NEED PROOF?

Anthony Hopkins plays a man of in-credible genius slowly being eaten away by his haggling mind.  Page 18

CLOUGH TALKS TULANE

President Clough addresses the Faculty Senate about Tulane students enrolling in Tech.  Page 5

Journey into past, future

Pander to that deep dark part of you that loves 80s hair bands. You know that it calls to you. Failing that, just take your mom to relive her high school days, terrifying and horrible though the sight of it may be. Chastain Park Amphitheatre is hosting "An Evening with Journey: Back...and Into the Future" tonight at 7:30 p.m. Tickets cost $34-59. Your acid washed jeans are just itching to get worn.

Heal the Hood
Relief Concert

Join Nelly, David Banner, 8 Ball, MýGl and others tomorrow night at Philips Arena for the Heal the Hood Hurricane Relief Concert. The music starts at 7 p.m. and the whole event is hosted by Lil' John. Ticket prices are $25, $40 and $100 with proceeds going to the relief effort in southern Missis-ippi, southern Alabama and New Orleans as well as to the thousands of evacuees in Atlanta, Arkansas, St. Louis and Texas.

Shake your groove thing, yeah yeah

Get your soul music fix tomorrow night at Chastain Park Amphitheatre with the '70s Soul Fest. This retro festival will feature the Manhu-tans, Dells, Chi-Lites, Dramatics and Stylistics. The music starts at 7 p.m. and tickets cost from $33.75 to $53.75.

Come by and get a free two

You might not be too worried about it now, but in a few months Tech is going to turn brown and dreary. To combat the winter blues, it always helps to have a plant or two around and the Fernbank Science Center has just the thing. Tomorrow from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., they’re holding their Fall Garden and Plant Sale. It doesn’t cost a thing to go take a look and they’re offering native plants, trees, shrubs and perennials to good homes. All they need is a little water and some love.

Walk like an Egyptian

The Michael C. Carlos Museum at Emory will kick off its annual "Exca-vating Egypt: Great Discoveries From the Petrie Museum of Egyptian Archaeology, University College London," until Nov. 27. The exhibit features antiqui-ties from the collection that was established by Egyptologist Will-iarm Matthew Flinders Petrie. The exhibits hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday and 12 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sunday. Admission is $7.
Proof paints bittersweet portrait of math genius

As intellectuals perpetually burning the “midnight oil” here at Tech, many of us fantasize, as a puddle of nap time drool forms on several pages of calculations that have taken several hours to complete, that we will have that one earth-shattering moment in which our tireless endeavors will generate the epiphany of a lifetime: a contribution so huge and utterly remarkable that we will revolutionize a way of thinking that is hundreds of years old.

Such are the sentiments conjured up in one’s mind after seeing Proof. Set in the a chilly autumn in the Windy City, it stars Gwyneth Paltrow as the angst-ridden, mentally disturbed genius Catherine so much like her brilliant but mentally disturbed father (Anthony Hopkins) and Jake Gyllenhaal, sporting an unshaven look unseen in his Donnie Darko days, playing Howard, an eager and kind grad student who labors over his mathematics looking for his big “break” into the published world.

Hope Davis plays Paltrow’s estranged, perky, “to do list” obsessed sister whose interference is not only a day late and a dollar short, but ill-founded and a major source of contention.

After her father’s death, Catherine must endure the frequent visits of Hal, as he prepares to go through all of her father’s notebooks in hopes that during the last years of his mental demise Catherine’s father perhaps continued to develop elegant proofs of pure mathematical genius, as he once had produced in his earlier days.

Catherine’s sister arrives home to Chicago to attend to the funeral and her sister. As tension mounts between the characters, it soon becomes evident that maybe the father was not the only mathematical genius in the family; Catherine had developed an exquisite proof while caring for her father in his disturbed later years. However, the cutting irony of the whole matter is that there isn’t any proof that she wrote this ingenious mathematical piece of material.

“Proof is a fast-paced emotional roller coaster that makes the audience genuinely feel for the problems and frustrations of its characters.”

Catherine must deal with the inner turmoil of knowing she did her best work when her father was slowly fading away, that her sister is convinced that she is succumbing to the mental illness of their father, and that Hal wants “proof” that it is her work—a total breach of trust and faith.

“Proof” is a fast-paced emotional roller coaster that makes the audience genuinely feel for the problems and frustrations of its characters.

See Proof, page 23

Gwyneth Paltrow and Jake Gyllenhaal find love in the wake of the death of Paltrow’s character’s father, a mentally disturbed genius.

By Priscilla Revis
Contributing Writer

Anthony Hopkins, who could probably turn taking an afternoon nap into a filmworthy endeavor, plays an aging mathematical genius.
Two Bits Man marvels at the spectacle of women trying to decide what the hell to wear

Not that guys are that much better. I personally consider it to be a supreme accomplishment if I get to any sort of formal function and don’t discover that I’m wearing one black sock and one blue sock. On top of that, it has recently come to my attention that the colors black and brown ought not be worn together. I’ve also been told that this is such common knowledge that the very idea of somebody not being familiar with it should be hilarious. Still, at least I’m not wearing anything with my fashion faux pas, unless, of course, you count being seen with me.

The same cannot be said for my girlfriend’s endless parade of slight variations on a clothing theme to which I am chained like a coyote caught in a bear trap. This simile is particularly apropos because, like the coyote, I have considered chewing my own limbs off in order to escape. I mean, it’s not like my presence is actually needed, but God forbid that I should presume to walk the 10 whole feet over to the television so that I could at least multitask my dreadful fate with a little Best Week Ever or a rousing game of Halo 2. Such an act would surely leave my judgment impaired, despite the fact that it will have no effect whatsoever on anything.

Apparently, even though my opinion is wholly ignored, it is highly valued. It’s like being the significant other to the automated message that companies play periodically whenever they put you on hold.

“You call is very important to us, now just sit there and nod politely while we try on our thirteenth outfit of the evening.”

As I close this piece, I’d just like to say—and this is not at all motivated by anything I might have said which could interrupt my getting any love—that my girlfriend is totally awesome and pretty and smart (much smarter, in fact, than some goon writing meaningless editorial pieces in his stupid, old, school newspaper)...Don’t leave me baby! I love you!

“I personally consider it to be a supreme accomplishment if I get to any sort of formal function and don’t discover that I’m wearing one black sock and one blue sock.”

“Don’t worry, the article isn’t going to devolve into me plying you to give money to the Red Cross or anything...primarily because you should have already done so, you greedy bastards.
Bridgetown delights with great Jamaican fare

By Darshini Naravadi
Contributing Writer

Located less than a mile away from Barnes and Nobles, at the corner of West Peachtree St. and 3rd St., Bridgetown Tropical Grill and Bar offers a delicious Jamaican cuisine for those that are tired of the usual burritos and Asian bowls offered at Tech Square.

In the just before noon, the restaurant is not too busy. Ambient lighting and wooden decorations provide a casual environment with a tropical touch. More people seem to prefer eating outside on the patio, which offers a great view of the city streets for fans of people watching.

Servers at Bridgetown Grill are very friendly and knowledgeable about the menu. The wait time is decent although one would expect faster service at slower times in the day. Prices are not too expensive. A plentiful meal for two including tip but with no appetizers can come out to around $20 if chosen wisely. However, failing to order appetizers may keep one waiting a while for the food to come out. The meals come with two side dishes of choice and there is enough food in a dish to satisfy the largest of appetites.

Plenty of meals for vegetarians are available as well here, such as the Vegetarian Burrito. That a Jamaican restaurant produces a burrito of such quality is surprising. It costs a lot less than the burritos available at Mexican restaurants and tastes much better.

“A plentiful meal for two including tip but with no appetizers can come out to around $20 if chosen wisely.”

Searching the menu may reveal good deals like the Jamaican Burrito. At lunchtime it costs $8 for the first burrito and you can get a second one for $2 to $3 more.

Bridgeport also does catering and has a second floor with a huge room and full bar for parties.

Overall, Bridgetown Tropical Grill and Bar has good food that is not too expensive at great a location and is definitely worth one visit if not many more.

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sliver
www.nique.net/sliver

I was responsible for at least 50% of the published slivers. Seriously guys, if you know the urinal doesn’t work, and it’s full to the brim, stop peeing in it!

“Throw a little woo at her and see what sticks” - Boomhower

Hey smokers... The world isn’t your f’n ashtray... If you junkies can’t give up your filthy habit, at least stop the littering...

What’s up with the colon cleansing infomercial constantly running on PAX? Gross....

And a big F-U goes out to the Stinger driver that made eye-contact with me as she drove on by the stop where me and 2 other people were standing.

Rugby is for girls.

aah, sheer the shire wind blows ere not
congratulations to the new Fall 2005 pledge class of Omega Phi Alpha hunts.

New school year and STAC major is still a joke.

Seriously, get your flag football practice off my rugby field.

Who practices flag football anyways? Can’t you find a more constructive competitive outlet?

Play club sports, screw intramurals. Oh, and people who practice whiffleball are worse than Flag Football practitioners.

my LCC teacher is hot in a librarian sort of way. I wonder if she puts out?

Who cares about Dave Barry? I sure hope this week’s tech nique has lots of articles about stuff nobody cares about.

We should start an exchange student program. Where we exchange our exchange students to UGA for girls.

Can we bus our bums to New Orleans with the rest of the ‘fugees once the clean up is done?

See page 30 for more Slivers.
Rome sets about its bloody business

By Kristen Noell
Copy Editor

When in Rome, do as the Romans do; when on HBO, have an excess of sex and violence to attract viewers.

On any other channel, HBO’s new series Rome (Sundays, 9:00 p.m.) would be somewhat interesting, maybe a bit more educational. “Rome brings ancient history to a more personal level with these two men. The history becomes tangible enough for average viewers to understand and even enjoy.”

and much less epic. As it is, this show is one big festival of nudity and blood. Not that I’m knocking it; quite the opposite—all that sex and violence just adds to the overall realism.

Fortunately, there’s a lot more to Rome than that. The year is 52 B.C., and Caesar (Caïn Hines, The Phantom of the Opera) and his army, including Mark Antony (James Purefoy, Vanity Fair), are returning to Rome from a war in Gaul.

It is at this point that we meet Lucius Vorenus (Kevin McKidd, Kingdom of Heaven) and Titus Pullo (Ray Stevenson, King Arthur) of the famed 13th Legion. The two men must retrieve the Legion’s stolen standard, and from this point on, Rome becomes the personal story of two very different men: honorable and austere Vorenus and wild lover of life, Pullo. In Caesar’s absence, a great gulf has formed between the ruling class and the lower classes. Pompey Magnus is serving as Consul with Caesar, from Gaul, serving as his Co-Consul. However, Cato and his faction convince him to renounce Caesar, fearing that Caesar’s popularity will challenge their authority and wealth when he returns.

When the army crosses the Rubicon, Pullo stands with Caesar and Vorenus harbors deep fears of committing treason against his beloved homeland. Pullo brings ancient history to a more personal level with these two men. The history becomes tangible enough for average viewers to understand and even enjoy. Plot elements from a fight with a wife or mother to visits to a whorehouse make the past less distant from the present. The people are more than names in a textbook—they are real people with problems to which even modern viewers can relate.

Rome is a fresh new take on an oft-told tale. Though Caesar, Antony and the rest play a part in this epic drama, the primary focus is on the experiences of Pullo and Vorenus.

Other characters that are often pushed aside in the history books, such as Caesar’s niece Atia, mother of Octavian, his heir, receive more attention. For those who watched ABC’s Empire (Sundays, 9:00 p.m.) and HBO’s Band of Brothers, Pullo and Vorenus offer something for everyone, the acting leaves little to be desired. There are some particularly nice casting surprises, such as young Octavian, who played impressively by 16-year-old Max Pirkis. One might remember him as the brave kid who loses his arm in Master and Commander.

“Another selling point for the series is the sheer scale of the production, a joint venture between the BBC and HBO,...”

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“Rome offers something for everyone, assuming the history-lovers can appreciate the graphic content of the series. Proof deals with the complexities of human relationships, the fact that being misunderstood is a lonely, dark place and that watching a loved one’s once brilliant mind deteriorate sometimes must be suffered in silence.”

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