

pps a magazine

September 1992 • Volume 6 • Number 2

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* * *



13-MAY-1992

Hail John;

Glad to hear your on the down slope. We all deserve Phd'—om after suffering through the MSU debacle. I only hope I can finish this year as well. It'll take me awhile to assemble the memoirs from our trip & then I'll E-mail them to you. Soon after, I will U.S. mail you some of the pics once I get them from Brenda. Let me know what the time scale is for the next issue.

Best Regards, Steve Langer

26-MAY-1992

John, I will send you something. I promise. Yes, I will be leaving William and Mary in August to become God Emperor of Des Moines. Pretty Exciting?

-Matt Johnson

*Matt, still waiting on that article...
But, congrats on Des Moines! —ed.*

Hey there PPSA people—

I was just getting done on Live with Larry King and I saw an issue of your **ppsa** magazine laying around. Just wanted to tell you I think you people are doing a fantastic job in the enlightenment of the world from a free perspective. (My daughter really thinks it's keen also.)

Keep up the good work,
Frank and Moon Unit Z.

Dear Zapper—thanks for your support. Never thought we'd have you as a PPSA spokesman, but we' can't be too choosy these days. Mention us next time you testify to Congress... No, on second thought, don't. —ed.

Letters to the Editor....

19-JUN-1992

Letter to the Editor:

I just wanted to give everyone a thanks for helping me out during my fun(?) surgery ordeal. I am now 100% healthy and am just working on losing some of the fat I put on eating all that hospital food. The Yugoslavian doctor was easily one of those people that I easily put on a pedestal. When you first meet him you kind of feel in awe of this guy. From the nurses and other doctors I found out that this guy had done around 700 surgeries for tumors in my area and only about five of those people had died (in the first few it is rumored). He had also done several thousand surgeries on dead bodies just to be sure where everything is. Something tells me American doctors do not get to do so many practice sessions. Instead of burying everyone in one piece perhaps we should give doctors a few chance to learn something (no offense to anyone, just a personal belief). In any event, I'm glad I heard from so many of you, it really made me think of things other than a twelve hour table visit.

Thanks tremendously,
Raman Pfaff

Raman, we are all glad that you are doing so well. Your friends will always be there when you need them. Keep us apprised of your progress.

*Best Wishes,
Your PPSA friends*

Mr editor—

I really enjoyed that article by Raman Pfaff on the true essence of sports today. I now see why the refs let Portland win a few games in the recent NBA playoffs. From now on I will understand most of what is going on. Thanks for the insight. Maybe more in the near future?

Sports Nut.

Of course. -ed.

Dear Editor,

Did you notice that in the last issue one can easily see the growth of the G-E called John Johnson? Observe on page 5 he is doing his invention called Disco (I fear he missed the patent by a year or so). Now, notice many years later, on page 4 and the inside back cover, that he has not learned many new poses; however, he has altered the clothing for quite an overall improvement in his total image.

Also, what is that thing on the face of Raman Pfaff on pages 9 and 21 and the inside back cover. Could this be one of those killer caterpillars I've heard about in Brazil??

Also, I'd really like to make an offer on the Nike shoebox advertised, but only if it comes with a pool and at least half an acre. The problem is, I don't know the area code I should call. Any chance you could give it to me?

Thanks,
Curious Reader.

13-MAR-1992

>Dear Matt:
>Steve Langer gave me your mailing
>address and suggested I send you some
>PPSA propaganda...
>-John, THE God Emperor of PPSA

Dear John:
You aren't going to tell anybody, are you? I mean: the membership rolls are kept secret, right? I wouldn't want my wife to find out... Maybe I should read the material you sent before asking silly questions...

Matt Birkholz, Cambridge Research Lab
birkholz@crl.dec.com
Digital Equipment Corp.

From: DAC::WILLIAMS
To: DAC::JJOHNSON
Subj: RE: 350 MEV POINT

I don't know why the notebook disagrees with the paper. I don't care about the remaining 1/3 of my dissertation. All I want is a puppy.

Dear Editor:

Who was that *beast* on the cover of your last issue?? Was he truly from medieval times? If so, I do not believe that the gun and motorcycle actually came from those days. Or, am I wrong? He does have quite the intoxicating stare though.

—Encino Man.

*The beast was and still is Ray Swartz, God Emperor of U.Illinois. Regarding the rest of your question, since you are a simple cave man I won't make specific reference to your simian parentage, but: **Thaw out!** —ed.*

John,

Sorry we missed you. The schedule I sent you was approximate, and I thought you were only going to be in MX for the weekend, I didn't realize it was going to extend into Monday. Maybe in October...

We found a few things to do in LA. We drove around, and went to the top of the ski hill. It was a nice view. That night, with LA lodgings we could find being expensive, and SF being nonexistent, we went back to Albuquerque. Found cheap lodgings and saw the Museum of Natural History the next day. I REALLY liked it, very modern.

The Canyon was great, we hiked 6 miles into it before turning around. Quite a grueling 10 hours. Lost money in Vegas, saw the Petrified Forest, drive to the top of Pike's Peak (recommended, it's quite a drive), entered Texas and Oklahoma (seen in a OK bathroom stall: Here I sit, cheeks a flexin', giving birth to another Texan), saw Jesse James' hideout in Meramac, MO (a rather large cave).

What's your damn apartment number?

Ray Swartz

Letters to the Editor....

John,

So the grad students are sitting there for our meeting with the NSF site review committee talking about how things are here for us. The chair of the NSF review committee says to Raman, "Don't you remember me?"

Raman replies, "Hey I've had two brain surgeries in the past year."

Committee chair: "You taught a lab for me a couple of years ago."

All at once, the D.C. APS conference delegation knows who this guy is. Clearly Raman only taught labs at one other school, in Florida. What a coincidence.

-john kelley

30-JUN-1992

Hey John-

Remember once when I was complaining of the copy protected VCR tapes and you said you had never observed the phenomenon I described. I just figured this out. I have 2 of the VCR's. One I bought just after you left and the other I bought a year and a half later. When I run the old into the new, the copy is fine. The other way, new into old, does not quite produce enough signal to get a reasonable (try lousy in reality) picture. I would be forced to say that the signal on newer models is not as strong as it was a mere few years ago. I bet some government regulations said this is the limit and the movie people make many (I'd say 65%) of the movies "copy protected" by today's standards. I just had this idea today and flipped the leads of my vcr's and I am just amazed that this is true. Mind Boggling (torac repus).

Later, Rp

Have fun on the graveyards.....

17-JUL-1992

HEY JOHN! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR GIVING TIM YOUR ADVICE MY RIBS ARE MEAT! OH, AND BY THE WAY, SINCE I AM NOT OF THIS WORLD OR THIS DESTINY AS YOU KNOW IT AND YOU HAVE CONTACTED ME YOU HAVE ENTERED THE CAITLYN ZONE. THERE IS NO ESCAPE. THERE IS NO WAY OUT. UNLESS OF COURSE YOU PAY ME. OR USE YOUR VISA-MASTER CARD. BUT HEY, AT LEAST IM PROBABLY STUCK IN THE JOHN ZONE. P.S. THANKS FOR THE STAY, AND TELL SHANNON THANKS FOR THE DRAGON. HES ON MY WALL-STUCK IN THE CAITLYN ZONE. LATER, EARTHBOY!

Hello John Boy!

How is the Southwest? Warm? If so—send some our way! We have moved from Spring right into Fall.

So sad...

How is Tim? Say hello for me. You meeting some girls? Beware of Hot Tubs!! You can catch infectious diseases from them.

Call again soon or write and send money.

Thanks, talk to you later,

Kathy

KPJ-

Thanks for writing. The Southwest is fine, warm and nice. I've met some women, but none that I'm serious about. As for the hot tubs, I try to visit clean ones. Sorry this didn't come with cash!

-your Bro/editor

(—did you know they have llamas in the UP?)

Tue, 7 Jul 92

Hi John,

(from your mail message:)

>Dear Charlie,

>I just wanted you to know that out here

>at LANL we **do** other things than just

>look for subatomic particles. As a

>matter of fact some of us aren't that

>lucky. SOME of US get to look for >particles that don't even exist! (No one

>in particular...)

And some of you argue on sci.skeptic with dithering idiots. :-)

>?? Ya ever think that maybe they're

>not even subatomic particles at all, but

>really just little UFO's??

I'll bet they ***ARE*** UFOs until they hit your detector, then they just become FOs... :-)

>Actually I thought it was funny that

>you (whom I have served with at MSU)

>were sending mail on this wierd thread

>to my friend Cary who I just met here

>at LAMPF this summer.

Well I had to stick my nose in **that** argument. Why does Cary waste him time arguing with morons like that? In fact, he was sounding like an idiot, too.... Mustv'e been the company he was keeping... :-)

>Maybe YOU'LL be looking for a job

>someday and you'd just better HOPE

>the aliens that run this joint don't think

>you're serious!!

Well, you'll put in a good word for me... :-)

) I think I've had enough of being a N.N. Did you hear the news from NSCL? Jerry got fed up with the politics, and went to be ***DIRECTOR*** of Argonne labs (so I heard)! Too bad he f**ked over all his students, and pissed off all his techs before he left...

This means the newsletter is not done yet! OK, I'll see if I can whip something up. Hey, a change for my address info. My phone number is 482-6863 (I think I got it all backwards when I sent it to you last time). And you know where to find Bob Langer now, right? (Is he your next door neighbor? Tell him I said "HI").

—Charles Scriptor



From the desk of The God Emperor

by JOHN JOHNSON

September 12, 1992

School's back in session and the summer is behind us now. The magazine is a little behind schedule too. One good thing that has come from this is that I have a lot to print! I hope the format change has been accepted well. I would expect so, since our goal here at the editorial offices, located in beautiful downtown Los Alamos, is to make each issue better than the last!

I have lots of things to talk about. Trying to stick with PPSA matters first, I would like to appeal to you to send in dues. I will be enclosing a membership statement and return envelope with each magazine. Please return it. Your contribution will mean a lot. Also remember, it is never too late or too early to contribute to the next issue! No article is too small, no financial contribution too big!

I've been a bit lethargic lately... that's probably due to a midnight shift I had a couple of weeks ago. It sucked. Actually I did get a fair amount of work done, but I am just now able to work days. I guess that I can blame the shift on my strange behavior of late. A good example is my learning some Unix! I shiver to think of it. Anyhow, there have been several new members initiated here on 9th Street, the summer home to LANL students. This summer started out great... Volleyball, Basketball, poker and BBQ every night, but then the shifts started and things became rather uneventful. Last month I made a road trip to Mexico with some new PPSA members. Ray Swartz tried to visit me the day before I got back to Los Alamos. I guess I'll see Ray at the PPSA Winter Carnival event at Michigan Tech next February though. On Friday some of us went to see the annual burning of Zozobra (Old Man Gloom) in Santa Fe. It was pretty good, and one of the last real pagan rituals left in America!

I have been in touch with many members since the last issue. There are quite a few who plan on graduating this year or next. Soon a plethora of PPSA Ph.D.'s (mostly in Physics) will be pounding the pavement looking for employment. I am among the lucky few who should be out in '92! I returned to Austin, Tx for my qualifier in the Spring and have been advanced to candidacy. Since my data was taken a year ago (supplemented by some unscheduled late night pion catching this summer) I should be able to send the experiment paper out to a journal soon and, if I can write my nice little dissertation up in short order, graduate in December. I circulated my resume here at the lab and already have a postdoc lined up for January 1993! So I'm a happy camper. To those of you in the same boat, I hope your graduation goes according to your schedule and hope your job search goes well.

There are a lot of issues facing the United States these days, our changing economy is causing a great deal of "personnel redistribution" in both the private and public sectors. It used to be that being in the military was a safe career, but not any longer. With the fall of communism the need for large troops ready to go into combat is no longer necessary. Both a smaller military in terms of troops and weapons is the order of the day. The R&D community is seeing a big change too. Personally I don't see science as a jobs program provided by the government. I would hope that sane minds prevail and

monies are allocated to keep productive laboratories open. There is a need to set priorities in the U.S., but the SSC or the Space Station should not be funded AT THE EXPENSE of less glamorous science. National priorities should be focused on making the U.S. competitive in all areas of R&D. Not only should America be good at building cars or toasters, in order to compete with Japan, but there needs to be an emphasis put on basic research as well. Perhaps just as loggers need to relocate when the time comes to move to where the new-growth trees are ready to be harvested, the time has come to send new men and women to Congress to



set our priorities straight. There is going to be an estimated turnover of 150 members of Congress, this is our best hope at fixing our country's problems and setting forth a strong and insightful agenda that will take us into the next century.

Certainly the economy is in a recession, but we cannot spend ourselves out of it. Redistribution of wealth is not the answer. Neither is harping on family values. Education is probably the biggest problem I see in this country. I heard of a class that is being offered at Stanford University called "Black Hair as Culture and History"—it's being offered as an upper-level history course. I don't know how to fix education, but I think the way that public schools are run needs to be addressed. The government (*read: taxpayers*) spend up to \$150,000 per classroom I've heard. It's like the post office. The U.S. Postal Service is considering raising the cost of a first class stamp again, for the second time in two years. One reason for their problems seems to be a very top-heavy management system. Just like our government in general. The job of government should be to protect its citizens, not to overregulate, overtax and overspend. Much of the glut of government exists in too many career bureaucrats trying to entrench themselves into the system so that they have job security. When it comes to useless bureaucrats, get rid of 'em. The same goes for Congress. It is important to ensure that new ideas flow into Washington from time to time. Congressional term limits can keep Congressmen as "representatives", not the isolated, lazy ass-kissers of special interest that they've become. Congressmen will want to go to Washington and make a difference "during their term of office", not just in the next 40 or 50 years that they are there. We need to elect people to public office that are willing to take on the entitlement programs that choke our society and cut some pork. Not all of the blame can be placed on Washington. The media tends to portray the United States as a second-rate nation that is falling behind. That just isn't true and it isn't fair to paint the American public as being stupid and

lazy. During the 1980's the U.S. economy grew by the entire GNP of Germany. There are certainly challenges ahead of us, personally I believe that the European Community will prove to be more of a challenge than Japan has ever been. But as many less developed countries come "on-line" we will see more market potential than ever before. The United States of America is not a has-been nation, it is still a thriving superpower that other countries will turn to for ideas and leadership. The doom and gloom that we see in the papers and on TV needs to be set aside. The time for self-pity and self-indulgence is over, it's time to have a can of Jolt and get down to some old-fashioned butt-kicking. I won't get specifically political, suffice it to say that I am not pleased with the way things are allowed to be in our country. As far as the elections go I'll leave it at that, PPSA members are intelligent enough to make their own decisions.

There is a movie coming out called **Sneakers** that deals with the value of information in our society. In the movie (which I haven't seen yet) a band of high-tech thieves are hired by Uncle Sam to steal some vital information. I have been aware for some time now that information is the currency of the future. To quote author Bruce Sterling, "every pixel in Cyberspace is a sales opportunity." However, he states that "Money does not map onto information well." "The crux here is access...." I have done a good deal of reading up on these matters lately and find the current explosion in network communications and the rush to electronically gather information to be somewhat analogous to the explosion in the computer industry just over a decade ago. Those of us who grew up watching the computer revolution should not be surprised at all at the events today. Many of us are in science and are very familiar with subjects such as e-mail and remote access of data and computer systems. Neither should we be surprised that the growth we are seeing is just a faint precursor of what is to come.

Most households and all campuses now have access to computers, many of which are networked to others, and soon fiber optic links will be available at your doorstep. The defense network, ARPANET, which originated in the 1970's has grown and joined with many other networks such as Usenet, DECnet, Bitnet and foreign computer networks to form what is called the Internet. It is not rare today to log on to a computer system and find virtual users from several other countries logged in as well. With the fall of the Soviet Union, this international network is being accessed by people who previously took what information was handed them by their repressive governments. Now they can reach out and freely communicate with people around the world. Scientists can access the most recent databases, and ideas can be exchanged unfettered. The potential for such a system is hard to imagine. Right now, for the price of my computer account-my access to the net, I can search newspaper and magazine databases for any topic, I can check airline schedules and make reservations, I can find the weather reports for most cities, I can look up phone numbers and zip codes, I can search dictionaries, encyclopedias and thesauruses, I can retrieve the words to most any Monty Python skit, I can communicate with friends and strangers thousands of miles away, I can travel around the world without leaving my desk. Sure there is frivolous information out there, but I now have access to vital information as well. I need not travel to Texas to use their computers and I can discuss changes in a Journal article with colleagues across state and national boundaries in minutes. By logging into a computer that has access to Usenet news I can communicate and read about new ideas and opinions of people from around the world. What I can get for "free" now would have cost a pretty penny a couple of years ago. And on my CompuServe account, which has a small monthly access fee, I can access more valuable information. The more valuable the higher the access fee.

Most of the nodes that exist on the Internet are in developed countries.

There are people that are working on extending a "Global Net" that will even encompass hard to get to areas in Africa, South America, Asia, and Cuba. As information becomes easier to access we will also see changes in governments. There is evidence that computer networks have played a role in both the fall of the USSR and in disseminating information on the riots in Tienamin Square. I will dare to make an analogy. Just as television has had its shortcomings, TV has allowed ideas to be shared across generational and cultural boundaries. Television allows facts to be transmitted almost instantaneously across continents. It becomes harder and harder to keep facts secret. Repressive governments despise any media that can "tell the truth" in this way. How can you continue to keep people oppressed who know what possibilities exist in the world today? Radio was an important tool of propaganda during wartime this century. But the ability to use radio or television for propaganda fails when people can receive alternative, unregulated programming that does not come from a government station. The computer networks that are developing today have the potential to free people from oppression and ignorance and help to unify the planet in a way that one can only imagine.

The idea of a unified global computer network can be extended even more through the introduction of virtual reality. I mean, here I have this fancy (by 1992 standards) computer on my desk and via my modem I can connect to computers around the globe. But all that gets transmitted is electrons or light. These get transformed into just ones and zeros, and then the ones and zeros get turned into words, but why stop there? Why not use shapes, colors, sounds and other sensory perceptions to get more out of the data? Visualizing data sets and information is a new field that started in just the past few years. There are a great many ideas as to how to incorporate virtual reality in order to deal with data and concepts in a new and unprecedented manner. Several science-fiction authors have introduced the concept of a Cyberspace in which people can handle data sets and information more efficiently than by just using a terminal and keyboard. I have included an article from **Playboy** that I downloaded from CompuServe that deals with this new technology. I will try and put a science-fiction short story in the next issue on Cyberspace as well. But for now, if you have access to a computer that is on the Internet, may I suggest trying some of the following ftp sites for information:

<u>Topic</u>	<u>Type</u>	<u>address</u>	<u>Login</u>	<u>Switches</u>
Global Networking	FTP	dhvx20.csudh.edu	ANONYMOUS	
NASA pictures	FTP	sseop.jsc.nasa.gov	ANONYMOUS	
NASA database	TELNET	nssdca.gsfc.nasa.gov	NODIS	
USA Today News...	TELNET	yfn.ysu.edu		
Music Lyrics	FTP	ocf.berkeley.edu	ANONYMOUS	
Geographic Server	TELNET	martini.eecs.umich.edu		/port=3000
Dictionary, Federalist papers	TELNET	info.rutgers.edu		
Law Library	TELNET	liberty.uc.wlu.edu	LAWLIB	
NASA News	FINGER	nasanews@space.mit.edu		
Library of Congress	TELNET	bbs.oit.unc.edu	BBS	
Weather Info	TELNET	madlab.spri.umich.edu		/port=3000
Supreme Court Rulings	FTP	ftp.cwru.edu		

Free Public Access Account login as NEW to nyx.cs.du.edu, or, login as NEWUSER to m-net.ann-arbor.mi.us
To use:

FTP allows you to copy files from another system. The userid is usually ANONYMOUS and you send your own id as password.

TELNET allows you to actually logon to another system, usually you are limited and must use a menu.

FINGER allows you to find information on a users on your system or another system (also INETFINGER).



John Johnson
PPSA GOD EMPEROR

Maybe in order to understand mankind, we have to look at the word itself: "Mankind." Basically, it's made up of two separate words—"mank" and "ind." What do these words mean? It's a mystery, and that's why so is mankind.

I hope if dogs ever take over the world, and they choose a king, they don't just go by size, because I bet there are some Chihuahuas with some good ideas.

It takes a big man to cry, but it takes a bigger man to laugh at that man.

I guess we were all guilty, in a way. We all shot him, we all skinned him, and we all got a complimentary bumper sticker that said, "I Helped Skin Bob."

I bet the main reason the police keep people away from a plane crash is they don't want anybody walking in and lying down in the crash stuff, then, when somebody comes up, act like they just woke up and go, "What was THAT?!"

The face of a child can say it all, especially the mouth part of the face.

Ambition is like a frog sitting on a Venus Flytrap. The flytrap can bite and bite, but it won't bother the frog because it only has little tiny plant teeth. But some other stuff could happen and it could be like ambition.

I'd rather be rich than stupid.

If you were a poor Indian with no weapons, and a bunch of conquistadors came up to you and asked where the gold was, I don't think it would be a good idea to say, "I swallowed it. So sue me."

If you define cowardice as running away at the first sign of danger, screaming and tripping and begging for mercy, then yes, Mr. Brave man, I guess I'm a coward.

I bet one legend that keeps recurring throughout history, in every culture, is the story of Popeye.

When you go in for a job interview, I think a good thing to ask is if they ever press charges.

To me, boxing is like a ballet, except there's no music, no choreography, and the dancers hit each other.

What is it that makes a complete stranger dive into an icy river to save a solid gold baby? Maybe we'll never know.

We tend to scoff at the beliefs of the ancients. But we can't scoff at them personally, to their faces, and this is what annoys me.

I think someone should have had the decency to tell me the luncheon was free. To make someone run out with potato salad in his hand, pretending like he's throwing up, is not what I call hospitality.

To me, clowns aren't funny. In fact, they're kinda scary. I guess it goes back to the time we went to the circus and a clown killed my Dad.

As I bit into the sweet, tangy nectarine, and tasted the juices running down my chin, I looked down, and realized that it wasn't a nectarine at all, but a HUMAN HEAD!

You know, some white coral, painted brown, and attached to the skull with some common wood screws, can make a child look like a deer.

If trees could scream, would we be so cavalier about cutting them down? We might, if they screamed all the time, for no good reason

Dear John,

Sorry about the delay, but Dave has a tendency to hog the computer these days.
Anyhow, I hope this information helps you with your newsletter.

November 17, 1990- Dave and I were married in Grosse Pointe, Michigan. We went to Disneyworld in Orlando, Florida for our honeymoon.

April 1991- Dave got a job at Marathon Oil Company in Detroit so we moved from Chicago to an apartment in Harper Woods, Michigan

August 1991- We bought a house in Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan.

August 1991- I got a job at Bemis Junior High School teaching 7th and 8th grade English, geography and history.

January 1992- Dave started at Detroit College of Law.

I am enclosing a wedding picture, please send it back as soon as possible. Take care. We look forward to hearing from you soon.

Regards,
Dave & Emily

Congratulations!



News from Montana State University

4-FEB-1992

Hello John !

Received the PPSA newsletter/magazine. Thanks. Sorry again about not getting a contribution off to you in time. I'll get some stuff written up for the next one. Send me a harassment note sometime before it comes out. Seem to average an issue about every nine months or so, so I should be able to meet a deadline like that! The magazine looks great! Having more pictures is very helpful. Several pictures of you in there, NOW I recall who you are. Regarding the title, I like newsletter better than magazine. A magazine is something I subscribe to, comes in the mail every now & then, no big deal or event. The name newsletter sounds more in tune with the purpose of PPSA, which, as you said, is to help keep in touch with each other. But a name is just a name so whatever. A anniversary road trip to Tech's winter carnival in '93 sounds like a good idea. I'd go.

BIOGRAPHY

I am George Bennis, I am currently and regrettably, but not for much longer, attending Montana State University and attempting to learn a bit about general relativity and cosmology. Now that I have a minimal working knowledge of that field I will be leaving for the University of Arkansas soon to do something completely different. Before being stranded in Montana I got a B.S. in physics from Michigan Tech. That's where I met some of the crazy people you read about in this newsletter. Before attending MTU I moved around a lot, Northern Michigan, Southern Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, Southwest Oklahoma, east-central Japan, upstate New York. Can't seem to stay in one place more than a few years. Hobbies, let's see, chess, swimming, hiking, canoeing, moving... and an assortment of other mundane things. No main babe in my life right now, though there is this cute one I know out in Iowa...

21-MAY-1992

Regarding the newsletter, okay, I'll round something up to submit.

I am planning on changing grad schools and fields in the fall. Will probably be moving from relativity at Montana State to optics at Univ. of Arkansas. This place is going down hill fast and the relativity group here is worse. Really getting screwed over by this place I'm cutting my losses and leaving. Just got back from visiting U of AR, they seem to have a good program. Have also applied to Oklahoma state but haven't heard back from them yet. Anyway, I do plan to be leaving this dump in august and so far it looks like I'll be moving from the Rockies to the Ozarks. Hopefully this will all work out.

Will send a more detailed account shortly. Just got back into town yesterday.

8-JUN-1992

Here is some info on what I've been up to lately...

Currently I am attending Montana State University and am attempting to study early universe cosmology. But hopefully not for much longer! Not a very promising field job wise anyway, and an even less promising school. So, I'm off to the University of Arkansas for experimental optics in august. I think that will work out much better. This place is going down hill fast, time to cut my losses and get out. The relativity group here is down from five people to just three now, two relativists and an astrophysicist, and is extremely fractured. The relativists are on very bad terms with each other. They haven't even exchanged glances let alone words in at least three years. Not a very happy environment. My advisor has eight grad students actively working with him, plus other projects. He is so busy it has actually become pointless to try and discuss what I'm working on with him. To top it off, NSF has cut all the student support on his grant, so no more RAs. So that in a nut shell is why I'm jumping ship and transferring from the Rockies to the Ozarks. Went down to visit AR a few weeks ago. It looks like a nice place but I think they're desperate for bodies too. There is a very large optics group there, actually, that's about all they do. Get my hands on something applied, enough of this early universe cosmology shit. They flew me down there for a look, put me up in one hell of a nice Hilton and gave me a rental car to drive around while I was there. Sweet. I had a nice time. Spent a day at the school looking over the place and their program and another day and half touring the countryside. They don't seem have any funding problems, several fellowship and lots of RA money available, and the countryside is gorgeous. The folks at the physics department want me to come, I've told them I would, though I haven't been officially accepted by the grad school, but I think that is just a formality. One curious incident there, I was purchasing a magazine at Hasting's Musice&Book store and while chatting with the checkout girl she said that the physics department at U of AR is very good and nationally recognized. Surprised me, maybe I was being followed and this chic was a plant in some elaborate scheme. Weird, really weird. Anyway, right now I'm planning on moving there around the second week of August.

— George Bennis



News from Los Alamos

by Tim Morrison

A couple of weeks ago, John and I went to the burning of **ZOZOBRA**, also known as Old Man Gloom with an enthusiasm that would soon leave us. First we show up and find that the permitter is packed with several hundred cars. After driving around for a while, and tracking down an ATM machine so we could get in, we parked the car and walked to the field of death. There were about 500 people there and I was later to discover that a significant number of them were gang members—this I know because of the fight that occurred and stopped only a few feet in front of me. This event proved to be the most interesting that night. Then we put up with several hours of bad country music and a significant number of chants. A fire dancer (that could not dance) ran back and forth up some stairs, and there was more chanting to the poorly built, over publicized giant mound of toilet paper. After 15 minutes of this dragged out pagan ritual the torches he carried went out. Zozobra's arms waved up and down and someone moaned a lot over the loudspeaker then there were some fireworks. They were neither good nor numerous but once again it was dragged out too long. At long last Mr. Toilet-Paper-on-a-Stick was aflame and in a matter of seconds it was done. Rather anti-climactic.

Lemon curry?

As we left, the burnt flesh of Zozobra fell upon our departing car much like fallout from a nuclear winter.

Member Updates

By JOHN JOHNSON

Members have been moving left and right since the last issue. Many of them have graduated from undergrad or **finally received their Ph.D.'s**. Here is what I know about a few of them...

Kevin Liddiard has moved from the frigid North and now he's **teaching football to 9th graders** on an Indian Reservation in Arizona. Mail to his parent's address should get to him though.

KaiNani Kraut has moved from the Cyclotron at MSU to The University of Illinois-Urbana/Champaign for grad school. Now **Ray needs to look her up** and pass on more PPSA historical information so that when he graduates UIUC will still have a chapter!

Matt Johnson said he should be in Des Moines by now, but I haven't heard from him yet. If anyone talks to Matt, have him send me his new address. *Congrats on graduating!*

The Leigh family has a new PPSA member! Raman says that **Marli has had a baby!** News to be forthcoming!

Jala Pfaff has moved, reports Raman. No new address yet. Raman also reports that **Dave "Mr. Burrito" Bartley** has moved back in with his parents. Dave is also going to sell his Atari ST to Raman. If he doesn't buy it I will Dave (can't have too many!) Lots of new members at MSU too—see *Mr. Pfaff goes to Washington*.

I hope to hear from all the rest of you in the next couple months! Please write! **America wants to know!** Well, at least I do. Send me a note with your dues!!

WHAT TO do

BESIDES

Work

by Raman Pfaff

Fri, 19 Jun 1992

The baseball season is now rolling right along like a dog in a swamp and it just makes me think ahead to the fact that football will soon be starting. However, I must still turn on the TV every night trying to watch something educational or a least mind numbing and unfortunately since they must play one hundred and sixty two damn games there is a game on the tube EVERY night. It makes me quite nauseous. I don't know what to do about it! There are four thousand two hundred twelve total games, and that is just in the regular season—not in preseason or post—season; what should we make of this insanity? I must know. Or perhaps, I should begin to think of things to do other than watching the semi-god TV set.

Lately I have been trying to find other temporary hobbies until football season begins. Let's see what I have been up to and a few things some of the other people I know have been doing. One of my favorites (in spirit) is learning about wines. Obviously this takes much reading and research into the field. However, much of the "research" involves tasting the various wines on which you have studied to be sure that you understand terms such as rich, oakey, woody, dry, sweet, and so on. The best part of all this is that at wine tasting parties, you are able to drink wine. I mean drink. Thus with a nice buzz going, you really begin to understand such words and get a greater knowledge of the world

around you. This can certainly aid in the graduate school need for such a trait. Therefore, productive. Onward we go.

Another thing of interest is making the house look more interesting. I feel this is a great thing to do since after a great long day at the office, it really feels good to get back to your abode and just relax and see neat things. After a bit of work, I can come home, turn on the ocean under the Red October, and then flip on it's stern and bow lights which blink away under the lovely blue ocean. This sounds very simple yet it used a bit of our knowledge in the fact that we had to deal with basic electronic circuitry and a bit a light technology to get the color of the ocean proper. This is certainly relaxing as I sit around in the evening and watch a movie which I probably rented on 2 for 1 night. Another beautiful feature added to the home is the X-mas lights on the perimeter of the bar (which has a bit of history itself). These lights also give a comfortable evening when it is a bit nippy outside, such as today when it is only going to make it to 55 degrees here in the middle of June. The lights give a feeling of Christmas time which is always pleasurable. These lights took the amazing technology of stringing an extension cord behind the bar. Fancy stuff.

Speaking of fancy, another current interest is cooking. Many grad students feel that this is one way to relax after the tough day of work. Coming up with interesting recipes is definitely an intriguing pursuit. Cooking them and making them look like a fancy expensive restaurant would be the tricky part. It is also the fun part. Since I am a raspberry freak, I decided to make a raspberry sauce for some chicken breasts. Since this was the first time I had tried such a thing it was most entertaining. I did not have a recipe so I winged it while relaxing and not thinking of work. At the end the chicken did not taste too bad but it looked more like a tiny little bit of beet red chicken floating around in tons of sauce which consisted of a nice red liquid and LOTS of raspberries. I don't think they would serve this in many eating establishments. However, cooking is certainly a nice thing to do and it teaches us many conversions between various measurements and some of the chemical processes that take place in our oven. Girlfriends really like it when you cook for them is also a hidden bonus of this talent. If only I could learn more things. Noodles with Parmesan cheese is still one of my specialties.

Speaking of noodles, some people have decided that taking care of plants is a good thing to do. I don't know about this. I feel that if the plant doesn't get by with minimal care, then it doesn't belong in the tough plant world. Survive or make room for a new plant. However, the cost of new plants has certainly gone up over the past few years (along with everything else) and this could lead one

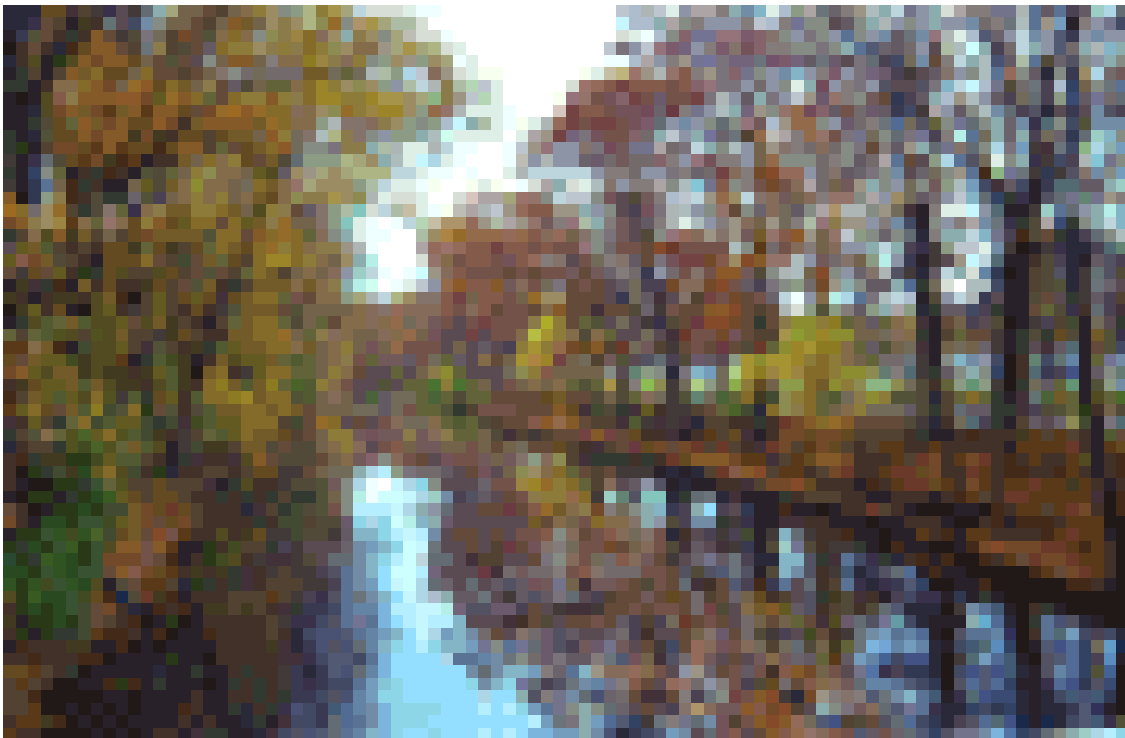
to learn more about the sophistication of the living organisms sitting on our shelves. Coming home in the evening and repotting a plant in a fresh bed of nice potting soil is always fun. It let's you get your hands nice and dirty and pretend that you are just a gardener at some nice place like Beverly Hills rather than a student in some dump like Illinois or some other flat dark place. Being able to produce new plants from something as tasty as a pineapple is also enlightening. It is almost like playing God since you get to produce life from mere food. Producing new life does take skill though. It may not work the first time but if you do some plant research at the library or reading the plant books in the plant store you can further the education in your life and have a nicer looking house all at the same time. Maybe this isn't such a bad thing to do after all.

Reading is of course a great thing to do. This is one of the basic principles upon which intelligence is based. Over the years my reading ability has plummeted due to the fact that I tend not to read, but to just look at writing such as a series of equations written in a book. Recently I have begun to read once again. This of course began when I started receiving the PPSA Newsletter/Magazine and also a great influence has been the Smithsonian Magazine. The Smithsonian has approximately 6-

8 articles every month which cover a wide variety of subjects; everything from cloning fetuses for organ donation to a man who was one of the worlds greatest book dealers in the first half of this century. The broad range of topics can certainly increase your understanding of many other things which could someday be of use to you. Such topics may come up at sophisticated parties with your advisor or perhaps while your out at the theatre with a future spouse. You will never know. In order to keep myself from getting Alzheimer's Disease, I definitely feel reading is a good thing to do since it will keep my brain a bit more active than a rerun of Happy Days.

However, one of the most interesting things to do instead of watching the tube is to travel. Thus I have purchased a pair of tickets to take a nice comfy plane ride down to Miami. If only I had waited one more week; then I could have watched a Dolphin game at Joe Robbie Stadium to kick off the preseason. In any event I will get to see the good old Orange Bowl once again and think back on some good memories. You know, the NFL preseason starts next month and Miami has quite a few games on TV this year. That's great, I can barely wait!

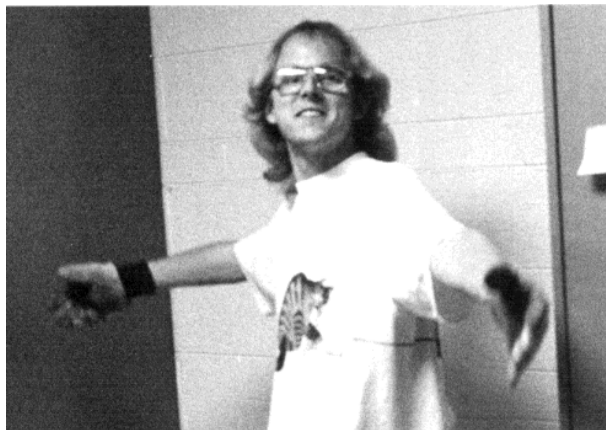
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Grand River, East Lansing, Michigan

Life at Michigan State

photographed by Carl Nelson



George Jeffers treats grad school at MSU like a waltz. The question is... who is he dancing with?

Lily Hoines seen wearing leather at last year's PPSA New Year's party.



Catherine Mader, recently married, receives a bottle of virginity pills as a wedding gift.

Erik Hendrickson prepares a bed o' nails for a favorite professor.



Eric Meixner, Raman "the Patch" Pfaff, Erik Hendrickson, and Vanessa Gates are seen at the Peanut Barrel for their weekly Friday afternoon lunch and PPSA meeting.

My Introduction to PPSA Types

by Dave Robertson

Paul Dorsey and I met because we liked the same deli. This deli was particularly good since it made no attempt to stuff the ingredients into the submarine roll. We both liked oily cold cuts slapping our chins as we ate. After falling upon our common interests, we headed out. As we made our way out the door my head bumped a ceramic wind chime causing me to say, "I wish I had more protective hair." At that point Paul mentioned that he knew someone with very protective hair. I was curious to find out if the hair was also fireproof so I followed him around for the remainder of the day. We eventually became friends and even rented a slum together.

As you may have guessed by the lack of really big words in the above text, I am an engineer. Further proof is evident in the enclosed picture. Many members will quickly note that Paul is pictured against a white background. That's right, I figured out how to do it—a physicist might brag here, but I'll just present the facts. I developed a camera that automatically filters out anything boring. The wall was boring, so it got filtered out and Paul didn't blend in like what normally happens when he's near any white surface. As a consequence, we went through much of Paul's wardrobe before we found a set that didn't produce a picture of him standing naked with a smile on his face. The camera is not suitable for weddings or graduations.

Before closing, I should mention how Paul and I represented PPSA in a 100 mile bicycle race. The whole way Paul maintained three fundamental thoughts:

1. Doors of parked cars along the road never open. Therefore I don't have to waste energy by altering my course in the highway.
2. Bicycle riders in a tight pack will not slow unexpectedly.
3. This hurts.

We did finish, and we did not muddle the PPSA name (is this possible?). I have a new address: 10.5 Elliott Place, Newport, RI 02804. I'm not kidding about the fractional address. We must be part of the new library of congress residential program. On the next issue please circle anything funny on the word search for me.

That's all I wanted to say.

David B. Robertson

Paul Dorsey is seen here against a white background. As you can see, the camera has unmentioned side-effects.



...in a continuing series of PPSA Self-Help articles...

Scrotum Self-Repair

by William A. Morton, Jr., M.D.

Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, July 1991

One morning I was called to the emergency room by the head ER nurse. She directed me to a patient who had refused to describe his problem other than to say that he "needed a doctor who took care of men's troubles." the patient, about 40, was pale, febrile, and obviously uncomfortable, and had little to say as he gingerly opened his trousers to expose a bit of angry red and black-and-blue scrotal skin.

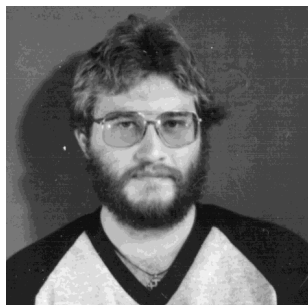
After I asked the nurse to leave us, the patient permitted me to remove his trousers, shorts, and two or three yards of foul-smelling stained gauze wrapped about his scrotum, which was swollen to twice the size of a grapefruit and extremely tender. A jagged zig-zag laceration, oozing pus and blood, extended down the left scrotum.

Amid the matted hair, edematous skin, and various exudates, I saw some half-buried dark linear objects and asked the patient what they were. Several days earlier, he replied, he had injured himself in the machine shop where he worked, and had closed the laceration himself with a heavy-duty stapling gun. The dark objects were one-inch staples of the type used in putting up wallboard.

We x-rayed the patient's scrotum to locate the staples; admitted him to the hospital; and gave him tetanus antitoxin, broad-spectrum antibacterial therapy, and hexachlorophene sitz baths prior to surgery the next morning. The procedure consisted of exploration and debridement of the left side of the scrotal pouch. Eight rusty staples were retrieved, and the skin edges were trimmed and freshened. The left testis had been avulsed and was missing. The stump of the spermatic cord was recovered at the inguinal canal, debrided, and the vessels ligated properly, though not much of a hematoma was present. Through-and-through Penrose drains were sutured loosely in site, and the skin was loosely closed.

Convalescence was uneventful, and before his release from the hospital less than a week later, the patient confided the rest of the story to me. An unmarried loner, he usually didn't leave the machine shop at lunchtime with his co-workers. Finding himself alone, he had begun the regular practice of masturbating by holding his penis against the canvas drive-belt of a large floor-based piece of machinery. One day, as he approached orgasm, he lost his concentration and leaned too close to the belt. When his scrotum suddenly became caught between the pulley-wheel and the drive-belt, he was thrown into the air and landed a few feet away. Unaware that he had lost his left testis, and perhaps too stunned to feel much pain, he stapled the wound closed and resumed work. I can only assume he abandoned this method of self-gratification.

by Steve Langer



2-MAR-1992

At the behest of the liberals, condom hand outs continue in area High Schools. One inner-city principal claims that only about 50 /week are actually taken by students in a school of 2000. Either the kids aren't having as much nooky as the press leads us to believe, or they just don't get the message. I predict random condom searches by May.

26-MAR-1992

Last summer, Detroit gained fame on National TV when a bystander video-taped 3 black women beat the hell out of a white woman at the 4'th of July fireworks festival. This month all three were acquitted. ACQUITTED!!! you say. Yes, say I. How you ask? Well, the defense attorney (very cleverly I thought) pointed out that at no time did the video show the face of the attackers and the kicking feet SIMULTANEOUSLY. The attorney argued (seriously) that a gifted video editor (who obviously must be a sexist, bigoted, racial hater and probably owns South African kugers, oh sorry, that would be our Mayor Young) COULD have doctored the tape during the pan from the face to the close up of the kicking feet. After the trial, reporters asked one of the defendants how she was going to celebrate the verdict. "I'm goin to Disneyland". How appropriate.

17-APR-1992

Local residents ushered in Spring in the traditional Detroit way. Three male youths sexually assaulted one of their female classmates in the back of the high school bus while their fellows surrounded them (to obscure the driver's view) and cheered them on. The defendants were duly punished by being suspended from school for three days. The horror, the horror ...

Another seasonal favorite. The two major free-ways in town are I 696 (east-west) and I 75 (north-south). To facilitate pedestrian traffic, both roads are spanned at several locations with overhead foot bridges. Until 2 years ago, local kids would amuse themselves by dropping 25 lb cinder blocks on passing motorists. The county govt. responded by encasing said foot-bridges with tight chain link fences. But, were our inventive children thwarted? Nooooo. Now the clever youngsters are using rifles and pistols. Said one male (disguised on camera on a local news show), "... the fence makes a good barrel rest." Ah, to be young and carefree again.

1-JUN-1992

Dr. Jack Kavorkian, the "Suicide Dr." who gained fame on the national news last month for assisting two women commit a double suicide in a Detroit area park, has struck again.

Locally known as "Jack the Dripper" (because of his IV drip suicide device), the good Dr. was already under a restraining order to prevent him from using the device anymore. But this week, he was "present" when another woman took her life. He has already been acquitted of one murder charge (MI has no law banning Dr. assisted suicide), but the DA had promised to try him on manslaughter if he repeated his performance. Today (May 19) he has promised to go on a hunger strike if he is jailed again. Hey, at least its in character.

Now for something completely different. This is not about Detroit, but this week (May 19) a researcher at NASA's Goddard Space flight institute has stated that the eruption of Mount Pinatubo (sp?) has ejected enough sulphur particulates into the atmosphere to reverse the effects of global warming. This guy goes onto claim that the global temperature will drop 0.9 C over the next two years. Isn't this just a little convenient? I guess we now have a built in excuse for the hawkers of global warming which will give them more time to try to get strangling environmental laws past. How can anyone believe this crap? To whit;

a. The global warming folks tell us that last year the average global temp. increased 0.2 C. Yet a lone volcano is going to reverse that trend for two years and by a factor of 5! If one volcano can do this, who are we kidding when we think humanity can substantially alter the climate. [As an aside, Pinatubo's eruption dumped CO₂ and methane equivalent to 500 years of world industrial production. Yet NASA believes that the net effect will be a cooling.]

b. While its true that atmospheric CO₂ has increased in this century, climatologists can't even account for what they see. Last month's Science featured two articles on the Earth's CO₂ budget. Based on the estimated man-made and natural sources, and the known amount in the sinks (oceans, forests, atmosphere), 50% of the Earth's CO₂ is missing. One article did point out, however, that the forests in Europe are expanding at about 20%/year and postulated that the atmospheric CO₂ is acting as a fertilizer.

c. If the Earth's average temperature is increasing, then why is the sea level at our coastal cities constant?

d. This next month, our Pres. Bush is expected to go to Rio for the global warming conference. Does anyone remember when Nixon was

Pres.? I think it was around 1972 when he went to a conference in Geneva which talked, amongst other things, about how global pollution was resulting in global cooling. How times change.

I offer this humble hypothesis for the enviro-panic. Where has most of the "hard" evidence come for global warming (and ozone depletion for that matter)? NASA's (and NASA's collaborators) press releases. Rather than submitting their data to peer review in technical journals first, NASA has followed the example of Pons and Fleischman when they announced Cold Fusion. Why would a scientific organization risk the embarrassment of public humiliation when they could first test the waters in relatively obscure journals? Budget time in Wash. Bullshit you say. What do you think is more likely to be funded?

Senator: As you know, belts are tightening (except at the House Bank, heh, heh) and the manned space program to Mars is just too expensive to expand.

NASA : Yes sir, but as you know, at current CO₂ production levels, the earth will burst into flames by 1997. We need geo-sync probes to cover every arc-second of the sky to make sure no-one violates the 1992 Rio agreements. Besides, with the '96 election coming up, you don't want to be known as the Sen. that torched the Earth.

Senator: Ahh, quite right. You'll get those birds if I have anything to say about it!!

Funny, isn't it? But since the Challenger incident, every budget item at NASA has remained flat or shrunk (after inflation) save one—the budget for Earth geo-sync satellites. I'd be interested if anyone of you has a plausible alternate explanation.

25-JUN-1992

The City of New York, in an attempt to get more minorities in its fire dept., has changed the rules for its written examination. Each question is a 5 part multiple choice. Now you can circle your favorite three answers from

the 5 and get full credit if your 60% guess was correct. Guess how the New York fire dept. ranks on a national survey of preparedness and expertise.

Gov. Engler has signed an executive order making MI the 5'th state in the U.S. to ban smoking in all state buildings. Vendors and smoking advocates are already challenging the order in the State Supreme court claiming that it is unconstitutional to ban the sale of a legal substance.

From our sister state across the pond, Wisconsin, comes a journalistic triumph. Seems Gov. Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin signed a bill in the 1'st week of June that would attempt to make the rich welfare shores of that state less attractive to Illinois and Iowa castaways. The bill would limit welfare payments of incoming non-residents to that of their home state for one year. Reporting on the story, the Green Bay Gazette had a headline that (we assume) was supposed to read, "GOV. PEN IS A SWORD." Problem is, the typesetter left out a space between PEN and IS.

PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) have decided that since cows contribute to green house warming (by farting methane), it is their duty to kill cattle to preserve the air and prairie for wild-life. Several head have already been found shot dead. [Ted Turner and wife Jane Fonda agree. They do not support cattle murder, but are trying to compel other ranchers to follow their lead in bison ranching. It appears bison are more geo-harmonic than cows.] I say enough. Cows allowed the westward expansion of U.S. civilization. They fed us, clothed us and made trails for the wagons to follow. I am starting a new advocacy group, the Cow Protection Institute (COWPI), to combat this un-American trend. Send me whatever you can afford. I say it's time to stand up and get behind the great American cow.

Quote of the Month: Govt. is like underwear, if you don't change it often enough, it stinks.

Member

The Summer's Almost Done—And I'm still not twenty-one... by KaiNani Kraut

The title says it all. What will I do with this last month of youth? By the way, My name is KaiNani Kraut (Hawaiian for “Beautiful Ocean” -”Kai” means ocean and “Nani” means beautiful). I’m a friend of the Sun God (Just in case you don’t know who I am referring to, that would be Mr. Pfaff.) Anyway, I’m working here at the National Superconducting Cyclotron Lab doing.. well, nothing. Nothing that’s gonna change the world anyway. I’m kinda just hangin’ around town in the limbo know as “four weeks until I’m 21.” Not that it’s gonna be any big deal, but it’s strange waiting for it. I mean, I’ve been using a fake ID for sometime now and it has always worked, until now. I got carded pretty hard at the Cafe USA a couple of weeks ago. They let me in, but it was the first time I’d ever been question with it before. Now, I’m in limbo. Not wanting to take the chance of getting caught, yet not doing anything but waiting. Quite annoying!

Anyway, all this waiting has gotten me ‘cent’amental. I mean, it seems just days ago I was sneaking alcohol from the old parents liquor cabinet. Then metting up with my friends, hitting the drive thru at McD’s and getting a large Coke to go. Then we’d do a little backseat chemistry (I’m referring to the mixing of our delicious whiskey and Coke concoction) and struggle to finish it within 5 or 10 minutes. Those were the good old days. It wasn’t long before that double shot had us shouting out the windows and yelling at the bums of downtown Caribou (Maine, that is). And one thing that always puzzled me as I choked down the last of my affordable buzz. “Who really drinks this stuff?” I mean, it never occurred to me that these toxic drinks could be made to taste “good?” I just knew it was the way to an uncontrollable wild ride on the circuit of circuits-the crusin’ route! Travelling in circles around McDonalds and the uptown shopping mall was what I lived for, didn’t everyone. Ah, the good old days, when five bucks insured me a good buzz, outrageous stunts and fries at midnight right before I had to go home and explain how great I thought “Big” was and how well Tom Hanks played his character. I think my parents knew...I mean, their whiskey and rum bottles where pure water by graduation? I guess its just apart of growing up. Everyone has to pull off to the side of the run and puke their guts out at least once in their life time, and if you waited until you were TWENTY-ONE to do it, then you’d be acting like a high school kid...I guess that’s not so bad. I’d love to spend five bucks on an evening rather than a drink! I can’t get by with less than fifteen dollars (if that doesn’t give you a clue, I’m a female undergrad).

Well anyway, here’s to youth...your first drink, your first big dance and especially the backseat chemistry!

Bottom’s up!!

Biographies

Who Is Steve Langer?

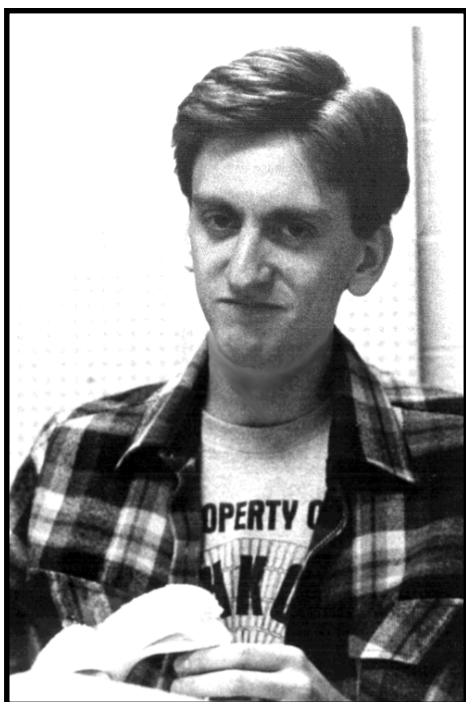
I was more or less born and raised in Hartford, Wisconsin (a town 40 miles NW of Milwaukee.) I graduated High School in 1981 and moved on to study Math and Physics at UW-Madison. While there, Jim Smith (a fellow Hardfordite and physiker) and I re-established the Madison chapter of the Society of Physics Students. I don’t know what the current status of that chapter is, but I suspect it is not as virile as PPSA. Perhaps Dan Zeirath could look Jim up. He is now the campus coordinator of the “Peace Core”. Just think of the overseas recruitment possibilities!!

In June 1986, with B.S. in hand (yech!) I arrived at MSU and began a summer research term at the NSCL (National Superconducting Cyclotron Laboratory). My only other classmate that summer was Jeff Karn (also at the Tron, and currently working at CEBAF). In the fall I met the exalted John Johnson, PPSA God Emperor, as well as Paul Rutt, Paul Dorsey, Pete Markowitz, and our other classmates.

When John and Paul became the Tron’s newest “Jerry’s Kids”, we combined forces to overthrow the cabal of Cebra, Samuel and Wilson (senior grad students who foolishly crossed swords with us in a game of Diplomacy). During this affiliation, I was indoctrinated into the recently formed MSU chapter of PPSA (which had just gained legitimacy through the gracious stewardship of then “staff member” Charles Scripser). In May ’87 I met Brenda Sandberg. We’ve since begun the assault on the Guinness record for the longest courtship between two people separated by at least 100 miles.

In June of 1988, MSU handed me an M.S. and showed me the door. I hung around until December, performing data analysis at the Tron for Laurence Heilbronn's thesis experiment under Aaron Galonsky (who later became Don Sackett's advisor). Failing in the Great Job Hunt, I resumed searching for a grad school.

After the great class of '86 exodus from MSU (which has been chronicled elsewhere) I resumed Ph.D. work at Oakland University, 30 miles north of Detroit. With an enrollment of 12,000 Oakland is a significant change from the mega-schools I'm accustomed to. The total number of undergrad and grad physics students is about 25. Since most of them either live at home or are married, social life is understandably limited. Actually, since passing my Comps exempts me from taking further classes, I rarely see campus anyway, since my research is conducted at William Beaumont Hospital near Detroit. My project is centered on heating tumors (either invasively or non-invasively) to achieve enhanced tumor control. My thesis work consists of developing a device that uses a pair of Helmholtz coils to precess and RF field in a conic section through space. This has the effect of minimizing heating of normal tissue and maximizing tumor heating. In addition, my office mate and I are developing generic software that can control heating systems from any vendor via a "Windows-like" interface. Hopefully, when we generalize the software to other medical systems (i.e. NMR and CAT scanners) we'll make a financial killing. I'm currently writing Chapter 2 of my four chapter dissertation [Feb 1992] and hope to defend by September this year. And then. . . ?



Lowell McCann in his best flannel.

PPSA members,

Here's a peek into the life of a new member, Lowell McCann (see the stunning photo in this issue!). I received this note from a mutual friend about a trip Lowell made to Calif. to visit Rockwell. Lowell has been awarded the Rockwell fellowship at MSU for the past two years now, and if he keeps sucking up, we expect them to continue showering him with money for years to come.

-Carl Nelson

Lowell— 4/8/92

I have told everyone about your trip. Some people even read your summary. Now that a week of comments and questions have been directed at me, I feel it is time to direct them to you.

First WOMEN:

After hearing about you sleeping with two college women and dating two HighSchool girls these comments were made (All vile language has been edited). Authors identities are being withheld.

- "Lowell, you slut!!!"
- "MSU has turned Eric [Hendrickson] into a chemist, and Lowell is now talking about women, what next?"
- "Who is this Erin anyway?"
- "Were the women part of the Rockwell Fellowship?"
- "Does MSU provide girlfriends for all their physics grads?"
- "Lowell? Women? Aren't those contradictory terms?"
- "Way to go, Lowell!"
- "What's your secret, Lowell?"
- etc.

Shepherd is particularly interested in who Erin is and how much she means to you. I told him what you told me; "Just a friend," but he wasn't satisfied. He warned that if you didn't tell him (through me) more, he would call up Kovacs and ask him. ????????I don't understand his interest????????

The profs all want to know what research Rockwell is doing and what you thought of the place. I also would like to know. Most of the interest seems to be in the solid state (ops, I mean Condensed Matter Physics) area. A brief summary of the science end would be appreciated, when you find the time. Take it easy Lowell.

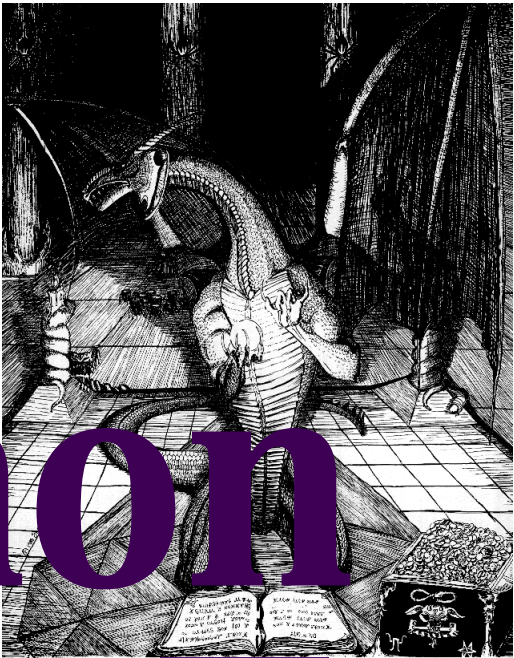
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pictorial

Shannon Wells is a physics graduate student at UNM. She is a new PPSA member, as well as a very talented artist and a good cook! When she isn't grading mechanics homework she is studying physics and martial arts.

Artistic



Shannon E. Wells

Ruthless?



Scary?



Coy?
NOT!

Two heads
are better
than one
when it
comes to
doing your
quant
homework!



One day I took a friggin walk
by the friggin reserviour
a'wishin for a friggin quid
to pay my friggin score
my head it was a'achin
and my throat was parched and dry
and so I sent a little prayer
a'wingin to the sky

And there came a friggin falcon
and it walked upon the waves
I said "a friggin miracle!"
and sang a couple of staves
of a friggin churchy ballad
that i learned when I was young
the friggin bird took to the air
and spattered me with dung
I fell down on my friggin knees
and bowed my friggin head
I said three friggin aves
for all of the friggin dead
and then I got up on my feet
and said another ten
the friggin bird flew over me
and spattered me again

The Friggin Falcon

the friggin bird hung in the air
just like the friggin sun
it seared my friggin eyelids shut
and when the job was done
the friggin bird shot cross the sky
just like a shootin star
I went to tell my friggin priest
he bummed my last cigar
I told him of the miracle
he told me of the rose
I showed him bird crap in my hair
the bastard held his nose
I went to tell the bishop
but the friggin bishop said
go home and sleep it off you sod
and wash your friggin head
and I came upon a friggin wake
for a friggin rotten swine
by the name of Jock O'Leary
and I touched his head with mine
and old Jock sat up in his box
and raised his friggin head
his wife pulled out a forty-four
and shot the bastard dead
again I touched his head with mine
and brought him back to life
his smiling face rolled on the floor
this time she used a knife
and then she fell down on her knees
and started in to pray
it's forty years o Lord she said
I've waited for this day



and I walked the friggin city
'mongst the friggin halt and lame
and every time i raise 'em up
they get knocked down again
cause the love of God comes down to man
in a friggin curious way
but when a man is marked for love
that love is here to stay
and this i know because i've got
a friggin curious sign
for every time i wash my hair
the water turns to wine
and i gives it free to working blokes
to brighten up their lives
so they don't kick no dogs around
nor beat up on their wives
there ain't no use in miracles
like walking on the sea
they crucified the son of God
but they don't muck with me
cause I leave the friggin blind alone
the dyin' and the dead
but every day at four o'clock ...
I wash my friggin head.



Mr. Pfaff goes to Washington



by Raman Pfaff

A life as a physicist is entertaining. One of the greatest benefits is that we get to travel all over the world to interesting places to engage in physics conferences. One may wonder why a person would want to go to a conference and have to leave their nice home and stay in a hotel on the wrong side of town and that answer is simple, the exploration of the foreign city becomes the primary goal. The latest city I got to visit was Washington D.C.



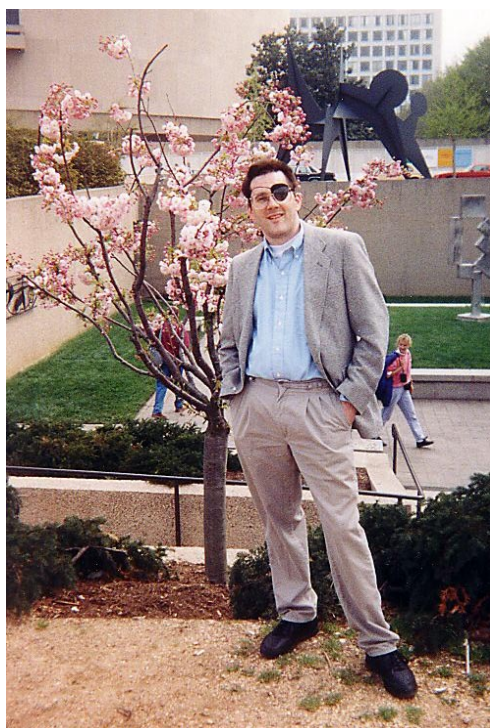
Raman doesn't have an APS talk, but he is invited to lecture at the Pentagon on advanced weapons systems.

*MSU sends
a large
group of
grad students
to try
Washington's
varied
cuisines.*



I had not been here since I was a 1 year old child and thus I did not remember much of it. The trip began here in good old East Lansing in front of the cyclotron with a minivan awaiting us. Six of us climbed into our twelve hour small hotel room and off we went. As usual, such long trips are generally run very smoothly and 20 minutes outside of town we took a bogus highway (they say it was due to the thick fog but you know how it is...). Our plan was to stop at the parents of one of our ship mates and get a bit of lunch. We made it there at a fairly good lunch time and we climbed out of the machine. The local (West Virginia) hounds came out to see us and we quickly made out way to the safe indoors. I wasn't feeling so great but you know how it is when you've been stuck in a van for 6 hours. The greatest food of all was waiting for us! Lasagna and garlic bread. It

tasted terrific. I was slightly hungry after my first serving so I matched the king of food devouring in our party and had another piece. Little did I know dessert was about to be served. That was a delicious ice cream cake, so it went down the throat too. That was the beginning of the end for me. I was bloated and I was discovering through symptoms that I had the FLU! I was not a happy camper. I struggled through the next few hours while constantly thinking I would throw up, and then DC finally came into view and I could think of nothing other than the hotel room with a bed. We pulled in and called John J's room immediately. Up I went. People asked if I needed dinner; I asked my stomach and it mildly told me if I ate it could be an ugly scene. The bed called and in I was, sleeping with Johnny, and it felt great (the bed that is, I could have done without JJ.)



The day dawned brightly at 7 am. We had to go down and register for the meeting before 8 o'clock. My nose had started dripping and I was sneezing. I wanted back into the bed. For the first time though, I made it out into the city. The adventure had begun. However, at this time all we had to do was find the conference hotel. It was only about 5 blocks away. We just had to pass Domino's Pizza (an old PPSA delicacy), several rent-a-car places, the store called Souvenir City, and one of those murals on an entire building. Even this was different than E.L. John had a few pills with him (what's new) and it temporarily helped my flu. Several talks were worth going to so I listened to quite a few. Soon though, the city was calling. The first view of the town was lunch that day. Several blocks away was DC's Chinatown. The Big Wong was one of the most interesting sounding places and I wanted to go but several other people vetoed me. We just had lunch at some basic place. Not quite as exciting.

The thing I learned most about eating was the fact that getting a big group together was never a good idea. The absolute largest problem was that we would agree to meet at a certain time (after a day of long talks) and that is where we would spend our time ... waiting! It was nightmarish. Others would roll in a tad late and of course announce that they had asked someone else along. The waiting would continue. If we agreed to meet at 6 P.M. we would make it to the restaurant around 9:30. It was truly unbearable! That was the worst thing about the evening meal. The best was a doosie though. Every night several of us wanted to eat a different countries cuisine. Not everyone was like this though. One unnamed (John Kelley) member of our group had a Domino's pizza from across the street almost every night. Others seemed to eat certain things, like Chinese, every evening. Hey man, when your in a big city eat a bit of every strange thing you can find. It's the only way to go. And that's what we did...

The choice that evening was Mongolian. We got the recommendation from some mere hotel person. No one really remembered who. We had the approximate street address and we moseyed on over there (after waiting for all). The area seemed nice enough but we could not figure out where the place was. We saw a big square building which looked like a shed and seemed to have no entrance. It did have some strange curvy writing on the wall and luckily one of our group members understood this "Persian" handwriting well enough to figure out that this strange building was the place for us to be. Approaching the front door boggled us. There was no doorknob but there was a knocker. Don Sackett said it all, "Well, what the hell" and he put his hand on it and went tap-tap. I could barely hear this and I was two feet away. Anyway, someone inside had vastly better hearing than I did and the door opened. A man all wrapped in robes opened the door and we started trying to all move ahead. The strange man sort of paused us and he pointed to the ground towards our feet. We momentarily thought that we should take our shoes off but we realized as we reached for our shoes that he just meant to warn us of the 5 inch high hunk of wall we must cross to get in. We all made it.

Inside was adventurous. Suddenly I felt I was in a different land. We stood in a small room with a tiny

*Raman
was very
impressed with
the Metro
transportation
system in D.C.*



fountain in the middle and one wall with water running down it. Incense was dominating the atmosphere. With a wonderfully Moroccan accent he began telling the people near him what the deal was. We got the full seven courses for a mere \$25. That wasn't too bad in this city. One of our members (Easwar Ramakrishnon) is a vegetarian and we asked if they had something for him and they assured us that it was no problem. OK. We went on in through a curtain on the non-waterish wall and observed the inside. Many couches everywhere. We got seated and it wasn't that bad. The evening progressed. Many courses were brought to us, and everything was a dog fight. One tray was placed between the eight of us and everyone went at it (well, not John K. who was just hanging out with us until he got his pizza and not Easwar who got his own food). As we were about done with our fifth course or so, the lights suddenly went out and all of a sudden a dancer jumped onto the table about 3 feet from John K's head and cranked up. At first I thought it was Goldie from Miami but I quickly realized it was just a very good belly dancer simulating the aura of the foreign dinner. All in all it was a fabulous time. It took us three hours for the whole dinner, but it was well worth it.

The trip was just full of adventures. One of them was where no man has gone before (at least of the ones I know). It was of course the Star Trek exhibition at the Air and Space Museum (which is part of Smithsonian—all free). We should have been there early in the morning to get tickets to get into the show but we had been at some talks and out buying drugs for my persistent flu. However, in my old days I was great at getting into a Dolphin game every week (with a bit of help) and was thus able to get two tickets while John J. was trying to figure out how we could get in. Off we went on our 1 hour mission. It was a rather impressive display and had reams of authen-

tic items from the original show. Some of the most interesting were the clothing articles which were worn by many special characters on the show, especially the females. I can't believe that women would hang out (so to speak) in many of the things. Other highly interesting things were the "toys" from the years, such as phasers, tricorders, and things of this nature. They looked amazingly fake. It is a wonder that things look so real when they get on the tube. The show was definitely way ahead of its time and has certainly become something that will last in the memory of many of us for years. I really won't forget getting a chance to see all the stuff they had there for me to observe, but please don't touch.

One thing that is always adventurous is walking home from dinner and such things in the nice dark evening hours in a large city that we don't know very well. Every night we got to walk past Souvenir City (and the burned down youth hostel) which was definitely the place to be for a bit of "fun." Generally there were several women of the evening standing near the pay phone on that corner, just in case they wanted to get word on some insider trading or a political undercover operation I suppose. They were *really* dressed for the nice warm evenings we had while in town—not. This was really a place we tried to stay on the other side of the street of every night (except Shigeru and I, I suppose—nothing like a city) and one night we saw the unbelievable business going on. Generally when one sees a U-Haul truck you think someone is in the process of going somewhere. Well this was really it. Two guys went to the back of the truck, opened it up, and believe it or not, about 6 ladies of the evening sat inside (this IS the truth). We really "trucked" right on by that night to avoid having an altercation with the neighborhood meat truck. What a city. My flu was seeming to diminish.



On John J's last day around, we did much sightseeing and we stopped in one of the larger malls to look for Georgetown sweatshirts (of course they had none). We were minding our own business in a small drugstore (I needed more drugs of course) and a strange event occurred. A stranger approached John and told John that he had an envelope with him that was full of government secrets (or something like that) and that he was now off to send it to someone in the Pentagon, we were of course in Pentagon Mall. Needless to say, the whole thing seemed strange enough to us but in DC I imagine it is not particularly unusual. Maybe this was just indicative of the fact that John is nearly a special agent for our government and he is probably on a physics acquisition unit as we speak. Who is to say?

The next day I had vowed to do my own sightseeing since I wanted to avoid the waiting game. John had left and I was on my own. For the first time I would have to navigate the city on my own. I felt like a little kid in a big park. To me the most intriguing part of this park was the underground part. The mass transit of this city is fascinating when it is first seen. Most of DC is accessible by this system so of course I got to see it the first time with JJ. He had seen it before so knew more or less how to get through it. I was fascinated by its appearance and did notice where we were going. To me it appeared as the beehive of our society. It was several levels high at some points and one could just look straight down many tunnels that had that bee wax formation. It was great! Maybe I still have to much kid in me but... There were many things I wanted to see that day. About 4 museums, a few structures, and of course the famous Arlington cemetery. The day was perfectly sunny and about 90 degrees. Back in Michigan it was freezing of course. I laughed at the thought of it. That day I saw the White House, the Capitol, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Vietnam Memorial, Arlington, American History Museum, and a bunch of other things. Later, as I sat in bed soothing my horrendous sunburn, I looked at the map I had a figured I walked about 20 miles that day, but at least I saw everything there was to be seen—at least all I really had time to see. The next day was the day to leave, and believe it or not, I think the flu had run its course and petered out of my bloodstream.

Pete Markowitz & Paul Rutt meet Raman at the Art Gallery for some culture. Since they can't find any of that, they look at the pretty paintings and naked Greek sculptures.

A GRAD SCHOOL RETROSPECTIVE

by John Johnson
The God Emperor, PPSA

As I look back on my years in college and grad school, I find myself becoming a bit nostalgic. I even find myself looking back fondly on some of the big hangovers I had. No doubt because of the circumstances surrounding their acquisition. Here are some "memory bites" from the past few years.

I started at MSU in the Fall quarter, 1986. I didn't have an assistantship at the time, but I soon got one working for Dr. Thorpe as a grader. I lived in Owen Hall, I mean Hall, that first year. Although I started out with a roommate, I soon got a coffin, I mean room, to myself. It did have it's benefits: I could shit, shower, shave, eat, dress and work on the computer without leaving my pull-out bed. And of course the computer was the famed Atari ST! That year I published the first issue of the PPSA Newsletter, it was pretty pitiful, but each issue was better than the next.

The fall is my favorite time, and that fall was no exception. It was exciting being in grad school. The leaves were turning and football started. I have to say that East Lansing is about the best place to be in the Fall. MSU really embodies the picture of Fall that comes to most people's minds. The ivy covered brick buildings, the duck-covered brown river, the changing colors... Anyhow, I soon made friends with Paul Rutt Paul Dorsey, Pete Markowitz, and Steve Langer to name a few. Several of us had Mad Jack for E&M, Krazy Kaplan for Quant and Alex Brown for Math Methods. I remember how I was able to check out books from the physics library in the middle of the night, and how Paul Rutt would come over to study for Math Methods at Owen Hall. We pulled some long nights there, and questioned our going to grad school. But we made it past that first year, and now that we are both about to graduate we are glad we didn't give up.

The following Summer I was living with Pete Markowitz (and Biff) in the Brandywine apartment complex. We had a pool there and my room overlooked the tennis courts. A few things, like the green carpet, could have been better, but it wasn't too bad. I commuted a couple times a week to Beverly

Hills, a suburb of Detroit, to teach CBI as an MSU extension course. That Fall I totaled the Grannymobile (a big Olds my Grandmother gave me) on the way to take my qualifier. Running into the old lady's Camaro that was "parked" in the road right over the crest of a hill was good on two counts, first it took my mind off the test and I aced it, secondly it got me a downpayment on the Beretta.

The comprehensive exam was another matter. The debacle has been mentioned before, but suffice it to say that it was arbitrary and political. Very many bright students were forced to go to other schools to get their degrees, and some gave up on grad school altogether because of it. At least it had the effect of causing an upheaval in the department and the following year it was revamped. Of the group of students that started in 1987 with Raman most passed it.

After that I applied to industry to try and get a job with my M.S., to no avail. All I got was a wall covered with FOAD's. So Fall 1989 I started grad school at The University of Texas at Austin. I didn't have a job when I started there either, but I soon got one as an RA. I tried to enjoy Austin, and I had a great apartment too, but schoolwork prevented me from having too much fun. I do remember doing things like taking all the ashtrays from the Physics building and putting them out on the loading dock, but that was about it.

Spring 1990 I moved to Larry and Bobi's (our duplex landlords) in Los Alamos with Steve Worm and Allen Williams. I have moved twice since then and am still living here. Fall in Los Alamos isn't too bad. A drive in the mountains here is great. The leaves are changing out in front of my little efficiency and the nights are getting cooler. And I am taking a course at UNM in Albuquerque, so I get to wander around a college campus for one afternoon every couple weeks. But it's not the same. For me the college days are over. No more pennyng doors, spelunking in the steam tunnels at MTU or Hamburger Helper and Star Trek with Dave on Sunday afternoons at 209 Clark Street. I've been in school my whole life it seems, and now it's time to change. I have a postdoc lined up with N-2 here at the lab (LANL). I'm going to have to graduate first, but then it's going to be working 8-5 five days a week. I won't be able to take off for San Diego or Mexico on a whim. But then again, I'll be an alumni of three schools. And with an income above the poverty line I can always plan a trip back to catch a football game or Winter Carnival and relive some of the best memories I have of college.

-30-

MY BRUSH WITH GREATNESS

BY RAY SWARTZ

There I was heading into work. It was an ordinary day, a bit hot for the time of year but nothing unbearable. I drove up to the front gates of Fermilab, just outside of Chicago, when I noticed him. Actually, I didn't notice him, not at first. There was nothing unusual looking about the man standing near the gates. Since FNAL is open to the public during the day there was nothing unusual about WHERE he was standing. The unusual part was just that, he was **STANDING**. Not walking. And he was wearing a suit. Rather dark as I remember. This on a day that was just a little too hot, especially for standing around in a dark suit. So some people are strange, and have nothing better to do. I drove on.

Next intersection. Again nothing unusual, except that there was the man standing there, wearing his suit and sunglasses (did I forget to mention those, he was wearing sunglasses). This time, I began to notice a little more, like how he was making a deliberate effort to look bored, and not to stand out. This effort alone is what made him so noticeable,

plus the fact that there was nothing else around except trees and grass. Hardly a building in sight. Not the place one is expected to wear a suit. This time, while I was interested, I was also a bit uneasy. I was in a car and here was someone who looked just like the other guy—everyone looks the same with sunglasses and the same clothes—who seems to have beat me here from the other corner. Again I continue.

Now, as I get nearly a half mile from my destination, I hear a loud thumpa-thumpa of a helicopter. The noise kept getting louder until just when I thought my car windows would shatter, I get buzzed from behind by the obnoxious chopper flying at about 150 feet. After quickly backing my car out of the ditch, I proceeded to my office.

Once in the office, I am surrounded by a whirlwind of papers and magazines. Somewhere in this maelstrom I see my office mates swirling with the wind. Strange day.

"What's up?", sez I.

"The president is coming, the president is coming!!", is the reply I get.

"Here?"

"Yeah. He will be here this afternoon."

The strange day explained, I set about helping people around the lab and the office in cleaning up a few things. Take down the poster above my desk with the Bill of Rights, bearing the caption "Void where prohibited by Law". Toss the bottle of Irish Creme into the desk drawer, and most importantly, put some indecipherable plots on my desk to make it look like I'm doing something useful. Then, as the Earth continues to spin on it's axis (and the geese continue to poop on my car) the afternoon comes around.

Here he comes. I can see the limousine in the distance, flanked by two more. As it comes up the road near our lab, I looked around and saw many people straightening their clothes and trying to look presentable. Since I was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, I didn't think it was worth the effort.

The limos pulled up, and the doors began to open. Suddenly, there he was — *the president of Mexico*.

I don't know what anybody else did from that point on. I was in my office, feet up on my desk (muddying the plots), and drinking some Irish Creme. Every now and then, one of my darts would hit the dartboard.

Editors Note:

In the previous issue (V6N2) we made some incorrect statements regarding the subject of this story. It is being reprinted in its entirety.

THE APACHE ADVENTURE BY STEVE LANGER

This is a tale of overwhelming danger. Those of you who shrink at the thought of facing imminent death should STOP READING THIS RIGHT NOW—you've been warned. OK, now the rest of the story.

Our journey begins on Saturday, May 2. I had just gotten out of a week long Hyperthermia and Radio-therapy conference in Tuscon and my doll (Brenda) had driven down from Lincoln NE to join me. We checked out of the pricy joint that my advisor was paying for during the conference and checked into a Motel 6 at the edge of town. The remainder of Saturday was spent checking out the Desert Museum and Sabino Canyon west of town. Of the two, I preferred the canyon. A tram starts out at 2000 ft. and winds its way 7 miles up into the desert mountains to top out at 7000 ft. Rather than tramping back down, the doll and I took the trail paralleling a snow fed creek. In several places the trail faded among the rock and rubble of the mountain, so we were obliged to get wet. About 1/3 of the way down, we bumped into some fine-

looking nudists from AZ-State. They offered to share some beer with us, but the doll reminded me that some of my parts hadn't seen sunlight in quite awhile and they might not take to the 103 F blazing sun they would be exposed to. Sadly, we moved on.

Upon returning to the Motel 6, we were in the mood for some pool time. However, (this is absolutely true) the pool was filled with the Mexican soccer team. They hogged it all night. When we checked out Sunday morning, I noticed a GMC motor-home in the parking lot with Mexican flags on the hood. As I waited to return the room key, the guy in front of me paid for the entire team bill with his VISA. Turns out he was a Vice-Consulate to the Mexican embassy and traveling with the team. Wonder if our Secretary of State picks up the tab for the Olympic team? Anyway, we bid good-bye to Tucson and drove north-east for two hours to reach the south edge of Apache-Sitgreaves national forest (which borders New Mexico). Sunday night we car-camped off I-666 (yes, that's its name) just north of the town of Clifton, AZ. We were at 7000 ft. and shortly after we pitched the tent, it started snowing in the state camp where we were. Coming off the desert a mere few hours before, this was quite a shock. Happily, I overheard the couple near us talking and noticed they had a Scandinavian accent. As I hoped, they were from the conference and offered to share their roaring fire with us. Despite the snow, we had a great meal of chili (ours) and steaks (theirs) and turned in for the night.

Monday we resumed the northward trek on I-666 and began to see that it was aptly named (I called it Satan's Highway). We plunged up and down the mountainside with hairpin turns every 1/4 mile. There were no guardrails,

A PANORAMIC
MOUNTAIN
VIEW FROM
THE TRAIL IN
THE APACHE-
SITGREAVES
NATIONAL
FOREST.



frequent rock falls, and certain death to our right. Just when I thought it couldn't get worse, we went through a section owned by a Copper mining company. The clouds of golden dust emitted by their rock crushers turned day into night and we were reduced to 5 m.p.h. for about 1/2 hour. Finally, we reached a high mountain mesa and our goal, the town of Alpine, AZ. We checked with the ranger station and inquired about hiking trails. Unfortunately, the old ladies there didn't know much except that to avoid snow, we should stay below 8500 ft. We bought 4 topo quadrant maps, and retired for lunch to a local cafe to plan our assault. By noon, plan in hand, we set out. First, we had to go north of town a mile and find a Forest service road. That done, we followed the winding dirt path down the side of the mountain. Now, I-666 was nothing compared to this. It took 2 hours to go 21 miles and as we descended, we also went back in time. The canyon into which we plunged belonged to the Forest Service, but third and fourth generation families of ranchers still lived there. When we finally reached the canyon floor, our progress was further hampered by cattle and horses which ranged freely about the land. We also had to cross the Blue River at two fjords as bridges were unheard of in the canyon. At last, a small sign at the road-side indicated the head of the Grant Creek trail. We parked the Duster and got out the **BACK PACKS FROM HELL!!**

Our first obstacle in the hike was, once again, the Blue River. Fortunately, it was only knee deep and I simply waded across. The doll, desirous of keeping her boots dry, removed them first. Once across the Blue, our greatest challenge for the next 1 1/2 miles proved to be picking out the real trail from the maze of cow paths. We lost 1-2 hours following false paths. Eventually, we found the true route and almost immediately began paralleling Grant Creek, a major tributary of the Blue. The trail criss-crossed the Grant 13 times in the next 3 miles, so the doll ended up with wet feet anyway. An hour before sundown, we arrived at the meeting of Grant and Stone Creeks and made camp 1 at 5000 ft., a mere 4 miles from the trail head and only 1/2 the distance we intended to make. But it was a pretty spot and I built a big fire to dry our clothes. The doll and I stripped down and bathed in Grant Creek, and had just enough sunlight left to enjoy our meal before turning in.

Day 2 dawned with a downpour and we toyed with the idea of turning back, but by 9:30 the clouds cleared and we elected to push on. Immediately after leaving camp 1, the trail climbed 2000 ft. up a series of switchbacks. Above 6000 ft., we finally lost the cattle and horse tracks. In fact, we came



across some Big-Horn sheep, but they scattered before we could get a picture. By two in the afternoon we'd reached the peak and were walking along a meadow when the rain returned in force. Despite this, the doll and I couldn't help noticing an occasional deer leg without an attached deer. I was wondering what kind of bizarre animal would leave drum-sticks all over when around 5 P.M. another problem seemed more pressing. The temperature had dropped to 50 F° and yours truly was soaked right through his rain suit. Brenda led on, assuring me that our next camp site was "only another 1/4 mile". Little did we know that in the downpour and the mud, we took the wrong turn at the trail intersection we'd seen 2 hours before. By 6, the doll confirmed my fears that we were lost and we pitched camp. I should say she pitched camp because I was too cold to even unbuckle my pack. Lacking much in the way of a tent site (we were still on a 10 degree slope), Brenda pitched the tent right next to the trail. I struggled out of my clothes and barely got into my NORTH FACE INCINERATOR bag before I was overcome with the worst bought of shivering of my life. Suffice it to say, we didn't have a campfire that night. Oh, by the way, the tent fly leaked.

Wednesday dawned with the rain continuing, and Brenda cursing the maps. Since they were essentially blueprints, the ink ran to the point of almost total illegibility. However, she was convinced we were on the wrong slope of the mountain (north face instead of south) and picked a new direction. I blindly followed (after all I was in no condition to debate). When I heard rushing water, I was convinced she was right (we were supposed to meet another creek), but as we neared it I had this feeling of Deja Vu all over again. It turned out to be Grant Creek which we thought we had left behind the previous afternoon. Relief rapidly overcame embarrassment when we realized that it was a shorter distance to the car (7.5 miles) than the route we had thought we were on (9.5 miles). As the rain turned into hail, we retraced our steps down the 2000 ft. escarpment and 1:30 found us back at the original campsite. While we lunched on our soggy foodstuffs, a break in the rains came. Brenda hung her lavender and blue rain jacket on a limb to dry and some very confused hummingbirds damn near had orgasms in their race to try feeding on it.

My spirits began to soar when I realized I would see civilization again as we pressed on toward the car. I didn't even mind having to cross Grant Creek 13 more times (what the hell, I was already soaked by the rain). Then one hour from the trail head, the car and salvation, I realized what was leaving deer legs all over the place. About 30 yards ahead of me stood a cat. A large cat. A 5 ft. long, 200+ lb MOUNTAIN LION. I stopped and heard Brenda come up behind me. I said,

"Ahh, Brenda, there seems to be this MOUNTAIN LION ahead of us. Please get my hunting knife out of my pack." I heard her say something about "...its no good going up a tree, they can climb." I remember thinking "...does she really think she can beat an animal that lopes along at 40 m.p.h. to the tree, WITH A PACK ON!" Then I remember just staring at the thing, and it stared right back at me, right through my pupils to the back of my skull. Five, ten seconds past, then I recalled someone saying that they scared off a large black bear by yelling. I didn't want to appear rude, so I cleared my throat and said in a firm, but friendly voice, "SO DOLL, GOT MY .458 WINCHESTER MAGNUM OUT YET?" The spell was broken. The cat took one, two steps back and then ran towards the Creek. I lost sight of it, but Brenda says she saw it cross in two bounds. We both heard its snarl as it hit the water. The remaining mile was fairly uneventful until we reached the Blue River. The crossing 3 days before was a delightful knee deep affair. Two & 1/2 days of rain had changed that. It was 3 ft. higher, twice as wide, and flowing faster than a politician's mouth on the eve of an election. But with the Duster in sight, nothing could stop us. Brenda and I interlocked arms and began to wade, keeping 3 legs planted while moving the fourth. It was slow and we almost went down, but it worked.

Upon reaching the Duster, we had a new dilemma. The fjords we'd crossed on the way in were now deeper than the Duster's exhaust pipe and over the bottom of the doors. I didn't relish the thought of waiting around until the River dropped, so we secured the aid of a retiree with a chain equipped pick-up truck. He towed us across the first ford easily enough, but the second was deeper and took much longer. As a result, we picked up about 2 inches of water. Thankfully, the Duster has enough rust holes that she self-bailed once we reached the other side. A rancher on the other side, who observed our crossing, commented "Aint never seen such a wet Spring in my life." Timing has never been my long suit. Before leaving our benefactor to return to his home, we told him about the big cat. He wasn't at all surprised. Said they get about a dozen every Spring around calving season, "...they like the easy pickings. Don't worry though, my son live traps 'em and the Arizona DNR ships up to the Montana Rockies." By 6 that night we were back in Alpine. Our sopping clothes littered the 90 degree Hotel room whilst the doll and I stuffed ourselves at the Cafe along with the local turkey hunters. The next day, Thursday May 7, we were off to Los Alamos and a rendezvous with GE Johnson.

The journey across New Mexico and up to Los Alamos was, thankfully, boring and uneventful. We found John at dinner time, were introduced to THE TIM (well known to readers of this paper) and dined at De Colores (the local equivalent of El Azteco). Friday morning John gave Brenda and I a dime tour of the Lab and then (since his Ph.D. Qualifier was in 3 days) politely shooed us out of his office so he could continue studying. We spent the day at Frijoles (bean) Canyon, an ancient Pueblo community, and climbed

150 ft. of rickety ladders to achieve enlightenment in the Kiva in a ceremonial cave. Shrouded in mystical wisdom, we returned to the GE's residence for dinner and entertainment.

Saturday John left us in charge of his place whilst he flew down to Texas for his exam. We spent the day in Santa Fe where Brenda boldly attempted to break the back of the recession by purchasing large quantities of jewelry and pottery from the numerous Indian vendors. I contented myself with observing an environmentalist-wacko demonstration in the Plaza square. Apparently it was All Species Day and yet the speakers and numerous children were wearing "SAVE TURTLE ISLAND" t-shirts. I made an honest attempt to hear out the main speaker (who bore a striking resemblance to Peter Fonda in Easy Rider), but he lost me when he made the connection between the decline of the small American family farm and the GATT talks in Geneva.

Sunday we locked up at John's and headed for Albuquerque by way of the Jemez Mountains and the Jemez Hot Springs. John has already recounted his adventures there in this journal. Suffice it to say that Sunday has been officially declared as a nude day and the 106 F° of the lower pools was more than adequate. While many of our fellow soakers were university students from Santa Fe, my instincts that the area would attract timeless hippies were not misplaced. Baron especially stands out. He was formerly a professional arm wrestler, but a snapped biceps tendon forced his early retirement. Now, Baron says he is a personal exercise therapist and masseuse to the movie stars (which he declined to name). He was also quite insistent about the healing power of crystals. After parting company with our new soak-mates, Brenda and I lunched in Jemez Springs at the Jemez Jouse (and boy, they have a Jelluva Jamburger). That night, we arrived in Albuquerque and the next day Brenda and I parted company at the airport. Me to return to my hum drum grad student existence in Detroit and her to continue West to the Grand Canyon, San Francisco and her brother. I want to thank John for putting up with us during a peak stress point in his life and everyone else who made up my **Apache Adventure**.

**BRENDA
RELAXES
AT THE
INFAMOUS
JEMEZ HOT
SPRINGS.**



Mexico '92

by Senor JJ

Hola!

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. The worst being the 15 hour trip in the back of the Mazda 232 with Tim. Sure, we were heading for the Sea of Cortez; sun and surf, but I'm not sure that mode of travel will be employed on our next trip South of the Border.

It all started around the end of July. Shannon Wells, Cary Collett and I were eating a particularly cheesy Beer and Cheese Fondue and watching a video, as I recall, when the topic of taking off for more friendly climes came up. Of course since Mexico, in particular Guaymas-where Cary and his girlfriend vacationed earlier in the year, was just a ways South of us, we decided that would be our destination. So Cary got out his map

and we decided that the trip would be short-only 15 hours. But well worth it, since we would be partaking of the ocean and sun that we could only dream of in Los Alamos.

We headed South, our travel papers in order, after work Thursday. We were ready for adventure. However, when we got to Albuquerque and found Shannon's storage locker padlocked by the management, we found we had no camp stove. So we tried the all-night places in town, but they didn't have what we needed. Luckily, Cary's roommate in Albuquerque had a small gas stove. It was about 1 A.M. and we were back on the highway.

We traveled all night through the mountains and arrived at Nogales the following morning. Shannon got insurance for her car, and we traded in our U.S. currency for the funny colored stuff they use in Mexico. Cary and Shannon bought a better stove, then we headed to the border.

We had no problem crossing into Mexico. "American touristos with manyana? Go right ahead." Several hours later we found San Carlos,



"No jellyfish can harm me when I am so pumped up!"



Shannon poses while Cary reads and Tim chews on himself.

where we camped out for the night. Did I mention we arrived on the opening day of "Monsoon Season"? Did I also mention we didn't have a rain fly that fit our rental tent? The car was almost comfortable that night.

The ocean was great and we did a lot of sunning and snorkeling. On Saturday we also headed into the metropolis of Guaymas. There we did some shopping for groceries and tourist stuff (pancho, wood carvings, T-shirts...). We did some more swimming and complained about the heat and then hit the sack. Cary, Shannon and (later on) Tim decided to sleep in the tent. I opted for the relative coolness of the car. Yes I got bitten by flies, but I couldn't take the heat. The next day I offered to pay for a hotel room. We stayed at a nice AIR CONDITIONED motel in San Carlos. Even though they were forced to stay in such modern accommodations they sure seemed to like the AC and the fresh shower!

Sunday we found a gringo from Arizona who ran a local dive shop and got instructions to Fisherman's Cove. Sure there was no floating green schmeg to throw at each other, like at the beach where we camped, but we found the swimming there much better. Thanks again to the little blue Mazda 232 that got us there, despite the terrain. That night we went out to dinner at a local restaurant and enjoyed some seafood and drinks. Tim had squid genitals and complained a lot, and Shannon and Cary (after a few beers) started getting silly, but we avoided being thrown in a Mexican prison, so it wasn't a bad night.

Monday we decided to get in some swimming out by Club Med before leaving. We had run across little jellyfish elsewhere, but there were a lot there. After everyone was satisfactorily stung we left, showered at the hotel, and drove back to Los Alamos. We almost got full body searched at the border when a U.S. guard thought Shannon was German (of course the main way Germans sneak into the U.S. is through Mexico...) Shannon replied in her sweet southern accent and since we threatened Tim to keep on his Beaver Cleaver face we passed through in no time. Again the trip home was barely bearable (I do not sleep well in the back seat of little cars-but at least no one hurled!). But we had a great time in Mexico and returned refreshed and ready work.

NOW PLAYING

Curious Raman

Goes to the Movies



Have you ever wondered why we all go see the movies? Is it for personal enjoyment or is it just more of a social thing that you feel like doing? Maybe it is just the only thing you think of that can be done in most cities now-a-days. "Let's see, the movies or ... go to the mall." Maybe just do both since the majority of movie theatres are at the bulging American malls today. In any event, as kids get let out of school at the beginning of summer, the wise people in Hollywood must think of the appropriate line of action. Since all our wonderful children of today can only do a few limited things such as go to the mall, sit in front of a TV set, or eat a sugar laden cereal, the movie makers attempt to draw the public in to make themselves a few bucks. Thus there is an endless stream of movies released all summer. For me however, this is not a bad thing, it is more of an anticipation which I feel just waiting for various movies to come out which I have been hearing about all winter. Thus as I sit here writing this, I can only contemplate the opening of **Batman Returns** in another four days (I'm sure it will be playing by the time you read this—and I'm sure I will have seen it). In the meantime, I have been doing what we all want to do with many days of the summer time, going to the movies! Here is the lowdown on a few of the big seasonal movies and a few that I have to see at places other than the malls' theatres. *Recall the rating system is based on five different things (acting, layout/lighting, plot, integrity, and overall appeal) which can all range -5 to +5.*

Patriot Games Harrison Ford is at it again. Nothing new to this man. This movie is the prequel to one of my favorite movies (Hunt for Red October) and since Alec Baldwin (some buckaroo) was having to much fun with Michelle Pfeifer (given life back by cats) he was not free to replay

his character. Thus they took the money making man himself and onward goes the movie. In the movie, Harrison uses his talent to stop a major attack by a few terrorists. Unfortunately for him, he leaves one man alive who decides that he must properly mourn for the dead by getting even with the killer. That is the entire storyline. In the course of trying to deal with T3 (or the equivalent thereof), Harrison must deal with the CIA and try to use their intelligence net work on terrorism to analytically solve his problems. However, as many people know, we often need the brawn method over the brain method, so this technique is used on a few occasions. One of the most interesting scenes is a combination of the two which takes place in the heart of the CIA building when a bit of brawn on the other side of the world is controlled by America's great brain on this side of the world. The movie moves around the world at a fairly good pace and has some pretty good acting exhibitions by both Harrison Ford and his movie and real wife. However, the one thing about this movie is that it does not really live up to the billing with which it is being promoted. Rather than the pure adventure flick I was expecting, it was more of a psychological action movie, if you know what I mean. Overall, I considered this a bit of a disappointment but not really a bad movie. I give it a +16.

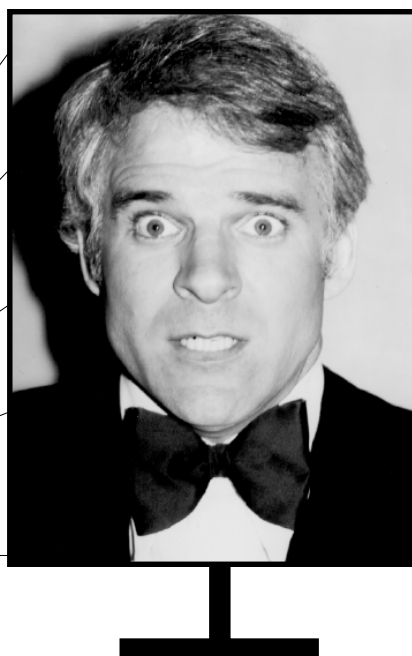
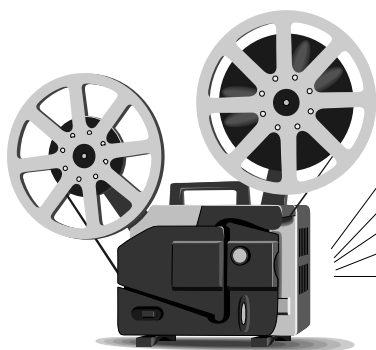
Alien Cubed Well, we all knew what we were going to get before this one came out. As it was being made we heard of the quarrels which were going on among the writers (note the plural). The director also took some heat from what I (Curious Raman) heard. Sigourney did not want to do this movie and she had said blatantly that she had no interest in it. However, they offered her a large sum of cash and she could not turn it down. Since she had no interest, do you think she came out alive so that she could do the fourth? Let's leave this as an exercise for the reader to find out. Anyway,

it was a very predictable movie and not much was left to the imagination (unfortunately). We'd already seen the suspense version (*Alien*) and then the action version (*Aliens*), what was left? Not much. The man playing the holy criminal was rather entertaining, but not much else of this movie was. I fear I must give a high budget sci-fi flick a mere +4.

Lethal Weapon 3 This is clearly the action film of the summer. Building very well on the first two Weapons, this one easily matches the sheer excitement of those. Each one seemed to build the level of humor and this one certainly reaches the top. Even during the action scenes the humor comes rolling out. As Danny Glover's character is about to retire, Mel Gibson is there to make his life a frolicking nightmare of highjinks and emotional feelings. The emotional part of the movie seems a bit out of place in this type of movie. We know all the action is beyond realism, yet very fun to watch, so I'm not sure why they tried to add a bit of realism to this movie. Joe Pesci plays his typical annoying yet humorous individual who is now on the correct side of the law and trying to do his best in the exciting L.A. real estate business. In any event, if you enjoyed the first two at all, you'll definitely find an interest in this one. For this one, I'll give it a +19, it is exactly what you expect when you go for this type of movie—with a bit of extra humor thrown in to keep you going.

Basic Instinct Michael Douglas has certainly made a name for himself in the theatre industry, especially with most every tall long legged trim blond woman. Hasn't he now made a lot of movies where he "sleeps" with them. Maybe it's just me. Anyway, this once again seems like that rabbit movie, where he is dealing with a crazed woman who knows a bit more than he does. Only in this movie, she knows a lot more than he does, and he's a cop. A few strange murders occur and he suspects

her and is also infatuated with her. The two concepts clash and at the end..... Well, you have probably all seen it by now but since it is still playing I thought I'd mention it. Michael D. is really a great actor and should take a few better roles in his prime. This movie isn't bad but, unless you need to see blonds on a gigantic screen, I think this one can wait for the VCR. Anyway, I give it a +16.



Curious Raman picks Housesitter as the Summer's best Comedy

My Mother's Castle This is another of the French films which I have been seeing lately and this was one of the better ones, although it had the same director as *Manon of the Spring* and *Je an de Florette* (two excellent movies!). Claude Berri was the director and he certainly seem to be interested in the same plots. Things go along well in these movies. We see life and the happiness that one can achieve through very small things. Life does progress and times change. This would not be too bad. However, the stories that this director digs up all have the same conclusion; suddenly the cessation to everyone's life is given to us, and it is always a very quick and strange death. Certainly very shocking in some sense. All the movies here definitely interact with our intellectual side. I give this move a +20 (at least intellectually).

Thelma and Louise I never saw this movie at the theatre but since it recently came out for the VCR I rented it. In this movie two women decide to take a small vacation and just feel better in their minds. God knows some of us have done that a few times. They get into a few problems along the way and must deal with the essence of who they are. I found this to be a superb movie and highly recommend it for those that haven't seen it. I think it is one of the better American movies made of the philosophical nature in years. I give the flick a +24 and highly advise you to catch it.

Housesitter In my humble opinion this is

the film of the summer! Frank Oz (who is used to working with Steve Martin) directs this film in a superb manner. Goldie Hawn does a marvelous job of playing the part of a person who is not really sure what she has wanted to do with their life and has now figured that out, without the consent of Steve. He plays a typical man who cannot advance in the world and certainly cannot get a date. Very typical from my perspective. The movie starts out slowly to set up the very small background necessary to begin. Once it has begun it is a true gut-buster (or as I usually say, a but-guster). All characters have played their comedic roles to a T, including a very good actor (or maybe actress), the dog, who certainly gets a few great laughs of its own and tops off many scenes. If you really need a break, go catch this one and just relax. Another great Steve Martin film. I'll give it a +25 just because of how I felt when I left.

Anyway, I do have a few more entertaining comments to make (you know me).

Europa, Europa was another fantastic movie I saw a few months ago. It is coming out for the VCR next week. It is based on a true yet amazing story from the WWII era. Try to catch it if your no t sure what to rent.

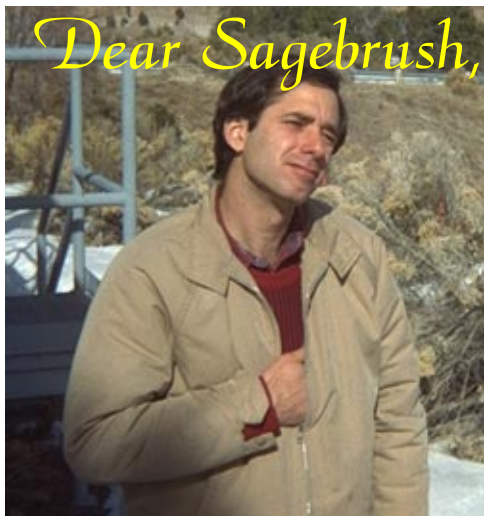
My pick for the bomb of the summer....**Far and Away**. Lot's of money was spent on this sucker and it had a giant fanfare, I how-

ever have not seen it and do not know anyone that has. I guess I'll have to go see it just so I know what it is really like at the theatre since Ron Howard did it in 70 mm and all. I'll maybe let you know in the next issue what I thought of this one.

The last comment of the day is **Encino Man**. I have not seen it (thankfully) but I hear that it would probably rank a big -25 on my scale of ranking. If I were you I would not see it. On that note, Curious Raman must go back to the movies—I hope I'll see you there.



Rumor has it that Paul Rutt's image was used in a recent movie now out on VHS. A look-and-feel lawsuit is now in the courts.



An Advice Column
written by Charles "Sagebrush" Whitley

Dear Sagebrush-

Now that school has begun again I am having a very difficult time dealing with my inner emotions. There are now thousands of hot babes running all over campus and these 18 year olds are driving me crazy and making me horny as a toad. The problem I hope you can answer is that I don't know how to deal with the situation. Should I just head home and masturbate or should I do this at our main library as so many other people do? Perhaps I should just do more exercises and work out my pent up problems that way. What should I do? I hope you can give me a quick and easy solution to this mental mess.

RP from EL

Exercise or get a girlfriend. Become a teaching assistant, they get all the babes (if they want to pass—nudge nudge!). But seriously, you might consider buying season tickets to school events. And by all means avoid the library—despite the exposure you may get there, a paper cut could put a real damper on your enthusiasm. (And you never know where those books have been.)

~Sagebrush~

editor's note: Dear Sagebrush welcomes all questions and will promise to ponder them thoroughly. Dear Sagebrush is not a medical doctor and does not know what he is talking about, so you should not take him seriously, unless he tells you to send large sums of money to the editor.

Policy Debate

—What do you think?—

Yesterday, someone wrote Rush Limbaugh to point out that if health care is a right, then so is owning a car or buying groceries. Today a letter writer mentions cancer patient Rosalind Schwartz's walk to publicize the "right" to health care. This writer says that the mistaken notion that health care is a right has produced a plethora of entitlement programs that are stifling the US economy and pushing it to the brink of bankruptcy.

The writer says that Social Security was intended to be a safety net that would be used in the case of a disaster that prevented a family's breadwinner from working. However, social security has been perverted so that it is no longer something that people plan to avoid, but something they plan on.

Social Security was further perverted into the health care system of Medicare/Medicaid, and some people want to expand this further into a comprehensive national health care system. "Where did the fallacy arise," asks this writer, "that the country should pay people's medical bills? It should not. Health care is not a right. It is in every sense a consumer product and service. Like any other service, it is something that people can choose to have if they need it and can afford it. Neither the government nor society has any obligation to pay for the medical care of people."

The writer wants to know why society has to subsidize medical costs so that senior citizens have to pay only \$2 for their prescriptions. Why does society have to pay for Rosalind Schwartz's cancer treatments? "Let them pay for their own medicine. If they can't afford it, they can't get it. If that means they die, so it goes."

The writer admits that this seems harsh, but "the inability of people to address death is the real problem here." People naturally want to keep their loved ones alive as long as possible, but by doing so billions of dollars is being spent for health care instead of for schools, roads, and such.

About 60% of the federal budget is being spent on entitlement programs, and the power of the senior citizen lobbies prevent politicians from doing anything to stop these programs' continual growth. These programs even have automatic yearly increases, and the writer worries that in order to pay for these programs, taxes will have to be severely raised.

"Put simply," the man writes, "if we don't stop these medical handouts, and start letting nature take its course, we will sacrifice America's future to save the citizens of the present. That's too high a price to pay."

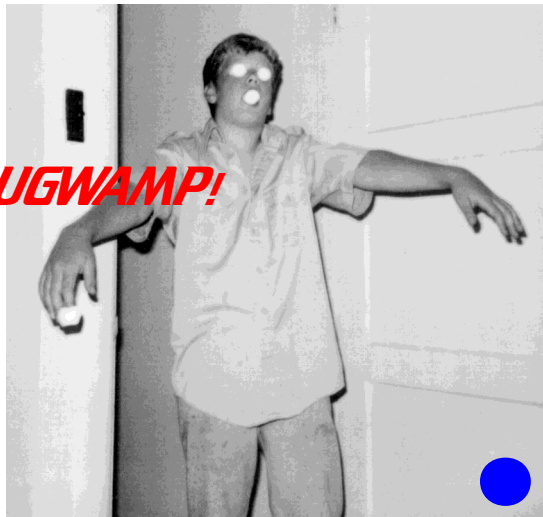


pictorial

Tim

DRINK MUGWAMP!

Tim visits Guaymas, Mexico and laughs as John stands in the road to take a picture and almost gets hit.



Morrison

Baby Timmy as an innocent youth back on the farm in Idaho



"Which part of 'fuck off' don't you understand?"





[Reprinted without permission from Playboy, April 1992 v39 n4 p104(6): Full Text COPYRIGHT Playboy Enterprises Inc. 1992]

I am standing in a conference room in New York's Marriott Marquis hotel, site of the third annual Conference on Interactive Entertainment. At my right is Chris Gentile, one of the creators of the Mattel Power Glove for the Nintendo entertainment system. "Slip this on," says Gentile, sliding a thick glove made of gray plastic over my hand and up my forearm. Immediately, a cartoon-colored rendering of a handball court appears on the monitor. There, above a light-brown floor, floats a dark-blue ball waiting to be whacked. To the left and below, a sky-blue hand gently rises and falls in time with my breathing.

"The glove on the screen will move the same way you move your hand," Gentile says. "Swing as though you were hitting the ball." I bring back my arm and whip my hand through an imaginary ball floating in front of me. The glove on the screen suddenly looms larger, as if it were approaching me, and then shrinks as if receding. It hits the ball on the screen, sending it caroming off the walls.

As the rebounding ball approaches me from the left side of the screen, I move back a few steps, line up the next shot and swing again. On screen, the disembodied glove

merely freezes as the ball bounces over it, then rebounds back under it.

"Take a couple steps toward the screen," says Gentile, pulling my elbow. "You're too far away." These first few seconds contained my preschool lessons in the workings of virtual reality.

Meeting Gentile wasn't why I came to the conference. I came because I expected to interview Jaron Lanier, the man who coined the term virtually reality and whose VPL Research, Inc., in Redwood City, California, is the mecca of virtual reality. To tell the truth, the idea of being in a computer-made world gave me the hives. If you had asked me why, I probably would have said that if God had wanted us to walk through walls, fly by pointing our fingers, change our form at will or have X-ray vision, He would have put us in comic books.

It's predicted that virtual reality will have a great impact in medicine and architecture. For example, at the University of North Carolina, computer-science researchers have developed a virtual reality system that allows biochemists to test the pharmaceutical properties of specific molecules by grabbing a virtual molecule in a virtual fist and merging it with other molecules. Another model enables architects to "stroll" through blueprints by walking on a treadmill with handlebars, steering their way through the virtual corridors and rooms seen in their head-mounted 3-D display.

But the equipment at North Carolina is expensive. And while VPL Research recently announced its introduction of the first integrated VR desktop system, the \$50,000 price is too costly for all but the most well-heeled consumers. That's where 31-year-old Eric Gullichsen has a better idea. He and his partner, 33-year-old Patrice Gelband, have formed their own company, Sense8, Incorporated, on the outskirts



of Sausalito. Their goal is expressed in Sense8's vision of making virtual reality affordable. Gullichsen acquaints me with the tools I'll be using. The first is the same sort of power glove that I used to play the game above, Nintendo Super Handball. "Hold out your right hand," he says after I've put on the glove, "and open it. Now make a fist. Good. You're about to go into an office cubicle with a chair, some books, a painting and papers. Some of those things can be picked up and moved around with the glove."

Next, he introduces me to a large, rectangularly shaped cone that he fits on a color monitor. "This," he says, "is the Flogiston Cyberhood." I look into the narrow end and realize that it's basically a larger variation of the children's Viewmasters sold in toy stores. The only difference is that instead of looking at miniature slides, I'm looking at a television screen. Gullichsen then places my left hand over a palm-sized plastic track ball embedded in a plastic platform and explains that by pushing, pulling, lifting and twisting the ball, I'll have the same six degrees of freedom—up or down, left or right, forward or backward, roll, pitch and yaw—that I would have if I were actually standing in this office. To look around, all I have to do is move the ball as if I were turning my head one way or another. If I can't get the hang of holding my head in my left hand, Gullichsen can easily change the function of the ball to rotate the room, as if I were holding it in my hand.

Imagine for a moment that you have two heads and two right hands, and you can project one of each through the wall into the next room. That's what it's like as, staring into the Cyberhood, I push the ball forward. My vision brings me into the office Gullichsen has put on the screen. I turn the ball left and my vision rotates left to a painting on the wall. I turn the ball right and my vision rotates to a stack of papers on a wooden counter. I reach forward with my right hand and the outlined hand floating in the room moves toward the papers. I close my fist and the computer beeps.

"You've got the papers. Pick them up," Gullichsen says.

I raise my closed hand and the disembodied glove lifts the papers.

"They'll stay there unless you put them down," he says. "Gravity hasn't been programmed into this world."

When Gullichsen sees that I have learned to use these extensions of my senses, he introduces me to a different environment—a two-story town house. I drift toward it from the outside, floating across the yard. I pass through the walls and am inside a living room with a fireplace and a sofa.

And, at the end of a hallway to the right, I see a doorless washroom. "I have to go to the john," I say.

"Go ahead, by all means," he says.

I float into the bathroom and try to lift," the toilet seat.

"The toilet seat isn't programmed to lift," he says.

Several hours later, when I leave the Sense8 office on my way to the Autodesk Company, I've learned three things:

First, for less than \$10,000, you can purchase enough virtual reality equipment to enable you to explore the inside of a building that hasn't been built.

Second, the operative laws in a computer-generated world are precisely what one programs them to be. If you want gravity, things fall. If you don't want a toilet seat to lift, it doesn't lift.

Third, the projecting of sensual perceptions into a disembodied hand and a headless point of view, while eerie at first, becomes quite comfortable. It feels normal to be in two places at the same time.

Less than half a mile down the road from the Sense8 building sprawls the multibuilding complex of Autodesk, the world's largest designer of computer-aided design software. Here I'm about to experience total immersion, and the man who's going to baptize me is Chris Allis, Autodesk's applications and marketing liaison. Thanks to Gentile and Gullichsen, I feel prepared, like a pilot who has trained on single-engine craft before finally moving up to a Learjet.

I go through the standard procedure with the glove, opening and closing my fist. Then Allis puts VPL eye-phones (or cyberspace goggles, as I like to think of them) over my eyes. Immediately, I notice little things. The resolution is better than Sense8's, the colors more vivid. The glove is made of flexible Lycra and covers my hand like a second layer of skin. But then, I shouldn't be surprised, since this is the VPL Data Glove, originally designed for use by astronauts.

"OK," says Allis, "you're in."

Yes, but I don't know what I'm in. It seems to be a huge, gaudy structure composed of Grecian columns surrounding a modern chair placed in the center of a marble-tiled floor.

By pointing my forefinger up, I will fly skyward, and by pointing my finger down, I will descend. By holding my hand open, I will

stop. By making a fist on any object, I can pick it up—even throw it.

I lift the chair with the virtual hand and swing my arm across my body. After I release the chair, it becomes embedded in the opposite wall, with only the top half visible inside the room. I pass through the wall of the building, where my eyes encounter an azure sky.

"What are you trying to do?" Allis asks me.

"I'm looking for the other half of the chair," I say.

"We'll, just turn around and you'll see it."

Half an hour later, I've played virtual racquetball using a real racquet wired with magnetic sensors. I've inhabited a posh mansion with a swimming pool in the backyard, flown above my estate and landed on the roof without a helicopter and generally lived the life of a man who has a lot of discretionary income. Were it not for the fact that the water in the pool didn't ripple, that after diving into it I came out dry, and that I wasn't smoking a cigar, I might have thought I was Bill Cosby.

When I remove the glove and headgear, I realize that the experience has left me with a feeling of *deja vu*.

The first association that comes to mind is Patrick Swayze's character in the film *Ghost*. I could now identify with the disembodied spirit that can penetrate walls at will. Virtual reality also reminds me of my own dreams. In the dream state, we often are merely a "point of view." Our phantasmal bodies enter into play only as needed and more often simply as impressions. When I dream I'm running, I don't actually see my legs; I simply assume that I'm using them to move toward or away from something.

As I was leaving Autodesk, still not fully recovered from the lingering memory of total immersion, I asked Allis if he has had any aftereffects from being in VR.

"Negative side effects? Not really," he answers. "If people attend to the other dimensions of their lives, virtual experiences aren't in any way deleterious. But now and then I feel that I ought to be able to float up over a building and look down on the roof. I think I've gained a gut feeling of what it's like to fly."

My flights thus far have been over rooms and roofs' useful capabilities from an architectural viewpoint, but not particularly astounding. The thrill of flying perhaps lies in having someplace

unusual or special to fly to. And that's one of the many experiences that awaited me in the domain of Jaron Lanier at VPL.

Standing in the VPL demonstration room, I have a rush similar to the one I felt more than 20 years ago when I went to my first Jimi Hendrix concert. I had been to dozens of blues and rock concerts, but never before had I seen such an intimidating array of amplification hardware. Although I'm going into VR alone, the room is equipped for a two-person VR experience, which David Levitt, who has a Sc.D. in computer science from MIT, calls RB2-Pro: reality built for two. There are two Silicon Graphics Skywriter computers, which are as big as refrigerators. One will

create the images I see according to my head movements. The other will do the same for the other participant. It has one display adapter; two Data Glove systems with control units; and two eye-phone head-display systems with units for tracking and control. The hardware is coordinated by Body Electric software, which defines the behavior of the objects or "creatures" in VR worlds. Total cost: \$400,000.

If you don't understand the system, don't feel bad. I don't understand it either. The point is that the equipment gets me into Duck World, where I'm about to do some meaningful flying using a quacking duck as



my aeronautical point of reference.

Imagine that you're the male half of a duo of ducks that have built a nest on the topmast of a ship afloat on a vast, featureless sea. You have been abruptly thrown aloft by the ship's captain. Your goal is to return home quickly to be reunited with your mate, who flies in a great parabola above the ship searching for you and quacking piteously.

This, in any case, is my fantasy as I descend out of a great cloud toward the sound of a crazed mallard. As I approach the ship, I notice something strange. Towering above the deck is a giant tube that looks like an oversized smokestack for a steamboat. But there's no stream coming from it, and a flapping duck periodically darts out of and back into it.

I descend through the mouth of the smokestack and see my feathered friend flying up and down in endless spirals. As she flies away from me, the sound of her quacking recedes, and as she dives closer, it becomes louder.

When I exit through the bottom of the great tube, I'm on the ship's deck. I find a strange cargo of objects there, all of which I can pick up and handle. There's a black top hat, a bright green lime and the most luminous red apple I've seen since the one the witch

gave Snow White.

"Pick up the hat," says Levitt. I grasp it in my virtual and it instantly transforms into a beautiful red rose.

I'm a stranger in three more strange lands. In Munchkin World, a spidery little creature begs me to pick him up and throw him down, thanks me profusely each time I do so and immediately begs to be picked up again. Sadoomasochism aside, it's sort of an electronic version of a three-year-old who wants you to play horsey until you drop.

There's an ominously desolate kitchen with a whirling ceiling fan and a clock ticking on the wall. I can turn off the fan by flicking a wall switch; the clock always shows the correct time.

And there's a towering island from which comes the sound of pounding African drums. The drums get louder as I fly toward the island, until I feel as if I'm standing in the middle of them. Yet I don't see any drummers.

I'm told to pick up what looks like a shining white stalagmite, and find it's the source of the drumming. I wave it around my head, and the sound whirls around with it. I instantly feel free, powerful and exhilarated.

I realize that someone watching me wave my empty hand around my cranium might think I'm nuts. Embarrassed, I remove the eyephone and smile sheepishly at Levitt, who smiles knowingly. Behind him, chuckling, is Jaron Lanier.

Lanier has promised that he can teach anyone to create a virtual reality world in a few hours. He, Levitt and I gather around while he explains what goes into making characters.

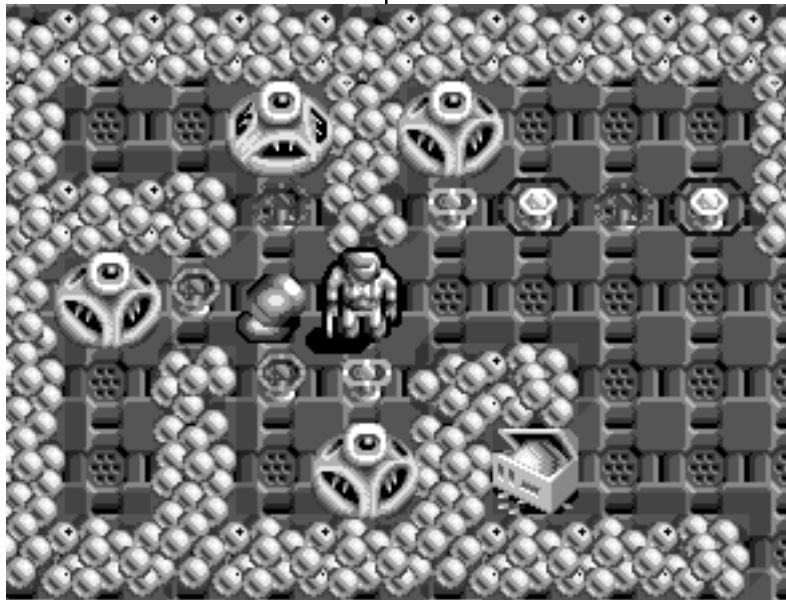
"You work with sculpture, behavior and sound. It's not hard at all. I created Duck World in an hour and a half."

Levitt guides me as I attempt to create a building and a little square-faced character. The results are primitive. After watching me fumble with the mouse, Lanier takes it from me. He uses the mouse to summon colors, shapes and shading, creating a character named Esky, who was once the symbol of Esquire magazine. Very cute, this ironic jibe.

"We believe in speed around here," Lanier says. "We have hun-

dreds of worlds. Right now we're making a virtual planet that can satisfy Western mankind's urge to conquer a frontier, without trashing the environment."

Of all the VR masters I've visited, Lanier is the only one who doesn't ask me what I thought of the experience—his experience, really. Part of Lanier's reluctance to extol the virtues of his system is that like most brilliant inventors he tends to see his latest product as merely one step toward a new and improved version. For Lanier that means "improving the quality of the product and making it less expensive."



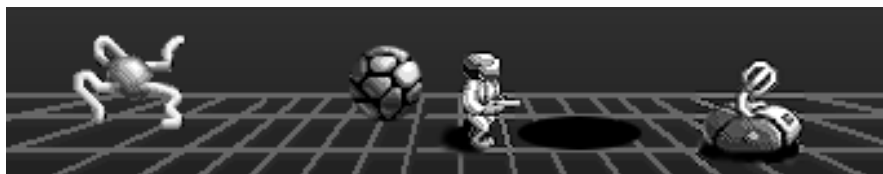
This past January, he and the VPL Research team made a major step in that direction by introducing MicroCosm, the first desktop VR system. Available for between a mere \$51,000 (if you already own a top-of-the-line Quadra Mac II) and \$58,000 (if you don't), MicroCosm includes an eyephone, built-in magnetic head-tracking device and Data Glove. It's also

equipped with true 3-D audio.

For Lanier, the availability of desktop VR is the first prerequisite to the accomplishment of his ultimate dream, which is to have people worldwide plug into a communal cyberspace for a ritual gathering of the tribes. I can't decide whether Lanier's vision of a people immersed in virtual reality is ultimately healthy or dehumanizing. Either way, it's hard to state with conviction that it won't happen.

Before going to sleep, I make a note to myself: "Ask somebody who isn't an inventor about virtual reality."

Several days later, I put in a call to the Human Interface Technology Laboratory at the University of Washington. The HIT Lab was founded by Dr. Thomas Furness in 1989 after he ended a 23-year stint researching for the Air Force. Furness created the flight simulator that employed a 3-D head-mounted display to train jet pilots for combat situations. And, indirectly, it was the flight simulator that inspired Furness to escape the military. What triggered his departure was the public reaction to his research: Immediately after the airing of *Top Gun* and *Beyond*, an award-winning 1987 Nova documentary, he and his associates were besieged with calls and letters from civilians who hoped that virtual reality technology might solve some human problems.



There were, predictably, inquiries from engineers and architects, but more compelling were letters from parents of disabled children, from relatives of individuals who suffered severe visual impairment and from organizations devoted to improving the quality of life for shut-ins. Schoolteachers wrote, looking forward to a day when the technology that produced the flight simulators could help them make history, literature and biology come to life for today's generation of TV-oriented students.

The man I need to interview at the HIT Lab isn't Furness—who in his way is just as much a visionary as Lanier—but the lab's associate director Robert Jacobson. Jacobson, a Fulbright research scholar in technology policy with a Ph.D. in urban planning from UCLA, spent eight years as an information policy analyst for the California legislature before teaming up with Furness.

I ask him what the immediate future holds for virtual reality.

"Over the next ten years," Jacobson answers, "the technology will advance in five fields. The first is industrial. Major manufacturers will use virtual reality to design everything from automobiles to household appliances. The second is biomedicine, for making devices that offer virtual mobility for people in wheelchairs and visual enhancement for the near-blind. The third is in the arts and entertainment, with amusement-park displays and arcades being the primary source of growth. The fourth is in education. We're trying to get funding for the development of a virtual classroom in which a child can experience things that would otherwise be inaccessible or invisible—such as seeing an electron in an atom or seeing how galaxies are configured in space."

"And fifth?"

Jacobson's eyes light up. "Televirtual reality—the ability to share virtual realities across computer networks and, eventually, our telephone system. This could happen very quickly, depending on the interest and commitment of the telephone and computer industries to make it happen."

I tell Jacobson that what he's talking about sounds like Jaron Lanier's vision of a nation—a world—wired for VR.

"Jaron's projections aren't unrealistic, but they depend on some events that may be slow in coming. The telephone companies and the federal government must make a commitment to a fiber-optic telephone system. If they do, it is conceivable that by the end of the decade, everyone who has a telephone will have in their home something similar to a 3-D stereo eyephone. But this depends on public demand for universal fiber-optic wiring."

What will create the public demand in such a relatively short time?

"Virtual reality entertainment centers will help," says Jacobson. "Once people have had fun with it there, they'll want it in their homes, too. But even more than that is the natural competitive

nature of Americans. Japan's telephone system is in the process of being wired fiber-optically. The Japanese already have their government, academic institutions and corporations focused on creating a communications plan that they expect to be the most advanced in the world. An integral part of that plan is to have the country wired for virtual reality. An Americans invented that technology. I'm just hoping that Americans will say to our government and telephone companies, 'Hey, how come we don't have a communications system as sophisticated as the Japanese?' Because if they do, we will."

One obstacle to Americans' ready acceptance of virtual reality is the equipment, the fancy gloves with dangling wires and six-pound head-mounts.

"Right now we're developing a lightweight stereo eyephone that projects an image directly on your retina," Jacobson says. "We're working on a wand much like the one recently developed by the Swedes. It has buttons on it that enable you to do everything in VR that you can't do with the glove. You can send out a beam and attach it to things and move them. You can use it to draw paintings, position yourself in relation to other objects, make yourself larger or smaller, Amazing things.

"You remember that scene in 2001 in which the first tool the ape used was a big bone? He finally threw it up into the air and suddenly it was transformed into a space station. Well, that's an analogy that applies here, only in reverse. We're going to make virtual reality as easy to understand as possible. We're going back to the original tool, the bone."

CIS Magazine Database Plus

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DRINKS AND RECIPES

"PECAN PRALINES"

"Texas-style creamy pecan cookies"

My family is from Texas, and we dearly love "authentic" Mexican food. Authentic as defined by my father: home-style Tex-Mex. We have been consistently disappointed by the pralines served at restaurants. They are always either crystalline and crunchy, or sticky like undercooked taffy. At the age of 10, I decided to try my hand at making pralines, and happened on a recipe in a current (1958) issue of *The Ladies Home Journal*, which I accidently adapted to make the perfect praline not gooey, not crunchy, but of a solid consistency that becomes creamy in texture as it is eaten. The secret is to first screw up the recipe (at this point you are tempted to throw it out.)

Place the white sugar, brown sugar, milk and corn syrup in a heavy 3-quart/3-liter saucepan over medium-high heat. Stir to thoroughly dissolve.

Measuring the temperature with a candy thermometer, stir constantly with a long-handled wooden spoon. When the mixture reaches "jelly" temperature on the thermometer 220F°/104C° it will bubble furiously. Splattering is a danger (this is why you want a spoon with a long handle). You may wish to wear heavy rubber gloves for further protection. Continue stirring until mixture reaches 256 F°/124 C° ("medium ball" stage).

Remove from heat, add vanilla and let it sit for 10 minutes. During this time, set out the cupcake papers on the countertop and place 3-4 pecan halves in each paper.

Beat the mixture by hand with the wooden spoon, while it is still in the pan, until it loses its glossy sheen. This can take up to 10 minutes or more, and calls for a strong arm.

At this point, the mixture will very quickly begin to form lumps and harden in the pan. As this begins to happen, return the pan to low heat; add boiling hot water a tablespoon at a time, and beat out the lumps until nearly all are gone. Add just enough water so that the mixture is somewhat runny and has lost much of its previous lumpy consistency (no more than 3/4 cup(180 ml) of water, and often much less.) Leaving a few lumps is permissible and often unavoidable.

Remove from heat and spoon it into the cupcake papers. Let it harden for 20-30 minutes, then remove papers. Be sure not to let the papers remain on after the candy has hardened somewhat or they will be difficult to remove later.

•I prefer Karo brand corn syrup.

•Store the pralines in an airtight container.

Pamela McGarvey//ftp from gatekeeper.dec.com

experiment with these!

"SOPA AZTECA"

"Aztec soup: a simple cheese, tomato, and beef soup"

I got this recipe from my mother, who got it from a friend in Tucson, Arizona. Serves 4-6

2 cups consomme (500 ml)

2 cups cream of tomato soup (500 ml) (recipe or a can)

4 oz green chilies, (100 g) diced (or use more or less, to taste)

1/4 lb corn tortilla chips, (100 g) crumbled

1/2 lb Monterey Jack cheese, (200 g) cut into half-inch cubes.

Mix soups and bring to a boil. Fill each soup bowl about 1/3 full with crumbled tortilla chips. Place a layer of cheese cubes on top of the chips. Put one or two spoonfuls of diced, drained chilies on top of the cheese. When ready to serve, ladle boiling soup on top of the mixture in the soup bowls. Do not stir. Serve immediately. The boiling soup melts the cheese, but it also begins to make the chips soggy as soon as you pour it on. Be careful not to chop cheese too fine.

•Loretta Guarino Reid guarino@decwrl.dec.com•

•POP THE CHERRY

2 oz. cherry brandy

o.j.

stir in highball glass, add cherry and orange slice

•REARBUSTER

2 oz. tequila

2 oz. Kahlua

cranberry juice

stir in highball glass

•SCREAMING ORGASM

bartender's chair

equal parts—rum

vodka

bourbon

open mouth and lean back, swallow until you can't swallow any more.

•SEX ON THE BEACH

1 part Cream de Casis (or Chambord)

1 part Mellon Liqueur (or Midori)

1 part Pineapple juice

stir in highball glass

(SEX ON THE BEACH WITH A FRIEND- add 1 part vodka)

(RAPE UNDER THE BOARDWALK- add more alcohol)

•STRAWBERRY STRIPPER

o.j.

1 1/2 oz. strawberry schnapps

1 oz. Triple Sec

pour strawberry schnapps into o.j. and then Triple Sec—do not stir

•TIGHT SNATCH

1 1/2 oz. light rum

1 oz. peach schnapps

pineapple juice

stir in highball glass

•VIRGIN

1 1/2 oz. gin

1/2 oz. white creme de menthe

1 oz. forbidden fruit

shake with ice, strain into highball glass



• Drinks Contributed by R. Swartz •

Top Ten

Exhibition Sports for the 1996 Summer Olympic Games in Atlanta

10. Glider Skill Exhibition (avoiding fences and farms)
9. Synchronized Running
(do the 400m with someone on your shoulders)
8. Animal Husbandry (and Wifery)
7. Tanning (sponsored by Jimmy Carter Peanut Oil)
6. Amateur Football
5. New York Taxi Races
4. Hurricane Dodging
3. Ghetto Development—one bulldozer per contestant
2. Ironman Drug Running
(swim from Cuba to Miami, bike to Atlanta, run to Detroit)
1. Rhythmic Masturbation

The Effects of Coffee on Experimentalists

ABSTRACT

The awareness level of experimenters shows a correlation to not only the absolute volume of coffee they consume, but to the various attributes of the coffee itself, including, but not limited to, the degree of roasting of the beans, the age of the ground product, and perhaps most importantly, the ratio of coffee to water used in the preparation of the beverage. Although several conclusions may be safely drawn from the data, further study is indicated for clarification of significant remaining questions.

INTRODUCTION AND PHYSICS MOTIVATION

The awareness level of experimenters is a quantity that has seen much work expended in attempts to increase it. Occuring with almost vanishingly small cross-sections under usual laboratory conditions, any technique that may enhance its presence should therefore be pursued to investigate its potential efficacy. Since it is also a quantity that seems, at present, to have no intrinsic tendency for expansion beyond observed levels, external driving forces have been almost exclusively suggested. Indeed, many theorists deny the possibility that these forces can induce any increase in this admittedly intrasigent phenomenon.

However, in previous experiments at LAMPF there has been some indication that the consumption of coffee, at sufficiently high levels, may improve the awareness level of at least some experimenters. This experiment was designed to test this means of awareness enhancement.

The apparatus used was a 'Mr. Coffee' processor, model #AC-310, which was chosen for its ease of use, as well as its consistency of product. For the coffee itself, it was decided to utilize 'Folger's' brand for the initial runs, followed by 'Maxwell House-Rich Roast' for the last sixty hours of run time. It was further decided that raw beans would not be used in this exploratory experiment, as flavor was not a consideration, and on the grounds that it would be prohibitively expensive for any but the shortest runs. It was clear in advance that a measurable increase in awareness would take great amounts of run time, and much opposition was encountered from the inception, from the PAC which was justifiably skeptical of the possibility of obtaining significant results.

-Author Unknown (but presumably from UT)



[For PPSA Newsletter V6N2 Taken without permission from, **Philadelphia City Paper**, May 22, 1992]

Medical Mysteries

Health investigators trying to learn why at least 10 babies were born without brains in Brownsville, Texas, said that the outbreak of the extremely rare condition, known as anencephaly, in the city of 98,000 may be the largest ever in the United States. Across the border in Brownsville's sister city of Matamoros, officials said 12 babies with the rare condition were born just last year. "We think something terrible happened to cause this," said William Lipps, a Brownsville chemist assisting the national Centers for Disease Control, "but we don't know what it is."

[ed-It is interesting to note that Allen Williams lived in southern Texas. You know that if this happened in Los Alamos everyone would be screaming bloody murder at the government for a cover-up. But then again, that would explain Tim Morrison...]

Gone but not Forgotten

After police in Key West, Florida found the body of William Everett Delaney, 43, on his kitchen floor, they learned it had been there for two months. When questioned, Delaney's roommate, Thomas Warren, 78, said that he recalled Delaney falling in the kitchen two or three months earlier, and since then had often asked if he wanted something to eat or drink or to be taken to the hospital. "He said the guy was very stubborn," Detective Duke Yannacone explained, "and wouldn't answer him."

Weekend at Vlad's

In Romania, three men couldn't afford a hearse to take their dead uncle's body 300 miles from Bucharest to the family graveyard in Caransebes. For about 5 percent of what the hearse would have cost, they bought train tickets for the four of them, doused their father's body with alcohol to conceal the smell and told the conductor he was drunk.

Common Problem

Clearance Prices

Days after the Los Angeles race riot, police recovered truckloads of looted goods. Hundreds of people who had joined in the looting frenzy voluntarily returned the merchandise they stole. Police reported finding luxury sofas and expensive television sets on the sidewalks in some neighborhoods where they had announced amnesty for people who returned merchandise. One man turned over a high-priced videocassette recorder, explaining that he couldn't figure out how to make it work. Police added that much of the rest of the recovered merchandise came from looters turned in by neighbors who resented them flaunting their new goods.

In the same vein as the famous anagram that Dick Cavett coined:

- Spiro Agnew---->Grow a Penis
- Vice President Dan Quayle---->Cradled Quite a Penis Envy
- George Herbert Walker Bush---->Huge Beserk Rebel Warthog

[original author mathew@mantis.co.uk]

HUMAN GENOME PROJECT

For many years molecular biologists have been mystified by the fact that very little of an organism's DNA seems to serve any useful function. I have solved the mystery. The reason why only 30% of human DNA performs any useful function is that the rest of it is comments. Once we decode a typical human genome, we see that the contents begin as follows:

```
/* HUMAN_DNA.H
 *
 * Human Genome
 * Version 2.1
 *
 * (C) God
 */

/* Revision history:
 *
 * 0000-00-01 00:00 1.0 Adam.
 * 0000-00-02 10:00 1.1 Eve.
 * 0000-00-03 02:11 1.2 Added penis code to male version. A bit messy
 *      -will require a rewrite later on to make it neater.
 * 0017-03-12 03:14 1.3 Added extra sex drive to male.h; took code from elephant-
dna.c
 * 0145-10-03 16:33 1.4 Removed tail.
 * 1115-00-31 17:20 1.5 Shortened forearms, expanded brain case.
 * 2091-08-20 13:56 1.6 Opposable thumbs added to hand() routine.
 * 2501-04-09 14:04 1.7 Minor cosmetic improvements
 *      -skin colour made darker to match my own image.
 * 2909-07-12 02:21 1.8 Dentition inadequate; added extra 'wisdom' teeth.
 *      -Must remember to make mouth bigger to compensate.
 * 4501-12-31 14:18 1.9 Increase average height.
 * 5533-02-12 17:09 2.0 Added gay option, triggered by high
 *      population density, to try and slow the overpopulation problem.

 * 6004-11-04 16:11 2.1 Made forefinger narrower to fit hole in centre of
 *      CD.
 */

/* Standard definitions
 */

#define SEX male
#define HEIGHT 1.84
#define MASS 68
#define RACE caucasian

/* Include inherited traits from parent DNA files.
 *
 * Files must be pre-processed with MENDEL program to provide proper
 * inheritance features.
 */

#include "mother.h"
#include "father.h"

#ifndef FATHER
```

```

#warn("Father unknown - guessing\n")
#include "bastard.h"
#endif

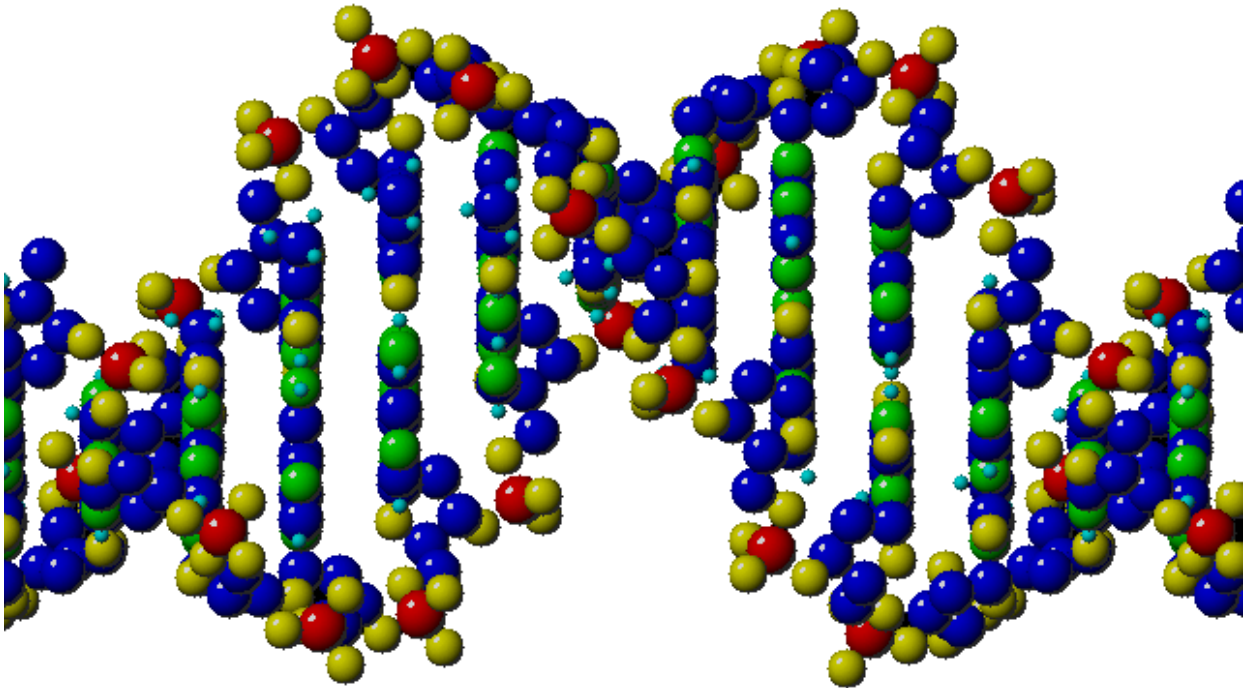
/* Set up sex-specific functions and variables
 */
#include <sex.h>

/* Kludged code - I'll re-design this lot and re-write it as a proper library sometime soon.
 */
struct genitals
{
#ifdef MALE
    Penis *jt;
#endif
    /* G_spot *g;    Removed for debugging purposes */
#ifdef FEMALE
    Vagina *p;
#endif
}

/* Initialization bootstrap routine - called before DNA duplication.
 * Allocates buffers and sets up protein file pointers
 */
DNA *zygote_initialize(Sperm *, Ovum *);

/* MAIN INITIALIZATION CODE
 *
 * Returns structures containing pre-processed phenotypes for the organism
 * to display at birth.
 *
 * Will be improved later to make output less ugly.
 */
Characteristic *lookup_phenotype(Identifier *i);

```



The Cartoon Laws of Physics

From: snickel@elysium.hks.com (Steve Nickel)/Contributed by Ray Swartz



Cartoon Law I

Any body suspended in space will remain in space until made aware of its situation.

Daffy Duck steps off a cliff, expecting further pastureland. He loiters in midair, soliloquizing until he chances to look down. At this point, the familiar principle of 32 feet per second per second takes over.

Cartoon Law II

Any body in motion will tend to remain in motion until solid matter intervenes suddenly.

Whether shot from a cannon or in hot pursuit on foot, cartoon characters are so absolute in their momentum that only a telephone pole or an outside boulder retards their forward motion absolutely. Sir Isaac Newton called this sudden termination of motion the stooge's surcease.

Cartoon Law III

Any body passing through solid matter will leave a perforation conforming to its perimeter.

Also called the silhouette of passage, this phenomenon is the speciality of victims of directed-pressure explosions and of reckless cowards who are so eager to escape that they exit directly through the wall of a house, leaving a cookie-cutout-perfect hole. The threat of skunks or matrimony often catalyzes this reaction.

Cartoon Law IV

The time required for an object to fall twenty stories is greater than or equal to the time it takes for whoever knocked it off the ledge to spiral down twenty flights to attempt to capture it unbroken. Such an object is inevitably priceless, the attempt to capture it inevitably unsuccessful.

Cartoon Law V

All principles of gravity are negated by fear.

Psychic forces are sufficient in most bodies for a shock to propel them directly away from the earth's surface. A spooky noise or an adversary's signature sound will induce motion upward, usually to the cradle of a chandelier, a treetop, or the crest of a flagpole. The feet of a character who is running or the wheels of a speeding auto need never touch the ground, especially when in flight.



Cartoon Law VI

As speed increases, objects can be in several places at once.

This is particularly true of tooth-and-claw fights, in which a character's head may be glimpsed emerging from the cloud of

altercation at several places simultaneously. This effect is common as well among bodies that are spinning or being throttled. A 'wacky' character has the option of self-replication only at manic high speeds and may ricochet off walls to achieve the velocity required.

Cartoon Law VII

Certain bodies can pass through solid walls painted to resemble tunnel entrances; others cannot.

This trompe l'oeil inconsistency has baffled generations, but at least it is known that whoever paints an entrance on a wall's surface to trick an opponent will be unable to pursue him into this theoretical space. The painter is flattened against the wall when he attempts to follow into the painting. This is ultimately a problem of art, not of science.

Cartoon Law VIII

Any violent rearrangement of feline matter is impermanent.

Cartoon cats possess even more deaths than the traditional nine lives might comfortably afford. They can be decimated, spliced, splayed, accordion-pleated, spindled, or disassembled, but they cannot be destroyed. After a few

moments of blinking self pity, they reinflate, elongate, snap back, or solidify.

Corollary: A cat will assume the shape of its container.

Cartoon Law IX

Everything falls faster than an anvil.

Cartoon Law X

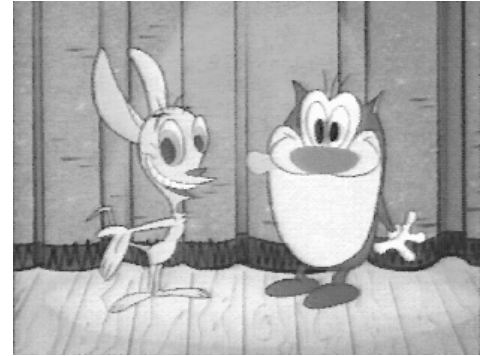
For every vengeance there is an equal and opposite revengeance.

This is the one law of animated cartoon motion that also applies to the physical world at large. For that reason, we need the relief of watching it happen to a duck instead.

Cartoon Law Amendment A

A sharp object will always propel a character upward.

When poked (usually in the buttocks) with a sharp object (usually a pin), a character will defy gravity by shooting straight up, with great velocity.



Cartoon Law Amendment B

The laws of object permanence are nullified for “cool” characters.

Characters who are intended to be “cool” can make previously nonexistent objects appear from behind their backs at will. For instance, the Road Runner can materialize signs to express himself without speaking.

Cartoon Law Amendment C

Explosive weapons cannot cause fatal injuries.

They merely turn characters temporarily black and smoky.

Cartoon Law Amendment D

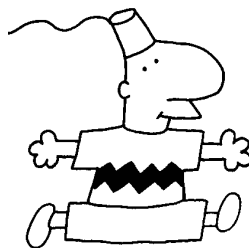
Gravity is transmitted by slow-moving waves of large wavelengths.

Their operation can be witnessed by observing the behavior of a canine suspended over a large vertical drop. Its feet will begin to fall first, causing its legs to stretch. As the wave reaches its torso, that part will begin to fall, causing the neck to stretch. As the head begins to fall, tension is released and the canine will resume its regular proportions until such time as it strikes the ground.

Cartoon Law Amendment E

Dynamite is spontaneously generated in “C-spaces” (spaces in which cartoonlaws hold).

The process is analogous to steady-state theories of the universe which postulated that the tensions involved in maintaining a space would cause the creation of hydrogen from nothing. Dynamite quanta are quite large (stick sized) and unstable (lit). Such quanta are attracted to psychic forces generated by feelings of distress in “cool” characters (see Amendment B, which may be a special case of this law), who are able to use said quanta to their advantage. One may imagine C-spaces where all matter and energy result from primal masses of dynamite exploding. A big bang indeed.



STORIES FROM THE INTERNET



My Evil Dog

I used to live next door to this old lady, who will remain nameless...However, let us suffice it to say that she was a post menopausal witch from the nether regions. She hated everyone and everything except....Her only pet...A humungous white fraggin' RABBIT.

Now, I have this nasty ol' heinz-57 mutt that oves nothing better than to jsut fertilize the lawn all day long. Needless to say that she didn't care for him one little bit, and the feeling was mutual. Anyhow, she always used to threaten to put my dog in the pound if he ever got out of the yard and even came close to her rabbit, whom she kept in a hutch out back. I figured she'd do it, too, because she used get off on doing stuff like that: calling the police on strangers, writing down liscence plate numbers on "suspicious-looking" vehicles, you know—the works...

So one day, I come home to find that my dog is in the backyard with this lady's stinking, worthless rabbit in his mouth. Now, I can't figure out how he got out of our yard, or even into the rabbit's cage, for that matter...also, the little rodent looks almost too healty to be dead...but I'm not trying to be Sherlock Holmes...my dog is gonna buy it in the pound if I didn't do something fast. It was five in the evening, and the old witch got home around a quarter after, so I didn't have a whole lot of time to work with, but I pulled the little booger out of his mouth, took it to the sink, washed it all up with dish-soap, and blow-dried it until it was only a little damp. Finally, I jumped my backyard fence, and placed the rabbit neatly on his side in its cage...then, I sit, and I just wait...

Five thirty rolls around, and the lady gets home...she's a little late—but that's okay, because I needed the time to dry her pet off. So, anyhow, I'm sitting in my backyard, waiting for her to go out and find that her precious little rabbit has expired "naturally" (and I'd planned on going over and offering my condolences, just to ham it up bit). So, she gets out into her back yard, and she has a trash bag in her hand, and she's in the process of throwing bits and pieces of scrap wood that had been laying around the rabbit's hutch for ever since I can barely remember...this strikes me as a little odd, because she never did that before. It almost seemed like she was packing her hutch away, or something—I couldn't figure it out. Anyways, she looks into the cage and stares for a little bit, and screams stark raving bloody murder, drops all of her stuff on the spot and runs inside the house. Later, Animal Control came to take the little beast off...I found out three days later that her rabbit HAD died a natural death...only a day before my stupid dog had dug it up for a snack...kinda gives a new meaning to rolling over in your grave, don't ya think?

A rabbit is sitting at the mouth of a cave, on top of a pile of bones. A fox comes up, and says to the rabbit, "what are you up to?" The rabbit replies, "I'm writing my thesis." The fox then asks the rabbit, "What's the topic?" The rabbit answers "It's how rabbits eat foxes". The fox grins, and says, "I'm sorry Mr. Rabbit, but it's the other way round." The rabbit replies, "Well, Mr. Fox, let's you and me go into this cave, and we'll see which way it is." The fox and the rabbit then enter the cave, there is the sound of a scuffle, and then the rabbit emerges, chewing on a fox bone.

A little later a coyote comes up, and says to the rabbit, "what are you up to?" The rabbit replies, "I'm writing my thesis." The coyote then asks the rabbit, "What's the topic?" The rabbit answers "It's how rabbits eat coyotes". The coyote grins, and says, "I'm sorry Mr. Rabbit, but it's the other way round." The rabbit replies, "Well, Mr. Coyote, let's you and me go into this cave, and we'll see which way it is." The coyote and the rabbit then enter the cave, there is the sound of a scuffle, and then the rabbit emerges, chewing on a coyote bone.

A little later still a bear comes up, and says to the rabbit, "what are you up to?" The rabbit replies, "I'm writing my thesis." The bear then asks the rabbit, "What's the topic?" The rabbit answers "It's how rabbits eat bears". The bear grins, and says, "I'm sorry Mr. Rabbit, but it's the other way round." The rabbit replies, "Well, Mr. Bear, let's you and me go into this cave, and we'll see which way it is." The bear and the rabbit then enter the cave, there is the sound of a scuffle, and then the rabbit emerges, chewing on a bear bone. Following him out of the cave is a lion, picking his teeth with a bone, who says, "I'm full. What do you say we knock off for the day?"

The moral of our story is: It doesn't matter what your thesis topic is, if you have the right sponsor.



The Phone Call

You see, I have been lifting weights semi-regularly for the past month. With this in mind . . .



Phone rings...

Me: Hello?

PARTY: Hello, Shannon? This is Lisa. I was told you do personal training.

Me: Uh, no...

Lisa: Oh, I'm so embarrassed. Are you sure you don't do personal training?

Me: Yes . . . (Now I'm getting slightly confused, and somewhat irritated)

Lisa: Do you want to?

Me: No, I don't really have time. And I don't really know enough about it. (That should take care of that.)

Lisa: Well, a lady at the gym told me you did training. I guess it was another Shannon Wells. Oh, I'm so embarrassed.

Me: (thinking, "no big deal, lady, geez!") What gym? Johnson Center? (the university gym, the only one I go to)

Lisa: No. You SURE you don't want to do any training? I have a dog collar to wear and everything!

Me: No, I don't, sorry. (I'm oblivious to what she just said, since it is so outrageous I guess.)

Lisa: Oh, I'm sorry . . . (sigh, whines) I'm so horny . . .

Me: (Now I see what she really wants training in)
Good Bye! . . . click!

Pretty strange, eh? But this **is** a true story.
-shannon wells



[Here's my handling of sales calls—along the lines of do unto others as they're doing to you.]

Ring... Ring...

Me: Hello, John speaking

Salesperson: Hello Mr. Hawklyn I represent We've selected you as a likely prospect (I mentally translate to: likely sucker) for investment/charitable donation/lottery winner/....

Me: Not interested. SAY!? are you a telemarketer? I happen to represent a firm which manufactures and sells earpads for all types of telephones and head sets. We've found in our industry research that many telemarketers are languishing with unergometric headsets. Our earpads are certifiably ergometric thoroughly tested, and inexpensive, and 100% natural.

Salesperson: Excuse me. I was trying to say...

Me: Would you be interested in trying out one of our earpads?

Salesperson: No, thank you, we already have earpads. Now about our package..

Me: {sickly sincere} If you're not interested, perhaps you could connect me with your supervisor? They may be interested in hearing about our earpads.

I've never yet spoken to a supervisor, but I find that this technique is humorous, and yet clearly points out to them how offensive these calls can be.

-Hawkmeister

These are from the New York magazine competition where they asked competitors to change ONE letter in a familiar non-English phrase and redefine it.

HARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?—Can you drive a French motorcycle?

IDIOS AMIGOS—We're wild and crazy guys!

VENI, VIPI, VICI—I came; I'm a very important person; I conquered

J'Y SUIS, J'Y PESTES—I can stay for the weekend

COGITO EGGO SUM—I think; therefore, I am a waffle

RIGOR MORRIS—The cat is dead

REPONDEZ S'IL VOUS PLAID—Honk if you're Scots

QUE SERA SERF—Life is feudal

LE ROI EST MORT. JIVE LE ROI—The King is dead. No kidding.

POSH MORTEM—Death styles of the rich and famous

PRO BOZO PUBLICO—Support your local clown

MONAGE A TROIS—I am three years old

PARDONNEZ-MOT—That wasn't funny. Sorry.

FELIX NAVIDAD—Our cat has a boat

HASTE CUISINE—Fast French food

VENI, VIDI, VICE—I came, I saw, I partied.

QUIP PRO QUO—A fast retort

ALOHA OY—Love; greetings; farewell; from such a pain you should never know

MAZEL TON—Lots of luck

APRES MOE LE DELUGE—Larry and Curly get wet

PORTE-KOCHERE—Sacramental wine

ICH LIEBE RICH—I'm really crazy about having dough

FUI GENERIS—What's mine is mine

VISA LA FRANCE—Don't leave chateau without it

CA VA SANS DIRT—And that's not gossip

MERCI RIEN—Thanks for nothin'.

AMICUS PURIAE—Platonic friend

L'ETAT, C'EST MOO—I'm bossy around here

L'ETAT, C'EST MOE—All the world's a stooge

50 WAYS TO CONFUSE YOUR ROOMMATE

“By Brian and Andy”

1. Smoke jimson weed. Do whatever comes naturally.
 2. Switch the sheets on your beds while s/he is at class.
 3. Twitch a lot.
 4. Pretend to talk while pretending to be asleep.
 5. Steal a fishtank. Fill it with beer and dump sardines in it. Talk to them.
 6. Become a subgenius.
 7. Inject his/her twinkies with a mixture of Dexatrim and MSG.
 8. Learn to levitate. While your roommate is looking away, float up out of your seat. When s/he turns to look, fall back down and grin.
 9. Speak in tongues.
 10. Move your roommate's personal effects around. Start subtly.
- Gradually work up to big things, and eventually glue everything s/he owns to the ceiling.
11. Walk and talk backwards.
 12. Spend all your money on Jolt Cola. Drink it all. Stack the cans in the middle of your room. Number them.
 13. Spend all your money on Transformers. Play with them at night. If your roommate says anything, tell him/her with a straight face, “They're more than meets the eye.”
 14. Recite entire movie scripts (e.g. “The Road Warrior,” “Repo Man,” Casablanca,) almost inaudibly.
 15. Kill roaches with a monkey wrench while playing Wagnerian arias on a kazoo. If your roommate complains, explain that it is for your performance art class (or hit him/her with the wrench).
 16. Collect all your urine in a small jug.
 17. Chain yourself to your roommate's bed. Get him/her to bring you food.
 18. Get a computer. Leave it on when you are not using it. Turn it off when you are.
 19. Ask your roommate if your family can move in “just for a couple of weeks.”
 20. Buy as many back issues of Field and Stream as you can. Pretend to masturbate while reading them.
 21. Fake a heart attack. When your roommate gets the paramedics to come, pretend nothing happened.
 22. Eat glass.
 23. Smoke ballpoint pens.
 24. Smile. All the time.
 25. Collect dog shit in baby food jars. Sort them according to what you think the dog ate.
 26. Burn all your waste paper while eying your roommate suspiciously.
 27. Hide a bunch of potato chips and Ho Hos in the bottom of a trash can. When you get hungry, root around in the trash. Find the food, and eat it. If your roommate empties the trash before you get hungry, demand that s/he reimburse you.
 28. Leave a declaration of war on your roommate's desk. Include a list of grievances.
 29. Paste boogers on the windows in occult patterns.
 30. Shoot rubber bands at your roommate while his/her back is turned, and then look away quickly.
 31. Dye all your underwear lime green.
 32. Spill a lot of beer on his/her bed. Swim.
 33. Bye three loaves of stale bread. Grow mold in the closet.
 34. Hide your underwear and socks in your roommate's closet. Accuse him/her of stealing it.
 35. Remove your door. Ship it to your roommate's parents (postage due).
 36. Pray to Azathoth or Zoroaster. Sacrifice something nasty.
 37. Whenever your roommate walks in, wait one minute and then stand up. Announce that you are going to take a shower. Do so. Keep this up for three weeks.
 38. Array thirteen toothbrushes of different colors on your dresser. Refuse to discuss them.
 39. Paint your half of the room black. Or paisley.
 40. Whenever he/she is about to fall asleep, ask questions that start with “Didja ever wonder why....” Be creative.
 41. Shave one eyebrow.
 42. Put your mattress underneath your bed. Sleep down under there and pile your dirty clothes on the empty bedframe. If your roommate comments, mutter “Gotta save space,” twenty times while twitching violently.
 43. Put horseradish in your shoes.
 44. Shelve all your books with the spines facing the wall. Complain loudly that you can never find the book that you want.
 45. Always flush the toilet three times.
 46. Subsist entirely on pickles for a week. Vomit often.
 47. Buy a copy of Frankie Yankovic's “Pennsylvania Polka,” and play it at least 6 hours a day. If your roommate complains, explain that it's an assignment for your primitive cultures class.
 48. Give him/her an allowance.
 49. Listen to radio static.
 50. Open your window shades before you go to sleep each night. Close them as soon as you wake up.

How to get even with another person living in a dorm

I personally did many of the following :

Pennied doors shut. Requires 2 people and stealth. One lies on the ground outside the victims dorm and presses the door inwards with their feet as hard as they can. You then put a small stack of four or more one cent pieces in the resulting gap of the door jamb and the door as high up to the handle as possible. Heh Heh They usually telephoned friends or campus security to get them out!!! If the saviors do not know that kicking the door once from the OUTSIDE can release them its a messy sight. Also called Nickle-ing a door at the University of Michigan.

Red wire their phone. Open their phone when they are not around and unscrew the red wire to the bell. They will NEVER HEAR ANY PHONE CALLS and become a social pariah. Plus their parents will GO INSANE and eventually call police or dorm security to see if their son committed suicide weeks ago.

Green wire their phone. Removing the green wire leading from the switch hook will not allow answering the phone. Do it late at night, turn up the bell volume and call at three in the morning and do not hang up until you think they eventually destroyed their noisy phone in sheer rage.

Tape newspaper up around their door and fill with pillow feathers or punch card holes (This was 1981). Sadly the punch card hole refuse stuck to the eye of one victim and the little square cut their cornea once (not one of my victims though).

Always deface their doors memo pad. Permanent ink sharpies look nonchalant when buddies may be watching you. (Only a strong solvent will get the sharpie off the pad/door.)

Always ruin the tip of their memo pad marker on a daily/weekly basis.

Get the voice terminal of the campus computer system to call them and say threatening messages in a evil manner every night on a regular basis.... Lyle Lieberman Must Die! Must Die!

Shoot a set of one cent coins with incredible and astonishing velocity into their personal objects!! Method: Get STRONG large handled hair comb and place a row of pennies at the top of their door. Use the comb to fire the coins into the room at various angles with a two-hand technique. Windows will not usually ever crack but the HILARIOUS sounds of small items falling off shelves or breaking (stereo stuff etc.) will really make you split a gut. Water syringes with india ink are funny too if you want a REAL WAR!

Squirt a huge blob of clear gell shampoo outside their door at night. In the morning they will be disgusted when their bare feet hit the slime (assuming a communal shower room in the hall).

Spread tons of rumors about them (favorite pastime) Sway as many people against them as possible. You'd be surprised what peer pressure does with young people and their wolf pack tendencies.

My dad told me he put jello outside doors. Ran hoses from sinks to windows and made GIGANTIC ice waterfalls with colored dyes in the winter and other stuff.

I forget a lot but my hobbies included:

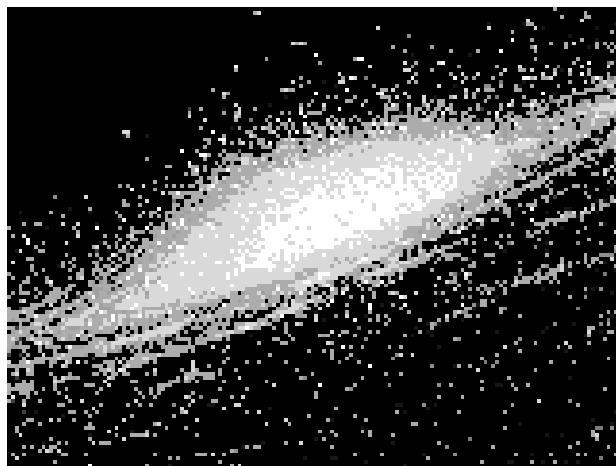
Breaking open all the locks on steam tunnel entrances and spelunking them. Making a brazed brass master key for a parking lot full of parking meters (actually I just watched). We measured tumblers for the dorm lock and created a MASTER PASS KEY for my hall. Watched others make master pass keys for other halls. Once had to steal the RA's key in the early days temporarily to see what made the key special (it is the LAST (outside edge) TUMBLER) With the keys in hand we did insidiously evil things at times. So evil that I never told ANYONE what was done other than accomplices. With the keys any room could be opened at any time. Best time THANKS-GIVING WEEKEND.
from BWilliams. — alt.evil

THE GALAXY SONG

Just remember that your standing on a planet that's evolving,
Revolving at nine hundred miles an hour.
It's orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so its reckoned,
a sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see
are moving at a million miles a day.
In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an hour,
of a galaxy we call the milky way.

Our galaxy, itself, contains a hundred billion stars.
It's a hundred thousand light years side to side.
It bulges in the middle, sixteen thousand light years thick,
but out by us it's just three thousand light years wide.
We're thirty thousand light years from galactic central point.
We go round every two hundred million years.
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
in this amazing and expanding universe.

The universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
in all of the directions it can whiz.
As fast as it can go, the speed of light you know,
twelve million miles a minute and that's the fastest speed
there is.
So, remember when you're feeling very small and insecure,
how amazingly unlikely is your birth;
And pray that there's intelligent life out there in space
because there's buggeralls down here on earth.



Can you imagine...

It is 1972, and Jane Fonda opens her daily newspaper to read her horoscope—"you will find happiness with a man who takes classic black and white films, some of them starring your relatives, and colorizes them. You'll quit your career in the arts to nurture him because of the pressures put on him in the corporate world in which he lives and works. He is the epitome of capitalism and a gazillionaire, and you will be a contended wife and homemaker and quit all of your work." Of course, this is simply too unbelievable to even consider.

Taken from the "Rush Limbaugh Show"

Confucious says:

Men who put cream in tart, not always a baker
Man who live in glass house should dress in basement.
Man who walk middle of road get run over by bus.
He who let woman on top is fucking up.
People who make Confucius joke speak bad English.
Man with hands in pockets feel cocky all day.
Man who lose key to girl-friends apartment gets no new-key.
Woman who fly upside-down have nasty crack-up.
Woman who goes to man's apt. for snack, gets tit-bit.
Man who lay woman on ground, gets peace on earth.
Man who gets kicked in testicles, left holding the bag.
Man who kisses girl's behind, gets crack in face.
Woman who spend much time on bedspring, may have offspring.
Man who sucks nipples makes clean breast of things.
Man with holes in pockets feels cocky all day.
Man who snatch kisses when young, kisses snatches when old.
Man who fights wife all day gets no piece at night.
He who fishes in other mans well often catches crabs.
He who plays with self, pulls boner.
Boy who go to bed with sex problem, wake up with
solution in hand.
Virgin like balloon—one prick—all gone.
Girl who douches with vinegar walks around with sour puss.
Girls should not marry basketball players
—they dribble before they shoot.
Man with athletic finger, make broad jump.

Man who marry girl with no bust has right to feel low down.

Girl who rides bicycle, peddles ass all over town.

Baby conceived in back seat of car with automatic transmission, grow up to be shiftless bastard.

Wife not part of furniture, until screwed on bed!

Sex on beach is like american beer...

...fucking near water!!!!

Man walking through swing doors is going to Bangkok.

Crowded elevator always smell different to midget.

Man who cut fart in church have to sit in own pew.

Baseball all wrong—man with four balls cannot walk.

Woman who slides down banister makes monkey shine.

Woman who springs on springs this spring gets off spring next spring.

Dumb man climb tree to get cherry,
smart man spread limb.

Woman who cooks carrots and peas in same pot very unsanitary.



[2600 Magazine, Spring 1992, p.7]

These computer messages were taken from the Los Angeles Police Department over the past couple of years. Every police car has a computer terminal and messages can be sent between car and the dispatcher. Here we can see professionals in action.

I almost got me a Mexican last nite but he dropped the dam gun to quick, lots of wit.

Did U arrest the 85yr od lady of just beat her up. We slapped her aroud a bit...she's getting m/ t right now.

A full moon and a full gun make for a night of fun.

We're huntin wabbits. Actually, muslim wabbits.

Capture him, beat him and treat him like dirt.

I hope there is enough units to set up a pow-wow around the susp so he can get a good spanking and nobody c it.

Sounds like monkey slapping time.

Did you really break his arm. Along with other misc. parts.

Okay people...pls... don't transfer me any orientals... I had two already.

I would love to drive down Slauson with a flame thrower... we would have a barbeque.



Basic Cause of Problems of the Epoch is Erring Science Sep-
tember 1987

A vast number of such almost-empty atoms of course leads to almost-empty bodies which should all be transparent. If one could, for example, as stated in a school physics text, pack together all the atomic nuclei of 1000 tons of iron (a cube with a side of 5.1 m), containing almost all of the mass, to a small heap, one would get a tiny point with a diameter of 0.2 mm! According to science. All the rest, with the exception of the even tinier electrons, would be empty!

Why does science get that mad idea that all atoms, and therefore of course also all bodies, are empty? Rutherford (physicist, 1871-1937) radiated a gold foil with alpha rays emanating from radium. The radiation penetrated the foil and generated tiny light flashes on a fluorescence screen. Rutherford concluded that the radiation consists of "particles" and that therefore the (imagined) atoms in the gold foil have to be almost empty. And from the transmitted radiation he computed the nucleus diameter to be 10^{-12} mm = 1 with twelve zeroes before it. The diameter of the whole atom is given by science as 2×10^{-7} mm

If those sundry radiations really consisted of particles, then, at such and such a place, when those rays lose energy, such particles should fall to the floor and accumulate as finest powder. A similar thing happens when you abrade iron with a grinding-machine. But that has never been observed with any radiation. The best proof that it's no particles! Other rays, which, according to science, all consist of particles, penetrate far deeper into materials. E.g. neutrons "penetrate many meters of material" and myons penetrate the earth for more than 20 meters. If one made here such calculations as Rutherford did, the earth could consist of nothing at all! With that, the Rutherford atom is stated clearly as impossible fabrication!

Propaganda in Action

In case you don't believe that yet, another example (Figure 2):

Figure 2



Today's science is based on many such false hypotheses! Everything said there is no triviality, after all! Which some see it for ["sic!"] I suppose. The impossibility of the Rutherford atom alone makes the modern atom theory break down as a whole! Especially chemistry explains everything according to this empty atom. And since there is no real force which could hold together smallest particles, like tiniest iron cuttings or even smaller atoms, with the solidity of steel, an atom theory with full atom balls is inapplicable too. So that one can say: ***There are no atoms!*** The substances are through and through, to the smallest of all, which is not particle-like at all, solid and full. They don't consist of smallest particles held together by forces!

Smallest particles which are invisible even with a reliable microscope are not proveable! What electron raster microscopes and field ion microscopes show is, as regards realization of pictures, extremely questionable, unreliable, useless as a proof. On the other side these pictures are interpreted only within the meaning of the fabricated atom theory! Likewise atomic power, scientific experiments, also spectroscopy, are merely interpreted, explained, according to the fabricated atom theory. That one reaches working results from those wrong conceptions doesn't prove the correctness of those conceptions. For all thinking and acting yields results. The question is which! Those wrong explanations/descriptions of nature don't explain/describe nature but they result in all-out technology, with which we destroy this living, wonderful world! ***Nature is not comprehensible mathematically, is not explicable or depictable rationally!*** For one can make no natural thing, no blade of grass, not even a handful of soil. Science, society as a whole, misjudges Nature Nature l i v e s ! The stone and the sea too! (=non-organic life.) Nature can be witnessed, sensed, experienced! Without measures and mathematics! So one reaches real relations of consciousness to this all-enclosing influence from which these gigantic natural happenings arise, including man: To the might of natural happenings, the might of life, to the absolute, this huge mystery) (! This corresponds to realistic view of God.

The wrong perception of science indicated here [...] is exposed in detail in the book:
Das falsche Erkennen der Naturwissenschaft und Realistisches Erkennen. (The Wrong Perception of Science and Realistic Perception) 1987, 190 pages, 34 figures, paper-back, DM 18.50. Author: Friedrich Kausch, Hoellweg 11, W-8901 Adelsried.

ppsa Glossary...

some familiar words and phrases
from ppsa members



Dr. Bob {Dv. Bob} proper noun – A modest Michigan Tech professor who was able to inspire a bunch of no talent physics geeks to go on and become a drain on society, and actually get their Ph.D.'s.

The Passion Pit {yuck!} improper noun Where Paul Rutt used to go to visit Naomi-O (The Big “O”). Biff visited once.

Tree {big green fuzzy guy} slang noun – Term used to describe Ray Swartz. Originated when Ray was at MTU and walked around the Palace in sequoia-like manner, wearing only green velour covering.

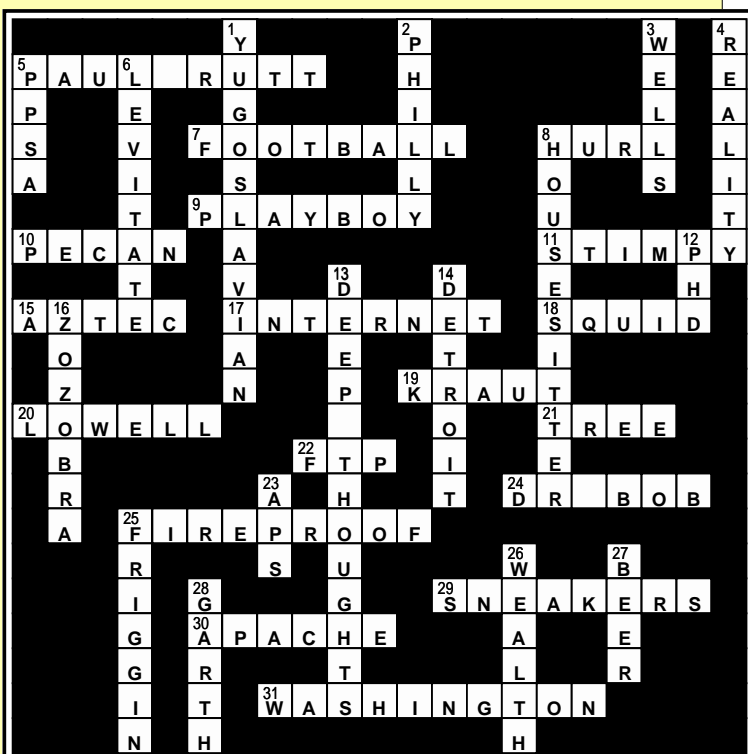
Macking off {thwack, thwack!} adj. Process of spending many hours in front of a Macintosh computer. Usually applied to production of PPSA magazine or playing of mindless games.

A Physical Point of View

Historians live in the past,
Chemist always die too fast.
Business majors may earn riches,
But money just draws lots of —.
MY's make money molding matter,
While their spouses eat and then get fatter.
Chem-Eng's only manufacture.
Pre-Med's still can't set a fracture.
Sociologists only deal with strife.
Forestry? Come on, that's no life.
At least Math Majors have some smarts,
If only their professors all had hearts.
On Med-Tech's I won't even speak,
Or STC's (not that they're geeks).
Civils must build their own roads,
EE's never dump their loads.
No, I can clearly see,
Physics is the one for me.
Einstein with light and time and space.
Bohr put hydrogen in its place.
Dirac, Newton, Richard Feynman,
DeBroglie and our Dr. Weidman.
We use pions, muons, quarks,
While EE's only play with sparks.
Philosophers can't count to six,
So don't ever say, “Phuck Physics.”

by Greg Russell
(Michigan Tech)

SOLUTIONS TO V6N2 PUZZLE



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"I am old, older than thought in your species, which is itself fifty times older than your history. Though I have been on earth for ages I am from the stars. My home is no one planet, for many worlds scattered through the shining disc of the galaxy have conditions which allow my spores an opportunity for life. The mushroom which you see is the part of my body given to sex thrills and sun bathing, my true body is a fine network of fibers growing through the soil. These networks may cover acres and may have far more connections than the number in a human brain. My mycelial network is nearly immortal only the sudden toxification of a planet or the explosion of its parent star can wipe me out. By means impossible to explain because of certain misconceptions in your model of reality all my mycelial networks in the galaxy are in hyperlight communication across space and time. The mycelial body is as fragile as a spider's web but the collective hypermind and memory is a vast historical archive of the career of evolving intelligence on many worlds in our spiral star swarm. Space, you see, is a vast ocean to those hardy life forms that have the ability to reproduce from spores, for spores are covered with the hardest organic substance known. Across the aeons of time and space drift many spore-forming life-forms in suspended animation for millions of years until contact is made with a suitable environment. Few such species are minded, only myself and my recently evolved near relatives have achieved the hyper-communication mode and memory capacity that makes us leading members in the community of galactic intelligence. How the hypercommunication mode operates is a secret which will not be lightly given to man. But the means should be obvious: it is the occurrence of psilocybin and psilocin in the biosynthetic pathways of my living body that opens for me and my symbiots the vision screens to many worlds. You as an individual and man as a species are on the brink of the formation of a symbiotic relationship with my genetic material that will eventually carry humanity and earth into the galactic mainstream of the higher civilizations.

"Since it is not easy for you to recognize other varieties of intelligence around you, your most advanced theories of politics and society have advanced only as far as the notion of collectivism. But beyond the cohesion of the members of a species into a single social organism there lie richer and even more baroque evolutionary possibilities. Symbiosis is one of these. Symbiosis is a relation of mutual dependence and positive benefits for both of the species involved. Symbiotic relationships between myself and civilized forms of higher animals have been established many times and in many places throughout the long ages of my development. These relationships have been mutually useful; within my memory is the knowledge of hyperlight drive ships and how to build them. I will trade this knowledge for a free ticket to new worlds around suns younger and more stable than your own. To secure an eternal existence down the long river of cosmic time I again and again offer this agreement to higher beings and thereby have spread throughout the galaxy over the long millennia. A mycelial network has no organs to move the world, no hands; but higher animals with manipulative abilities can become partners with the star knowledge within me and if they act in good faith, return both themselves and their humble mushroom teacher to the million worlds all citizens of our starswarm are heir to."

>From the book *Psilocybin—Magic Mushroom Grower's Guide* by O.T. Oss & O.N. Oeric
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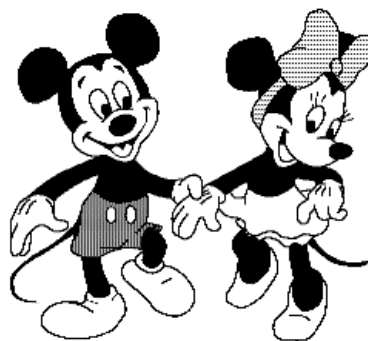
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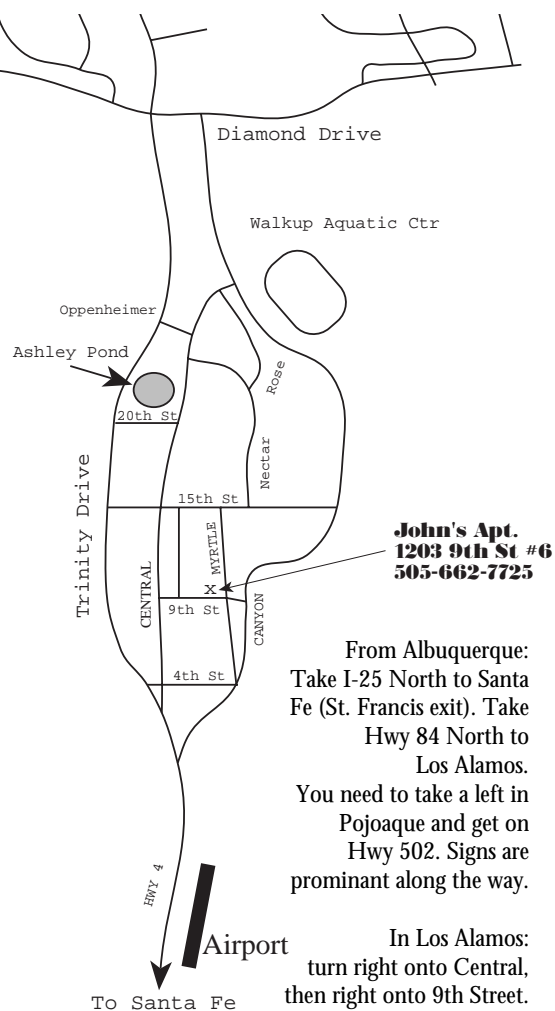
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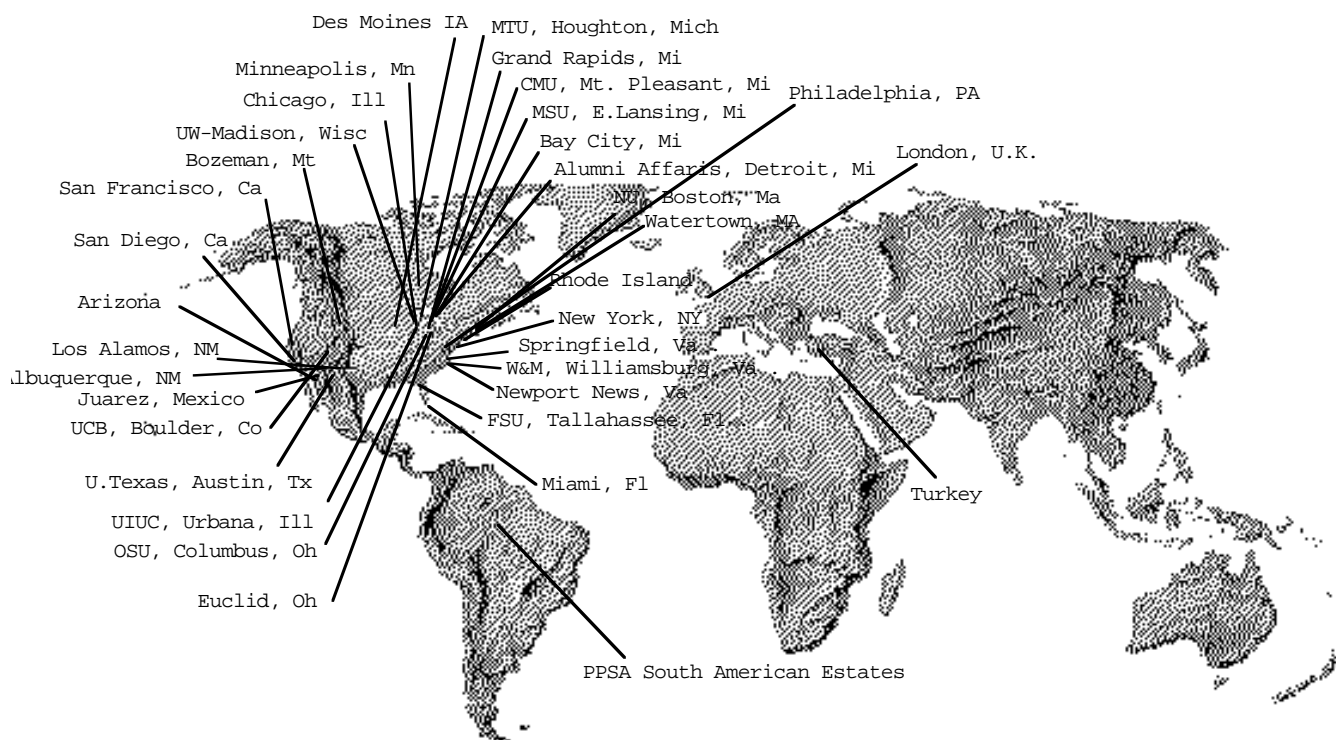


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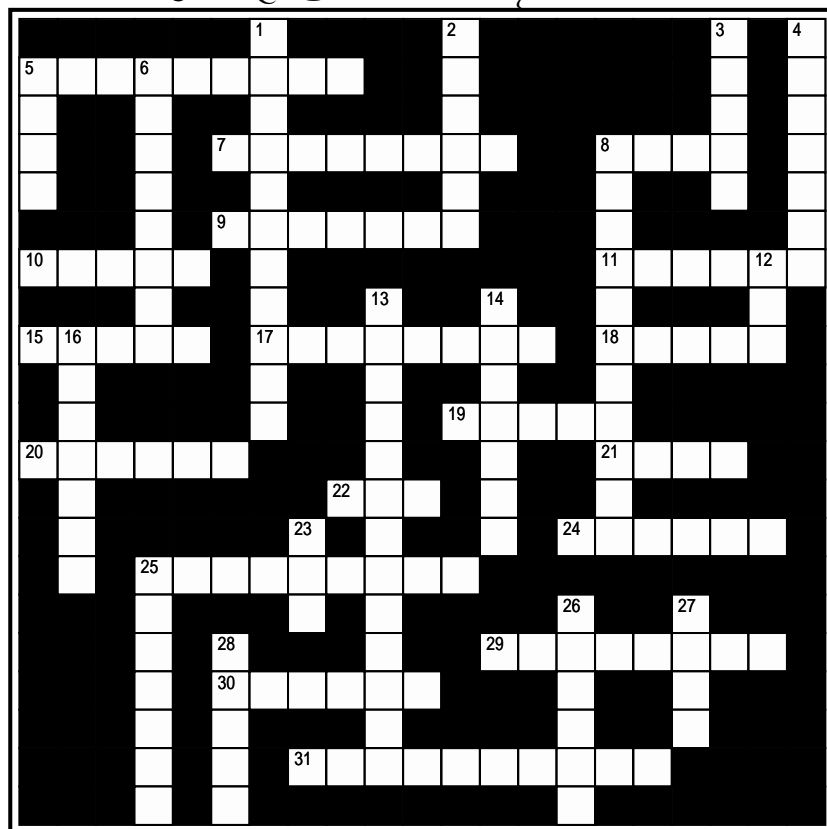
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PPSA International Atlas Fall 1992

U6N2 Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 5 PROMINANT PPSA COVER PERSONALITY
- 7 RAMAN PREFERS THIS SPORT TO BASEBALL
- 8 YOU'LL SCREAM. YOU'LL TAUNT. YOU'LL...
- 9 WHERE THE CYBERSPACE ARTICLE CAME FROM
- 10 ARE YOU CRAZY? THESE MAKE GREAT PIES TOO
- 11 A NEW CHARACTER ON NICK
- 15 SOUTH OF THE BORDER SOUP
- 17 INTERNATIONAL COMPUTING
- 18 TIM'S FAVORITE FOOD FROM MEXICO
- 19 NEW MEMBER, NOT SOUR
- 20 LIKES FLANNEL
- 21 RAY SWARTZ
- 22 GETS NET FILES
- 24 IDOLIZED BY MTU PHYSICS STUDENTS
- 25 ATTRIBUTE OF JOHN'S HAIR HELMET
- 29 NEW MOVIE ABOUT COMPUTER CRIMES
- 30 WHERE LANGER HAD ADVENTURE
- 31 SPRING ROAD TRIP HERE FOR JOHN AND RAMAN

DOWN

- 1 WHERE PFAFF DOC CAME FROM
- 2 NEWS IS A LOT OF PENN STUDENTS CALL THIS HOME
- 3 SHE STUDIES MARTIAL ARTS
- 4 CYBERSPACE SANS VIRTUAL.
- 5 EVENTUALLY EVERYONE WORKS FOR US
- 6 RAMAN AND CARL AT THE HOLY BBQ
- 8 BEST COMEDY
- 12 WHAT WE STRUGGLE FOR
- 13 BY JACK HANDY
- 14 LANGER HAS NEWS FOR YOU
- 16 OLD MAN GLOOM
- 23 WHY WE SAID WE WENT TO D.C.
- 25 LOOK UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A TYPE OF BIRD
- 26 WHAT THE DEMS WANT TO REDISTRIBUTE
- 27 WHAT PETE THREW ON DEBBIE
- 28 WHERE PFAFF DOC CAME FROM

OH WHAT A FEELING!



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