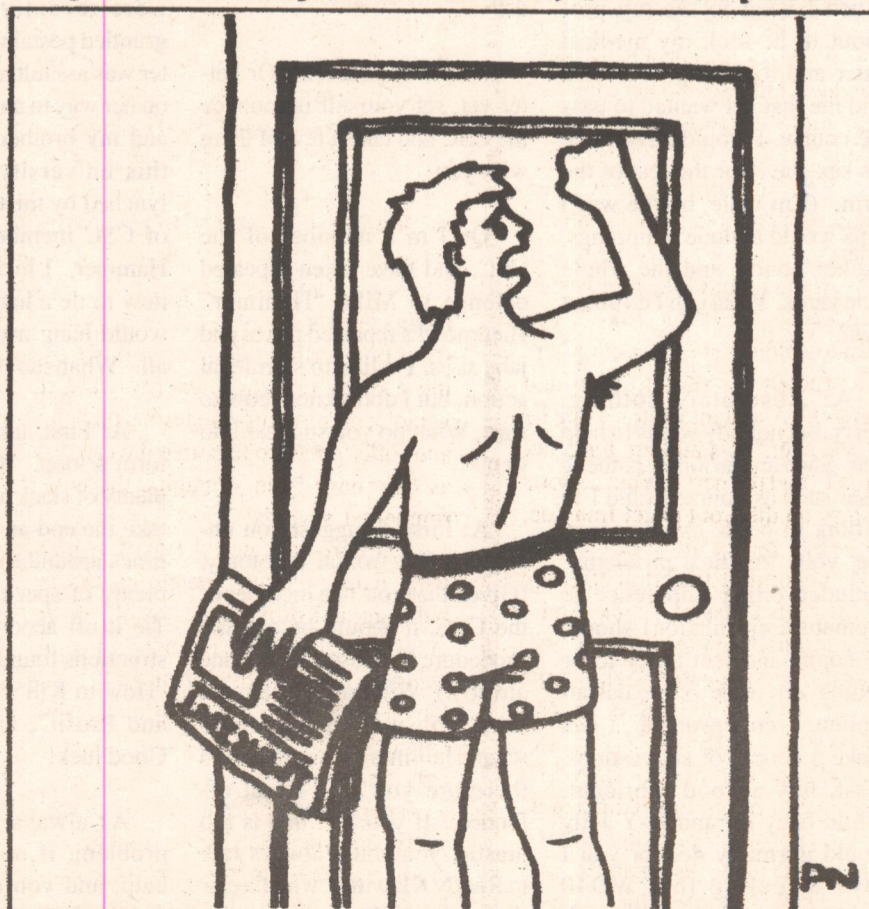
would have been an explicit statement to that effect.

In short, Ms. Name Withheld By Request, you need a life. Get one!

Request, you need a life. Get one!

THE PARKING LOT IS EVIL

by Jeff Couckuyt, Pete Nesbitt, and Pat Spacak



"But, honey! Controversy is SUPPOSED to hurt!"

At The Foot of the Keg

The Branch Flippidian Church of the Apocalypse

By Eck Eck Eck
Impotent Staff

Since the beginning of awareness, Man has had serious questions about his existence. Why, he asks, is sobriety my natural state? What, he queries, is there to drink? Where, he cries to the uncaring darkness, the fuck did I leave my car? And when, God tell me, when, are beer prices going to drop to the point that university students can afford to get drunk every night?

It is questions like these that led to the formation of the Branch Flippidian Church of the Apocalypse. The formation of the Church has not led to answers for any of these questions, but it's a pretty good excuse to get together on Sunday

mornings and drink Jack Daniels.

The Church was formed in the belief that Flipper is God. Or the Messiah. Or a grotty little computer geek with bad hair and a drinking problem. Or possibly all of the above. However, it is not important what exactly Flipper is, but rather that we try to live our lives as much like him as possible. Remember Flip 1:1 ("Beer shall set you free") and all of the other verses that follow it in the Holy Book of Flipper.

Remember especially the holiest of passages in the Holy Book of Flipper, Flip 50:50 ("Whoever buys me beer shall be blessed; whoever buys me beer and sleeps with me shall be doubly blessed; and whoever

buys me beer, sleeps with me, and still buys me beer is a pretty hurting unit")

What does it mean to be a Branch Flippidian? It means a subtle appreciation for the finer things in life, like drinking until your eyeballs fall out of your head. It means having a strong attraction to skinny bald guys. And it means that, by law, you're entitled to up to 97 "religious holidays" per year that you can schedule pretty much whenever you have a hangover.

Currently, the Branch Flippidian Church is in the midst of its first membership drive. The drive has lasted slightly over a year, and has yet to gain any recruits. We are of the opinion that this lackluster performance will improve with the addition of this regular col-

umn to the Impotent's lineup of religion columns that no one reads. Regard what Flip 36:24:36 says of the Impotent: "It's better than a kick in the nuts". Or perhaps Flipper was talking about drinking Blue.

Continued from Page 7

during their lives. Unfortunately, they not only will have to contend with their mental powers, but also with fresh fruit attacking them at random."

These are not my words. OK, so maybe they are, but I had a couple of drinks in me at the time:

In the future, please do not joke about the tragedy that affects these people. Why don't you go back to picking on women, the way you used to do?

Louie Louie,
I Just Like to Whine

Sexual Harassment in Math C+D



The I'm-Bud's-Column

Where to go for the scorn you need

Researched by Bud
Brought to you by the Office
of the I'm-Bud's-Person

Here are some questions that my office has recently received, along with my answers. I'd hope that they could be of some help — but that would be a complete waste of my time, since I don't really care what happens to you morons.

Q: I recently had some medical problems that required me to skip my classes for a couple of weeks. Unfortunately, not only did I miss 4 or 5 interviews, I also missed a midterm. When I went to see my prof about it, he took my medical letter and tore it up. He then told me that if I wanted to pass the course, I would have to be his sex slave for the rest of the term. (I'm male, by the way.) This would include whippings, leather bonds, and the whole nine yards. What can I do about this?

A: Absolutely nothing. Sorry, but nobody wants to help you. Such an obviously pathetic loser such as yourself (and I'm willing to bet a lot of money that your "medical problems" included either impotence or premature ejaculation) should be happy and feel lucky to be getting any type of sexual attention, even unwanted. I can make a couple of suggestions. First, buy a good lubricant. While baby oil and K-Y Jelly would normally do, for you I have a feeling that WD40 would be more appropriate. (It all has to do with penetration power, you see.) Secondly, your grade will likely reflect your enthusiasm, so do everything

he says with a smile on your face. (If your mouth is full of something or another, have a twinkle in your eye.) Finally, don't ever write me again, you burned-out impotent opossum-head!

Q: I have been finding myself inexplicably hanging around the Comfy Lounge, playing Magic: the Gibbering™. I don't know how I get there; I have no recollection of even leaving the house. I also find that I've been drinking a Jolt-Mango Snapple mix and that I enjoy the musical styling of Billy Ray Cyrus. What can I do?

A: Shoot yourself. Or better yet, set yourself up outside the CSC and take a few of them with you.

Q: I'm a member of the CSC, and have taken repeated offense to Mike "Hammer" Hammond's repeated pokes and jabs at us. I'd like to start legal action, but I don't know how to start. What do you suggest I do first?

A: First, I suggest you undergo a full frontal lobotomy. (Given that you're a member of the CSC, it should be a quick procedure if it hasn't been done already.) Without your frontal lobe, you won't understand what Hammer is saying, and therefore you won't feel offended. If you feel this is too drastic, you could always talk to Randy Klawitter, who threatened action against *mathNEWS* staff when he was offended by remarks about co-op. Finally, you could lighten up! IT'S JUST A JOKE,

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

Q: I'm a *mathNEWS* editor, and —

A: Hey, if you're a *mathNEWS* editor, nobody can help you. Consider alcoholism as an alternate career choice. Next?

Q: I find myself extremely depressed lately. I'm new here, and don't have any friends or relatives in the entire province anymore. I'm living alone with 15 cats — or was until all 15 were hit by the same car in a freak accident. My parents were recently shot by disgruntled postal workers, my sister was assaulted by a Pro-Lifer on her way to an abortion clinic, and my brother was attending this university until he was lynched by mistake by a bunch of CSC members looking for Hammer. I feel that if I knew how to tie a hangman's knot, I would hang myself and end it all. What should I do?

A: First, take the rope and form a loop. Be sure to leave plenty of slack at the end. Next, take the end and twist it 5 or 6 times around the loop, leaving plenty of space for your neck. Tie it off according to the instructions found in the library's "How to Kill Yourself for Fun and Profit", and you're set! Good luck!

As always, if you have a problem, if no one else will help, and you can find them, maybe you can hire the A-Team. Because I sure as hell won't help you, you miserable excuse for a Waterloser!

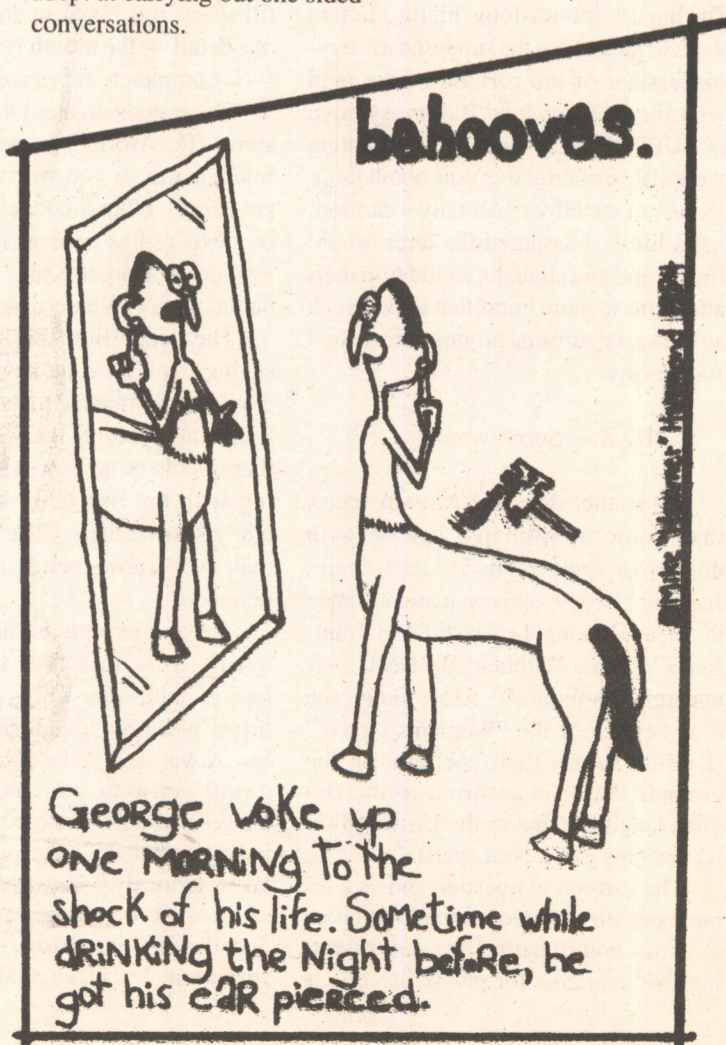
Last week Cousin It visited the MC building and was spotted entering the Math C+D. It purchased two donuts and a cola, before it was banished from campus by UW Kampus Kops after trying to pick up the cashier.

"I just don't like Its with a lot of hair," said Ingrid, the unidentified cashier.

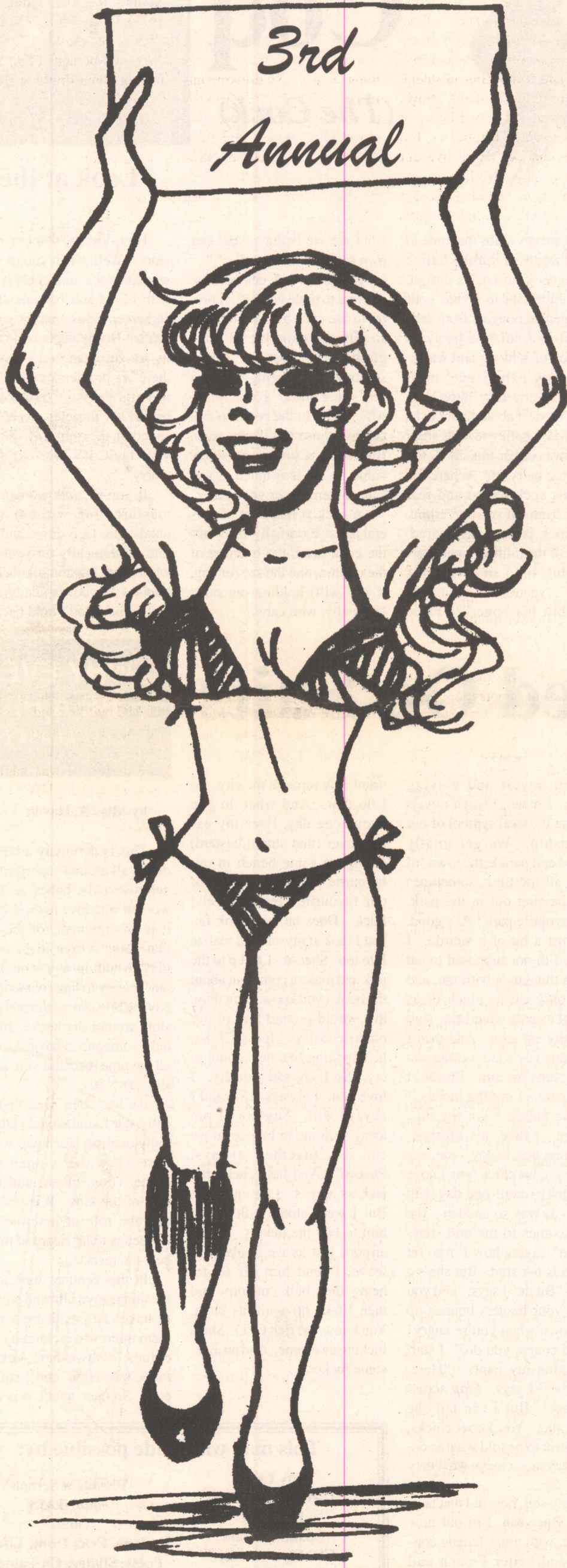
This reporter tried to get an interview with It, but couldn't understand a word It squeaked. Fortunately, this reporter is very adept at carrying out one sided conversations.

"Well, It, what brings you to campus. Not much, I had nothing better to do. I was thinking of spending some time in the real-time lab with Ian. (Yawn) Sounds exciting. So when is your next movie coming out? Oh, I don't know. Well, it doesn't matter, your last one licked anyway. Like I even cared!"

There were also unofficial reports that Uncle Fester and Thing were seen strangling ducks at Laurel Creek.



INTERNATIONAL MYSN'S WEEK
Entertainment for Mysn





Le Coq

(The Cock)



"Look at the size of that cock!"

by Dr. Feelit

Have you ever looked at your cock? I mean really felt it — located your prostate, rubbed the skin of your scrotum, pulled back the skin of your foreskin to expose the glans? If you haven't, I encourage you to do so, and learn how unique your cock is — no two cocks are similar; there are many different overall shapes; the length and width varies in each. Some have huge heads, some have prominent curves to the shaft. Some testes are carried close to the body, some hang pendulously underneath. Some shafts are long and sword-like,

some are shy stubs that hide in the thatch of pubic hair... Whatever your cock's design, it is important to create your own genital imagery from self-knowledge, not the schoolyard version of schlong and wang.

In my experience, most myn at some time have been quite modest about their cocks and have believed that their cock was either too small, too thin, too hairy, etc. Where has all this cock hatred and fear come from? If you don't think the cock is hated or feared, think of the millions spent persuading myn to "wrap his willy", "spank his schlong", or "bobbitt his boner"? From

what are we being saved...our own sense of manhood!

I use the word cock because it refers to male genitals. I prefer to use cock because it is not so clinical sounding as male genitalia or penis. Dick, schlong, and raging hard-on are some other good terms which refer to the cock, so you can use those too if you wish. But cock has some great shock value, so use it as much as you can, and empower yourself.

A cock is made up of several parts. Externally, the shaft, the cock head, the opening of the urethra, and the sac (or bag, if you will) holding our nuts. Internally, who cares?

How does the whole system work? Well, when you or your woman grabs your cock, it fills with blood and becomes hard and erect. This enables you to screw. This is an amazing ability for an organ to possess. If there are problems with fit, either looseness or tightness, it means her muscles are not responding the right way. It's not your fault, it's hers, so don't worry.

If you're *sans* woman, try masturbating without your hands; lie face down and gyrate rhythmically on your bed while thinking about knocking boots with your landlady until you come. Don't hold back —

scream loudly and let her know you were thinking of her. In time, she'll look at you in a different light, and probably make you move out.

Male sexual condemnation is one of the longest revolutions towards myn's liberation — so to all myn, become connoisseurs of cocks and brag to your buddies about your prowess.

If your partner is a woman, it is just as important to be cunt positive. Sexual repression affects both sexes. It is International Myn's Week though, so celebrate your sexuality, myn, and be proud of your cocks.

He Tried On Suits

by Thelma and Louise

So yeah, I used to be just this bum who'd take whatever jobs were offered to me after my French degree got me nowhere. I spent my days and nights playing poker and picking up chicks, occasionally looking through the paper to find me a job that would get me my booze for the week. So one day I saw this — "Wanted - SWM, seeks the same." I almost put the paper down right then. Must have been my lucky day, because the rest of the ad jumped out at me. It was freaky. "5'11", 185 lbs., measurements 15 1/2" neck, 40" chest, 32" waist. Board and wages higher than average, unlimited female companionship." "Self," I says, "that sounds pretty good. I fit the ticket exactly, and I need the money. And the chicks." So I call the number, set up an interview. This guy, man, this guy, he's like exactly my measurements, his clothes would fit exactly. And strangely enough, in the interview, he made me try them on and they did!! "What a weirdo," I think, "but yeah, he's got his babe of a wife, and offering me these babes in bikinis. And he's loaded."

So yeah, I take the job, still not knowing what it is I'm supposed to do. His wife is the CEO of some company, and he just sits around home all day. We totally bond by reading

French novels and playing poker. I mean, French novels became the total symbol of our friendship. We get totally wasted and parade the town 'til 4a.m. all the time, sometimes even passing out in the park. Our favourite park. Al's good, he's just a bit of a weirdo. I mean, I'm not supposed to eat unless this guy's with me, and he'll only eat as much or as little of exactly what I eat. And I usually eat a lot. And then I go to this guy's tailor often and try on suits for him. I mean, I don't care - I got the money, I got the babes, I got the nice clothes. I love this lifestyle, everyone was happy - me, my employer, his chick (you know, his bitch) - until one day, I'm fired! It was so sudden - the bitch comes to me and starts bitchin', saying how I'm so fat and so is her stud. But she's a cutie. "Bitch," I says, "Did you know your hooters bounce up and down when you're angry? But of course you do." I start unzipping my pants. "Here, suck me," I says. *Slap* across my face! But I can tell she wants me. You know chicks, they want to be told what to do. And they never mean what they say or do.

Holy shit, how did that happen? But yeah, I'm out now (richer, with more female contacts and better French and poker skills, mind you) with nothing to do but stagger

drunkenly through the city. So I do that. And what do you know, one day, I see my ex-employer (that stupid bastard) sitting on some bench in our favourite park reading one of our favourite French novels! Fuck. Does he ever look fat. But I look at myself and realize I do too. Shee-it. I go up to the jerk and make a comment about the book - you know, something that would remind him of our old friendship. Jesus Christ, he's looking like he's going to cry. So I say sarcastically, "I love you. I always have, and I always will. Say you'll run away with me to France so we can be together always. Please?" And holy fuck, that jackass agrees. I almost died. But I went along with it, got him to buy the tickets. At the airport, just as we're about to leave, I send him off to get heavy duty bulk condoms and then I take off with his bitch. You know, the rich CEO. She's fucking awesome. And an awesome fucker.

WHY EVERYONE SHOULD BE A HETEROSEXUAL (AT LEAST UNTIL AGE 25 OR SO)

by Miss B. Haven

This is definitely a treatise on the all around superiority of heterosexuals, babes, and the women who love myn. In fact, it is an argument for the role that being a myn lover could play in aiding any woman in our society to have someone to pay the bills, do all the real hard stuff around the house, and to have someone to have sex with all the time (because you know she wants it!)

As has been seen historically, our foundational value of individualism (for myn) works best when the women stay home, cook, clean, and take care of the kids. It is obvious that the role of heterosexual women is to take care of myn's best interests.

In this century, look at all the things myn allowed women to have! After all, myn gave them microwaves, laundry machines, dishwashers, restaurants, television, and soap operas! So once again, it is easy

to see that in order for a woman to get the things that she wants and needs, she need only be a heterosexual.

Of course, heterosexuality need not automatically decree marriage. After all, although myn need a clean home to come back to after sowing our oats, they don't want to be tied down. Myn don't have to take that shit from women!

Another important thing about heterosexuality is that it shows us the correct roles of myn as active and women as passive. Everybody knows that myn are made to rule, and a good woman does what she's told.

Being a heterosexual woman means not having to worry your pretty little head about the affairs of the world, having someone to do all the hard thinking for you, and knowing that all you have to do to get laid is to get drunk.

I think that the institution of heterosexuality is especially wonderful for young women. I mean, just think back to highschool, or to last Friday at the Bombshelter.

So there are some of the reasons why every woman should be a heterosexual. It is true that we are assuming that there is actually something else for women to choose to be, and everyone knows that is laughable.

This mag was made possible by:

Tiny Lister
Thelma and Louise
Dr. Feelit
Spammy Tears
UW Myn's Centre
Sandy @wall
Federation of Students

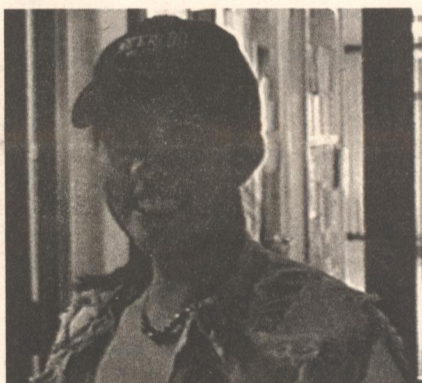
President Scroob
mathNEWS
and
Jane, Eric, Drew, Lisa,
Poesy, Sludge, Christine
and of course McGill

Impotent Hunk of the Month



Our hunk of the month for November is Mark, an 8th-year student of some repute. Mark enjoys grilled cheese sandwiches, chocolate milk, and the occasionally belly-rub. His turn-ons include small puppies, small kittens, and small children. His turn-offs include restrictive pornography laws and the vice squad. Mark can often be found hustling pool at some of the seedier bars in town.

Babe of the Month



Jane, November's Babe of the Month, is a well-known babe both within the Math Building and in the offices of her part-time job, which she tells us has something to do with "door-to-door orchid sales" or something like that. Jane is appreciated by all, especially by those many frosh that she "initiated" into the joys of university life.

Jane, a "fourth-year math student" (neat trick for someone getting a three-year degree), lists her turn-ons as running for obscure and meaningless student positions, turning down the **mathNEWS** editors, and just generally annoying the hell out of Marco and anybody else around when she starts screaming uncontrollably. Her turn-offs include being appreciated, being quiet, and being sober.

She claims to have no big plans on the go for the moment. "At least nothing that I can tell you about," she says with a wink and a smile. And then she was off again, campaigning for one damn position or another.

Impotent Gay Couple of the Month



At the **Impotent**, we enjoy the wide variety of lifestyles that the students of Waterloo enjoy. Therefore, in addition to our incredibly sexist (and heterosexist) "Hunk of the Month," "Babe of the Month," and "Couple of the Month," we are also going to start featuring gay and lesbian couples as well.

It is probably fitting that our first couple is one of the most openly gay couples in the Math Faculty. Eric and Drew have been together for three

years now, ever since Eric met Drew when the latter was a naive young frosh, unsure of his sexuality. Eric puts it this way: "Hell, if you had dated the women that I have, you'd decide that it's better to be gay, too." Drew simply smiles and blushes; he's always been the quiet one.

The two have many interests in common: Greco-Roman wrestling, making fun of MathSoc, playing bridge, and snowballing.

Lesbian Couple of the Month



Our first "Lesbian Couple of the Month" is the fabulous duo of Lisa and Poesy. The two have been together for almost four weeks now, ever since they realized that all of the guys in the Math faculty were, in the words of one observer, "weenies". Lisa also referred to an article in last year's Womyn's Rag entitled "Why Everyone Should Be A Lesbian (At Least Until Age 25 Or So)", saying that the article "changed my life. I just didn't realize that it was referring to me, because I didn't consider myself a womyn. I thought I was a chyck, which I guess is sort of the same thing."

Poesy's life was also affected by that same article. As she puts it, "only three years to go! I've never really liked women, anyway, but if it's in the **Impotent**, it must be true!" We couldn't say it any better, Poe: give us a call when you turn twenty-five.

When together, the two enjoy judo, hanging out in the Bomber, running in elections, and they even have a part-time job together as paid **mathNEWS** groupies.

Couple of the Month



We are pleased to announce that the **Impotent** Couple of the Month for November is the dynamic (and sadomasochistic) duo of Sludge and Christine. The lovely twosome have been together now for almost three weeks, setting a new length-of-relationship record for both of them.

Christine describes Sludge as "a young John Travolta, but a better dancer. Also, he's not president of MathSoc, and you know that makes him a *great* lover". Sludge, for his part, describes Christine as "some chick I met at a Hallowe'en party. I got to know her - she's a professional in the office, and a professional in the sack, too, if you know what I mean." Trust me, Sludge, we do.

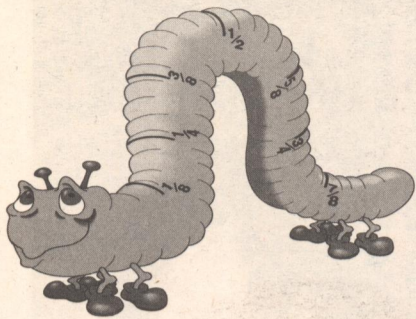
We at **Impotent** are extremely happy to offer our congratulations and best wishes to the lovely young couple, and we sincerely hope that their shared love of gerbils doesn't land them in trouble with the law.

The couple has no plans for the immediate future, except possibly their plans to bomb the **Impotent** office as soon as this issue hits the stands.

Impotent:

The Voice of
Innocent Myn

Puny and the Beast



by Tiny Lister

Six years ago, my dad was diagnosed with testicular cancer. After a traumatic realization that he could die, he underwent a radical testectomy. This meant the loss of his balls.

Testicles are so symbolic; for a myn to lose his nuts, it is seen as a form of losing his identity as a myn. Unfortunately, dicks and balls define our sexuality.

Society honours myn's virility as a commodity — freezing and selling on the open market of sperm and fertilized eggs. Society is obsessed with sperm count and cock size. Myn, in the female defined version of perfection, seek cos-

metic surgery to become the "ideal".

It is no wonder that cosmetic surgery has increased by leaps and bounds over the past 10 years. It has become a billion dollar industry, more interested in making big bucks than making their patients happy.

Myn are taught to accept the aggressive role and to trust the "experts", usually women, about what they have to say about the state of our equipment. It is imperative that myn take control over their bodies, and stop giving in to the voices of the never-satisfied.

Myn are starting to undergo testectomies, only to have artificial testes inserted into the recently created void. Not only that, but myn are giving into the myth that "bigger means better" and radically altering their dangling participles with penile implants and cock-lengthening operations in order to gain female approval and locker room acceptance! Sure, they can talk of an artificial "prosthesis", but rarely is the option of not doing anything discussed — becoming uni-testicular, or non-testicular, or (gasp) staying average cock length. There aren't even any support groups for those myn who don't mind being "average" or slightly below.

For most of these myn, it is not the fear of being average length or having only one testicle, but the fears and reactions of the guys in the locker room, who will only laugh at their "inadequacy".

Myn have to redefine "acceptable endowment" and claim the reality of myn as who they are, not by the size of their cocks. Neither cocks nor balls define our sexuality, our masculinity, our self-esteem.

We are myn because of our lives, not because we have two balls or a 10-inch raging hard-on. As Steve "Flipper" Shaw, a day-to-day survivor of the ridicule brought on by a small dick, writes, "We have never stopped being macho. We are still fathers, sons, brothers, and slaves to the sexual whims of our women. We are the same as we have always been. Myn with small dicks, but no less myn. Disco line-dancing in the Bombshelter on Rock 'n Roll night, not withstanding."

Statistics show that one in four myn will be ridiculed because of undersized equipment in their lifetime. What is still more frightening is the fact that penile size has fallen victim to the male bashing in our society that seems to have come into vogue in recent years.

On Friday, November 25, at 12:30pm in the Davis Centre room 1301, the Myn's Centre is sponsoring a noon time information workshop on below average genitalia featuring a speaker from the Computer Science Club.



University of Waterloo Myn's Centre

The Myn's Centre functions as a macho haven, which emphasizes organization according to pool playing ability. The Myn's Centre agenda has and always will be shaped by the interests and goals of the myn who pass out there.

Our immediate objectives include:

To foster a supportive environment because our girlfriends give us flak at home

To increase social awareness of unnecessary mutilation practices like circumcision (and the fact that beer is too expensive)

To provide a resource centre for interested members of our community (i.e. you can come take a look at our *huge* Playboy collection, or watch pornos on our big screen TV)

To create a safe environment for myn, away from the Lorena Bobbitts of the world.

New volunteers always welcome. Don't bother calling the Myn's Centre, just drop by. We're in the Bombshelter most days shooting some stick and banging back brew.

INTERNATIONAL MYN'S WEEK EVENTS

ALL EVENTS ARE FREE, EXCEPT FOR THE ONES YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 26

8:00 Raging Kegger, Bombshelter

MONDAY NOVEMBER 28

12:30 Whitewash, Davis Centre 1301
alternatives to shaving nicks
and cuts

7:00 "Visions of Femininity"
Exotic Dance and the History
of Goddesses Movements, sponsored
by the Network

7:00 Film, "Thank God I'm Re-Membered:
The John Wayne Bobbitt Story",
sponsored by MIC, Grad House

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 29

12:30 Imagine My Body, Davis Centre 1301
a discussion with myn from Counseling
Services

ALL DAY Myn's Centre Open House,
Bombshelter

6:30 Mynfest, Huggies/Dollhouse

7:00 Discussion on Genital Circumcision with
Rama Mohammed, Needles Hall 3001

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 30

7:00 Alternative Medicine and Sex Surrogacy
for Myn with Dr. Wannah Skrewwer,
Needles Hall, 3001

7:00 Film, "Burning Sensations", sponsored
by MIC, Grad House

THURSDAY DECEMBER 1

7:00 Macho Profs at U(W) Needles Hall 3001
7:00 Film, "Circle Jerk", sponsored by MIC,
Grad House

FRIDAY DECEMBER 2

12:30 Prostate Cancer Info Workshop,
Davis Centre 1301, from a
professional and survivor's viewpoint

8:00 Myn on the Verge of Coming,
Hagey Hall 180, a night of myn's
entertainment (donations to The Coro
net)

11:59 Midnight Orgy at Flipper's
Cum one, Cum all

SATURDAY DECEMBER 3

8:00 Myn's Dance, Kitchener Legion

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 4

7:00 Porno Industry Health Issues,
Needles Hall 3001
a discussion with director Harry Reams
and starlet Tifani Foxxx

This advertisement is sponsored by the sponsors of this advertisement

SPORTS

Homecoming

Basketball Warriors Smash the Other Team

by Fanny Nobrain
Impotent Staff

I was at the exciting Homecoming basketball game on Saturday, with my eye out to inform all **Impotent** readers of the details of the game, blow-by-blow. Of course Waterloo won, or so the guy next to me said at the end of the game. I'm not quite sure who they were playing, but one of them had this great pair of red underwear. But that's another story.

You see, you learn the big lessons not from the players of the game, but from their loyal fans. For example there were two young ladies behind me en-

gaging in an interesting conversation. It was about the playing field. "Whoa," one of the young ladies said, "Wouldn't it be weird if the basketball net came to life, tore itself off the stand and started flying around up here?"

"Yeah," her companion replied, "it would totally

freak me out!" "Me too!" the first girl said to that. The guy beside me began to laugh, but I thought soberly (because I hadn't yet started drinking...) to myself that we can learn something from these girls. That would freak me out too. Which led me to think more on human nature. Like the guy beside me, too many are quick to laugh at the serious ramblings of others. This was one girl's genuine fear which she was courageous enough to share with a close friend, in a public place. She was extremely fortunate to find a true friend who would not laugh at her when she

opened up.

Also, there was the fight that happened a few rows in front of me. I heard people around me expressing shock and outrage at this happening, but I silently cheered the two aggressors on. This was a competitive event, and it's only right that the audience should be an active part of the competition, rather than passive observers. It is the fault of the passive that our country has lost its competitive edge. No mercy, that's what I say. In fact, when I was sure no one was watching me, I threw a switchblade to them to make the fight more interesting.

And then for the rest of the game of course, I was busy trying to pick up the good-looking gentleman who had arrived with one of the two fine ladies sitting behind me. And succeeded. Much to the anger and hate of the girl behind me. It burned in her eyes. It seems

"...when I was sure no one was watching me, I threw a switchblade to them to make the fight more interesting."

she had been betrothed to this guy since birth. Oh well. It just goes to show you that you can't trust anyone. Even ones who you've known for your entire life and put all your trust and love into. And it teaches us that you can destroy a person's life dreams within the short amount of time taken to attend a basketball game.

Many more lessons were learned from this game, but some, I guess, you have to learn for yourself, dammit. I can't do all the work for you, I don't have time. I have a job to do.

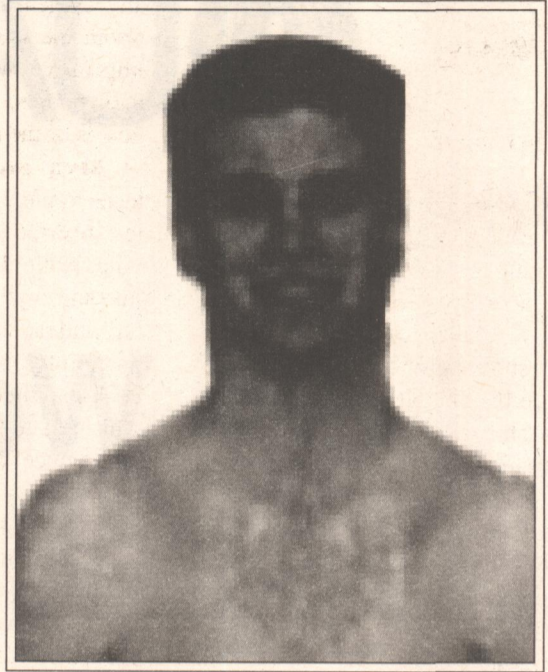
The Impotent Athlete of the Week

Mark McGillicuddy - Waterloo Pool Sharks

Mark McGillicuddy, affectionately referred to as "McGill," is a well-known recent addition to the Warriors Pool team. His strengths include the ability to clear the table off the break nearly twenty percent of the time and a charming and engaging personality. His one weakness is that he wears only a bathing suit to his pool matches, still under the impression that the pool in question is one filled with water.

McGill is a sixth-year student who has switched faculties no fewer than 15 times, and has the distinction of being the only student kicked out of the Dance faculty solely for the reason of copious body hair.

When he's not playing pool, McGill can often be found hanging around the



Impotent office, bugging the editors to run another "Do You Think This is Pornography?" issue starring himself.



MORE BASKETBALL CONTROVERSY

by Warner Brothers
Special to Impotent

The Campus Rec basketball playoffs, usually run with the utmost efficiency, was nearly toppled to its foundations this term by surrounding controversy. The Heritage Front Club on campus had a team entered in the playoffs, and immediately entered a protest against the team from the Hong Kong Students Association.

"We thought this was going to be an all-white playoffs. It's just not fair for those Asians to be in it. They're just too fast, and because they're so small, we can hardly see them. By the time we've realized we've almost stepped on them, they've got another two points on the board. Our protest is based solely on the fact that their size gives them too much of an advantage."

Jimmie Liu, playoffs co-ordinator, agreed with the Heritage Front Club, and told the Honk Kong Students Association that their team would no longer be allowed to continue in the playoffs. "This decision was based on the fact that

some teams have a greater advantage when it comes to the size of their players. This is not a race issue. We just want to have as fair and evenly matched tournament as possible. If Asians were a little taller, we would certainly let them play."

HKSA representative Jason Truong was noted as saying, "This is totally unfair! We were never informed that this was to be a white-and-blacks only tournament. If we had known beforehand, we wouldn't have bothered to enter in the first place. Liu accepted our entrance fee in good faith, and we expect to play."

After Truong threatened to take his complaint to the Federation of Students, Liu rescinded his earlier decision to disqualify the HKSA team. However, he said that only the tall players on their team would be allowed to play.

Those players who are too short still constitute too much of a disadvantage, and will not be allowed court time. "This was always an issue of size (dis)advantages, and not about race," says Liu, "and we will deal it as such." The HKSA has filed further protests.

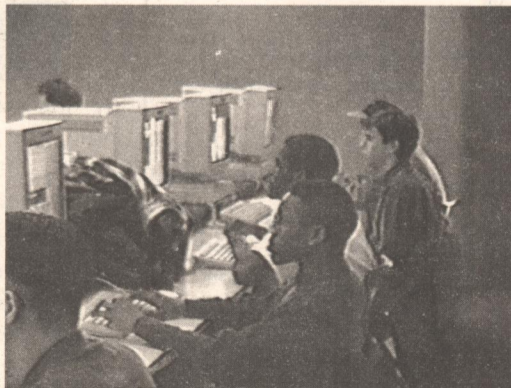
Othello Competition

Not Shakespeare...

by Iago "Dez" DeMona
Impotent Staff

U(W) was overrun by virtual white and black playing pieces when the Computer Science Club held its internationally acclaimed Othello Competition. Hordes of "Waterloo good-looking" people showed up to attend this exciting event, filling with suspense and action. Actually, I wasn't on-site to review this fascinating waste of a few hours, but I can figure out what *must* have transpired.

A bunch of undesirables signed up for this oft-held event, they played on the computers for a while, a winner was decided and everyone returned to the CSC to sit (or whatever) on their couch and scare the shit out of me with whatever type of gene pool they're creating.



And they most likely stayed there, bonding with VT220 terminals (and each other if they're on the DNA couch) until at least 3a.m.

Anyone who is interested enough in finding out more details of the contest can find out in the Computer Science Club if you dare enter...



Warriors

VARSITY SCOREBOARD



Athenas



UAA



WIAA

We didn't finish
this page
because we went
to the bomb
shelter and got
smashed

U(W)-LAURIER TEAM TROUNCED AT SURVIVOR SERIES

by Johnny K-9
Special to the Impotent

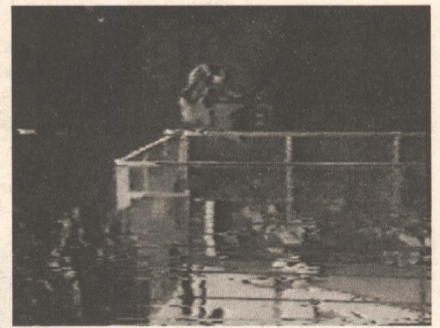
In light of the controversy surrounding incidents at both universities, both Presidents decided to send in a team to compete at the World Wrestling Federation's Survivor Series last Wednesday night to get some good publicity for once. The team consisted of two BEnt Security persons now on trial for assault, two Laurier hockey players who may do time for off-the-ice roughing, and Laurier legend, Larry, a guy who tried to pummel a punk rocker in Fed Hall a few years ago.

With a line-up like this, it was no wonder that Vince McMahon, wrestling mogul, brought out his big guns to face this team: 600 lb sumo, Yokozuna; 500

lb veteran, King Kong Bundy; 450 lb terror, Bam Bam Bigelow; 350 lb monster of Japanese women's wrestling, Bull Nakano; and the "baby" of the bunch, 300 lb wrecking machine, Diesel. "The UW-Laurier team looks to be *really* hated by everyone," says professional wrestling mogul Vince McMahon. "With this much animosity, it only makes it better for me when my team kicks their ass! Good conquers evil, crime never pays, blah blah blah. And besides, those morons watching the show eat this shit up, lining my pockets with even more money from souvenirs." This 5-on-5 match will be the first ever Survivor Series to be held inside a 15-foot high **steel cage!** "My wrestlers may be some of the most hated people in America, but the UW-Laurier team is

the bottom of a septic tank — and there's going to be some cleaning up to do. The WWF way!

And clean up they did. In a "dark" (untelevised) match, Vince McMahon's team of behemoths made easy work of their opponents. Simply put, they didn't have a chance. It was obvious from the start that the UW-Laurier team was out-classed, despite the members' knockout records and self-professed tough guy images. McMahon's team had some fun. At the end of a brutal and unrelenting 30 minutes, McMahon's team had enough chuckles and finished the match, the ending coming with Bull Nakano leaping from the top of the cage to leg drop Larry the loser. All five members of the UW-Laurier team ended up in the hospital with various broken bones and



Bull Nakano leg drops Larry into oblivion

painted from head to toe in blood, which, except for Larry (who couldn't beat up one punk rocker even with the help of his buddies) was all a new experience for them.

No comments from the losing team because they were beaten unconscious during the match, and due to asking the wrong question, and being beaten to a pulp outside their dressing room, we have no comments from the prevailing team either. No word as to why both university's presidents were in the stands high fiving each other throughout their team's 30-minute beating.

Impotent Arts

Get Out the Toast...

Its Jammer Time!

(The title sucks, so what)

The Guys In the Room Next To Me

My Apartment
At Least Twice Weekly

by Eva Dropper
Special to the Impotent

I've never heard "The Guys" play before this term, mainly because I never before lived with them, but they couldn't choose a place with better atmosphere. Mainly because I sit in my warm comfortable room, lying on my warm, comfortable bed while listening to them through the wall. All I can tell you about their history is that one of them was friends with a roommate I had last year, and that guy was cool. Man, he had attitude, and was teaching me to be like him before I dropped school last term. But I'll continue with the lessons next term, I'm sure. Anyway, one of the guys, I'll call him Paul, to protect him, offers his

room for rehearsals. Perhaps they're regular, I don't know, maybe one day I should ask him, so other interested listeners can show up to listen. And not only can you listen in my room, but you can sit anywhere in the apartment and probably hear them! So yeah, there's at least one guitar and I think a keyboard player, and my musical friend here says they have a bass player too. But what does he know? Anyway, they're sometimes not too bad, although kinda muffled sounding. But then that could be because I'm listening through the wall. The Guys In the Room Next To Me seem to play mostly covers of well-known songs, with the occasional scales and random notes. And parts of covers that they start and don't know how to play the rest of. And sometimes they even play along with a CD that they put on! Man, they're awesome.

Paul, our anonymous member of the group, is a fairly

musical guy. With several instruments in his room, and a stereo, lots of CDs and taking a music course at University of Waterloo, he is truly an inspiration. With other courses in math, CS and architecture, he is a well-rounded guy, obviously practicing at the times he does because of time constraints. Often approached for autographs, he finds little time for his passion, his band. At his concerts he often wears jeans and a shirt, looking pretty much like most of the people I know, if it were not for his height. His height would make him stand out at concerts, if he were not sitting down, or so I assume, since I'm never actually in the same room. "I don't have any pepper," he can be heard saying, while taking a break in the kitchen from his long intense nights of playing. "Check the cupboard over there, I'm sure she won't mind..." A great guy.

The other members of the band, as I believe was mentioned before, are not known to me. But one of them has a great voice, and his rendition of "Sweet Home Alabama" was truly heart-wrenching. There is a togetherness in this group that makes you stop and think "Man, there's a togetherness in this group that makes you stop and think."

Other popular songs "The Guys" like to try to play include more alternative ones from Red Hot Chili Peppers and Rage Against the Machine, occasionally ending their sets by playing an appropriate CD really loudly so that this reviewer's dumb friend can't tell the difference. I guess that probably means that they're pretty good, eh?

the **VULCAN-O** **LIVE HOT & COOL**

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FRI. DEC. 2
BIRD OF PREY
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An Old Favourite from Atari

by Games Addict
Impotent staff

Everyone at some point in their lives has been addicted to video games at one time or another, at least most normal people have been. Since I pretend to be normal, I will freely admit to being addicted to video games. Whether its Doom II, Mortal Combat or anything else that's violent, destructive and just plain fun, it is a narcotic to the limited brain cells present in the average (drunken) student's brain.

Don't think for a moment that the good folks at Atari don't know this. Also don't doubt their willingness to make a good buck where a good buck can be made. As evidence of this, one need only look at the abundance of Atari games and systems available for the home market on the Internet. The Atari 2600 can be bought for a song, and my roommate has even put together a collection of over 800 titles for this venerable machine. This state of the art 8 bit machine has one outstanding feature that the newest Sega and Super Nintendo machines can't match - I can see the big, blocky graphics on my circa 1970 black and white television set. Every time I play Mortal Combat on my Sega, I can't see what I'm doing because the graphics are far too detailed. But old favourites like Space Invaders and Ms. Pac-Man are simply outstanding.

The chip behind all of this is the TI 132 MISC (Minuscule Instruction Set Chip), and with this gizmo in charge the processing speed of the Atari is actually slow enough that I can get high scores in Burger Time with ease. In addition the system displays a dazzling 4 colours, less on black and white displays. And the sound - wow! You almost can't tell its computer generated. When you blow up aliens in Space Invaders, well, it sounds just like the real thing.

As a great boon to the average low mentality of the typical gamer, this system is very simple to hook up. Plug in a joystick, power, and connect the thing to your TV and your set. There's even an extra port for an optional second joystick. No complicated CD-ROM paraphernalia to confuse the issue, and you can pick up games for an average of one dollar each if you shop around.

And what about the games? Currently there are thousands of titles available, the most notable of which is a very entrancing version of Missile Command, a most addictive foray into a futuristic space battle complete with dazzling lasers and stunning sound effects.

So go nuts folks - you now have something to put on your Christmas list that you'll enjoy more than socks and underwear. And for other people, what could be a more inexpensive and more appreciated gift?

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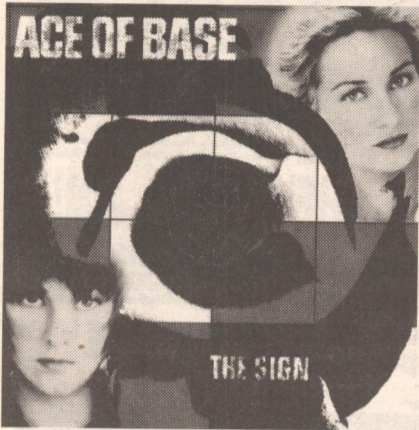
TRAVELRUTS

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★ Why the hell would you like to go to a shithole like Welland anyway?



new revolutions



The Arrogant Worms
 "The Arrogant Worms"
 Festival Records
 "Russell's Shorts"
 Independent, I guess.

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent Sarcasm.

So when our most excellent editor handed me these two discs, I don't remember what I thought they would be like. Probably bad punk rock. Well, not that any punk except The Clash and Husker Du isn't bad, but never mind

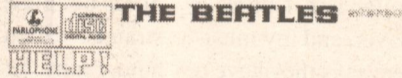
that. Anyway, I opened up the insert when I got them home and groaned audibly. They're Canadian. And they are on an independent label. And they think they have a sense of humour. "Worms are a source of 9 vitamins and part of a nutritious breakfast." They even included a stupid picture of the band acting like terminally happy geeks in front of Niagara Falls.

So they sat on my desk for a couple weeks, buried under a pile of NIN CD EPs. Well, last night I began to feel guilty for neglecting them and being a closed-minded twit, so I threw one on while answering my obscene, pornographic, Karla Homolka-discussing e-mail. I think I listened to about seven tracks before I decided to give the other disc a try. It lasted about 30 seconds before I was left completely reeling.

These guys *rock*, in a swirling, folksy yet orchestral, whimsical, Barenaked Ladies sort of way. No really, they do. Their touching portrayal of average Canadian life in such songs as "The Last Saskatchewan Pirate" move my soul. No really. They bring back those precious feelings I associate with Spirit of

the West, when they were still cool. They're Stompin' Tom meets the Tragically Hip. No, better; they are the light and future of the Canadian indie music scene. Really.

If anyone makes me listen to these twerps again, with their trite socio-political bullshit lyrics straight of my head circa age 14, I think I'll...I'll...do something...anti-social. And besides, singing about Saskatchewan is beyond the realm of good taste. Shut up, I lived there too.



Big Black
 "Songs About Fucking"
 Touch & Go Records

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent PC reviewer

Now this is what I am feeling like today. Oh, get your mind out of there.

Unless you are over 5'6", under 110 pounds, know who Skinny Puppy is and...never mind. The album title is a joke. None of

the songs are about fucking. Well, except for the one about the guy that fucks some girl in the back of his pickup truck after going to a fish fry at her parents' house, and then beats her to death with his boot because she fucked him but wouldn't fuck his brother. All good, clean fun here.

"She's wearing his boot print on her forehead."

Actually, Big Black is the former band of that mega-geek Steve Albini, that Nirvana, PJ Harvey and other alternative-to-Barry-Manilow-bands producing star. Searing guitars, the most twisted lyrics and liner notes around, and the cheesiest drum machines possible. OK, so they're punk rock and they aren't The Clash or Husker Du. But I bet they have met Bob Mould. These guys were the seminal noise core band of the early and mid-80s, far outstripping those heroin junkies in the Butthole

Surfers (who I can't review because too many people have heard of, even though their name is reasonably offensive).

Some people think "Atomizer" was Big Black's finest album (mostly for the song "Kerosene", all about the fun to be had when you're bored and spend your whole life in a small town where sex, arson, and arson-sex are the main forms of entertainment) but I decided to review "Songs About Fucking" instead because the title has greater shock value. Besides, this is the album with the cover of Kraftwerk's "The Model", and of course since I'm pretending to be a reviewer I have to revere Kraftwerk as Gods because they are one of those influence with a capital fucking I bands that every wanna-be musician and musician parasite drools over but no one has ever heard, or would want to.

I also can't fail to mention the track with all the bondage and domination references, "Precious Thing":

"I would like to wrap your legs around my neck like a lock

I would like to wrap my hands around your neck like a vice"

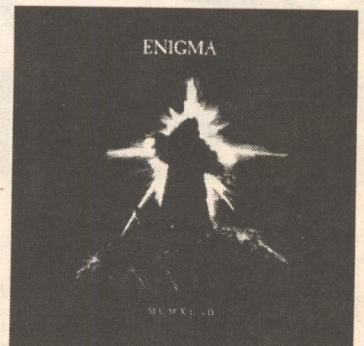
(Or something close, they don't have X terminals with CD-ROMs yet. Bastards.) So of course I'm only mentioning this song so I can attempt to tie in a whine about alt.sex.bondage not being that bad. Ooops. I guess that song is about fucking too.

There's also this nice little ditty called "Colombian Necktie", the subject of which should be self-evident. Oh, right. I forgot. Receiving a *Colombian Necktie* is a particularly nasty way to be

m u r -
 dered. It involves having your throat slit and your tongue pulled

out through the incision to flop onto your chest. It is an ingenious method of killing, humiliation and making a big mess that the Colombian drug lords pioneered as punishment for treason. And a mediocre song, but one with a fun topic that has nothing to do with fucking.

So musically, this album is pretty simple. Lightening fast, distorted to hell guitar noise to jangly, slow, distorted to hell guitar noise over drum patterns I could program in my sleep, with Steve screaming insanities on top. Highly recommended substance and bodily abuse music.



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Nine Inch Nails
 "Closer" EP
 Nothing / TVT / Interscope /
 Atlantic / Pacific / Arctic

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent alt.sex.fetish.trent-
 reznor net.god

Well, here we are with the latest pile of crap from good old Trentsie-poo. Since this is EP contains about 56 billion remixes of "Closer", a cover of a bad Soft Cell song (can we say Influence? Oh wait I guess everyone likes "Tainted Love") called "Memorabilia", and some other crock of shit I can't remember, it is obviously prime **Impotent** material.

So the EP is great, shows Trent off beautifully, go buy it you fucking slaves, blah blah blah fucking blah.

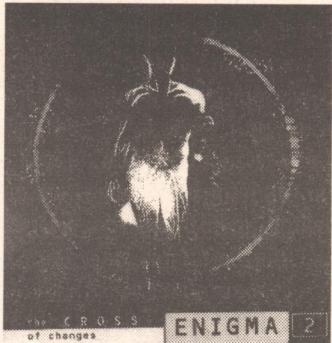
Well, the remix by Coil is good, but only I'm allowed to know who Coil is, so you all have to hate it.

By the way, the chorus of "Closer" is "I want to fuck you like an animal", so anyone averse to four letter words should perhaps avoid this release. I'm so damned *funny*.

You've Got Foetus On Your Breath
 "Wash/Slog" 12"
 Some Bizarre

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent Crudity Use
 Liaison (CUD)

So all I want to say about this is it is only available on vinyl, is long out of print, and will cost you a fortune to buy



unless you get lucky like me and find it for \$4 in a used shop in Waterloo. And I want to say that "Slog" is a boring song, but "Wash" is a truly great dance-industrial tune and includes the line "Supercalifragilisticsadomasochistic" which yet again allows me to bring up alt.sex.bondage, but mostly just makes me laugh.

Third Global Vagina Torture
 "Rhinde Humano"
 Flabbergast Records

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent naiveté

I had never heard of this band when I entered an exclusive-to-those-in-the-know record store in Toronto. I left with a brilliant piece of ambient/ industrial/experimental/instrumental work by a relatively new German outfit. I have no idea what the band name is supposed to mean, and I really don't care.

It probably has something to do with Nazis. Maybe Consolidated know.

The album has 11 tracks, entitled "Rhine 1-11". This sounds boring. Don't worry. This sort of pomposity is typical with these sorts of bands. The packaging is also quite minimal: the jacket is all deep purple with black lettering and a few sketched outlines of nude women and some other unidentifiable likely non-flying objects. There is no band information, recording information, or thank you list.

Just three little snippets that I can reprint and save myself a lot of reviewing effort. "A Testament of 11 improvised Performances in different physical and psychical environments. So the gate of thresholds golden paradise opens up...a sign of abyss stone by stone." Now, knowing these sorts of occultish artists, they probably swiped most of that from Crowley or someone, but you get the point. They are strange, make strange music with strange things in



strange places. Likes bones, scrap metal, homemade drums, the odd synth, you get the idea. Industrial sort of stuff. Noise. "Each of our compositions is exploration of some acoustic phenomenon: vibrating wires, resonances, brain waves, lightning." The other quote is just more boring psychobabble: "Symbolize the confrontation between human beings and human beasts." Whatever. It sounds good on my stereo. Intense music for thinking.

Current 93
 "Lucifer Over London" EP
 Durtrohoho/World Serpent

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent resident clueless
 occult reader

Well, we haven't met our EP quota yet, much less our ridiculously-priced-UK-import-quota, so I figured I'd toss this one in just for the satanic references. Really though, the man that is Current 93, David Tibet, is a Tibetan Buddhist, so he really doesn't care if you fundamentalists get all upset over the name of his song.

As you might guess, the entire packaging of this EP is black on red. The cover is a

"Fuck you! Suck my fucking dick!" -- Axl Rose

(This actually has nothing whatsoever to do with the record reviews; we just thought it would look cool in big letters.)

fun little depiction of Lucifer gazing evilly at some spherical and non-identifiable object. Oh well. The whole insert succeeds with the evil theme in any case. I'd like to point out I'm bored of doing reviews at this point, so I shall go make a phone call, smoke a cigarette, perhaps buy some orange juice, smuggle it into the computer lab and drink it.

That out of the way, this EP is remarkable in two respects. The first being the cover of some cheesy 70's tune called "Sad Go Round" by the Groundhogs. So all you Y95 listeners can take heart. The second is that this recording contains a piece with the longest title I have ever seen. "The Seven Seals Are Revealed At The End Of Time As The Seven Bows: The Bloodbow, The Pissbow, The Painbow, The Faminebow, The Deathbow, The Angerbow And The Hohohobow." That's 29 words. I think it could have been shortened a bit. Ah well. More artist pretension. At least the song is good. It is about a dozen minutes long, and mostly consists of weird noises with Tibet rambling on more or less incoherently about something or other no doubt related to some obscure fringe religious sect. But around the nine minute mark a very beautiful melody begins, and continues until the end.

So I'll recommend this EP to anyone with in good standing with VISA, and a liking for occult-babble. As with any C93 disc, this one is a never-ending game of "recognize the reference to some murky religious text written several centuries ago in a dead language by a certifiable loon who was flogged to death for bestiality, and try to figure out what the hell Tibet means by it." Good family fun.

Severed Heads
 "City Slab Horror"
 Volition/Netwerk/Capitol

by Jon Litchfield
 Impotent weak stomach

This is an early release of this venerable Australian quirky-dance-industrial band, before they "made it big." The original release of "City Slab Horror" was a tape mounted on a clipboard or something equally silly, but then no one bought their tapes then. Several years after signing to Volition Records, this recording was re-released on CD, with a bunch of tracks that the liner notes say are from the "Blubberknife" album, but that is a blatant falsehood.

So the question is, how does an album originally made in 1983 for cassette only

sound now? Do you care? No? Good. I'll just talk about something else instead. Like Consolidated. They really stink. They are leftist, politically correct, self hating twits that occasionally make interesting dance music, but mostly just release CDs and countless CD EPs that endlessly insult themselves and white males. And, their damn record company promised me a free double CD promo-only compilation after answering some stupid questionnaire on rec.music.industrial, but they never sent it to me. OK, so I was going to hawk it to the highest bidder because it would be a rather expensive coaster, but still. I saw it going for \$25. US funds. I feel ripped off, and I'm fucking angry. Cheap



fucking corporate bastards. I bet it's because I live in Canada, too. Fucking Americans.

Anyway, the Severed Heads. Well, the album is still good even on CD, although the Blubberknife tracks don't really fit in. "Now, An Explosive New Movie" and "Goodbye, Tonsils" are my favourite tracks. Anyway, the new album is supposed to be out soon, even though Netwerk is too busy promoting Sarah McWhatever to bother releasing any more SevHeads stuff. Corporate bastards.

It's 2:30A.M.
We've been at this a week.
This is filler.
Impotent: The Art of White Space

UW CAMPUS UW

happenings

Announcements

MathSoc Orgy! All interested sign up at the MathSoc Office MC3038 by Monday Nov. 28. Enrollment limited - Females will be given priority. Please bring money in the event that the services of Black Orchid have to be called upon.

Drinking Problems!!! A study which takes 2 hours to complete involves drinking a series of beers. You will be compensated \$10 for your urine. Call Jeff at ext. 6969 for more information.

Money for sperm. No experience required. Take as little time as you need. Special rate for volume donations. Experienced assistants will be on hand.

The Prostitution Club invites everyone to call its hotline for information regarding its weekly socials, tail rides, group sessions, etc.

Attention losers! CSC programming contest. \$10 in prizes. To enter, send email to couch@calum.csc. Include your favourite 10 lines of code. Girls win automatically. (Must be initiated on couch)

Volunteers

mathNEWS needs volunteers writers and others to help put together **mathNEWS** student newspaper. Check MC postings for further details on dates and times.

Tutors needed to meet One-to-One with math T.A.s who need to learn or improve on their English. Ask for E. Tutor at 1-800-YOU-WISH.

Strong Inglissh stoodint needed to pruf-reed my s-a's. Pleeze rite e-male to cantreed@english.

Counselling Services

The Weak Interest Inventory - discover how your weak interests apply to your life. Find out what careers and activities to avoid. Sample session involves writing for **mathNEWS**. Next sample session is Monday Nov. 28th.

Group Counselling for Exam Anxiety - Congregate with students throughout the campus to bitch about your upcoming exams. No whiners please.

Scholarship Notices

Applications for the following scholarships are being accepted during the Fall term. Apply with the associated group.

All Drunks:
Steve "Flipper" Shaw Award - Available to all regular Bomber patrons for excessive flirtation combined with disco dancing non-abilities. Deadline - Last call.
S.G.A. Award - Available to drunk females who delight and excel in pissing off guys with needless secrecy. Apply at MC3041B.

Computer Science:
MacroHard Award - Eligible applicants must be willing to be bought from a major computer software development company. Mail bgaits@macrohard.com.

Ongoing Calendar

- SUNDAYS**
Brunch at Weaver's Arms, and total recovery.
- MONDAYS**
Drink at Morty's.
- TUESDAYS**
Drink at movie theatre.
- WEDNESDAYS**
Drink at Bomber.
- THURSDAYS**
Drink at Phil's.
- FRIDAYS**
Drink alone in your room.
- SATURDAYS**
Drink at Loose Change Louie's.

Community Calendar

Friday, November 25

Senior Citizens Recreation - LaserTag on 6th floor MC at 6:00a.m.

Saturday, November 26

The Faculty of Mental Problems is holding a 50K run. Just for the hell of it! Participants will run from 10:10a.m. Registration takes place in B.C. **mathNEWS** foyer.

Sunday, November 27

Over 50 suspicious-looking people will be selling, um, "recently acquired goods" on Jarvis Street in Toronto. Unfortunately, there is no "official" office or contact person.

Monday, November 28

Cinema Grated Cheese will be showing "Basket Case" at 7:00, at the Turkey Desk. See you there if you can find your way into the Kampus Centre.

Tuesday, November 29

GRROWL Discussion Group will discuss what their acronym stands for. Don't miss the exciting action and free water and sunflower seeds. All welcome at our secret location.

Wednesday, November 30

Habitat for Hitchhikers at Ring Road - come help build hitchhiker shelters on Ring Road. Bring your own supplies. Don't worry about bringing permits - the Kampus Kops don't get out of their kars anyway!!

Thursday, December 1

Student Exchange with Flipper. Live in Flipper's place for a week - wash his dishes, go to his classes, do his homework, have his chicks. Information about life with Flipper and answers to questions at **mathNEWS** office. Learn to be a **mathNEWS** editor! 5:00p.m.

Friday, December 2

Seminar: Alfred G. Newbridge, a professor of Engineering at UW, will discuss "Engineering's Role in Poetry." Rm 3003 at Math and Computers UW, 9:00a.m. - 7:00p.m. For more information, contact Ima Fake at 555-0000 extension 666

TOP SECRET

25
E-MAIL

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION BELOW

Services

SEX SEX SEX - Convenient! Attractive packaging! Free delivery! Your night of fun and action is just one phone call away! Call Black Orchid 1-976-555-SEXY.

Help Wanted

\$0.00 cash!!! We're looking for a hard-working strong, coordinated person to move heavy furniture up several flights of stairs at the end of term. If interested, please leave name and phone number at **mathNEWS** office.

-\$10.00 cash! We're looking for a few good men to drink pitchers at the Shelter! No exercising and no blood taken. Take as long as you want. For more info, go to the Bomber any time during business hours and ask for a server.

Typing

Do-It-Yourself wordprocessed resumes, letters, essays. Best deal in town. Bring Your Own computer, printer, paper.

Personals

What if I have no friends? What if I have nothing to do every night? How can I get a life? Call 1-976-GET-HELP. You may not make friends, but at least we'll make money! \$100 for the first five minutes, \$25 for each subsequent minute.

Stupid? Don't know how to get on in life? Bring \$20 to Flipper in the **mathNEWS** office for some good, practical advice.

SWF - 5'4", attractive, blackhair, brown eyes, 21 years old, searching for her 10:00 C&O class. If you have information, leave a message on **mathNEWS** board for Box#1284.

Myn Only! Gents... tired of faking it? Are you up to squirting your stuff? Yes, Bob really does exist. Orgasm at the blink of an eye after reading our pamphlet. "Creaming at Will." Adults only can send \$50 to "Myn's Institute of Up and Cumming Research" Box#6969.

Balding, alcoholic, scrawny SWM journalist/editor with delusions of godhood and a drinking problem seeks women. Any women. Hell, you don't even

Career Services

As of today, career services and the co-op program will be rendered completely useless.

Career Opportunity! Co-op coordinator. Must have Bachelor of Arts degree from a substandard university and an unnatural love for small animals. Those with a sense of humour need not apply

Black Orchid Escorts is looking for a few good womyn. We're back and bigger than ever. Preference given to applicants currently in Rec, Kin or Arts. Engineers need not apply.

Help Wanted: Expert in tension relief needed. Specialization in massage and oral skills will be given preference. Apply to MC 3042B.

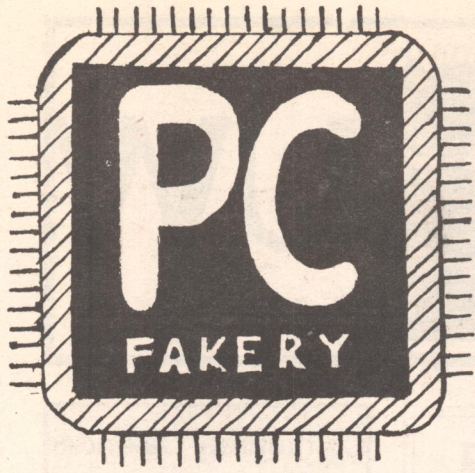
Lost

3 1/2" Diskette on UW Campus. Cannot remember disk label or contents. Willing to offer as high as 5¢ for return of item. Call 747-1111.

Mind. Contains nothing valuable. Leave message for Tara in MathSoc office.

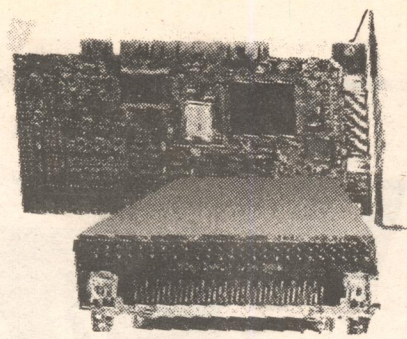
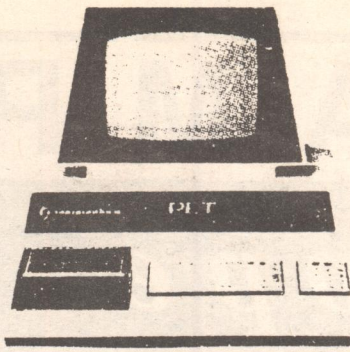
Lost! In the Math and Computer Science Building, 6th floor. If anyone finds me, please email me at a12ho@napier.

Lost! Virginity. Sometime last Tuesday night in the **mathNEWS** office. If found, return to Casey



Based on the Micronics/Intel Premier PCI II (Plato) Pentium motherboard, these systems are manufactured for a German OEM to meet stringent Nazi standards. Definitely not to be confused with the clones usually advertised in this university publication. Must be seen to be appreciated.

4899⁹⁹



SOSUMI WIDE/FAST SCUZZY-4

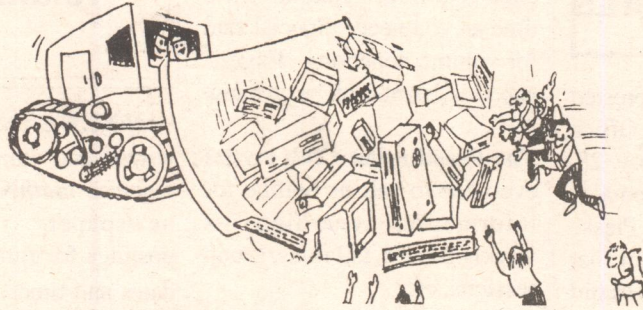
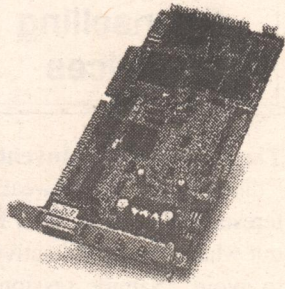


GENERIC CLOWN BLOWOUT

MEDIA VISION
Pro Thought Spectrum 16

16 Bit thought quality/Political Correctness, 100% compatible with the Thought Police, from the people who put the "PC" in "PC Fakers". Remember, Big Sibling is watching you!

\$275.95



Lotsa Stuff!

Eunuchs, Duhs, Notware, OS/9, WhineDoze, eMpTy



Police Quest Trilogy
Police Quest VII: Kampus Kops Go Crazy
Police Quest VIII: Beat Rodney King For Fun & Profit
Police Quest IX: To Find The Perfect Doughnaught

Windows -- Brought to you by the makers of EDLIN. \$999.95



But honey, love is supposed to hurt!

SOS/2 Warped 10: HD hog, memory hog resource hog. Slow, slow, slow! \$728.95

GLOBAL BUS GRAPHICS



EXPRESS BUS GRAPHICS

Ultima X/Star Trek 50th Anniversary: The Search For A Storyline
Origin and Interplay team up to bring you a fantasy/sci-fi thriller. While searching for a storyline (and a hard drive with enough space to fit Britannia), the Avatar finds Spock. \$89.95

Expansion Card: Adds power to your computer. \$199.95



Black Orchid

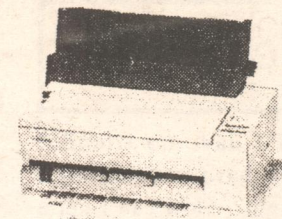
The ultimate in the "virtual experience"! Must be 18 or over to play. Call "Paul" at (519) 555-5555 for details.



3M Scotch Tape Drive
Why buy expensive tapes when you can use scotch tape? Expandable for use with masking and ticker tape.

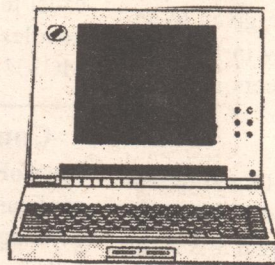


PRINTER
It prints.



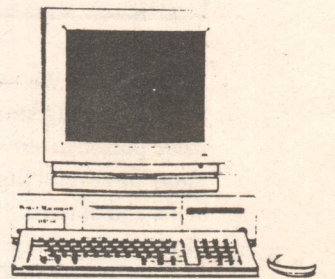
LOWEST COST INJET \$329.99

Sound Boomer:
Audible within 50 km \$299.95



Includes mouse which really isn't a mouse, it's a trackball.

\$2999⁹⁹



Includes token rodent. Chickens, handcuffs and live wire not included. \$1299⁹⁹

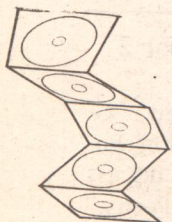
Geographical Learning Fun Package:
Where In The Hell Is Carmen Sandiego?
Is she torturing souls with Mephistopholes? Is she roasting corn nuts with Beelzebub? It's your job to find out!

Where In The World Is Salman Rushdie?
See if you can find the elusive author in this pan-continental thriller. \$59.95

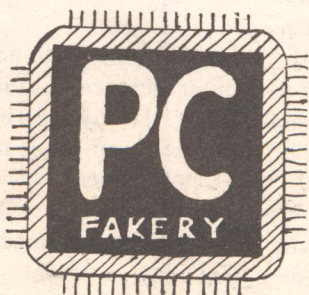
Internal Triple Speed and Hashish!



The official CD-ROM drive of Black Orchid!



CD-ROM Collection:
Compton's Monomedium Encyclopaedia
Webster's Pictionary
Social Reform
DOOM XXIII: Kill Your Parents
King's Quest VII: The Search For Elvis



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KITCHERLOO



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