

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

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

A Dumb Paper for a Smart Place

This Issue in Two Sexes

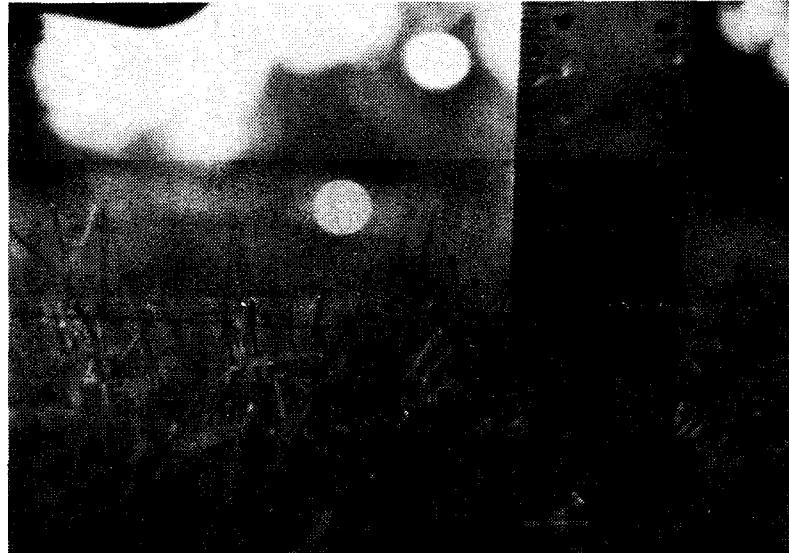


Friday, June 14, 1985

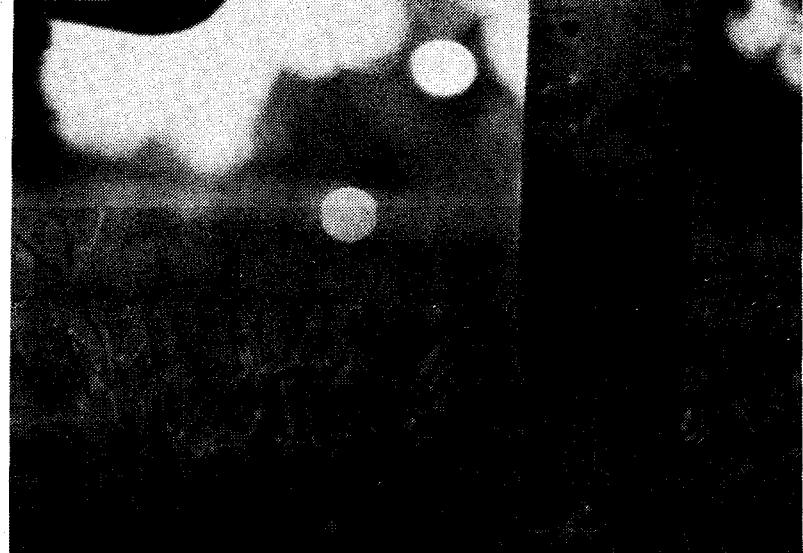
GRASS

*God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on thy heart!*

—Edna St. Vincent Millay



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



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



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



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

Photographs by Ron Gidseg

By Rachel Tension

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

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

continued on page 6

GET IT STRAIGHT, DOPE

Gee, Beanie, there's something that's been bothering me for a long time. I mean, I've really been losing sleep over it. I've asked my friends, but neither of them knows either, and this question has really begun to take over my life. Just last week I was walking down the street, obsessed with this question that's been squatting in my mind like an ugly houseguest who won't go away, and I was run down by a bus. I used to have a dog, a real sweet dog (she was a German Shepherd), but you see there's this question that I can't answer and I could think of nothing else for such a long time and now she's run away and I'm all alone. I think they're going to turn off the gas and electricity in my apartment sood. I'm not even sure where I am anymore. Please, Beanie, you've got to help me.... —Jack Cheddar, Pacoima

You know, Jack, you should feel really lucky that I even consented to read your cheesy letter. Few of the Teeming Millions seem to realize just how busy Uncle Beanie is. Considering that I possess, or have access to, the sum total of knowledge in the entire Universe, it really is a stunning act of charity that I pause a moment from my reflections to put pen to paper and give you the benefit of my years of study. Really, Jack, you are rather the pathetic wimp, now, hmm? Beanie would like to help you with your little problem but you, Jack, sound like you need more than he is willing to give you. To be sure, I am a fully trained psychotherapist, but there a just so many other things to be done. Besides, everybody knows the answer is that pumpkins actually don't have hair. So toodle-oo, Jack!

Beanie, I'm gonna be real straightforward and just start right off—no ifs, ands, or buts about it—and ask my question. Okay, here goes: when the steps disappear at the top of the escalator (or the bottom) where do they go? —Mr. Science, Pasadena

And I thought you had all the answers! Okay, Mr. Science, this is it: you know how most buildings have a storage shed on the roof, and some storage room in the basement? Well, the reason not all buildings do is that not all buildings have escalators. You see, during the day, a whole bunch of dwarves trudge up and down the staircases, carrying the escalator steps that fall off the ends. There's a whole big pile of them on the roof and in the basement at the end of each day.

But where do the steps come from, you wonder. The answer is obvious: at night, the dwarves move the piles of steps that came off the top of the "up" escalators to the space at the top of the "down" escalators, where they will be used in the morning. I'll leave it to you to figure out where the steps for the "up" escalators come from.



Gee, Beanie, I really need your advice fast so I can pay my rent. I've heard that to get a good job you have to show that you can get along with people and provide references and such. I don't know any people so I'm wondering if I would be smart to bring my dog Fred. He likes me a lot and even will listen to me if I don't yell so he can show that I have management potential. The only problem I can see is that he isn't house-broken and he sheds constantly but then so do I.... —Frank Ferguson, Freemont

While it is a rat race out there in the real world and many bosses are animals, Fred will not be a valid reference. He is a member of your family and he can not answer the phone. You should not bring him to an interview because he will probably get the job instead of you. Bye, Fred.

—UNCLE BEANIE

Letters

Watch Yo Ass

To the editors:

My client and I have just been informed of your intention to publish a parody of the *L. A. Weekly* as your June 14, 1985 issue. We wish to let you know that the *L. A. Weekly*, its logo, departments, writing, writers, and innumerable fashion advertisements are all *fully copyrighted*, and any attempt at reproducing, mimicking, parodying, or poking fun at any or all of the above-mentioned features will be met with immediate, effective terrorist retaliation, as well as a cover story detailing our plight.

Go pick on somebody with less clout—or we'll, *see you in the slammer, buddy!*

—Lew Snod
Legal counsel to
the *L. A. Weekly*

True Compassion

To the editors:

Steve Nebbit's article "The Girls of the *L. A. Weekly*" was one of the most touching, insightful pieces of journalism I've ever read. Nebbit's compassion for these hapless women, who have nothing better to do between deadlines than languidly try on lingerie or twine strands of pearls through each others' pubic hair, shines through each Vaseline picture, every ghostwritten confession. How can I reach these destitute, ennuied women and bring hope to their lives?

—Leo Tolstoy
El Centro

Editor's note: Pending litigation by the *L. A. Weekly*, we must leave your query unanswered. Call us in a few weeks, or, better yet, call 976-HOTT.

—Suzie Peroxide
Venice

Good Riddance

To the editors:

It is with hands trembling with fury and righteous indignation. In your issue of 5/31/85, the headline reading "Lemur—Patties or What?" was a measurable 0.0036 degrees out of alignment. What is more, Mr. Richard Matzoh's article contains numerous misspellings, such as "cuz", "wouldja", "nuff", and "pomes". My wife and I are appalled at the bestial, pus-laden pit of shoddiness into which your previously acceptable paper has now plummeted. We have resolved not only to never again read your rag, but to burn all copies of it on sight.

—Mr. and Mrs.
D. X. Sheddersburgh
Fairfax

—Mr. and Mrs.
D. X. Sheddersburgh
Fairfax

—Mr. and Mrs.
D. X. Sheddersburgh
Fairfax

Bemusing Beaver

To the editors:

I read "The Angriest Beaver in the World" last week and it didn't make any sense. Can someone explain the joke to me?

—Robo Ferrett
Encino

Editor's note: Bill Banks is presently in the Gobi Desert, filming *Dune Messiah*, and is unavailable for comment.



RIVET

June 14, 1985 The Only One

PUBLISHER
Associated Students
of the California Institute
of Technology, Inc.

EDITOR
Matt Rowe
ARTS EDITOR
Peter Alfke
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR
John Fourkas
PHOTO EDITOR
Ron Gidseg

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Diana Foss • Josh Susser
Jed Lengel

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Jed Lengel
ADVERTISING COORDINATOR
Jed Lengel
FILM ADVERTISING
Jed Lengel
MOVIE ADVERTISING
Jed Lengel
CINEMA ADVERTISING
Jed Lengel
POTATO ADVERTISING
John Fourkas

ART DIRECTOR
J. R. "Bob" Dobbs
PRODUCTION MANAGER
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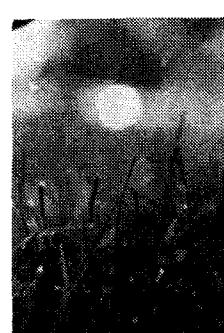
VERIGOOD

Subscriptions are not available to anyone, but you can pay me \$50 and I'll think about it. PLEASE NOTE: This paper arrived a week or so after the last *California Tech*. That means we're trying to pass classes. You do want a paper next year, don't you? Please allow a minimum of eight weeks for fulfillment of your every desire.

No postage paid. We're not mailing this to your parents or anything—do it yourself. The *Rivet* is not in any way connected with the *California Tech*, despite the amazing similarity of our staff and theirs.

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art: BAXART'S NEXT EXHIBITION

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

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

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

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

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

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

-Owen Bukaru

courtesy Museum of Modern Art

courtesy JPL

courtesy Rachel Tension

courtesy Owen Bukaru

The Look of Caltech

art: THE RIVET STAFF



Art Openings

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

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

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

photograph by Bert Koellner

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

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

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

-J. R. "Bob" Dobbs



GRASS

continued from page 1

And then a week later Mom would get a concerned look on her face and say, "Dear, then lawn is a foot tall..." "Hardly any taller than Junior is. Besides, the bases are loaded." Ah, those wonderful days of youth. Let's face it, tall grass is almost a constitutional right. In fact, we have it on good authority that the ACLU is preparing to take a test case to court in order to ensure this right. Why then, in this supposed bastion of Americanism, the college, is the lawn cut so short? It seemed to us that something was rotten in the state of Denmark, so we decided to investigate. Here we will give the results of this investigation.

(in Tahiti) for two weeks. When we tried to reach him after his expected date of return, we found that he had again left town, this time for a Daihatsu meeting in the Swiss Alps. Three weeks later he had returned, but was "unavailable for comment due to a heavy work load."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Needless to say, all of this vacation time made us a bit suspicious. While Mr. Doe was in Switzerland, we talked to hundreds of students. Not one of them could describe Mr. Doe! We decided that it was high time for some heavy investigative reporting action.

to realize my ambition of frolicking in chest high grass. I plan to realize this ambition by my ninth year as an undergraduate here."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Bill and his friends have amassed voluminous amounts of evidence that there is a terrible conspiracy at foot at Caltech. Consider these facts:

- Mr. Doe has received three letters from Whisper Chipper in the last two months.
- B&G has purchased five small Daihatsu vehicles in the past six months.
- Several of the vehicles have "disappeared" over the last few years.

B&G? Indeed so. We strongly believe that the upper echelon of B&G is addicted to a bizarre form of "bumper cars." That's right, with Daihatsu vehicles. Because of the perverted tastes of some members of B&G, the students must suffer.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

But the conspiracy doesn't stop here. Consider the mail from Whisper Chipper. It seems likely that Mr. Doe is taking kickbacks from the company for buying outlandish amounts of their equipment. Why? In order to buy gas and batteries for the bumper cars, of course.

Even more terrifying are Mr. Doe's Moral Majority and faculty connections. We suspect that he is taking bribes

from each group to tread upon students freedoms. The Moral Majority, of course, wishes to put a halt to frolicking. The faculty is even more devious. They wish the students to get little sleep, so that exam scores will be low. Thus, the faculty members may satisfy their sadistic appetites for giving bad grades.

We brought these matters to the attention of Dr. Marvin Goldberger, the President of Caltech. Not only did he refuse to take our allegations seriously, but he claimed to have more important matters to contend with (such as the closing of the art galleries.) The Pasadena Police Department, the FBI, and the CIA similarly ignored us. They must all be in on the conspiracy. Will anybody help the students?

"We can now make great slews of potentially interesting and valuable mutants to screen," said Dr. Richards.

Thus, late one night we tapped Mr. Doe's phone. We also planted a spy in the Caltech mail room to intercept Mr. Doe's mail. Amazingly enough, we managed to break Mr. Doe's phone so that he could not use it, and our mail room employee was fired the first day of work for drinking on the job. It was about this time that "Bill" (his real name is a secret which we are not about to divulge) contacted us.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

A blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another.

—Samuel Johnson

Bill is not your average Caltech student. No indeed, Bill is *concerned*. He is concerned about having tall grass. Because of this, Bill and a few special friends have formed a secret society to do something about the lawns of Caltech: the

- Some wrecked Daihatsu vehicles have been seen in various junkyards around the Los Angeles area.
- Strange noises often emanate from the Caltech Physical Plant.
- B&G has a large amount of minority employees.
- Mr. Doe has eaten lunch with several prominent faculty members.
- Mr. Doe has strong ties with the local Moral Majority.

Although we have not seen any direct proof of any of these facts, many of them are "well-known" around Caltech. Also, Bill has promised to take his proof out of his safety deposit box and show it to me as soon as he is sure that he can trust me. Personally, I have no doubts that Bill and his friends are sincere. But let us take a look at the terrible conspiracy which these facts point to.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.

Isaiah 40:6

Consider the following scenario: B&G hires many poor illegal immigrants for slave wages. Because they have hired so many of them, they must find jobs for them. Thus the lawn is mown practically every day. Of course, since heavy machinery is used for this, many mechanics must be hired. Why hire so much cheap labor? It's simple really. An illegal immigrant need only be paid \$2.00 an hour, while anyone else would insist on \$8.00 to \$10.00 an hour. Thus, for every cheap worker hired, B&G saves \$6.00 to \$8.00 per hour, or about \$50 per day. Obviously, the more people they can hire, the more money they will save. Thus, with 100 cheap workers, Mr. Doe can save \$5000 per day.

Where does this money go? Could it possibly go into buying Daihatsus? Could this have anything to do with the strange noises coming from



Bill, a CLOGS member who wishes to remain anonymous
sophisticated university in the country often speak of "ghosts"?

The people in charge of lawns at Caltech are the Building and Grounds Division, known as "B&G." This paper attempted to get an interview with the man in charge of this division, one Mr. John Doe. Mr. Doe was apparently out of town at a Whisper Chipper convention

Coalition for Long and Overgrown Grass. Bill and his buddies are known as CLOGS.

What motivated Bill to perform this courageous task? "Well, when I was young I lived in Modesto. As you probably know, Modesto is a very large city. Well, I lived in an apartment with my parents, and we didn't have any lawn. I used to spend my nights dreaming of college, where I would be able

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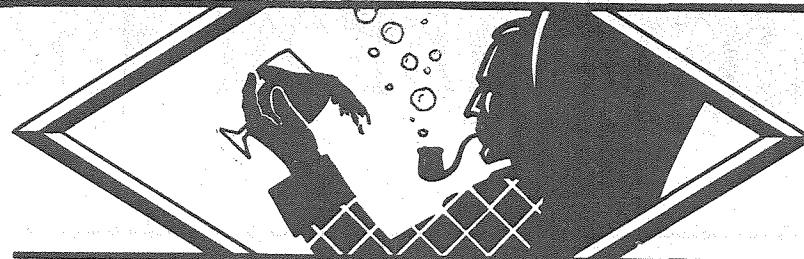


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Richard Matzoh

I'm So Fuckin Cool

Wuz gonna lay some new pomes on you, real *real* good ones, we're really talkin' *serious literary craft* here, yunnerstan', but my honest & truly t'God EDTER sez *ixnay* to that—stid he's giving me 2 cases of Amirica's FINEST lager brew to pour on the creative juices inside muh brainz and produce a *staggeringly honest* look at life (& death, I hope) in this BITCHEN

HELLHOLE—viewed thru the *finest* paper in God's Universe—which means, o'course, that it won't have a *pubescent weasel's ass* to do with so-called real-life shit. There's sure-as-hell some ol' coot behind the curtain—it's just me reading thru the old back issues of the TECH & reporting on zactly what I find therein—no more no less. Keep this in mind O gentle reader!!

1st of all we're gonna *totally ignore* isshue #1, cuz we have no back issues of it—seems the POLEMIC people took 'em all so's to keep impressionable minds from readin' what they had to spew.

Onwards—(on words—toldja I was a POET)—we see fair debate fairly *raging* in the letters col. We got Julian West calling *Penthouse* dirty, and some guy accusing some other guy of conspiring to screw up the NATIONAL ee-lections. Really the Pitts. Then the Unnergrad Wimmins' Grup starts up and gets laffs for saying that women don't need to be with guys all the time. Oh yeah—& someone complained about H'n SS again. Hell—I was too busy *gettin laid* to take any of that—and can you tell? It takes a talent like mine to write the pomes I do. . . . but then we got *Notes From Here*, with Mike Chwe telling us we're not *intellectual* enough, as well as the Gadfly telling us that we're not enough like USC. Thus doubly assaulted, the Administration recalled the "Truth Shall Make Ya Free" slogan on the Tech logo, while Gary Lorden got shuffled into the Dean's office under the assumption that since he's a math guy too, no one would notice the difference. N.b.: that the Tech staff found out and broke the story on PAGE ONE. The Gadfly asked "Do We Care" and we said *hell no, Lily!*

The Inside World reveals the usual advantages being taken of the frosh—worst being a heretofore unprecedented 48-min. rmpick in Ricketts. Class of '88 quickly figures out what's expected of them, though—various and sundry figures in the more upper classes are ponded. Meanwhile, jr-turned-soph Matt Rowe begins writing Buckaroo Reviews for the selfsame rag I hold here in my grubby hands—and demonstrates an ability to spin a right mean phrase whilst (gawd forbid) stealing all his section titles from David Byrne. Rowe is so impressed, he becomes a lit. maj.

BaxArt opens a whaddycall "Search for a Regional Architec-

ture," doubtless sensing that the archi. it currently occupies will soon get pulled out from underneath its own figurative feet. And in 2 attacks of *deja vu*, more CLAGS posters get torn down, and Whang, Ken 82196 returns from beyond th'grave to tell us all to get up & leave Caltech en veritable masse. Sadly, L. Wu respondeth not save to admit that she's "Feelin' Groovy."

Showing signs of strain after 4 12-page isshs, the Tech begs for help from aforementioned impressionable frosh. An attempt at such comes from non-frosh Santosh Krishnan, whose football col. gobbles oh, say 6" of space. More to come on aforesaid col., you bet! Meanwhile, another *Polemick* is found shivering inside. Wading thru reveals actual *real* peoples opinions—Joel Hamkins writes (not to MY permanent surprise) about What Libertarianism Means to Me, whilst our own J. West beats everyone 2 to punch 'n' writes about World Affairs—outside the USofA, he means.

SCANDAL to boot—the Admin. slips Bernie Santarsiero into the new job of Deputy MOSH—bowing to unprecedented public clamor, Bernie vows to decide what the job entails. No slouch, he begins a massive fact-finding tour of student dinners. Heavy beyond-the-grave action as campus *thing-that-would-not-die*, EPS, veritable JASON of Fri. 13th fame, tells us all how to violate our Patent agreements.

Football. Oh, yeah, football. Caltech's concession to the "man's sport" scores *yea righteous* points, lights bonfires, 'n' wins HOMECOMING. Many students—I kid you not—paid more brain cells to aforementioned S. Krishnan's lack of accuracy in Nat'l football predictions, viz. his Score w/ Santosh col. Mr. K retaliates by nuking the column... or wuz it the SUPER DUPER BOWL that tipped him off to the coming passeness of the sport?? Most of us paid more attention to Interhouse, tho all we had left after the 13-yr-olds downed the rest of our beer wuz the spectacular pix in the Tech. Clue: *lotsa people danced*.

Ending the old year in style, some guy gets *real* astute-like & prints this book on how Orwell's 1984 was a code—the Tech boosts stratospherically its own journalistic credibility and runs the ad full-page. Not 2 be outdone, our own boffo- (nay, mega-) prof Dick Feynman prints his tome and gives our own paper 1st rights to print long x-erpts on p.1. Jubilation extends foremost to Dabney House whose denizans pronto start a bonfire in someone's forgodsake room. L-W—reports she's "making progress".

Next we learn that Tech itself is entered the AGE OF THE 80's by having a *teen flick* made about it. Blinking in the glare of the "real world", you'n't retreat to the comfy 50's by denying to the

ASCIT bylaws that real-to-god women attend Tech. (I'd be leaping way ahead to report this—but I am—to say that we *affirmed* this unfact yet again—but read on kids.) *Contradiction City* is the cry as Joy Watanabe is simultaneously elected ASCIT prez-o-the-year.

The Tech retreats to its shell, runnin' lotsa reviews of records & flix, all good. J. Fourkas heroically tries to write an unfavorable review, but fails when he discovers that th' cheesy pitcher of a bow'n'arrow-toting bimbo conceals TRUE ART. Moving far afield, Peter Alfke dredges a review out of free burgers—conclusion: Fud-drucker's good too. Solution? Egged on by upcoming ASCIT elections, the Tech runs "quotable quotes" of those gulli-bull enuf to run for office, and finds true *existentially meaningful* BADDNESS when candidates frosh mugshots get rerun—so's everyone will know what *dweebs* they looked like after frosh camp.

FORESHADOWING: this ish marks 1st appearance withthin the Tech's *hallowed pages* of "Bob"—cleanshaven, enigmatic, *pipe-laden*—masquerading as NO. Voters detect the trickery & vote MATT ROWE in as Tech-ed—those veiled promises of *deviant weasel sex* to the contrary—common sense is shown!! Our M. Rowe, whilst toying w/ the typesetter, fires off such doozyful headlines as "Greedy Grads Grab Green", "Nastassja Has Sex"—this last in 72 point type, o my brothers'n'sisters—"Mystery Man Mugs Mimes With Meat", and of course "URINALS". Furor fair to reigns in the letters col., and a contrite Matt "restrains" himself to "ZULU! ZULU! ZULU!" and the like.

OK Party Animals—by this pt. in time I spy still 1 case & the better part of another still veritably intact. The scene on my desk, you might well ask? Folks—we're dog-gone hear 'bout halfway through the big momma pile o' Techs. I've peeked ahead, tho—the going gets easier. Might even be... dare I say it?... space for a pome or 2 or even 3.

'Member now—we're lookin' at the midpoint, the *hump* of the year. Symbolically speakin', the Great Oxy Party (complete with word match-ups for those who failed the verbal SAT), combined with Ed. Rowe's fling with an ex-roommate's seriously nubile little sister, symbolized a great slide into the doldrums and towards summer.

Now, replacing the dear departed *Gadfly*, in (to the breach) steps Chas. Barrett w/ *Ars Amore* (of soom-to-be-parodied as *Ams Arore* fame) introducing us to the amorous dilemmas of The Tech Student. Hoo Boy. By the howls raised by one Ms. Janet Naffziger some wks. later, ya woulda thought we were running a family

paper or somethin'.

We're on Rowe's third issue now... by now he's got enough *rein* on the typesetter—we're talkin' seriously *staid* headlines here, like "Buthelezi" and "Brutal but Satisfying". Not to be outdone by Ken Whang, our Mr. West (now removed to a safe distance, viz. Hungary) begins *Live From Budapest*—not, at least (y'know) urging us to move behind the IRON CURTAIN. Meanwhile, right on page 1, Lily gets to go to China for a year—will the precedent be repeated? Yer humble author knows not.

We got Robert Scheer (talkin' 'bout USofA foreign policy, inciting YAF redneck rage), we got 101 Uses for Dead Quasars, we got *The Madwoman of Chaillot* in no less a hall than Ramo—everyone knows its only two months more "recorded history" until *mongo party time*. Matt issues and EDITORIAL POLICY (9 ish's late)—sez, in part, "SUBMIT ANYTHING". Apathy continues—the last 12-pager's buried 'neath other papers (& empty beer cans). Chas. attempts to stir up some life—runs *Porn 'n' Censorship* article and comes out in favor of neither—but no dice. GOOD LUCK—premade controversy truly erupts as Darbs go'n'play basketball for Blacker... somehow *enraging* the Flemms. The gleeful Tech staff laps it up, 'n' many inches of copy get filled (before B-Ball season ends).

Timing galore—now I do see *Ditch Day* plastered on the front page, + special 4-page insert, + Alfke's biggest ever Consuela story, makes (add it up) a 12-pager!!!! Chaos.

Back in the real world, concerned groups held a sexuality symposium (for which an undergrad who shall remain nameless gets 9 Humanities units), while CLAGS throws a party the next week at which many test out their new skills. Perils of FREE LOVE being what they are, MOSH Chris Brennen announce a population crisis for next year. Pop. IMPLOSION reigned at Techland, as staffers suddenly decided to work on classes, not the rag—leaving studboy Matt Rowe to massage the paper into life himself. Matt vents his spleen thru the ears. His revenge: next week he files off to BITCHEN PARTY-LAND for a hot prom w/ Features-Editor's aforementioned luscious sister. Said feath-ed. remains behind & puts an issue "to bed" ½way.

Conensus now: we don't care! Record-length 4-page Tech (Bloom County-less) is whipped out, then the omigod LAST TECH OF THE YEAR!!!! Followed o'course by the Rivet, much delayed, a really 'n' for-true copy o' which you now clutch.

No pomes, eh? No beer either. Time to relax 'n' view the glorious results. I can really write 'em up, no?! GOD I'M SO FUCKIN COOL!

Wednesday Night at the Movies

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

Wednesday Nights
\$1 Caltech Students

8:30 p.m.

Baxter Lecture Hall
\$2 All Others

RIVETER'S GUIDE



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

Music

compiled by Owen 'Ukaru'

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

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

Rock

Band Previews & Reviews

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



photograph by Ron Gidseg

Critic's Choice: **APOCKALIPS**



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

—J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

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

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

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

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

Dels. (Club Panty, Sat)

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

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

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

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

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

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

continued on page 2

Back by popular demand

The French Connection

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Cinema

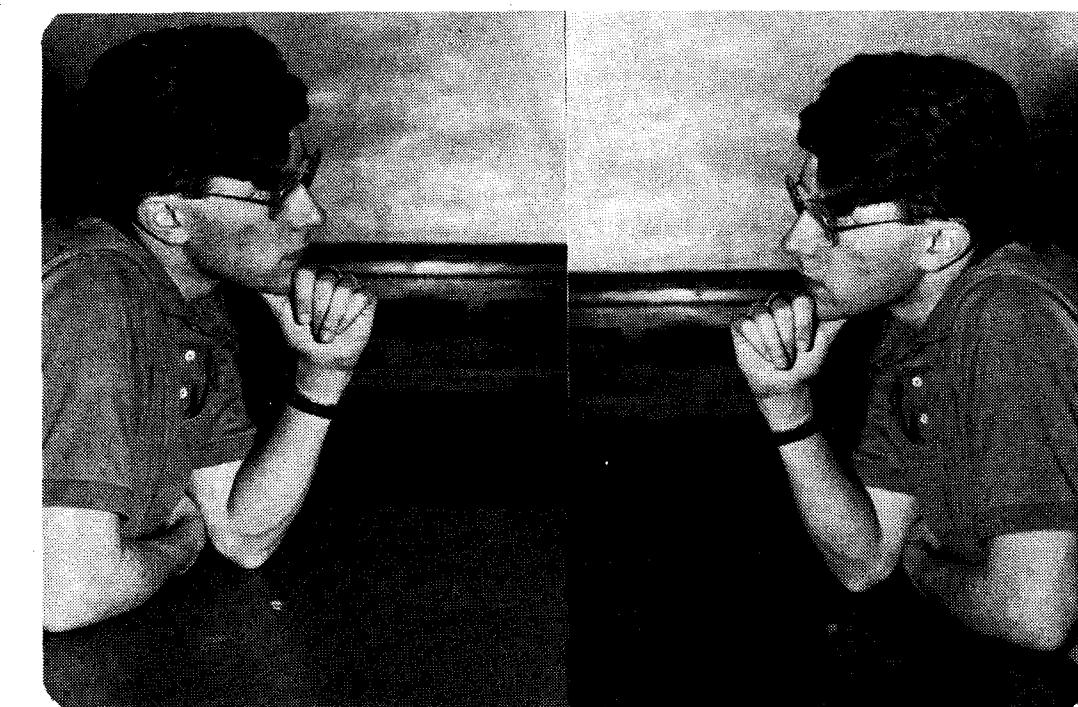
And the Plane Flies On. Directed by Guido Sarducci, 1983. Sarducci's latest, *Gracie and George*, should be arriving on these shores soon. Until then, audiences can satisfy their Sarducci cravings with this, a Derridean analysis of the DC-10 crash at O'Hare a few years back. The first ten minutes—high-speed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

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

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

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

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



Critic's Choice:

**THE STARING CONTEST**

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

—J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

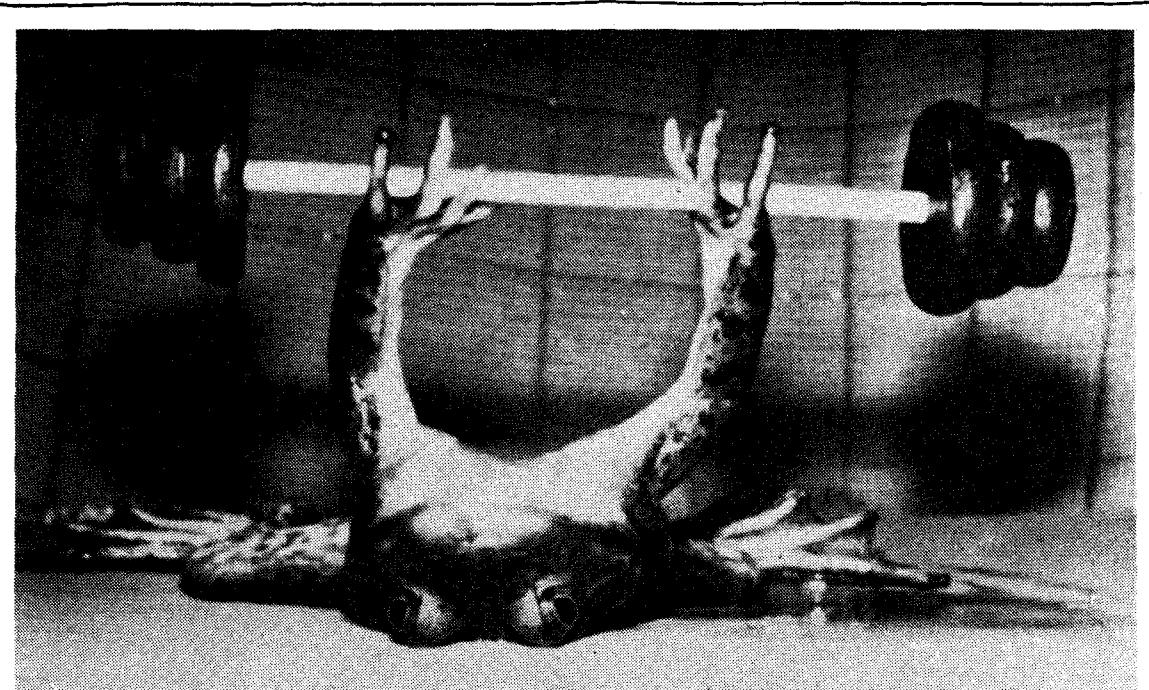
crete blocks as a metaphor for alienation is still the foremost symbolic gesture in mid-century British black-and-white cinema. The work remains essentially a stage play, but Gumby's introspective camerawork occasionally grabs you by the collar, shakes you upside down and confronts you face-to-face with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

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



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

Movies

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

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

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

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Monday

BIKINI 'CONTEST'

Tuesday

OLDIES BUT GOLDIES

Wednesday

LADIES NIGHT

Thursday

50¢ BEER NIGHT

Friday

DANCING

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\$1 WELL SHOOTERS 9-11

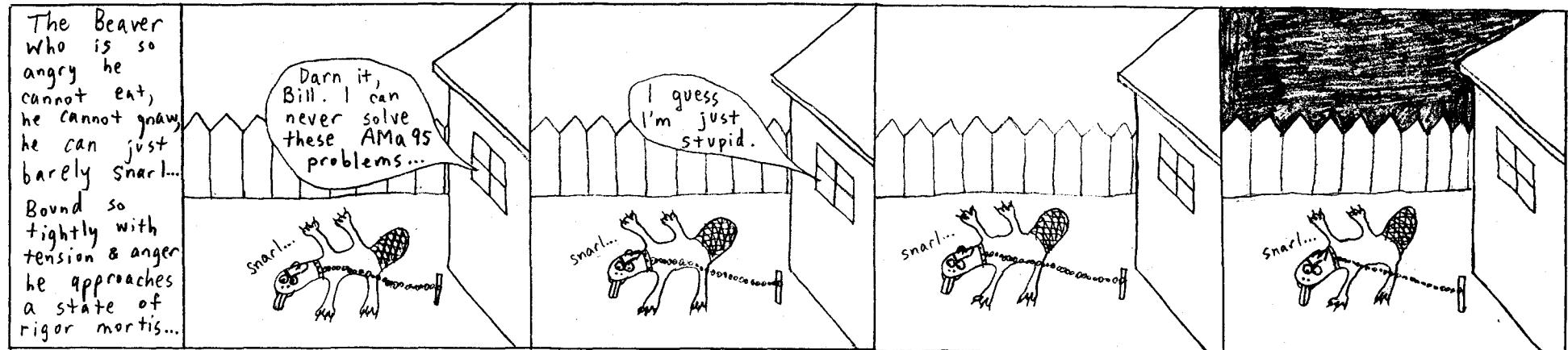
Dancing Nightly.

Proper dress and ID required.



The Angriest Beaver in the World

by Bill Banks



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

Film

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

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

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

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

Personals

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CWM FJORD-BANK glyphs vext quiz.

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

NEVER LET your sense of morals keep you from doing what is right.

—Hober Mallow

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

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

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

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

I WANT my TV.OD!!

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

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

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

Sam is a shithead. —Jason

Jason is a shithead —Sam

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

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

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

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

MATT NEEDS more lubrication.

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

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

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

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

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

SORRY, THAT'S next year's Rivet.

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

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

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

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

NO WE don't.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MATCHES

matching people with people for personal purposes

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

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

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

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

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

Spike. Rivet Reply Number 00201./

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

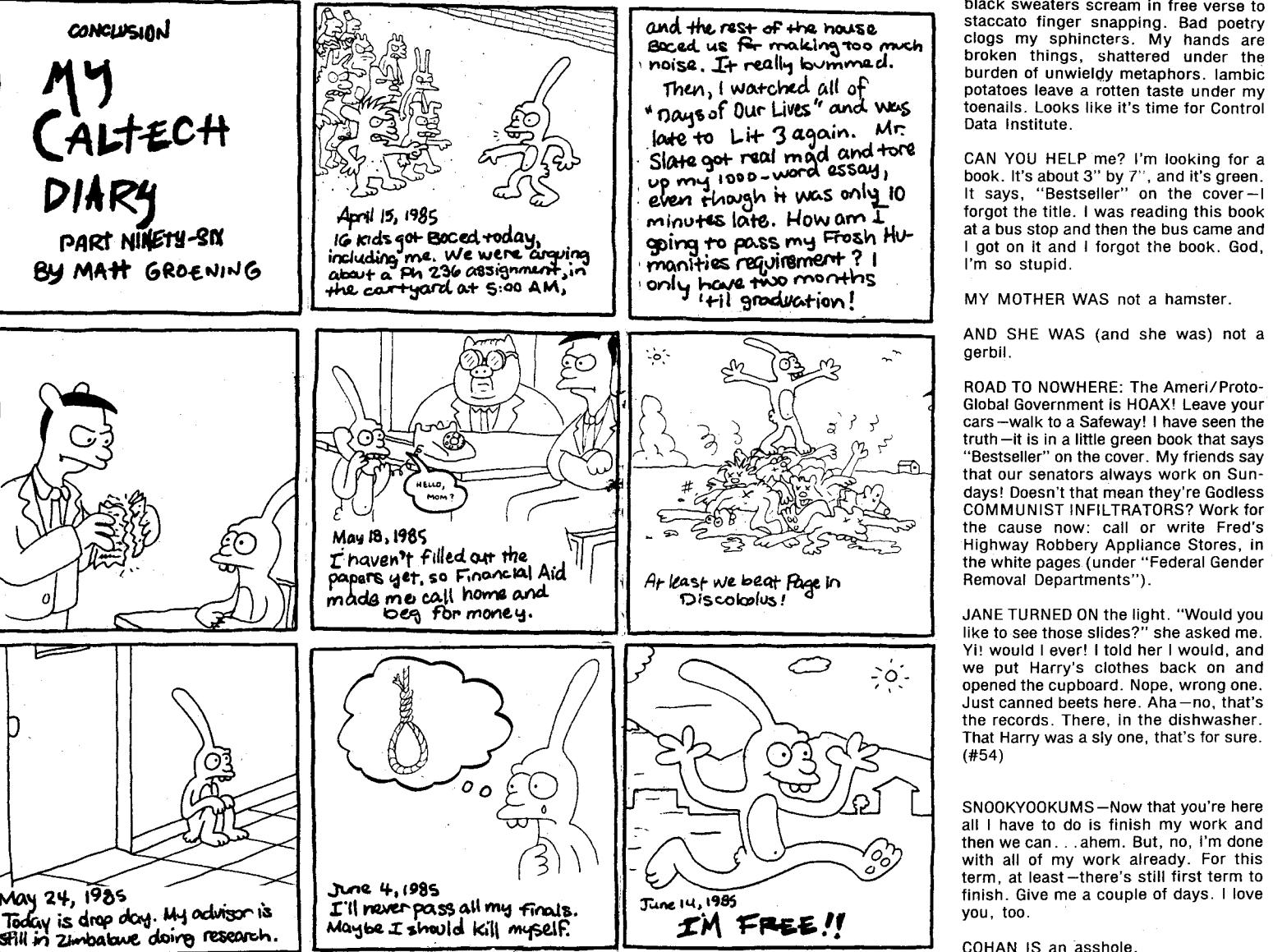
"BESTSELLER"—the Book that UNLOCKS the KEY. Yours with a keychain, and a handy Wallet Carrier. What does the Book say? The wonderful Rainbow of DELIGHT, for You and Your Ancestors! Read—see the Fountain Spurt inside your mind. The Fantastic GLOW from your innards will make you HAPPY/ALIVE. Orwell, Johnson,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

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

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

LIFE AT TECH

CONCLUSION MY CALTECH DIARY PART NINETY-EIGHT BY MATT GROENING



@1985 BY
MATT
GROENING

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

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

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

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

MY MOTHER WAS not a hamster.

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

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

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

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

COHAN IS an asshole.

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

OUR CENTERfolds are the biggest in Tech history.

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

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

Help Wanted

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

ORE-IDA'S PROFILE:

BILL BANKS

HOME: Ridgecrest

AGE: 20

PROFESSION: Drummer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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