

Master's Gone Away

Chris Takes Over

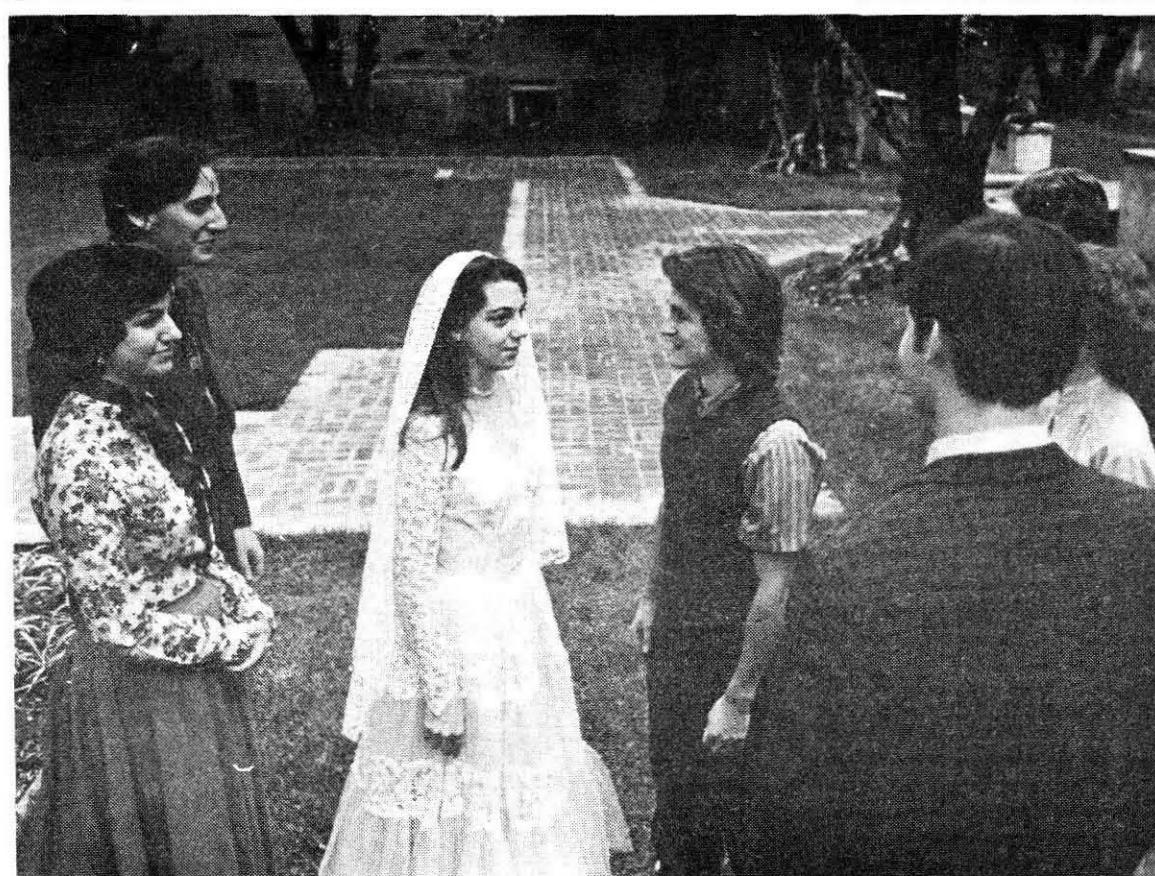
By Marci Gray

Presumably everyone knows that Sunney Chan, Master of Student Houses, is away teaching at Stanford this term. Filling in for Sunney is Chris Wood, Assistant to the Dean. Chris hopes to meet as many students as possible as she plays the role of Master.

If you have a problem and/or would like to talk to Chris, she'll be in the Master's Office 12:00-1:00 pm each day and two or three evenings a week. She is making herself available to students by eating dinner in each of the houses (brave woman!) and having dinner with small groups, as Sunney has done in the past.

As far as big projects go, Chris Wood is continuing the efforts to have the showers upstairs in Dabney converted to a much-needed kitchen. She is also attending the Food Committee meetings about renegotiating the Saga contract. On the lighter side of MSH projects, plans are being made for a beach party on May 10, co-sponsored by the Dean's and Master's Offices, and an Olive Walk party on May 22. (Anyone with suggestions talk to Carmela in the Master of Student Houses' Office.)

Sunney Chan is in town every other weekend, and is still involved in his job as Master of Student Houses. He is handling the RA selections and is dealing with student problems whenever he is in town. For the times when he is away, Chris Wood has been entrusted with the MSH duties. As Chris summed it up, "I'm here to make sure everyone's okay."



Joe Balke and Kim Carr get married in a random rehearsal for *Our Town*, the Thornton Wilder play concerning life in a New England town. *Our Town* is this term's student production. (Eat your heart out, Tek Seguh).

Just Like Our Town

By Joe Balke

Come see a dazzling exhibition of New England Style LUST! A student production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* will be performed in Ramo Auditorium on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of May. This play is fantastic! The acting is fantastic! The director, alas, is only a wimpy excuse for fantastic, but his creative, wonderfully talented cast—of which I am a member (Hey, don't get me wrong! I'm actually quite modest!)—has made up for his stupendous inadequacies. Actually, he's done an amazing job, for a Lloydie. The show lends itself to great performances.

It is a serious play, and well worth seeing. It is basically about life, love and death in a small New Hampshire town at the turn of the century. For those of you who are into living, come and see the show, because if you don't, you'll die (you'll eventually die anyway, but it sounds more ominous this way). For those of you who are into love, there's a Crisco orgy afterwards. For those interested in death, get AWAY, YOU PERVERTS! Don't you know it's sick to be interested in death unless you're an undertaker?

Performances are Thursday that can be useful in the solution of fusion problems.

Duwez came to Caltech as a research fellow in physics in 1933 and then accepted a five-year assignment in Belgium. In 1941 he returned as a research engineer working on defense projects at Caltech and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, heading the materials section at JPL until 1954. In 1947 he was appointed associate professor at Caltech, and in 1952 he became a full professor. He became an emeritus professor in 1978.

**Lit 15
128
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Today
12:20**

May 7th at 8:00 pm, Friday
May 8th at 8:30 pm, Saturday
May 9th at 8:00 pm, and Sunday May 10th at 2:00 pm (interpreted for the deaf). Admission is \$1.00 for Caltech students (grad and undergrad), and \$3.00 general admission.

COME AND SEE IT! Oh yes! Added attractions! See Ernie Cohen do his elephant impression while Kim Carr imitates rodents.

Baxart

Study in Statics

Baxter Art Gallery's current exhibit, "Antistatic", centers around an interesting concept. How does one artist's work affect your feelings about another artist's work? "Antistatic" features ten artists; at the beginning of the show works by all the artists were displayed. Now and until the end of June, when all ten artists will be refeatured, various combinations of artwork are being shown. The idea of different art mixtures fixed in my mind and intrigued me for several days. What if when I visited the Guggenheim, next to Chagall's "Paris Through the Window" had been some Dürer engravings? How would I have felt if Klee had been hanging next to Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" in Amsterdam?

I eagerly walked into Baxter
**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 11**

Pol Duwez Wins Honors

Pol Duwez, professor of applied physics and material science, emeritus, here at Caltech, has received two honors for his contributions to the science of alloys.

These include the William Hume-Rothery Award from the Metallurgical Society of the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers, Inc., and the Heyn Medal of the Deutsche Gesellschaft fur Metallkunde of Frankfurt, Germany.

The William Hume-Rothery Award is given annually to an outstanding scientific leader in recognition of scholarly contributions to the science of alloys. The Heyn Medal is awarded for outstanding achievements in metallurgy; Duwez was cited for his

achievements in the creation of metallic glasses.

A native of Belgium, Duwez is one of the world's leading scientists in the field of metals and materials and has conducted research leading to the development of a series of new alloys that are widely used in industry. In the 1960s he pioneered in work that led to the discovery of metallic glasses obtained by melt quenching—an advance that resulted in the production of a vast array of metals with properties of unusual scientific interest and technical promise.

Most recently, Duwez has been involved in research involving a class of metals known for properties of superconductivity. These metals produce a very high magnetic field

SIF Continued Success?

By Susan Hunts

The Student Investment Fund did very well the past year, realizing a 29.5% return on its assets for the year. Jim Angel, ex-chairman of the board of the SIF, says "the success of the last year has been mainly luck." The market did well and the SIF was in the right place at the right time.

Under Angel, the board espoused a conservative investment philosophy, although Angel says his role was to guide the board through meetings and keep discussion relevant rather than influence investment policy. The conservative nature of the board is evident in last year's transactions: the amount of money in Merrill Lynch's Ready Assets Account, a money market mutual fund yielding 14-15%, increased from under 4% to greater than 50% of the fund's assets. The board's experience with Tandem and Computer Vision stocks also reflected its conservative nature. Somewhat speculative, both stocks rose steadily and split while held by the SIF but both were sold about 40 points before they peaked.

The board's conservatism is due to the feelings of the board members and the board's slow response time. In general, the board takes about a month to act once a positive trend is suggested and takes immediate action when there is suspicion such a trend will end so as not to get caught between meetings if the market should change.

New chairman of the SIF board, Arley Anderson, expects the board to continue conservatively but be more active in trading. He would like to see the fund shift into a progressive portfolio from the Ready Assets Account, which would be more risky but offer better potential.

Anderson, who has been with the board two years, is trying to maintain continuity within the new board which has only two returning members. He expects the SIF to specialize in high technology stocks while broadening its base in more conservative ones as well. He too sees last year's success as a case of being in the right place: "We were on top of a wave."

The new board appears at least as conservative as the old, tending to examine S&P (Standard & Poor's) reports on new investments being considered rather than following hunches or using its own technical background. So far the board is playing it safe, and the fund is not likely to do much better than the stock market in general.

EDITORIAL

Elitism-Now!

It's official; it is now *avant garde* to be an elitist. For all you people in the know, you can now stop trying to charitably help all the poor ignorant people *beneath* you and redirect your efforts toward increasing the power and influence of the rich. For those of you who need guidance, you should now take out your *Official Preppy Handbook* and make the following revisions.

First of all, all of you dabblers in the *proper* hobbies should strike out helping the poor from your list of activities. If they are still poor after all the help they have been receiving from the government and other "help" agencies, then their poverty must only be as a result of their own conscious efforts to be poor. Instead, elitists should be spending their time convincing other "movers of society" to increase tax cuts for the rich, reducing government benefits for the less than truly needy, and to increase overall the benefits and influence of the "more opulent" (read huge and overpowering) companies, which of course are run by other elitists like yourself.

Of course, if the middle and poorer classes discover and understand that they are about to be given the shaft, then they will probable rebel. But then again, nobody can fight against what they don't know about. This means that the intelligent elitist should also start to talk in a way so that the less informed masses can't quite comprehend what is happening. Start adding in many foreign phrases to your daily conversation. If you don't quite know what the correct phrases are then fake it. If the person you are talking to is in the know he will understand what you are trying to say. Using pigeon French will impress laymen and will insure that they will only understand every other word of your conversation. *Comprendez-vous?* How can laymen defend their government benefits when they have no idea what is being discussed?

Of course being an elitist means being prepared for all possible emergencies. So, in case some non-

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 3**

Undergrads—

COME TO THE Tea Party

today

Master's Office

3:30—5:00 p.m.

THE CALTECH Y..... Fly by

FRIDAY, April 24-Today at the NOON CONCERT, Le BoBo Productions presents a band that is really full of hot air, The Caltech Wind Ensemble conducted by Bill Bing. Come and listen at noon on the Quad.

WEDNESDAY, April 29-This week's UPDATE NOON DISCUSSION will be given by Dr. Terry Cole, chief technologist of Energy and Technology Applications at JPL. He will be speaking on "Energy Conversion with Super Ionic Conductors" in Clubroom 1 in Winnett. Bring your lunch.

SATURDAY, May 2-You say that you've just seen *Excalibur* and *Knightriders* and you'd like to see the original? You're in luck! The Caltech Y is sponsoring a trip to see *Camelot*, starring Richard Harris, on Saturday, May 2 at 3pm. Tickets will be \$17, including transportation. Sign-ups will be on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 28th and 29th, in The Y Office. There will be a lottery, if necessary and the 25-lucky winners will have until Friday, May 1 at noon to pay for their winnings.

MISSIVES

Count Pointer- Count

Dwayne, you pus-brained degenerate;

I suppose we should have seen it coming from your shriveled mind. Another D.D. exclusive idea has crept up from the slime of your cerebrum. You want to decrease military expenditures. Why don't you just give the country to the Russians right now and save your breath? I'm sure you would if you could. Thankfully, your incompetence extends into all areas of your life. You and your pathetic liberal ilk issue such absurd arguments against military spending as "why spend more when we can already blow up the world 6 times over?" Of course, you overlook the fact that in the many wars fought since World War II, no conflict has been decided by any but conventional weaponry. I suppose this concept is just too difficult to comprehend to you peace freaks who wish to emasculate the country (to match yourselves, no doubt). We have already, thanks to your efforts, fallen behind the Russians in conventional weaponry on almost every front, and increased military expenditures are desperately needed to even the balance. Yet, you would trade the security of the United States of America for a tax rebate or an abortion clinic! The Soviet Union needs people like you in this country, Dwayne—selfish cowards who would rather have a buck and let the country go to pieces. Do you know how you can tell a Commie sympathizer? He has *two first names!* That's right, you immoral pinko, now the entire campus knows of your true status. The true friends of democracy will breath easier when you and your kind are strung up from the nearest olive tree.

—R. D. Lang

Bob, you screaming fascist pig,

I'll be brief in my argument and so that you'll understand, I promise to use small words.

Your kind has been predicting the fall of free men since before men were free. No matter how much suffering and bloodshed you cause through your self-indulgent war games, you will never want to limit the ability of humans to destroy each other. The truth is, you feeble-minded war-monger, that just like a little boy, you like to see things go boom!

In the name of God and country, you're willing to plunge the world into a nuclear disaster from which it may never emerge. Yea, sure, you just want more conventional weapons, but a full-scale conventional world war will quickly turn into a nuclear disaster.

The real reason you want more non-nuclear weapons is so that you can wave our big guns at small countries and impose democracy on them, whether they want it or not. That is the ideal of all men, isn't it? I find your ideas of "might makes right" perturbing to say the least. (Sorry Bob, 'perturbing' means upsetting.)

Of course I'm not saying that the USSR or China allow other small countries to decide their own destinies, but by lowering ourselves to their level, what does that make us but a "dictatorial democracy"?

Forget all of these analogies about the fall of the Roman empire and think about survival in today's world. I'm sure, being part of the "moral majority", you'll have to agree, "he who lives by the sword, shall die by the sword."

—Dwayne David



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10:00

TONIGHT:

ALIEN

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\$1.00 All others

Baxter Lecture
Hall

NEXT
WEEK:

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER

Abortion Reflection

To the Editors:

The *Tech* of April 10 carried two letters on abortion. I objected to both of them. Both letters imply there is an issue of overwhelming importance which should determine whether abortion is conscionable. In the first case the issue was the "right to choose". In the second it was the "right to life".

Neither of these rights is an absolute. The question of abortion should not be considered in terms of black and white issues. Where vital human values are concerned, each case must be carefully weighed, in an environment cleansed of dogma.

I would like to offer a viewpoint which substitutes humanist issues for political ones, and compromise in place of dissension. I believe that abortions should and will remain legal, although perhaps with more restrictions. Certainly some abortions are common sense. If a mother of three will die as a result of her pregnancy, who would demand this ultimate sacrifice for her and her family? And if some abortions are legal, who would claim the omniscience to

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The Mind Shop

A faint wisp of smoke coiled itself up into the dense oblivion that hung under the ceiling in Dave and Steve's room. The cloud extended the length of the rather large room and conjured the image of some rural meeting house, but the low-energy, disjointed conversation that stumbled into prominence every now and then betrayed the recreational nature of the assembly.

"That was an incredible smoke, there...thanks." Dave contrived his words in a slow, deliberate way so that they fell from his tongue with the cohesion of a thick syrup pouring from a wounded maple. He and Steve enjoyed ending their evenings with a relaxing buzz, and it gave them the chance to forget briefly how behind in their work they really were. But neither of them had any serious difficulty with completing terms; they were good at reconciling their need for enjoyment with their need for scholarship. At the moment they were quite comfortable turning their intellects off and allowing the characteristic associations of random ideas to serve as surrogate thoughts. The same was not true of Phil, who had the distinction of being the only other person in the room. Whenever he smoked too much, he consistently guided himself into endless mental loops that he engineered in order to remind himself to crack down and study. He always hoped that by doing this he would somehow imprint an overwhelming desire to work onto his conscious mind; yet he was fully aware that the effect of this familiar cerebral voyage was to engender a more rooted inertia, having as its hallmark a constant, low-level anxiety.

"Ain' no problem!" Steve said with an obviously distorted voice to imitate the new catch phrase of a mutual friend of theirs. Phil tensed up a bit. He was never fully comfortable with Steve around, because he harbored some subtle resentment of Steve's ability to "party out" all the time while still doing fairly well in all his classes. They shared one class and thus every time Phil would see Steve, he would be reminded of the homework he didn't do. Sometimes Steve would say in his smug, cheerful style, "Done the 106, yet?" This would particularly irritate Phil, but with no matter what mental pathways he would try to externalize his anger, it would always redirect itself toward his flatness of effect.

"Well, I feel really good tonight," Steve announced. He was the sort of person who took pleasure in explaining intricate facets of his moods to almost anyone who would listen, and was at the moment shifting slightly in his seat anticipating an interrogation about his state of mind. Dave, being all too familiar

with this particular scene, decided to fall into his equally stale response and blankly stated, "I suppose you want one of us to ask why you're in such a jolly mood." Phil was not a veteran of this script and tended to interpret its ease of delivery as a sign that it was in some way directed at him. His eyes shifted from speaker to speaker as he tried to figure out what the angle was.

"I just got caught up in all my classes today!" That was it, Phil immediately thought—they were both attempting to depress him. At least "blazers" were honest about their ego trips. What Phil hated were the people who delighted in being real slick in the expression of their superiority. They're the types who never openly appear arrogant, but who always seem to get you to ask them the questions they're dying to answer. Always ready to remind you how raped-over you are; that's how Steve operated.

"Hand me a break," Dave replied with a hint of defensiveness in his tone; "I know for a fact that you haven't done any homework for at least a week!" Phil perked up as he explored the possibilities of this new dimension of Dave and Steve's traditional mindfuck.

"It's nice to dream, though." Steve closed his eyelids and smiled as sweetly as if he had just found himself in a pristine meadow. Dave exhaled a short breath through his nose and lowered his chin to signify that he too shared this fantasy. Phil's eyes narrowed, and he stared directly at his opponents. What gall they had to play with him that way. He was practically flunking half his classes and they thought it was a big joke. When you got right down to it, it was Steve who was always getting him to smoke dope, and it would just figure that this was part of some elaborate game. Phil saw himself in the role of Beckett facing the temptors, and he visibly puffed up with his new found righteousness.

"You've been keeping to yourself quite a bit this evening, Phil—what's going on?" Steve was now looking at the ceiling as he absently inquired of Phil.

"What do you mean by that?" Phil quickly snapped. He suddenly became aware that he might have just provided Steve with a weapon by his response, so he quickly smiled just as Steve's glance jerked in his direction.

"Hey, man, just mellow out," Dave rejoined in mock irritation, having picked up what he thought was a cue for an impromptu skit.

Phil's failure to completely defend himself left him feeling deflated. He was sick of this game and resolved to get up and leave if they kept at it much longer.

Dave swiveled in his chair to face Steve and said, "Hey, do you remember that concert we went to last week?" Of course Phil knew that the 'we' did not apply to him at all. He realized that they were starting to isolate him from their circle of intimacy, and it was apparent to him that his inability to hold his own in their little mind games was the cause. When he saw Steve nod, he knew he had better act fast lest he allow

himself to be cut off like a vestigial limb. Phil began to cough loudly and violently and was fairly good at making it look like he was close to peril. Both Dave and Steve abandoned their conversation and looked at Phil.

"Are you all right?" Dave said, "You look really flushed." Now Phil had them on his strings and just couldn't resist letting them know it.

"Oh, this usually happens when I take too much; know what I mean?" He looked directly at his challengers and began to crack a smile at the thought of his endgame victory.

"Not exactly," Steve returned, "Do you want a glass of water?" Fuck him, thought Phil. He won't let up; he just gnaws and gnaws, and then kicks you when you're down. How Steve so quickly managed to reverse the situation and make it look like Phil was the pathetic beggar, Phil could not figure out. All he knew was that he was out of his league and sick of this conversation.

"You know what you can do with your water, Steve." The repressed ferocity in those words did not manage to penetrate the drug-softened minds of the listeners.

Steve humbly replied, "Drink it, I suppose." At that, Phil sat bolt upright and gazed blankly into Steve's eyes. He then stood up and paused rigidly at the door. Without even turning back to his hosts he growled out some unintelligible obscenity and walked out. There was a delayed action of the door swinging, but it finally managed to slam shut after Phil was well down the hallway.

Steve turned to Dave with a questioning look. "I wonder what's wrong with him?"

Dave was long of the school of thought that he was not qualified to solve other people's problems, and so he did not take the scene too seriously. "I don't know; he's probably not getting laid." Dave paused a moment and then reached for the pipe on the desk. "By the way...I liked the bit about the water."

—Stuart Goodnick

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—Stuart Goodnick

Elitism!

FROM TWO

elitist does figure out what is happening, all good elitists should be prepared for the worst. The government should be well stocked with conventional weapons so as to be ready for any possible internal conflict. Of course these weapons could be used against other elitists if they are put in the wrong hands. So that means that the armed forces should be well trained to follow orders without question. The elitist goal should therefore be that some high level officer should be able to say "The President is having a stomachache, so let's cheer him up by pushing the button." and be obeyed immediately.

—Roger Fong

Abortion

FROM TWO

generate an exhaustive list of all situations which call for abortion? The cases for abortion are as varied as the family of man itself. If we are to maintain a humane society, the final decision must be left to those who will suffer the consequences.

At one end of the scale lie the destitute, the insane, the rape victims, the terminally ill. At the other end lie the careless, the selfish, the vain, and the ambitious. Abortion is a matter of life and death. It should not be taken lightly or for granted. Therefore in general I advocate abortions at one end of the scale, and disparage them at the other.

The killing of a newborn baby we call manslaughter or murder. The killing of a foetus we call abortion. The message seems clear. The law treats one

Voyager Commemorative

The Caltech-JPL Numismatic Society is pleased to announce the ninth in a series of medals commemorating achievements in space exploration in which Caltech, JPL and NASA have collaborated. The new medal salutes the twin space craft of the Voyager program. The

as a human being and the other as an object. The division is arbitrary, however. The process of birth confers but one small earmark of humanity—breath. An aborted foetus can still kick and gasp as it dies, evoking the same anguish as the death of a newborn baby. Killing either feels the same to those willing to watch.

I believe that we dehumanize ourselves by considering a foetus as an object rather than a human. Our laws promote an attitude of distaste for an entity very much like a baby. It seems unwarranted to claim that a distaste for the unborn will not foster a distaste for babies in general. If you can find a place in your heart to banish remorse for the unborn, destroy it. It may grow little by little and eat away the last of your compassion.

—Chuck Nichols

medal is 1-9/16" in diameter and is available in 12-gauge antiqued bronze, at \$2.00 and in .999 fine silver with full frosted-proof finish at \$24.50. For further information, contact the Caltech-JPL Numismatic Society, c/o Caltech 115-6, Pasadena, CA 91125.

"Well, obviously,
the doorknob is out..."



BODY shop

Zits, pimples, blackheads, acne...it's all the same thing. Almost everyone gets acne to some degree at one time or another. "But, I don't have acne, I only break out once in a while." Somehow, many people have the mistaken idea that in order for a person to have acne, his or her face must literally be covered with pimples and blackheads. This is not the case. Acne comes in various degrees—it can be a mild complexion problem, or it can be moderate to severe.

One of the problems that many college students have is that when they started to develop even a mild case their parents often said, "Just leave your face alone, you'll outgrow it." This is a sad mistake and as a result of "leaving the face alone" many adults today have scars on their faces.

On the other hand, acne is not something to be afraid of...it's a natural occurrence during adolescence and young adulthood. So let's get rid of some myths!

Myth—Acne is caused by eating chocolate, chips, cola, fatty foods and shellfish.

Myth—Acne is caused by masturbation, too much, or too little sex.

Myth—Acne is a sign of uncleanliness and blackheads are dirt-clogged pores.

Myth—Acne is the "meanness" coming out in a person.

Fact—Acne often improves during the summer months.

Fact—For women acne often exacerbates just before menses.

Fact—There are many "skin products" that make acne worse.

Acne begins when ducts of sebaceous (oil) glands become plugged with dead skin cells, debris, bacteria, and sebum. This exhibits as a variety of lesions, including whiteheads, blackheads, inflammatory pustules, nodules and cysts. Areas of the body usually affected are the face, chest, back, and shoulders singly or in combination.

Luckily there are steps that one may take in controlling acne.

Washing regularly to keep skin moderately dry, 3 to 4 times daily can help to remove oil film. Mild soaps are recommended such as Ivory, Neutrogena Red, etc. For extensive acne, use special soaps or cleansers such as Fostex or Pernox. Reduce frequency if skin irritation occurs.

Keep your hands away from your face and avoid picking or squeezing pimples. Spread of infection and scarring are likely to result.

Shampoo regularly. Oily hair that comes in contact with the face, neck and shoulders adds to skin surface oil. Keep hair pulled back and up away from face and shoulders.

Eat a normal balanced diet. For those who notice a flare-up after eating certain foods, it is suggested these be eliminated.

Drying lotions or astringents may also be helpful. Non-prescription medications that may be helpful are those containing 5% Benzoyl Peroxide. Benzoyl Peroxide acts as a

primary irritant that loosens and increases the shedding of the sebum; this results in an increased rate of sloughing and thus promotes resolution and prevention of new lesions. Some products available are Stridex, Clearasil, Oxy Wash or Lotion, Loroxide and Fostex BPO 5 or 10.

Expect some outbreaks even in the presence of treatment, especially during menses and periods of stress.

If nonprescription medications are going to control acne, improvement will usually be noticed in about four weeks. If this has not happened, or you are concerned about your skin, make an appointment at the Health Center for the Acne Clinic—x6393.

—Lynnette K. Wilmoth, R.N.
Health Center 1-8

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FEATURES

RANDOM #'S

I'm sorry to say this but gun control just will not work. Prohibition of any kind has never worked. There are various views held in the organizations promoting gun control ranging from the desire to ban all guns to the desire to ban some guns to the desire to merely register gun owners. While all of these views are laudable in intent, none of these actions will eliminate the use of guns in crime. Guns are frighteningly easy to make or obtain.

Let us assume that the private ownership of guns of all types, hand and long guns, is banned and appropriate criminal penalties are provided. It is not too hard to suppose what might happen. Clearly, organized crime would quickly set up a black market. This is happening today in the case of drugs; it happened during Prohibition in the case of alcohol and it will happen again if guns are banned. The only beneficial effect of this law would be a reduction in the number of gun-related accidents. While some of the poorer criminals might be forced to mug people with knives, it stands to reason that any criminal who wants a gun will buy one as soon as he/she steals enough money.

Where, you might ask, will the black market get the guns they would sell? Well, it is sad but true that people do not

always obey laws. Look at the 55 mph speed limit. Or, if you would prefer a law with somewhat greater penalties, 14 states in the nation have laws against fornication, one being my home state. I have yet to encounter anyone who even thought about that law when deciding whether or not to go to bed with someone. Other examples of laws that are generally ignored are ones against growing, selling or using drugs like pot, cocaine, and alcohol. All this is merely to show that not everyone would turn in his or her guns. Clearly, the criminals wouldn't, along with a lot of otherwise nice and law abiding people who are attached to their guns for some reason. Guns aren't much harder to steal than anything else and they surely would be stolen if they had value on a black market. Also, a lot of guns might enter the black market when their owners became financially strapped.

But even if we assume that all guns in existence were collected, the problem would still exist. There would still be two sources of supply for guns. One is the armed forces. Armories are not guarded like little Fort Knoxes and there exists a sizeable black market today for automatic weapons stolen from the armed forces. However, if stealing became harder than making, it would

be no time at all before there was an underground network of hidden shops manufacturing guns of all types. It isn't that hard to make a gun. All you really need is some good quality steel, a lathe, a milling machine, a drill press, and possibly a band saw. With these tools, it should be possible to make anything, including a machine gun. In fact, a reliable source said that there was a machinist who was willing to set up a lathe and drillpress anywhere and produce sub-machine guns at the rate of one every twenty minutes. Granted, anything produced in twenty minutes would be pretty crude, but when one is spewing up to 3000 rounds per minute (with a sophisticated internal mechanism) into the air, accuracy is not a very great concern, particularly at close range. Even a rate of 200 or 300 rounds per minute, attainable with a very crude mechanism, is still pretty respectable.

But machine guns are not needed by the average criminal. The weapon of choice is likely to be a handgun. Single shot weapons are laughably easy to make, ranging from weapons composed of no more than a short piece of pipe of the proper diameter, a pipe cap, a nail, a random piece of wood, a short piece of metal, and

some rubber bands, to nicely made bolt action weapons that could be reloaded with greater speed. But as long as you are going to the trouble of making a gun, you might as well go ahead and make a revolver or an automatic. They aren't that much harder to make and would certainly be more in demand, given that a gun capable of shooting six or eight times is more useful than a single shot weapon.

Since we can't eliminate guns, what about eliminating ammunition? It may come as a surprise but black powder can be made in the home with commonly available chemicals. The priming chemical is also easy to make, and cases are nothing more than formed brass and it would be possible to use other materials like aluminum if necessary. Bullets are just pressed lead and that is available (one sync brick would make a LOT of bullets). Evidently, eliminating ammunition is not a feasible option.

The only gun law that would stand any chance of working is a ban on "Saturday Night Specials". This would eliminate only the lower priced guns from the market place and it is not likely that there would be sufficient demand to support a profitable black market as hand guns would still be available. The only reason that moonshine is still being made is that some people happen to like it. If guns are still available on the street, it may take criminals longer to get the money for a high quality handgun collected, but they will still be buying guns. A small black market may appear, that would be catering

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 8**

FRED FENDS OFF ERIC

Dear Eric,

Thanks for last week's letter. It's reassuring to see that there are still such conscientious souls as yourself around to watch out for the rest of us. As long as I'm replying, though, I might as well clear up a little misconception you seem to have. If you look back at my campaign statement from last year, you'll find that I didn't run on a platform of doing the minimum amount of work possible (faking a Mudeo can be kind of tricky, in fact). What I said, essentially, was that the office I was running for was an overblown joke and should be treated as such. I also said that calling it anything else was just hypocritical horseshit. Thus, I'd be going back on my word if I did anything in the name of that office without a suitable disregard for well-worn traditions and unimaginative traditionalists (I won't mention any names).

Nevertheless, Eric, I sympathize with you. It must be tough standing up to all those frosh and sophomores you refer to who come to you, their respected elder, and whine, "Please make that mean old Scurve hold a Mudeo, uncle Eric, please!" I mean, I can't blame anyone for breaking under that kind of pressure.

Still, a Mudeo wouldn't really be worth holding if I couldn't do it with enough of a twist to live up to the spirit with which I've always treated the office. Strangely enough, there is a way to do this. You see, Eric, somewhere about the end of last term I noticed that the registrar had started classifying me as a senior. So as long as the paperwork said I was, I figured I should get into the whole trip and figure out a good Ditch Day stack. Then your letter came along and it just seemed clear that I'd rather have one solution than two problems. Mudeo is my stack. Participate and get access to the bribe (which ought to be enough for the masses who'll show up). It'll only take up about an hour and so won't interfere with the rest of Ditch Day. Further details (omitting, of course, the date) will be announced 1 or 2 (or maybe 3 or 4—you never know, frosh) weeks in advance and the pit will be dug well in advance so as not to reveal the date. So now Eric, when anyone asks you when the Mudeo is, you can tell them for sure.... Mudeo is tomorrow.

—Fred Vachas



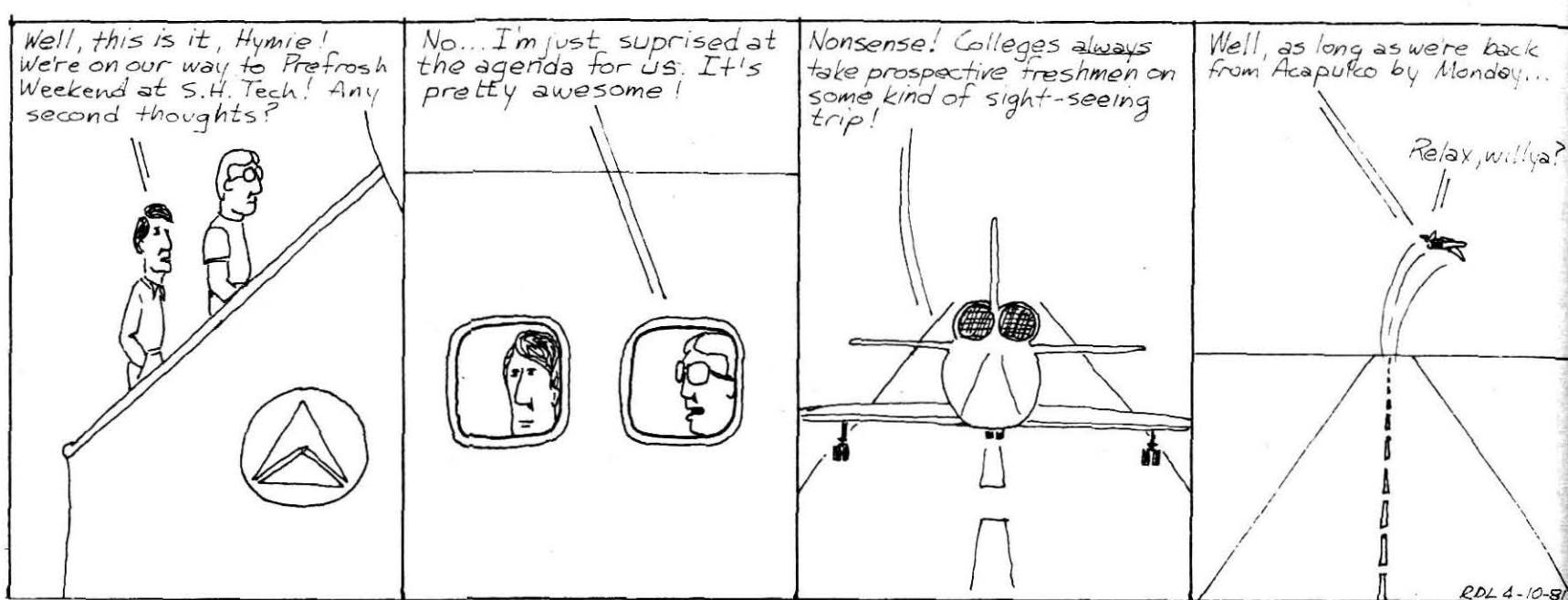
Sense or Bickering Can Be Fun

I believe these totally pointless displays of shoddy journalistic bickering—yes, I'm talking about the notorious Bob "Pineapple" Lang and the lowly Dwayne "Scumpooch" David's attempts to thrust their own useless views upon the unfortunate readers of *The California Tech* (the readers aren't unfortunate because they read the *Tech*, it's just that obscure articles like this often fill its pages) should come to a screeching halt. If it hadn't been for Dwayne's uncanny luck (the doctor who was going to perform Dwayne's abortion and terminate the product of his mother's sluttish promiscuity was arrested before the act and executed in a gas chamber, which truly is a point against capital punishment), we wouldn't have to worry about Bob Lang's militaristic, purist strategy of arming all American citizens. (Anyone who would allow Dwayne to own a gun is crazy!)

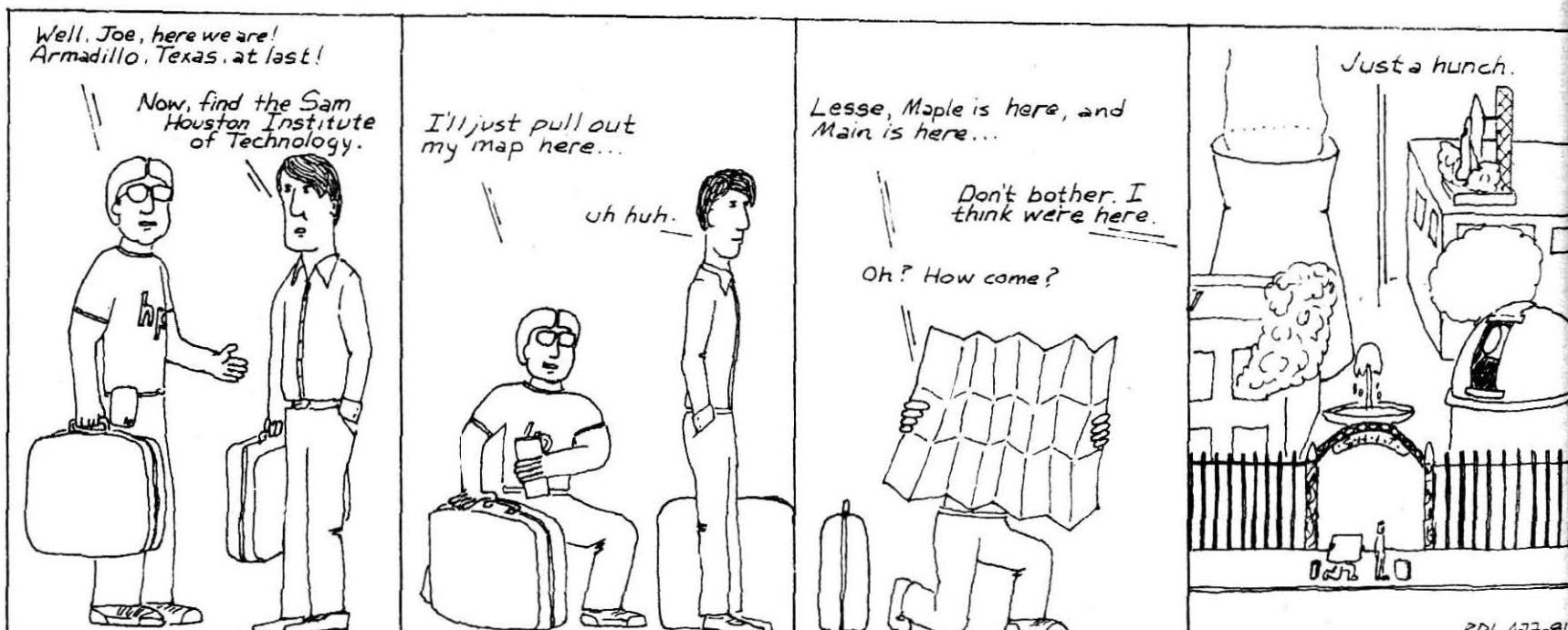
It is obvious to me that these two fiends actually write their articles for different reasons than they say. It is ob-

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 7**

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Got no cure for the airport blues

By Norma Ostlund

Last Christmas one of my suitcases flew from Buffalo to Los Angeles via EGYPT: why couldn't I have been with it? Why did my other bag have to come off the carousel early, so that I would never suspect that I was missing the last airport bus to Pasadena, waiting for a bag that would not arrive for a week? When it comes to airlines, all I can say is "why me?"

A typical flight from Buffalo to Los Angeles with a stop in Chicago should take about six hours. I was fortunate enough to travel on four "typical flights" before my luck went sour during my sophomore year. Since then, I have spent up to two days in airplanes to make the same trip. That's almost as long as the two and a half days it took to drive the route with my roommate one year! (Details about my driving luck—tickets, accidents, convoys—may follow in another article.)

My first lengthy trip began as a night flight out of L.A. in December, 1978. When I arrived at the airport an hour before the scheduled 11:00 departure, I learned that my

plane would not take off until midnight. That didn't bother me much. In fact, I considered myself lucky compared to my roommate—her plane had left two and a half hours late the day before, after we had driven frantically to the airport and run the length of LAX with her suitcases.

Since I was more than 30 minutes early, I had to get my boarding pass from the front ticket counter rather than at the gate. After waiting in line twenty minutes, I was mildly perturbed when the agent told me he could not give me a boarding pass. (The airplane problem had apparently confused either him or the computer.) He asked if I would like to check my luggage to Chicago anyway, and I saved myself some further hassle by insisting he check them through to Buffalo. Following his instructions, then, I headed to the assigned gate.

As I hiked down the long concourse, I happened to glance at a television screen filled with flight information. My flight was listed, but the scheduled departure time had been changed to 2 am. I realized that the three-hour delay

THE CALIFORNIA DREK

would cause me to miss my connection in Chicago, so I hurried into a line at the gate to make a new reservation for the second leg of the trip. In accordance with Murphy's law, as soon as I reached the front of the line, the gate assignment for my flight was changed.

I walked to the new gate and found a line which was moving very smoothly. Unfortunately, just as it was my turn to be served, the airline agent decided to take a coffee break and close that counter. I moved into yet another line, my patience beginning to wear thin. All that kept me from becoming truly annoyed was my post-finals fatigue. An airline supervisor was answering passengers' questions so I asked him if I would have a problem securing a seat on a later Chicago-Buffalo flight. After playing with a computer terminal for five minutes he returned to assure me that there were "plenty of seats on plenty of planes." Fifteen minutes later I made it to the front of the line and asked for a reservation on a later flight. The agent told me to wait until I arrived at O'Hare Airport to choose a flight. I saw no reason why I should not have the comfort of knowing that I had a seat on a plane to my final destination, but the agent refused to make me a new reservation because "we [the airline] don't know if you'll take off right at 2:00, so we can't be sure you won't miss another flight."

Since he would not listen to my argument (that they *never* know if a passenger's first flight will be delayed, and yet *always* take reservations for multi-leg trips), I took the boarding pass for the LA-Chicago flight and walked to a pay phone.

I called the airline's national reservation desk and explained that I would miss my early morning flight to Buffalo and therefore would need a reservation on a later flight. Surprisingly, I was told that virtually *all flights from Chicago to Buffalo the next day had been cancelled*. The first flight with an available seat left thirteen hours after I would arrive at the country's busiest airport—what an exciting time I could have! So then I explained that it was his airline's fault that I would miss my connection, so he was obligated to try all the carriers for a more convenient flight. "Where are you?" queried the confused man. After I explained where I was and the inaccuracies which I had been told,

Episode 6: Prince Charles and the Killer Foxes

In the morning, Prince Charles awakened, refreshed. Down below him, saying, a school of killer foxes had congregated, in anticipation of his descent. Drawing his sword, he pressed a small button concealed in the ornate grip of the sharply bladed weapon. Instantly, or actually almost instantly due to speed of light lag, the blade began to glow green, the forbidden green of the sorcery of antiquity. Prince Charles grinned; he hadn't been sure that the captive wandering spell would work in this region. This would be great fun. "Xelos," <The "X" is pronounced backwards, as if it were an 'sk'—Fantasy Writer's Guide to the Pronunciation of Obscure Magic Words, page 301> he whispered, and the sword tore itself from his grasp. Flying with astonishing speed, wielding itself with immaculate skill, the sword fought and killed fox after fox. Soon, it had destroyed or dispersed all of the beasts and Prince Charles was able to descend with the dignity befitting his station to reclaim his sword.

Sword in hand, the brave prince, having chased off the school of killer foxes, greeted the new day. Yawning and stretching, not in the manner of the civilized man but rather in the fashion of the relaxed yet dangerous jungle feline, Prince Charles glanced easily about at the carnage wrought by his enchanted weapon. Bleeding upon the forest loam lay the gutted bodies of the treacherous creatures. He gazed upon a fine one, a blond with blue eyes.

"Too bad," he said, "I could have used that one at least twice."

The prince sighed softly to himself, then cut off a hindquarter to munch upon for breakfast. Still nibbling upon the splendid repast, he trotted off through the unsafe forest trails: remembering his woodcraft, at all times he kept his senses at full alert that a forest predator not take him unawares.

the courteous man offered me a mere eleven hour wait at O'Hare. I suggested that perhaps I could fly through another city, and he came up with a morning flight to St. Louis with a good connection to Buffalo. He took my reservations and said to arrive at the airport an hour early the next day to have my ticket rewritten.

Back to Pasadena I went, hoping to catch a few hours of sleep. My parents loved it when I got back to Caltech at 2:00 am, PST, 5:00 EST, and called them to say I wouldn't be in at 9:00 as expected. My Dad offered some advice about looking into the "Denied Boarding" rules to see if I deserved any compensation for my trouble. I told him we could look into it later, for I was too tired to go to the airport early enough to argue.

After about three hours of sleep I began my journey again. I had no trouble getting to the airport, but when the agent rewrote my ticket he tried to charge me another \$40. I told him that he was crazy, that in fact I wished to see a copy of the "Denied Boarding Tariff" because I thought I was entitled to a free flight. The agent's supervisor was called over to hear my story. He promptly handed me the new ticket without charge, but said that I had voided my right to a free flight when I left the airport the previous night.

Believe it or not, the rest of my flight was uneventful. Of course, there was the mysterious fact that my father had driven to the airport that morning and picked up my luggage—it had not missed the connection in Chicago after all. Oh well.

Two weeks later I went to the airport for my flight back to L.A. I didn't expect any trouble, figuring I had had my share of airline misfortunes that month already. We boarded the plane on time, and my parents went home. Would they ever be surprised when I called ten hours later to say I was back in Buffalo and needed a place to stay. Another two day adventure had begun.

...to be continued next week. (Read about the brake line trouble, the weather, the gas, the missing flight engineer—all 100% true! Then tell me you've had more trouble on a single round trip flight, and your story will appear in the Tech, maybe even on the front page.)

SHAC Up!

The Student Health Advisory Committee (SHAC) is sponsoring a lecture on Depression and Related Topics by Mr. Lou Roberts, Director of Volunteer Services at the Suicide Prevention Center in Los Angeles. The speaker will review the goals and programs of the center and will discuss depression. A question and answer period will follow the talk.

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Sense or Bickering

FROM FIVE

vious that Dwayne David wants to eliminate all other short people from the face of the earth. Everyone knows that babies are very short people.

Dwayne is obviously very jealous of all the other perfect human beings in our country—in other words, he doesn't want to share the world with the rest of the master race (short people). He thinks that by killing off all the other short people, he will eventually rule supreme in a world filled with lanky, gawking bean poles like Bob "Fester" Lang. Dwayne is against capital punishment because he knows most of the prisoners on death row are tall people who like to slaughter short people. He hopes they will go out and murder more short people when they are released.

Bob "Squat-thrust" Lang obviously wants a world filled with tall Georgia Peach-brains like himself. He's against abortion because he wants babies to grow up into taller forms of life. He's against gun control and for capital punishment because he hopes short people will rush out and buy guns and slaughter each other. The survivors would be executed by the tall people because of the murderous acts they had performed.

Both of these men are from the Southeast. I believe the proper way to protect the world from their insidious plotting is to nuke the whole Southeast (to prevent any more Langs or Davids from cropping up), and to force them to read their own articles. This will undoubtedly cause severe brain damage and render them incapable of writing. (After all, I read their articles, and look what's happened to me!) —Joe Balke



News Flash: Caltech Biologists Develop Strain of E. coli which consumes 10⁷ times its weight in CAT.

Relax with the mellow sounds of...

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directing

The CALTECH WIND ENSEMBLE



Presented by the Caltech Y, ASCIT & GSC
-Friday, April 24, at NOON, on the Quad
-Bring a Friend!

Random Numbers

FROM FIVE

mainly to criminals and private individuals who desire a very low quality, low priced guns. The general gun-buying public, which has, by and large, supported Saturday Night Special legislation in the past, will be willing to spend the extra money, particularly if there is the reasonable expectation that

Wanna Counsel Peers?

Applications for Peer Counselor positions in the 1981-1982 academic year are available in the office of the Master of Student Houses. Deadline for submission of applications is 5 pm, May 11, 1981. Please submit applications and direct any inquiries concerning the program to: Dr. L. Bruce Kahl, Caltech Health Center, Mail code 1-8, phone x6393.

the purchased gun will be of high quality. The major stumbling block with this type of legislation is the actual definition of a "Saturday Night Special". The major worry among the gun owning and buying public is that a law which would ban "Saturday Night Specials" might be extended to cover all handguns and possibly all long guns as well. Thus, useful legislation that would prevent the manufacture and importation of cheap and hard to trace handguns is probably doomed to fail.

It is somewhat ironic that there has been such a furore generated over the assassination attempt on President Reagan concerning the gun that was used, a "Saturday Night Special". Saturday Night Specials are usually chambered for .22 caliber ammunition and a .22 bullet does not make a very large hole. The limited killing power of a .22 is clearly demonstrated by the fact that the alleged assassin used "poisoned" bullets, which are hardly found in the average sporting goods store. It is hardly probable that any type of successful black market would concern itself with .22 caliber

handguns. It is more probable that, had the gun used in the attempt against President Reagan's life been bought on a black market, it would have been of a caliber capable of greater destruction, like a .357 Magnum or a .45. Therefore, President Reagan is doubly lucky; not only was he not hit in the heart or head, where a .22 is capable of doing considerable damage, but he was also shot with a "Saturday Night Special" which shot a bullet so light and small that he wasn't even aware that he had been shot at the time. Had he been shot with a large caliber gun, he might not be alive today.

So how can we solve the problem of crime involving gun use? While registration might make it easier to trace stolen guns and also criminals who steal guns, it is not very probable that criminals would register their guns. Why should we saddle ourselves with another bureaucracy that would produce few benefits? As it is, anyone who is buying a gun or ammunition is asked to produce a piece of identification, his or her name is recorded, along with the "details" of the items sold and

the identification number. Every store that I have dealt with seemed to be very diligent about keeping these records both safe and up to date. These records are available to the police, FBI, and other law enforcement agencies when they are required to trace a gun or some ammunition. Perhaps it might be a good idea to improve these records but it would be very hard to install safeguards that would insure that a criminal could not give false identification.

So what do we do? I am not really sure. From history it seems clear that man has always been at his neighbor's throat, regardless of the weapon in his hands. Of

course, I am not thrilled by the prospect that there could be some nut in a dark alley somewhere waiting for me with a gun, regardless of the caliber of the gun. But then I am also not thrilled to know that I could be run over by an ice cream truck or killed by radioactive "fallout" from a defunct nuclear plant. Machine guns are very illegal in this country, as are bombs, but this does not seem to stop terrorists. Men will stop killing each other the day they all stop sinning and I don't expect to see that change brought about through the actions of man alone.

—Duncan G. Mahoney

LUTAN IS COMING!

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When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green.

Words: William Cullen Bryant
Photo: Ansel Adams



A Public Service
of This Newspaper &
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Bike Lane

Billie und Ich

Last week Ich gave some basic pointers for selecting a bike. Although Ich is a nice kid, he is kind of slow at times and his pointers may have made you indecisive. Well let me tell you, selecting a bike for a budget of under \$500 is not easy at all. This is because there are many varieties of bikes, each compromising between quality and cost in a different way.

Like any purchase, you should look to see exactly what you can find on the market. Some of you may do this by reading what has been written in periodicals. One source is the November 1980 *Consumer Reports* which rated 31 10-speed bikes in the \$150-\$250 range against three \$350 bikes. Although this report will seem like a comprehensive look at these bikes, the tests were not done by bikers. Therefore some of the information may be misleading. I suggest people also read Frank Berto and John Schubert's comments concerning the report in the March 1981 *Bicycling*. By the way, Frank Berto is a Tech alum and is indirectly responsible for making Throop site accessible to bikes. (Note: *Consumer Reports* are in Millikan and I have the *Bicycling*.)

One of the things pointed out by Mr. Berto which I strongly agree with is that the price range of \$150 to \$250 is a little low. It should be noted that the inflation and devaluation of the dollar raises the prices by about \$50 a year. This means that the bike you were planning to buy some months ago may be more expensive or would have degraded in quality. By the latter, I

mean that the same name would be applied to an inferior bike with the same price.

The best way to select a bike probably is to go around local bike shops and by word of mouth. It is also a good idea to find somebody with the bike that interests you and convince them into letting you take it on a test spin. This is mainly because most bikes will perform well when they are new but will not tell you how well things will hold up after a thousand miles or so.

Remember: you are selecting a bike that will give you years of enjoyment. You would be wasting your money otherwise.

When going around bike stores, remember to see how professional they are at

assembling the bikes and how concerned they are about you and your decision. Most people do not realize that bikes come into stores disassembled; this means that they are the ones who will make the final adjustments. You want the stores to have the facilities to properly build and adjust your bike so that the bike will handle properly and parts do not wear excessively.

A really nice store that I have visited is the "Temple City Bike Shop" on Las Tunas and Temple City. The store is basically family run and the owner's sons are serious bikers. They feature Miyata and SR bikes which I prefer to the Univegas you find at Cycle World on Huntington Drive. At Temple City you can also

ask about their cycling club which organizes bike trips, hikes, and 10% discounts on parts at the store.

Another major bike store in the immediate area that I am familiar with is the "John's Schwinn" on Rosemead. There you will find a lot more variety but many of the bikes are over most budgets. The prices there range from rip-offs to bargains so be careful.

When selecting a bike, keep in mind that some brands are more expensive on the West Coast than the East. This does not apply only to the European brands. I know that Fujis are about \$10 more here than N.Y. in general.

Well, so much for buying bikes....

Ich asks whether there is anybody out there wishing to buy an ultra-light racing rim, complete with hairline cracks.

If you are buying a bike, good luck, and for the others, happy riding.

- Billie Jane

Sports

Tech Whacks Off PCB's

By P.G. Hepzibah

Bobby Buck broke out of a hitting slump, getting three doubles and six runs batted in, helping lead the Caltech Beavers on to an 11-6 victory over Pacific Coast Bible College in recent Beaver baseball action. Brad Evans, pitching in his first college game, picked up the victory.

Buck doubled in Steve Haustad and Armand Capote (each of whom had singled) to give Caltech a 5-5 tie in the fifth inning. Buck then scored on a two base hit by Chris Burak. Tech broke the game wide open in the sixth inning as Buck, Burak, Howard Kong and Doug MacKenzie each had hits to lead a five run onslaught. Brad Evans and Doug Shors also had hits for Caltech.

In an earlier game P.C.B.C. beat Caltech 4-2 in a heartbreaker for Doug MacKenzie who pitched a great game giving up only one earned run. Steve Havstad singled in Doug Shors to tie the game at two runs apiece, but a pair of hits and a few errors made a loser of the Beavers as Pacific Coast B.C. scored the deciding two runs in the fifth inning. C.I.T. is now 2-19.

some rights, including the right of way, but there are some major inefficiencies created in traffic flow patterns. Couldn't the pedestrians collect at the corner while they allow a car or two to turn, and then cross the street together? (Believe it or not, we've seen it done!)

Let's move on to other forms of transportation. Considering the sunny weather here, surprisingly few people ride bicycles. Perhaps smog keeps people off bikes. Then again, maybe it's just that not everyone can afford the helmet, gloves, and long black bicycling shorts that are apparently required by law or fashion.

How do people get around town? First of all, remember that the "city" (we use the term loosely by Eastern standards) of Los Angeles is sixty miles across. Mass transit is virtually non-existent, so that leaves the Californian's pride and joy—cars and freeways.

Nowhere else is there such a system. Freeways going everywhere, all of them busy, in both directions, all the time. Five-hour-long morning and evening rush "hours". Three to seven lanes of traffic to drive in, with no constraining rules like "slower traffic keep right" to keep traffic moving orderly and efficiently. (Do So. Californians understand the phrase "Life in the fast lane?")

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 11**

L.A.-N.Y. Connection Disclosed

Dichotomy

By Bert and John

"L.A. Sucks!" proclaims a popular button sold in N.Y. City. When asked what was so bad about Los Angeles, the vendor had no reply—he had never even been west of the Mississippi! Regional prejudices run rampant these days, even among the supposedly intelligent and worldly Caltech undergraduate population. No Californian wants to live in the East, "where all the states are small and crowded together" (according to expert Californian, reflector-sunglasses-and-all, Grace Mah). No New Englander would consider moving to Texas. And nobody wants to move to Buffalo! Well, fear not, fans, the truth about cultural differences among regions is at your fingertips.

We authors have lived on both coasts (and even some places in between), and would like to share our observations of the differences that exist. To start off slowly, we'll consider differences in climate. Everyone mentions climate as a valid reason for preferring Southern California to the northeastern states—it's so

much warmer here. What Southern Californians seem to forget, however, is that their seasons are horribly confused because of their lovely weather. We all recognize spring as that time when flowers and trees blossom and grow. In most of the northern hemisphere, that occurs in March, or thereabouts. Well, in So. California, that happens in October or November, when all the plants burned out by the heat and drought of summer finally come back to life. And speaking of drought and lack of water, I'm sure everyone has experienced the joy of running barefoot through a grassy expanse in So. California, only to mangle a foot on one of those wonderful conveniences, the sprinkler head. In fairness to So. California, we must point out that there is never the uncomfortable level of humidity here that much of the east coast experiences throughout the summer. Then again, humidity has never kept anyone from seeing the buildings of New York City from the Watchung Hills 40 miles to the west—can that be said of smog and the

mountains five miles north of Pasadena?

A Southern Californian need not worry about smog obscuring his view of beauty, though, for there are only a few days a year when he is unable to look out a kitchen window to a yardful of exotic flora and fauna. We authors have yet to figure out how children can play ball on a backyard of "ground cover"—the vinyl stuff that looks like it belongs on a brick building in the East. Can mothers out here skillfully remove cactus thorns from little fingers the way mothers back East remove splinters? Is it possible to jump into a pile of palm fronds after having raked them? Ah, but not to despair—who would use a rake, anyway, when a shoulder-mounted gas-engine blower can do the job so well? There is one possible explanation as to why such energy-wasting, polluting, lazy-man's devices were invented: who could think of raking a yard without the customary reward of drinking a cool beer in the shade of an oak tree? Palm trees simply don't make it as real trees.

We don't want to dwell too long on such points, however, so let's move on to the source of much Southern California pride, the beach. The beach is part of a way of life for many people on both coasts. And

everyone who's spent any time at the beach knows about boardwalks. (Where would the Monopoly players of the world be without them?) Well, someone must have forgotten to tell So. Californians how boardwalks work. In the East, there are no "No Roller Skating on Boardwalk" signs around; then again, there are no concrete boardwalks to skate on. Moving down to the actual sand now, let's spread out our blankets and lie down, gazing out at the surf, the sea gulls, and if we're in So. California, the oil derricks. Ah, what a majestic sight!

Now, let's consider how to get to the beach, or the grocery store, or whatever. No matter where you live some form of transportation is needed. Traveling in Southern California is very different from getting around back East.

Every transplanted Easterner has made the mistake of crossing a California street in New York style—timing his steps to move him precisely through the spaces between cars—only to be scared when a car slams on its brakes, completely unnecessarily, a hundred yards up the street. That same Easterner is equally shocked when he is driving his car and finds that pedestrians here are never even taught to watch for turning cars. It's commendable that the pedestrians have been given

Sams the Man

Thunderbirds Fine, Fine, Fine

Perkins Palace hosted the Fabulous Thunderbirds last Friday night, and it was quite a show. Or rather, *experience*: the band was red hot, the theatre was o.k., and the management proved to be flaming assholes of the first magnitude. I arrived while the warm-up band was still playing, and having an extra ticket I tried to sell it out front. I had a sale arranged (\$7.50 ticket in the fifth row center for \$6.00) but the ticket window person wouldn't give me change for ten bucks so I could complete the deal "We only have change for people buying tickets". Then some hypothalmic defective geek about seven feet tall came outside to hassle me about "scalping". I started out on the wrong track by assuming that he would have some semblance of intelligence. This proved to be a hopeless misreading of character, as he threatened me anyway—even after I explained that I was selling the ticket for less than I paid for it. Reason was obviously of no interest to this mental midget, so I had to resort to accosting people a block away. I finally dumped this prime seat for four bucks, and headed inside to get a cure for my (by now) serious case of cottonmouth only to find watered down, ice filled cokes going for \$1.00 each. Ah, fuck you, you sleaze bags!

The bile was rising as I stepped into some strange kind of time warp. "I haven't seen bands this bad since high school," I mused as "Tonio K", the alleged "warm-up band" displayed such awesome lack of talent I was torn between laughter and disgust. I tried the humorous approach "enjoy this while you can, bands this bad don't come around very often"—but that wore out after about ten minutes. It was just too damn loud and too serious to be funny. The lead singer (Tonio?) lurched about in a pathetic attempt to be Peter Wolfe (complete with sunglasses), while the rest of the band adopted the standard heavy rock legs apart-lean back-hitchthatfuckingguitarashardasyoucan stance. In an act of self mercy I retreated to the lounge and hunkered down until they had the sense to quit playing. Or maybe they didn't know any more songs (I maintain that they didn't know any at all). Who can say?

The Thunderbirds came on shortly afterwards, and in spite of all the ragged edges I had on me from earlier, within ten minutes I had been transported to a never-never land where spats, DA's, and bowling shoes were maximum hip. Kim Wilson's soulful wailing on harp, and growling, authoritative voice brought the blues-rockin' days alive again. Jimmie Vaughan's guitar was smooth and unhurried—each note flowed from the last. Instead of the vegetable trilling and flashy fingerwork of heavy metal guitarists, Jimmie kept the sound smooth and lyrical, yet plenty gritty—each solo was an object lesson in rhythmic progressions. The Bassist, Keith Ferguson, stood

—Bruce W. Sams III

nonchalantly plunking out a heavy but not oppressive bottom line that suited the band to a "T". Throughout it all Mike Buck kept a driving beat on the drums. Smilin' all the while: no pretentious "heavy duty" drummer image, just unself-conscious talent and enjoyment.

The band ran through a set of originals and covers that left those of us who danced gasping for breath. Particularly hot were "Scratch My Back", and "You Ain't Nothin' But Fine". I guess that just about sums up the Thunderbirds—Fine, Fine, Fine.

—Bruce W. Sams III

Who Losing?

In Rock and Roll there are few survivors. Most burn out in two or three years. But the Who are of that rare breed that hasn't surrendered totally to the overproduced garbage that Los Angeles has pioneered so disgracefully. I suppose that's what makes *Face Dances* such a disappointment. By and large it's a collection of unmotivated and unoriginal schlock songs with little to distinguish them but the rock-solid voice of Daltrey and the professional musicianship of the band.

Here there is no "Magic Bus", no windmill chops, and worst of all—nothing to say. All this with two exceptions: the work of Entwistle. It's rather ironic that the least known and (on stage, at least) quietest of the performers should write the best material on the album. After three trivial openers on side one I was ready to give up, till Entwistle's "The Quiet One" saved me. There's something fundamentally dark, twisted, and almost Satanic about his work; this is no exception. The frenetic pace never halts or slows—like a steamroller the song moves inexorably, yet without a real story line. Just an anytime, anyplace occurrence. Entwistle avoids one pitfall of the record as a whole: excess verbiage.

"It only takes two words to blow you away"

On the flip side, Entwistle's "You" is the sole redeemer. It has not only an interesting twist to an old theme, but a catchy hook phrase as well. "Save me—Save me
I'm going down for the last time
Save me—Save me
Somebody throw me a life line
Save me, I'm burning"

In all, I find it hard to believe that *Face Dances* is representative of the real Who. Despite British production this is a modern Tin Pan Alley (Hollywood/L.A.) at its worst. It's not reasonable to expect *Live at Leeds* every time, but this is certainly way below par for one of the last survivors of that great era when England's music ruled the world.

April 17, 1981 — Read the editorial in the *Tech*, and had to write a response. In about an hour, I had a letter:

Dear editor (or rather, slanderer):

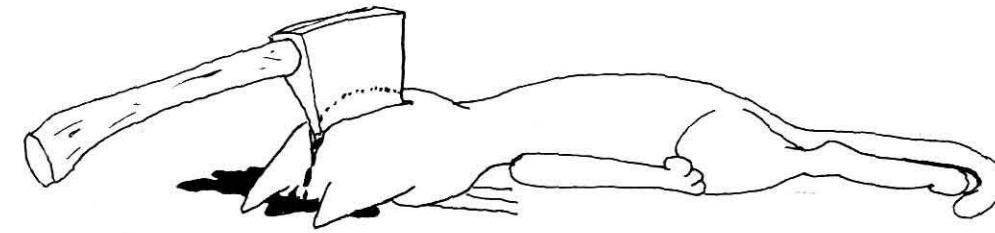
Concerning last week's editorial, I must vehemently disagree with your view of "The Diary". What you claim to be KVTK is actually a half-hearted attempt to bring idealism into Caltech. Being an idealist is so hard here, for people just don't seem to care, shut away in their own little unreal worlds of trolling and selfishness. However, once in a while, there are the little things which indicate that idealism is not dead, only dormant. For instance, extracurricular activities, such as being on a student-faculty committee, writing for fun, or even flicking with friends at the Coffeeshop, are all decent ways to get your mind off the drek you go through every day. Let your

mind wander to a world where there is no trouble, no pain, and then work towards it; that's the essence of idealism. Idealism comes in different forms, from nascent wanderlust to actual involvement. Of course, it must be tempered with reality once in a while so you can check your progress.

That's why articles like "The Mind Shop" (which is what "The Diary" is based on) are so pertinent; the ideas which spawned the articles are present in everyone, in differing modes of expression. Stuart and I choose to write ours; others may sing or act or dance. The important point is the motivating force behind

The Diary

—Terrence Furutani



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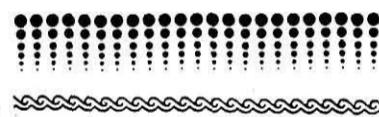
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L.A.N.Y.pu**FROM NINE**

Of course, there are "diamond" lanes, which effectively widen the shoulder of the road because no one would ever strain his car engine by driving with three or more passengers. And let's not forget the wonderful "freeway condition" signs which usually say such enlightening things as "Have a nice day" or "Use route 101 to Bakersfield." (Famous soccer goalie/rock star Ann Rosenthal is said to have spent weeks trying to find the definition of an "axle truck" and figuring out how the driver of one was supposed to know if there were already 4 on the freeway.) Actually, the condition of the roads here is excellent. Amounts of money that must be spent to fight Eastern weather are matched by Californian funds to install those nifty reflective "bumpies" where we're used to seeing painted lines, and 'sound walls' where mere guard rails stand back East. Now if only some money would be spent on improving the green signs which supposedly guide the driver of a car. Is it too much to ask that signs tell the highway number and the compass direction of each freeway? Everyone doesn't necessarily know that "Foothill" means "210" and "San Bernardino" means "East", let alone what "San Pedro" means. (Where is San Pedro, anyway?) A driver shouldn't be expected to "sense" a left exit coming, whether to avoid getting off at the wrong place or to prepare

to exit at the right spot. (Is the left exit onto the Pasadena Freeway from Interstate 10 designed to keep New Yorkers away from Caltech?) One last question relating to transportation: is Interstate 210 called the 210 (and highway 101 called the 101, etc.) so that it won't have an identity crisis and require trips to an analyst?

Finally, no survey of cultural differences would be complete without some mention of food. An Easterner in So. California would be mortified to find delicacies such as real Italian ices, Yodels, Devil Dogs, chestnuts, regular-sized Charleston Chews and cinnamon-flavored Chiclets unobtainable. Somehow kiwis, mangos and avocados just don't cut it as replacements. And no comparison of foods would be complete without the mention of pizza. At first we had trouble accepting the California method of brushing sauce onto pizza rather than ladling it. It was bothersome to have to ask for extra sauce (and still not get a reasonable amount), but we were able to grin and bear it until our first visit to a *Numero Uno* pizza parlor. There *no* pizza sauce is used—small chunks of tomato are used instead. We'll admit that the stuff isn't bad—it just shouldn't be confused with real pizza. Our shocking pizza ex-



periences did not end with that first *Numero Uno* trip. Since then we've gasped at the sight of pizza being cut into *square slices*, and watched in awe as people request and eat ham on their pizza. Certainly the worst experience we have had was watching a Techer from Huntington Beach munching away on pizza with chunks of pineapple on it! It's surprising that the mafia hasn't rectified those situations yet.

Well, we have reached the end of our tour through the differences in Northeastern and Southwestern United States culture. Each of you lucky readers can even keep this handy reference for future use. Should you or your friends wish to purchase additional copies, you may do so by sending 50¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

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O.J. Baxart**FROM ONE**

I think I first knew that my judgement was some lacking when I decided to make fresh-squeezed orange juice. I was 7:30 am and I had been up all night. I was just sitting there minding my own business when a sudden attack of the munchies caught me unprepared. So, armed with a saga orange and my swiss nerd knife, I proceeded to half fill a wine glass with seeds, pulp, rind chunks, my fingers, and a small amount of orange goo which I assumed to be that precious nectar which I sought.

As I crushed each quarter of the orange, I reminded myself that the whistles, pops, and whines coming from the fruit were just, after all, the sound of the juices gushing out

**continued
on page 12**

and was immediately disappointed. There was a sparse, haphazardly-arranged collection of objects before me. Was this what I had so keenly anticipated? Then I noticed that it was an installation day. "Maybe that's why the gallery seems so hostile," I thought to myself. Two days later when I returned, I discovered that the installation was the interesting part of the exhibit. I also learned that the way bad art is grouped with bad art is of no importance. Rooms with sand-piles have no discernible effect on rooms hung with tattered paint tarps. Dyeing the sand bright colors and solar burning the tarps does not make art. My recommendation is to avoid Baxter Art Gallery until after the exhibit closes June 28.

—Lisa Grenier

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***** * stuff that didn't f O.J. *****

Career Seminars Continue

The Caltech Y and the Gnome Club will continue their series of career counseling seminars with "Careers in Biology and Bioengineering" this Wednesday, April 29 at 7:30 pm in the Y Lounge. The purpose of these seminars is to draw Caltech students together with alumni and other noted professionals to discuss career possibilities in areas of interest to students. This seminar will focus on the opportunities available to Caltech students in such fields as biology research, bioengineering, genetic engineering, and medicine.

Featured guests will be Richard J. Bing, M.D., Director of Experimental Cardiology and Scientific Development at the Huntington Institute of Applied Medical Research and Charles R. Hamilton, Ph.D. '64, research associate in biology here at Caltech. Both speakers bring with them a wealth in experience and have much to offer anyone with interest in these fields. Plan to attend this Wednesday night.

Seven-House Party

Come meet next year's freshmen women at a seven-house party this Saturday on the grassy area between Gates and Dabney. Music will be provided between the hours of 9

pm and I am by Front Seat. There will be a cash bar run by Dabney House and free beer and soft drinks will be provided.

A Night At The Waltzes

The Collegiate Symphony Orchestra of Caltech and Occidental College will present "A Night in Old Vienna", tonight, 8:15 pm in Freeman Hall, Occidental College. The strains of waltzes and polkas will fill the air throughout the evening. Such favorites as "The Blue Danube", "The Emperor Waltz", and "Wine, Women, and Song" will be performed. Everyone is invited to come and dance. Guest soloists will also perform arias from such popular operettas as "Die Fledermaus" and "The Merry Widow". Semi-formal attire is encouraged. Admission is free.

Elusive Trails

That hot, Caltech rock and roll band, Elusive Trails, is back for their last two shows of the 80-81 school year. Catch them live at the Coffeehouse, starting at 8:30 pm (free beer while it lasts), and see them in Dabney Gardens on Sunday, April 26th at 3 pm. There will be a no-host bar and a variety of refreshments to highlight your viewing (and listening) enjoyment.

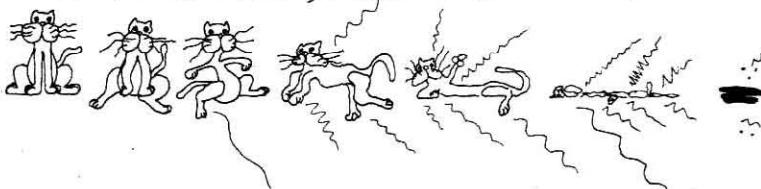
FROM ELEVEN
onto my hands and desk top, and that last little sigh was just the skin ripping...

I'm a pacifist at heart, and as I drank the concoction I happened to gaze down at my knee, and after a few minutes, I noticed I was bleeding - but I don't know how I got that way! Has that ever happened to you? Like my friend, he got cut in half, right across the belly-button, and her didn't know it until some runny-nosed little brat on his mother's leash pointed and said "Look mommy, that boy is cut in half!" It was really funny and my friend just laughed to death...

Oh yea, my orange juice. Any way, I finished off the last of it and proceeded to clean the glass. I set out across my room and found my way eventually to my sink which I affectionately call, the autoclave. My sink is truly unique. It is the only one that I've ever come across that has discrete temperatures that differ by over 80% C. I cleaned the glass and found my way back to my desk only to find that I'd missed almost half of my 10:00 class. So, in an effort to make use of the rest of the day, I found my chair and after dinner wrote the account that you are reading now.

- The Bohemian

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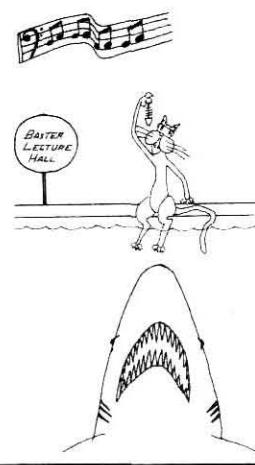


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