

Food Service Survey

by Celene Chang

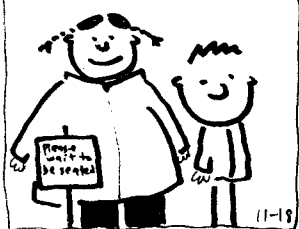
A food survey was recently conducted in the undergraduate houses. The students were given forms to fill in to express their opinions on the new food service, Total Food Management. The survey was divided into two sections. The first section required the students to rate the various aspects of the food service. In the second section, the students were able to give some of their personal opinions. The results of this survey have now been processed.

A total of two hundred and forty eight forms were returned. This represented about forty five percent of the forms given out. Lloyd House had the greatest response with sixty seven forms returned. The students

wanted more Chinese food such as bok choy and beef chow mien but some students preferred more non-exotic main entrees. On the other hand, some students wanted less greasy foods, less rice and less seafood.

Many students shared the same opinion that the salad bar needed improvements. The items in the salad bar were not consistent and sometimes spoiled. Some of the food was also old especially the canned fruits and cottage cheese. The food was also too greasy overall, especially at lunch. Too many fried foods were being served. The food was constantly running out. At dinner, there should be larger portions on the table. The plates only served one to two servings. These were hardly enough for six students on the table and the students had to wait about five to ten minutes for the waiters to bring more food to the table. The survey also showed that the students would like to have a larger variety of food especially vegetables. Some students wanted more basic staples like meatloaf, broiled chicken and beef & potatoes. Ethnic and unusual dishes were suggested to be only good to add variety. There should

Today Ruth and I went to a breakfast buffet.



seemed to be fairly satisfied with the food overall. The weighted average of the responses to the different categories ranged from average to good. The appearance of the food had the lowest weighted average, while the friendliness of the house waiters had the highest weighted average. It also seemed that lunch was better than dinner overall.

The items that the students would like to remove were mostly vegetables and yellow squash was on the top of the list. There was an overwhelming support for pizza to be added. Fresh fruits and vegetarian meals were also requested by some students. There were many other suggestions including the addition of pancakes at lunch. Some students wanted to see that more Asian dishes to be served. These included tofu, tempura and teriyaki. Cappuccino, bottle water and instant soup were also mentioned to be added.

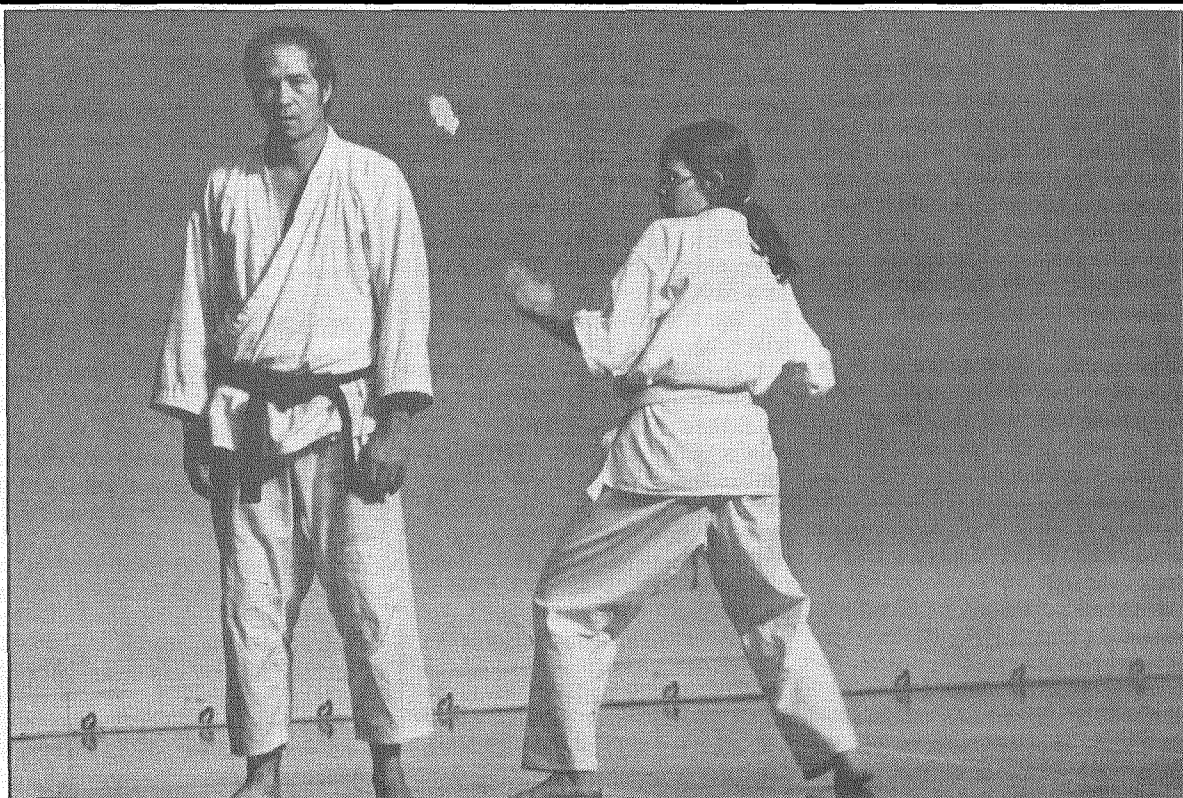
Chocolate chip cookies and seafood were the two main items that the students wanted to see more often. Ice cream and ice cream bars remained popular. Some students

Ruth and I couldn't believe all the different things they had.



always be a choice between a 'normal' and an 'unusual' entree. The students also complained that there was too much starch at dinner and that dinners were especially bad on Friday nights. Some students believed that for the price that they were paying the food could be much better or the food costs should be lowered. The students were also concerned with the hygiene of the place. They believed that bare feet should not be allowed in the kitchen area.

The chief aim of this food survey was to improve the food at Caltech. The responses were greatly appreciated and hopefully actions for improvements will soon follow.



Self-Defense Taught at Tech

by Christopher Dunn

Next term the P.E. department will again offer the popular self-defense course with instructors from the Impact Foundation.

The course is nearly identical to Impact's Basics Course for Women, which costs the general public \$400 to \$450 per person in the L.A. area and hundreds more elsewhere. It is free to the Caltech community, with preference given to undergraduates.

Unlike the regular Basics Course, this course is not for women only. Impact usually separates men from women because of the tendency for women to be inhibited by the aggressiveness of the men, but the training is useful to both. Experience at campuses like UC Santa Barbara has demonstrated the compatibility of university students. However, an Impact representative hinted that the genders might be segregated if too many men sign up.

As if the enthusiasm and self-confidence of its graduates weren't enough justification, Impact provides pages of anecdotes to prove the effectiveness of the training. One of the volunteer instructors, who is said to be in the martial arts hall of fame and to have been the youngest to reach jujitsu, had tried to create his own self-defense program for women before coming to Impact.

"Martial arts wasn't working for women," so he looked for an alternative. At first he was skeptical that anything could be accomplished in eight 3-hour sessions, but he found something in Impact that no other program provides: "fear and adrenaline".

One of the unusual features of the Impact training is the simulated combat with a "mock assailant" entombed in thick, impenetrable padding. The simulations, unsettling to observers, inculcate certain reflexive reactions during what the instructors call the "adrenaline state". Students learn to kick harder as they progress, and the instructors, all of whom have gone through rigorous training, try to respond to the counter-attacks realistically. After graduating from the program, women unfortunate enough to need their training have been known to hospitalize would-be rapists without clearly remembering details of the struggle.

Although the defensive maneuvers work, the emphasis of the Basics Course is psychological. The freedom to retaliate forcefully against the mock assailants helps women to overcome their aversion to violence. They are taught to use

passive weapons, like slimming themselves with phlegm or loudly describing the assailant's appearance. Many women learn to cope with the weight of a large man lying on them.

During a simulation students on the sidelines yell cues: "Eyes!", "Instep!", "Groin!" Years later, women subconsciously hear these cheers when they lose their cognitive abilities in attacks.

The cheering also contributes to the cohesion of the group, which

...Students on the sidelines yell cues: "Eyes!" "Instep!" "Groin!" Years later, women... subconsciously hear these cheers...in attacks.

becomes obvious when, at the beginning and end of a series of simulations, participants lock arms in a ring, hear some encouraging words, and stomp three times screaming "No! No! No!" Often, the security of the group enables participants to talk candidly about painful experiences.

The Basics Course is normally limited to fourteen students. The limit was twenty-five this term and will be eighteen next term.

Impact offers other courses seasonally in the L.A. area, including Advanced Basics, Multiple Assailant, Weapons Defense, and a Partners' Course.

Children (age 7 to 12) can take a course with limited physical contact, and their parents attend the first session.

Teenagers can take a course similar to the adult Basics Course but with different confrontations and verbal techniques.

Impact also gives seminars for corporations, and programs have been tailored for uncommon needs.

To protect wives, Impact will accept a married man only with a recommendation from a graduate or counsellor and then only if his wife has taken the course.

Anyone interested can call (818)997-3306 or 1-800-345-KICK for information and for an invitation to a graduation. Students can sign up at the gym as for any other P.E. course.

The Impact Foundation makes no profit, and most of its instructors are volunteers.

Caltech Radio Club

by Celene Chang

The Caltech Amateur Radio Club was established by Professor Sorenson and a group of students in 1918. It is now one of the oldest amateur radio club on the West coast. The club is now situated on the first floor of the Winnett Student Center in Club Room One. The club has been operating station W6UE since 1960. There are now about 65 members in the club, of which 15 are undergraduates and graduates. Most of the members are alumni and JPL personnel. The club is in fact managed by the alumni and the funds needed to maintain the club comes from donations and dues.

There are new antennas installed on top of Winnett Student Center and Keith Spalding Building to provide better communication. Some of the equipment in the club is made by the members and generally the equipment is fixed and maintained by the members themselves. The members also experiment with the antennas so that they can build newer and better ones.

The main activity of the club is to provide two-way communications with U.S. and foreign amateur radio

clubs via shortwave, VHF, UHF, SHF and amateur satellites etc. The club has also communications with the Space Shuttle. Postcards are sent back from stations that the club has made contact with, and these have been posted outside the club room.

The club has a repeater that is connected to the emergency generator of the Pasadena Police. The repeater is powerful and its signals can reach underground. In case of emergency, the station can provide communications within campus and also with other states as well. There is also a computer package terminal in the club for as another means of communication.

The club participates in competitions. Last weekend, there was a amateur radio competition. In forty eight hours, the club had to make as many contacts as possible with other amateur radio stations in the U.S.A. and in Canada - there were some states that were more difficult to make contact with. Another form of competition that is even more exciting is mountain topping. As the name suggests, the competition takes place on a mountain top. Each competitor or station will have to

See Radio Club page 6

Glee Club Holiday Concert Saturday

Caltech's Men's and Women's Glee Clubs will be performing their annual holiday concert at Dabney Lounge today and Saturday. Tickets to the concert, which starts at 8:00 pm, are \$5 for Caltech students and \$7 for general admission.



The concert, among other things, will include a performance by the combined Glee Clubs of Bach's masterpiece, the 1723 *Magnificat*. The piece will be sung with full orchestral accompaniment; the work, moreover, will be performed in a baroque tuning for which A = 415 Hz, as opposed to the modern tuning of A = 440 Hz. The orchestra will also comprise some period pieces from the baroque era.

In addition to the other works to be performed by the combined Glee Clubs, which include familiar songs of the holiday season, the Caltech Chamber Singers will also perform.

Come attend the Glee Clubs' Holiday Concert for a musical interlude this holiday season.



letters

Clock Repairs

To whom it may concern,

Last weekend's windstorm made quite a mess of the campus, but only one item is of concern to me. The powerful winds tore poor Woodstock from his perch on the clock on Kellogg. I would return him to his rightful place if only I could find him. If someone has found him, please bring him to the Fleming House lounge and place him on the mantle above the fireplace. I will look for him there. I appreciate your help as he is very labor intensive to duplicate.

*Fansome Security Inc.
maker of fine clocks*

Bible vs. State?

Dear Editors:

I read with dismay Jon Liljeblad's editorial regarding the declaration of a mistrial in a murder case due to the prosecutor's citation of the Bible. Though I agree with Mr. Liljeblad's statement that in most criminal cases the striking of certain statements from the record is enough to guarantee a fair trial, I believe that the case under consideration is special for several reasons.

First, the sentence was the death penalty. Our society has correctly placed severe restrictions on the administration of the death penalty to ensure that those put to death are actually guilty and have received a fair trial according to their Fifth, Sixth, and Fourteenth Amendment rights. The death penalty is special in that once carried out, it can never be reversed or commuted.

Second, the statements were not just prejudicial; they were blatantly unconstitutional. By quoting the Bible, the prosecutor as representative of the state, violated the principle of separation of church and state. This principle, one of the very tenets on which our country was founded, is so important that it was included in the very first constitutional amendment. Free practice of religion in this country is guaranteed by the fact that no representative of the state officially cites any religious doctrine during the course of his/her duties.

Lastly and most importantly, the prosecutor's quotation, "And the murderer shall be put to death," inextricably binds the above two issues together. By using the Bible as a reference, he made the impli-

cation that execution was God's will, rather than that which was warranted by the facts. As Mr. Liljeblad points out, "the prosecutor's statement was unnecessary and may have easily biased the jury." However, the statement was much more than unnecessary; it was so blatantly inflammatory and unconstitutional that even striking it from the record could not have erased the indelible mark it may have had on the jury. The right to a fair trial demanded that a mistrial be declared.

I strongly disagree with Mr. Liljeblad's statement that the ruling "indicated that any religious reference was...grounds for dismissal." Rather, the ruling simply stated that in the context of this particular case the prosecutor's statement was improper enough to warrant a mistrial (which is not necessarily the same as dismissal). To use this as a legal precedent, the circumstances of the case must be nearly similar, which would seem to make its applicability rather small.

I also do not agree with Mr. Liljeblad's statement that the trial was a "futile exercise in technicalities." Is Mr. Liljeblad actually asserting that the Bill of Rights is a technicality? Should the Constitution protect Mr. Liljeblad more than it does an accused man whose life hangs in the balance? Rather, this case was a reaffirmation of our country's belief in the separation of church and state and the right to a fair trial. Hopefully it will force prosecutors throughout the country to think carefully before trampling the line dividing church and state simply to make a point. Mr. Liljeblad's argument, though emotionally charged, would never stand up in a court of law, and thankfully in Pennsylvania it didn't.

Sincerely,
David A. Edwards
Mail Code 217-50

Goldberg Revisited

Dear editors,

I am writing this letter to even the scales a little concerning the letter you published about Dave Goldberg earlier. The letter omitted several important points concerning his behavior. He was initially put on probation in part because he was harassing another student. He would flip her off in class and intentionally

Editorial

Jon Liljeblad

It is the time of the year when once again the decorations and presents are brought out in ample supply, when the winds blow cold in the crystalline nights with the early winter around the Christmas lights and street-stands. The school is coming to a brief respite before the next two terms, and the students are readying themselves for the holidays.

There are the urgent pitches from the season's sales and frantic pacing of the shopping sprees hurried before the final weeks before Christmas. There are the calls for warmth, forgiveness, and reaffirmation of kindness in the "holiday spirit." All around are the images of generosity, kindness, and joy.

But so too are there ones of depression, darkness, and despair.

Walking through Old Town Pasadena will bring you across the homeless wandering between the holiday crowds, eyes glazed in their distant stare as they search for spare change or the rare extra cigarette. Driving through the city brings images of individuals sitting alone by the window. Watching the news brings stories of people left out by the rush of the season.

*But if only you could see them you would see from their faces
There were kings and queens followed by princes and princesses
There were future power people throwing love to the loveless
Shining a light because they wanted it seen.*

It is a Judeo-Christian holiday originally intended for a reaffirmation of belief, happiness, and optimism. Yet somehow one need only look around to see the gaps in the spirit of the holidays. It is a paradoxical time—one of celebration that calls for reflection and reevaluation yet does not accept the sorrows and confusion that are only all too often brought to the fore.

And there were cries of why followed by cries of why not?

Can I reach out to you if that feels good to me?

And so thus one comes to realize that while the population makes every effort to evoke the proper "holiday spirit," there are those who are unable to bring themselves to the spirit of the times, caught as they too often are by regrets for seasons past and insecurities of seasons to come. Trapped in loneliness and sobered melancholy, these people find themselves in a tunnel with little light. They can be and are the homeless family down the alley, the emigre with no friends or family, the person next door with no place to go. They are the ones overwhelmed by the world around them, the ones unable to cope, and ultimately, the ones in despair.

In a way, it is discouraging. You start to comprehend the futility of people struggling in the world around them.

And so the question becomes, as always, one of what to do.

What in the nineties can make you feel good? Comin atcha like a hurricane would

Stand by me I'll always be by your side, give you love that will be right.

It is impossible for any one to try to correct all the ills around us. It is hopeless to attempt to solve all the issues we encounter.

But there is a proverb that goes, "...the fortress is built stone by stone."

For all the talk of the meaning of Christmas and the holidays, I suppose that one message deserves reacquaintance: changing the world begins by becoming a part of the lives of people around us—by doing everything within our efforts to help, influence, or support those we meet on a daily basis. As individuals we can deal on a human level with those who need aid, acting in ways subtle or obviously clear. Helping out the homeless fellow on the street, becoming acquainted with the new arrival in the department, saying hello to the neighbor with no family or friends.

And so I'll give my love to you, give you everything

To make life wonderful, to make the world peaceful

I'll drown all your sorrows in a future love paradise.

Seal

"Future Love Paradise"

Somehow, I suppose, it's important to remember that sometimes it's the little things that count. We could try to take on all the problems of the world, get caught in the struggle over issues, rise in the fervor of a cause. But for the moment, the season calls for something on a personal level, for the contact between people during a time of year when some friendship would be invaluable.

With all the lights and decorations, parties and dinners, I suppose the "holiday spirit," whatever it is, could just as easily be furthered by sharing the emotions of this time with people around us.

And so this is Christmas once again. As Capra once had an angel say: "The wealth of a man is measure by the number of his friends."

Happy holidays everybody.

many highly questionable things, but I am writing simply to point out that there are two sides to this story. One where Dave was a mischievous prankster, and one where he truly hurt another student.

Varoujan Gorjian

Sexual Harassment

Dear Dr. Albee:

We are writing to you because we are greatly concerned about some of the contents and implications of the Caltech policy on sexual harassment (and your accompanying letter), which you recently sent out to all graduate students.

The most objectionable statement is contained in your letter, which is a reference to a new regulation: "Teaching assistants should not attempt to date a student in their class, and should disqualify themselves from teaching a section in which a spouse or current partner is enrolled." Since when does the Caltech administration have the right to set dating policy for the students? While we agree that it may be unwise for a T.A. to date one of his or her students, this does not give Caltech the right to intrude in the private lives of TAs. In addition, if such a regulation is in place, then clearly a similar regulation forbidding faculty to date students in their class should be instituted, to avoid a double standard. Regardless, the objective of the regulation is presumably to avoid situations in which (a) a TA attempts to use his/her position of authority in order to pressure a student to date him/her (a situation already covered by federal guidelines against sexual harassment), or (b) a TA gives preferential treatment to a student in his/her class whom he/she is dating (which is a clear violation of the honor code, and should be dealt with in the same manner as every other honor code violation). We submit that since

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letters

these cases are already covered by existing regulations, no further ones are necessary. If a TA is dating a member of his/her class and yet can remain objective and does not engage in sexual harassment, it is no business of Caltech's. Pre-emptive laws like this are repressive and unacceptable in a free society. It is tantamount to forbidding people to drink alcohol because of the possibility that they might drive drunk.

In addition, we feel that the definition of sexual harassment given in the pamphlet is so vague that it could encompass almost any behavior of even remotely sexual character that a student finds objectionable. The federal guidelines are fairly explicit, with the exception of paragraph 3, but the interpretation given in the pamphlet includes such items as: "Obscene posters, cartoons, drawings, or computer screens ... obscene gestures, conversations, and verbal descriptions ... sexual innuendos, verbal sexual abuse disguised as humor ..." These provisions are so vague that they could conceivably result in accusations of sexual harassment for such things as telling dirty jokes, cursing, putting up a Playboy calendar in one's office, etc. In effect, this policy gives the administration the right to censor our conversations, gestures, and even what we put on our computer screens in the name of preventing sexual harassment. Note that in the above-mentioned provisions there is no mention of an individual being unfairly treated or discriminated against for sex-related reasons (in contrast to the federal guidelines). An individual could easily claim sexual harassment simply because he/she was offended by a poster in someone else's office or by a picture on someone else's computer screen, which is clearly not a case of sexual harassment. We are not trying to belittle the extremely important issue of sexual harassment, or to suggest that the policy be discarded. We simply ask that the policy statement restrict itself to true sexual harassment (i.e. when one individual is using his/her position of influence to try to extract

sexual favors, or when persistent unwanted sexual advances are made to a student) and not try to establish itself as a blanket arbitrator of morality at Caltech.

There has been a disturbing and growing authoritarian trend in the actions of the administration of Caltech in the last few years, of which this policy is merely the latest instance. Although it may seem to be only a minor infringement of personal freedom, it is nevertheless a step in the wrong direction.

Yours truly,
Mike Vanier

Hom on Racism

Dear Editors,

I would like to comment on Jon Liljeblad's reply to a letter by Aaron Matzner in the November 22 issue of the paper. More specifically, I want to comment on the term "non-white species" which he uses in his reply. I don't know whether Jon is aware of the fact that the "scientific" basis of racist ideology is the belief in the existence of a "white homo sapiens species" separate from a "non-white homo sapiens species." In the absence of scientific proof of that existence, one must conclude that all homo sapiens belong to one common race, the human race.

There is no doubt that the human race has been divided into number of categories based on social, economic, religious, geographical, etc. differences. And skin pigmentation has played no minor role in dividing American society. It is my belief that differences do not have to lead to divisions.

While I don't know Jon Liljeblad well enough to place labels on him, his use of the term "non-white species" shows that he possesses a prejudiced and insensitive understanding of non-white America.

I would like to propose to both Jon and the Caltech community that a forum be set up to discuss preventing diversity from dividing society. I think that it would be very healthy and beneficial to continue last year's dialogue on diversity on campus and bring together Jon's point of view. I would like to see a

commitment by the Caltech community in this post-centennial year to "reach for the stars" when we set forth our goals for the future both in the scientific and social fields.

Sincerely,
Gilbert Tom Hom
2304 Hagen Dr.
Alhambra, CA 91803
(818) 449-7620

Ed. Reply:

Quite frankly, I was deeply offended and incensed by Mr. Hom's letter this week.

Mr. Hom, you evidently perceive me to be a white racist pig from the deep South.

On the contrary, recent consultation with my mother has proven that I am a 100% Burmese student who has grown up in various places around the world. I have uncles and cousins (through marriages) who are Sikh, Shiite, Jewish, Buddhist, Gurkha, Shan, Chinese. I have grandparents (not actually by blood, long story) who are Norwegian, German, Swedish, Burmese (by blood), and Indian. I am definitely NOT white, and I do NOT think that I have an "insensitive opinion of non-white America." If anything, I consider myself as having a decent grasp of non-white America, as I clearly am one. I also consider myself as having some grasp of how it is better possible for ethnic groups to unite (rather than yell at each other and start shooting).

And forgive for losing my temper, but WHO THE HELL ARE YOU to say that I have a "prejudiced" opinion?!! I was the one kicked out of an all-white town in Louisiana, I was the one who was literally spit on and beaten up by a bunch of white boys in Duncanville, Texas, I was the one who was told by some hick that "There's too many damn chinks in American colleges." I am the one who by all rights should be carrying on an anti-white crusade, BUT I REFUSE TO LOWER MYSELF to this level. For you to say that I am of this prejudiced crowd is a slap in the face. Mr. Hom, do not see page 4

Turkey and Top 40

The death of a sense begins with the inability to make small distinctions. I bathed in the cooling waters of Thanksgiving dinner, and what frightened me was this: after long weeks of staring into the lunchtime soup cauldron and being unable to identify what stared back up at me, I was no longer capable of identifying good food when I tasted it. Indeed, days before true Thanksgiving dinner, at the TFM Feast, this trend first manifested itself—far into a huge mouthful of dairy topping which graced my piece of pumpkin pie, I realized that I no longer knew the difference between Cool Whip and real whipped cream. I had to ask someone else which it was. Eating mashed potatoes and stuffing on the Thursday afterward I had to stop and think: Is this good food which I'm eating? Reliable sources informed me that it was. I have become acclimated to food which claims no identity, hails from no clime, and admits no family. You'd think that upon eating real food I would become transported to realms of expansive joy and leap about the dining room in sheer ecstasy. Rather, my diet now seems an exercise in sameness—with the TFM food coating my taste buds in a deadening layer of detritus.

If you now took me to a luxurious restaurant, one of the finest in the land, only by the fine china and linen tablecloths would I be able to orient myself culinarily.

The sense of hearing deteriorates apace. I am not going deaf; but fine gradations in absolute aesthetic quality of sound find it easier to escape me. I live in Blacker House, Heaven alley. There is a guy in the room next to ours who continually flips among the best of L.A.'s Top 40 stations, which I can't tell apart. Maybe he can. It comes to mind that you're not supposed to tell them apart, and that the attraction for advertisers on Top 40 stations is that the only distinguishing characteristics are their ads. He plays them at very high volumes, where the treble disappears and only the

bass, a huge elephant lumbering its way along the bottom of the staff, remains to be heard. When he's not doing that he watches TV. Sometimes he does both at once.

Now across from me is a guy who plays music I have no immediate dislike for—the only trouble is the frequency with which he plays it. Rush's new album is a work of art, I suppose, and therefore one must be able to glean from each playing the finest nuances of interpretation and meaning—the most subtle differences in tone and color. But that's exactly the point. When even Bach's Mass in B Minor (to display my obvious musical biases) is played time and again, one stops caring. It's not the music itself which levels all sounds and differences in sound—it's the treatment that is given to music. When music is treated as merely another medium, another form of information—the only difference being the type of icon it is given on a window-driven computer desktop—it can be slotted into a CD changer and left to blast away for hours on end. When more importance is given to the transmission, the broadcast of the sound than to the sound itself, the latter is relegated to secondary importance. (This I fully expect to corroborate when, early Monday morning, the corridors thunder to Wagner's Ride.)

Occasionally, however, comes the Coke with the right amount of syrup; real music is listened to and one remembers why all that fancy equipment is used in the first place. Tonight, for instance, we threw into a spool a few armfuls of leaves and plywood. We stood back and let it burn. It let off billowing white smoke, and eventually burned with a striking flame which made it a bright yellow flower in a strong wind. Satisfied with my senses, satisfied that I wasn't turning into a lump excited by the prospect of TFM and thrilled by the Top 40's latest, I went to bed.

Zack Berger

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letters

Zeitgeist 3: Essay on the Theme
Cosmology, Astronomy and Art

accuse me of things I am not.

I resent having to validate myself in this way to anyone, including Mr. Hom.

Continuing on to other problems with Mr. Hom's letter, I believe he misunderstood my editorial of November 15, 1991.

I do NOT argue against ethnic pride. I DO argue against racism—I do not speak of white vs. everybody, but rather also one of Vietnamese vs. black vs. Hispanic vs. ad nauseum. I argue against blacks and Jews killing each other in New York City, or blacks and Koreans shooting each other in Los Angeles, or Asians and Hispanics battling it out in Houston. I argue that such violence is perpetrated by emotions of fear, xenophobia, and arrogance.

Mr. Hom, are you listening to me?

In using the term "non-white species" I was attempting to summarize in a diplomatic manner just exactly what I was referring to. I was working within these limitations. I used the term in exactly this way, NOT as some scientifically justified Aryan vocabulary.

Of course I believe that there is one homo sapiens species. Enough said.

I do believe, however, that this nation (this is what I was dealing with, Mr. Hom) cannot stand as an institution when black, Koreans, whites, etc. are killing each other in the streets and citing racist philosophies. Cultural and ethnic differences in themselves are perfectly fine, but when these differences are used as tools in the expansion of racism, when differences erupt into violence, then I must take my stand.

Mahatma Gandhi argued non-violence in the cause of ethnic diversity and cultural unity. I agree with his philosophy.

Am I making myself at all clear? Clearly from Mr. Hom's reply I am not.

—Jonathan N. Liljeblad, Editor

Native Americans
Defended

Dear Editors,

I have a great deal of difficulty understanding the intensity with which Mr. Liljeblad attacks the Native American groups who are protesting the selection of one of Columbus' direct descendants [sic] as the presiding Rose Parade official. He argues that rather than wasting their time on measures the public only interprets as "the hackneyed ravings of extremists factions within the midst," they should concentrate on improving their socio-economic situation. In saying this, Mr. Liljeblad fails to see the point of these protests. Unless Native Americans educate the rest of the

public about the injustices that they have and continue to face, there is little hope that their situation will every improve.

Even a cursory look at history does not paint a favorable picture of Columbus. He made no secret of his intentions when he wrote in his log of his first meeting with the Arawaks of Hispaniola:

"They ... brought us parrots and balls of cotton and spears and many other things, which they exchanged for glass beads and hawk's bells. They willingly traded everything they owned... They were well built, with good bodies and handsome features... They don't bear arms and do not know them for I showed them a sword and they too it by the edge and cut themselves out of ignorance. They have no iron. Their spears are made out of cane... They would make fine servants... With fifty men we could subjugate them all and make them do whatever we want."

In fact this is exactly what Columbus did when he enslaved the natives and sent them into the mines to bring him the gold he used to convince his creditors to invest in American conquest. Las Casas, a contemporary of Columbus and one of Hispaniola's early settlers, documented much of the chaos that took place on the island in his *History of the Indies*. His disgust at the state of things is evident when he writes:

"... there were 60,000 people living on this island, including the Indians, so that from 1494-1508 over three million [modern estimates: 250,000] people had perished from war, slavery, and the mines. Who in generations will believe this? I myself writing it as a knowledgeable eyewitness can hardly believe it..."

Records indicate that by 1650 not a single native was left in Hispaniola. Consequently, the Arawaks will not be sending one their descendants [sic] to the Tournament of Roses Parade.

Jon Liljeblad suggests that the presentation of such facts does little to improve the status of Native Americans, yet he makes little effort to support his view with facts. Had he studied the issue in more depth, he may have found that Native American progress has often coincided with periods of dissent. A prime example of this is the emergence of tribal colleges during the 60's and 70's. Although the concept was an old one originating with Native American August Breuinger in 1911, it was not until 1968 when the Navajos founded the Navajo Community College that the movement gathered momentum. Legislative acts like the Indian Fi-

nancing Act (1972), the Indian Education Acts (1972 and 1974), the Indian Self-Determination and Education Assistance Act (1975), the Indian Child Welfare Act (1978), the American Indian Religious Freedom Act (1978), and the Tribally Controlled Community College Assistance Act (1978) allowed the proliferation of tribal colleges such that today there are 24 schools mostly located on reservations which were isolated from more "mainstream" institutions. Interestingly enough, most of this congressional action coincided with the peak of the Red Power movement of 1970's. Today these schools provide a vital service to Native Americans who learn marketable skills as well as a sense of pride in their culture.

Despite such evidence, Liljeblad asserts that "Protesting the presence of some dead man's descendants at a parade does not make for a lasting impression in the national media." Unfortunately, it is these protests (and not the progress made by activists) that make a lasting impression in the media, government and even Mr. Liljeblad's mind (otherwise he would not have written his editorial). It is also such protests which force the government to take action, as they did in the Civil Rights movement.

Alex Protopapas

Editors Reply

Dear Mr. Protopapas, I will be quite frank.

You assert that I said "...presentation of such [white colonial racism] facts does little to improve the status of Native Americans."

Where did I explicitly state this?

You misconstrued my arguments and my conclusion. In decrying the protests of Columbus' descendant, I was trying to ask: "What good does it do to attack this descendant for the crimes of his father? And what good does this attack do in the greater cause?"

I do not argue against education of historical fact (or record, which semantically is probably more accurate). Indeed, my editorial of Nov. 15, 1991 states: "Granted, public exposure and awareness is a vital and indeed unbelievably critical part of the plan..." Enough said.

The point was through angry protests, you may get your way but you invariably make enemies, and somewhere resistance to your cause grows. I suppose I should have added somewhere in the editorial that I argued for causes which were non-confrontational.

I mean, in this modern age I find it difficult to believe that to educate the population about imperialist policies of the past it is necessary to use vitriolic, hostile protest (the televised protests over the Rose

It is rare that I, the archetypical Caltech student, find the time to look up from my dog-eared copy of MTW and expand the breadth of my education. Nonetheless, such a day came a few weeks ago, when I found that a Friday afternoon coincided with a "Symposium on the Theme Cosmology, Astronomy and Art". And so I went. Only to be told that where I should have been was back in lab — hard at work.

Allow me to paraphrase (my ailing memory will not allow me to quote) our noble Vice Provost, Dr. David Goodstein, "It is difficult for me to respond to what has been said here today because it has so little to do with the science that we do in our laboratories. Don't get me wrong — I would much rather be here than in my laboratory, but I didn't advertise this symposium around the lab because I would much rather my students were there, working."

And he expects us to get an education?

Let me hasten to distance myself from a rather vocal debate that pleads a cause somewhat similar to my present one. I am not of the persuasion that wishes to make Caltech a school of liberal arts, such as Stanford, Harvard, Princeton or MIT. I will be timid and leave to another day an attempt to explain why. Nonetheless, I do take issue with Dr. Goodstein.

In that we participate at the forefront of Science, we are on the *avant-garde*. Science, at least the type that Caltech in their promotional literature told me they wanted to pursue, is not an industrial endeavour; it is an inspirational one. Why then distinguish our inspiration from that of the artist? And why distinguish the scholarship of one sort from that of the other?

I suspect that most scientists spend at least a little of their time wondering why they are in the business they are. I would be surprised if the answer for most, particularly for those of the caliber and attitudes that Caltech endorses, was that it's just a job. There are many easier, better paying jobs. The most thrilling experience that Caltech offers is the exposure to a place where virtually everyone actually cares about what they are doing.

There is something very attractive about the other large group of people who really care. Certainly the most profound understanding of my aspirations that I receive from outside the scientific community comes from the artist. Equally, I believe that I can understand what it is that makes the artist tick. Both of us appreciate beauty. Dirac I think it was, who said that the most important thing about one's equations is that they be beautiful, not that they agree with experiment.

Admittedly, the only thing that keeps that utterance in our cultural memory as the wisdom of a sage, as opposed to the ravings of a misguided fool, is the fact that Dirac happened to be right. He wasn't the only one, though. By all (or at least Kip's) accounts Einstein was always saying that if God hadn't made the world a certain way then he certainly should have. Another man who was right.

I rambled briefly about my search for a meaning of life in the first of these essays. Equally curious and (to date) fruitless is the search for a meaning of science. It is clearly not technological. Of what technological use is the study of Cosmogony? The search for the top quark? The mapping of Jupiter? There appears to be a real desire to understand the nature of the world, just as there is a real desire to create beautiful things. I believe that an at least moderately compelling argument could even be (and has, elsewhere, been) made for these two desires being different expressions of the same. But, be that as it may, there is most certainly a parallel.

(Parenthetically I observe that perhaps the most important thing that the artist and scientist share is a singular lack of understanding of this desire from the inspired masses. But that's another story.)

Not too large a gulf separates the communities then. The crafts that we pursue are different. The beasts we pursue are at least superficially different. But the reasons we pursue them are similar enough to allow an understanding and perhaps cooperative relationship.

You disagree, Dr. Vice Provost?

Maneesh Sahani

Parade incident were non-conciliatory and filled with open animosity)? To say that non-confrontational methods are ineffective is somewhat dubious. One need only refer to Gandhi or Martin Luther King, Jr.

Have I atoned for my sins in your eyes?

—Jonathan N. Liljeblad, Editor

RF Caution

Sirs,

You and many of your readers may be curious about the fliers that appeared around campus recently urging the freeing of Adriana Lozano from the "Prankster". I will confess that I was. In pursuing the matter I discovered that the source of the problem was that someone had presumably been playing a practical joke on Adriana. She had no idea who it was, but wanted them to stop — and saw no way to reach them but through the posting of these fliers.

At the risk of having members of the Board of Control sermonize too frequently about happenings in the community, I would like to bring to your and your readers' attention some of the concerns that this raised in my mind.

By and large most RFs place a member of the community at a disadvantage. In many cases it is this very disadvantage that is funny. Since the intention is humorous and no lasting harm comes of it, the community has tolerated such advert

vantage. There are times, however, when good intentions go awry. It is not always possible to be sure that no lasting harm will arise, or that the joke will prove funny to the person who's mirth is most important — the "victim". As before the intention was humorous and meant to do no harm, so I do not mean to suggest that the perpetrator of such a mis-prank has no place in the Community; but the advantage that was taken might need to be straightened out.

Since there must always be such uncertainty, it is clear to me that the "victim" of the prank must be able to contact its instigator. Please do identify yourself to the victim if you ever pull an RF: it needn't be immediate (in the event that the prank hinges on the victim not knowing who did it) but should be within a matter of days so that you can arrange to make right anything that went wrong.

I do not wish to state that the Honour System has been violated in the present instance. It is not the place of the Board (unlike, it appears, our GRB cousins) to make a decision, without a proper case hearing, based on what might be only some part of the facts. Furthermore, I am not the Board of Control — only one-ninth of it. But I do hope to contribute to a more livable environment at Tech.

Maeesh Sahani
Board of Control Representative.

Sonny Hughes

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This Week's **Inside World** was written by:
Dabney: Karen Bruner & Bo Adler
Dabney2: Momo Jeng, Mike Benedetti, Chris Du Puis
Dabney3: Stephen Thompson
Dabney4: Alf Mikula
Fleming: John White

Blacker	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	3
Dabney	0	0	5	0	0	3	2	2	12
Fleming	3	1	3	0	2	4	3	1	17
Lloyd	1	3	1	0	4	1	1	0	11
Page	0	0	4	1	0	5	0	0	10
Ricketts	4	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	8
Ruddock	2	4	0	0	3	0	0	0	9

DABNEY1

Late one night in Dabney City, a shadowy figure emerges from a back alley, Alley 7, his cape spreading behind him. No one else can be seen, because he has chosen his path well, to avoid all passers-by, and the low-life know enough to keep out of his way when he has been summoned. And everyone knows he has been summoned when they see the giant buttocks projected on the clouds in the sky.

"Buttman, thank you for coming," says Commissioner Adler, his summoner.

"No thanks necessary. I am only doing my duty, Commissioner," Buttman replies.

"What is the problem this time?"

"I'm afraid it's really serious this time. The Hannaman has broken the Compulsive Punster out of jail and sent him out to get you. He's already driven half a dozen people insane."

"This is serious. The Compulsive Punster was almost impossible to capture the first time. And he's probably learned a few tricks in the slammer."

"Maybe not. They put him in solitary confinement when he started telling so many horrible puns that he started driving other prisoners crazy. They couldn't have told him that much."

"Still, he's very dangerous." Buttman looks off into the sky for a moment. "I'll get right on it, Commissioner."

"Good. Be sure to let me know if you need

any help."

But Buttman is already gone.

Back in the Buttmobile, he is on the phone to his roommate, the only person who knows his real identity.

"Kurt, I'm afraid the Compulsive Punster is on the loose again. You're going to need to get the earplugs ready. I'll be in the Butt cave in 5 minutes."

"Yes, sir. I'll be waiting."

Deep under Dabney City, the Buttmobile roars into the Butt cave.

"Do you know how the Punster escaped?" asks Kurt.

"The Hannaman busted him out and sent him after me. He's sure to have some new tricks, not to mention some horrible puns, up his sleeve this time."

"Definitely. Here are your earplugs. Do you need anything else?"

"No, I think that's it for now. The only thing we can do here is wait and monitor all broadcasts for news of people being driven insane by a masked man telling horrible puns."

"I'll get right on it."

It is a slow news day in Dabney City, but isn't it always? Two hours later, Kurt walks up to Buttman.

"Sir, on Channel 5..."

"Hold on, dammit. I've locked myself in my handcuffs again, and I can't find the key."

"Here it is, sir, on the desk, right under your nose."

"Oh. Oh, yeah. Thanks. You were saying?"

"On Channel 5, there's a report of a NeXT labslave suddenly going crazy."

"But don't all NeXT labslaves eventually go crazy? Look at Carlos."

"Well, sure, but this one had only been on the job for a few hours. And you know how much the Punster likes NeXTs."

"Yes, of course. I'll get right over there."

At the NeXT lab, campus security men are scouring the area.

"Look, I can send farting noises in e-mail!" says one security man to another.

"Yeah, but look here! This one's in color! And it only takes 15 minutes for X to come up!"

"Commissioner Adler, what's happened here?" asks Buttman, surprising the law man.

"Oh, Buttman. The boys here just discovered the wonders of personal computing."

"No, no, I meant with the Punster."

"Oh, yes. Apparently, he came to use a NeXT, but told so many bad puns that the labslave lost it."

"I feared as much. Not that the NeXT guy didn't deserve it, but it's still a hideous way to go. Any sign of the Punster?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Well, while I'm here, I'll just log in and check my mail."

Buttman logs into a NeXT. "You have new mail," says the NeXT wench. Buttman sees that he has NeXT voice mail, so he plays it.

"So we meet again, Butthead. I tried to use one of the CS10 machines, but I made it crash. Won't it be great when grate gets back up? So, I went over to over, but it was beyond all hope. Doesn't it just irk you when you try to molest a machine, and it crashes!"

"Oh, no!" cries Buttman, as he starts looking for his earplugs.

"My fellow cauliflower-head Hannaman did me a great service by breaking me out of the slammer. And I've been watching old Addams Family re-runs, to bone up on my sense of humor. Aren't they punny?"

Buttman groans, still looking for his earplugs. "Where could Kurt have put them? Will someone pour some water on this NeXT?"

The Punster goes on. "I'd love to stay and send more mail, but I have to go. Maybe NeXT time."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" shrieks Buttman. All around him, security men are laughing wildly. "That guy is really funny. Why on earth are you trying to catch him?" says one.

Buttman logs off and leaves, ignoring the security men. He doesn't have much time to change back in to his alter ego before going to CS 1 lecture.

10 minutes later, mild-mannered Yun Kim walks into 22 Gates. Women swarm around

continued from page A

him. "Sit next to me, Yun." "No, sit next to me."

"Girls, girls, calm down. I only have two sides," he says, not noticing the cauliflower-headed frosh sitting in the row behind him. Steve Taylor begins his lecture, telling some jokes that make Yun suspect he might have found the Punster. But the jokes are funny, and Yun realizes he must continue his search. As the big Steve lectures on about structures and linked lists, Yun hears a voice behind him.

"Boy, this class is really structured. Unfortunately, it's not linked to anything else I have to learn."

Yun's eyebrow goes up.

Meanwhile, Steve asks a question about pointers.

"Gee, that's a tough one," says the voice behind Yun. "I think I'll have to null it over some."

Yun realizes he has his man, but he has to think of a way to get out of the room so he can change to his alter ego.

Then Steve realizes he's forgotten his overhead projector. Before he can ask Com-

missioner Adler to get another one from Jorgensen, Yun stands up and volunteers to fetch one.

He races out of Gates into the steam tunnels and down into the Buttcafe, where he changes in to Buttman. He zooms back to Gates, and runs up to his housemate, Jonathan Weinstein, better known as the Compulsive Punster.

"So, I've found you again, Punster," he says.

"No, no, you have the wrong punnyman, I mean funnyman. I'm more mild-mannered than Yun! Y'know Yun; he's really mild. I was in my room when all that farting e-mail was sent!"

"How did you know they were farting messages, huh, Punster?" counters Buttman.

"But, but, Buttman, you just have to believe me! You can ask Rob Hanna. We were worshipping Bullwinkle, I mean, we were shipping Bullwinkle videos to all of our friends."

"You *must* be the Punster! I'm taking you in."

"No, no, here's my excuse of last resort: I

was on vacation!"

But Buttman knows he has his man; oops, I mean frosh, and he slaps his handy-dandy handcuffs, procured at the Pleasure Chest, on the dastardly devil.

"Nice work, Buttman. I knew you'd catch him," congratulates Commissioner Adler.

"No problem, Commissioner. Just make sure he stays locked up this time, and that your men put on ear plugs." And with that, Buttman is gone.

Five minutes later, Yun returns to the lecture, carrying an overhead projector.

"Thank you, Yun, but you missed all the excitement while you were gone," says Steve. "Buttman captured the Compulsive Punster right here, in my lecture."

"Well, I guess it's my fate to lead a mild-mannered life," sighs Yun, and he takes his seat again, as Steve starts talking about The Mythical Man Month.

Stay tuned, Buttfans, for another exciting episode as he continues his battle against the notorious Hannaman. Same butt-paper, next butt-term.

DABNEY2

You know, on Monday morning I woke up to find a pink-and-flesh-colored blur had been slipped under my door. Knowing that the blur would identify itself upon closer inspection, I inspected it more closely. It was as I had suspected. So I began to ponder the meaning of this event. My reasoning went something like this: "Well, if the tooth fairy visits you when you lose your teeth, the pornography fairy must visit when you've lost your pornography. But I never had any pornography. Ah, but then there's Rob. He burned the raunch library. In a sense, he lost it. And he used to live in this room. Therefore, the pornography fairy must have been paying a visit to Rob because he lost Dabney's pornography!" It's a mystery to me. For all I know, maybe the pornography fairy visits when you're not getting laid. The world may never know. Thanks, pornography fairy, wherever you are. Now, on with the real inside world:

On the advice of a few of my colleagues, the following is a suggestion for a series of courses at Caltech. The format is the same as that which would appear in the catalog. Suggestions for more undergraduate courses, as well as graduate-level courses, are welcome.

PLEASURE ENGINEERING

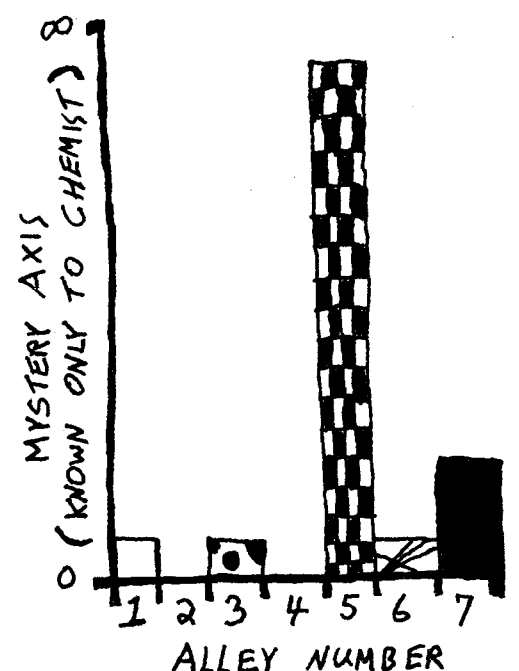
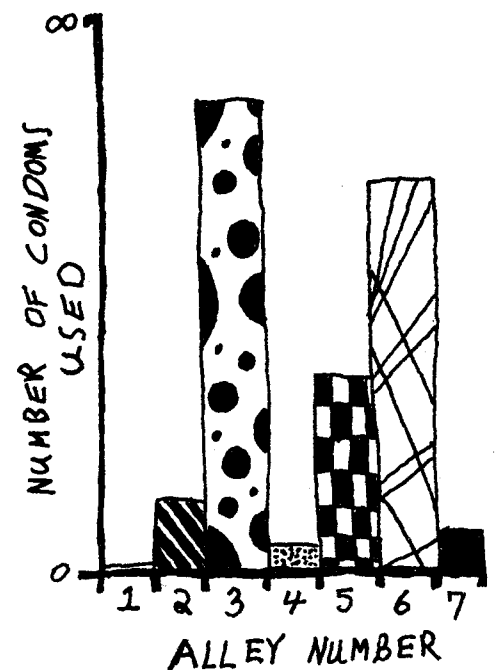
PIE .9 abc. Remedial Pleasure Engineering. 9 units (4-0-5); first, second, third terms. Included for those students who managed to graduate from high school without ever kissing, necking, engaging in foreplay, etc. Also includes all topics covered by PIE 1 abc. Instructor: staff.

PIE 1 abc. Introduction to Pleasure Engineering. 9 units (4-0-5); first, second, third terms. An introductory coverage of interpersonal sexual skills, including coitus and the various sexual positions, fellatio, cunnilingus, and masturbation. The focus of the course will be on pleasuring the partner in all exercises. Prior experience recommended but not required. Instructor: Mikula.

PIE 3. Fundamental Techniques of Experimental Pleasure Engineering. 6 units (0-6-0); first, second, third terms. Introduces the basic principles and techniques of sexual intercourse and develops the skill and precision which are fundamental to experimental pleasure engineering. Enrollment first term will be limited to students who have gained advanced placement into PIE 41 or PIE 21, or by permission of the instructor. Graded pass/fail. Instructor: Cesarotti.

PIE 4 ab. Introduction to Masturbation. 9 units (3-3-3); first, second terms. An introduction to masturbation of both the male and female anatomy. Topics for discussion will include embarrassing stains, fantasy, pornography, and mutual mastur-

DABNEY3 DABNEY HOUSE CHEMIST CHARTS



continued page C

Dabney2 from page B

bation. Instructor: Fu.

PIE 5. Introduction to Odd Sex. 6 units (3-0-3); first, second, third terms. An introduction to the forms of sexual experience which are considered to be odd or deviant according to modern sexual mores. Includes an in-depth study of the Odd Sex Rule. Instructors: Stern, Lange.

PIE 6. Introduction to Autoerotism. 9 units (3-3-3); first, second, third terms. Masturbation, autofellatio, autocunnilingus. Focus on autoerotism as a way of dealing with the ratio and sexual frustration. Instructors: Fu, staff.

PIE 7 ab. Dimensions of External Orgasms. 6 units (3-0-3); second, third terms. An in-depth study of the controversy over external vs. internal orgasm in women. Part a will focus on manual stimulation. Part b will focus on oral-genital intimacy. Instructors: Cesarotti, staff.

PIE/Ch 8 ab. Chemically-Enhanced Sexual Intercourse. 9 units (2-6-1); first, second terms. A study of the benefits of chemical enhancement of sexual intercourse. Chemicals studied will include THC, Ni-

trous Oxide, ethanol, and LSD. Instructors: Mikula, Scheer, staff.

PIE/ME 9 abc. Mechanically-Enhanced Sexual Experiences. 9 units (3-3-3); first, second, third terms. Focus on mechanical devices used to enhance the sexual experience, including vibrators, eggbeaters, toasters, and other common household appliances. The lab portion of the course will focus on the design and development of such devices, and discretionary use of such devices. Instructors: Soha, Runge.

PIE 10. Chemically and Mechanically Hindered Sexual Intercourse. 9 units (3-0-6); first term only. Focus on wastedness and chastity devices. Instructors: Runge, Hanna, staff.

PIE 11. Frontiers in Bestiality. 6 units (2-4-0); first, second term. Includes a weekly seminar from such distinguished speakers as Pamela Abshire, Jeremy Gollub, Alf Mikula, William Cesarotti, Truxton Fulton, and Anne West. The lab portion of this course includes field trips to local farms and a trip to the mountains to meet some of California's infamous bears. Instructors: Soha, Arlo.

PIE/Bi 20 abc. Prophylactic Theory. 9 units (3-0-6); first, second, third terms. Includes practical recognition and treatment of venereal diseases, responsible decision-making concerning the use of prophylactics, and practical use of such devices. Instructor: Moilanen.

PIE 21 abc. The Physical Description of Sexual Systems. 9 units (3-0-6); first, second, third terms. Prerequisite: PIE 1 abc. Position, mood, location. Heterosexual, bisexual, and homosexual. Focus on the ability to adequately describe occurrences of sexual relations. Instructors: West, staff.

PIE/PA 24 ab. Vocality and Sexual Intercourse. 6 units (2-4-0); first, second terms. Moans, groans, squeals, squeaks and screams. Focus on the art of faking orgasms as well as the added excitement of loud, aurally-stimulating sex. Includes distinction between screaming in pleasure and screaming in pain. Instructors: Bichnevicus, Tsai.

PIE 41 abc. Study of Human Valence. 9 units (3-0-6); first, second, third terms. A study of interpersonal bonding of the human species. Instructor: Hanna.

DABNEY4

We found the White Album today.

Top Ten Most Important Things to do to be a Darb

10. "Don't be polite, especially if you are Asian." (ESL handout)
9. Learn to juggle.
8. Hug a Flem.
7. Read T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land."
6. Drop something.
5. Pay \$12.50 a term.
4. Tie-dye your brain.
3. Increase your chemical awareness.
2. Be apathetic.
1. Frolic in the autumn mist in a land called Honalee.

Enough of this frivolity. Welcome to the Dabney Inside World. After reading the list above, you may be struck by a question - who would want to live in Dabney, anyway? This question had occurred to others before, and so it was decided that an ambitious project should be carried out — a Darb would record his laugh-packed, thrill-a-minute adventures in Dabney during a typical day. The results are recorded below. (If you are more interested in the surreal "Waiting for Godot" thing, skip the results and come back to them later)

24 Hours in Dabney: To Hell and Back with a brief stopover in Lester Prarie, Minnesota

12 AM: Nothing.

2 AM: Nothing happening in Ruddock, either. Godot not sighted.

4 AM: People in Ruddock talking and doing homework. In Dabney: Karen and Bo are hot tubbing whilst Brad watches a movie and writes.

5 AM: Lloyd: Everyone is asleep.

6 AM: Too early to be up. No sign of Godot.

6:11 : Rich is reading in Dabney library.

6:20 : Rich has mysteriously disappeared.

6:50 : Jon Lange eats soup.

7:50 : Momo returns to Alley 4.

7:54 : CZR finds some useful relationships in EE.

8:00 : B&G already hard at work clearing the weekend's debris.

8:09 : Daily paper arrives. Maybe something is going on somewhere.

8:50 : Nothing happening in Lloyd.

9:12 : Nothing much.

9:43 : p moves in library.

9:46 : Alley 6 phone rings. Action at last!

9:49 : Dabney library is evacuated. Time to move on.

9:50 : Those gooey palm berry things are hosed from courtyard.

10:02 : Nobel laureate Murray Gell-Mann has apparently not arrived. His parking space remains vacant. Godot hasn't arrived yet, either.

12:45 : Nothing happening in Lloyd.

1:45 : Nothing happening in Dabney.

1:47 : Buttman™ replenishes his energy with life-giving ramen.

2:25 : Ricketts courtyard devoid of life.

2:26 : Many Scurves are lying on the floors of their rooms, doing homework.

2:28 : Badminton is being played in Blacker

courtyard. Christmas lights are up.

2:30 : Fleming courtyard vacant.

2:31 : Four people in Dabney courtyard (including one maintenance guy.)

2:56 : Four people in business suits sighted in Throop park. Is there a connection here?

2:57 : Rubbed Millikan's nose.

4:30 : A group leaves Dabney courtyard to go out for Thanksgiving dinner (note: this is December 2).

4:37 : Am paralyzed with fear for 23 seconds after seeing Bart Simpson's grisly remains.

6:04 : Dabney lounge rocked by news about Paul Wellstone. Also, Weekly World News has arrived.

6:14 : Dinner : rice n' leaves-MMMMmmmm!

8:45 : Rich puts up Christmas lights, turning Alley 6 into a psychedelic wonderland.

11:14 : Having a swingin' time over in Lloyd.

11:16 : Some people in Lloyd are playing pool.

11:17 : Page is loud. No fellatio sighted.

11:17:01: Silly Flems.

11:50 : 46th housequote of the term goes up in library.

11:52 : More nothing.

11:57 : "The Graduate" is being shown in the game room.

Well, there you have is folks. Become a Darb and you too can experience Jon Lange eating breakfast or the unanswered ring of a telephone. Okay, so nothing exciting hap-

continued on page D

continued from page C

pens at Dabney. At least you can listen in on surreal/existential conversations like the one dramatized in

Waiting in the Alley Four Kitchen for Godot
-Is he here yet?

No, he isn't here yet.

-When is he coming?

He said he'd be here today, or maybe tomorrow.

-What time is it?

It's 4:30 AM.

-I hope he comes soon. Godot will come and everything will be okay.

Hey dude! Look at this! Varieties of Psychedelic Experience...I thought I had all the literature...Wow! This was printed when it was still legal!

-We went to see Ollie North. We taunted him, and he signed our copy of The Doonesbury Chronicles.

You suck, man. We went on a desert trip and

climbed on rocks and saw funky trees....

-These are good cookies. What did you say was in them?

I want to do something.

-Let's go to Lloyd.

The horror. The horror.

-Nobody comes, nobody goes. Nothing happens, nothing changes. It's awful.

Vladimir

Estragon

Momo

FLEMING2

Dear Mother,

I just decided that I would write to let you know that I'm doing well. Everything that I've been experiencing these past few months (my goodness, has it really been that long?) has been almost too intense to express in words. It's been everything that you, Father, and I had been hoping for.

Remember that small, smelly, grungy place where I was living? Well, I moved out of Ruddock and into Fleming House less than a month after I got here. I guess that our credo here in Fleming is "clean, quiet living in a warm, supportive environment." I really enjoy that.

Probably the most respected person on campus, Mom (her real name is Jessica Nichols), lives here in Fleming. She's the one who makes sure that we're getting all our work done on time, that we're eating properly on the weekends, and that we don't distract ourselves from all the work at hand.

One of the people that I live with is "Mad Dog." It's kind of sad because no one really likes him. Maybe that's because he doesn't really do anything except play Sega Genesis, and steal furniture from people. I think that he's one of those unfortunate cases of people who's bodies outlive the usefulness of their minds. I'm not sure what that really means, but that's what Mom said.

Of course, Fleming isn't the only house on campus. I already told you about Ruddock, but small, dirty, and smelly really describes the two other north houses as well, Llllloyd and page-sux. Well, you remember the Rudds: they tend to just lie around, or "wallow in their filth," as Mom says. The Llllloydies are very secretive about what they do, but the other day, I snuck in and watched them doing....whatever you call it: they were spending lots of time clumping into groups and beating up on the other groups and each other. It was kind of funny to watch, but kind of scary too. I think the people who live in page-sux house are a bunch of hicks from nowheresville. The other night, after I finished my homework for the term, I watched them "at play." They had hired a band that played both kinds of the music that they listen to (country and western), and were acting like they never outgrew playing cowboys and ... cowboys. Reminded them of home I guess.

I really didn't want to live in the other "South" houses. Dabney house is just too uptight about house pride, sports, and all that. I mean, most of us like living in Fleming and all that stuff, but we don't all dress alike, exclude non-house members and do things like that. I mean, sometime I think that they spend all their time making fun of everybody else. It really bothers me how they insist on acting like jerks.

I have trouble telling Ricketts House from Dabney. Someone tried to explain the difference to me and as near as I can tell, the Ricketts people wanted to live in Dabney, but couldn't get in, so they all live in Ricketts. When I asked a member there if that was true, she said, "No, no! Ricketts is uniquely flavored!" I didn't understand what she meant until Mom told me "Uniquely flavored like the food service!"

I'm really glad I don't live in Blacker Hovse. There's so many women there that I'd probably be way to distracted from my work.

I managed to get a blue slip (for outstanding work) in Chemistry. I'm getting an "E" (Excellence). I'm going to meet Nate Lewis (the chemistry professor) for lunch today. Mike Bott (he lives down the hall), and I are getting the highest scores in Chem 1, so he invited us. He told us that we should invite a few other house members if they could stop in on his class. I hope that it doesn't get to boring.

Well, gotta run and finish up some extra work I was doing. Take care!

Your devoted son,
John

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THOUGH
WORK
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HOUSE

ENTERTAINMENT

Music Review: 

T-Bone Burnett and Friends

by Pete Rogan

We're standing in line waiting for the show to start. I see some guy walk by wearing cowboy boots, black jeans, a white shirt, and a brown vest. He's carrying a bottle of mineral water.

I say to my compadres with much sarcasm, "Can this guy get any more hip?" As he walks by again, I see he has a cigarette in the other hand - yep, he's trying too hard.

Little did I know he would be playing kick-ass slide guitar that night. He wasn't trying to be hip, it just came naturally.

We were waiting to see a show called T-Bone Burnett and Friends. We knew T-Bone was a well know record producer/songwriter who had worked with the likes of Elvis Costello and many others, but we had no idea what kinda music he played. For all I knew, he didn't even have any albums of his own.

So, you could say we were counting on his friends to provide the excitement. Besides, we probably would've just spent the money on something like food or recreational drugs - neither of which compares to a solid evening of music.

We enter McCabe's to find our seats. We walk through the front of the guitar shop toward the back room with 150 of our closest friends. A short time ago, this room was a guitar show-room, now it's a makeshift theatre.

At one end of the room sits the permanent stage that barely fits a four-man band. Who needs a full drum-set anyway? Besides, all the music is acoustic and everyone can hear the guitar player tapping his foot on stage.

McCabe's is the best place I have ever seen a show in the LA area; and it is the perfect place for this.

T-Bone comes out to start the show by chatting with the audience and making us all feel at home. He plays the first song, saying it's off his album which is due out in a few months.

So, he does record himself occasionally.

The song is cool and the music sounds great. Pretty much what I would expect from T-Bone, without ever hearing more than a guest spot or two at other people's shows.

As he brings down two more guys to join him, T-Bone tells us that the show is being recorded for a radio program.

That explains the funky mikes all over the stage and so many people in the sound room.

His first two guests are Jerry Douglas and Edgar Myers. I am disappointed - come on T-Bone, bring out some folks I recognize.

But, I quickly realize these guys are damn good. Together with T-Bone, they make some awesome music.

Douglas, *the one who was too hip outside*, plays slide guitar, and Myers plays a stand-up bass. They both seem comfortable in the music - they're just improvising along as T-Bone spits out his mix of humorous social commentary and potent love songs.

Now I see why everyone loves to work with T-Bone. He's a master of music as well as bitter wit.

The atmosphere allows these guys to screw around on stage almost as casually as if they were just sittin' on the back porch wadin' time. They never forget the audience is there, but they never let us get in the way of their good time either.

Soon, T-Bone brings down another friend. His name is Jeff Bridges.

No, really, the actor from "The Fisherking" and numerous other flicks came down to play some music for us.

He sits down at the piano, nervous as hell - armpits dripping, and plays a bit of a jazzy piece from "Fabulous Baker Boys".

After getting tired of that, Bridges leads the other three through a cool, ethereal love song. His voice isn't that great, but the music and words keep up with the rest of the program.

Bridges leaves and T-Bone calls on another friend - Billy Swan. He's not a well known musician - an older, one-hit wonder - but his harmony fits well with T-Bone, and the two have a great time together.

After more than an hour, T-Bone and his friends take an intermission, prepping for what promises to be a great second set.

The second set sees T-bone acting more as MC than anything else. He tells us how he challenged Jeff Bridges to come down again and try a song on his own.

Bridges sits down, center-stage, holding a ukelele, and plays a cool version of "On the Sunny Side of the Street" - quite a crowd pleaser. He sings the last half to an infant in the front row who has chosen this moment to start acting up a bit.

Next, T-Bone gives the stage to a young, fairly unknown performer named Joe Henry. His contribution to the night is dark and powerful - more good stuff.

Too bad the active infant, who Mom took for a walk after "Sunny Side", belongs to Henry - the tike stayed up late to see Dad, but didn't quite make it.

So, I was sitting there enjoying every minute, but still hoping for some well-known musician to come down. That greedy guy inside was searching for a name or two to drop to my friends. I admit it - I'm human.

T-Bone went one step further and brought out a verifiable legend. T-Bone introduced him as a good friend who had just been inducted into the Rock 'n Roll Hall of Fame earlier that week.

Down walks Booker T Jones.

Now, I don't personally know a lot about Booker T. I have heard of him often, and understand his stature, but I am very ignorant of his discography. It didn't matter when I heard him live - no one could deny his genius.

I can tell by his air that Booker T is happy to be here. He has as much respect for his audience as we have for him.

His 4-song set is the hi-lite of the night. Booker T's versions of early R&B standards put latter day posers like Michael Bolton to shame.

It appears difficult to follow up Booker T's set of passionate Rock and negro spirituals, but T-Bone has such control over the evening that the crowd welcomes him back eagerly. He proceeds to give up the stage once again - this time to Douglas & Myers to display their many talents.

To end the show, T-Bone leads the audience thru a rockin' version of a cheery Christmas tune - after all, this radio show is purported to be a Christmas special.

The crowd demands an encore and is rewarded with a final 10 minutes of T-Bone hamming it up on stage.

All in all, the show provided 3 hours of fun for the audience and performers. Our gamble payed off big time.

Movie Review:

Star Trek VI Discovered

by Gavin Claypool

"Logic! I'm sick to death of logic!" - Amanda (Spock's mother)

The Undiscovered Country is the sixth and perhaps final Star Trek movie starring the seven primary members of the original TV series. While it does not reach the dramatic heights of *The Wrath of Khan*, or the good warm feelings generated by *The Voyage Home*, neither does it descend to the doldrums of the other three films.

In the uneven consensus script (screenplay by Nicholas Meyer & Denny Martin Flynn, story by Leonard Nimoy and Lawrence Konner & Mark Rosenthal), the United Federation of Planets is presented with an unexpected challenge: a peace overture from the Klingon Empire, stimulated by an ecological disaster that threatens to completely destroy the Empire within 50 years. The premise is tempting (and a necessary prelude for Next Generation continuity), but the desire to make the film a parable for our times undermines its potential.

The good news is that the planned radio show is going to happen soon. On Christmas Eve from 8 - 10 pm, local KCRW will play music culled from four separate performances at McCabe's. All across the country, other National Public Radio stations will air the same show. So, when you head home for Christmas, check with your local NPR affiliate for a date and time.

Some surprises from the other nights included a visit from Sam Phillips, T-Bone's wife, and a rare acoustic set from the reunited Spinal Tap.

In a splashy opening, the U.S.S. *Excelsior* encounters a subspace shock wave caused by the explosion of a Klingon moon. The Klingons haughtily turn down Federation assistance, terming the shattering of a moon a mere "incident." The moon just happens to produce a large percentage of the Empire's energy, and because of their military build-up they can't afford to replace the power sources or repair their damaged ozone layer. Sound familiar?

Captain Kirk, despite his personal wishes, is ordered to escort the Klingon chancellor (David Warner) and his party, which includes the Shakespeare-spouting General Chang (Christopher Plummer), to a peace conference on Earth. On route, the Klingon cruiser is attacked—apparently by the *Enterprise*—and loses gravity control. Assassins in magnetic boots beam on board, gun down the hapless crew in zero-gee, and fatally wound the chancellor. Phasers have never been so messy.

Kirk and Dr. McCoy beam over to the Klingon vessel to investigate the matter, and when McCoy fails to save the chancellor's life, both Starfleet officers are arrested by Chang and taken to a Klingon court to stand trial for the assassination. In the interests of promoting interstellar law, the Federation allows the "show trial" to go on. The death penalty is commuted, and the hapless officers are sent to a remote mining colony on an ice world, for the rest of their days.

Sound familiar? (Can you spell "Gulag"?)

Meanwhile, Spock, the Vulcan Lt. Valeris (Kim Cattrall), and the *Enterprise* try to rescue Kirk and McCoy, uncover the assassins, and save the rescheduled peace conference. The film suffers the most with

these scenes, where too often the crew are playing buffoons. Searching through printed reference books to fake the Klingon language while sneaking through Klingon space? This is the 23rd Century, folks! (And with a ship presumably full of Klingon specialists for the diplomatic mission.) Chekov, playing prosecutor with the uncovered magnetic boot, throws "if the shoe fits, wear it" at a humanoid crew member who doesn't wear them—at least not those designed for humans.

The Voyage Home used humor very successfully; the subsequent films unfortunately have tended toward slapstick more. But there are funny bits ("Why are we here?" "Maybe they're throwing us a retirement party," is McCoy's sardonic reply in his first scene.) And McCoy's reaction when Kirk gets kissed by yet another alien woman should match the audience's.

Kirk is unsettlingly at first, with his almost-paranoid distrust of the Klingons, but a pivotal personal log entry explains his reaction. (Why his feelings aren't clear in the last two films, particularly the latter, is left to the viewer's imagination.) Other strange actions are harder to justify logically: while the *Enterprise* is being blown apart, instead of take care of crew injuries that are presumably occurring, McCoy goes off with Spock to modify a photon torpedo for a desperate countermeasure. Attempting to prevent another assassination, Kirk and command crew beam down without a single security guard in tow. (Admittedly, maybe nobody else could be trusted in these conspiratorial times. Pragmatically, of course, you've got to use the stars has much as possible. And p'haps

see Trek VI page 6

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Water Polo Makes Splash at Championships

By John White and Nick Porsinsirak

Early in the morning last Friday, the Beavers travelled to Pomona-Pitzer's new Olympic size pool determined to play the best polo of their lives. Unluckily, the team was at a disadvantage from the beginning, with starter Tim "Sickdog" Maddux out sick. The first game was against the home team, Pomona-Pitzer, the second best team in the conference. The Beavers played extremely well in both offense and defense. With an effort in the hole from Jim Radford and Chris Buchner, the skim shots from Tamaki, and goal saves by Nick "the goalie", Caltech was able to keep the score close to P-P. In the beginning of the third quarter, the score was tied at 8-8. However, with faster swimmers and a more experienced team, P-P was able to pull away to 13-9 in the 4th quarter with 3 minutes left to play. Caltech moved closer by the goals from Jim Radford and Grant Sitton to 13-11 before the buzzer went off. Everyone agreed that it was a pretty darn good start for this year championship. Nick had 8 blocks only (thank to the excellent defense from all players.) Jim had 4 goals (before almost getting ejected 'cuz foul trouble). Tamaki had 3. Chris, Grant and Mark (Savellano) each had 1. And a surprising outside shot from Alan Kulawik indicated that he is not only superb in defense, but also can be a threat in offense.

The next challenge in that afternoon was Whittier. The Beaver squad had high hopes due to the morning performance, but Whittier clearly out swam them. Poor Nick

had to face many one-one-one, or sometimes two-on-one challenges. Offense lacked communication which resulted in turnovers. Defense was good but not good enough to keep up with the opponent's offense. The final score was 21-7 Whittier. Nick had 17 saves. Jim had 2 goals. Chris and Grant each had a piece. There was a surprise performance by the Hawaiian Horrors in the closing minutes: Ryan Naone with 2 quick goals in the 4th quarter, and freshmen Michael Ng with his first goal in water polo debut at Caltech.

The opponent early next morning was Claremont-Mudd, the best team and undefeated in the league. Those pessimistic teammates who called a twenty point spread were surprised to say the least. Although CM outscored the Beavers 4-1 in the first quarters, the scoring from then on was even. Final score: 9-5! Nick had an excellent game with 20 saves - the most in his career in a game so far. Jim had 3 goals, and Chris had 2. The most impressive thing about the game was the intelligent play. There was only one ejection in the entire game for the Beavers and we were able to draw five ejections from the other team. Mark Savellano and Grant Sitton put in their best effort in driving, playing an excellent all-around game. Along with good defense from Chris in the hole and Jim in offense made this game close.

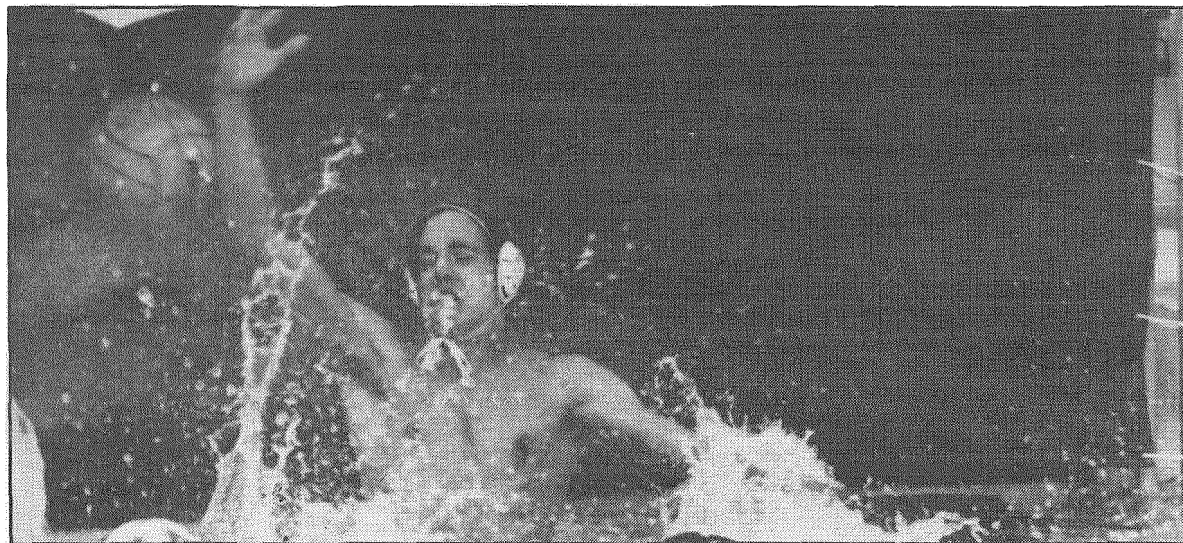
Due to midterms week, many were too tired for the last 2 games. It was kind of let down after playing so well against the top two teams in the league. The Redlands game was after CMS and we were burned many times. The Sunday game was against Oxy. Although the Beavers

had the benefit of having Maddux return from the dead as well as the three person cheering section from Fleming House, Oxy still came away with a clean face. The team started out slow, allowing Oxy to pull away before picking up the scoring pace. The final score was 16-6 Oxy. Nick had 12 blocks. Jim scored 3, Chris 2, and Tamaki 1.

Overall, we had an excellent performance at the championship. Many coaches and referees complimented us on our improvement; "If only if this was the beginning of the season, there would be no doubts that we would have won more games," said coach Dodd.

Thanks to this year seniors: Tamaki Murakami, Tim Maddux, and Grant Sitton. You guys provided us such a fun year. Don't come back for the alumni game, ok? We want to win again next year. Coming back for next year as seniors are Nick Porsinsirak, Alan Kulawik, Jim Radford, and Mark Savellano. The trio (Derek Surka, Ryan Naone, and Ellis Eckland), Keith Thompson, Tim Firman and Hans Hornstein are also big asset for next season as well as freshmen Chris Buchner, John White, and Michael Ng. Kristy McAdams, Virginie Leechnekt, Korhan Gurkan, and Ted Laurence improved tremendously after their first season in water polo. Keep it going guys.

The final stats for 5 games during this championship: Nick had 71 saves. Jim "the scoring machine" had 15 goals. Tamaki "the skimshot" had 6. Chris "slo-mo frosh" an Mark "I don't have a nickname" Savellano scored 4. Grant had 3. Alan and Ryan had 2, and Michael had 1 goal.



Crime and Incident Beat

Security tip: Have a great winter vacation and don't drink and drive.

- 11/19 A person reported that someone removed the coin receptacle from the Pepsi-Cola machine located on the first floor of Ruddock House. There was no evidence of forced entry. Value: \$200
- 11/23 At 11 PM someone reported that the door knobs of several doors in the Fleming House were removed. CP-2 was called in to make emergency repairs.
- 11/24 There were several reports about loud noise coming from the party at the Page House. The Pasadena police came over and talked with Kim West. They told security that everything was OK.
- 11/25 The victim parked his vehicle on Hill Ave north of San Pasqual between 8 AM and 12 PM. While the vehicle was parked, someone forced entry into the vehicle and stole the stereo/cassette system. Value: \$1200
- 11/25 The victim parked his vehicle in the appropriate reserved space in the Tournament Park parking lot at 9 AM. At 10:30 AM the vehicle was discovered missing. Value: \$5000
- 11/25 The victim parked his vehicle in the Tournament Park parking lot between 7 AM and 4:30 PM. When the victim returned, he discovered that someone forced entry into the vehicle and stole the stereo/cassette player. Value: \$300
- 11/25 The victim parked his vehicle in the Tournament Park parking lot between 7:50 AM and 4:30 PM. When the victim returned, he discovered that someone forced the locks open and stole the stereo/cassette player. Value: \$400
- 11/30 A suspect was observed in the Braun house kitchen attempting to steal food. The suspect was apprehended and held by students of the Braun house. The Pasadena police was called and arrested the suspect.
- 12/2 The victim left his bicycle unlocked at the entrance of the Fleming House lounge at 12:30 PM. When the victim returned 20 minutes later, the bicycle was missing. Value: \$585
- 12/3 Witnesses reported that a group of people were wandering in the vicinity of the Church and Mudd labs. Apparently they were looking at the bicycles in the racks in that area. They appeared to be carrying some kind of tool. The group left by the time security arrived at the scene.

Total value: \$7,685

Trek VI from page 5

the screenwriters agree with Amanda.) Now Captain Sulu, George Takei gets his turn in a featured role as the new captain of the *Excelsior*. As Uhura, Nichelle Nichols is given short shrift again, but does manage to save the ship with a brilliant idea. If a seventh movie with the same cast is unworkable, Paramount might score with a spinoff film: give Uhura her own ship, and let she, Scott, Sulu, Chekov, and some of the semi-regulars explore the galaxy, while Kirk, Spock, and McCoy stay at home or do cameos. Plummer, as Chang, is an ominous presence on screen, with his eyepatch bolted apparently to his face, and his penchant for quoting Shakespeare in combat. That device felt over-used, however, particularly since Ricardo Montalban was fond of quoting Melville in *The Wrath of Khan*. The special effects are again first-rate: 23 years ago, shape-shifting (in the TV episode "Whom Gods Destroy") was merely implied by a camera trick. Want to know how blood in zero-gravity reacts when the gravity is turned back on? Meyer'll show it to you.

Anyone not familiar with the Star Trek universe will not get as much from this film as they could from *The Voyage Home*, when the "undiscovered country" was 20th Century San Francisco. Trek fans should find it satisfactory, although a little disappointed that the (probable) ending of this series of films was not more slam-bang exciting on a galactic scale. But that has always been the difficult challenge facing

the filmmakers: how to live up to a legend. Meyer proved it could be done once in *The Wrath of Khan*, and Nimoy again in *The Voyage Home*. If this film does not live up to those high marks, at least let the cast go gently into that "undiscovered country".



Radio Club from page 1

try to make as many contacts as possible from the mountain tops. The Caltech Amateur Radio Club has its own van and trailer with a generator, tower and antennae.

To be able to get on the air, the first step is to obtain a license. There are many types of licenses ranging in difficulties and skills. The members are encouraged to upgrade their licenses. The JPL Amateur Radio Club and the Pasadena Radio Club offer classes for the licenses, and they also administrate the qualifying exams. To get started, the members need to learn the Morse Code and practice on the air.

There will be four to five major club meetings this year. There will also be meetings during the week-ends to work on projects and to raise money. Ten to fifteen people are expected to attend each time.

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Scholarships Offered

The Financial Aid Office has applications and/or information on the following scholarships. All qualified students are encouraged to apply. Our office is located at 515 S. Wilson, second floor.

The American Society of Heating, Refrigerating, & Air-Conditioning Engineers (ASHRAE) is offering a grant of \$2,500 for the '92-'93 academic year to a full-time engineering student in the final two years of undergraduate study. The applicant must have a GPA of 3.25 or above. The deadline for applications to be received by ASHRAE is Dec. 15, 1991.

The Society for the Advancement of Material & Process Engineering (SAMPE) is announcing its 1992 Undergraduate Awards Program for Engineering. Application packages must be submitted postmarked no later than Feb. 1, 1992.

The Society of Women Engineers is announcing its 1992 Spring Scholarship program. The scholarships are open only to women majoring in engineering with a GPA of 3.5. Applications, including supporting materials, must be postmarked no later than Feb. 1, 1992.

The annual Mensa Scholarship Essay Contest is here again. The essay should present clearly and concisely the applicants academic, vocational, and career goals. The only requirement is that the student be enrolled at an accredited college/university for the 1992-93 academic year. All entries must be postmarked on or before Jan. 31, 1992.

The Consulting Engineers Association of California announces its Sixteenth Annual Competition for upper-division, undergraduate scholarships in engineering. For application criteria contact the Financial Aid Office. Applications, with all specified documentary material, must be received by CEAC no later than January 27, 1992.

CETF Contest II

The Caltech Environmental Task Force is sponsoring a contest on campus for a slogan and logo to represent the recycling program at CTF. The slogan should be short, catchy, and identifiable in some manner with Caltech. The graphic should be simple and imaginative but related thematically to recycling.

The winning designs will be used by the recycling program to label containers, flyers, and other materials as necessary - they will be a permanent feature on campus.

The winner(s) will receive a dinner for two at the Athenaeum funded by the CETF.

Submissions should be made to the Caltech Y (Mail Code: 218-51) on 8.5" by 11" paper. The contest ends December 13, 1991.

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Muslim Prayers Held

Friday prayers will be held in the Y lounge at 12:30 PM sharply. If you have questions, contact Asim Mughal at 564-1701.

Be In The Top Ten

Caltech women juniors are invited to participate in *Glamour* magazine's 1992 Top Ten College Women Competition. The prestigious competition honors college juniors of outstanding achievement. A panel of *Glamour* editors evaluates candidates on the basis of leadership abilities, personal involvement in community and campus affairs, and academic excellence.

Ten winners will receive national recognition in the October 1992 issue of *Glamour*, a \$1000 cash prize, plus an all-expenses-paid trip to New York City to meet with top professionals in their field.

Contact the Dean of Students Office for information. Deadline in January 15, 1992.

Final Noon Concert

The final Noon Concert of the year will be held today at noon on Winnett lawn. Featured will be Hammersmith, starring Chris Smith, who has played with such superstars as Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney.

Gay, Lesbian Discussion Group

Meeting are the first and third Tuesdays of each month from 7:30 - 9:30 PM in the Health Center. This confidential meeting is open to all members of the Caltech community. The first hour is devoted to discussion of a specific topic, and the remaining hour is open for general conversation and socializing. Refreshments are served. For information please call x8331.

Announcements for *What Goes On* may be submitted on forms available outside the Tech office (SAC room 40A) and in the copy/mail room (SAC room 37), or use a plain piece of paper. Send announcements to 40-58, or put them in the IN box outside the Tech office. Announcements should be 75 words or less. Indicate the date(s) the announcement is to run. Announcements for the current issue must be received by 5 pm Tuesday. Announcements will be published as space becomes available and will be chosen according to size and interest to the Caltech community. Announcements for commercial events unrelated to Caltech will not be published.

Help Wanted

Student Activities is looking for a part-time employee to handle behind the scenes work of the coffeehouse. 15-19 hours per week. Duties include developing employee manual, public relations work, computer data & entry, menu design, and any additional projects scheduled by the Student Activities Coordinator. Commitment and set schedule is required. Please respond to Robert Cobb, Student Activities Coordinator, or call x2935 for an appointment.

Music and Dance of the Balkans

The International Folkdancers will present a special evening of Balkan music and dance on Tuesday, December 10, at Dabney Lounge. Yves Moreau, a world-renowned expert in Balkan dance, will teach Bulgarian and French-Canadian dances. The Gypsy Horns will play brass band music of the Balkans beginning at 9:15 PM. Everyone is welcome.

SEDS Ice Cream Social

Caltech SEDS will be holding an end-of-the-term ice cream social on Friday, December 6 from 7-11 PM at Winnett Student Center. There will be free ice cream and toppings as well as movies, including a showing of *For All Mankind*, the story of the Apollo program. There will also be signups for a tour of the shuttle *Columbia* in Palmdale on Friday, January 10. All members of the Caltech community are invited for an evening of good ice cream and good movies. For more information, please contact Jeff Foust at 449-1345 or e-mail jafoust@cco.

TACIT Auditions

TACIT auditions will be held in room 25 Baxter basement, from noon until 6 PM on Saturday and Sunday, December 7 and 8, for *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* by Peter Schaffer, to be directed by Shirley Marneus, choreographed by Carolyn Cabanski, with incidental music. The play will be performed in February 1992 at the core of PA 40b for the winter quarter. Needed: dancers, actors, set, costume, property crew, lighting personnel, some staff positions open. For more information call (818) 441-3738 weekdays before 1 PM.

The Royal Hunt of the Sun follows the advance of Pizarro and his mercenaries through the Amazon Basin, over the Andes and into direct confrontation with the last Inca, the Son of the Sun himself. Two religions, two civilizations, two savageries collide in this drama of gold, glory, and greed. The text, both tender and triumphant, offers challenges on many levels, with no easy answers.

Come decompress with us!

Go to Rose Parade

See the Rose Parade with seats and a continental breakfast provided by the Caltech Women's Glee Club. The location will be across the street from the Pataya Cafe at 1525 E. Colorado Blvd. on New Year's Day, 1992 at 8 AM. Tickets are \$30.00 and orders will be taken by mail only. Checks must accompany order and must be received no later than Dec. 20. Make checks payable to Caltech Women's Glee Club and mail to WGC—Rose Parade, Caltech 2-58, Pasadena, Ca. 91125.

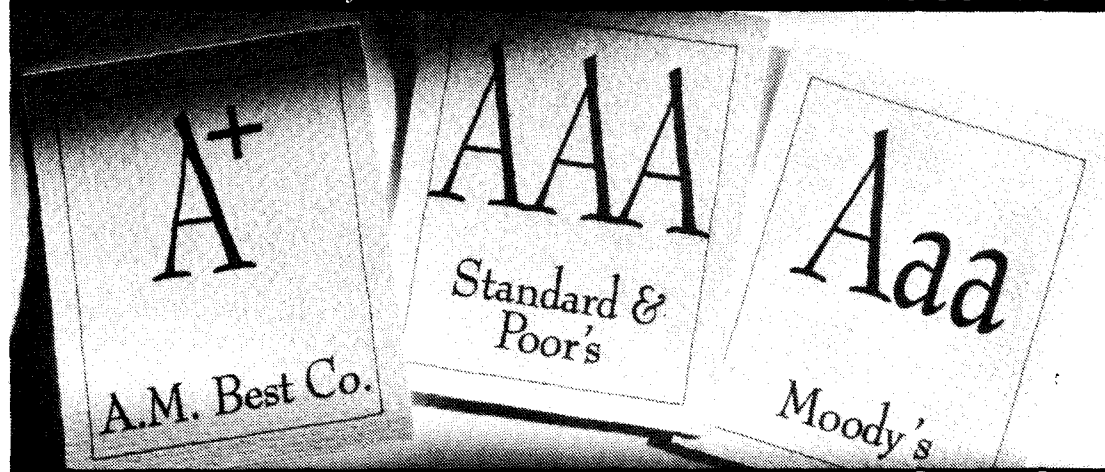
Part Time Job for Work-Study

Professor Bjorkman's lab in Biology needs a laboratory helper. The duties would be as follows: Autoclave glassware, pick up clean glassware and reshelve, make bacterial medium, go to stockroom to purchase necessary supplies. A Biology major is preferred. Estimated hours per week: 10. If you are interested, please call x8351 and ask for Roland Strong or Peggy Fahnestock.

Walk for AIDS

The 3rd Annual Posada Walk for AIDS Assistance will be held in Pasadena on Saturday, December 7, from 5:00-6:30 PM. The Walk is 1.9 miles and will feature performing groups and the famous AIDS quilt. This year's candlelight procession is co-chaired by Sharon Gless and Meshach Taylor. For further information, please call Robin Sheets or Gillian Grady (All Saints Service Center, (818) 796-5633).

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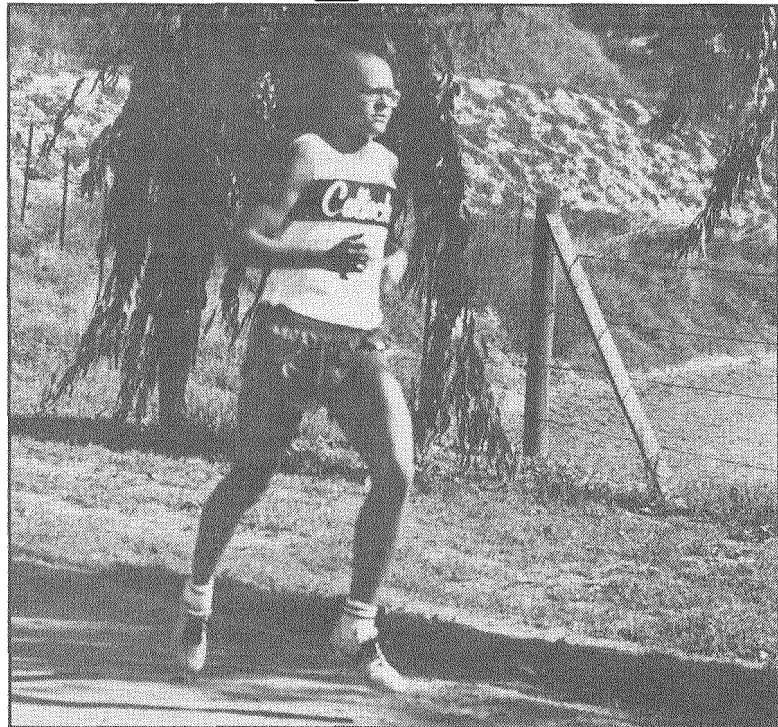
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SPORTS



Ned Bowden had even less hair, at the end of the race, as he once again wagered his body hair against John Pham's.

Official Homeboy Biathlon Results

Individuals:

Place	Name	Total Run	Total Bike	Final Time
1	Rich Dissly	36:07	46:54	83:49
2	Andy Zug	37:52	48:55	87:54
3	John Pham	41:35	47:47	90:04
4	Ned Bowden	38:58	51:36	91:02
5	Chris Campo	39:58	52:13	93:08
6	Mark Vincent	41:47	50:18	93:18
7	Dan Flees	38:19	54:38	93:23
8	John Doyle	44:58	48:28	95:08
9	Mike Mahon	44:25	52:27	97:28
10	Roy Kakuda	43:39	53:55	97:57
11	Robert Korechoff	45:28	52:36	98:14
12	S. Vass	44:26	53:58	99:16
13	Phil Lovalenti	46:11	53:52	100:23
14	Jesse Clemente	44:04	57:13	102:03
15	Steve Matousek	52:31	51:15	104:10
16	Roy Smith	?	?	106:40
16	Ken Klewicki	44:05	61:56	106:40
18	Bob Bodenheimer	64:44	50:55	118:37
19	Nicole Peill	50:00	68:40	120:22

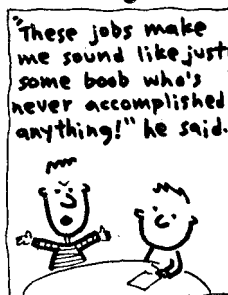
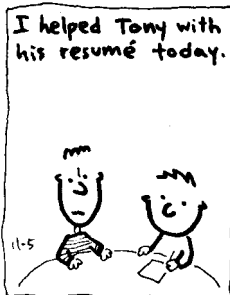
Relays:

Place	Names	Total Run	Total Bike	Final Time
1	R. Steiger/ S. Sorensen	43:31	43:40	87:11
2	D. Hansen/ R. Robinson	43:23	49:34	92:57
3	A. Matzner/ A. Lin	35:52	57:40	93:32
4	A. Crews/ J. Krowas/ D. Gilmore	42:28	51:08	93:36
5	M. Batchelder/ C. Kennedy	?	?	94:35
6	B. Zajac/ P. Pich	44:42	54:30	99:12
7	E. Eckland/ S. Fukuda	48:14	64:09	112:23
8	S. Cullen/ G. Brown/ V. Garcia	50:21	67:34	117:45
9	F. Ebrahim/ T. Richmond/ C. Johns	67:54	50:24	118:18

Unofficial Results

Top no-show: Ken Souza
 Runner-up no-show: Craig "If you wreck on your bike and even if you're bleeding and your arm is broken, you still have to finish. Oh, I twisted my ankle yesterday, I can't run." Reynolds
 Top compulsive gambler: Ned Bowden
 Chief Transportation Administrator: Carol Johns
 Team Homeboy Official Baker-For-Life: Betsy Barton
 Most Valuable Volunteer: Tie: Amy Hansen and Cathy Sauter
 Volunteer with best looking car: Scott Kister

Jim's Journal



by Jim

Homeboy Draws Big Turnout

by Andy Zug

Two Saturdays ago under beautiful conditions, Caltech's own Team Homeboy staged its first official event of the year, a 5K run, 30K bike, 5K run biathlon. Anticipation of the event had firmly grasped the campus in the preceding week and had left many wondering "Can it possibly live up to the hype?" The answer provided on Saturday was "Yes," as a record forty competitors and numerous volunteers and spectators took part in what was widely regarded as "a jolly good time." Indeed, one competitor from Van Nuys who spoke on the condition of anonymity said "This was way better than Desert Princess, and a lot cheaper too!" Drawing athletes from as far as San Diego, the race was marked by some hotly contested battles and some amazing performances. And, with the event well-funded thanks to ASCIT, everybody enjoyed free grub after the race.

The first run was a 5K run through the trails between the Rose Bowl and the Lower Arroyo Park. This was a run full of surprises, the biggest of which was an extra large loop in the course that stretched it well past the advertised 5K. This was apparently added by one of the race directors in an attempt to save his hair. In first place after the run was grad-student Rich "I wanna be an immortal" Dissly with a twenty-plus second lead over relayer Aaron

Matzner. Dan Flees, in his first biathlon, followed closely in third place. Dissly went on to set the pace throughout the race with the fastest bike and run times of any individual competitor. As a result, he crushed the field, beating second place finisher Andy Zug by over four minutes. Coming in third was the infamous alumnus John "Speedo Man" Pham who earned the right to shave the head of fourth place finisher Ned Bowden (by prior agreement, of course).

The relay division of the race produced some of the biggest excitement of the day. In first place was the team of Ron Stieger and JPLer Sugi Sorensen, beating the second place team of David Hansen and R. Robinson. Sugi turned in the fastest bike time of the race, averaging a blazing 25.15 mph. Aaron Matzner and Alex Lin just barely edged out Andy Crews, John Krowas, and Delwyn Gilmore for third place as Aaron cranked out a 16:44, the fastest run of the day.

For those of you who missed out on the action, or if you just can't get enough, Team Homeboy with JPL Bike Cub and JPL Running Club, is sponsoring a mountain bike duathlon this Sunday. This will be a 5k run and 7.5k bike climb up Brown Mountain and promises to be tons of fun. Sign in starts at 8:30 Sunday morning and the race starts at 9:00. Call Sugi Sorensen at 306-6179 or Andy Zug at 585-8429 for more information.

UCLA Tops Tech in Showdown On Ice

by Jim Caron

On Wednesday night, in Pasadena, the Caltech Beavers hosted the UCLA Bruins to a fast paced and well played hockey game. Both teams were down in numbers and both teams played very well. The game ended in a 3-2 win for the Bruins.

The level of play was consistent throughout the entire game. UCLA had more size than Caltech and they played a lot more physical than the Beavers. None the less, Caltech was not intimidated and they played their own smart minded game. Towards the middle of the second period UCLA started to play a little dirtier and began taking cheap shots. As a result, Caltech got several powerplays over the course of the game but, unfortunately, were not able to capitalize on any of them.

Goaltending was the story behind the success of the Bruins. Their goaltender must have stopped at least thirty shots over the course of the game. Most of these shots were of good quality and from prime scoring positions. If there was any one man who beat Caltech that night it was the UCLA netminder. This was very frustrating for the Beavers because they played very well but

just could not put the puck in the net.

The Caltech team has been hampered with injuries and absences as of lately. The most noticeable of which is Dale Laird and Jeff Hall who have ankle and shoulder injuries and were not able to play in the past two games. On defense the Beavers dearly miss the french connection of Jacques Belanger and Francois Rozon who sustained a rib injury against USC and has been a steady defenseman all year.

As a result of all the missing players coach and player/captain George Yates has had to do a lot of juggling with the lines. The upside of this is that the Beavers have been getting some very good performances out of the remaining players. Players like the brutefull Dave Braun have been picking up some

of the slack nicely. Leading the charge on defense is Herman Cho who did a good job of keeping UCLA at bay on Wednesday night. Bob Lane, Jeff Moore and Dave Braun have been skating very well together even though they never played as a line before. Max Heitzmann and Kurt Stephens have also been skating very well together and as the season goes on that line is going to get even better.

The Beavers are off for the rest of the month of December but will be back in January. The months rest will do them some good because it will give them time for their injured players time to get healthy again. The Beavers will continue their winning tradition next month so make sure you come early to the games because the stadium fills up quick.

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