



Salad Days: Vera Pavel waves with glee at wavey gravy avocado salad.

Photo by Grant Chang

Ferrous Chefs Fight Ferociously

By MARISSA CEVALLOS

What do you get when you mix Caltech students with avocados?

Not geek-amoule, as you also need lime juice for that, but an Iron Chef competition.

Five teams selected from Caltech community members competed in the TV-inspired cook-off, in which each team had an hour to prepare dishes featuring the secret ingredient, the avocado.

Though the secret ingredient was not announced until a few days before the competition, teams prepared extensively before 6 PM on Friday.

"Preparation? We put in 4 hours of research, 6 hours of shopping, and met 3 hours before to prepare with the team," says Tom Manion, instructor of a cooking class on campus.

Says Shai Brak of Avery, "We cooked all of our meals the night before. We didn't practice the dessert until the day of the competition."

Despite panic over power difficulties, each team managed to prepare several dishes before the one hour time limit.

"We were lucky," says Michelle, team captain of the Avery team. "It only went out twice during our time. But they had 30 people cooking on two power strips!"

Fortune was on Michelle's side, for the judges chose Avery's

cooking team, Foie Gras, as the winner of the Iron Chef competition. Ironically, Foie Gras only had two people who can stand avocado.

Says Shai Brak, "Only Brian and Rachel actually like avocado. We had to get other people to taste the food for us."

Foie Gras delighted the judges with an appetizer of mousse with crab meat and cucumbers, avocado soup, avocado grapefruit salad and puff pastry, avocado sorbet, and deep-fried avocado with caramel and sugar.

"They had this grapefruit pastry dish, puff pastry, it was really interesting. They also had a cucumber crab dip, I really liked the texture of that dish. Perfect amount of creaminess, nice soft creaminess," said Sarah Payne, Page RA.

"Avery's team won because their dishes had presentation and taste. Most of the teams excelled in one or the other, but Avery stood out in having both," says Lydia Ng.

The team captain, Melissa, provided the enthusiasm and driving force for the team.

"In junior high, I realized I was tired of my parent's cooking; they cooked the same things every day. So I taught myself how to cook."

"That's when I started watching the Food Network," Michelle continues. "I got recipes

off of there, tried them out, and learned by trial and error."

When asked what food she prefers over that of her native Asian roots, Michelle quickly responded, "European food. I'm big into presentation. I have an artistic streak, the mutant in the family."

Avery's team name, "Foie Gras", is French for "fatty liver."

"It refers to ducks that are force-fed," says Shai.

"It was a last-minute name, we really didn't care; it's just an ingredient that the real Iron Chef uses a lot," added Melissa.

Team Awesome has experience beyond avocado cooking competitions. The team features members of this summer's "Cooking Club," a group of freshmen who cooked for their house every night. Sophomore Andy Kositsky and junior Yuan Gong also joined the team. While Team Awesome's menu was noticeably greener for the Iron Chef competition, their summer courses featured exotic dishes like chicken cordon bleu, tofu stir-fry, and pizza with everything, even gnocchi, on top.

Friday night was no exception from Team Awesome's consistently creative cooking. Andy Kositsky made a dish of bacon-wrapped avocado, slivers of avocado wrapped in bacon and topped with a toothpick, and a

"cold cut" bagel sandwich with bacon, turkey, tomato, and to little surprise sliced avocado on top. Other dishes include fruit salad with papaya, chicken camembert, avocado soup with sherry, and liquid nitrogen avocado ice cream.

The crowning jewel of Team Awesome's menu, according to team members, was the spring roll dish.

"They were better than Tom Manion's," said Ly Ng, a judge and president of the APSU.

Avocado is not a one-night experiment for Team Awesome.

"We had so many left-over avocados, we've been making avocado smoothies every night since the competition," says Caleb Ng of Team Awesome.

Avocado smoothies involve coconut milk, dairy milk, sugar, ice, and a lot of avocados.

Tom Manion, with his cooking students, Manion's minions, fielded a team, but did not officially compete in the event.

"It's just fun to see so many people excited with food, socializing, and everything that goes with it."

Manion became serious about cooking in college, and by the time he was in grad school had several of his recipes published in the Washington Post.

Manion's minions are close behind. Says Ryan Bogner, one of Manion's Minions, "I've been

cooking since I got into Boy Scouts, which was about first grade. Before now, I'd just been cooking for fun, but now I'm cooking more intensely because I'm working on Tom Manion's staff."

Manion's team added an Asian spin to the avocado. "We made everything from sushi, spring rolls with chicken, crab, and vegetables, lobster and crab, and avocado California rolls, which we seared. It was amazing, a lot of fun."

"And of course, we had to make guacamole," Ryan adds.

Andy Greene, a senior on Manion's team, said the best part of the event was experimentation.

"Manion told us to take the avocado pit, and make something out of it. He said there was no right or wrong way to do it, just do it the way you think is best."

Manion's team neutralized the bitter avocado pit into a dish with vinegar, lemon sauce, and mushrooms.

"You don't want to serve it straight, it's too bitter. If you put lemon juice and sugar, and then apply heat, it takes away the bitterness," says Ryan Bogner.

The one-hour time limit for a cooking competition is not optimal for Manion.

"If I could prepare any meal," says Manion, "I'd prepare it in the style of the French Laundry

Continued on Page 8, Column 1

Add Title Here Later

By JEFFREY PHILLIPS

Everyone deals with procrastination in one way or another. Techers make a career of it. No other school has a higher workload or a student body so systematically and decisively committed to putting off that load for as long as humanly possible. Even those Techers who get their class work done put off other essentials like social lives or hygiene. We distort the very fabric of space and time to pull stunts that would be impossible at a saner institution.

One of the most notoriously hard-working student bodies in the country is nevertheless also one of the least judicious with its time. People stay up studying all night, because that is when their sets finally catch up with them, and they are in good company. I had a roommate who once complained that he was forced to play video games all day, because no

one else started working until the night before each of his assignments was due.

I myself have indulged in idle play whilst the sword of Damocles hung above my head. I do not necessarily waste my time completely; I do all those little things I've been meaning to do: clean my desk; install a dimmer switch; watch all 52 episodes of Sealab. What I do is not as important as the fact that it is not something too useful. It is a proven fact that once you begin considering one assignment, it becomes much more likely that you will consider other assignments, and through them the entire cyclopean workload teetering above you. Procrastination means never doing your real work but also never really feeling like your time is free.

Techers have next to no free

time as it is, so procrastination's latter edge has no sting. We get used to a stomach churned by a forest of deadlines looming on the horizon. We crave that feeling, and sometimes, the most dangerous times, procrastination becomes a game, a test of how much one can off put for how long. You would have to be crazy to wait another day to start that project, but you try for a week. You may ask yourself, "Is this assignment a night-before-its-due kind of challenge, or can I safely wait until the morning of?"

Techers may cure themselves of the lethargy of procrastination, but the tonic is nothing short of maintaining the discipline to do their work on time. In light of this, I can only conclude that, like insomnia, procrastination will be endemic to life at Tech for a long time to come.

LIBERTARIANS ARE BAD PEOPLE

By PETER FOLEY

of engrams, some sort of sensory impression.

"Libertarian" and "Scientologist" are both "kind-of-like-portmanteau-but-actually-just-Latin-or-Greek-based" words, so we can guess their original meanings by looking to their roots. "Scientologist" comes from "Science," ie. what we all do here, and "Ologist," which presumably means someone that studies something. Thus "Scientologist" clearly means someone who studies all of the things that we do here and tries to figure out ways to trick us into becoming her or his mind-slaves. "Libertarian" clearly has "Liberty" as its first root, and the second portion, "-arian," means "referring to one's position." Clearly, Libertarians like to use their liberty to establish their position above you, because you don't deserve anything and are worthless.

Which brings me to my joke section:

What do Libertarians love more than anything?

Money.

Why did the Democrat cross the road?

To help the poor person.

Why did the Republican cross the road?

To keep the Democrat from helping the poor person with tax dollars.

Why did the Libertarian cross the road?

To put up a wall around the poor person and charge admission to all the other Libertarians who want to come watch the poor person suffer and die.

Knock knock.

Who's there?

"A Libertarian."

"A Libertarian" who?

Give me 5 bucks and I'll finish the joke for you.

How many Libertarians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

None, the market will take care of it on its own.

So three guys walk into a bar: a Libertarian, a Catholic priest, and a 5-year-old boy. The child orders a milk, the priest, a water. The Libertarian orders 10 rounds of whiskey for everyone in the bar. Ten minutes later, a drunken riot breaks out and the child and priest are killed. "That's the market for you!" cries the Libertarian as he drives the mob, its blood-rage fully ignited, onwards to burn down city hall and a nearby low-cost housing development. The majority of the rioters lived there. 20 minutes later, the Libertarian was found strangling a puppy. He was never charged with a crime, since in his words, "Puppies have no rights, so it's perfectly fine to torture them if I get some joy out of it. Like poor people."

So next time you think about becoming a Libertarian, please remember, you will become a mean-spirited person and will quickly lose all of your friends. It is like becoming a serial killer, only worse but completely legal.

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Studying in Cambridge: Colleges, Clubs, Culture, and Crew

By LISA SEEMAN

The first thing I thought when I got here was, "damn, I'm going to need more sweaters." I've worn shorts and flip-flops once. It was raining. But I quickly got adjusted to the seasons. As I write this, it is 70 degrees and not a cloud in the sky. I am sitting outside in a t-shirt with my laptop watching the wind's blowing leaves across the lawn and some middle age fellows' attempting to bowl on the green. Cambridge is a great place to see the seasons. Fall is not properly fall without multicolored leaves and morning rain clearing to a blue sky in the afternoon.

I grew to love seeing the mist on the river as I got up at 6:30 am to go rowing, a sport that everyone inevitably ends up doing. One thing to note is that, as beautiful a creature a swan may seem, it is an ill-tempered animal. Do not attempt to pet them, as they will attack, and you will have to defend yourself with an oar. Likewise throughout the term, you will crash into other novice boats, be subjected to one-piece spandex racing suits, and grow to be on a first name basis with your college's rowing machines. It is all such great fun.

A wee bit about academics: The professors have people skills. They love teaching and interacting with their students. They will detect students from Caltech and home in on them to ask questions about funny things they noticed on trips to America. I would never have guessed that men's pink button-up shirts and fireflies would be such a novelty. I had the opportunity to take either IIa, 3rd year classes, or IIb, 4th year classes, where applicable. Due to their lack of supervisions, seniors interested enough in a subject to arrange a separate project with the professor should only take IIb courses. Conveniently, I had little other coursework. Classes are very small, and the topics tend to be more interesting than what one finds elsewhere. To get the most out of them, one should take whichever classes one finds intriguing. Besides, even if one does not grasp all the concepts, being on pass/fail lightens the pressure.

Now, on to things that matter: Food is awful; expect 3 types of potato dishes and meat that has been cooked with silica packets to remove moisture and flavor. Salt became my new best friend. With the exchange rate, eating out of college tends to be expensive. Formal hall is decent and loads of fun; lots of upper-classmen are willing to go, because after a year they are equally as repulsed by hall food. We get to play dress up in the vein of Harry Potter robes just try to avoid Friday nights where the food is mediocre, because the kitchen staff knows that everyone there is there just to get ridiculously trashed.

Speaking of which, although the bars close at 11pm, the clubs are open late, and one can go to a different one every night of the week, whether to dance to 80's funk or r&b or just to jump around to alt rock. The first week of Michaelmas term is Fresher's week, where your entire schedule will be booked with entertainment

before lectures start. Typically this week culminates in a college bop where men dress as women in short skirts, and everyone dances to ridiculously cheesy music, like Hanson and Spice Girls.

British people are weird. They drive on the wrong side of the street; their water faucets have two spigots, one for burning hot and one for freezing cold, and they oppose dental care as much as the French do bathing. Most egregiously, they put mayonnaise on everything from cheeseburgers to salad. Some English traits can be quite charming, but when British oddities started getting to me, I found about 30 MIT students around campus with whom to commiserate over things I missed from America. The English also tend to be more willing to travel, and flights in Europe are essentially free. Get on a plane, and go somewhere for the weekend. Be ugly Americans, or just fake your way through a British accent.

The term was only 8 weeks long; it was over before I realized what happened. By the end I did not want to leave. Cambridge is a great place to take a break from an overly stressful Caltech life and reflect on what you want to do after you graduate. The professors place a great emphasis on understanding, as opposed to thoughtlessly grudging through numerous equations. I got a lot out of the experience and returned home revived.

And finally, when I found myself missing home or civilization, I found Cadbury chocolate vending machines and a fudge kitchen with free samples, with which to drown out my sorrows in a sucrose coma. For all these reasons and more, do something in your undergraduate years that will not blend into one large nightmare of caffeine-ridden late night problem sets and impossible take home exams.

Attend the study abroad meeting on Tuesday, November 15 at noon to hear from others who have studied in Cambridge! Contact the Study Abroad Office for details, ext. 2150 or RSVP by email to Kate Jackson, kjackson@its.caltech.edu

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VOLUME CVII, NUMBER 6

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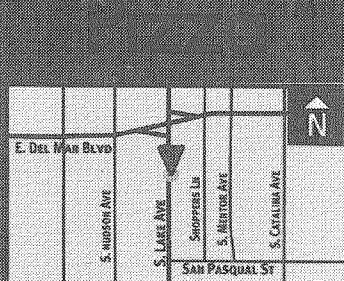
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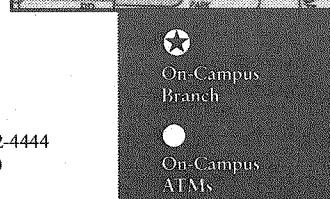
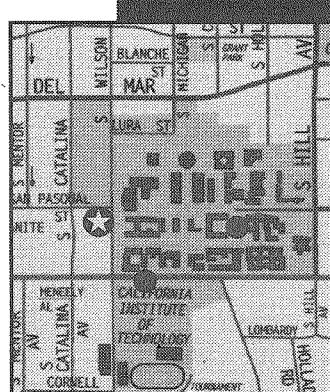
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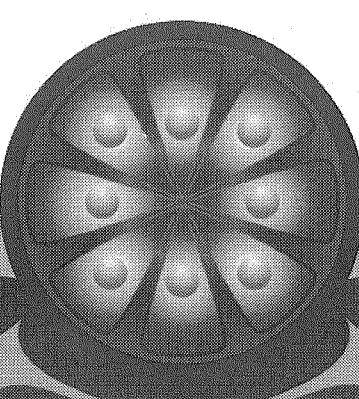
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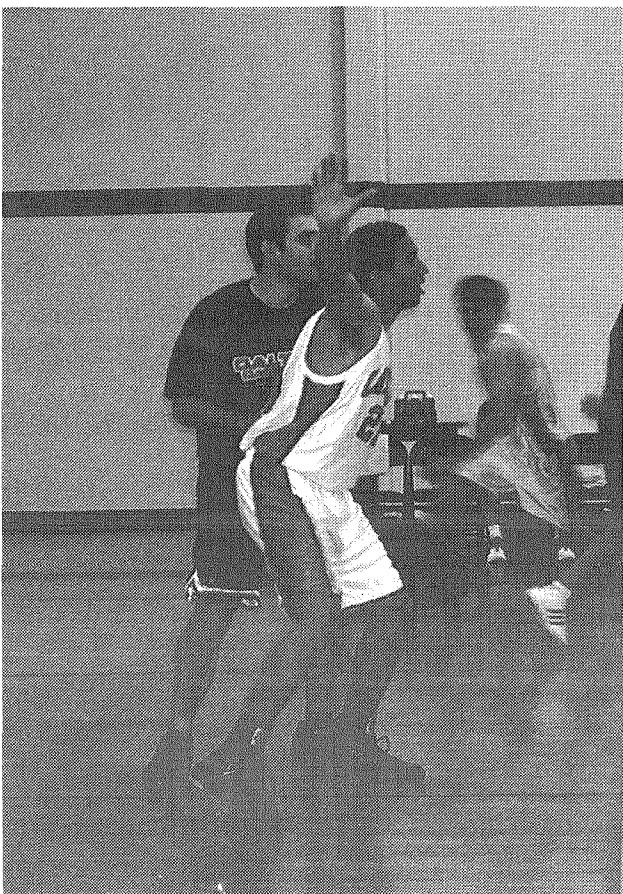
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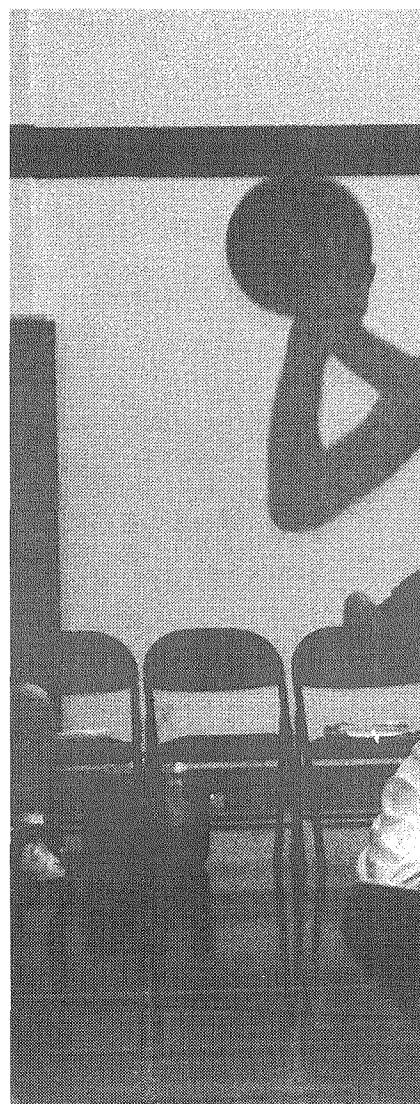
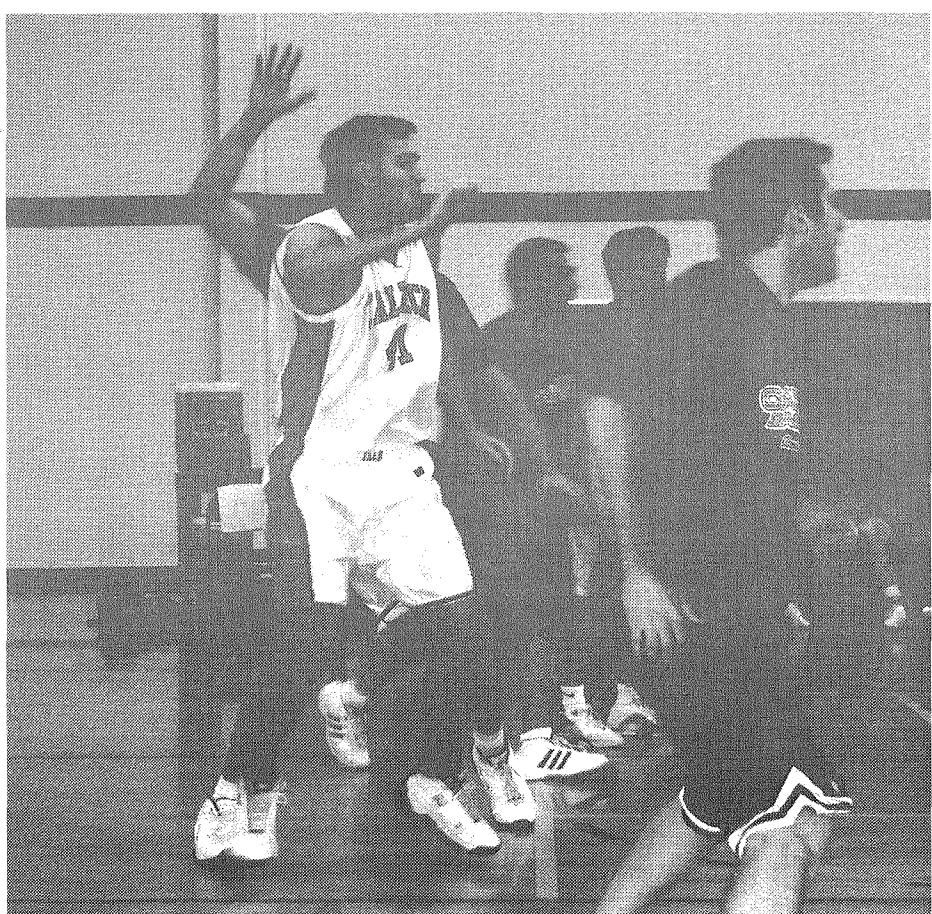
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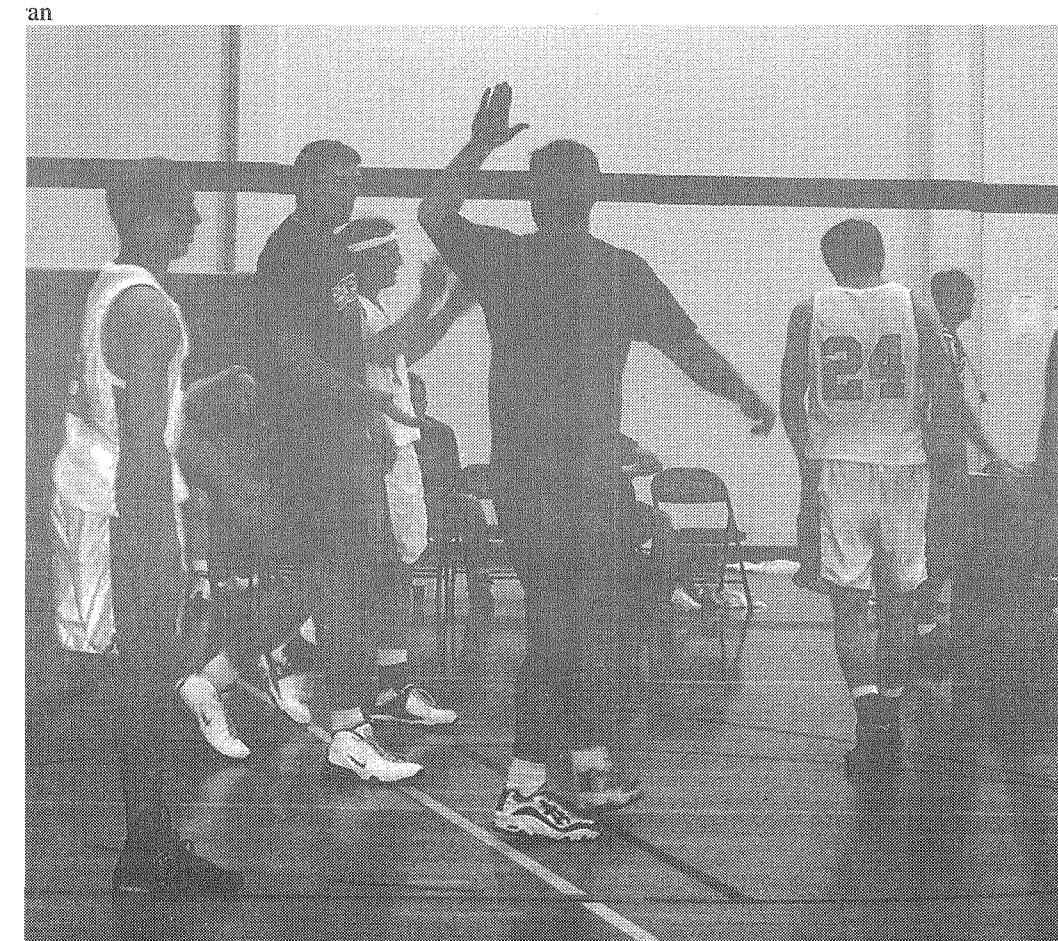
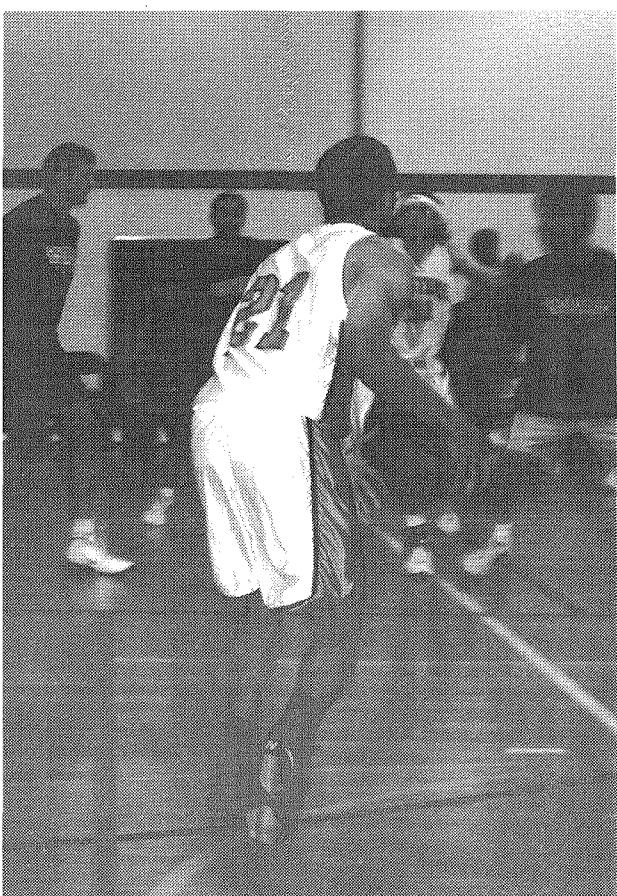
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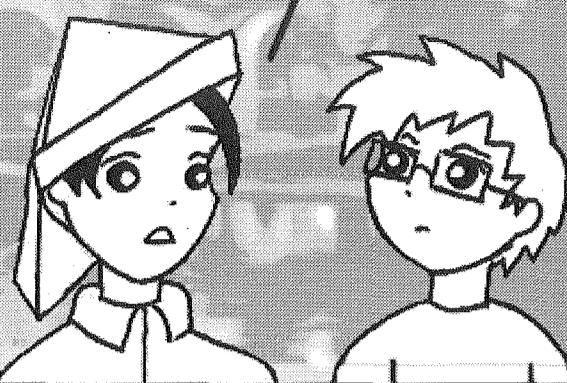
Begins the Season with 'altech Alumni



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We Love Coquettish Kali-Tech Bread Life

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Tragedy Relief #9: Diversity

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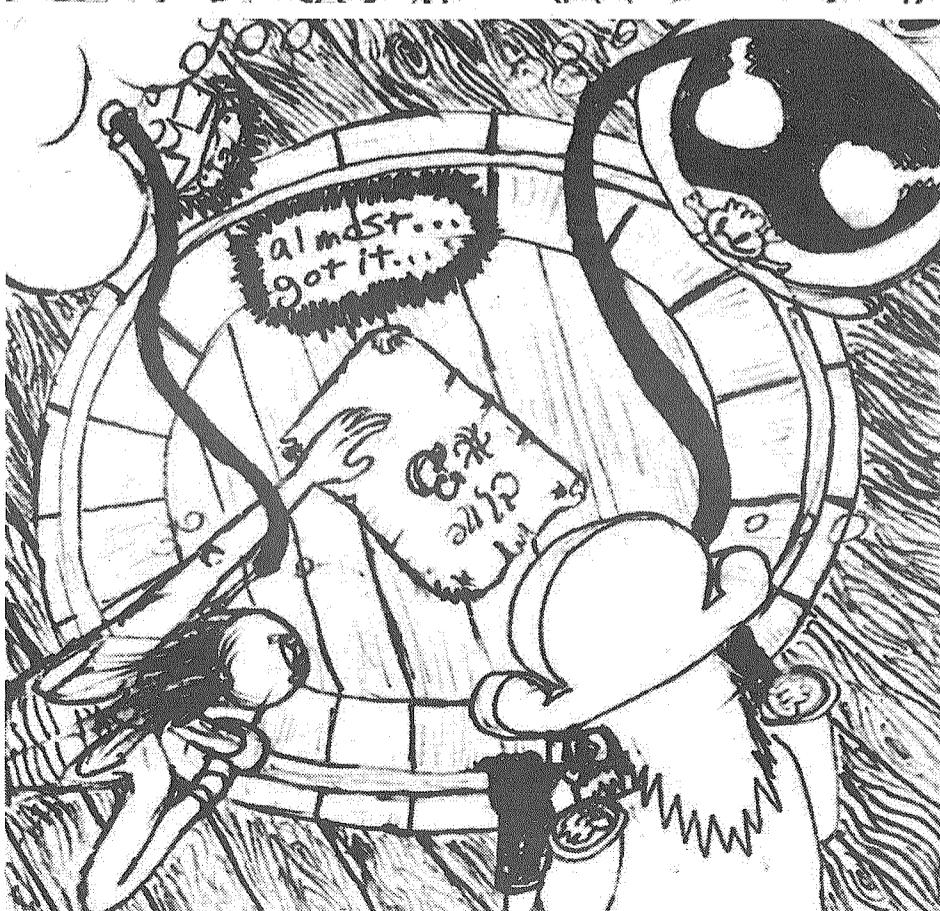
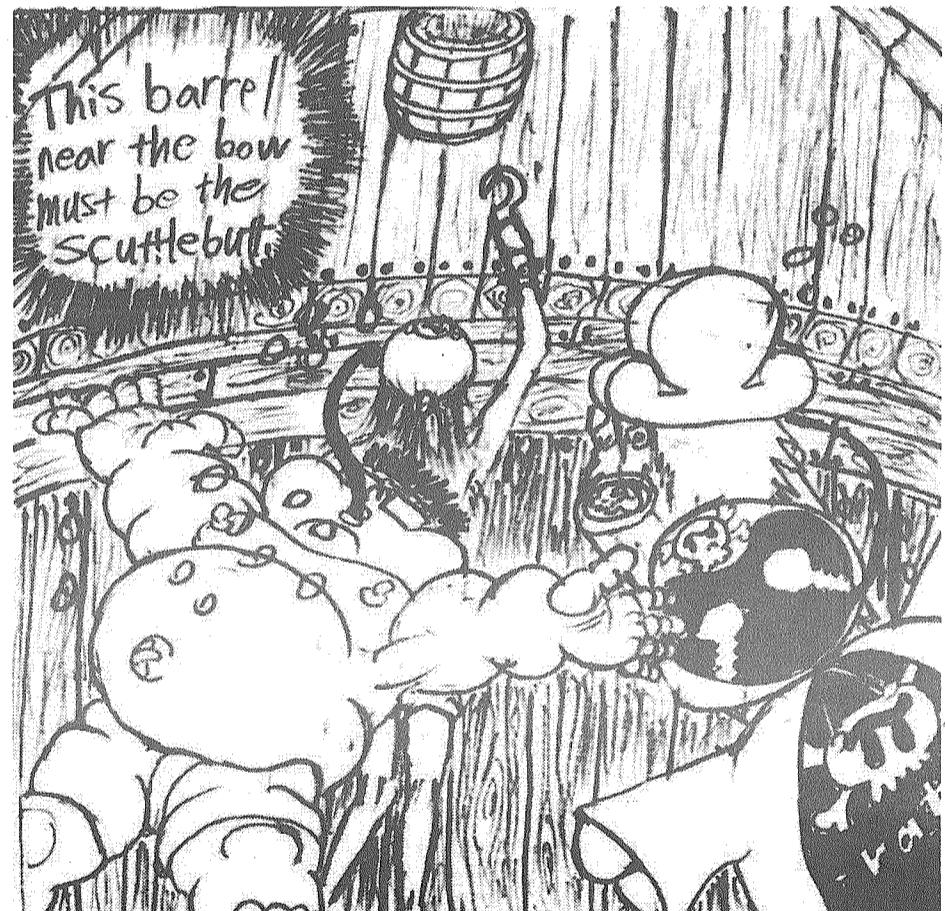
This leads Caltech to be the diverse community it is today.

Was horribly disfigured in a chem lab explosion.

Went on to spend another 15 years at Caltech as grad student

Became a high school counselor, thus propagating the cycle.

by: Dave Zhang



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Avacados of Steel

Continued from Page 1

in Napa, which would take days to make. It would be intense in flavor, but healthy and fresh."

"It's important that it's refreshing, but not overly filling. You want to excite the palate, but not fill up too fast. I love 12-15 course meals, each course with refined, intense flavor."

Also present were the "Fighting Hellfish," a team of Ricketts and Dabney members, who, according to Jeremy Ehrhardt, team captain, had "never cooked together before" but who still took second place.

According to Jeremy, after the Iron Chef announcement was made, offers to make a team bounced between the Ricketts and Dabney mailing lists until they had narrowed it down to a team of six.

The team featured members of varying specialties. Chris "Gonzo" Gonzales, for example, is the chef of "Southern Fried Everything," while Yaear Assa specializes in Italian and Mediterranean but was the driving force behind the team's sushi dish.

At the team's Thursday meeting before Friday's competition, Jeremy and team members met to plan the meal.

"I took out a whiteboard and wrote two words: No Guaca-

mole!"

There was no guacamole, but there were avocado fritters, avocado crab eggrolls, avocado salad, and chicken-mushroom-avocado pasta.

"The fried avocado fritters were like funnel cakes. We rolled pieces of avocado in batter, then fried them. It's called choux paste," says Jeremy. But he quickly adds, "It was Gonzo's idea. He's from the South—South Carolina or North Carolina or something. They deep-fry everything."

The Fighting Hellfish also thrived on audience participation.

"One of the judges asked us for a drink," says Jeremy. A quick online search for drinks with avocado returned one result: an avocado daquari, aka The Green Monster. With only avocado, lime, lemon, and ice chips, members of the Fighting Hellfish solicited the audience for ingredients. Within a few minutes, the team acquired rum and a blender, much to the delight of the judges.

"They thought it was the best thing ever," says Jeremy. "Even Tom Manion loved it."

The Hellfish's "deconstructed sushi" received winning reviews.

"I liked the sushi dish," says judge Sarah Payne. "It was creative, presented well, and tasted good."

The "sushi" was a mound of Chinese purple rice with alternating pieces of ahi tuna and avocado. After the rice was accidentally left with ice water, the "sticky rice" would no longer stick, and the Fighting Hellfish resorted to clever presentation to pull off the "deconstructed sushi."

The "Fighting Hellfish" takes its name from Grandpa Simpson's squad in the army in an episode of the Simpsons. The name succeeded to intimidate.

"I overheard one of the other teams say, 'Shit, we're going against the Fighting Hellfish!'" says Jeremy.

The Unnaturals, a group of chemistry and biology grad students, had quite a few interesting dishes.

"They had avocado shells stuffed with food, as well as food with an ethnic Indian twist, and ice cream," says Lydia Ng, when asked which dishes stood out in her mind.

Team Avagadro was a team of international students, from undergrad to grad students and staff.

"They had a delicious dessert—they filled avocado shells with sticky rice and put bananas and other fruit inside," says Lydia Ng.

The cooking show was organized by the Asian Pacific Student Union (APSU) and was the third such event the APSU has hosted. The president of the APSU, Lydia Ng, was contacted by Chi Wang of Prufrock House, whose team won both of the previous competitions. Says Lydia Ng, "Together we wrote up a proposal back in late June/early July to the Moore and Hufstedler Funds so that we could bring back the event and hopefully make it a yearly occurrence."

"We knew that many members of the Caltech community love to cook and are very skilled at it, and we felt that cooking was something that people of all ages and backgrounds can enjoy together. We also thought that a Caltech Iron Chef contest in the fall would give the incoming students a taste of the solidarity, hard work, and fun competitive spirit that is a hallmark of Caltech life, and hoped to familiarize students with the events associated with the APSU and Prufrock."

Says Lydia, "It took a lot of work for everyone involved, especially in the last two weeks, but hopefully all participants and spectators had a great time, and we hope to make it bigger and better year after year."

Fake Ditch Day in Avery Incites Annoyance, Confusion

By ADAM CRAIG

On Monday, October 31st, a small coalition of Avery seniors set out to inflict tricks and impart treats on the rest of Avery with a fake Ditch Day. A long-standing tradition among the undergraduate-only Houses, a fake Ditch Day usually begins with seniors' running up and down the halls of a House, pounding on the doors as they go. The other students who choose to participate then sign up at sign up sheets for fake stacks, which consist of puzzles or other tasks in the spirit of real Ditch Day challenges but less time-consuming. Upon solving these mini-games and side-quests, underclass-persons receive rewards of food and non-alcoholic beverage.

But in Avery, the frosh came not. Instead, a lively debate ensued over the Avery mailing list as to whether fake Ditch Days are appropriate to Avery and how to adapt the process to accommodate graduate students and undergraduates who would rather have nothing to do with it. To seed for further discussion on the topic, a member of the Avery mailing list sent the thread to Ricketts House President Arturo Pisano, who forwarded it to Ricketts' mailing list.

Although the discussion is too long to reprint here, it addressed many questions that fresh-persons in any House might have about fake Ditch Days, illustrates the importance of clear communication between seniors and underclasses to a successful fake Ditch Day, and exemplifies many of the social growing pains Avery is experiencing as its constituents decide in which ways it will resemble and in which ways it will differ from the undergraduate-only Houses. While some students expressed utter contempt for the idea of bringing other Houses' traditions to Avery, other students, including several frosh, expressed earnest interest in the participating in a fake Ditch Day but were unsure how. Other students provided practical suggestions, like having those who did not wish to participate mark their doors in advance, and less practical ones, like having seniors try to awaken the frosh by sticking fliers under their doors.

The Tech will continue to cover Avery's critical first year as a House, and we encourage members of Avery and the undergraduate-only Houses to write to us with their insights.

The California Tech
Caltech 40-58
Pasadena, CA 91125

Fake ASCIT Minutes

By PETER FOLEY

Present:

Warner, Parvathy (real minuteser), Todd, Wendy, Michelle, Dima, Ryan, Peter (fake minuteser)

Guests:

Leo Steinynpoopers, Daniel Thai, Shannon Greene, Sarah Payne, Neha "Neha" Das

Dima complains that he got stung by a bee through his shoes. Warner eats bugs.

Also, Dima was wearing sandals, so it's not really that cool

Conversation is a hell of a skill, also formality sucks.

Shannon Greene wants mad cashes to take two proffies to yonder Athbeast. She's going at 8 in the morning. That's why we let her take two by herself. Crazy people get extra special treats.

Warner and I will figure it all out. We totally heard from like a jillion people. It's gonna happen.

Sarah came at this point. She just won't stop cussing, and she's not even a sailor! Also, she wants money for the women's ultimate team for uniforms and tournaments and whatnot. MHF gave them no mad cashes cuz their new, but now we have to give them money and we have less than that. They want a couple hundred dollars for things. Michelle wiggles to give \$200, Dima wiggles in sync with her. She wins mad cashes-beasts.

Neha is very sad. She wants money. Fleming is poor because they paid for the whole poker tournament because Page is poor because they are stupid. Neha wants \$100 multihouse CASHES for frosh party.

Greg shakes. Parvathy goes into a seizure. Neha kicks them both and steals their wallets, by which I mean we give her cashes in a 6-0-0 votebeast. Dima tried to oppose it, but we wouldn't let him.

We wonder, how could the Holly possibly have gotten damaged?

Who doesn't love a good sandwich? I know I do, but even the best sandwiches don't hold a candle to a fine Icelandic hot dog, especially one with sauerkraut and fried onions.

Doug Hanley and I want to take Mattozzi to lunch. I totally abstained like a GOOD PERSON, and it still wins. I am so awesome. You know what's awesomer than me? Nothing.

Different events aren't actually real things. People that take money and do things aren't actually real people. When you talk to these people, you stop being a real person. Sit in your room. Alone. And be afraid that you'll be turned unreal.

The weather has been weird lately, and I think it's given me a cold. I think my body gets confused by big temperature changes. Even when we have a hot day and a cold night, I start feeling ill at ease. It's kinda wacky. Also, when I get cold, I generally forget to put on more clothing and just get grouchy.

We're gonna get a Private VIP Room in SFL for appointing people to the exit survey committee. It's going to have a hot tub, sauna, and 3 attending masseuses.

I totally just spanked Warner.