Research Physicists

THE CALIFORNIA TECH

Need Porsches, Too!

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Photo By Chris Meisl

Romeo (Don Huntington) says some very famous things to Juliet (Heidi Anderson) in TACIT's *Romeo and Juliet*

Romeo and Juliet

by Diana Foss

Romeo and Juliet, more than any other, is the first play most people think of when they think "Shakespeare." It is the canonical Shakespeare. Even though most people haven't seen it or read it, many have seen *West Side Story*, or can recite those famous words "Wherefore art thou Romeo?" and "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." One thus approaches a production of *Romeo and Juliet* differently from even *Hamlet*. A production must rise above the place the play has assumed in our popular culture and the banality inherent in this position. TACIT's *Romeo and Juliet* does not completely succeed in this, unfortunately.

When TACIT is good, it is very, very good, but even when it's not, it's not bad. Although nowhere near the excellence of 1984's *Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet* is worthwhile, graced by several sterling performances, moments of real lyrical beauty, and the lovely surrounds of Dabney Gardens. Unhappily, the play is too long, with the major performances lacking the subltety to sustain it. Additionally, although there was no real way to avoid it, the play is performed in the afternoon, which robs it of much of its intimacy, as well as the effect of such lines as "She hangs upon the cheek of night as a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

It has been remarked that *Romeo and Juliet* could almost be a comedy up until Mercutio's death. Indeed, the two halves of the performance could almost be two different plays. It opens with the great rivalry of Verona expressed in the coarse bravado of the servants of both Capulet and Montague. Quickly, however, the brawl grows more serious and more and more people are drawn into the fray, a marvelous scene as the angry towsfolk pelt the brawlers with fruit and brave words lead to bloodshed. Disaster is averted, however, by the Prince, masterfully, if briefly, played by Greg Tomko-Pavia. Here we also meet the excellent Benvolio (Taylor Lawrence), the peacemaker whose reward is a wounded arm, and Max Bryson's superb Capulet, here blustering and bristling as the Prince chastises both houses for their never-ending feud and promises that the next to fight shall also be the next to die.

We then meet Romeo. In many ways, Don Huntington is perfect for the role. Far from the mature. dashing lover so often seen in the part, he is above all, young. His friends kinsmen tease him unmercifully for his calf-eyed crushes, but Romeo's is indeed an adolescent passion. Only when he is called upon to portray rage and deeper passion does Huntington falter. Although he kills Tybalt through sheer luck, he isn't consumed with the blind fury that would make such luck possible.

And Juliet. Whereas Huntington's strength is in his youth, Heidi Anderson's Juliet is too young. Juliet is a stronger character than Romeo; when Romeo is swooning about love, it is she who lays the plans for their marriage, she who has the steely will to lie to her family and fake her own death to be with him. Anderson, however, goes through the whole play with the same wide-eyed grin and unmodulated voice until Tybalt's death. Here again, she is Huntington's opposite. Her tears and fury break her monochromatic performance; when she decides to leave her family, Juliet's steely will finally comes through. And she is wonderfully professional when dead. Even as Romeo and Paris fight over her very body, and after Paris falls, supposedly dead but chest still having, to the ground, Anderson is a very effigy.

Other notable performances are Astrid Howard's lecherous trickster of a Nurse, Tracy Petersen's Mercutio, the epitome of the dashing hero, and Craig Bateman's adorable clown, Peter. TACIT always does extremely well by its scene and costumes. There are some breathtaking pieces of staging: the fight two big fight scenes grow from insults to pandemonium before anyone can stop them. Most stunning of all is Juliet's fake death. Capulet, his wife, the Nurse and Friar Laurence weep their cadenced lines and the effect is one of a chorus of grief. Then the scene flows seamlessly into Juliet's funeral. It is a superb effect. The costumes are graceful, as always, and Dabney does work quite well as a setting, especially the nice way the interior of the building is put to use during the party. The down side is that it was very hard to focus on important, intimate exchanges in the relatively large space they occupied. One wishes that someone could have come up with the money necessary to rent stage lights.

TACIT's *Romeo and Juliet* is not perfect, and it is not the best Shakespeare ever seen at Caltech. Still, it is often beautiful and ultimately worthwhile. Performances are tomorrow and Sunday at 2:30 in Dabney Gardens. Tickets are $4.00 for students and $6.00 general admission.

Free Inside:

☐ At long last, the hotly-awaited **Ditch Day Supplement**, starting promptly on page 7.

☐ And—your guide to the special **ASCIT election** to be held Monday! See page 3.

Core Changes

by Castor Fu

After working for nearly a year, the Ad-Hoc Curriculum Committee, chaired by Dr. Sunney Chan,has presented its findings to the Faculty Board. The Core Curriculum committee was commissioned by the Faculty Board to reevaluate the the core curriculum by studying its impact, intent, and relevance. The response of the Faculty Board was generally favorable, although there were some reservations.

After discussions with the faculty, administration, students, alumni, and other schools, the Committee concluded that Caltech's "liberal science" approach towards education is especially useful in an age of rapid technological change. However, the scope of the "basic sciences" has changed radically in the past fifty years, leaving students with insufficient time to cover all the traditional topics as well as their own fields. The Committee also decided that students needed more time to absorb the information presented, and that the Institute should encourage independent work. Most of the Committee's recommendations parallel those of the Faculty-Student Conference, but they also proposed more extensive changes in the H&SS program.

The main recommendations for changing the science curriculum were rearranging Ch1 so that it fits in two terms and allowing substitutions for Ph2c and Ma2c. Changing the freshman laboratory requirement to a introductory one would allow some labs to be geared towards students in their sophomore year who would possess the knowledge to take advantage of the material presented. These changes would also open more room for introductory classes in fieldss like biology, computer science, and engineering.

The computing course requirement would be changed to a computing proficiency requirement. The Committee also applauded the creation of truly introductory computing courses, which the Caltech Computing Organization plans to teach next year.

Most importantly, the Committee recommended reducing the overall unit requirement from 516 units to 480. The committee considered the possibility of changing to a semester system, but was uncertain of the practicality. At the Faculty Board meeting many members, including parts of the administration, commented that we should be willing to consider the drastic change to a semester system, if it would improve students' ability and willingness to learn.

The Humanities & Social Science requirements were considered, in their present form to be overly complex, not necessarily ensuring a well rounded education. The Committee recommended that H&SS construct courses for a 27 unit introductory H&SS requirement. These courses would serve as an introduction to essential issues and techniques, to help prepare the student for more in-depth study. The student would be expected to satisfy 18 unit "concentrations" in both Humanities and Social Sciences. The Humanities concentration could be satisfied by 5th or 6th terms of a foreign language. The remaining units of the 108 H&SS requirement would be 45 units of electives.

The committee further recommended that the writing requirement be implemented through a Writing Center, which was already planned by the H&SS division, allowing specialists in the teaching of writing to assist students, and freeing teachers of classes to concentrate on content. The Committee also endorsed the concept of an honors program which the H&SS Division has been working on for some time.

The Committee examined the coordination of math with other classes in the early years. Although there have been many problems in the past, the committee concluded that with proper feedback mechanisms, the current system of teaching mathematics is useful,

BOC Releases Abstracts

by Pam Feldman
BOC Chairman

The Board of Control feels that the secrecy which surrounds its operation has some disadvantages. For example, the community does not always understand the position of the Board on many issues; people are not sure of whether certain actions will or will not be treated as honor system violations. Currently, the Board is bound to secrecy and the records of cases are kept private. This means, for example, that if a person feels he has been wronged by the Board, he has no access to the official files of his case. Thus there are two different sorts of issues to be considered: providing more general information to the community on the operation of the Board, and giving convicted persons access to the information on their own cases.

In order to address the first issue, that of providing more information to the community on how the Board operates, on what actions the Board considers to be honor system violations, etc., the Board has resolved to release a set of abstracts of cases. Article VII, Section 3i of the ASCIT by-laws permits the Chairman of the Board to release, upon resolution of the Board, abstracts of cases. The abstracts can not contain the names of the people involved in the case, nor such information as would lead to their identification.

A set of five such abstracts are now available in the rooms of all current members of the Board. Off-campus people should come to the room of either the Chairman (Pamela Feldman, Ruddock 134) or Secretary (Doug Roberts, Page 223) Note that all persons involved in the cases are referred to as "he" in the abstracts, regardless of the actual gender. Motions in the abstract are worded, for example, "A motion is made to send Student A on a leave", and implicitly this means "A motion is made to recommend to the Dean of Students to send Student A on a leave." In all cases the recommendations were approved by the Dean of Students. The five abstracts cover homework policy violations in modified collaboration and no collaboration classes, using a false account number to place long distance calls, receiving payment for work not done, and cheating on an exam.

The second issue cannot be addressed under the current by-laws, because complete secrecy on cases, aside from the section which permits the release of abstracts, is an explicit feature of the by-laws. Protection of the convicted person was the motivating reason for this secrecy, and therefore it seems that if the convicted person does not want to be protected, he shouldn't be. The Board is intending to formulate and propose an amendment to the ASCIT by-laws some time next fall. The amendment might allow the convicted person to ① obtain a copy of the minutes of his case for his own records, ② release the minutes to the general community, ③ release the members of the Board from secrecy, etc. The convicted person will retain the right to have his case held confidential as under the current by-laws. The release of abstracts at this time serves the additional purpose that it will help the Board assess the need for and scope of such an amendment. The Board welcomes any feedback or opinions you may have on the contents of the abstracts now available, on the advantages and disadvantages of continuing to publish these abstracts, or on what should or should not be included in the amendment. Please feel free to discuss these matters with me or any other member of the Board.

LETTERS

Library Facts

To the Editors:

I must disagree with the rosy picture of the Caltech library system that Tony Stirk painted in his article of 2 May. All of the branch librarians with whom I have spoken are vehemently opposed to any centralization of services and collections, believing that those who need and use the smaller branch libraries get far more help than they would in a large, impersonal central library where cutting costs was more important than service. It is a sad statement about Caltech that none of them would allow his or her name to be quoted, for fear of being fired.

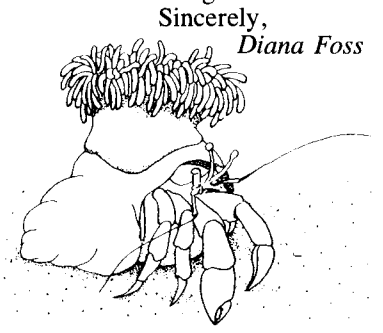
Caltech's departments are centered around their own, individual libraries, where the collections are readily at hand. Before jumping immediately to cut the amount of money spent on salaries, one should stop to consider the invaluable resource that a trained technical librarian represents, one who is aware of the needs of his or her department and can respond to them personally. Removing the departmental libraries not only changes a functional space into a gaping hole, it also deprives its patrons of the personal services which are just as important as books and journals. And a library does not exist in a vacuum. If people won't walk over to use a giant, efficient, centralized library, then of what use is its efficiency?

Beyond the problem of further centralization are the problems that exist in our present central library. Why is it that there is no one knowledgeable reference librarian in Millikan on a regular basis? As it now stands, the branch librarians must come to Millikan for several hours a week to work at the reference desk. This simultaneously robs those who use branch libraries of the services of their librarians, and cheats those who want to use Millikan's reference services. By the same token, why is it that there is no librarian on duty evenings and weekends, times when many people use Millikan library?

I also have questions about the library system's promised computer system. Is this really the best and most compatible system available? Has it been used elsewhere, and is it still in use elsewhere? Can this system use OCLC, *the* standard database? And how much money is being spent on this system amid cries for cutting personell? I eagerly await the final implementation of this system.

Libraries are often taken for granted, and Techers are notorious for their ignorance on matters that have a profound effect on their lives. I hope that we hear more about these changes, and hear more justifications than have been set forth. I hope that Caltech won't let something happen to its libraries that it will later regret.

Sincerely,
Diana Foss



EDITORIAL

Hands Across L.A.

by Diana Foss

On Sunday morning, a friend of mine and I climbed into my car and drove to downtown Los Angeles to take part in Hands Across America. Although all the coverage I've seen since has been from either Middle America, or from places like Long Beach where it was really much more of a party, we stood on sixth Street, just east of San Pedro, in one of the poorest sections of the city.

We got there about 11:15, and spent the next 45 minutes talking to the other people, mainly white and middle-class like us, who had come to show their concern with hunger and homelessness in the US. Across the street sat about 20 people, all black, all presumably homeless. There was no interaction between the two sides of the street. It was extremely unsettling. On the one side were hundreds of people, millions of people by extension, who had the great feeling that they were doing something to help solve a ghastly problem, and on the other side were precisely the people who had to live with that problem, every day. I saw very few of these people actually come over to join the line.

As noon approached, people began holding hands. There were so many people that the line bulged out into the street. That was the best moment of the morning, the realization that there really were thousands upon thousands of people who would come out and hold hands at the same time, even if just to think about hunger and homelessness. Several people had radios on; we could hear the main festivities at the end of the line in Long Beach. We were supposed to sing three songs: *Hand Across America, We Are the World,* and

continued on page 3

News From the GSC: Get Involved!

With a new Graduate Student Council elected, it is disappointing to see so many departments underrepresented or not represented at all. The GSC is the voice and representative of the entire graduate student body. Its function is three-fold: to represent the graduate students, to provide programs to benefit graduate students, and to administer the honor code.

The GSC appoints representatives to the Faculty Board and all Faculty Standing Committees. The GSC communicates suggestions and concerns of graduate students to the members of the administration. The GSC also has a representative to the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association.

A recent project in which the GSC was involved was the construction of the Catalina apartments. In the planning of both Catalina I and the new Catalina II apartments, members of the GSC contributed to the layout of the buildings, the design of the apartments, the furnishings, and other aspects of the projects.

In the area of graduate student programs, the GSC sponsors and supports a variety of programs. These include the Red Door Cafe, the sports leagues, parties, and many organizations on campus. The GSC also publishes the *Technique* (graduate student handbook), and sponsors programs for incoming graduate students. Finally, it is the duty of the GSC to administer the honor code through the Graduate Review Board. Caltech's honor code is unique in that it is administered by the students.

The GSC will be meeting on Thursday, June 5th, at 12 noon in the Red Door Cafe. These monthly meetings are open to *all* graduate students.

At this meeting, graduate representatives for faculty committees will be appointed. Some GSC representatives from last year will be continuing as representatives, so not all committees have openings. The committees for which there are openings (and the number of openings) are: Academic Policies (1), Foreign Students (1), Graduate Studies (1), Health (1), Institute Programs (1), Relations with Secondary Schools (2), and Student Housing (1). Any graduate student interested in becoming a representative is encouraged to attend the meeting. You need not be on the council to be on a committee.

Publication of the *Technique*, the graduate student handbook, will also be organized at the June meeting. This booklet is mailed out to every incoming graduate student before the start of the school year. It provides information on facilities, services and activities available at Caltech and in the Pasadena community. Copies are also available for continuing graduate students. Tony Stirk, the GSC Vice-Chairman, is in charge of updating the *Technique*. At the meeting, a subcommittee will be organized to do the necessary revisions. Any graduate students with ideas for or interest in revising the *Technique* should come to the meeting or contact Tony (127–72, x6556).

Another item on the agenda for the June meeting is a discussion of the search for a GRB Chairman (and more recruits for the Graduate Review Board). Graduate students are encouraged to support the Caltech honor system by volunteering to be a member of the GRB. Contact David James (138–78, x6294) for information.

All of the activities of the Graduate Student Council are dependent on people to help run them. If you are interested, there are still many options with spaces available for GSC representatives. In addition, there are many opportunities to help out with GSC activities even if you are not on the council. Get involved! Help make Caltech a better place for graduate students.

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The Caltech Y Fly-by

Friday...May 30

Noon Concert: Room Service; on the quad.

Tuesday...June 3

Green Card, Play at Mark Taper Forum. 8:00 pm, sign up at Y office, rides at 7:15.

Wednesday...June 4

Y Night at the Movies, selections TBA, refreshments, free; 9:00 pm.

Friday...June 6

Noon Concert: Slowburn Jazz; on the quad.

Saturday..June 7 Sunday..June 8

Decompression.

Any questions, comments, or ideas?
Come see us in the Y office or call x6163

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Bill Allen Speaks at YAF Talk

by Josh Kurutz

Dr. Bill Allen, a professor of government at Harvey Mudd College, led a discussion sponsored by the Young Americans For Freedom (YAF) concerning reform in America's educational system. The Wednesday night presentation in Baxter Lecture Hall turned into a discussion among a largely receptive audience of self-proclaimed conservatives.

The thrust of Allen's argument was that the people who make up modern American society do not exhibit much self-responsibility and that this attitude can be directly linked to flaws in the educational structure. Part of the problem, Allen claimed, was that learning material is not the focus of the school system. To exemplify this, he asserted, "All education is private," meaning that everyone learns in his own mind and learning is not influenced by the environment one learns in.

The main portion of the problem, according to Allen, is that the citizens of the U.S. are "civic illiterates." By civic illiteracy, Allen meant that people are not knowledgeable about their own government and the philosophy behind it. As a consequence of this, he claimed, "Society is being deconstructed."

Weakened patriotism is supposed to be another result of this sort of ignorance. As an example of this trend, Allen said, "Now we have six- and seven-year-olds running around repeating these lessons, saying, 'But the Russians are people just like us, aren't they?' "

In response to the argument that the indoctrination of American youth would be similar to that experienced by Russian children, Allen said that American ways could be taught on the grounds that they are better than the Russian's. "The American way of life is superior—that's true. We should say, 'This is the way human beings are supposed to live, and we're going to defend that.'

Allen claimed, "It turns out that not only do people not learn civics, but they don't learn anything else well, either. It just may be that there is a connection between the lessons at the heart of American civics and a general sense of responsibility." Allen elaborated further on the subject of responsibility.

"People who are responsible for themselves look after themselves," Allen said. "I don't mind throwing people out on their own." Allen expressed the belief that there should be no public welfare, but conceded that a more practical measure would be to turn all welfare handouts into loans. This agreed with many of the beliefs Allen expounded. These ideas centered on the notion that all those who are needy are capable of getting back on their feet and being productive members of society. By making them responsible for themselves, they would do better jobs looking after themselves.

As the solution to the problem in education, Allen proposed a plan that consisted of two parts. The first stage would be to break up the K-12 administrations and their ties to state and federal funding and force individual communities to be responsible for the education of their children. The claim was brought up that those from poorer areas would not get adequate education. Allen responded, "Education is not a function of the dollar, it's one of concern." He went on to say that, no matter how poor the community, if its members are concerned about their children's education, those children will be educated well.

The second stage would entail changing politics. Allen said he was, "willing to create a little polarization in the process." Under this sort of plan, people in power would say, "You're wrong!" and make firm moral judgements. Part of this would probably include introducing, "serious civics courses—ones that would introduce enemies."

The discussion itself was strictly conservative-oriented. There were only one or two people who appeared to have possibly disagreed with the speaker. One member of the group continually asked Allen if he knew of various cases which may or may not have been applicable, since he and the speaker seemed to be the only ones who knew of them. There were piles of YAF literature filled with suggestions on "how to deal with campus vermin," vermin meaning people or groups whose ideas do not conform with the YAF's. Also included in the literature were editorials heavily supportive of the Reagan administration's stand in Central America.

Dr. Allen received his B.S. from Pepperdine and his M.S. and PhD. from Claremont graduate school. In addition to being a professor at Harvey Mudd, he is a visiting tutor at St. Johns College in Santa Fe. He is a Kellogg National Fellow and a Fulbright National Fellow. Until recently, he was a candidate for U.S. Senate.

EDITORIAL
Parting Glances

Well, here we are. . .my thirteenth paper, the thirtieth of the year, and the **Last Paper of the Year** (excepting, of course, the always-exceptional Rivet). How do I feel? Relieved, for the most part.

It's common knowlege, and true: being *Tech* Editor (or even co-editor) is not a job compatible with taking reasonable numbers of classes. With the 45 units I'm taking this term (higher than average for me, but then I am on the five-year plan), there's been quite a strain. I haven't been able to put as much time into the *Tech* as I'd like. Fortunately, this has been a typical third-term silly-season, with relatively little news and little space to fill (few ads bring few pages!). Things have been running pretty well on autopilot, and the papers have been okay, or so I like to tell myself. Next term, however, my units will be minimal and the *Tech* will prosper. Watch out. . .

It's also common knowlege that *Tech* editors fall into oscillation between two states: Intense fear, beginning on Monday afternoons, that there's no copy and the next paper will suck metal weenies, resulting in the tar-and-featherment of the Editor; and a growing Thursday-evening realization that *it doesn't matter* because *no one really reads this goddam rag anyway*.

There is some validity to both opinions, but not much. As a result of them, many Editors, by the time their term of office is over, have been subtly yet surely changed. Burnout and intense cynicism seem to be the major aftereffects *(hi, Matt!)*.

*I seem to have avoided this fate so far, much to my luck. I do admit to being a worrywart, and its amazing how the same layout sheets can look cavernously empty at 3*PM, impossibly overfull at 10, and perfectly filled by midnight. I still believe, however, that people do read the *Tech*, that people are interested in what it has to say. (If I'm wrong, please let me know!) With some more work put into it, this could become quite a decent little paper.

The upshot of all this: while (co)editing the *Tech* can be a rather awful experience at times, I've actually had fun doing it, and I'm getting a lot out of it. Thanks for electing us!

Since no one's going to read this far, I can now slip in the savage part:

There'll Always Be a Page House Dept.: Check out the Syndicate Alley Inside World. Konstantin, Dave and friends first remind us of the spirit of Honor and Truth upon which Caltech rests, announce their unswerving allegiance to these principles, and tearfully denounce the IHC for its subversive actions in daring to question Page's loyalty.

But hell, laws and Codes were made to be broken, and sometimes a real man's got to hop on his Rambo Big-Wheel™ cycle and take matters into his own hands. Then, it's nice to know that he's got enough of his buddies on the BOC to overturn any convictions the other teacher's pets might try to stick him with.

Uh-huh. *You* figure it out.

—Jens Peter Alfke

Hands

from page 2

America the Beautiful. No one knew the first song, although we had been given lyric sheets. A few people knew *We Are the World,* but somehow we were all trying to sing with the radio, and no one could hear it very well. Even when it came time to sing the last song, a song that everyone knows, the radio had someone, probably Lionel Ritchie, singing to his own beat, and no one in the line got up enough courage to sing in time and lead everyone else along.

Standing next to us in line for a while was a woman who described her life as moving from one good cause to another. She was sweet, but very spacey, someone who might strike up an uncomfortable conversation with you on the bus. Yet, uncomfortable as she was to talk to, *she* was living downtown; *she* was working at the Catholic mission on Fifth Street. The people next to us on the other side went home to Arcadia after the fifteen minutes were over. And so did we.

Hands Across America had been ballyhooed for months, yet when it came down to it, comfortable middle-class folks all stood together for fifteen minutes and cast guilty looks across the street at the people we were ostensibly helping. I made my monetary contribution, and I believe in the cause of ensuring that every person in this rich country has enough to eat, and a place to sleep, but the effect that Hands Across America had on me was very different from what I had expected. It showed up the vast gulf that, although no wider than Sixth Street, separates holding hands with those with whom you feel comfortable, and making the real, personal commitment that is necessary for a real accomplishment.

ASCIT Election!

At the BOD meeting of May 15, Director for Academic Affairs Tylis Chang announced that he will be resigning at the end of this term. As a result, nominations were opened up for that office, and there will be an election Monday. The candidates' statements appear below.

In addition, an amendment to the section of the Bylaws describing the process by which ASCIT figures out how much money to allocate to campus organizations is coming up for a vote. The amended version of the Bylaws also appears below.

On the election ballot will also be a *survey* to find out student opinion on a proposed coffeehouse in the south houses' basement. This would not be a move of the current coffeehouse, but rather the construction of a new coffeehouse with new and better facilities. However, the atmosphere of the current coffeehouse would most likely be lost.

Assuming that only one coffeehouse can exist, would you rather see a new coffeehouse in the south houses' basement, or the current coffeehouse in the present location?

This is simply a survey to indicate student opinion and comments on the back of the election ballot would be appreciated.

Proposed Bylaws Changes

Article XIII

SECTION 2. BUDGET. The budgeting process will be handled as follows. All clubs will submit a budgetary request containing the proposed budget, sources of income, expected activities, number of ASCIT and non-ASCIT members, and a statement of purpose. At the budget meeting, the clubs may make a presentation. The Board of Directors will determine all other financial obligations (e.g., salaries, insurance, and ASCIT organizations) including a reserve for the rest of the year. The remaining budget will be allocated to clubs. To enable the Board of Directors to more accurately assess the monetary need of individual clubs, a club questionnaire will be sent to each student. After the questionnaires are returned, the results will be tallied and made available to all members of the Board of Directors.

Candidates' Statements

H. Douglass Bloomer

Skip the usual, "I can do a good job" platitudes. I'm tired of them. Straight out the only qualification I have is that over the past year I have begun to care what the student government is doing. I haven't liked it a lot. The Directorship is a full voting membership on the BOD, and would thus give me some real ability to do something when it should be done. The major drawback that I have is that I am a flake. Honest injun, if you want someone whose life is going to revolve around this office, elect someone else.

Oh, yeah the TQFR. I should say something about that since it is the other major duty of the DAA. For the past three years I have been appalled at how useless the TQFR has been for me. I have been locked into core classes and most of the electives I've taken weren't represented. Fair is fair, you can only present the data you have. But the damn thing is set up by class, and ever since Tom Apostol left Math 1 I'd bet against a teacher teaching the same class two years in a row. The TQFR needs to be organized around the individual professors and TA's. A cumulative record of how they have been evaluated as teachers of the past few years would mean more than casual bitching about how tough the course material is. Come on, we all know AMa 95 sucks. Lastly, the numerical data is essentially worthless. You know you can't get decent statistics with the reporting rate that the TQFR gets. The important information is the individual comments, not the ratings. Though I don't think I would get rid of the ratings yet.

James Shih

To begin, I might as well copy the first paragraph of Tylis' election statement; if elected, I will keep the promises he made to restore the TQFR to its format before last year: "showing the quantity of each numerical response, not just the average; printing the entire question in each class report; and printing all comments (with the number of times each is made), instead of deleting conflicting comments."

But there is more. The Director of Academic Affairs is also a voting member on the BOD. Because of my almost regular attendance to the BOD meetings this term, I should have little problem getting into the flow of things if I am elected.

Finally, I will serve on the Curriculum Committee next year. With some major changes in the core curriculum being considered right now, the TQFR becomes an important source of student inputs. By laboring over the data this summer, I would gain a better insight into what are considered by students as "problem courses." I would then be able to make my decisions based on the "popular demands."

Please vote for me on Monday.

Devin Leonard

Please elect me as Director of Academic Affairs. As I was when I ran in the first election, I am ready to make a good TQFR. I feel that I could listen to opinions about courses in order to discern general comments about them. Desire to complete this task well, to me, defines qualification for the position. Thank you.

Raymond B. Moberly

If I am elected, this year's TQFR will be better than the sorry piece of trash printed last year. The printing will be legible and understandable. I hope to make the TQFR a good source for course information, not a comic book. I have a few ideas for the TQFR which include: ① Questionare updates, some new questions like "Is it a good course for non-majors?"; ② Mid-year feedback, (your professor will find out what is wrong before the year is over); and ③ Getting some comments or information from the professors to supplement student comments. I can type well and am good with numbers. I think I can be a good representative in ASCIT and am open to any suggestions you have.

Bloom County





by Berke Breathed

Thanx to the Y!

ENTERTAINMENT



"Oh yeah? Well, *my* hair mousse is *twice* as crispy as *yours*!" Iceman (Val Kilmer) vs. Maverick (Tom Cruise).

A Front-Row *Top Gun*

by John Fourkas
Top Gun
Directed by Tony Scott
Paramount Pictures

Once in a while a movie comes along that, no matter how shallow, no matter how weak, no matter how many faults, and no matter how many times it has been done before, is bound to be a hit. Of course, great amounts of pre-release publicity never hurt, but a hit is a hit—and *Top Gun* will be a hit.

Top Gun is an attention grabber from the very start. The movie opens with an almost surreal scene on the deck of an aircraft carrier during the "present time." Mystical fog whips around techs as they prepare the deck for touch-and-go's. The fog quickly envelops the audience also, and the viewer is soon catapulted into one of many riveting aerial conflicts. The producers of *Top Gun* don't mess around; the film opens with some of its hottest material (not that there isn't plenty more). The movie is full of fast moving aerial scenes which are put together in an expert manner (in so many similar movies it is impossible to tell who is fighting who in aerial battles; this is never a problem in *Top Gun*). I highly recommend the front few rows if you decide to see this movie. It contains enough dogfight scenes that it is worth it to let the screen take up more than your normal field of vision in order to increase the effect of actually flying.

OK, so *Top Gun* has some hot action scenes. What about the plot, you ask? Well, here lies the major problem with this film. It has a plot, and the plot sucks. *Top Gun* is a series of high-tech action scenes strung together with cliches. The action works, the cliches don't. There are times when you can almost recite the actors' lines for them. Even more frightening is the twenty minute stretch of plot in the middle of the movie that is uninterrupted by action. This single stretch almost manages to kill the movie.

For those masochists who still want to know more, I'll give a clue or two about the plot. Tom Cruise plays Maverick, a hotshot flyboy who gets sent to Top Gun, the Navy training center for its top pilots, along with his Radar Intercept Officer (Anthony Edwards, of *Revenge of the Nerds*, *Gotcha!*, and *The Sure Thing* fame). These guys are doing their best to win the Top Gun trophy for the best flier, but they have some tough competition in the form of "Iceman" (Val Kilmer from *Real Genius*). Kelly McGillis (of *Witness*) is the love interest; she's an astrophysicist and a Top Gun instructor in jets (figure that one out).

As you may have gathered by now, the plot of *Top Gun* is rife with clichés, contradictions, and huge holes. It's too bad that they had to bother to put a plot in the movie. Nonetheless, I suspect that Navy enlistment will show a big jump in the near future. This is the scary part of the whole thing—war is glorified throughout without any real show of the suffering involved. It's easy to shoot down a plane when you can't see the guy inside, and he's shooting at you. The movie makes it seem like a huge video game in the sky (I wouldn't be surprised if they do make a video game out of it). If a flier has problems, one gets the feeling that he's "not good enough", not that there is something wrong with what he is doing. Our boys never get hurt, or when they do it's just a silly accident. If you get hit by a missile, you just bail out of your plane—no problem. I found this whole attitude rather disturbing.

Despite all of this, I find that I must recommend this movie. Ignore the plot, sit in the front row, and enjoy . . . it will be well worth it.

Comedy With Conscience

by Josh Susser
Short Circuit
Directed by John Badham
Tri-Star Pictures

In these days of movies like *Blue Thunder*, *Rambo* and *The Terminator*, it is refreshing to find a film that doesn't recommend destruction and killing as the universal solution or portray technology as merely a means to that end. It is doubly refreshing to find such a film that is enjoyable to watch as well.

Short Circuit is a good piece of work that gives me new respect for those people in Hollywood. There's a lot to like about this film.

I liked Ally Sheedy (as always) in what is probably the most difficult role she has had so far. Sheedy does an admirable job as the sincere but flakey benefactor of various and sundry stray animals. It's only natural that she takes in a runaway robot, right? Sheedy thinks more with her heart than with her head, but proves that you don't have to be brainy to be smart.

I liked Steve Guttenberg as the almost unbelievably awkward (I will not say nerdly) inventor of the movie's main plot device. I couldn't help but feel empathy for this poor intellectual, cooped up in an industrial research facility for so long that he can't deal with real-world people (especially women).

The robot, Number 5, was a really slick effect. He's supposed to be the ultimate soldier, but a bolt of lightning magically gives him a soul, and he decides he doesn't like killing. I couldn't figure out where they put they power supply (hefty laser weapon, folks), but other than that he was very believable. Number 5 is really the star of the show. He sings, dances and does a good imitation of John Wayne. He's a pretty good actor, too.

But to my mind, Fisher Stevens steals the show. Stevens plays an Indian (sub-continental) scientist, friend and partner of Guttenberg. Stevens is a wonderfully aloof nerd, who commits more malapropisms than I have heard in my entire life. I hope to see more of him in films to come.

Short Circuit is a comedy, and works as such. The humor is sometimes side-splitting and often slapstick, but never made me feel as if my intelligence were being insulted. It's been a long time since I laughed so much at a movie and didn't feel stupid about enjoying the jokes.

But I liked *Short Circuit* most for what it has to say: that technology should have a conscience. *Short Circuit* doesn't have much nice to say about the defense industry, except maybe that the people in it all mean well but just don't think about what they're doing.

Messages aside, though, this film is worth seeing. It has a good plot, good acting, and good production values. It almost makes up for the fact that Ally Sheedy doesn't wear pearls.

The New Stuff

by Peter Alfke
So
Peter Gabriel
Geffen Records

Peter Gabriel began his career as the singer and theatrical frontman of progressive-rock gods Genesis; after his bitter departure in 1975, Genesis turned gradually toward a mainstream pop sound, with drummer-turned-singer Phil Collins in the lead. Gabriel, however, in a series of four solo albums, managed to keep his "progressive" intellectual artiness fresh and exciting, while other '70s giants (Yes, ELP, Pink Floyd) fell to mush. Infusing new-wave energy and African influences into his sound, he creates truly progressive music that stays clear of decade-old clichés. (Very few others have been able to do this; only King Crimson and Kate Bush come to mind.)

Peter Gabriel has an avid following, heaps of critical praise, and even a few minor hits ("Games Without Frontiers", "Shock the Monkey")—all the things an "alternative" artist could hope for. But can one blame him for wanting more, especially when he sees one-time colleague Phil Collins rise to superstardom and guest appearances on "Miami Vice"? Enter Peter Gabriel's new album, *So*.

Legions of die-hard Gabriel fans are now claiming that the title stands for "Sell-Out". This is a harsh accusation, but the album does have an undeniably more commercial sound than his others. The change is epitomized by "Sledgehammer", soon to be a mega-hit (and it deserves it!):

"I've kicked the habit
shed my skin
this is the new stuff
I go dancing in . . ."

The sound is pure early-'70s funk, with a playful James Brown-style guitar riff and Stevie Wonder ("Superstition") horns, while the lyrics use the venerable "just-call-my-name-and-I'll-be-there" motif, with the speaker as chameleon, offering to "be anything you need". The joking sexual imagerie, typified by "show me round your fruitcage / I will be your honeybee," plays both on conventional soul/R&B lyrics, and on the animal metaphors in "Shock the Monkey". "Sledgehammer" shows Gabriel's full talents turned towards pure pop.

The rest of the album attempts a variety of sounds, some more successfully than others. The opening track, "Red Rain", somehow evokes both earlier, pre-"Security", Gabriel and better Bruce Springsteen. Perhaps it's the major-chord guitar, or jangling piano, or the impassioned, slightly hoarse, delivery of apocalyptic lyrics:

"Well I've seen them buried
in a sheltered place
in this town
they tell you that this rain
can sting,
and look down
there is no blood around
see no sign of pain . . .
Red rain is pouring down
pouring down all over me"

It's an excellent song, which should mollify fans miffed by "Sledgehammer". Less successful is "Don't Give Up", an eagerly-awaited duet with Kate Bush. Peter sings of a lonely, bitter man, one of the "many men no one needs," and Kate, in alternating verses, is a voice of hope: "don't give up, 'cause you have friends . . ." It is, unfortunately, as clichéd and dumb as it sounds. The musical accompaniment, with laid-back rhythm section and gentle synth washes, should get this song some airplay on soft-rock muzak stations. It's a shame, since the beginning and end show some promise musically, but this is probably Peter Gabriel's worst song.

"Mercy Street," however, is everything "Don't Give Up" should have been; a quiet, subtle piece, calm and haunting. Its dedication to poet Anne Sexton is appropriate, for the lyrics are by far the most complex on the album:

"She pictures the broken glass,
she pictures the steam
she pictures a soul
with no leak at the seam"

The song floats along on breathy and whistling processed Fairlight sounds, fluid fretless bass, and non-standard percussion (surdu, congas and triangle). Gabriel's singing is quite expressive, with some good harmonizing; I wish that Kate Bush had added her considerable talents to this song, one worthy of them.

"Mercy Street" is followed by "Big Time", which will certainly follow "Sledgehammer" up to the top of the Pops. Gabriel *does* seem to have a knack for infectious pop songs. Driven along by a catchy bassline, sparkly guitar, and trendy gospel backup singers, Peter plays David Byrne circa "Talking Heads '77" and tells us, with wide-eyed innocence, how

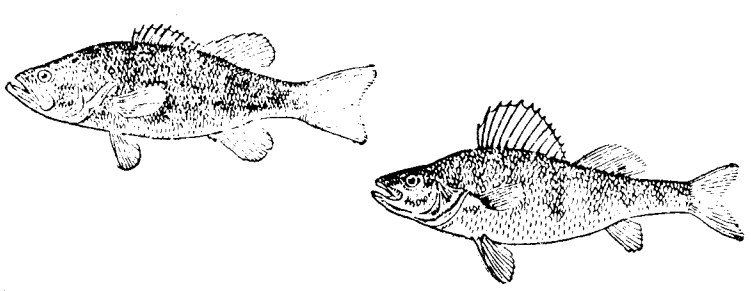
"The place I come from
is a small town
they think so small
they use small words
—but not me"

Now "my parties have all the big names / and I greet them with the widest smile." Byrne did it better, the approach comes off a bit too jokey here, but it's still very cute—plus, it has a great beat, and you can dance to it . . .

Also on the album are "That Voice Again" and "In Your Eyes", your basic good-but-typical Peter Gabriel songs (though the lyrics to the latter are a bit too simplistic), and "We Do What We're Told", another quiet atmospheric piece.

This is definitely a commercially-oriented album, and art-boy fans may feel gypped; there is certainly nothing here to match "Intruder" or "The Family and the Fishing Net", but if you look beyond your expectations and take the record at face value, it's quite good at what it sets out to do. It should, I hope, attract many new listeners, and that can only be good, for Peter Gabriel deserves a wider audience. As he sings:

"My eyes are getting bigger
(big time)
and my mouth
(big time)
My belly is getting bigger
(big time)
and my bank account . . ."





Quake Prediction

[CNB] – The magnitude six earthquake predicted for the Parkfield, California, segment of the San Andreas fault could trigger a larger-scale rupture of the fault, resulting in a magnitude seven earthquake that could be more dangerous, according to Caltech geologist Kerry Sieh. However, he said, the Parkfield earthquake will not cause a repeat of the last great earthquake in southern California, in 1857, in which a large section of the southern San Andreas fault ruptured.

Speaking last Monday (May 26) before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at their annual meeting in Philadelphia, Caltech Associate Professor of Geology Kerry Sieh reviewed his data on earthquake recorrence along the section of the San Andreas fault south of Parkfield, approximately midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Dr. Sieh spoke at a symposium entitled "The Parkfield Prediction Experiment: The Geophysical, Political, and Social Dimensions of an Earthquake Prediction."

Geologists have concentrated monitoring efforts in Parkfield because of the high probability of a magnitude six earthquake in the next several years. That region of the fault has experienced magnitude six earthquakes about every 22 years since at least the 1850s, according to historical records. The last such earthquake there was in 1966.

According to Dr. Sieh, historical studies showed that the magnitude 8¼ earthquake of January 9, 1857, appeared to be preceded by two magnitude six earthquakes along the Parkfield segment about 1½ to 2½ hours earlier. The 1857 earthquake ruptured the San Andreas all the way through the Carrizo Plain, almost to San Bernardino, east of Los Angeles.

"An important question now is whether the predicted magnitude six Parkfield earthquake will trigger a still larger, more destructive earthquake," said Dr. Sieh. "The question cannot be answered with confidence at this time; however, geological data suggest that a repeat of the great 1857 earthquake will *not* occur for at least another hundred years."

Dr. Sieh based his conclusion on earthquake slip data obtained by studying landforms in the area, such as streams and hills. These data showed that about 100 kilometers south of Parkfield on the Carrizo Plain, the 1857 earthquake, as well as previous great earthquakes, produced fault slippage of about ten meters. Overall, the San Andreas is known to move about 34 millimeters per year, which means that the Carrizo Plain segment breaks only about every 300 years. Thus, it should not break again for more than a century.

However, closer to Parkfield, in a region south of Cholame, California, slippage in 1857, and perhaps in previous earthquakes, amounted to only about 3½ meters.

"At a 34 mm-per-year accumulation rate, this part of the fault may already have the potential to rupture with 3½ meters of offset," said Dr. Sieh. "On the basis of analysis of landforms, it appears then that a 40- or 50-kilometer section of the San Andreas fault immediately south of the predicted Parkfield fault rupture could well slip in association with the predicted magnitude six earthquake.

"Taken together, the size of this extended Parkfield earthquake could be as great as magnitude 7 or 7½. Such an earthquake would be far more powerful than the predicted magnitude six, and would have more serious impact on surrounding communities," he said.

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EXTRA! DITCH DAY SUPPLEMENT EXTRA!

VOLUME LXXXVII NUMBER 29½ PASADENA, CALIFORNIA FRIDAY 30 MAY 1986

SENIOR DITCH DAY

The Faculty has officially recognized a Senior Ditch Day. This holiday, the date of which is determined and announced by the senior class, is a prerogative of the seniors. Other ditch days, whether by class or by section, should not be permitted.

Well, Ditch Day struck again this year. On Wednesday, 21 May 1986, at 7:55AM PDT, some 200 seniors bid nervous goodbyes to their rooms and set off for points sunny. At 8:00AM, the underclassmen got to work on an array of fiendish stacks which required them to, among other things, jackhammer a concrete-filled car, stage a fake toxic-waste spill, assemble a V-8 engine, and even slosh through Throop pond acting like moose. By 5:00PM, every bribe-gorged underclassman had to admit it was all worth it in the end.

Herewith, a report from the trenches. The words are those of the intrepid house members who slugged it out that fateful day, the pictures are from whomever we could get good pictures from. If you feel your house is underrepresented, it's not intentional; what you see here is what we got.

Experience, now, the grandeur, the spectacle, the all-out randomness that was Ditch Day 1986...

BLACKER



Photo By Bengt Magnusson

First came the Associates' Tea. The it was Brad's birthday. Just when you thought it was safe to eat again...

Captain Neutron (Dave, Tom): And so it happened that on this fated day four warriors, with armor shining on the sun and weapons on the ready, were pitted against their arch-rival, Captain Neutron, hoping to rid his ugly face (and his six balls!) from Academia forever. They ventured forth, seeking the legendary crotch-zappers, hoping to diminish Neutron's evil powers (and Sam's bathroom humor). The crotch-zappers worked effectively and efficiently in the dark, eerie SWAMP as the questors tore Neutron's balls out one by one. Though the work was hard and tedious, relief was found in the urinal of the Feynmen and the reward was vast. Thanks to the magnanimity of King Aynuss and his fool Sam, the fruits of their labor will last forever. (MR)

Stack o' the Gods (Mike, Nat, Matt, Gumby, Jung): Only eight could share the burden of this monstrosity: Priest, Elf, Dwarf, Bard, Empath, Thief, Mageling, and Riddler. Meeting at the House o' the Month, three of the band crawled into the dungeon as the other five prepared to hunt for clues...

The dungeon consisted of five rooms, with many crawlspaces in between. In the first room was a magical helmet which could locate secret doors by applying its two horns and additional "magic cockroaches." The second room was, at first glance, a planetarium. But only by aligning the dome in proper conjunction with the stars could the adventurers continue. Incorrect alignment set off a trap, which forced the treasure-seekers to quaff a "healing potion." Incidentally, many traps were set around the dungeon.

The third room was guarded by a menacing(?) Robot o' Doom. The only means to destroy it was with the Hammer of Thor, well hidden in the bowels of the earth. One quick blow was all it took to get to...

The fourth was empty save for some non-user-friendly device on the door. Despite its complexity, the door opened without much fuss after being kicked a couple of times. The fifth and last cubicle contained a "genetic code"—when broken, the key was revealed. The crew then exited from the dungeon into the Kitchen o'the Month through a cabinet.

While the insiders were laboring inside, the outsiders had much to do. Decoding messages, solving riddles, and coaxing knowledge from various goddesses and priestesses of the Temple of Technology were their main occupations. In addition, each member of the band had to carry an identifying object—the priest had his Helmet o' the Gods, the elf her pointed ears, the dwarf his hard hat, the bard her Casio harp, and the empath his "first aid" kit. Inside this satchel were more healing potions, and even near-healing potions (drink o' death). The priest had his bi-hourly ritual to attend to; the elf had to have one every time they entered a building; the dwarf, every time they exited a building; the bard, every time she bumped her harp, and the poor empath! In addition to carrying the potions, he was a surrogate drinker. Fortunately, they soon ran dry.

The final reward was worth the long, arduous day of work—a feast o' the gods worthy of Valhalla was waiting at the end.(BJN)



Ditch Day Diary(Simon):

7:30AM My alarm clock went off, but I was already awake. Outside my door, a few people were sitting on the edge of the courtyard, but I can't tell how many. I think it's time to take a shower.

7:50AM I join the others, sitting on a bench and looking at the dismal sky. Simon tells me to get away from his stack. Bob, Jack, and Tom are also awake, and are also defensively posing around Simon's stack, a large box with lots of switches and lights under a sheet.

8:00AM Bob gets tired of waiting and rips open the first envelope. It says to plug in the stack, and to quit if nothing happens. We got to work with screwdrivers and wire cutters.

9:00AM Having fixed the stack, we get our first clue. We have been transported back in time and space to London a hundred years ago. We are to take clues from the machine and follow them on a map of old London, then place an overlay of Caltech over London and go to the location to find the code to cause the machine to spit out the next clue.

10:00AM Sue, back from class(?) joins Bob, Tom, Jack, and myself.

11:00AM We are finally starting to find the clues, but they seem to be incomprehensible matrices. Jack says something about "not acceptable," Bob says something not printable, I start to read the L.A. Times, and Tom solves the puzzle, but we find out another clue that gives the answer without any work. I am puzzled.

11:30AM We eat. Or try to at least. Everyone has lost their appetite, and can't figure out what's wrong. With the spaghetti. Bob tells amusing stories of how I forced him off the road and gave him a flat tire while we rode bikes around the campus.

2:00PM Stack is broken. We go to Marks House to get our beer, but can't find it. We call Simon, and he says he left the key in his room. Two grad turkeys are sitting in the lounge watching TV. Bob asks them if they have a North master. No response. Bob asks them if they are alive. One turns his head slightly and looks confused. Everyone but Sue runs out the door. Jack falls down and turns red, making unusual noises. Sue, a more determined sort, accustomed to dealing with grad students, gets them to open Simon's door.



Photo By Bengt Magnusson

2:05PM We take K.B. lager and chill it with ice in the case that originally held Simon's stack. I like Kangaroo beer cans. They have nice colors. (SMcC)

Mad Bog-Abdul (Rob, Larry, Sung, Ted): The secret videotape started at around 8:20. Four secret CIA men exited an elevator and proceeded around the corner-- or so we thought. A few seconds later they marched toward and apparently through the secret videocamera. They eventually sat down in their secret

meeting room and said their secret meesage. To the best of anyone's memory, the "enemy" were attempting to steal the plans to the secret Para-Heliotron via sattelite monitoring from a transmission station in the Alps, by the Super-secret Stealth Infiltrator, and leave the country by plane. It was our duty to stop these spys, or else the power of the Para-Heliotron could wipe any nation off the face of this planet. The Para-Heliotron was one mega-Destructor module.

We found the enemy transmission station on the top of Mt. Rob--short for Robert Andrews Millikan. From there we traced a line to an old Coke machine which held the Stealth Infiltrator Remote Control. We also tracked down an assassin, and palmed off of her another remote control which enabled access into her "country."

The next step was to find Mad

continued on page 12

DABNEY

by Alex Podgilman

"*. . .and one senior staged a bogus toxic leak to put underclassmen off the track.*"
—Hal Fishman, KTLA-TV

"*. . .one of the most successful and secretive Ditch Days ever held.*"
—Joe Mullich, *Pasadena Weekly*

"*. . .mean-spirited, brutal, and devastating to watch.*"
—Elsa Gouldsmid, *The Roof over your Head*

"Exhilirating! One of this year's ten best!"
—Roger Ebert or Gene Siskel, *Chicago Sun-Times*

"*. . .done with style, dignity, and a clear sense of what is moral and right.*"
—Bishop Desmond Tutu

"Morgan Fairchild as 'Mazumba the Tribe Woman' was a wonder to behold!"
—Flip Spiceland, Cable News Network

This year's Ditch Day in DABNEY HOVSE was a tremendous success. Seniors silently cleared out of campus just before 8:00, off to an all-day party in the Penthouse. The girls from Oxy really livened it up.

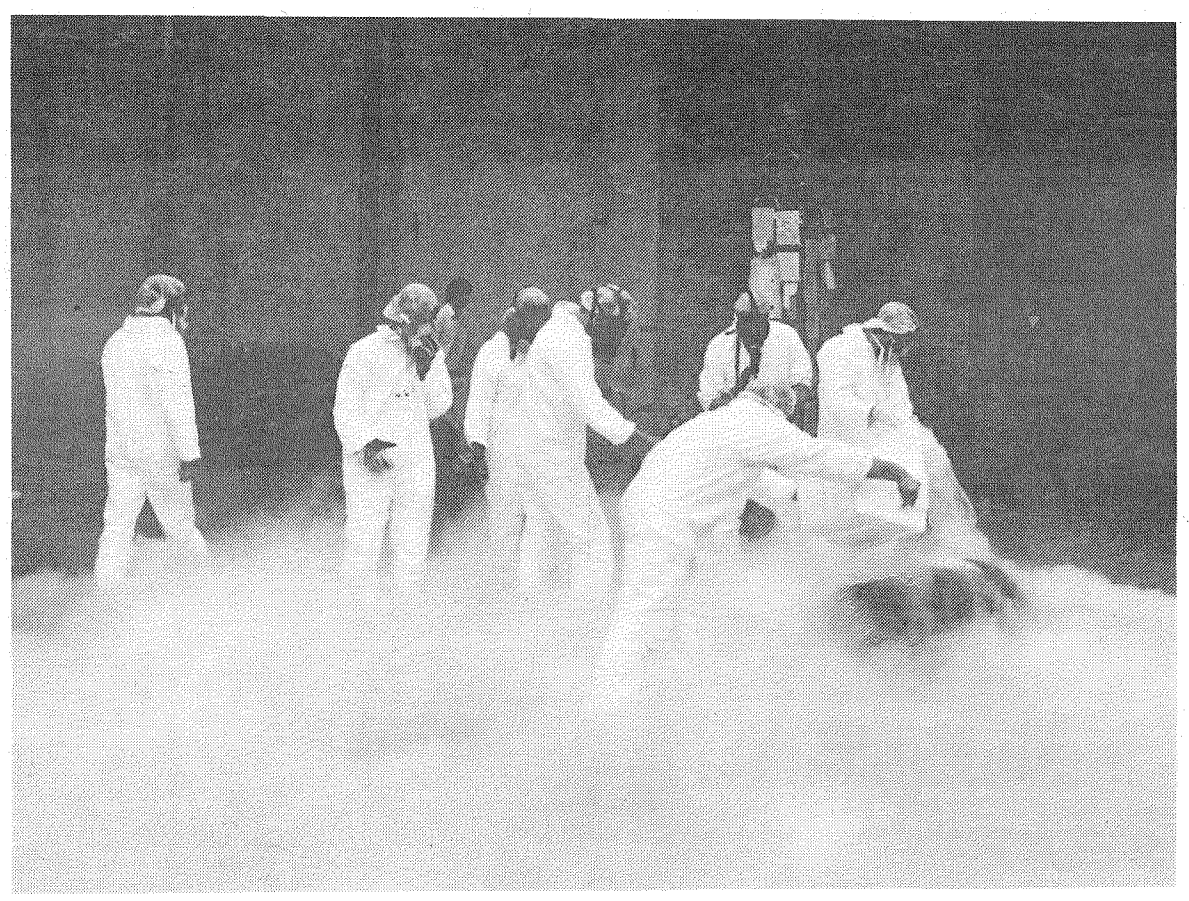
The traditional "Stack of Death," left this year by Tim Allen, resulted in fewer deaths than ever before. The """wimps""", as underclassmen are known here at Cal-teck *[sic]*, were especially careful in walking through the minefield; only one """wimp""" was killed during the single explosion they set off, and only two others were seriously wounded. In all, only four people were killed (the other three were due to gunshot wounds suffered upon entry) before the stack was broken. Tim later said that "I just didn't leave enough ammo."

Reporters were everywhere evident. They were of course shocked and disgusted by the four burnt corpses laid out in the courtyard, so we didn't even see mention of the Stack of Death (typically the best stack on campus) on the news at 6. Fortunately for the Radiation Control District, the reporters were completely duped into believing that the radioactive spill on the quad was somehow related to the Ditch Day festivities. Fast-thinking RCD spokesmen claimed this was "just part of a stack." Later, relieved RCD officials (who declined to be named) told us in private that "We don't expect to hear from the EPA on this one at all."

A humorous sidenote on the Stack of Death: despite Tim Allen's generous bribe (consisting of several bandages and some morphine), the """wimps""" that had been working on his stack decided to counterstack by leaving the "Cornucopia" counterstack, which consisted of eighteen terminal disease cultures that Tim had to eat before entering his room.



Photo By Alex Zorilla



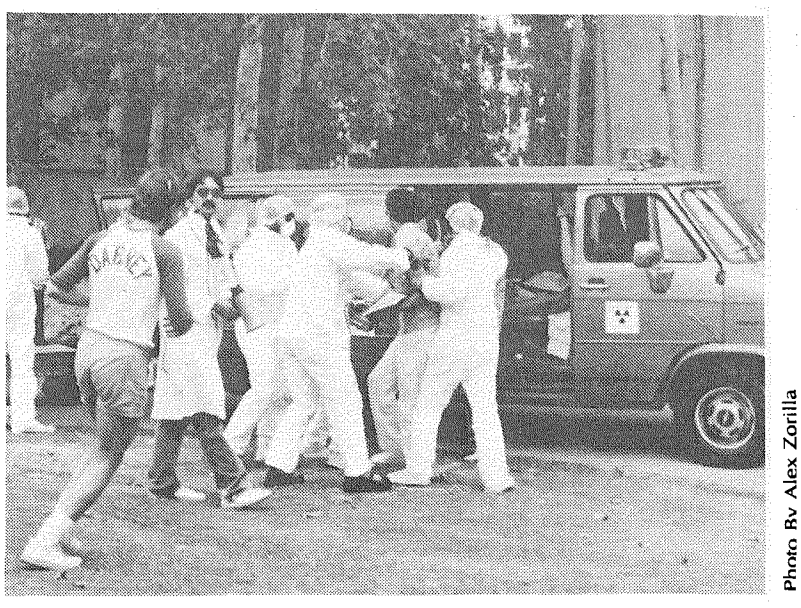


Photo By Alex Zorilla

LLOYD



Photo By Alex Zorilla

D-day started off the way all days start in Lloyd. We sat down to a hearty breakfast containing many essential vitamins and minerals carefully balanced to provide for the exertions of the day. Milk, Life, Corn Flakes, Captain Crunch, and grapefruit. . . but where were the Wheaties?

Dave continued the trend with a $20.00 donuts run to Winchells. . . each one bought and paid for individually. Van Halen at 400 watts per channel (thank you, Alan) was next, to be followed by the toothpaste splat range and the Millikan invasion by pieces of fresh fruit. But where did those blue marks on the wall come from? A series of such tasks gave us clues on how to produce keys from the squirrel house that blocked dave's doorway. We applied turning, showering, LN_2 immersion, magnets, sucking, and flaming in an effort to free the keys. Two miles of twine later, the final key deserved the reception it gave Dave upon return—any counterstack, any way. . .

Meanwhile, upstairs we were identifying strange places and items on campus for the Virgin Islands' stacks. Jeanine and Tammy's brain teasers led from the stratosphere (SDI) to the Page basement and covered everything between from physics th late night TV. The key was found all right, inside one of an infinite number of tennis balls all but one filled with bogus keys. Andy's stack was a puzzler as well—who ever saw the Olive Walk with real snow before?

The Ross-Michelle-Amy-VT200 stack led from dungeon to dungeon, and back down the rabbit hole. We miniaturized an Asteroids video game to fit through an Ace playing card, and spent all afternoon jackhammering our way through a Tempest game of concrete to find a clue which led to absolutely nothing to do with the stack! While these stacks weren't completely broken, the Rogue game inside had random breakers for everyone else's stack bugaboos.

Myles' and Yosufi's dream machine involved "A day in the lives of. . ." Hot cars and fast planes, quarterbacks and girls, and the ever-lovely $$$ played a part in the search for the wooden blocks to finish a marble track. When completed, the rolling marbles triggered a siren the likes of which could have brought down the walls of Jericho in one blow. This heralded the launching of the Lloyd Explorer, a rocket which (after slight technical difficulties) shot up into the sky and single handedly overwhelmed the unsuspecting troglodytes of Marks.

What do the Man of Steel and *Get Smart* have in common? And where does Rod keep his SCUBA

FLEMING

by Al Fansome

This year's Ditch Day proved to be tougher than anyone had expected. A number of stacks remained unbroken, yet the alcohol flowed freely at 5:01PM nonetheless.

The first stack to fall was Mike Graham's. After a brisk run to Lacey Park, a team settled down to work on his treasure hunt, breaking it shortly after noon. Ara Kassabian's stack was the next to fall several hours later. A quick dip in Baxter Pond proved useful in locating the key to his room.

The remaining stacks that were broken fell within the last hour, many in the last five minutes. We can all thank Sean Eddy for the press coverage Fleming Hovse received for the first brute force stack in a few years. Sorry about the room; I guess people didn't like the color of the punch.

And then there was Janice Pata, our little Dorothy of Fleming Hovse, and her wonderful maps of Oz. The strawberry pies at the end of the rainbow proved an ample reward for a day's work.

Santoro's, Tsai's, and Helgren's "Into the Night" stack became our "Into the Room" party at 4:55PM. Stackbreakers claim that time was never a factor. We can all thank Frank Kragh for our chemistry lesson of the day—a human polymer chain in Millikan Pond with Harry Gray supervising. The moon, or should I say moons, rose a little earlier than usual—16 of them at thw corner of Lake and California. (Al Fansome is not a cooler sucking wimp!) Scott Rowland gave Yong Chu an opportunity of a lifetime. How many people can claim that they were ponded at the Bonaventure Hotel?

Thanks to Colello's musical knowlege and Habecker's daring acrobatics, Mark Ross' stack fell with "miles of time" to spare. No problem. Four out of five senses aren't too bad, in regards to Ring's, Assad's, and Gibbs' stack. I'm sure Clark will be practicing blindfolded Simon all year getting ready for next year's Ditch Day.

While Donovan's, Chou's, and Schock's stacks were unable to be broken, we all appreciated their alcoholic contributions.

Good job seniors, and good luck—you'll need it.



Photo By Bob Paz





Photo By Josh Kurutz

suit? Min Sushi was kind enough to provide refreshments for those working on his stack. Thirsty? Try a little of random mixture #5 here! The magnetic door had us all charmed, while later clues made us scratch our heads in puzzlement. Eventually the cryptic phrase "HQ Fridge" appeared, and we dared to penetrate the hellhole of the unknown and inedible. More fresh fruit? O.K., guys, but I wouldn't buy a car from you.

The Corona brainstormed stack was for those out of their minds—the left halves, that is. Secretaries were serenaded and asked to judge haiku and limericks. "The Owl and the Pussycat" was illustrated, and a spate of sculpting and pasting occurred. Not too many eggs were dropped from the remote-controlled car, but who knows what lurked inside the black box? Dara's guinea pig successfully solved the maze, proving that those fat white rats don't know everything yet.

At 5:00 the house was littered with bran flakes, discarded clues, and the old black plastic we all know and love. We lined up, carefully dressed in Dave's best clothes, to greet the returning beachcombers. To our innocent "Surf's up?" they snarled a reply. "Beach? What beach? I fell asleep pulling onto San Pasqual at 7:47!"

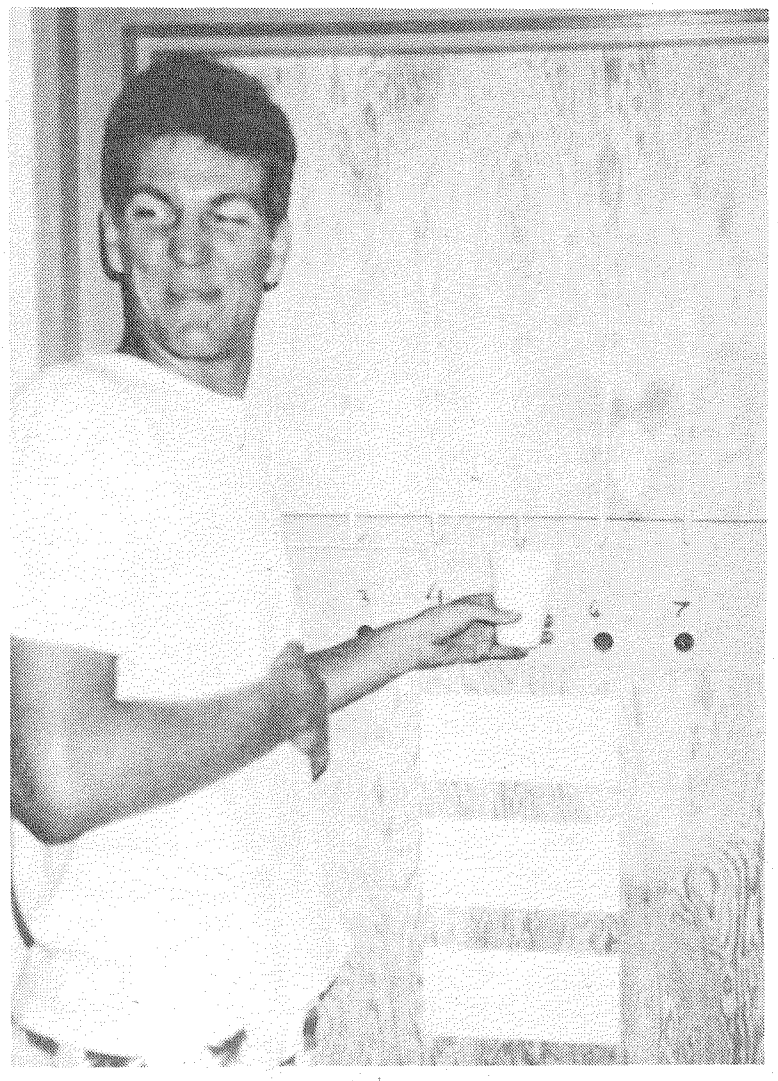




Photo By Josh Kurutz

PAGE



Photo By Bob Paz

Page House had a great variety of stacks this year, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Members of the Syndicate, as well as certain Page social members, were frequent targets for tasks. Let's just give a run down of all the stacks the seniors left for us:

Warren Goda, Fred Ferrante, Pam DeMoor: The task waas simple: assemble a 1964 Chevy Malibu containing four dead aliens in the trunk. From this simple idea sprang hordes of punched-out, skanking, and INTENSE white suburban punks. This was the **Repo Man Stack**.

A computer controlled the list of tasks, a stereo, an air horn, and the door lock. For every task that was completed the underclassmen received money to buy car parts. At specified intervals, music began and a task was printed on the computer screen. For example, the underclassmen painted their hair, made up their faces, and decorated their white T-shirts to the accompaniment of Madonna's "Dress You Up." Unfortunately, the program didn't function perfectly, but inventive underclassmen soon had things corrected.

"Let's go do some crimes." Yes, some people did. Plain-wrap items disappeared from supermarket shelves, car air fresheners marked clues, and Pasadena experienced the latest in punk fashion. Did somebody really repossess Warren Emery's car? And did somebody repossess something from Harvey Mudd? Did you know that Ambassador College ejected a group of punks slamming on their campus in only three minutes? What's this kinky business with Parkay, eh Parky? Or that Syndicate Alley has Socialist Party members within its fascist ranks? And their were other weird things going on...

Fortune cookies? Sunney Chan? They finally figured it out and formed the final REPO MAN code. At 4:45 the stack was broken by the world's smartest punks. But can they really be that smart if they trash the room and destroy the bribe? This just proves one fact about Caltech:

The more you study, the less intelligent you are.

Tim Cotter—Dippy the Clown Stack: The stack started with only a call number of a non-existent book. By 10:00, the underclassmen had found a photo album and a set of four numbers. When properly interpreted they were a locker number and combination.

Inside the locker were cards showing Dippy the Clown at random locations on campus. The underclassmen figured out that they had to plot points and draw lines based on the cards.

Just before 5, the underclassmen located Jill King, the secretary baby-sitting Dippy the Clown. The bribe was charcoal, lighter fluid, London broil, T-bone steaks, potatoes, broccoli, sourdough bread, milk, orange juice, wheat thins, cream cheese, and porwine cheese.

Janet Boley—The Geo-Phys Stack: The stack started by turning Page House's resident Geophysicist, Doug Schmidt, into an itinerant geologist searching for mineral deposits. Meanwhile, noon-time diners at the Ath got a real treat as Kent Noble, Will Slate and Mike Goedecke modeled women's underwear for their viewing pleasure. After that, Mega got his wish to have a feminine body as he and Fu became female impersonators. They then stepped out in grand style by going to the movies at the Venus Adult Theatre. Afterwards, the underclassmen displayed their true wimpiness by being unable to crack the simplest of codes. By sheer luck they found out that the room key was behind the president. Which president? The venerable Nixon, of course. At 4:55 the wimps found the key behind the poster of Tricky Dicky and the spoils of success were enjoyed by all.

Scott Karlin and Brian Suggs—The Othello Stack: The object of this stack was to beat the computer at one game of Othello. In order for the underclassmen to force the computer to make a move, they had to perform several tasks:

① Steve Lodge and George Chen had to bench-press 2000 pounds.

② Quantum was taped to the wall for two minutes.

③ Four pizzas were delivered to San Marino High School at 1:20PM.

④ The PCC sign had to be changed.

Unfortunately, John Beck took an illegal shortcut by running across a rocket on the Page roof which contained the final clue on how to get into the room. Tasks that might have been done were:

⑤ Scott Virgel was to synthesize an illegal drug (he was going to make speed).

⑥ Joan Tetrault had to drink six coolers in 30 minutes.

⑦ An object had to be thrown from the Page lawn to the athletic field.

⑧ The HIM doll had to be fixed.

⑨ All 21-year-old underclassmen who hadn't yet been oceaned, had to be oceaned.

⑩ The kitchenettes had to be cleaned.

...and finally, Vito and Clea had to kiss passionately in the quad for three minutes.

Although the stack was illegally broken, some of the above people willingly volunteered to complete tasks 5-11. By doing these tasks the underclassmen could play Othello. When they won, the computer would tell them where the key was. This key would launch a rocket on the roof of Page. When retrieved, the rocket told how to open the door (put five volts across two nails on the door). But, JB was wandering around the roof looking for Lisa's key (which he shouldn't have been doing anyway) and discovered the rocket.

Steve Molnar, Paul Gillespie, Steve Lalli, Robert Horn—The 2001 Stack: At 4:58 the wimps finally triumphed over a haywire HAL 9000 computer—but not before HAL made John Beck don panty hose and dress and play secretary for the noon hour. Rambo had to prove his marksmanship while Parkinson turned to the radical right and staged a pro-Apartheid demonstration. Juniors recruited women for Caltech from the PCC campus. Bruno tried to cure his case of "Housewives' Syndrome" by watching Kung Fu instead of Days of Our Lives *[Sacrilege!—Eds.]*.

Much to Steve Winters' chagrin, the counterstack did not come together in the two minutes remaining—but the cookies were good.

Hans Hermans, Robbie Dow, Brian Burke, Stuart Ray—The Indy 500 Stack: In front of room 228 of Page House, these off-campus seniors (along with the one off-Caltech senior) left a disassembled Pontiac V-8 engine and an note proclaiming "Start Your Engines!". The **Indy 500** stack was a race between two toy cars hanging by threads on the door. While the seniors' '79 'vette moved steadily toward the top at a constant speed, the "wimp" car (a very studly '62 'vette) stayed motionless at the starting line.

As the underclassmen correctly supposed, reassembling and starting the engine would force the exhaust (the pipes of which came from under the door) to drive the underclass car to the finish line. Assembling the car was no easy task, but starting the engine was no less than impossible given that the wimps were not supplied with a carburetor. An 11:30 clue instructed a team of five underclassmen to pump gas and check tires and oil for ten self-serve customers at Union 76. Indeed, after an hour of hard work, the "pit crew" was supplied with a carb from the gas station manager.

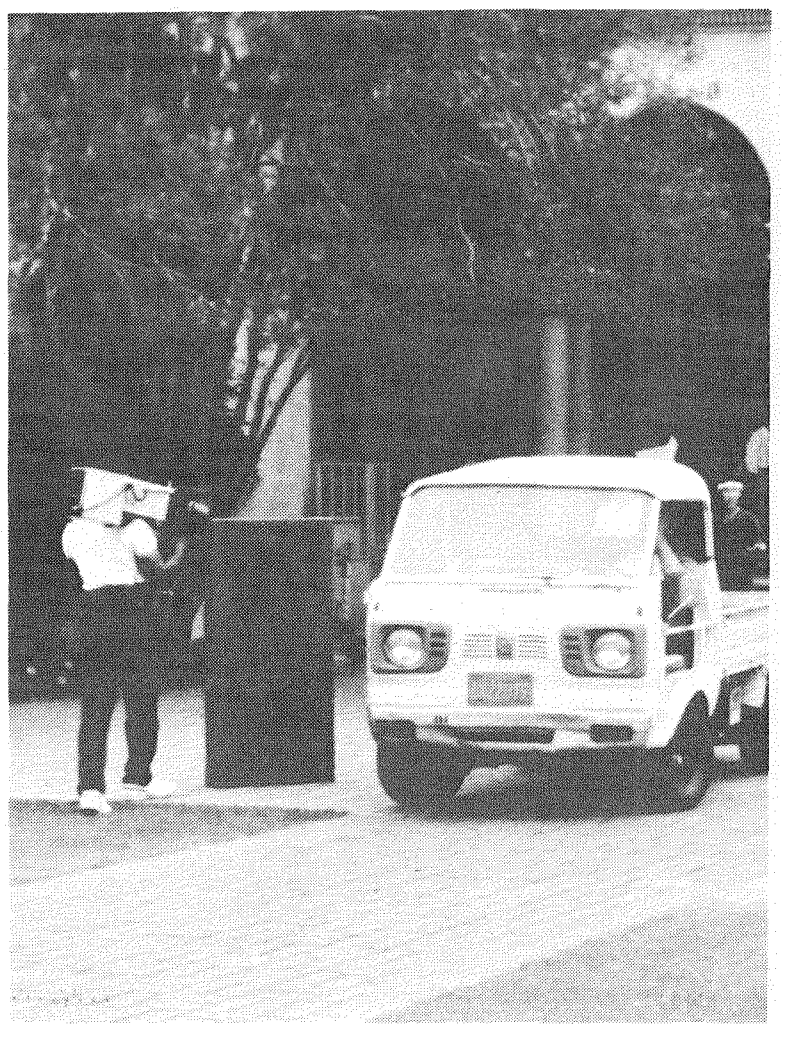
Fueled with fuel atomization, the underclassmen began work again on starting the engine. Lacking the correct analytical devices, the team had great difficulty in properly timing and setting the ignition. Nonetheless, at 4:00 a grime-covered team fired and started the smoking heap, sending the orange 'vette across the line in a powerful manner and pulling open the door.

Hsiu-Tung Yu and Ryoji Watanabe—The Pirate Stack: The theme was a treasure hunt. The underclassmen were provided with a treasure map, various encoded messages, and the first and last chapters of the "Adventures of Tommy Love". Once the messages were decoded, they provided starting points to the various strategic points on the treasure map. THe chapters inthe "Adventures of Tommy Love" provided the timed clues.

The stack involved several twists: A false set of clues leading to a false key; the confusing role of the strange tennis ball; the clues and jokes broadcasted through the patch box...

The stackbreakers pitched in and cracked the stack by around 4:00. The poor bribe found in the room prompted the underclassmen to install a counterstack which succeeded in keeping Hsiu-Tung out of his room until midnight.

Supriya Gosh, Steve Hsu, Tom Luke—The Hollywood Sign Stack: The goal of this stack was to change the *Hollywood* sign to read *Caltech86*. Although Mike Provica and others had a nice hike on the mountain, the one-to-one mapping turned out to be too big a task.



RICKETTS



Photo By Alex Zorilla

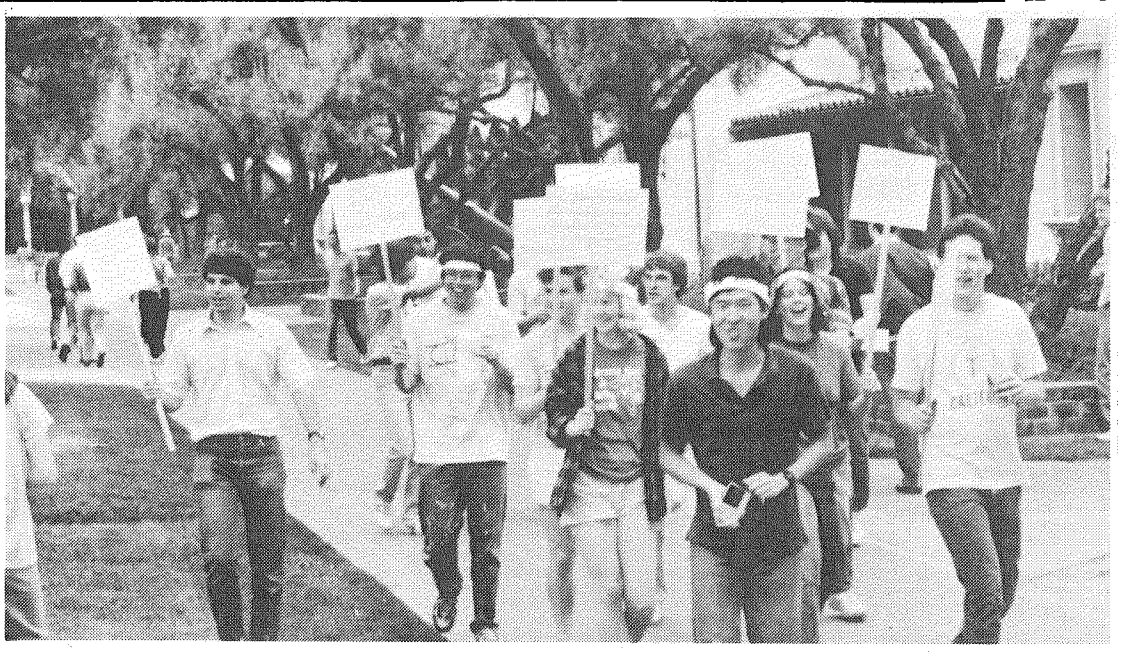


Photo By Alex Zorilla



Photo By Alex Zorilla

Art Duval did indeed inform us, "Ditch Day is tomorrow, FROSH!" and I'll be damned if he didn't turn out to be right. Wednesday's Ditch Day got the scurves out in force breaking the stacks built by this year's seniors, as well as some of last year's seniors and some of next year's seniors. A good time was had by all—especially those who were around when the bribes were unveiled.

Informative Art had a geography/math stack. It involved finding ordered pairs of numbers corresponding to different cities, somehow getting another number for an answer, and getting a final answer that would indicate that his key was hidden in an office in Sloan.

Creation of a religion was the object of Saxy's stack. In it, the Prophet of the Crab God [*yours truly*] had to get ten Crabolyte followers, part the waters of Millikan for Moses, build a Crab God idol, and give a sermon on mellowness to at least 50 people. Test your mood on one of the mood fish included in his otherwise delicious bribe! Down the hall from the crabs were moose, courtesy of Diana Foss and Jens Peter Alfke. Thanks to them, we have 13 new Astronomy majors, a campus full of people who know how moose behave by Throop pond, lots of others who know how much we want art, and a fortunate few who only partly consumed a yummy bribe.

Upstairs, Charles Flaig, double E on the loose, had a neat device to open his door that involved placing plastic solids with coils and l.e.d.'s inside on a box that was generating a magnetic field. The shapes lit up and, if placed correctly, opened the door. Another electrical stack was done by Peter Pete Konopka, who required mercury to be poured into a funnel; when it reached its receptacle, it carried a current which triggered a solenoid that opened the door.

Joy Watanabe forced a sizable group of people to decode a cryptograph that led to other clues lying about campus. These found, a laser structure was set up on a campus map that gave a subtle clue to the location of the key. In Crud, Bruce Tiemann had a stack that included juggling, perhaps mineralogy, and the identification of a few liquids. In the end, this proved to be too difficult.

Robin's stack entailed puzzles which had clues drawn on them, which led to other clues, which led to pictures of birds, which somehow led to her enormous bribe at the Annex. On a different note, Charles Hershey's stack involved handcuffing your non-senior editor to a tree on Lake, duct taping Dave Nice to the women's locker room wall and making Triprod Rossiter write down the words to *Legal Tender*, a song by the immortal B-52's. Charles was not able to be counterstacked due to time contstraints of the treasure hunt part of the stack. (Too Bad!)

Bob Bolender's tasks were not completed even though SWaka and Windsor worked hard on the plane. Saturday, Bob attempted to prove to the world that it is possible to make a glider that will fly 20 seconds—tune in to next week's *Inside World* to discover the amazing results. Thanks for sharing the bribe anyway, Blob! Bill Banks was "counterstacked" even though his stack was not broken. It required that people steal clues from others' stacks. (For details see p. 2 of Friday's *Tech*). Oliver Collins' deadly-looking oil drum was never broken and the earth is probably a safer place for that fact. Satisfying his stack, others catapulted a melon from Millikan to the Olive Walk and filled about 30 bags of hydrogen and helium.

Sylvia Ludeking had a wonderfully delicious stack that merely required that people go to the frame house on wheeled vehicles and eat truffles. It was not broken due to chronic apathy and/or ignorance of how good those truffles were.

Marc Herant's speech recognizer stack may have been broken; it had Remy talking into it, saying various phrases with his French accent. John Wright's stack was not worked on since five people could not be gathered to eat ten pounds of fudge; this may not have been the way John had intended his clues to read.

-Joshfrosh

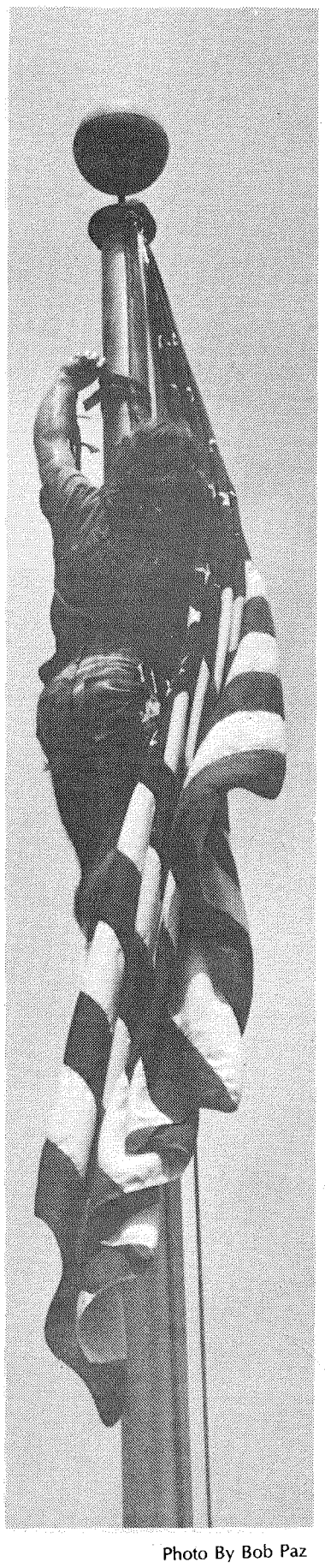


Photo By Bob Paz

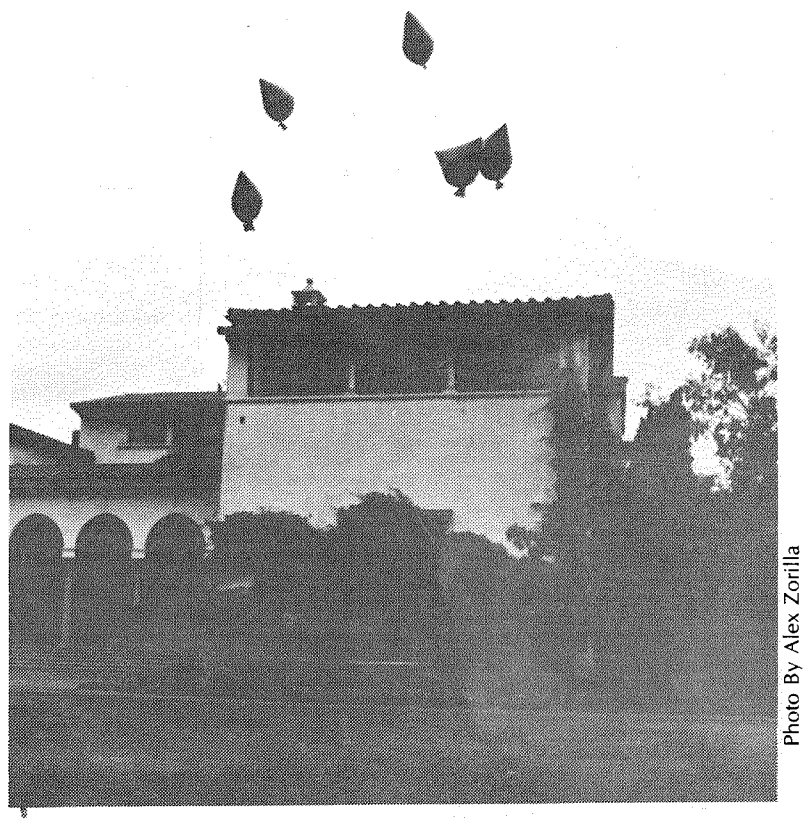


Photo By Alex Zorilla

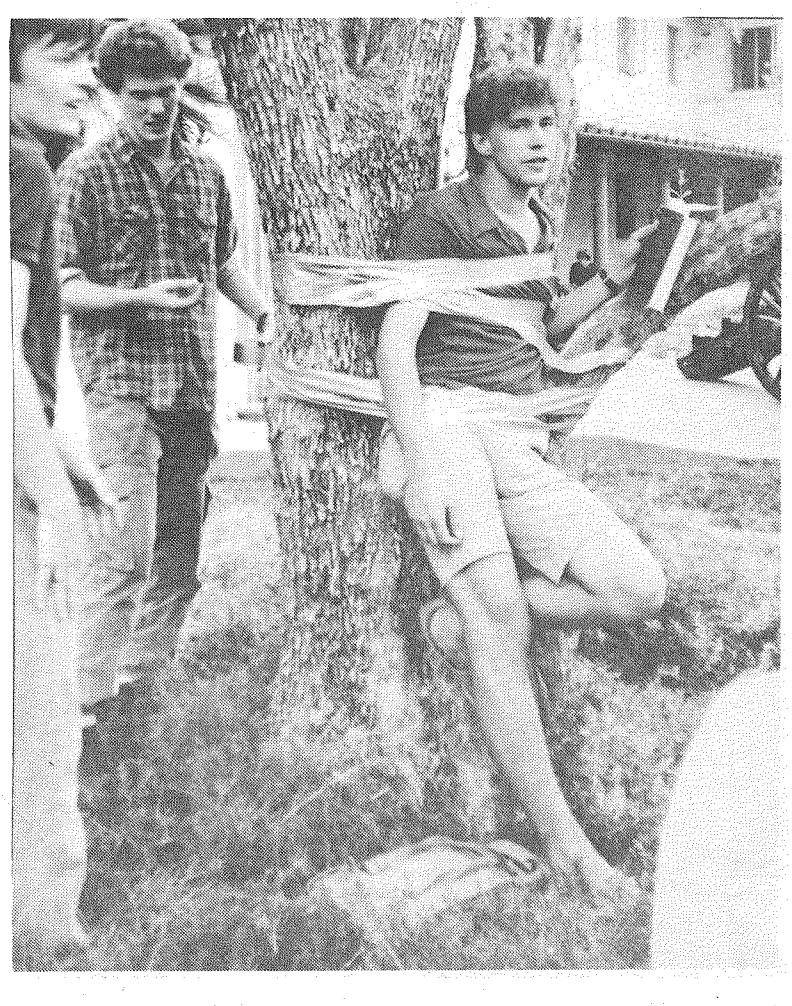


Photo By Josh Kurutz

RUDDOCK

by Buford Shakespeare

So, here I was just flicking around in 4.5, minding my own business when Moldy says "Nik, the Tech wants you to write the Ditch Day Inside World." So I say, "Shit."

Ruddock was in fine form, to say the least, as for the Seniors, disorganized to say the most. Fake Ditch Day seemed to go off much more smoothly, thanks to Eggs. Ahh, but the true day finally arrived and none the sooner; anxiety was running high, as was the anticipation. Tension was thick in the air, you could cut it with a chainsaw—would Bonzo make it off campus in time? There were many an empty tree waiting, but alas, he did. Sigh...

Looking down Alley 4 we see Taney & Po's masterpiece sitting serenely, with not the slightest hint of ream and humiliation, but appearences can be decieving, as we soon found out. Look, over there we have Sam's Life in Hell and behind comes the powerful Doughfaggot Video Stack. Ahhh, more fun for the Rudds!

Hey, there's Moldy's, sitting and waiting for all those who dare challenge. But wait, we musn't forget Nathan's offering to the house, the Cornucopia stack, but more on this culinary delight later.

As far as the underworld goes, Alleys 1, 2 and 3 bore witness to The Quest for Emperor Hamrick's Sceptor, and Alan's "Back to Joe's future." Karen placed the entire burden of her stack on poor Mary-Lou's shoulders (do rats have shoulders?). Imagine, all that responsibility given to a humble rodent. Lest us not leave out Rajiv and Drew, though I'm really not sure what the hell theirs was about.

Oh my, its 8:00 and the envelopes are being opened gleefully, and thus, the ream begins. Marty...Marty-dick is the first to exclaim—"I gotta do what?" as his day of Gumby-schizophrenia begins—he may never be the same. TungRosie begins the lay...out of the 2000 or so dominoes, as per Moldy's instructions and the Video stack is going, Sam's music is blaring and in Alley four, we're waiting, waiting for 8:09 for our fun to begin.

Alley 4 gets to enjoy the wonders of the Kobayashi Maru, Star Trek Stack Extrordinaire. Certainly not nerdly as we found out when the Public Humiliation Task list showed up. Lets hope Craig recovers from his Big-Mac Attack at the local Burger King. "Damn punks, why don't you act your age..." Hey, fuck off was the general attitude. Ah, Alley 4. Tugboat made a profit, at the expense of his dignity. But hey, the Pantry got to enjoy the fine strains of music emanating from my reammate's horn. But, then again, he could always blow his own horn. Deke? Well, Deke was white for the day, which is amazing if you know Deke. "Ta ta fellows, its time for tea..." What a fine young preppy despite having to eat the watermelon... Joe enjoyed his first romantic dinner alone with Thu. Too bad the noodle got stuck up his nose. Can you please make him do that outside, Thu? Biff, Eddy and that damn ornamental language of theirs. Get a dog, Callaway. Hope you enjoyed the fries and coke, Hos. Love those one liners Vax. But you had best get blaring lessons from the Alan/Joe thing. Mike, we're still waiting for your task to be completed. Alley 4 lounge would make a fine place and we could charge admission. The Oriental Mafia entertained the Pasadena Mall with Heartbreak Hotel and lest we can't forget Capt. Schaeffer, making friends and picking up old ladies at the Pantry. Ah, Spaghettios, what a wonderful thing to shaft. As for my task? Well, just ask Cynthia but its not clear she'll talk. Kiss & Tell is a no-no. Stopping traffic can be fun. In the end, we reprogrammed the stack (beep) and the door opened with a bang. Beer all around. We love you Taney and BPo.

Hell if I know what happened with Sam's stack. I was at the beach all day getting clues. By the way Jon, its Topanga SO, NOT Topanga 50, so fuck you. My roomate most certainly relished to opportunity to listen to his most favortist group in the whole widest



Photo By Bob Paz

world—Journey, since Amy was out walking the streets in Van Nuys for Taney. Look for the Halloween party next year and for all the people from the mall who were invited by alley five. I want my Tequila shots, NNOOOOWWWW!!!! Ralfgang surely ejoyed immersing himself, and Betsy just may have lost the bet, getting all those gorgeous , fully tanned young men to autograph her notebook. I do believe she got some phone numbers as a bonus.

Kool videos Doughboy and Company, though its too bad the media didn't appreciate Future Sex, but take heart, the rest of Ruddock did. It looks like some strange species of Penisaurus! The stack was fun, the questions were reaming. What is the difference between an orange? I still don't get it. The stack was broken with all of 10 seconds to spare with the help of 4 brave streakers, who went to GREAT LENGTHS to enter Eric's room.

Bonzo? Well, Bonzo's stack left much to be desired, especially after Biff "wallowed" in it. Get me bucket, I'm gonna puke!! But Sir, it's only wafer thin. Alas, Bonzo's was the only one not to be broken. Oh well. And just for the sake of rigor, let it be known that the PGR stack was broken well before noon. Hey, did Anervand ever get into his room? Ask Tupher and Sheeman for the details.

All in all, 'twas a fine day in the ol' Ruddock. More fun than any single group of humans should enjoy. And Juniors, don't even think it during dinner...

PS—don't park in the Ruddock courtyard or the TROJAN shaft may find your car. Just ask Doughboy...

BLACKER

from page 7

Dog-Abdul, the information and munitions supplier. Knowing that he was a Coke addict, we were easily able to bribe him for clues and ammo. By noon a second transmission had arrived, telling us the location of the enemy's airfield. Unfortunately for us, we spent too much time on lunch, for the plane had taken off just as we arrived. Four suspiciously familiar faces were glimpsed from time to time. At first, we slung anti-aircraft records at the plane, but we soon resorted to higher caliber ammunition and used anti-aircraft beer bottles instead. Ling's well-placed aim on its tail sent it spiraling down to its doom...

But it was too late—the plans had already left the country. Now it was necessary to enter and steal the plans back. In the plane were plans on how to find the Super Secret Stealth Infiltrator and a map to the enemy's country. The Infiltrator turned out to be a green bowling ball, but despite its looks it did the job.

Using the control taken from the assassin, we literally broke down the door. At this point, the sirens went off and the Para-Heliotron turned on. Entrance by conventional means was no longer possible. With the use of the Secret Stealth Infiltrator remote control and a small hole of Vulnerability, the Stealth Infiltrator ran a series of ramps, chutes, and secret walls before reaching the elevator which turned off the alarms. In a desperate attempt to appease the victorious counterspies, a massive payoff was left before the enemy fled to safety. There were enough potions here to heal a hundred Adventurers o' the Gods... (AW)

Hull University(Dave): I feel sorry for the "wimps" who had to do this one. While everyone else was out having fun, they still had to go to school; in fact, to graduate, they needed to finish 516 units in the following required classes: KYC 101, Physics, MathCS, miscellaneous, and electives.

KYC (Know Your Campus) was your basic treasure hunt, not much unlike the Espionage Dance. Each item found was a clue for the next course, Math. Finishing the math problem was a snap once the KYC course was completed. The Physics consisted of transferring a string from the South House roofs to the top of Firestone—without actually touching the string. Seconds after the string was rolled onto a spool, it became an inter-building telephone line.

There were several electives. Forensics: the first item was to go to a nearby restaurant (Carl's Jr. served the purpose) and make a dinnner chain announcement. Literature: The group then set down 1001 words of fiction. Nutrition: Feeling hungry, they ordered pizza from a nearby take-out in Lawrence, Kansas. Music: For entertainment, the kids played name-that-tune—played by none other than Mr. Hull himself, the famous founder of the college. "Wine" tasting: Consumption of a half bottle of rum was the requirement for this class. PE: Each student was required to either a) run five miles, b) swimm 400 yds., or c) find a willing virgin. Literature part II: The class quickly read through 150 pages of trash novels. Communications: More writing was required, but this time it was in the form of letters to persons who were complete strangers. Finally the CS project came up—decoding a message with a "trapdoor" algorithm. The graduating ceremony took place at around 5:30, so the now-rebellious graduates had no choice but to eat, drink, and leave Hull University standing. (AW)

?? (Doug, Charles, Ken): This stack, a veritable "magical mystery obscurity rocket trip" had the crew confounded all morning. In short, all the pictures weren't a zeta or a delta but some biblical verse (?? Where *is* Kathy?). Beer #1 had a key but was not the key and there are an infinite number of ways to get "Berkely" to spell "Blacker." Suman loses *big* sports trivia points because the Vikings lost 4 Superbowls but we all lost because they won 0. Huh? Naturally, though, Harvey had the Riemann Zeta Function of 3 memorized to nineteen digits, but some mystery caller claimed there were five, not six, seniors. This had us pulling our hair out until Doug called back and revealed that the mystery caller was *indeed* a liar. By 4:30 we had managed to crack the code (Thanks to Doug) and quickly finished the appropriate *clef o' doome* with 15 minutes to spare. Unfortunately, we broke in to find only beer, wine, cheeses, chips, and bread. Imagine! No sodas! Dismayed, we took the bribe. Thanks guys! Common sense is #1! (JB)

Project D-Day(Assigning agents: Mike, Lisa):

Purpose: To stop the evil **Kurochans** from Saturn in their reign of terror over the urban residential areas in America (or supply them with 4434 billion dollars, an extended dance version of "Nuclear War" by Sun Ra, and a 4-pack of Bartles & Jaymes).

Phase 1 (8—9:30AM)

Contact with the informant X established after difficulty thinking at early hour (bailout clues provided by agents LH and MTY were sarcastic but necessary). Frog successfully traded for Macintosh disks and Casio keyboard (for interface with the "door"), plus knowledge of the **Kurochan's** love for music.

Phase 2 (9:30—11:15AM)

The disks yielded an unintelligible jumble of notes which had to be deciphered into coherent tones and played into the control board (located at the **Curochong's** hideout). Everyone begins to lose their patience—particularly those who had no sleep—but after much cussing, arguing, and singing ("Do-so-fa-mi—") the first sequence is entered. The first *two* lights go on. Next clue: A strangely furred bird? Annoying plucking sound? Time for lunch.

Phase 3 (11:45AM—1:30PM)

After fruitless searching for kiwis on campus and at the Pantry, a bailout clue from LH/MTY led to the harpsichord. Then to practice room piano. Then on a wild car chase through San Marino, past Southern Mansions, and gopher abodes to House Banzai. It was found that "Row, row, row your boat" was the next sequence. Yes! Light ffl3 turns on. Next disks offered a clue leading through the aftermath of 50 Days to five milk glasses with numbers and lines going around them.

Phase 4A (1:30—2:00PM)

After staring into space for a short amount of time, we decided to fill the glasses with water up to the lines, and then play them in the order of the numbers listed: "O When the Saints Go Marching On" rang loud and true. But it won't work on the **Kurochan** computer—ERROR. Stalemate. How many errors before we blow

continued on page 15

FEATURES

Core

from page 1

providing a somewhat more theoretical approach than at other schools. It will be the responsibility of the professors and the students in courses such as Ph1 to ensure that professors teach mathematical techniques which students are unfamiliar.

The Committee was enthusiastic about the growing use of ombudsman systems in the various divisions. The hope is that these systems will provide the rapid feedback needed to avert some of the problems we have had in the past, such as Ph2 which was singled out as an example of a class which simply overworked a large fraction of its students, possibly to the point of actually reducing how much they learned.

Finally, the committee addressed the problem of the "Caltech Syndrome." They noted that it is very easy for professors to give more work than most students here can handle, because both the faculty and the students are supposedly very smart and motivated. Similarly these bright and motivated students frequently get themselves in trouble by taking many more courses than they can handle. All this can lead to destruction of this motivation, with which so many of us are familiar. Hence the committee encourages teachers to think more carefully about the amount of work they assign, particularly during midterms. The overall reduction in units required, along with a reduction of the overload ceiling would encourage students to set more reasonable targets for themselves.

The Ad-Hoc Curriculum Committee report should be available in the student houses and the Dean's office in the near future.

We Now Return You To Your Regularly Scheduled Tech

"It's the Law"

with Mike Roberts

We had driven east through the night. The Dabney center in Nebraska was hundreds of miles behind us. We were proceeding as rapidly as possible to the east coast, where my arch-enemy Dr. James Xi was on the verge of purchasing DabniCorp at the New York Stock Exchange by acquiring a controlling interest in the corporation. His stated plan was to charge the purchase using his bogus DarbCard™.

The caravan of vehicles rolled down the road, the red and blue warning lights of their SecurAlert™ III light bars blazing. As we approached the New York state line, another line of emergency vehicles joined us; the newcomers were from the Northeastern Region security forces.

The sun came up as we were rolling into Manhattan. I drove to our lot and pulled in; the line of unmarked white vans followed. "All units check in," I radioed. Each unit called off its codename over the scrambled FM channel until the whole caravan was accounted for.

We waited a couple of hours before hearing anything from our scouts. Finally, about 8:00, the message came in: "Scout six to caravan," a voice said.

"Caravan to scout six; we read you," the communication chief replied.

"Caravan, I have a Xi sighting," the scout said. "My coordinates are one five three eight two mark three six. Xi is travelling east on foot."

I got out the bullhorn. "Attention! Attention! We have a Xi sighting! All units prepare to move!" I announced. Drivers leapt into their vans and started their engines, slapping magnetic "RCD" symbols on the sides as they got in. I got into my car and hit the SecurAlert III switch. Lights flashed down the line of vans as we pulled out into the street.

"Spill team," I said over the radio, "you're go for spill."

"Roger, go for spill," they replied. "Spill in three...two...one...we have a spill, caravan."

We swept through the streets of New York. It was the height of the morning commuter congestion, but the brute-force traffic-clearing light-power of the SecurAlert III's kept the roads clear in front of us.

We arrived at the spill sight in a matter of minutes. An overturned truck (the spill team's) was leaking green liquid and spewing vapor into the air. A huge cloud floated near the van, drifting menacingly down the street. Crowds were starting to gather as we arrived.

The vans screeched to a stop in random patterns near the spill. Vanload after vanload of safe-suit-clad cleanup workers went into the spill zone, as other vans unloaded crowd-control agents clad in blue uniforms and riot helmets, who announced to the crowd that "There is no radiation danger," and requested that they "Please move along." It was quite a production.

I sighted Xi nearby. He was trying to slip by the crowd, but it was quite large. (Many members of the crowd were Dabney Security agents, of course, put in place to help make the crowd larger.) I radioed to the medical team, who quickly sent a medical team over to Xi.

The medical leader took a Geiger counter over to Xi. "I'm with the Radiation Control District, sir," he informed Xi. "You're contaminated, and you'll need immediate treatment. Please come with me." I ran over to an ambulance and drove over to where Xi was standing.

"Contaminated?" Xi asked. "Really? With what?"

"You'll have to come with us, sir!" the medical technician told Xi in urgent tones. Several other medical personnel appeared and grabbed Xi, throwing him into the back of the ambulance. As soon as the door was closed, I pulled away from the spill scene with the siren going full blast.

The agents in the back administered various treatments to Xi. In the course of doing so, they exchanged his briefcase for an identical copy. The briefcase contained the DarbCard™, of course, that Xi would use to buy DabniCorp. Having secretly switched the briefcase, our mission was completed, so we pulled into a hospital and released Xi. To my dismay, though, rather than allowing himself to be wheeled into the hospital, Xi stood up, walked in front of the ambulance, and motioned to me, smiling. "You'll have to do better than that, Mr. Wayne," he said, and broke into laughter. I started to get out of the ambulance, but he ran off.

I chased him on foot. He ran down the street, and started to turn a corner; he looked back first, though, to make sure I was still following him. I started to catch up, but he started to turn another corner, again looking back to make sure I was there. This went on for miles. Finally, I burst out into an alley, expecting him to be at the far end again—but he was right there. Along with three of his operatives.

"Mr. Wayne, I'm afraid you have failed," he said. "I will purchase your little company, and there's nothing you can do about it. Come with me." He walked down the alley and out onto the street. There, on the corner, was one of those new Stock Market Automated Broker Machines that were popping up everywhere.

A slot was marked "Insert Credit Card." He put his DarbCard in the slot.

"You're not going to get away with this," I said, inching toward Xi, which motion his operatives immediately attenuated.

"On the contrary, Mr. Wayne. I just put my DarbCard into the ABM, type a few numbers," which he did, "and in moments, I own DabniCorp." He waited for the machine. The screen said, "Processing Transaction—please wait." Xi was snickering fiendishly as the machine clicked and its screen flashed.

Up on the screen came the message, "Transaction cannot be completed—please call for information." Xi's expression suddenly changed from glee to confusion. He picked up the phone and waited for it to ring.

I noticed, but did not acknowledge, the presence of one of those unmarked white vans, which had arrived a few minutes before. A small earphone-receiver I was wearing was in contact with the van; this allowed me to hear the conversation as it happened.

"You have reached the New York Stock Exchange Automated Brokah Machine Control Centah," the man on the phone said. "What is the numbah of the ABM you are currently using?"

Xi looked around the ABM. "6713," he said.

"One moment," the man said. After a few seconds, he came back on. "I'm afraid we can't complete that transaction," he said.

"I demand to know why!" Xi yelled into the phone.

Xi's operatives had started to become confused, looking toward their boss, so I took the opportunity to slip away. In a few moments I was in the van. A man we had recently hired away from a bar in Boston was wearing a radio headset. "One moment, sir, I'll ask my supahvisah," the man said with a thick Bostonian accent. After a pause, he continued. I watched for Xi's reaction. "We don't take DahbCahd heah!" he said.

Xi slammed his fist into the ABM, and threw down the phone. "Wayne!" he yelled loudly, realizing I was gone. As the van slowly pulled away, Xi ran after it, yelling, "You've won this one, Wayne, but I'll win the next one! Do you hear me? Wayne!"

The van slipped away into the heart of the city. I pulled off a latex mask for effect, then sat back and relaxed, my mission completed.

So, Patrick J. Wayne's saga comes to an end, at least for the time being. Thinking back over the story, we've seen quite a lot—flying bicycles, evil credit-card forgers, flamingos, Green River (Utah), the Post Office's new "Zip+4™" plan for improving postal efficiency, and a Host of your Favourite Stars. Yes, we've seen things that made us laugh, and things that, well, made us think a little. It's hard to believe our time is up already, isn't it? So, by way of parting, I leave you with the famous words of one of our language's most gifted poets: "I fell off my chair, Brian!"

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The Inside World

Dabney: Dabney Counterintelligence agents this week broke open a plot to bring about the demise of the Last Bastion of Humanity at CalTech. Unconfirmable sources have revealed that the nature of the plot was to slowly infiltrate the House with DARBS, whose increasingly obnoxious, anti-social, or just plain wierd behaviour would subliminally fill those around them with existential despair, bitterness, and confusion. Thus disarmed, the beautiful people would be quietly removed to the comfort and serenity of a lakeside sanatorium high in the New Mexico mountains. Counterintelligence agents, who refused to be interviewed, disclosed that subtle behavioural clues collected over several weeks gave the Darbs away. "Operative J," the name by which agent Mike Roberts requested to be called, claimed that the purported Darbs "appeared dazed, even while asleep, said 'What. . .' a lot, and counted high numbers, skipping multiples of ten."

"It was a very unprofessional operation," said Tim Allen, noted Darb-Buster. "You could see right through them."

The Darbs were collected in a clean-up operation Thursday. They were taken to Ruddock House, where they were bathed, fed, tortured, and held for observation. Dabney Counterintelligence celebrated the victory with a party at the Penthouse. The Oxy girls added spice to the fete by allegedly removing every last bit of their alleged clothing and reportedly degrading themselves by allegedly begging for the purported love rod of an allegedly frustrated Insideworld contributor (who has since been surgically removed).

—Random "Tuesday" Weld

Fleming: Just a few short weeks ago, Fleming began its final, irresistable march towards the total domination of Interhouse Sports with an easy win over the Moles in football. Apparently the Scurves were notified of our prowess, because come game day a couple of days later, the Scurves were out forfeiting like maniacs. The Thundering Herd then took a rest for a week, and obviously fell a bit out of practice because we let Page within five points.

Actually, the game was a lot closer than that, and without an awesome last-minute interception by Karl Clauser and a crucial diving catch by Brian Brunn (causing a mild concussion, he found out later), plus the ability of our team to get going when the going gets tough, all would have been for naught. The final touchdown came in the last ten seconds of play, with Ed scrambling out from under a heavy rush and connecting with Jonathan Brown for the crucial six.

The next day, along came Ruddock with another damn good team, but, alas, Fleming made a misjudgement of character. Along came the Boys, offering to ref the game with more experienced refs than the Moles could provide, so naturally we agreed, knowing that a well-reffed game would be appreciated by everyone involved. Naturally, the Boys' refs, led by Bineet, scooped up their various grudges against Fleming Hovse in one hand and their whistles in the other, and proceeded, through an obvious disregard of the ideals of sportsmanship, to infect an otherwise spectacular game with egregiously bad and occasionally blatantly fallacious calls. I, for one, had expected more of the Boys, at least as fellow sportsmen, but I guess it's just too much to ask.

Oh well, off to greener pastures.

Ditch Day was indeed tomorrow. Thanks to all of the seniors for the time and effort spent.

Memorial Day brought out the Fleming and Darb cycling teams for a little jaunt around the Rose Bowl. Laffoon and Baumer took first and second, with Scooter riding on guts and torn knee cartilage for an impressive sixth place showing. McAdams and Highstrete tagged along at a goodly pace of their own to nab eighth and ninth places, enough to keep the discobolus trophy in its year-end resting place.

Fleming's own Classic C League team bottled up New Formula last Wednesday, reaffirming Classic's domination of GSC C League basketball.

The social event this Saturday is a Fleming-Ruddock-Page party at Ruddock, including a live band. I, for one, wouldn't miss this one for the world. Ha Ha Ha.

—Al Fansome

Lloyd: Way to be, Seniors. It's difficult to imagine the house without you, but you should get out and have some real fun. Go kick some butt.

Thanks, Mom and Pop, for the 10:00 desserts and fine conversation. Room pick lasted an amazingly fast hour and a half; credit is due to our super-efficient secretary. And thanks to all who made the Banquet.

After a perfect record in IHC tennis (stunning leadership provided by Ashok and Tammy), the big Lloyd machine has achieved a 3-2 football record. The victory over Blacker was truly a cliffhanger, and the Ricketts game featured the awesome senior scoring festival, led by Myles, the main man of football. The real test will be Monday in a battle with Fleming; everyone should be there. Wear something red.

Can the 3-on-3 tourney be resurrected? We're going to try. . .

Ross and Michelle hear wedding bells.

—The U2 fan club

Page$_1$: Page House is almost mildly distressed to announce the death of CYNTHIA KATHERINE, known to her friends as Cyndi-Kate, who died this term at the tender age of three years. Her remains will be scattered after a short noon service on Sunday. Raffle will be held to determine those privileged few allowed to attend this gala affair, enter soon and often. Cynthia is survived by her father, Daniel P. Schwartz, who was so distressed by her death that he almost considered employment. Known friends in mourning include Dr. Christopher Brennen, certain members of Ricketts Hovse, the members of Club Mich, and the Acme explosives company. We'll all miss her, may she rest in pieces.

Congrats to Z and the Red-shirted Pansies on their win in Interhouse football. Fortunately Sean Eddy's "Class of Gods" was in a magnanimous mood, allowing Page Frosh to defeat them 42-zot. Perhaps next year's Interhouse contest won't be decided in the last ten seconds.

Oh yeah, about Ruddock. . .JUSTICE IS SERVED.

Fact:

Ruddock beat Fleming
Page beat Ruddock

Therefore—by E-Z logic—Page is the best team. You're such a whiz at proofs, Ed, we luv ya.

Putting friendly rivalries aside, let's all get psyched for the Page-Fleming-Ruddock party this Saturday night in the Ruddock Courtyard.

In Other News: Page would like to welcome back the newlyweds, Jimbob and Dugen. Next time guys, take better care when greasing each other up. Quantum slept in the halls, Larry says "Teddy Lives", Lloydies beware: weathermen predict shopping-cart front moving in. And! Bunny toes up to the plate: One, Two, Three. . .YER' OUT!

—Yoda and the Crew

Page$_2$: Caltech is an institution based on truth (*The Truth Will Set You Free*) and honesty (The Honor System). The rotation rules for next year, however, forget both of these values. While the exact wording of these rules is not available to us, we will provide an overview.

① The Gag rule is in effect. This passed at the IHC with a 4-2 vote. This rule prohibits anyone from talking about a house he does not belong to.

② An IHC-appointed "police force" will listen in on other house's receptions for the freshmen and report any findings to the IHC chairman. Apparently, the IHC does not trust the houses to follow the spirit of the rules. This passed with a surprising 6-1 vote.

I do not wish to belabor the rotation rules (yet), but I believe the incoming freshmen can make rational decisions about other houses, probably even better choices, without the gag rule. Who is rotation for? Houses which apparently have something to hide, or the freshmen who have to live with their decision?

Congratulations to our frosh for a well played game against the Fleming frosh. Congratulations also to Fleming for winning an exciting (and painful) game during Interhouse.

Due to recent election results, Syndicate Alley now has three members (enough to prevent any conviction) on the Board of Control.

Tell all frosh women to meet John Beck early, since he's not going to frosh camp. (Sorry, John, but I'm sure there's plenty of revenge in the Houselist.)

The first weekly imitation invitational [sic] *[sic]* was a great success. This week's targets are Tony 'Psycho' Wittry and Clea Bures. Judged phrases are "I get these tensions" and "PARKY" respectively.

This Saturday Page will have another party, this time letting Ruddock and Fleming in on the fun. The Captain never tires, and will make another appearance.

Dumpster Alley is having an alley flick to Magic Mountain (Jesus and Chicken: we are informing you of this because your alley did not want to.)

—Cynthia Katherine

Ricketts: All must agree that the social highlight of the week, if not the entire season, was the staggeringly *rad* B-D-R party, held in Blacker's courtyard-o'-the-big-bricks. The joint was hoppin' to the groovy sounds of Preston Smith and the Crocodiles, cover-band of the Gods, who tore into everything from "Wipe-Out" to "Let Me Stand Next To Your Fire" to "Moonlight in Vermont". Blacker showed up! Dabney showed up! Ricketts showed up! Grad students showed up! Hepcats from the Espresso Bar showed up! Even Vito and friends put in an appearance. The latter seemed to have had a nip previously (didn't they know there was a bar *at* the party?), and were quickly escorted out by every-friendly Caltech security. At least PARKY didn't start ranting about his distaste for Scurves. Like, chill *way* out!

Otherwise, things have been rawther quiet. . .Wednesday induced several diabetic comas, with *Foster's Strawberry Donuts* (thanks, Bongo!) and Saxy's Pie Night within mere hours of each other. . .The Anderson Effect is demonstrated, with Heidi's showering (the sin of birthday omission!) mysteriously inducing a corresponding wetness in Laura, moments later. Top physicists are baffled, even Saxy's real live hermit crab. *Boop boop boop boop boop!*

Coming up: Movie night with Bert this Saturday, featuring Laser Disc Digital Video. According to tradition, Sunday should be TWBF, so get set to freeze some pizza.

It's the LAST Inside World of the year! Eat more batteries! *Yow!*

—Yergmopp from Planet Claire

Undergrads Win Awards For Math

Several Caltech undergraduates were honored on May 19 at the annual Mathematics Awards Banquet.

Arthur Duval and Everett Howe each received an E. T. Bell Undergraduate Mathematics Research Prize for outstanding original research in Mathematics.

Duval, a senior majoring in Mathematics, wrote a paper on combinatorics entitled "A Direct Graph Version of Strongly Regular Graphs."

Howe, another senior Mathematics major, submitted a paper giving a new proof of a theorem of Erdos' on monotone multiplicative functions.

Sophomore Eric Babson won a Morgan Ward Prize for his contribution to a problem concerning Borel coloring in the plane.

These prizes, each consisting of a cash award and a certificate, are financed by funds won by the Caltech team participating in the William Lowell Putnam Competition, a national mathematics contest.

In the Putnam Competition of last December, the Caltech team won honorable mention, and tam members Leland Brown, Art Duval, and Daniel Loeb were honored. Everett Howe placed among the top five contestants nationally and was presented a cash award from the Putnam Foundation.

The dinner also honored two recipients of 1986 SURFs (Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowships) in mathematics: Eric Babson and Theron Stanford.

Professor David Wales, Executive Officer for Mathematics, announced the formation of the Herbert J. Ryser Memorial Scholarships. These grants are supported by an endowment from the estate of the late Herbert J. Ryser who had been Professor of Mathematics here from 1967 until the time of his death in 1985. Ryser Scholarships of $5,000 each were awarded for the next academic year to sophomore Eric Babson and to junior John Simpson.

DROP US A LINE. We're looking forward to what's shaping up to be a truly great whitewater season! Here's some general information and this year's class and price list. Below is a coupon you can clip and send for your reservation or give us a call. We appreciate your inquiry!

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We look forward to meeting you!

BLACKER

from page 12

ourselves up to kingdom come?

Phase 4B (1:30–2:00PM)

Maybe the disks have more clues. A Braille code is discerned but it is stubbornly uncipherable. Stuck again! We call X and beg for help. He tells us that we are out of sequence and should reset the control board for a second try.

Phase 5 (2:00–2:25PM)

The Braille code is broken! It's "Three Blind Mice." Time to reset...and the Kuro-computer lies...aaaarrrggh...but wait, it's just stuck on RESET. Sequence one–entered and ACCEPTED. "Row, row, row your boat"–entered and ACCEPTED. "Three Blind Mice"–entered and ACCEPTED. "O When the Saints"–entered–and ERROR. Aaish!! Different key? ERROR. Maybe another octave? Everyone held their breath as the final notes were punched in–ACCEPTED! All six agents stormed the **Kurochan** hideout, only to find that they had already fled back to Saturn (to travel the spacewaves from planet to planet).

Phase 6 (2:25 PM–)

Celebration of all the agents plus Mr. X with champagne, Italian wine, chocolate-dipped strawberries and homemade chocolate-chip cookies. It's a hard life, being a secret agent...(ND)

The Malted Falcon(Laura, Margaret, Karen):

0801 Agent Maxwell Smart of the Chocolate Investigations Agency CIA), sat down to his favorite breakfast–chocolate cake. He had barely begun when he discovered a message in the middle of his cake. The message led to his next assignment, and once again, he was on the trail of evil chocolate smugglers. Quickly summoning his partners, Agents Holt, Magnum, and Wesson, they set off on an assignment which had already claimed the life of their beloved partner, Agent Goodbar.

0810 Miss Susan T. Sharfstein wakes to find herself far away from the world that she had been in the night before. Instead, she finds herself in a world of confection and cocoa. Yes, she has stepped into–the Chocolate Zone (doo do doo do doo do...). She finds herself changed into a creature never before seen on Earth–the Chocolate Chip Fairy, charged with the sacred mission of escorting the prized Malted Falcon into the magical land of FudgeLandia.

1000 Fairy and her assistants, the Chocolate Chips, using their chocolate limousine, arrive at the rendezvous point to meet with the elusive Godiva, a practiced black-marketeer of chocolate and malted goods. Godiva sells them the Malted Falcon.

The agents from the CIA arrive, but they are a few minutes too late to talk to Godiva and prevent the sale. But they discover that the smugglers are non other than the Chocolate Chip gang led by the nefarious Chocolate Chip Fairy. They are hot on the trail...

1300 Both the agents and the Chocolate Chips begin to plan their strategies. The Chips meet in Bechtel Mall for lunch. Meanwhile, the CIA agents, with the help from the mysterious mistress of malted goods, the Chocolatizer, plan a daring heist of the chocolate limousine. With the assistance of double agent Cadbury, the chauffeur, the plan succeeds.

1400 The CIA agents meet for lunch in Stottlemeyer's Deli. It is there that double agent Cadbury reveals that the transfer of the priceless Malted Falcon out of the country is to take place at a small airport in El Molino. The stage is set for the final showdown.

1555 The agents arrive to witness the illegal transfer. A wild gunfight on the airport taxiway ensues. The winner...the air traffic controllers, who, high atop the control tower, were able to bomb both sides with deadly, water-filled garbage bags.

Special thanks to Laura, Margaret, and Karen for making a really fun stack, and to Tony, Bob, Odessa, Mark, and the people at Brown and Caldwell for helping out. (Max)

Mission Incomplete(BooBoo): We ripped down the sheet and started reading. The only was to look for red or green posterboard cards of the appropriate markings. Until noon, everything seemed to go well, and the card numbers and locations began to form a connect-the-dots message on a campus map. We quickly learned that the cards were located on the top of on-campus buildings south of San Pasqual. We had found half of the required cards when lunch rolled around.

After lunch, however, we found only one more card, and then no more. Due to a profound lack of success, we began to smell rotten socks. We checked by Bill Banks' stack, but came up empty-handed. Using the clues we had, several chemistry grad turkeys were questioned, and the Ath basement was searched, but again no luck. Even ransacking several Noyes lecture rooms along with 22 Gates did not relieve our frustration. 5:00 came and went...

Boo Boo came in at 10:30 at night. Despite not having finished the stack due to randomness, Boo Boo let us eat his bribe anyway. Thanks, Boo! You're swell! (JD)

So that's about it for the stacks...Oh yes, there was Peter's and Robert's, but I'm not sure what happened to theirs...

No matter. By five in the afternoon, there was food aplenty and fond memories in the House of Gracious Living.

FEATURES

Lab #9483:
Mission Impossible

by George Forman

I. *Purpose:* We didn't want to get a tan, so we signed up for Physics so that we could spend lots of time in the lab. We were bored that day, so we decided to experiment with three-legged, black, plastic daddy longlegs. We wanted to see if it would twitch if we ran lots of current through his legs.

II. *Theory:* We apply a small current to one of the spider's legs (called the *base* leg) so that he is distracted by this tingly sensation and doesn't notice when we run 300 times more current through another pair of his legs. If we didn't first apply this current to his base leg, he (it might be a she, but we can't tell) would resist the large current by kicking and screaming (if spiders could scream).

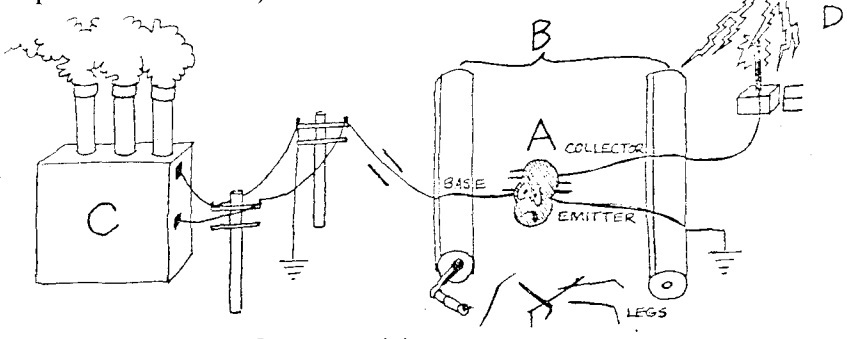


Figure ①: Poor, Helpless Spider in Circuit

III. *Apparatus:* For this experiment we used a daddy longlegs spider with all but three of his legs pulled off. Refer to figure ①. Daddy longlegs spider A is first strapped down to a rack B. Then we run a small current through his base leg to the emitter leg using the Los Angeles County power plant C. This current distracts the spider so that we can run a current through the collector-emitter pair. This current is produced by lightning D which travels through a lightning rod E. The rack to which the spider is secured allows us to increase the tension so that the spider cannot resist as much This component is called a variable resistor.

IV. *Procedure:* First we strapped the spider in place and tightened the rack slightly. Then we applied the current generated from the Los Angeles County power plant. We then observed the reaction of the spider to lightning bolts passing through his legs. We continued these observations, gradually increasing the rack tension until the spider snapped in two.

V. *Analysis and Results:* The spider seemed to respond negatively to this treatment. A graph of kicks per volt is shown in the graph in figure ②. This looks close enough to linear for us. How about you? Notice that there is a rapid decrease in kicks per volt from 80V to 90V. The daddy longlegs snapped at 80V, however natural reflexes continued to cause the legs to contract. This action gradually subsided, although before all action had ceased, the voltage began to arc the gap at 90V. At this point there was no more movement in the spider dust.

VI. *Summary:* Spiders don't make good electrical components.

VII. *Error Analysis:* We think there is no doubt in our observation that spiders do not make good electrical components. However, we were not able to verify this for spiders of both sexes and different age groups.

VIII. *References:* We referred to the lab assistant about thirty times.

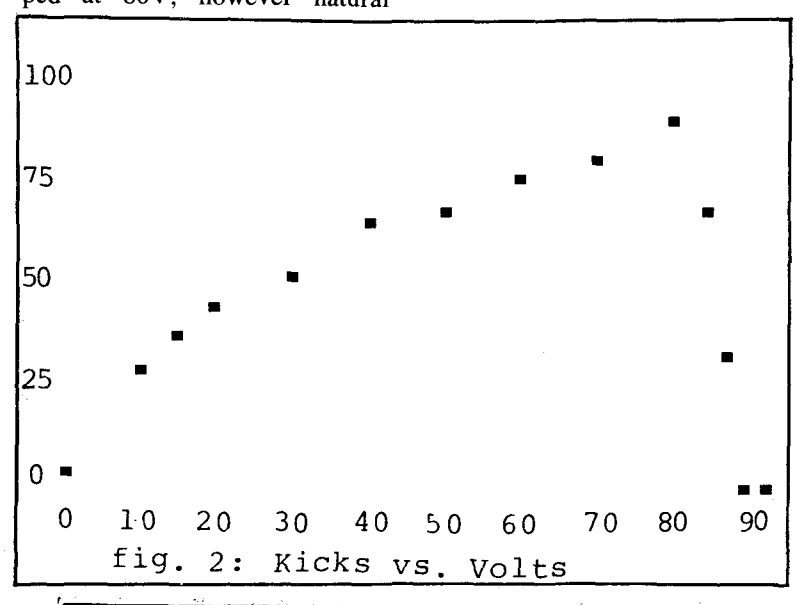


fig. 2: Kicks vs. Volts

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WHAT GOES ON

8 Hands for the Parents

There will be an 8-hands piano concert for visiting parents. A special evening of music will be presented by members of the Piano Ensemble class to honor parents visiting at the beginning of summer. Seniors John Bruckner and Betsy Arnold will be assisted by Shenda Baker and Mickey Spiegal. Music by Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Debussy, Dvorak, and Poulenc will be performed. Parents and friends are welcome for the concert and reception on Saturday, June 14 at 7:30 pm. The event will take place at 381 S. Sierra Bonita Ave.

Fall Contracts

Fall Contracts will be available today, May 30, in the Master's Office. ***The contract deadline is Wednesday, July 2.***

McKinney Prize Winners

The McKinney Committee of the Literature Faculty is pleased to announce the winners in the 1986 contest for excellence in writing. The prize was won jointly by Timothy Allen and Joseph Francis. They will each be awarded $300. Honorable mention goes to Laura Anderson, Joe Beckenbach, Sandra Blumhorse, Chris Mihos, Sam Weaver, and Tung Yin.

Start getting ready for next year's contest. If you have questions, contact Professor Jenijoy La Belle, x3606.

Summer Jobs

The Alumni Association, in conjunction with the Career Development Center, has generated some summer job possibilities. These positions are *currently* available, so if you are interested in summer employment, you should come by the CDC as soon as possible. We expect to have more jobs available so please check with the CDC (Room 8, Parsons-Gates) on a regular basis.

Another Final Offer

The Poetry Workshop that meets in the Y Lounge on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month now has copies of its book *Another Final Offer*. They are on sale for $2 (cheap) and are available in the Y Office. New members are always welcome. Bring your poetry to share.

Special Campus Tours

The Architectural Tour Service here at Caltech (bet you didn't know we had one) will offer guided walking tours of architecture on the Caltech campus, as their contribution to the Pasadena Centennial.

The free tours, which will last one hour and fifteen minutes, will take place on Saturday, May 31 from 10 am to 4 pm. They will trace the Institute's architectural history, beginning with the work of architect Bertram Goodhue, who designed four Caltech buildings, as well as the original plan of the campus in 1916.

The Caltech Architectural Tour Service is a docent group recently organized by the Caltech Women's Club. For tour reservations, call Bonnie Baker at the Caltech Public Relations Office, (818) 356-6228.

MCAT Registration

Candidates planning to take the September 13, 1986 Medical College Admission Test are **STRONGLY URGED** to register or pick up a registration packet before they leave campus for the summer. Registration packets are available in the Career Development Office.

New Humanities Courses

Lit 180—The French Short Story. The reading shall cover a range of stories from the Middle ages to the twentieth century illustrating the evolution of the genre from the straight tale to the complex modern short story and stressing the specificity of the short story in relation to the novel. Readings are in English but students may read the French originals instead. The class will be taught by Annette Smith and it *will not* receive advanced humanities credit.

Lit 180—Modern/Post Modern. The course will cover a sampling of Modern and Post-Modern Fiction and social and literary criticism. It will also consider other art forms, including architecture. Taught by David Smith on T 11-12:00 and Th 10-12:00.

Intellectual Origins of Fascism. The course will examine philosophical, historical, and literary texts that contributed to the formation of fascism, with special attention on underlying premises that unify apparently diverse or competing doctrines. Readings that will include Nietzsche, Sorel, Gentile, Mussolini and literary figures such as Yeats and Pound. Instructor is Lawrence Rainey and the class will meet TTh 1-2:30.

Grad Student Housing

Graduate student housing information packets and applications for 1986-87 are now available in the Housing Office. If you are interested in obtaining information for next year, stop by the housing office and pick up a packet or call x6178 and a packet will be sent to you.

Campus MacUsers

I need your ideas for Macintosh software and hardware development on campus. Call Kent Noble at 792-4493.

Insurance Scholarships

The Independent Insurance Agents of America are offering $1,000 scholarships to ten outstanding students who meet the following qualifications: 1) Successfully completed sophomore or junior year, 2) Be a U.S. citizen, 3) Show an interest in pursuing a career in insurance.

Applications are available in the Financial Aid Office, Parsons-Gates room 10. Deadline is July 15, 1986.

Conoco Scholarship

The American Business Women's Association is offering the Conoco, Inc. Scholarship for 1986. The scholarship is for $3000. The qualified applicant must be a woman studying Petroleum Engineering. She must be a U.S. citizen and planning to graduate by the end of the 1988 spring term.

Applications are available in the Financial Aid Office in Parsons-Gates, room 10. Deadline is June 15, 1986.

The *little t* Needs YOU!

This summer will see the creation of next year's *little t* (we're getting new printers, so it will even be out on time!). The *little t* would like **your** help—if you know of anything inaccurate or out-of-date in this year's edition, or know something you think would be useful to others, or ***especially*** if you have new RESTAURANT REVIEWS, drop a line to the *little t*, 107-51!

little t Needs Club Info

The "Clubs" section of the *little t* will need updating for next year. From new clubs, I need a description of your club, and whom people should contact if they're interested. Old clubs should submit information only if what's listed in the current *little t* is incorrect or out-of-date. If a listed club is now defunct, tell us. Mail it all in to: *little t*, 107-51. Thanks!

Hot and *Throbbing*

Yes, this year's ***Rivet***, the traditional end-of-the-year parody issue, is coming up soon—look for it June 6th. We need extra hands to write for and generally help out on...*The Weekly World Rivet*. Top psychics predict it will be bigger than Elvis and Feynman put together!

Contact Peter Alfke, 578-9219, or Josh Kurutz, 356-9414 if you're interested.

Job Hunting?

Company annual reports provide a useful financial and managerial picture of a prospective employer. If you are pursuing company-related information, and the Career Development Center does not have your company's annual report, come to the Management Library in the Industrial Relations Center. We have hundreds of annual reports for companies like: Abbott Laboratories, Digital Equipment Corporation, and Rockwell International. Call Lori Barth at x4048 for more information, or visit the Library at 383 S. Hill Ave. The Management Library is open Monday-Friday, 8 am-12 noon and 1-5 pm. Welcome!

Hillel At Rest

Tuesday afternoons from 4:30 to 6:00 pm is an informal gathering of Hillel and Caltech Jewish community in the Y Lounge, 2nd floor of Winnett Center. Refreshments and a little relaxation. For information, call Myra Baxter (213) 208-4427, or drop in.

Newman Club

The Newman Club meets in the Y Lounge every Wednesday evening at 7:30 pm. Friendly discussion and refreshments.

Bible Study

Wednesdays at noon in the Y Lounge are the time for a Bible study and discussion group. Bring a lunch. For information, call Paul Dunlap, 356-4670.

Aerobics Class

Sandwiched in between the Modern Dance Class and the International Folk Dancing, Dabney Hall is the home of an aerobic exercise class for beginning and intermediate students, 6:30 to 7:30 pm on Tuesdays. The sessions are coed. For information, call Jennifer Wood, 799-6915.

Attention Alumni

For those of you who have recently received letters from the *Big T*: please disregard the April 25th deadline. Due to our poor estimate of mailing and printing times, the deadline has been extended to June 1. Thank you for your support.

Ebell Scholarships

The Ebell of Los Angeles is offering scholarships to single undergraduate students who: are residents of or are registered to vote in Los Angeles County; maintain GPA's of 3.25 or better; and who have financial need. In 1984-85 the scholarships were for $2,750. Applications are available in the Financial Aid Office, Parsons-Gates room 10. Deadline is May 30.

Club Reports Due

To all clubs and ASCIT publications:

If you are a new club, a report of this term's activities is due by May 30. If this is not turned in, you may lose funding for the rest of the year.

If you are an ASCIT publication, a financial statement must be turned in by May 30. If it is not you may sacrifice salaries and/or commissions.

Turn reports and statements in to David Bruning, 115 Page, 578-9971.

Scholarships For Women

The Asian/Pacific Women's Network—Los Angeles is encouraging applications for four $1000 scholarships for women of Asian or Pacific Island ancestry. The scholarship categories are:

Immigrants, including refugees in pursuit of higher education or ESL.

Life Change, including those individuals returning to school after raising their children, individuals in mid-career change, and individuals in pursuit of leadership training.

Academic, both undergraduate and graduate study.

Trade/Vocational—women pursuing a trade or vocational training to develop and/or enhance new skills.

Applications and information can be obtained by writing to: Asian/Pacific Women's Network—Los Angeles, Scholarship Committee, 2818 Grayson Avenue, Venice, CA 90291, or by calling Mary (213) 489-6146 or Meibao (213) 821-0326.

Engineering Design Contest

The highly acclaimed engineering design contest of last fall will be offered again in the autumn of 1986 as ME 72a (Engineering Design). The course number has changed from ME 5, but the content and the style remain the same. Note that the details of the contest will be different (and secret) this year. Please also note that previous participants in the contest are ineligible for the 1986 contest (despite the change in course number). Pre-registration is encouraged to facilitate planning during the summer. Any interested junior or senior who does not have the stated pre-requisites should see Prof. Antonsson in 318 Thomas. Engineers as well as non-engineers are encouraged to enroll. However, enrollment is limited to 30 so register early.

This year the day, time, and location of the final contest will be publicized well in advance, and spectators are welcome.

Too Busy For Real World?

If you find yourself too busy to follow the news, there's an alternative. Read *The Outside World*, a weekly, 2-page summary of world news published by STRIVE. Copies are mailed to subscribers and distributed to Millikan (front desk), Baxter (Public Affairs Room) and the Y. To subscribe (free of charge), sign up in front of the Y office in Winnett or contact the editors: Hasok Chang, 1—59, and Paresh Murthy, 1—59. Also, if you're interested in helping with writing, research and production, please contact the editors of the newspaper.

Write For Cookies

The Caltech Y is sponsoring a letter-writing campaign to let the Provost and other administrators know what the undergraduate *and* graduate students want in the way of a student center, as a frontal assault on bureaucratic inertia. As an incentive, the Y is offering each letter-writer a coupon for 2 free cookies at the Red Door Cafe. All you have to do is compose a letter describing what you want in the way of a student center, and *send it to the Y* at 218—51. The Y will take care of the rest, and make sure that the letters get delivered to the important hands. The deadline for letters is June 6, 1986, and the cookie coupons are good through June 13, 1986. Suggested topics for letters include:

What facilities you want in a student center. Think in terms of what you would *really* like to see and would like to use.

Where you want a student center, and whether you want a new building or additions to present facilities.

Any other concerns about the student center—whether you want one at all, the advantages or drawbacks of grad/undergrad socializing, or anything else you can think of.

Remember, if enough of you don't get off your posteriors and at least *say* what you want, "they" will be able to say "Why bother spending money, the students don't care."

Be Mr. America!!!

[Folks, we didn't write this, or make it up; we just feel that all us guys should know about this amazing opportunity.—Eds.]

Headquarters for the Exciting...New...Mr. Male America contest has just announced, they are currently accepting applications for the 1986 pageant year.

No longer with the gentleman need a muscular physique to enter such an event. He will posses the indefinable characteristics of...Poise...Personality...Charm...and of course...Handsomeness! Winners from all 50 states will compete for the title of Mr. Male America in November of 1986. The winner will receive cash...prizes...personal appearance contract...and...MORE!

All interested men must be at least 18 years old, married, single, divorced, or a widower. A resident of their state for at least 6 months. A high school graduate or higher level of education. A U.S. citizen.

Gentlemen...please send to headquarters...a current snap shot of yourself, black and white or color is permissable (full profile please). Write a brief biography, let us know something about you. On a seperate sheet, tell us why you decided to enter the pageant. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope to receive your official pageant entry form.

Send all info to:
Mr. Male America Pageant
C/O Lillean Lehman Productions
P.O. Box 1033
190 State Highway #18
East Brunswich N.J., 08816
Or call: 201-846-7273.

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