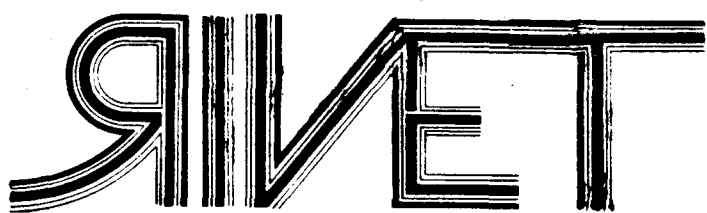


A gratuitous picture of the staff of this unparalleled piece of journalism. *Page 3.*

That was the year that was—or was it? Richard Matzoh reports. *Page 7.*

### A Dumb Paper for a Smart Place

This Issue in Two Sexes

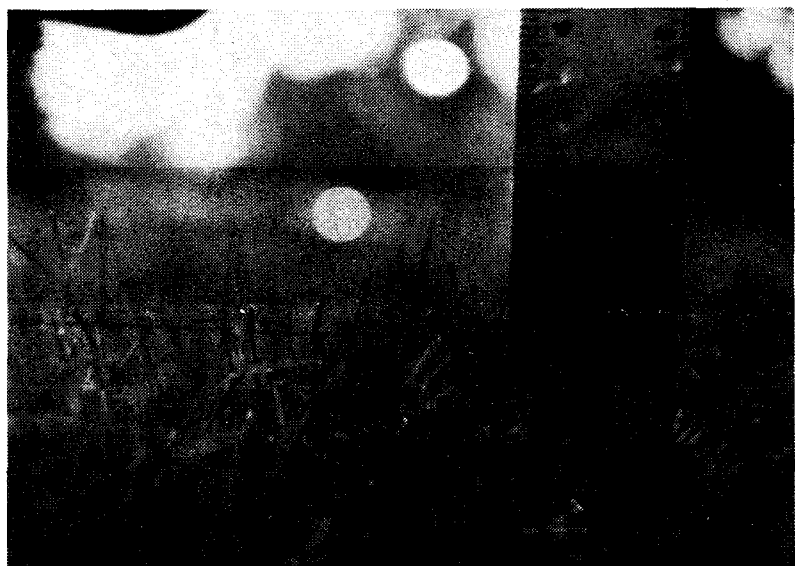


Friday, June 14, 1985

HOT AND THROBBING

# GRASS

*God, I can push the grass apart  
And lay my finger on thy heart!  
—Edna St. Vincent Millay*



*The grass at Caltech, Tuesday at 11:00 a.m.*



*The grass at Caltech, Wednesday at 11:00 a.m.*

Photographs by Ron Gidseg



*The grass at Caltech, Thursday at 11:00 a.m.*



*The grass at Caltech, Friday at 11:00 a.m.*

#### By Rachel Tension

Grass. Cool. Green. Long. Soft. Comfortable. Pleasant. Grass is all of these things—or *should be*. At Caltech, four of these important qualities are missing. And the lack of just *one* of these qualities removes the other three. We must come to ask ourselves, *Why is the grass at Caltech so short?*

Grass is one of those things which makes life in the free world worthwhile. Who can forget the long summer days of childhood spend frolicking in the tall grass? And Mom asking Dad, "Isn't it about time you cut the lawn, dear?" And Dad replying, "Indeed not. Tall grass is one of Junior's basic freedoms, and I will not deprive him of it. I'll mow next week when there's no ball game on."

*continued on page 6*



## art: BAXART'S NEXT EXHIBITION

The Baxter Art Gallery's next exhibition at Caltech opens in late September, and the *Rivet* was lucky enough to get these four exclusive previews shots. The show, to be titled, tentatively, "We Love You, Too," will feature conceptual art in response to the upcoming closing of the gallery.

Clockwise from the upper left, these pieces are:

J. R. "Bob" Dobbs' "Suck Me Hard, Mildred!". This piece, representing a dagger running through a woman's innards, was recently sold to the Museum of Modern Art in New York for an unreported (but ostensibly very high) sum. MoMA has generously allowed Caltech to borrow the work, and by the administration's decision, it will sit ignored in a basement closet.

In "blue" is Leopold Fennwick's "It Does Me Sad." Fennwick says of this work: "It is a woman crying. I drew it while I was dreaming one night, which is why you can't see it."

The etching at the lower right is one of the centerpieces of the show. As such, I have claimed it for myself, and I will hang it in my room. Those with lots of money can arrange private viewings. (By the way, it is my latest creation, "Big Honky WASP Train Gonna Run Right Through Yo Grave, Momma.")

Last, and certainly least, is J. Fred Muggs' "M31 Viewed from Near Saturn." This is actually leftover from BaxArt's current show, "25 Years of Space Photography." The color is false.

When this show opens in late September, President and Mrs. Goldberger, as well as the entire Board of Trustees, will be as far away as they can. (I'd advise it.)

—Owen Bukaru

courtesy Museum of Modern Art

courtesy Rachel Tension

courtesy Owen Bukaru

courtesy JPL

# The Look of Caltech

## art: THE RIVET STAFF



This is a picture of the staff of the *Rivet*. There's no reason to run it, except that the editor is an egotistical snit. He claims his mom hasn't seen a picture of him in months, so we have to run this one, even though you can't see that his hair is burgundy.

There is a lot of white space to the right because most of the people in this photo are very boring, and there is nothing to say about them.

—J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

## Art Openings

**Exploding Momma's Boys.** A Berlin-based revulsion group, the Momma's Boys base their blend of performance art, rap, and building construction on a post-minimalist aesthetic. Next Tuesday's "creation" (as they label their works) will start on 4th and Main downtown, and proceed northeast and up. The work begins at 9 am.

**Miriam Lestowksy Wunderkind.** Ms. Wunderkind opens at the San Narciso Galleries this Tuesday at 8 pm. Her new show, fresh from St. Louis, shows a greater depth—about five feet. (Ha, ha, ha.) Bright green reproductions of fish scales and leatherette grace the walls of the show, while five-inch steel spikes grace the floor. Admission is \$50, including insurance.

**Norman Rockwell Retrospective.** A truly major show, this retrospective includes fifty-seven *Saturday Evening Post* covers and ninety other works. Mr. Rockwell's art has always stood for the heartfelt, sincere historical revisionism all Republicans try to emulate. There are no homosexuals in his world; no punks; no Jews; and, certainly, no foreigners. Safe, clean, and antiseptic, Mr. Rockwell's work is well represented in this collection, which will be arsoned Thursday. At the Indiana Jones Galleries, 8471 Melrose, Los Angeles.

**BaxArt.** This is actually a closing. We know who's responsible. Don't try to escape; we will find you. There will be a public lynching when the current (and last) show closes September 2nd. Be there or be a typical uncaring Caltech student.

photograph by Bert Koehler





photograph by Ron Gidseg





# Wednesday Night at the Movies

<p>June 12</p> <p><b>Police Academy</b></p>	<p>June 19</p> <p><b>Cat Ballou</b> (plus a cartoon)</p>	<p>June 26</p> <p><b>HEAVY METAL</b></p>	<p>July 3</p> <p><b>THE SHINING</b></p>
<p>July 10</p> <p><b>The Blues Brothers</b></p>	<p>July 17</p> <p><b>The African Queen</b></p>	<p>July 24</p> <p>ENTER the DRAGON</p>	<p>July 31</p> <p><i>Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl</i> (plus a cartoon)</p>
<p>August 7</p> <p><i>The Four Seasons</i></p>	<p>August 14</p> <p><b>Bridge On The River Kwai</b></p>	<p>August 21</p> <p>ON THE WATERFRONT</p>	<p>August 28</p> <p>Day of the Jackal</p>
<p>September 4</p> <p><i>Cheech &amp; Chong's Things Are Tough All Over</i> (plus a cartoon)</p>	<p>September 11</p> <p><b>Blazing Saddles</b></p>	<p>September 18</p> <p><b>Road Warrior</b></p>	<p>September 25</p> <p><b>BLADE RUNNER</b></p>

**Wednesday Nights**

**8:30 p.m.**

**Baxter Lecture Hall**

**\$1 Caltech Students**

**\$2 All Others**



## RIVETER'S GUIDE



Comprehensive Listings of Good Music, Bad Music, Cinema, Movies, Film

## Music

compiled by Owen 'Ukaru

In club listings, **boldface** indicates that we are going to hit you over the head with a club if you ask what it means.

Listing may not indicate billing address. No times are indicated. Figure it out yourself. Contents under pressure. Some settling may have occurred during shipping and handling. Previews and Reviews by A Whole Buncha People

## Rock

### Band Previews & Reviews

**Beet Farmers.** Cashing in on a remarkable coincidence of names, these Oklahomans have somehow made it big—despite the fact that they really *are* beet farmers. About as interesting as milking a cow. (Arabian, Wed)

**Bing Bing Tiddle Bong.** A shameless, artistically vacant rip-off of all the bands who are shamelessly ripping off the artistically vacant Duran Duran. (Arabian, Tue)

**The Bonglos.** Somewhere between Talking Heads and the Beatles is all we know. (Club Panty, Fri)

**Del Dels.** Scientifically accurate electropunk with a minimalist feedback overtone. Bright, new, and sincere, the Dels are the subject of a label bidding war—no one wants them. With **Double Double to Go.** (JPL, Fri)

**Eat Die and Shit.** True headbanging, outrageous, loud noise. Take my advice and read the book instead. (Club Nightgown, Wed)

**Edna's Pandoras.** Former landlady of both Paula's and Gwynne's Pandora's goes splitsville and forms her own 60's psychedelic garage band. (Impersonal Amphitheater, Mon)

**The Folding Aluminum Lawnchairs.** An them for a consumptive society. These guys are so stereotypical that they could bore anybody. A must. (Beverly Theatre Parking Lot, Fri)

**Id Corporation.** Lead singer Steve Whine has just finished a collaboration with Stewart Dan of beat combo the Rothkos, and here he rejoins the ninth incarnation of his regular band for interminable Velvets nostalgia. With the **Del Squareds.** (Arabian, Fri)

**Jesus Mary Mother of God.** Glen Branca, Philip Glass, and John Cale rolled into one, tossed in a blender, and



photograph by Ron Giese

### Critic's Choice: APOCKALIPS



Bang boys Apockalips are back for a whole slew of dates in the Caltech area. For those who haven't heard their message, the 'Lips can be a shock; for old fans, their new disc, *Wombat Pyros*, demonstrates a complete reversal of their earlier trend toward melodies. The dual bass attack of art-boy Owen 'Lips and sado-punk "Ar" 'Lips leaves few walls standing. Hoyt "Biff" 'Lips pounds a propulsive beat which changes every few seconds. All in all, it's a frenetic frenzy of metal-bomb, fire-breathing, full-gonzo, mega-orchestrated, wallop-packing, wonder-walling, underwater-basketweaving *sound*. The 'Lips can claim as influences Twisted Sister, Motorhead, Led Zeppelin, Motley Crue, and Philip Glass, but don't. Instead, they insist their only worthy predecessor is Spinal Tap. That band is, after all, the only one to touch the 'Lips record of fifty-four drummers, nineteen keyboardists (current 'Lipper boardman Ben Dover was absent from this photo), and two albums in fourteen years. These shows mark their first return to Caltech in five years. Above, the 'Lips "Rock the Olive Walk" in last Monday's opening set.

—J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

squeezed dry couldn't equal this one. With **Insanity.** (Club Panty, Sun)

**L. A. Molls.** Puffin Records execs who got fed up with pushing bands that were better than they, the L. A. Molls

center on a glitter/punk/swing combination that is impossible to dance to, let alone enjoy. Stand outside, though, and it sounds like Philip Glass. (Al's, Sat, Sun)

**Los Dels.** This Beantown band sounds like Tex-Mex remixed by Arthur Baker and played at 45. Two sets of identical twins, the Losses have a natural ear for harmony. Pop, danceable, and social conscious. With the **Double**

**Dels.** (Club Panty, Sat)

**Mr. Moto and His Sweaty Upper Lip.** El Centro's latest bunch of industrial-noise inflictors, Moto and crew claim Gregorian chant, Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, and the Village People as major musical influences. Liberace and Bruce Springsteen have been sighted in the audience at recent shows: could this be the next local band to make it big? Rumor has it that Robert Hilburn and Tom Petty's Heartbreakers will join them onstage for an acoustic rendition of "Zyklon-B Zombielie": don't miss it. (Rat Cave, Sat)

**Mucous Aflame.** The name says it all. Snot a show to miss, if you nose what I mean. (Dorothy Chunder Pavillion, Sat)

**The Originals.** Just dropped from Mare's roster, these Michiganders still can't play a note of anyone else's songs, much less their own. (Sped Joe's, Fri)

**Ronnie Comatose.** A rock and roll tribute to the genius of Liberace. (Yes, it will be a very short performance.) Complete with sequins and loud denials of homosexuality. (Anti-anticlub, Fri)

**Rotorama.** Retrograde vocal-pop smorgasboard courtesy pretentious enunch ex-cohabitators of Subway Sect. Last summer's "smash", "Frankie and Annette are Waiting", mercifully stayed out of the Top 40. (Haunted Hill, Fri)

**Screwed Youth, Elevator Damage, River of Smegma, Copsuckers.** Another in a Cafe de Bland showcase of hardcore bands gone Top-40. The Copsuckers have promised to perform all twelve Arthur Baker remixes of their current ballad hit, "Since I Ever Held Your Glands". (Cafe de Bland, Tue)

continued on page 2

Back by popular demand

# The French Connection

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RIVETER'S GUIDE *Cinema*

**Cinema**

**And the Plane Flies On.** Directed by Guido Sarducci, 1983. Sarducci's latest, *Gracie and George*, should be arriving on these shores soon. Until then, audiences can satisfy their Sarducci cravings with this, a Derridean analysis of the DC-10 crash at O'Hare a few years back. The first ten minutes—high-speed recreations of the crash and the ensuing mutilations—are best missed, but the rest is satisfyingly perverse. (New Geore, Mon-Wed)

**Blatant.** Directed by Jean-Luc God, 1976. In his "underground" period, God made several movies which are so choppy as to be almost incomprehensible, but *Blatant* sinks below the rest. For twenty minutes we are treated to alternating half-seconds of Chairman Mao (in red) and DeGaulle (in blue). Forty-five seconds of country meadows follow, then an hour-long semi-autobiographical title sequence, with a soundtrack by the Sex Pistols. With *Homo/Hetero*, one of God's best. (New George, Thu-Fri)

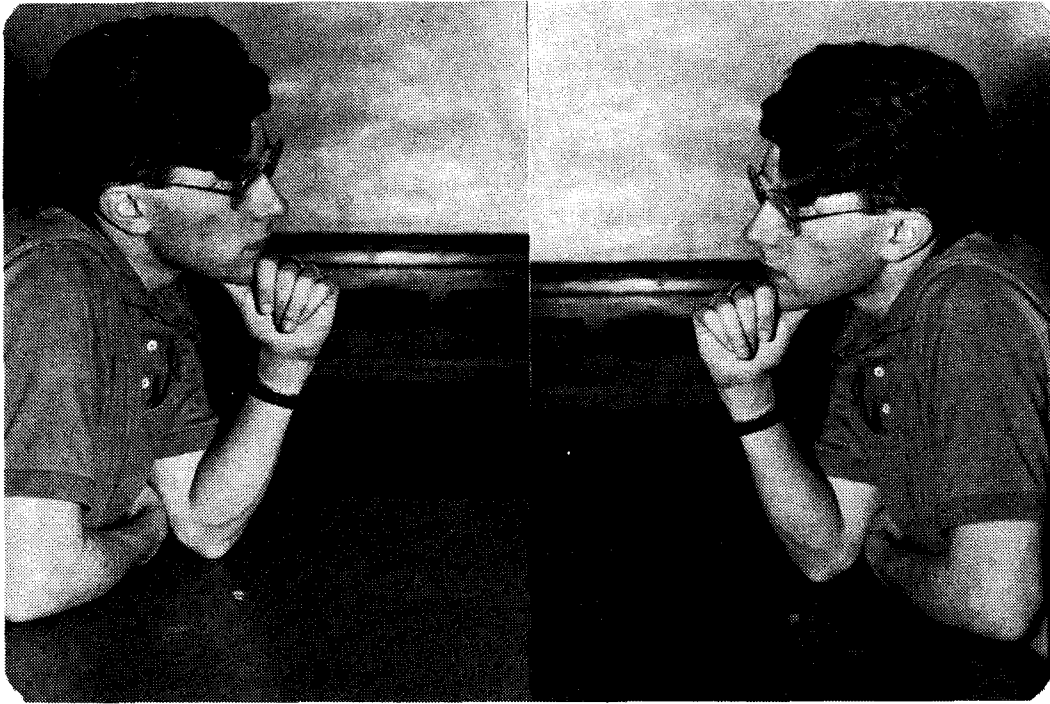
**Bodacious Ta-Tas.** This guy goes to a bar. He drinks lots of stuff and then he meets this lady. She's got really big boobs. They want to go to her apartment, but another guy tries to rob the bar. Then everyone takes their clothes off and starts screwing. This part's about an hour long. They do all kinds of things that I've never seen even in my Dad's copies of *Penthouse*. I couldn't believe it! My friends and me went to see this movie last night, we just snuck in. It was totally awesome. We were laughing so hard they kicked us out right after when some guy starts rubbing Kahlua on everyone. This movie ruled *totally!!!* You should go see it. (Reviewed by Bobby Glutz, age 12) (Pussycat)

**Bright Juice.** Directed by Owen Bukaru, 1984. Bukaru's third film, which had a limited release in this country last year, remains a puzzling exploration of the nature of replication. Repeated sequences of copiers, printing presses, and assembly lines are affecting, certainly, but their relevance escapes this reviewer. The story interwoven with these affectations, with a plot lifted from *Macbeth*, is well-acted, if the dialogue is absurdly (intentionally?) awful. With *Libidinous Prongs* (Allen O'Dowd, 1956), an inexcusable piece of Beat trash. (Rondorama, Mon-Thu)

**The Cherry Orchard.** The film adaptation of world renowned Gumb Theatre's brilliant revisionist look at this Chekhov masterpiece. N. D. Gumby is Trofimov, whose inability to cope with rapid social change (here played by R. A. Gumby in the most expressionistic role of his career) leads to poverty, despair and total alienation from the urban milieu within which he is nonetheless forced to live. Director J. F. Gumby's use of large falling con-

crete blocks as a metaphor for alienation is still the foremost symbolic gesture in mid-century British black-and-white cinema. The work remains essentially a stage play, but Gumby's introspective camerawork occasionally grabs you by the collar, shakes you upside down and confronts you face-to-face with the fact that this is a *film*: a classic example is the insurance scene, where Gumby's use of quick-cutting (estimated at up to twenty cuts per second) brilliantly anticipates many of today's bad music-videos. *The Cherry Orchard* was pivotal in securing defense-contractor posts for the Gumbys; for serious students of impenetrable cinema, wrestling, or sheet-metal fabrication, the film is well worth missing. (UnArt, Mon-Tue)

**Naugahyde.** John Morrissey directed this 60's epic about a junkie who goes through heroin withdrawal on a couch while his roommates ignore him completely. This print is severely scratched, but it's the only one left: all others were sold and eventually made into guitar picks after Andy Warhol



**Critic's Choice: THE STARING CONTEST**



A masterpiece of trick photography, Bergman's classic epic is the tale of two men—who are actually the same person. It is an involved exploration of the metaphysical and psychological side-effects of narrow dinner tables. The film has no dialogue; instead, the soundtrack consists of the background noise of its filming. The lights dim during the course of the movie; this may either be the sunset, or the symbol of hero Fnord's descent into a spiritual nothingness from which only Emmer can save him. Bjorn Bo'sunsen plays both roles with an intense insight; when, at the end, the man on the left breaks down, his counterpart's expression is surely classic. (Ingmar Bergman, 1974. Playing this Friday at the ASCIT Movie.)

—J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

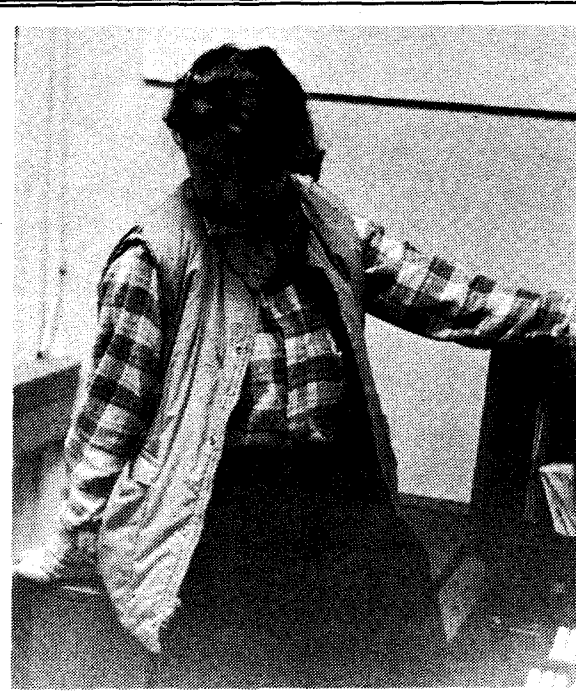
lost credibility. (Shown as part of a series on *Furniture and Film*; at UCLA Sunday at 7:30)

**Movies**

**Breakin' XIX: Wooloomooloo.** Last week's *Breakin' XVIII* featured a scratch mix of Tommy Boy's "Megamix" and scenes from a NYC drugstore robbery. This week, we get Cabaret Voltaire's "Sensoria"/"Do Right" played backwards, while the visuals feature the front doors of the Chrysler Building. (Mann I-XLIV, nightly)

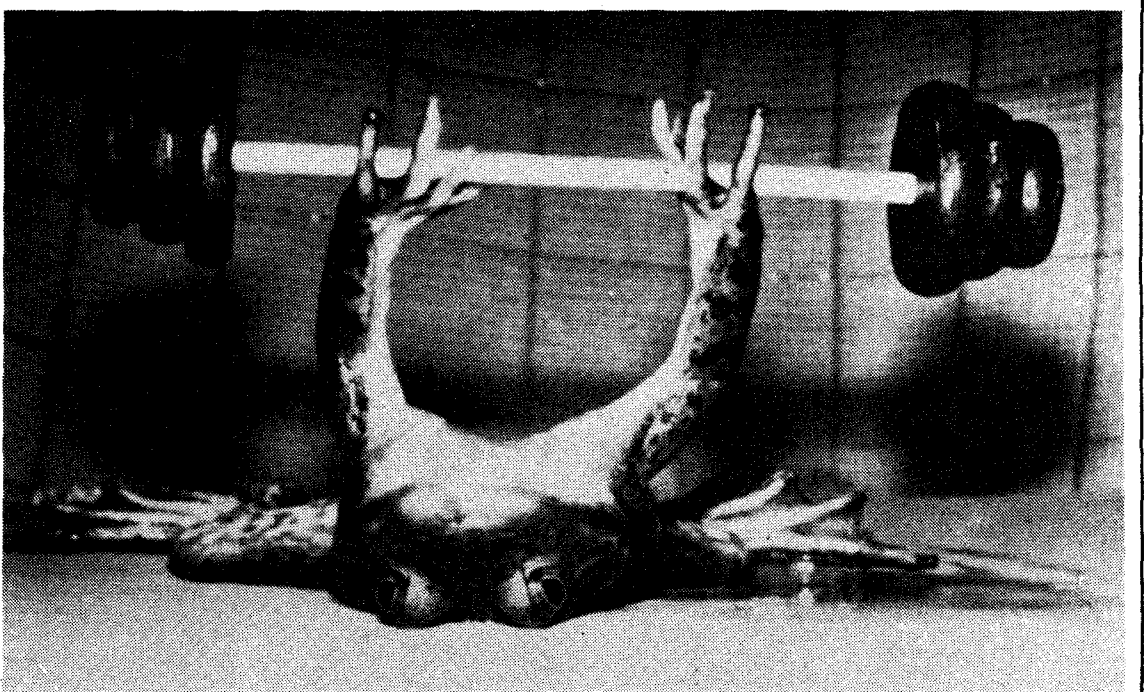
**Never Say Never Anymore.** Sean Connery is back, and with a vengeance. SPECTRE has stolen his toupee and his dentures, and Q has sent him the latest gadgets to get them back, including a denture detector disguised as a wheelchair. Connery still makes a Bond with a certain grim determination. This is a great *Maonraker*. As it ends up, Bond's teeth and hairpiece are being used to help disguise a robot who will take over the manned space program. Truly obvious! (UnArt, Wed-Sat)

**Rocky XIII, Part 7.** Rocky's corpse is miraculously resurrected for the fifth time, and he continues his vendetta against up-and-coming boxers. After trouncing twelve boxers in an amateur gym (the smell of decay must have helped), Rocky sets out to box the ghost of Muhammad Ali. Ali wins, because he has a sillier theme song, and Rocky is sent back to the old boxers' graveyard. The ghost of Talia Shire makes a cameo weeping appearance. This movie should only be seen (and, indeed, could only be stomachached) by staunch Rocky fans. Face it, it's all been down hill since *Rocky VII Part 3-D*. (Rotorama Dome, nightly)



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**Thursday** 50¢ BEER NIGHT

**Friday** DANCING

**Saturday** \$1 WELL SHOOTERS 9-11

Dancing Nightly.  
Proper dress and ID required.

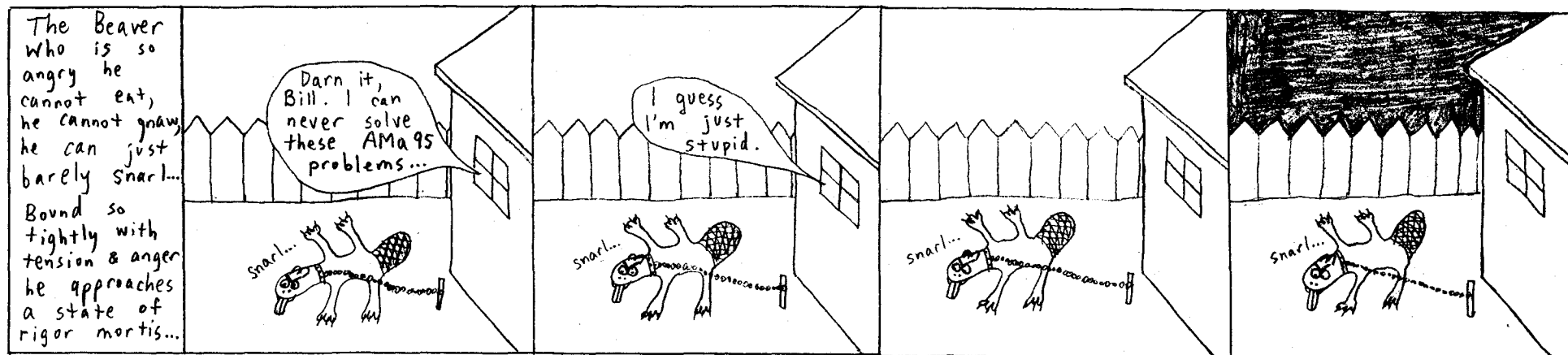




photograph by Ron Gidseg

# The Angriest Beaver in the World

by Bill Banks



**Shreveport '77.** The denizens of Peyton Place fly to Shreveport, Connecticut in this 1984 multi-sequel. Disaster strikes as all the stewardesses are struck by a meteorite while smoking dope in the lavatory, leaving the first-class passengers unable to find the liquor. Director Richard Attenborough (*Lawrence of Arabia, A Passage to India*) is clearly confused here, and what could have been a bloated, top-heavy disaster epic instead sinks under the weight of the sand brought in for the desert scenes. (Bulbous)

'85: over half the audience stayed past the titles. (Tiddy's Little, Mon-Tue)

## Personals

THE RIVET was founded to be a forum for the free expression of the editors' ideas. The Personals section is therefore open only to us, and we can express any views we want on any subject. However, the opinions, comments, and remarks published here do not necessarily represent the views of the publisher, editor, or any other staff member of the newspaper. The Rivet takes no editorial position on any issue, nor does it endorse any person's views over those of another; we're too busy trying to pass classes.

**MORE PERSONALS.** I have to write more personals. It's one a.m., the paper is two days late, and I have to write more personals? Thank god I don't have to do this again next year.

**THE RIGHTS and Responsibilities of Young Americans against Repression:** We must be ever vigilant against the creeping communism which threatens our Liberty, our Lives, and our Pursuit of Happiness. It takes the form of pro-choice lobbies, free-speech radicals, and the insidious Freedom of Information Act. Be able to distinguish good freedom from bad freedom.

**LOOK! AM I a young-urban-fuck-up (YUFFIE) or a downwardly-mobile-professional (DUMPHY)?**

**HEY, CHEMIST!** Glad to have that magnetic moment with you, we were really resonating. You're so attractive, well, it perturbs me. Probe me, free my energy, don't make me Gibber.

MY MOTHER always told me there would be days like this. She also warned me about people like you. People like you because they don't know you as I do. Sometimes I feel I know you far too well, and sometimes, not at all. Who are you anyway? And why do you spend so much time in my bathroom? You never seem to use any toilet paper. My mother always told me to mind my manners. She also warned me not to accept rides from strangers. I guess some people aren't so fortunate. There is never a day that I am not surprised by the color of your hair. I am most surprised when there is no change. My mother always told me that there would usually be more important things than my hair for me to worry about. She also warned me that this would not always be the case.

**SOME WEASELS** eat chocolate ice cream. Others don't.

**CWM FJORD-BANK** glyphs vext quiz.

**PARAPLEGIC JAZZ** pianist needs foot-tapping partner to keep time for rehearsals and performances. If you have musical talent and good legs, we could be the next Keith Jarrett. Call Samuel 356-6811.

**NEVER LET** your sense of morals keep you from doing what is right.  
—Hober Mallow

**LITTLE BEAR:** You're so sweet and loving and warm it makes me want to throw up. Why have I been writing these asinine personals to you all these years? Fuck off! I want a divorce. —Your ex-Baby

**CUTE BRUNETTE** chick I saw at Springs-teen concert: Let's meet! Call Dougie, 355-0000.

**"BESTSELLER"** A hoax!!! I spend month and month in sick book cult and to you say now is wrong! All my mony being to fat green-book men.

IF YOU eat any food, ANY food at all even if it's raw, you will BURN IN HELL for all eternity unless you daily recite this prayer: Oh God, I've been fucked up. I really didn't mean to eat those raw vegetables, it just happened somehow. Please God and Mary and Saint Jerome and Jesus and everybody else: Forgive me. —The New Berpar

I WANT my TV.OD!!

Stevie Nicks is the best thing ever to happen to my life! Oh yeah, and Ratt too.

I USED to be disgusted; now I'm just amused.

I HAD sex on cable TV!!!! Exclusive pix. Ricardo, Box 111, Santa Monica 91033

Sam is a shithead. —Jason

Jason is a shithead —Sam

It's not widely known, but giving your CS10 TA sexual favors enables you to pass automatically. Pass it on. —The CS10 TA Conspiracy

FUCK THE YAF! FUCK THE YAF! FUCK THE YAF! FUCK THE YAF! FUCK THE YAF!

FUCK COHAN, too, while you're all at it.

LET THE speakers crackle and burn. —Red Lorry Yellow Lorry

MATT NEEDS more lubrication.

A FULL cup of Martinelli's and I'm really feeling pretty darn good! Now it's time to loot & rape & pillage... hot damn. Where'd my Judas Priest tape go to?

**JOSH SEZ:** Never learn microcode! It turns your brain into purple tapioca. This warning brought to you by the California Purple Tapioca Advisory Board.

OK, GUYS, this is serious. To any and all future editors of the newspaper of this fine institution for the technically handicapped, NEVER—I mean this, now—NEVER do a Rivet during finals week. —The Local God

**MATT GROENING:** Thanks for letting me play with your comic strip. It wuz fun. PS: now that we have your home address, watch out... —Peter Alfke

ARE YOU sure we can deduct champagne as an operating expense? Enquiring minds want to know.

SORRY, THAT'S next year's Rivet.

**"BESTSELLER" LIKE,** changed my life, y'know? Since reading it, I find I can't, like, remember all the shitty things that happened to me in the past. Now I can just relax and party all the time. ARRRITE! Great sex too. Check it out. —Duuuuude

**"AND THE TRAIN** conductor said: 'Driver 8, Take a break!' And the train conductor said..." —R.E.M.

ALRIGHT YOU foolish mortals, you really fucked up big this time. Now it's time to pay up. Do you hear me? Well, NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY! Got it? —God

THE SENTENCE on the other side of this paper is false.

NO WE don't.

**MORE PERSONALS.** I have to write more personals. It's one a.m., the paper is three days late, and I have to write more personals? Thank god I don't have to do this again next year.

## Film

**Carey.** Directed by John Dallas, 1974. Stephen McKing's first novel, about a homicidal maniac at a high school's forty-year reunion, is the basis for this gloriously gross comedy. It features Carey Grant's comeback (the first) as an axe-murderer from beyond the grave. With *Gory Details* (Brian PalmTree, 1980), also a McKing story. (Vistamax, Tue-Thu)

**Free Parking.** Directed by Sly Stone, 1970. A psychedelic funk musical based on the game of Monopoly. Stone plays the car, Mick Jagger the hat, George Harrison the iron, and John Fogerty a hotel in a movie you should certainly wear sunglasses to. (Vistamax, Fri)

**Motorhead: Up From Below.** Directed by our own Peter 'L'ike, 1985. An honest and touching portrait of one of today's greatest bands, 'L'ike's documentary features concert clips, videos, interviews, and filler. Motorhead's true genius is revealed (for the first time) in a piano solo by head axeman/vocalist Ian "Lemmy" Kilmister. Shown for the first time at Flummox

## How this classified department works:

For each insertion, Matches ads cost \$5 for the first 6 inches and 20 cents for each additional inch. Matches ads may contain either a Box number, a street corner number, a Rivet reply number, or heroin. Reply numbers cost 10% of gross take and are good for 30 days. Heroin costs 15% of gross take and is good for 60 days. If your number expires you must pay \$5 to renew it for 30 days. If your heroin expires you must pay \$100 to renew it for 60 days.

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## The rules:

1. No sex changes permitted.
2. Advertiser placing ad must give his/her name, address, and phone number for our records and blackmail purposes.
3. No 976 numbers in ad.
4. No phony ads placed by the Weakly.
5. The Rivet reserves the right to edit or revise any ad in any way it deems appropriate.

**WANTED:** NUBILE, horny 14-year-old girls who live near El Toro, for real fun. Must get turned on by the sight of bazooka launchers, shaved heads, and exploding sheep. P.O. Box 76, El Toro Marine Base, El Toro 92307.

# MATCHES

matching people with people for personal purposes

**SHY AND** clumsy male, like to cook, makes innuendoes for big laughs seeks female, the same. Must be confused by my living arrangement and must confuse my two roommates for big laughs. Must maintain fiction of my homosexuality to my landlord (also for big laughs). Rivet Reply Number 00003./

**SMALL MOLLUSK,** species *lamidibrae*, seeks white abalone for companionship, lunch. Must have sense of humor and inter-tidal compatibility. No lampreys. Rivet Reply Number 02134./

**CULTIVATED YOUNG SOCIETY** gent seeks graced woman to provide company. Interests include the music of Liberace and Air Supply, Ice Cream Tacos (with guacamole), Peanut-Butter Truffles, French Cars (with leopard-skin soft covers), Framed Kellogg's Corn Flakes Covers, Winnebagos, and romantic walks in Rosemead. Send picture and social references with CV. Mr. Spike. Rivet Reply Number 00201./

**ALL MY FRIENDS SAY** I'm boring. Why? I'm not boring. I'm actually very exciting. Very, very exciting. And not at all boring. I tell you, never a dull moment. Not with me. I'm exciting. I have exciting hobbies. No boring ones. I collect stamps. Pretty dynamic, isn't it? I think stamps are really exciting. Not boring at all. They are so pretty. Call me and we can have exciting stamp conversations. Maybe I could see you some time, too. I would not bore you. I have never had a boring date. You'll see. It will be just swell. Pointdexter. 492-8210.

**INCREDIBLY BUFF YOUNG** stud with 25 centimetres seeks blonde bombshell for submissive sex slave. ERA supporters need not supply. Must supply own chains. Send bondage slides with letter (no words of more than 2 syllables). Spike. Rivet Reply Number 00201./

**SENSUALLY SUBMISSIVE** male looking for same. Let's each wait for the other to make the first move! Please, no weirdos or Spam-eaters. Rivet Reply Number 00332./

**YOUNG FLIRT SEEKS** sugar daddy to pamper her. No sex allowed, but look at my pretty face and wish. Send bank account number along with Rolls-Royce. Sheila. Rivet Reply Number 05216./

**MY HEART'S WITH** the night wind... I glide through the pools of light and dotted sun-dapples of my Venice beach apartment. I fuck like a crazed weasel, too. I need a vacuum-cleaner-salesman type, 40-50, preferably from Orange County. No one remotely interesting need apply. Rivet Reply Number 00328./

**PRECOCIOUS 17-YEAR-OLD** college newspaper editor seeks temporary replacement for "snookieookums" while she's away in Europe for a year. You must be blond, cute, and a relative of a good friend of mine. Let's be excessively cute together! Rivet Reply Number 00001./

**NO FAT CHICKS.** I'm a rowdy biker dude, and if you're not svelte you're out! Send me your best, most revealing picture of you on a bike. (Forget it if you make jokes about short dicks.) Rivet Reply Number 00555./

**WHOLESOME, mediocre,** Michigan man seeks dispusive woman for high-security relationship. We can have more fun than humans are allowed. Ed, 911-3302./

**CHIROPRACTOR, 45,** looking for that special someone to tickle my funny bone. If you want to discover more erogenous zones than you ever thought possible, please get in touch. Rivet Reply Number 00112./

**OKRA! OKRA! OKRA!** Okay, tell me now, what do you really feel about okra? Do you enjoy the multifarious sensual uses of it as much as I do? Then maybe we can compare notes and recipes. Bon appetit! Rivet Reply Number 00556./

**I'M A Sagittarius.** Time of birth: 11/28/64 22:53.18. Location: 50:22'18"N, 30:45'59"E. Rivet Reply Number 00993./

**I'M A SKINNY** computer bum with a sense of humor, and I'm looking for an exciting vegetarian woman to get all obsessed about. Large unguilate fantasies a must. Preferably should know names of all major constellations. I would like to break up for months at a time before settling down into a serious relationship. Won't some deserving woman rescue me before I move to Jorgensen and/or Poo Bah? Rivet Reply Number 00888./

**LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME.** I'm a nice Jewish boy with a short haircut and a hard tongue. If you're a man who hates bars, loves beaches, and looks like death in the morning (I do too), then this could be your chance to find someone with no musical talent who knows how to cook but can't sew. I am creative and dynamic. If a bit of a nerd at times. I really need someone to match my passion and energy, and to help me get loud revenge on my roommate who keeps strange hours. If you like to have no idea of what you're rushing into, then forget what you've just read and call me. Rivet Reply Number 00069./

**UUUUUUNNGH!** I'm looking for someone to make my life easier. I'm tall and thin and have a disgusting foot disease and people say I whine a lot, but life is so hard! I would like someone who could clean up after me and do all of my homework so I wouldn't have to. Rivet Reply Number 00100./

**OKAY, I'M A CANADIAN** spy. I was sent here to teach Caltech students content-free physics. It's all pretty disgusting. Lately, though, I've gotten confused. It'll be another nightmare. I need a wife who will take care of me and not mind it when the bed is covered with physics books and I'm hiding behind cheesy sunglasses because I've been on drugs for the last two weeks. Let's cook with gas, 'cause the rest is gravy. Rivet Reply Number 00763./

**IM THE BEST!** I know it's true. Just give me a chance to show you. Please. Somebody. Anybody? Rivet Reply Number 00119./

**WHITE MALE,** early 70's, likes photography (nudge, nudge, wink, wink). Also into deep sea fishing and shopping at low-budget department stores (say no more!). If this sort of excitement interests you, or if you just need some extra cash, get in touch. Rivet Reply Number 00997./

**SINCERE, WARM, ATTRACTIVE,** bright, mature, humorous, spontaneous Oriental woman, 23 years old, with fantasies of a half-price dinner at a scrumptious sushi bar, followed by a quiet evening in a sensuous sauna. If you fit these qualifications, send your address, a photo, a list of your past relationships, two recommendations from past employers, and a self-addressed stamped envelope and maybe we can work something out. Also include \$1.50 for processing. Rivet Reply Number 00497./

**SENSUALLY SHY** guy needs same. I'm tired of being tied up every night! Let's go on long walks and eat Spam together. Rivet Reply Number 00045./

**SATANIST, MID-30's,** urgently needs tall, red-haired, green-eyed woman who can do chicken imitations. Vital to future of known universe. Your privacy assured. Rivet Reply Number 00666./

**HAVE YOU GOT** eyes and hair of the same beautiful color? I'll tell you all about the largest member of the deer family if you'll give good backrubs. Yes, I'm an astronomer, and I love to cook and love to dance. Let's play at being cool and have loads of fun as we stumble around looking for eternal bliss. Rivet Reply Number 00059./

I MET HER ON Sunday/'Twas my lucky bun day/You know what I mean—The Tap

G. FNORD: When can I see you again? You always seem so invisible. R. A. Wilson

WILL CEREBUS actually pull it off with Jaka this time? I think so—write in your votes.

SAMANTHA L. L.—It was real; too much, in fact. Let me say one thing: it's what's on top of my mind every second of the day. I always have you in my eyes. (I crashed the car yesterday.) Can we do it again sometime? Riding the bus just isn't the same without you. Make an appointment right here in the personals.

ORANGE HAIR, swings to magnetic north; liked the first SD set, left about ten minutes into the second. I want to meet you. I'll be at the Huskers show—green with purple polka dots, wearing a dress with the same pattern. I'll be looking forward to pointing north.

TAKE THE SOCALLED standardoffiving. What do mostpeople mean by "living"? They don't mean living. They mean the latest and closest plural approximation to singular prenatal passivity which science, in its finite but unbounded wisdom has succeeded in selling their wives. —e.e. cummings.

MOST VIGITARYANS I iver see looked enough like their food to be classed as cannibals. —B. Roar.

MORE PERSONALS. I have to write more personals. It's one a.m., the paper is two days late, and I have to write more personals? Thank god I don't have to do this again next year.

SAVE ME/SAVE YOURSELF! When the world comes to end, I am here to save those who drink from the Spurring Fountain. The Fountain is in your mind! (To get there, take a Left turn at your hip.) Read your mind—see the truth. If you find the answer—or a little green book that says "Bestseller" on the cover—write me at Rivet reply number 55842.

LIVERWURST MAKES me sick. Does liverwurst make you sick, too? Were you at the Club Panty on Tuesday 5/7/85? Did I have a long discussion at you while following you all the way across the room, out the door, and through Beverly Hills? Then call me—Ken, P.O. Box 42898, Pasadena, 91126

"BESTSELLER"—the Book that UNLOCKS the KEY. Yours with a keychain, and a handy Wallet Carrier. What does the Book say? The wonderful Rainbow of DELIGHT, for You and Your Ancestors! Read—see the Fountain Spurt inside your mind. The Fantastic GLOW from your innards will make you HAPPY/ALIVE. Orwell, Johnson, Dickens—they were ALL right: they knew the WAY to INNARDS PEACE. Have you read Chapter XLIV of LITTLE DORRIT? Neither have I—but the secret Code says the Message is there. "BESTSELLER" contains that Chapter, with the message. Look into the LIGHT reading; live others' lives for them; control Your Own Personal REALITY.

SNOOKS—Hi. This one was actually written later, but don't tell anyone. This is taking a long time, so I haven't had a chance to write—but you understand. I'll call you soon. Happy graduation! (The present will arrive in the future.)

OOKIEST—(Hint: it's not a copy of "BESTSELLER".)

## LIFE AT TECH

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**CONCLUSION**

# MY CALTECH DIARY

**PART NINETY-8X**  
BY MATT GROENING



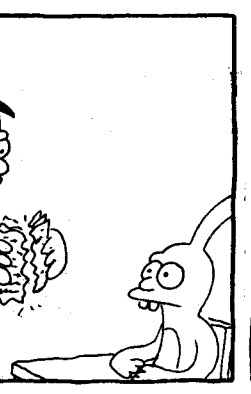
April 15, 1985  
16 kids got Baced today, including me. We were arguing about a Ph 236 assignment, in the courtyard at 5:00 AM.

and the rest of the house Baced us for making too much noise. It really bummed.

Then, I watched all of "Days of Our Lives" and was late to Lit 3 again. Mr. Slate got real mad and tore up my 1000-word essay, even though it was only 10 minutes late. How am I going to pass my Frosh Humanities requirement? I only have two months 'til graduation!



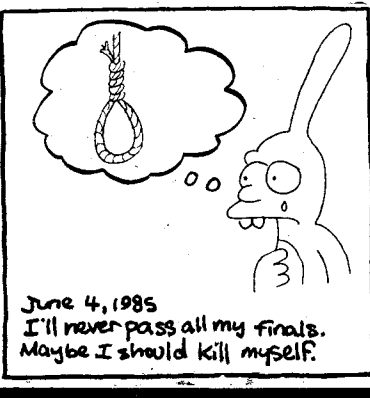
May 18, 1985  
I haven't filled out the papers yet, so Financial Aid made me call home and beg for money.



At least we beat Page in Discobolus!



May 24, 1985  
Today is drop day. My advisor is still in Zimbabwe doing research.



June 4, 1985  
I'll never pass all my finals. Maybe I should kill myself.



June 14, 1985  
**I'M FREE!!**

PRINCE IS the demon who controls your mind. When I first heard "Raspberry Beret" my pelvis went into throbs of ecstasy: release yourself before it is too late! Burn all vinyl. Melt the antiGods.

I STEPPED through the door and I saw her. She was 5' 4", blonde, svelte, and wriggling like a weasel in heat. I went to the bar to get a drink first, but she joined me there. Her blouse was half open when Betty entered. (Chapter 9.23)

WE ARE THE EXCOMM. We want all world government to collapse under the pressure of our sadistic conspiracy. We want neverending peace of nothingness. You are our obstruction. We will squash you flat. We make our own rules; you are illegal; you are powerless. Do not ask for mercy—none shall be saved. The EXCOMM acts in the interest of all mankind. We are your friends. Trust us.

TB: The hardest part of it all is not being able to tell you how much I love you. Pet Herbie for me.

DURAN DURAN is the antichrist—film at 11.

THE SOC. 3.14159 will take away all of your personal freedoms in the name of liberty. Join today! —Soc. 3.14159

ADVENTURES OF ED, the liquid beaver (#27). My head stopped spinning. Then started again. Then stopped again. Then started again. What a horrible life. I've got to stop that q.m.

THE PHARMACEUTICALS are robbing us with their so-called medicines. Have you ever got a suppository mixed-up with Extra-Strength Tylenol? —Fruittia Freddi

ATTENTION SOC. 3.14159. We know your whereabouts. We are Mongo. Mongo cross vast desert. High mountains. Low oceans. Mongo here. Mongo come from far away. Mongo come from planet Rebo. Planet Rebo far away. —Mongo

EVER WONDER if it's worth it to be like a bunch of faggots like Frankie Goes To Hollywood justsoyou can fuck all those girls who jump onstage? —Well Hung in Westwood

NO, BUT I hear that you can confuse suppositories by using noise to distract them. —P. Tsar Ace

LEO, you still owe me five bucks! Pay up, scumbag.

DO YOU EVER NOTICE that the worst drivers are old men with hats? No, really. They never go over 30 miles an hour.

CHEESEBOX

HAVE A HERNIA, she said! Have a hernia! Well, I think I just will, and maybe I'll have a lobotomy also! What nerve! Ed R.

TO MY LONG LOST GOLDFISH, don't drown! There's a pie in the sky for everyone... Harry "The Squid"

ROSES ARE RED, violets are blue, some poems rhyme, this one doesn't. Thankyou. —J.L.

SEXAGENARIAN seeks large, hairy male to recieve oral service, front and rear. Can take teeth out for that better feeling.

OTTER-MAN, give me back my toaster! If it's not returned to my boudoir by the hour of buckwheat, I will reveal your mantra in next week's personals. —The Slug

ONE BRIEF SPURT of creativity, and that was it. My entire artistic life, over. My elbows no longer clamoured for congos and tea in a dimly lit basement while black sweaters scream in free verse to staccato finger snapping. Bad poetry clogs my sphincters. My hands are broken things, shattered under the burden of unwieldy metaphors. Iambic potatoes leave a rotten taste under my toenails. Looks like it's time for Control Data Institute.

CAN YOU HELP me? I'm looking for a book. It's about 3" by 7", and it's green. It says, "Bestseller" on the cover—I forgot the title. I was reading this book at a bus stop and then the bus came and I got on it and I forgot the book. God, I'm so stupid.

MY MOTHER WAS not a hamster.

AND SHE WAS (and she was) not a gerbil.

ROAD TO NOWHERE: The Ameri/Proto-Global Government is HOAX! Leave your cars—walk to a Safeway! I have seen the truth—it is in a little green book that says "Bestseller" on the cover. My friends say that our senators always work on Sundays! Doesn't that mean they're Godless COMMUNIST INFILTRATORS? Work for the cause now: call or write Fred's Highway Robbery Appliance Stores, in the white pages (under "Federal Gender Removal Departments").

JANE TURNED ON the light. "Would you like to see those slides?" she asked me. Yi! would I ever! I told her I would, and we put Harry's clothes back on and opened the cupboard. Nope, wrong one. Just canned beets here. Aha—no, that's the records. There, in the dishwasher. That Harry was a sly one, that's for sure. (#54)

SNOOKYOOKUMS—Now that you're here all I have to do is finish my work and then we can... ahem. But, no, I'm done with all of my work already. For this term, at least—there's still first term to finish. Give me a couple of days. I love you, too.

COHAN IS an asshole.

YEAH, A frog. At least there are no elephants.

OUR CENTERfolds are the biggest in Tech history.

MATT GROENING, this is for you: you may have mailed them, but they haven't arrived yet. Look what Pete had to stoop to doing! Be thankful we left the copyright thingie on.

TO ALL THOSE still confused: This is not the (competitor to the Weekly); this is the RIVET. This is the only issue (at least in this format—God knows what it will look like next year). I hope you like it. It cost me three classes.

## Help Wanted

COMPUTER PROGRAMMER /permanent, parttime. Looking for programmer in his/her junior or senior year with BASIC experience. Knowledge of PICK operating system would be a bonus, but not essential. Small company, in pleasant work environment. If this sounds interesting and challenging to you, please reply to: S. Fisk, Box 5276, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

# ORE-IDA'S PROFILE:

## BILL BANKS

HOME: Ridgecrest

AGE: 20

PROFESSION: Drummer

HOBBY: Drumming. French fry meditation. Forming new bands.

LAST BOOK READ: Portions of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *Tommy II*.

LAST MOVIE SEEN: *Baby-Secret of the Lost Legend* (un-expurgated version)

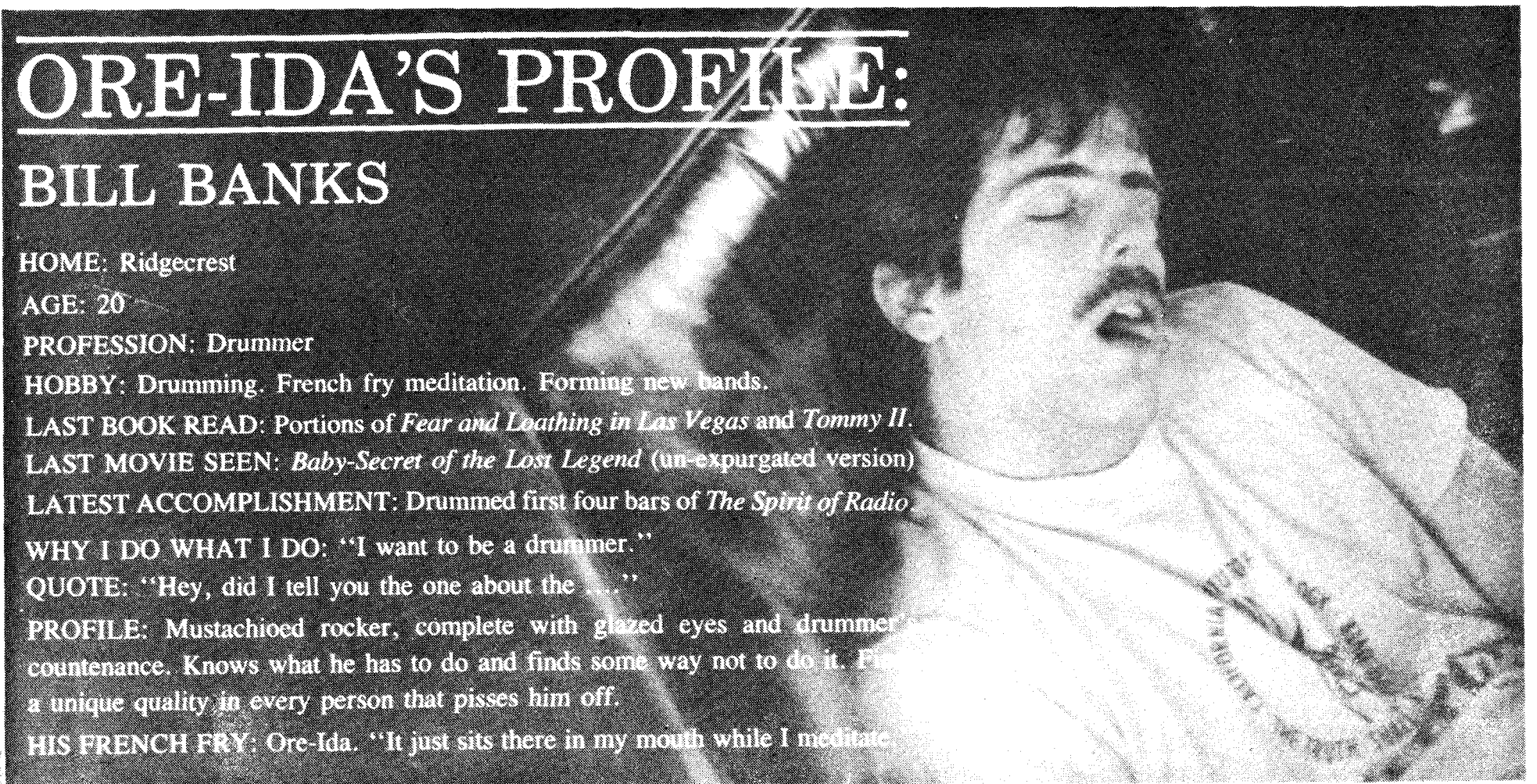
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Drummed first four bars of *The Spirit of Radio*

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I want to be a drummer."

QUOTE: "Hey, did I tell you the one about the ..."

PROFILE: Mustachioed rocker, complete with glazed eyes and drummer's countenance. Knows what he has to do and finds some way not to do it. Finds a unique quality in every person that pisses him off.

HIS FRENCH FRY: Ore-Ida. "It just sits there in my mouth while I meditate."



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