

The PPSA Newsletter

Volume 4 Number 1

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John Johnson, editor**

Disclaimer I warned you... If you don't submit your article on time I reserve the right to submit one for you. All such articles lay no claim to reality or real situations or correct spelling and grammar.

A Mighigan Yankee goes to Court...

- or -

**In Tejas, everything is BIG
by Johnny Longhorne, GE**



Just what is a stately pleasure dome?

After a hearty helping of Carne Kublikan questions such as these seem poignant and frequently appear in the form of messages spelled out in 30' high pink neon letters affixed to the side of extremely large, cigar shaped alien spaceships, hovering over conveniently placed, although somewhat diminished, mesas. One might argue that such questions are more convincingly attributed to living on a mountain in the middle of the desert with 5000 other scientists, rather than to a spicy beef dish served at the Northern New Mexico Cafe. One might further argue that determining the actual source of the messages is a far more interesting problem than understanding the messages themselves. I have a feeling that the source will become evident as our story unfolds.

So here I am, in Los Alamos, New Mexico. What a confusing year this has been. A year and a

half ago I seriously expected to get my PhD from Michigan State, silly me. Of course you know the sordid details of treachery, deiept and political intrigue which led to my decision to either seek meaningful employment (impossible with a M.S. in physics) or to continue on for the PhD somewhere else. I looked for a job, in fact I sent out about 80 resume's and ended up interviewing with two and being offered a job by one. I cannot reveal the source of the job offer, suffice it to say they didn't really need me to do physics (I think the topic of marksmanship did arise, however).

Around the end of August I decided to pack up my belongings and move to Texas. In fact, I couldn't fit everything I owned into the stealth machine I call a car, so I left the big things with Raman. I swear I will never move again (on my own). In comming to New Mexico from Texas, I had to get a friend with a truck to carry up books and my waterbed. Anyhow, the trip to Texas was an adventure in boredom. The trip is very long and I chose to drive through Illinois. You can take my word for it, or ask Ray, but there aint shit in the very long state of Illinois. The highlight of the trip was when, in southern Illinois, after my twelfth Super-Extreme-Big-Gulp and during a late night bout with hallucinations, I drove through 20 to 50 miles of a plague of locusts. I had glowing bug guts on my car for the rest of the trip.

I took a nap about 50 miles out of Memphis at a rest stop, and on day two I finished up the trek to Austin. The weather was typical summer weather for Austin, 105 degrees in the shade with 150 percent humidity. I had come to the city of blights without knowing anyone, without an assistantship and without a place to live. Having a place to hang your hat, amongst other things, is quite important, so I operated out of a motel room and found a room with a view three days later. I had arived.

The next nine months in Austin were a blur. I had to retake several classes to prove my abilities. This is an understatement. I was tried and tested to the very marrow of my weary bones. I took Plasma Physics/Stat Mech/Quantum Mechanics my first semmester. I seriously thought that I should get a job. Until January, that is, when I found that things went better than they might have. As it turns out I recieved all A's and only one B (Stat Mech) in my

two semesters at the University of Texas, and I will never take another physics class again. I never got a real chance to see the sights in Texas, for once things lightened up I was off to Los Alamos, which is where I will stay until I finish my PhD, or it finishes me.

Research keeps me very busy, but I have had a chance to travel at least. In January I got a chance to go up to Vancouver and ski (oh, yeah, I did do some work at TRIUMF too). Now I am in the Anal Retentive capitol of the Universe.

I like it here, mind you, the lab is great, I work like a dog, and I have a decent place to live... it just takes getting used to. If you have heard stories about the stereotypical Southwest, they are probably true. We are situated at about 7500 feet in the mountains, about 35 minutes from Santa Fe. Santa Fe is a nice place, but it is filled with lots of tourists, New-Age/crystal-freaks. Most of the other burgs around here are just like I'd imagine Mexican border towns. Los Alamos being the exception.

Los Alamos (or, LA as we like to call it) and the surrounding area has a population of about 20,000. Of that, about half have their PhD. That's scary. That may also explain why the typical LA-lien looks like a retentive geek, because they are. Everyone is into healthy stuff like biking or running, and when that is done up a mountain I begin to use phrases like heath-freak. (Remember what happened to Jim Fixx.) I think too much bran causes them to act the way they do. Everyone here wears those dumb wicker hats that don't have a real origin, and they over water their lawns and spend their free time picking up garbage on the sides of the road and weeding their gardens. I might add that our latest water bill was for \$100. You see our landlords (they split the one level duplex we live in) water the lawn every other day (and mow it on the other). Of course they informed us when we moved in that we should be careful not to let the house get humid, since it could cause unwanted mold and mildew. They even went so far as to suggest in the lease that we put the toilet lid down when we finish. You make up your own minds. A month ago I got nabbed for going too fast near my house. You see, they had a traffic sign hidden behind a tree (really), so I went to court to fight it.

I lost. I was officially convicted of Speed. Guess I'm just a rebel.

Nevertheless, LA is a nice place. The mountains are very pretty which should make for great skiing and there are quite a few indian burial grounds to desecrate. It is actually nice to get away from the hyper-activist campus life I have been exposed to. Back in Austin, they are probably burning the flag, photographing public urination, and protesting everything from South African apartheid to the way we part our hair. It seems to me that there are a lot of things wrong with the world. It also seems that the way to correct them is not to go out and bitch but to get involved, and this doesn't mean by pipe bombing the administration building. I think that most of the world is at peace, the U.S. economy is doing well, Communism is crumbling, and the small groups on campus are trying to find any scapegoat they can to revive the 60's; the days when life was great.

An example is the racism thing. I mean, I think that the KKK and bigotry and all that is wrong. I think everyone should have an equal chance. I just don't happen to think that every white person is out trashing blacks left and right, and I don't happen to think that give-away programs help a person as much as programs that educate and help a person to make it on his/her own (don't want to be accused of being sexist too)! Another example was the lesbo crowd on campus trashing men in the fall. They don't feel that women are treated equally (which I agree with), and they feel that the "down with men" attitude will make things better. I don't know, people are tough to figure out, maybe we need a new war (not a war on drugs) to put had things under control in the 50's?

This is why I chose the "Disco" theme for this issue. It seems that the 1990's are going to be a strange reincarnation of the 1970's. We have our own brand of Disco (House music or Club music), everyone is wearing either black or strange neon colors, and ties are widening faster each day (except in Los Alamos where it is always the 1950's). I hope that this decade is not remembered as the "nightmare 90's", but with enough name-calling, Milli Vanilli and wide ties, it might well be.

Have a neat day and a pleasant tomorrow.

Dan Zierath, another ex-MSU grad, is currently continuing graduate studies at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Dan writes that things are going well, although the use of the phrase *Blow-job* six times in a recent letter could lead one to suspect that his social life is lacking.

Below is a *slightly* modified version of **UW Snapshots** from the Onion, a University of Wisconsin-Madison student paper. (Submitted by Dan Z.)

UW Snapshots

Special "What do *you* think?" Edition

You're dumb.

Hooray for High School

A lot of high-school students have been in Madison for sports tournaments lately. Students around campus were surveyed, "How has the teenagers' presence here affected you?"



Mr. Ralph LeFlackid

"They're easy to beat up because they all travel in little packs and all wear the same jackets, kinda like the New Kids on the Block."



Senator Studley
Moorehead

"Those high-school chicks are looking hotter every year. It's tough to keep my Johnson in my pants."



Dr. Stanley Pons

"They are all wimps! None of them have had Mort Gordon for E&M. They should all be lined up and shot."

News from CEBAF... by Paul Rutt

Life in Virginia is quaint, in a sort of silly, crazy way. Of course having no female companionship makes that even more blatantly obvious...

Life sux. I'll be a quarter century old tomorrow and I'll still be:

- 1) in school
- 2) still unsure why I am in school
- 3) uncertain that I'll get what I want out of school
- 4) clueless as to what I want to do after school

But really... other than those little details things are fine. I have a take home exam for Theoretical Mechanics due thursday, so all of my time is going into it (seven problems out of F & W).

Um what else... I went to parties (not for all night or anything like that, just to be sociable (yeah right, the free beer had nothing to do with it...)) friday and saturday nights. I am determined to go out to lunch/dinner with *a different female once a week*. For the third consecutive week I will (hopefully that is...) make my goal. Having class at 9:30 and 8:00 A.M. is not pleasant.

All for now,

Paul <-> luaP

(1 Sept 89)

The Martian Chronicles, by Dan Quayle

In an August 11 interview on CNN, the head of the National Space Council, Vice President Dan Quayle, explained why the U.S. should undertake a manned mission to Mars: "Mars is essentially in the same orbit. Mars is somewhat the same distance from the Sun, which is very important. We have seen pictures where there are canals, we believe, and water. If there is water, there is oxygen. If oxygen, that means we can breathe."

LAMENT

*Girls don't ever love a physicist
Unless you can have two,
As one works through the long cold night
You'll still have what to do.
When one becomes enchanted
By the mesons in his head,
Ignore him as he does you
And take the other to bed.
And on those rare occasions
When both have their work done,
You'll find that undistracted
Two are better than one.
If you want ONE lover,
Choose a man who drives a truck.
His calculus may be shaky,
But he sure knows
...applied kinematics.
Avoid the quantum mechanic
With no dirt beneath his nails.
His theoretical erections
Are subject to corrections
And the correction sometimes fails.
Shun romance with a physicist,
It never, never works.
It may blow your mind
But you will find
The man who's charmed by quarks
Is full of quirks.*

(by Ron Thaler?)
submitted by Steve Worm

Miscellaneous Postings



Why?

1. Why does Dana Carvey's character on *SNL's Wayne's World* look like Paul Rutt?
2. Who wrote the *Satgirl* theme? "Who's girl are you?"
3. Would you let a Domino's delivery boy hold your baby?
4. Do you shake your Foo Foo?
5. Why do freshmen believe these walk/don't walk signs?
6. Why don't the crooks ever take *Satman's* utility belt away?
6. Lambada?

CONGRATULATIONS RACHAN...



For passing the Comprehensive Exam you win the this year's coveted Flackid Member Award.

Where? Chi Chi's of Haslett.

When? Whenever we get around to it.

Who? To be presented by your favorite straw-sucking waitress.

Why? Because you've joined the Brotherhood of the True Physics Geeks who know Everything.



Get some sun, boy!



Contributed by Dan "the frustrated man" Zierath

My Uncle Santa Claus by Scott Klasky

Twas the first saturday of June and my uncle Allan was in town to see the culture of Austin Texas. It was rather warm that day and Big Al was in the mood the meet the fine young ladies of Austin. He said he met someone, whom I later found out to be a Brizillian drug dealer, and was told to go to Hippie hollow to spend the day at the lake. I thought it sounded pretty nice, although I wondered how Santa, another name for Al due to his previous job expereince at the age of 34, was going to hold up under the sun since he has always been white as a ghost. Well we talked it over and decided to watch the Pistons play the Bulls first and then go. Now when I say big Al there is a reason for this; we saw the game at Mr. Gattis' and Al comsumed over 60 slices along with at least five good portions of pasta. Yes as you may guess he is a little overweight, at 5'11" he tips the scales at over 300 pounds. Now for a little more background before the beach.

Motto for Big Al: I just want to have fun

Living arrangements: Lives with his mom and one other brother for over 34 years

Favorite hobby: Watching sports and collecting baseball cards

Haircut: He actually puts a bowl over his head and cuts cuts away that orange studly hair

Education: It took him 7.5 years to get a college degree in accounting although he knows nothing about it.

Job History: Graduated and spent the next year living around Times Square N.Y. Next he got a job as a substitute teacher in the worst schools in South Philadelphia, his home town. Along with this he also

My Uncle Santa... cont'd on p.15

FEAR NO MAN!

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

I'll make you a MASTER of LLAP-Goch

... the Secret Welsh ART of SELF DEFENCE that requires NO INTELLIGENCE, STRENGTH or PHYSICAL courage

The FANTASTIC SECRETS of the SECRET world-famous method of SELF DEFENCE, kept secret for centuries because of their DEADLY POWER to MAIM, KILL, SMASH, BATTER, FRACTURE, CRUSH, DISMEMBER, CRACK, DISEMBOWEL, CRIPPLE, SNAP and HARM are now revealed to YOU in the English Language by a LLAP-GOCH master AT HIS OWN RISK, PROVIDED you promise to MAIM, CRUSH, DISEMBOWEL and so on ONLY in SELF DEFENCE.* *This is just to cover ourselves, as you will understand.

WHY 'At his own risk'?

BECAUSE if his fellow masters of LLAP-GOCH DISCOVER his IDENTITY, they will PUNISH HIM SEVERELY for revealing the DEADLY secrets he had promised to keep SECRET, without giving them a piece of the ACTION, and also BECAUSE of the TERRIBLE risk of PUNISHMENT he runs under the Trades Description Act.

WHAT is LLAP-GOCH?

IT is THE most DEADLY form of SECRET SELF-DEFENCE that HAS ever been widely advertised and available to EVERYONE.

WHY ALL the CAPITALS?

Because THE most likely kind OF person TO accept THIS sort OF advertisement HAS less trouble UNDERSTANDING words if they ARE written in BIG letters.

WHAT is LLAP-GOCH again?

It is an ANCIENT Welsh ART based on a BRILLIANTLY simple I-D-E-A, which is a SECRET. The best form of DEFENCE is ATTACK (Clausewitz) and the most VITAL element of ATTACK is SURPRISE (Oscar HAMMERSTEIN). Therefore ... the BEST way to protect yourself AGAINST any ASSAILANT is to ATTACK him before he attacks YOU ... Or BETTER ... BEFORE the THOUGHT of doing so has EVEN OCCURRED to HIM!! SO YOU MAY BE ABLE TO RENDER YOUR ASSAILANT UNCONSCIOUS BEFORE he is EVEN aware of your very existence!

Banish Inadequacy

No longer need you feel WEAK, helpless, INDECISIVE, NOT fascinating and ASHAMED of your genital dimensions. No more need you be out-maneuvred in political debate!! GOOD BYE HUMILIATION, Wrecking bulies, Karate experts, boxing

champions, sarcastic vicars, traffic wardens; entire police divisions will melt to pulp as you master every situation without INADEQUACY. PROTECT YOUR LOVED ONES. You will no longer look pitiful and spotty to your GIRL FRIENDS when you leave some unsuspecting passer-by looking like four tins of cat-food! They will admire your MASTERY and DECISIVENESS and LACK OF INADEQUACY and will almost certainly let you put your HAND inside their BLOUSE out of sheer ADMIRATION. And after seeing more of your expert disabling they'll almost definitely go to bed with you, although obviously we can't ABSOLUTELY guarantee this, still it's extremely likely and would make learning LLAP-GOCH really worthwhile although legally we can't PROMISE anything.

Why WELSH Art?

LLAP-GOCH was developed in Wales because for the average Welshman, the best prospects of achieving a reasonable standard of living lie with the acquisition of the most efficient techniques of armed robbery.

HOW do I learn?

No, you mean 'How do You Learn?' I know already.

HOW do You Learn?

You receive ABSOLUTELY FREE your own special personal LLAP-GOCH Picture Book with hundreds of PHOTOGRAPHS and just a very few plain, clear and simple, easy to understand words.

Only a FOUR-SECOND WORK-OUT Each Day!

and you will be ready to HARM people DEVELOP UP TO 18" BICEPS GROW UP TO 12" TALLER LOSE UP TO 40" OF FAT IN YOUR FIRST WORK-OUT! PROLONG YOUR LIFE BY UP TO 1,000 YEARS



GO TO BED WITH UP TO ANY LUDICROUS NUMBER OF GIRLS YOU CARE TO THINK OF PROVIDING YOU REALIZE THIS STATEMENT IS QUITE MEANINGLESS AS THE PHRASE 'UP TO' CLEARLY INCLUDES THE NUMBER 'NOUGHT'

What Does it Cost?

This, like LLAP-GOCH, is a SECRET but you will find out sooner or later, don't worry.

MAIL DURING HAIR-RAISING MONEY-SAVING HALF-PRICE NO RISK FREE-TRIAL COUPON NOW

O.K. Honorable Master. I accept your daring, hair-raising, mind-boggling, blood-curdling, no-risk, half-price, free-trial offer to reveal the secrets of LLAP-GOCH in a plain wrapper at once. Yes Master, I never again want to be 'Weak In The Knees' and 'Chicken Out' and 'Wet My Pants' when insulted and attacked. I agree never to abuse the principles of LLAP-GOCH or consult a lawyer. I am over 4. I have an extra Y chromosome. Bill me later. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I have been had.

(My signature) _____

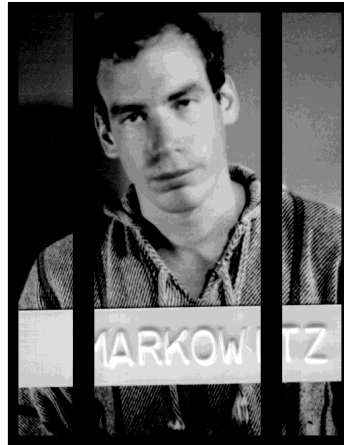
NAME _____ AGE _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please also send me under your special Car Insurance Scheme. I understand that I do not have to sign anything to make this completely legally binding on me.

Arthur Gannet (Violence) Ltd.
The Wharf, Lowestoft.
RESERVATION
CERTIFICATE
NUMBER **7063**
This guarantees you one of these LIMITED EDITIONS books within 28 days! Mail this coupon now to avoid disappointment as LLAP-GOCH is a SECRET this book may never be printed AGAIN!

"I'm just a luv machine, I couldn't hep myself..."



Peter Markowitz, is soon to be sent up the river. Pete has fallen victim to a woman. Despite years of insisting that the female species should be seen and not heard, unless they are breathing heavy. After claiming that a womans place is barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen. After claiming that he would never fall for womanly charm, Pete is about to clamp on the old ball and chain. Pete is scheduled to be on the docket of Luv in the first week in September. Even before trial, it is clear that he will be recieving a life sentence.

"The Wedding"

by Peter Markowitz

The following is an excerpt from Pete. It may not be complete or correct and he should not be held liable in his future married life. In fact, it is entirely possible that he had nothing to do with it. It is also possible later that monkeys will fly out of my butt.

John,

As we who are omnipotent know, there really is no need to write these missives since *They-Who-Are-In-The-Know* (i.e. omnipotent) already have the anecdotal data in their possession. But once more, here is the poop for those waiting to scoop.

Judy and I are being married September 1, 1990 in a small, quaint ceremony occurring at Judy's ancestral chapel. That is, the wedding takes place in the same church where Judy attended as a young and innocent girl. Judy even attended grade school there, as did all her brothers and sisters. Her parents and siblings have been members for over 50 years, up until 2-3 years ago when her parents retired to their little country cottage. The nuptials (and I have been assured that they will be joyous) will even feature Bishop Joseph Imesch of the Chicago Arch-diocese (and a close personal friend of the Pope) and will be attended by about 200 of our closest friends (and many total strangers that Judy's mother is inviting—more on that later). Invitations to all of you will be forthcoming in the next month or two. The mass is at 1:00 pm, followed by a mid-day 'mini' reception at Judy's parents house, and then an evening reception



In his younger, more adventurous days, Pete was frequently seen with sleazy blonds by the pool.

and dinner, dancing, and general merrymaking till the wee hours of the morn. The next day there is a very low-key hot dogs and hamburgers picnic for those still in the area as well.

But back to the guest list. Judy's mother is being very helpful with the planning of the wedding. And she has lots of suggestions too. Such as the "Pete, it's none of your concern what happens at the wedding. You just make sure you show up on time and look good in your little tuxedo". Or the idea of hiring a strolling musician to wander around at the mid-day reception and serenade the guests. And since it's a polish wedding how about an accordion player...or maybe *NOT*. And there is the decorating of the walls of the church and hall so that they look just like the bridesmaids (which could be a help for some of the guests— Paul can easily be pictured hugging the wall and murmuring sweet nothings into the air ducts). And then there's the big brouha over Judy's bridal shower. [as a parenthetical aside, this seems to be a strictly female thing, bred into all womens' genes, that they can expect to get lots of 'loot' or gifts from people who are strangers to them. In return the bride and her bridesmaids — who traditionally organize it — give a few tacky googaws such as refrigerator magnets and packets of dead plants that women like to sniff or even boil into a sludge while breathing the vapors. This is called 'potpourri'. In general this practice seems to date back a few hundred years to our ancestors who also gave trinkets in exchange for furs and other gifts, such as the island of Manhattan.]

Nonetheless, it is a source of considerable vexation to the senior Mrs. Koscielniak that Judy's friends and bridesmaids aren't aquiver with anticipation and excitement over the prospect of being able to spend long hours planning and executing [rather apropos] a shower [just the word conjures up the image of 'booty' — again that's free gifts — raining down upon the lucky girl, doesn't it?] that would make all their relatives and friends green with envy. Why these bridemaids claim that their jobs and even their social life have a higher priority than spending their next few months conceiving of new ways to macrame toaster cozies to be given as door prizes [i.e. trinkets] at the shower. [I have been inofrmed that all present at the shower usually receive one or two small tokens of apreciation — see 'trinkets' mentioned above. These tokens consist of itmes such as combs (ooh! AAHH!) or spatulas. Or plant hangers made from old milk jugs.] However with an average of 15 shots of alcohol per person at the reception, I anticipate that the day may pass in a reasonable fashion.

Remember, Saturday of Labor Day weekend.

WHEN THE DARK RED CATS COME OUT OF THE WALLS AND YOU SCREAM AND SCREAM AND SCREAM AND

as i was saying
some days they won't shut up
those days
beneath the furry green moon
wine and furniture
i remember them all
the bugs just
wouldn't give up

DAMN IT! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID!
YOU KNOW!

as i was saying
some days they won't shut up
some days
beneath the frozen blue sun
whiskey and televisions
i remember them all
the bugs just
burned and burned

LIKE A WORLD BENEATH THE TREES...
WHERE ALL WAS BROKEN AND DEAD.

as i was saying
sunshine, they won't play
today
beneath the dying green lantern
beer and diamonds
i remember the days
the bugs just
died for your sins

YOU KNOW TOO, DON'T YOU! DAMMIT!
YES, YOU DO ...!

for the world made in his image
yesterday
before the turquoise light
gin and damnation
i forget his name
the bugs just
gave their all

WHILE YOU PLAYED ON YOUR SWING!
YES, EVEN THEN THEY GAVE!

as he said
tomorrow
after the burning blue sunset
vodka and hell
i know no other
the bugs just
forgive your iniquity

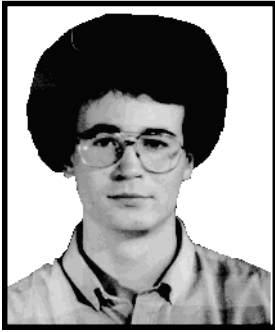
YOU SAW IT, YOU SAW IT ALL!
GREEN JUICES FROM CRUSHED CARCASSES!

as she said
forever
when the ghost grey light shines
scotch and entropy
i can see no farther
the bugs just
won't save your soul

EVEN NOW THE RED CATS RETURN FOR YOUR HEART!

WITH FANGS OF FIRE THEY REACH FOR...

...by Kevin Johnson



Paul Dorsey, GE Northeastern
University
"Mr. Disco"

NUz from Beantown

God Emperors,

The Northeastern University chapter has been very active during the past year. We have been involved in several major projects of an international scope; one of which requires input from the entire PPSA constituency, since it is the organization's first enterprise on the South American continent. Several months ago we became aware of a local conservation group on campus (Students for Environmental Awareness) collecting donations from students. For each dollar contributed, the student organization, in conjunction with a national conservation group, would purchase 5 acres of land in South America under the donor's name with the intention of stopping the deforestation of the rain forests. The NU-PPSA, knowing a good thing when it smells it, purchased 50 acres of prime South American real estate.

In order to assess the potential of the land acquired, a fact finding mission was sent to South America. An inventory of the site led by the mission included over 1,694,322 items. The team, however, was able to reduce this list down to three items which were found to be practical assets.

1. A tribe of 622 Efe pygmies
2. One 3212 foot high waterfall
3. A herd of Tapirs

Bearing in mind the rather constrictive conservation oriented purchase agreement, the mission was still able to draw up several possible uses for the land. Any comments or suggestions by the PPSA community would be appreciated.

Recommendation #1

Train the pygmies as an elite rapid-deployment Anti-Communist insurgency strike force.

Pro: Pygmy village already has the look and feel of a spartan elite rapid-deployment Anti-Communist insurgency strike force camp.

Pro: Pygmies have consistently proven to be considered harmless by the enemy.

Pro: Two pygmies can be squeezed into the trunk of a Volkswagen instead of one man when performing covert operations.

Con: No trees can be cut down for runways, so helicopters would be used for rapid deployment. Unfortunately, Pygmies consistently roll out of helicopters.

Recommendation #2

Background location for the Sports Illustrated 1991 Swimsuit edition.

Pro: PPSA staff would have to travel along as escorts for the beautiful babes.

Con: Beautiful babes are unnaturally attracted to pygmies and adenoidal rock stars.

Recommendation #3

Export Tapirs as alternative beasts of burden on Grand Canyon trail rides.

Pro: Tapirs do not roll out of helicopters.

Con: Tapirs can only carry small pygmies.

For more information on future trips to South America to research prospects of capitalizing on our new property, see Mission South America on p.23.

a partial list of current PPSA member and admirers

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Please include the most comprehensive address possible. *Thank you for your support.*



"I'll See That For a Dollar"

Movie Reviews by Raman Pfaff

Hello loyal readers!

It's been a long time but it's good to be back among the living. I took a brief trip to the world of the dead (to find out where this is just rent Night of the Living Dead parts I,II, or III), but like the spirit in Poltergeist, *I'mmmm Baaaackkkk*. As I have been known to do in the past, I will first speak a few of the thoughts which are foremost on my mind.

Is it society or is it me? I just don't seem to enjoy going to the movies at the theatre as much as I used to. The all American thing used to be get a date (not all that easy if I say so myself), take her to a movie, buy a Coke and some candy and enjoy first class entertainment. Here in the 90's, you first have to get a date (still not very easy) and then try to get to the theatre on Elm Street. First you have to fight traffic and try to find a parking space that is invariable half way between your house and the movies. So after the 5 mile hike from your car, the real shock shows up;"that will be seven dollars per person sir". Aaarrrrggggghhhh!! That's one percent of my monthly paycheck. O.K. Let's say I shell out the bucks and actually make it inside. Milling around in the lobby waiting for the last show to leave I happen to glance at the prices for coke. What are they trying to sell me at those prices, coke-aïne? In the mean time, the banter going on around me is noxious. One man who had gotten bored waiting in the lobby had picked a fight with a movie clerk, the clerk asked him if he wanted to go into the theatre and clean the seats. The irate man then quipped back,"why don't you go sit on a bucket." Intelligence or what? Anyway, when I finally got in my seat, I inevitably end up sitting behind a guy with the biggest head in the country. Well, such is life in America. Thus the VCR was invented and I now enjoy movies in my own home on my giant 27 inch TV with my Orville Redenbacher's popcorn and the microwave only 10 feet away.

Now, on to my reviews: I will start with the hit of the summer, Total Recall, and then move on to others that I found interesting (or not as the case may be).

Total Recall

As someone mentioned to me, "*I never knew eyeballs were so resilant.*" This movie does shed some light on that particular subject and also many other mysteries of the near future. I won't go into many of them, but let's just say that the word "body armor" can be taken quite literlly in the future. This movie delivered all that was promised and more. The plot was easily the most complex storyline that Arnie had ever undertaken. The acting was first rate and the one liners were nailed with authority. All in all, the best movie of its kind since Terminator. The only down side to this one was the absence of Arnie's favorite line. The setup for the line was there, but "I'll be back" never emerged from between Arnie's lips. Possibly more violence than was necessary was the only other down side.

Unfortunately, I have not seen any other movies this summer due to my duties here at the laboratory (yes Dr. Jeckyll, just one moment sir). I have heard a few rumors though so I will spread them.

The Jetsons: avoid this like the plague. Tiffany should go back to high school, anywhere to get her out of my face.

Pretty Woman: Go catch this one. Worthwhile - it also glamorizes prostitution. Hmmmm.

[Editor's note - Catch Robocop II, it was better than the original. Funny, fast, sharp with excellent special effects! Marli reviews some older movies on page 22.]

My Uncle Santa...cont'd

had jobs as Santa Claus, a security person for games/concerts at the stadium. Now lets continue with our story:

As the Bulls continued to play slopply Al was starting to talk about the beach. I wish the food would have been out of his mouth so I would have been better able to understand him talk about the NUDE BEACH. You see I didn't quite hear that.....

Well it was off to find the beach. Al had directions so we made it rather easily. The view looked nice from the 3 dollar parking lot, although the people walking around there were somewhat grungy looking! Well we walked down the trail and long and behold there were naked people there. UGLY NAKED PEOPLE! Well I wanted to leave but Al said that since he paid for the parking he wanted to stay and I should just relax in the sun. I chose a little place where most of the people were staying away from, probably because of all those fire ants around where I was. Well, all of a sudden Al started to take off his shirt and then his bathing suit. Yes he was *naked*! Well I think he must have been the only one without tatooes spread across his body. Well it wasn't bad enough that Al was naked, but then he whipped out his camera. Yes Al wanted to take pictures. He also pulled out his binoculars and strung it around his neck.

Well Al then told me he was going to walk around for awhile. I think I should of said something about putting on suntan lotion but I was too busy trying not to puke from all of these naked homeless people. For about 3 hours I sat there watching the boats go by trying to think about life. Then Al jumped out and said he had all of these great pictures he can't wait to get developed. Well Santa looked more liked Santa at that part of time since he was red all over, and I can't imagine the pain he must have suffered in those special places that the sun should never see .

more stories of Santa to come in next issue of The PPSA Newsletter...

More Phun with Physics

by Marli Leigh

(This just materialized on my desk one day. It's in my handwriting, so I must have written it, though I'll deny it if I'm indicted. -AA)

The topic for today is quantum physics. Quantum physics was developed in the 1930's, as a result of a bet between Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr, to see who could come up with the most ridiculous theory and still have it published. Most people agree that Bohr won hands down, although Einstein did very well in the swimsuit competition.

One of the most important researchers in quantum physics is Werner Heisenberg, a man with a wonderful sense of humor, who was always cracking one-liners, like "delta-p times delta-x is less than h!" Ha! ha! What a card! This is known as

Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, which is closely related to Goedel's Incompleteness Theorem, which says that some things are true, but you can't prove them, like when my wife and I argue over whether it's her turn to take out the garbage or not.

What Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle says is that if something is small enough, you can't say anything about it. Anyone with the I.Q. of baking powder immediately understood that this means that if you look at something so small that you can't even *see* it, like my dog, Oscar Wilde's, brain, then you obviously can't tell, say, what color it is. But some people didn't get the joke, and decided to investigate this principle further. They would gather

and sit around all day, drinking beer and performing “Gedankesexperimenten,” or “Thank God we’re theoretical physicists so we don’t have to get our hands dirty with particle accelerators and other heavy machinery.” The most famous of these is Schroedinger’s Cat, where several physicists kidnap Erwin Schroedinger’s cat Fluffy and lock it up in a box, along with a radioactive source such as Cheez Doodles. Then they walk around with concerned expressions on their faces, commenting about how they don’t know what’s going on inside the box. This goes on until the cleaning lady discovers the box, opens it and tells the physicists whether the cat is dead, or whether it has mutated into a man-eating flea the size of Norway.

The point of this experiment is to show that uncertainty at the quantum level can be detected in the macroscopic world and produce widespread anxiety and paranoia. It also explains why paper clips just lie there while you look at them, but as soon as you turn your back, they run away, giggling wildly, and transform themselves into coat hangers.

Another famous researcher is Richard Feynman, who invented Feynman diagrams, which are bunches of squiggly lines with greek letters next to them. The way they were discovered was, one day, Hans Bethe came in to Feynman’s office to say that some of the guys down in particle research were having a jam session down by the cyclotron, and would Richard like to come over and bring his bongos? Feynman was out, at the time, cracking a safe or something, so Bethe tried to leave him a note. On the desk, he found one of Feynman’s daughter’s kindergarten drawings. Bethe couldn’t make head or tail of it, and figured that if even he couldn’t understand it, then it must be something Terribly Clever, and promptly called it a Feynman diagram.

This was a major scientific breakthrough, and ever since, proud parents have been hanging their children’s Feynman diagrams on refrigerators with little muon-shaped magnets, confident that their Little Darlings are developing important scientific theories every day, because they are, after all, Gifted Children.

BEER MAKING with Marli & Mike:

Making your own beer can be a rewarding and wonderful experience. Since 1988 Mike and I have been making beer, and we’ve made three stouts, one porter, one Raspberry Dunkel Weizen, one Pale Ale, one Traditional English Ale, one Pilsener, and one “free form dark”. It only takes about 2 hours a month to make and bottle, and the stuff tastes better than anything you can buy. Stop in your local Brewing Supplies store or find a Zymurgy magazine and you can get the (cheap) basic supplies you need to start a batch of your own. You can start as basic (grains and malts) as you want or you can just buy a can of beer starter and add water and sugar. It’s a great hobby! Plus it impresses your friends and often has a high alcohol content! Thank Jimmy Carter for passing the law to make it legal....

The University of Texas Press presents:

The Origin of Feces by *Kevin W. Johnson*

Dr. Johnson takes us on an incredible journey through the alimentary canal and introduces us to the fascinating world of "floaters" and "sinkers".

The amazing controversy between religiously confident "excretionists" and scientifically backed "poopologists" is presented in a new light which should astound even the most astute person. Come join in the exciting world of elimination at its frontier edge.

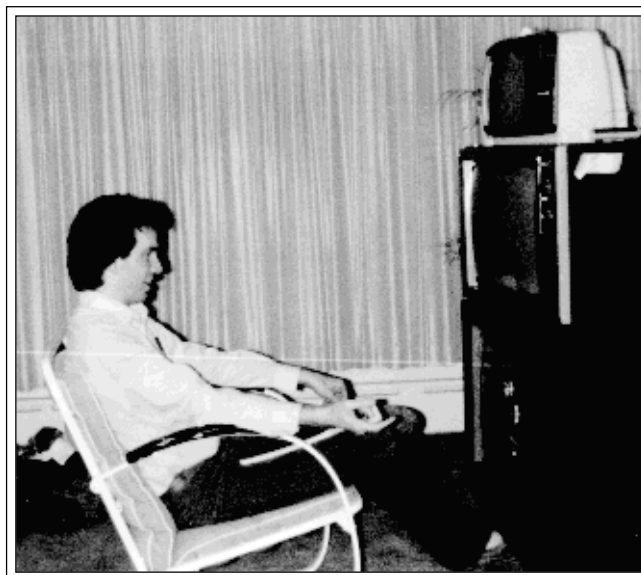
Raymond Lee Swartz, Flyboy, Physicist, Tree... *an Unofficial Biography*

Raymond Lee Swartz was born the son of a poor black sharecropper, on the outskirts of Vatican City. Well, that may not be entirely true. I first met the *Radiator* during the 1984 school year. We both were taking first year German and third term Physics at Michigan Technological University. The suave and debonare Ray that we know today wore a lot of courdoroy back then. His favorite color was rust. Ray was rather quiet and reserved and liked to talk about his "hacker" friends. That fall, Ray was a junior and took Dr. Bob's

chanics class with a misbegotten physics hated the continual class and so I inducted PPSA, little did they simple task would tire lives. During the learned more about In 1985 Ray moved horne Palace. That great deal more about acter, we learned that fuzzy green robe this traid earned him



when he wore his green robe and rust colored corduroy he looked quite similar to a sequoia. Ray had a similar relation with birds as a sequoia, he didn't like them pecking too early in the morning. When he would wake up to a woodpecker a-pecking, he would flay open his bedroom window, hang out in full natural wooded splendor hole with his leather belt. would scare away the scared the hell out of our too! Ray also didn't drink That changed. A couple to visit me at Michigan Long Island Iced Tea Raman. Ray didn't like only know one dance He idolized Olivia New- He graduated in 1986 and studies at the University likes to fly gliders, he trys much corduroy anymore



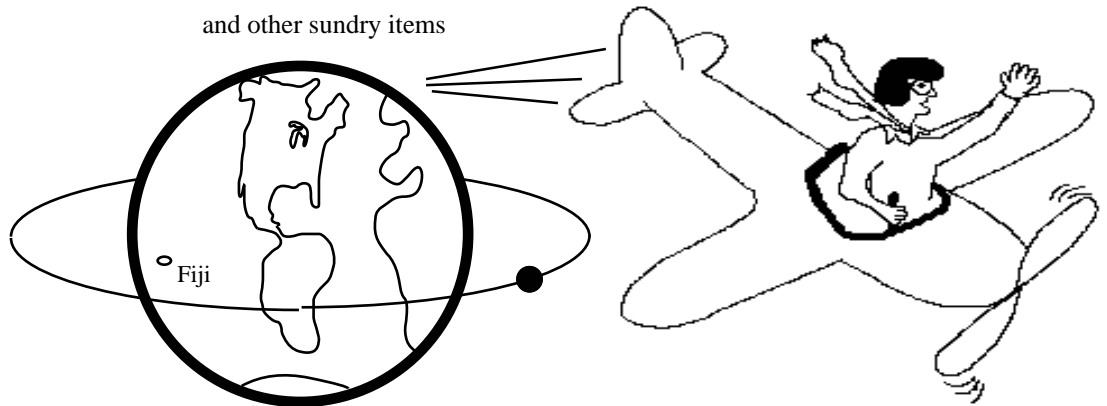
Theoretical Me-bunch of other weenies. We drugery of the them all into know that this change their en-next year we this Swartz-child. into the Polking-year we learned a this curious char-he liked to wear a around the house, the name Tree, for

and wack his pecker Needless to say it bird, but it probably 80 year old neighbors when I first met him. of years ago, Ray came State and won several contetests with to be pointed at. He move, up and down. ton-John, disco queen. enrolled in graduate of Illinois. Ray now to ski, he doesn't wear and he has a girlfriend.

Even as an undergraduate, Ray kept himself abreast of world events. Here Ray is seen meditating in front of the PPSA Information Console. After many hours of late-night rocking with Olivia Newton-John on all three screens, Ray was frequently able to influence the weather.

News from around the Globe...

and other sundry items



Round on the Ends

(OHIO, get it?)

From: BITNET%"LONG@OHSTPY" 1-MAY-1990
To: JJOHNSON
Subj: Re: newsletter time!!
Date: Tue, 1 May 90 21:03 EDT
From: LONG@OHSTPY
Subject: Re: newsletter time!!

Hi John,

Yes, I'm still alive and functioning. I don't have time to write anything for the newsletter but keep me posted on PPSA affairs. I haven't forgotten, soon things will lighten up.

-Steve

Bubbles in My Nose...

(He's going to school in Champaign, Ill, get it?)

Hey, y'all,

What's cooking (besides that Texas Long-horne over yonder)?

How is the future President doing in school. Hopefully better than the current Vice-President did. Raman tells me that they are currently in the middle of a blizzard up at MSU. Here it is just cold, no snow. I assume you are probably laying out on a beach somewhere, watching the bikinis stroll by, thinking "Hey babe, want me to show you the Capital Building steps? They're quite comfortable."

I sit here, spending 16 hours a day in the office (well, at least 12!) and wonder what it's all for? I don't want to do physics. I want to dance the lead in Swan Lake in front of a paying crowd of middle-aged previous winners of medals in the Great Olympic Sport of Ping-Pong. But it is not to be. I gaze out the window, and see a cloud that looks almost like Jesse Jackson paddling Nancy Reagan with an old, worn hardback copy of the Congressional Record.

I want to fly, again. It's really quite an obsession.

I have also been finding myself thinking lately, when I hear something about the way things are run, "Wait until I get into the Congress". Radinator, the public servant. Poetic.

Sorry, I've been rambling. Too much time in the office, I guess.

Want to do some skiing this winter? It should take you no time at all to drive up here in your Mean Green (well, blue doesn't rhyme) Driving Machine.

Are you coming up for Thanksgiving?? I do not know if you get a week off or only a few days. I already assume you will be in Michigan for Christmas.

I'll get back to work now. *Tree*

From: FNALD::ARLISS "Up, up, and away!"
To:UTAPHY::JJOHNSON
Date: 13-APR-1990 14:20:29.98
Subj: RE: CRASHING bore!?!?

JJ,

Yes, my wing had a minor altercation with a fence and lost. I have the newspaper clipping (they got the story wrong) and was planning on mailing you a copy. I was also going to write up a corrected version of the story to accompany it.

How's J.R.?

The Radinator (See below -ed)

PLANE-GLIDER ACCIDENT SLIGHTLY INJURES TWO

From the Champaign-Urbana News-Gazette, March 9, 1990

"An Urbana man and a Montecello man were shaken up but not seriously hurt Sunday when a plane towing a glider overturned on takeoff north of Montecello. Joseph C. Vaux, 66, of Montecello, was the pilot of the plane when the mishap occurred about 2:50 p.m. Raymond Lee Swartz Jr., 28, of Urbana, was the pilot of the glider. Vaux and Swartz received minor cuts but were not taken to a hospital, said state police Sgt. Kenneth Dicken. The tow plane and glider were traveling about 20 mph and attempting a takeoff when the glider became disconnected from the plane, Dicken said. The glider, owned by the Illini Glider Club, hit a fence post and then the ground, Dicken said. At the same time, a wind gust flipped the tow plane over on the ground, he said."

So says the newspaper article. The reporter, as they usually do, got it wrong. I have been on the scene of several incidents that have later been reported in the media, and I have yet to see a story reported correctly. The real story follows. It had been a good day of flying, with me staying up for an hour, and getting ten miles from the airport. Remember that this was without an engine. The strong wind from the south prevented me from getting back to the airport, though, before I landed in a plowed field. Another glider, that I had been flying with, also landed with me. The nearest place where we could take off from was a little east-west grass strip alongside of a fence. We pulled the gliders to the east end of this strip, which had the fence along the south side, and waited for the tow plane to come and get us. When the plane landed, We hooked up the other glider and he took off. His takeoff roll went a little toward the fence on the south as the south wind pushed on the vertical tail of the glider, causing it to "weathervane" into the wind. We prepared for this on my takeoff, which was going to be when the towplane returned. Actually, this explanation is fake. The accident was staged for insur-

ance purposes. We are now suing the farmer for "pain & suffering" and expect a \$13.4 mil settlement, as it was obviously his fault that the wind was on his property. I am hiding this paragraph in here because I know that the jury will fall asleep by now when they read this but I wanted my fellow PPSAers to know the truth. Yes, you too can make money from the legal system. After the towplane and I got into position, facing west, I signaled him to start to apply power. Just as we started rolling, I felt a sudden gust of wind push my tail around so that I was starting to point at the fence. I applied corrections to try to straighten the glider out, but since the controls of a plane are aerodynamic flaps on the wings, and I hadn't been moving very fast yet, this had no effect. Seeing the fence approaching quickly, and having no control yet due to the low speed, I pulled the release, disconnecting me from the towplane. I was able to raise my left wing and avoid hitting one fencepost as I pulled the brake to stop. Unfortunately, the next fencepost was higher and I couldn't stop in time before my wing hit it, doing a few hundred dollars damage to the wing. I had exactly zero injuries, not even minor cuts or bumps since I had almost stopped by that time. I missed what happened to the towplane after this, but we were able to reconstruct it afterwards by tire marks and such. Apparently, the same gust that turned me was able to apply an upward force to the towplane's left wing since the towplane was a high-wing aircraft, with the wing above the cockpit. Enough air got under the wing that it was able to lift the plane a few feet above the ground and turn it to the right. Remember that we really hadn't been moving very fast yet, so the towplane didn't have the airspeed to stay airborne. After the small turn to the right, which put the plane over the plowed cornfield, it settled back down onto the ground. At this point, the wheels sank into the soil, causing the plane to nose over onto its back. The only injury to the tow pilot was a small cut on his hand where it hit the instrument panel. The plane, though, was totaled.

TOP TEN REASONS WHY RAY HASN'T WRITTEN AN ARTICLE FOR THE NEWS- LETTER BEFORE THIS

10. It would mean getting out of bed.
9. Ivana and I have been shopping.
8. We had to smuggle it out of the Pentagon in Fawn Hall's lingerie.
7. My dog ate it.
6. I did, but PLAYBOY paid me \$4000 for it.
5. My subscription was cancelled.
4. Those noisy kids!
3. I spilled my beer on it when the other car hit mine.
2. The 'n' key was stuck.
1. Johnny can't read it anyway.

E-Mail From Michigan State...
submitted by Air Pfaff

From: BITNET%"PFAFF@MSUNSCL"
To: JJOHNSON
Subj: cedar village
Date: Mon, 16 Oct 89 04:11 EST

Hey sporto,

In case you don't get the local east lansing news up there, after we got pummeled by Michigan for the hundreth straight time, about 3000 students started rioting in cedar village. Apparently they took all the dumpsters out to the street, and through their couches out the windows (and everything else in sight) and lit the sucker on fire. About half the city workers showed up to try to do something about it, such as bulldozers and police in riot gear. such is life. Anyway, we got our security deposit check back. Shall I just sign your name on the check and mail you your money? Also, what do you want to do with the last xerox and coffee bills from the lab? Oh well, later dude.

P.S. how bout them dolphins.....smoking hot ball team

From: MSUHEP::NSCL::PFAFF
To: MSUHEP::UTAPHY::JJOHNSON
Date: 12-APR-1990 18:59:19.15
Subj: RE: John visting E.L., and The Comps

eh sporto,

Studying sucks and then you die.....

This weekend or next weekend I could see going to the nut barrel for lunch or something... don't want to spend much time doing anything though...

Did you hear about ray crashing his glider.. he promised to send the newspaper story.

later.. i have to go learn relativity tonite.....

air pfaff

News from MSU

by Raman Pfaff

As another thunderstorm rolls through the area I try to sit here and ponder the past year at the best land grant university in the country (what does that mean anyway?). Many faces have changed around here this past year. As for myself, I have passed my comps and am now here for the duration, or until I drop out to become a bum. My secret goal is to graduate before I am thirty years old. I'm not crossing my fingers however. Well, as for other people Kevin Liddiard has graduated to Fiji (see letter and photos elsewhere in newsletter) and we are suitably jealous of him. Johnny J. has also migrated to hotter and dryer parts of the world as I am sure he will expound upon somewhere else in this tome of knowlege we publish. Another fellow from this fine institution known as Charlie Scriptor will soon be transferring from this PPSA chapter to our esteemed original chapter all the way up in the fine North Country - Michigan Tech. Believe it or not, he will be working for one of our revered honorary members, "Dr. Bob" Weidman. That should make for an interesting working relationship. Charlie's personality is somewhat akin to that of a circus clown crossed with a Saskuatch (*just kidding chuck*). As for new faces, a certain femme fatale called Spider Woman (aka Ninamarie) is one of our newer members in good standing. She is one of the current crowd of real partiers here at MSU. I will quickly describe one of our parties we had here this past Christmas season just to give you the feel (so to speak). It began at the fine and dandy partying hour of 3 pm. Happy Hour at one of the local taverns known as the cup (don't real men wear those?). We were a small contingency, just five of us, but we consumed greatly of the food and 'wine' (or Long Island Iced Teas as the case may be). We had aquired several Christmas favorites for the evening; Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer, the Grinch who Stole something, and several episodes of Batman. We laid down some simple rules for each show. Everytime Rudolph's nose glowed we had to drink (it's probably more times than you think... rent it for yourself). We then drank whenever the natives sang "wa hoo boris" during the

Grinch. That was truly painful. Finally, we moved up to the Batman drinking game. Warning-this game should only be played by truly advanced drinkers. There are many rules to this game including drinking whenever...Robin says 'holy' anything, the dynamic duo uses 'bat'-anything, the word "Bif" comes spiralling onto the screen (in reverence to our favorite beast named Biff), Robin clasps his hands in front of his face, etc..... At one point during the evening we decided to order pizza from Dominos (Houghton's favorite) and after having consumed them, I was getting rather mellow. With an empty pizza box on my lap I asked quizzically, "When is the pizza going to get here?" I really didn't seem to understand why everyone was laughing. Shortly after I re-emerged into consciousness, we were sitting around observing Ninamarie trying to build a pyramid with empty beer cans. The main problem seemed to be that they kept falling down. Eventually, we put her out of her misery by informing her that she was using two drastically different sized beer cans. Needless

to say, no one left that night. I won't mention the time I spent in the bathroom later that evening (oops). Rumor has it that in July we are going to have a Revenge of Rudolph party. Oh no... The campus here is reasonably quiet now that those damn undergrads have left (I used to say that when I was one, so please-no letters to the editor). Our local Chi-Chi's has become quite an enigma however. Tuesday night Margauritaville has become the place to be. I haven't seen crowds like this since my days in good old Miami. At least fifty people were lined up to get in while I was leaving the other night. And for at least one reader (you know who you are) I will mention that Erica is back and up to her old tricks. What has she been feeding it lately I wonder? Blondes? Hot stuff. And speaking of hot, this past fall a prior residence of several God Emperors was pillaged by a roving pack of undergrads who got a bit peeved that good old MSU lost to those Bo-fearing Wolverines of Michigan. That goes to show the true character of this fine upstanding university.

.....

top ten things which give pleasure to women

or characters from childrens stories

10. a sensual massage
9. Jack (and of course his beanstalk)
8. a quiet walk in the park
7. Robin (and his merry men)
6. Hansel (after getting rid of Gretel)
5. a diamond engagement ring
4. vibrating veggie (aka slimy carrot - I was warped as a child)
3. Humpty-Dumpty
2. Curious George
1. pinnochio

.....
 • Submitted by Mr. Pfaff, M.S., B.S., A.A., D.O.A. •

Marli's Favorite Movies of All Time

(or, at least the ones I can think of right now)

La Cage Aux Folles (parts I and II; haven't seen part III yet but it looks funny.) A classic story of two typical French parents, I guess....

Eraserhead — your guess is as good as mine.....

Willie Wonka & the Chocolate Factory — fable of what happens to bad little children

Harold and Maude — a classic romance, makes me warm & tingly all over every time (I've seen it about 30 times)

The Kiss of the Spider Woman — Greater love hath no man....

Moonstruck — o sole mio

Yentl — a good "strong woman" story

The Color Purple — another good "strength of woman" story. I'm not a libber but I like women to be strong of heart and mind.

Sophie's Choice — a weak woman story, but it sure is a good tearjerker!

Sex, Lies & Videotape — not a comedy. Very deep and thoroughly absorbing.

My Life as a Dog — describes growing up as a little boy very well, I think

The Wizard of Loneliness — see above

Hope and Glory — same as above, only during wartime

The Tin Drum — mutant child with strange habits grows up during wartime...

When Harry Met Sally — wait 'til you see the orgasm scene!

Tootsie — did anyone else leave the theater as disoriented as I did? Blurs the distinction between sexual roles and makes us question our stereotypes.

Educating Rita — a delightful version of Pygmalion, thoroughly enjoyable.

Time Bandits — great special effects. Please, master, turn me into a dog...

Cabaret — classic love triangle, set during wartime...lots of great music (even the orchestra is beautiful!!!)

The Lair of the White Worm — you just gotta see it. Full of mystery and ancient gothic horror.

Dead Poet's Society — aw, you've all seen it anyway.

The Navigator — can anyone tell me what it was about? Neat & heavy with symbolism

Dr. Strangelove — classic Peter Sellers

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life — every sperm is sacred....

Monty Python's The Search for the Holy Grail — just because some watery tart threw a sword at you?

Young Frankenstein — what hump?? would you like a roll in zee hay?

Anything by Francois Truffaut

Anything by Ingmar Bergman

The Conversation (with Gene Hackman) — wonderful, best mystery I've ever seen and fascinatin' for us high tech types...

Little Big Man (or anything else with Dustin Hoffman in it — especially Midnight Cowboy)

Dr. Zhivago (Mike's choice for best movie)

Anything by Alfred Hitchcock

It's a Wonderful Life

Death Takes a Holiday — old '30s movie, I think. Quite good!

Anything by Ken Russell

Anything by Stanley Kubrick

I just ran out of steam, John. I wanted to put in a movie article that wouldn't just be about the latest stuff out, like Raman. Feel free to edit this or just plain leave it out. see ya.

Mission: South America

The NU-PPSA chapter would also like to announce its first scientific mission as a result of its interests in South America. Those PPSA members who are aficionados or ardent devotees of sociology would have immediately recognized that Efe pygmies are actually indigenous to the Congo Basin in Zaire, and *not* South America. The NU-PPSA has concluded that a small band of hardy Efe pugmies made a trans-Atlantic crossing about May, 1957 using boats made from banana peels held together with Chicquita Banana stickers! In order to scientifically prove this theory, the NU-PPSA chapter is financing the re-creation of this historic migration. Due to budget limitations, though, the re-creation will be a scaled version of the original and take place between Boston and Williamsburg, Va along the east coast, using generic banana stickers. Any or all interested parties should contact:

Dr. Ron
Dept. of South American Pygmy Studies
Northeastern University
Boston, Ma 02115

PPSA South American Investment



3 students injured in LAMPF blast, fire

Monitor Staff Report

An explosion Wednesday afternoon at the Los Alamos Meson Physics Facility injured three graduate students involved in an experiment there.

Dan Allcock and John Johnson of the University of Texas and Steve Means of Texas A&M University were released after treatment for second-degree burns.

The three were moving a detecting device and it is speculated the detector struck a beam target unit containing 15 liters of liquid hydrogen, igniting the hydrogen.

Mike McNaughton, a LAMPF scientist who was among the seven people in the 50-foot-cubed room at the time of the blast, said the fire was instantaneous. He suspects when the detector and target struck it caused the target, in a vacuum, to implode. He said the mechanical energy of the implosion probably ignited the hydrogen.

"The bang from the implosion was simultaneous with a column of flame," McNaughton said. "The

flame was roughly 5 feet in diameter and about 10 feet high, like a biblical column of fire."

He said everyone immediately ran from the room.

"We've all received very thorough training on hazards," McNaughton said. "Everyone immediately recognized what happened. And we were instructed 'if in doubt get everyone out immediately.' We all left room within 10 seconds."

He said although it was hard to be certain, he believes the fire lasted just those 10 seconds.

"It was a brief, quick flash," he said.

McNaughton said firefighters and rescue personnel did a thoroughly professional job.

He said the students avoided more serious injury by wearing ear and eye protection while moving the device.

The target was destroyed.

Lab spokesman John Webster said there was no radiation or exposure because the LAMPF beam wasn't on at the time.

The seven people were involved in the study of properties of subatomic particles, a fairly routine sort of research that goes on at LAMPF, Webster said.

Classified Ads

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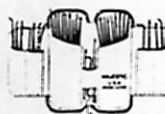


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