

Noise-filled games unnerv subject

By PATRICK BLECK
Of the Emerald

The thought that this particular experiment dealt with "the effects of noise on task performance" furthered my apprehensions as though I were in a dentist office awaiting the extraction of all my wisdom teeth.

Noise is nothing new to me — I have been to exceedingly boisterous social functions, lived near a freeway, and have on occasion catalyzed excessive verbal volume of an unmentionable content. But all I could recall during those awesome moments before going in, was this incredible vivid flashback to Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom with Stan confronting the last Asiatic elephant known to man, butterfly net in hand — "We've got him now."

Having been ushered into a small room with four separate seats, each isolated by way of black curtains suspended on either side and having signed official consent, we were given a toy to play with.

The toy was a labyrinth game, a box constructed from wood with both a horizontal and a vertical knob to control the tilt of the playing board, which in turn controls the roll of a metal ball along a path dotted with numbered holes and various blockades.

The object was to maneuver the ball, through use of the control knobs, without allowing it to drop into a hole.

Forty-nine holes from start to finish — a goal which to me seemed an incredible feat, considering that I managed to accelerate no further than hole 11.

On to task two.

The objective here was to mentally retain a set of nonsense syllables projected on to a screen. We viewed the set of eight syllables and were then instructed to write them down on an index card in order of appearance. I remembered the symbol "cuz" but had absolutely no idea which slide it was on, so I filled it in for all of them.

I was then instructed to repeat both of these tests with headphones on. "Oh my God, here comes the 95 decibels of nerve-numbing noise!" I was convinced that the thing was going to short-out with a blast of a 1000-plus decibels, rendering me permanently comatose.

As it turned out the intermittent blasts of 95 decibels, a combination of a typewriter and people

speaking Armenian, was comparable to subdued rock concerts. There was one catch in the second slide show.

Together with the syllables and the noise, there was a photographic backdrop to some of the slides, the hypothesis being that noise would distract subjects from a visual perception beyond that of the syllables themselves. It worked.

There was a final questionnaire classified as a "Social Reaction Inventory," which categorizes individuals as either internals (those who control their life) or externals (persons given to fate, chance, etc.). It was predicted that there would be a discrepancy in response between the two personalities.

One of the most difficult factors involved with psychological experimentation is "creating an environment that is very much like the 'real' world and still maintain enough control over the experiment to solidify any results," according to Lyn Judge, the Ph.D. student who administered the test.

Just as I was about to thank Judge for her time the fire alarm in Straub went off, creating such a cacophony that fire or not I was getting out. Now if that wasn't slightly above 95 decibels, I'll eat my earplugs.

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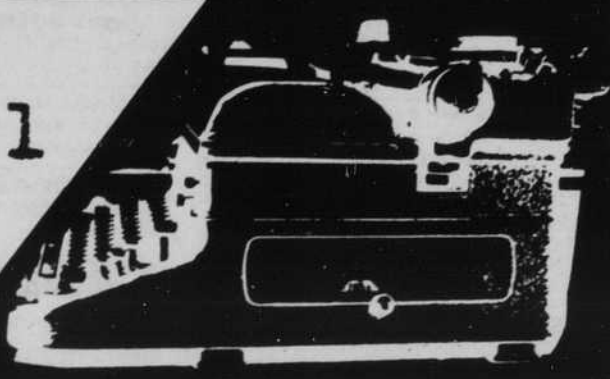
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A Typewriter Warmed In Hell

By JOCK HATFIELD
Of the Emerald



Songs bomb

Viewers of the July 4 Autzen Stadium fireworks were surprised to find themselves being converted by a choir prior to the show. "I thought it was going to be REAL live music," commented one viewer. "What are they singing about, Christ," asked another. I thought this was the fireworks place."

Unfortunately, one of the show's fireworks misfired and the group, "God's Little Children" was ignited.

Name game

ASUO Pres. Gary Fieldhand, whose only decision in office so far has been to shave his mustache, has announced his first major political move.

"I'm going to change my name," Fieldhand said Wednesday. "Those guys down in OSA got on the ball and fixed it so we could change our names legally. I feel its my job as student representative to take advantage of this great opportunity and set an example for students at large."

Fieldhand said he is considering the name "George McGovern." "But then," he added, "that's already been taken."

'Star warp'

A story people are eating up for the same reason they are eating prunes: because they like it and because of its special effects.

The scene: A long, long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, where everything is irrelevant. We find our hero, Timmy, gallantly saving the princess from the EVIL DUDE on the starship Glurk. Timmy has just lasered open the door to the princess' cell.

Princess: "Watch that thing!"

Timmy: "Those are some pretty good Special Effects you're wearing there." (Looks at princess' special effects.)

Princess: "God! Where'd you come from, a Walt Disney movie? Quick! The only way out of here is through the trash compactor."

(Princess and Timmy dash down trash chute.)
Timmy: "Science fiction is fine, but what, may I ask, is an octopus doing in a trash compactor on a ship in the middle of space? Glurp." (Disappears with tentacle around neck.)

Princess: "Timmy, Timmy, where are you?"

Timmy: (comes up for air) "Don't worry... You see, I have THE FORCE on my side. Glurp."

Princess: "Whats that, a new kind of deodorant?"

Timmy: (reappears) "Never mind, just give a loud whistle. My droid, Lassie will get us out of this. Glurp."

Princess: "Now I remember! I used to watch reruns..."

Timmy: "Lassie! Oh LAAASie!"

(Timmy's droid, Lassie, leaps over fence and joins him in trash compactor.)

Lassie: "Beep, beep."

(The three are miraculously transported out of the trash compactor. The Evil Dudes, with the help of THE FORCE and Timmy's Bat Utility Belt, are defeated.)

Princess: "Well, Timmy, I can't fall in love with you until the sequel comes out, but here's your Buck Rogers medal."

Timmy: "Aw, shucks."

Princess: "We couldn't have saved the Galaxy and time eternal without you — and, OF COURSE, Lassie."

Lassie: "Beep, beep." (Whistle is heard in background.)

Princess: "Talk about deja vu."

Mood food

If you ever happen to be passing by Mt. Rainier, and you happen to be hungry and you happen to have money, you might stop by the Copper Crack Restaurant.

The Copper Crack comes very close to being a tourist trap; but the food is good enough, and the decor interesting enough to save it from the t.t. rating.

The restaurant specializes in fresh baked bread and home-made black or blueberry pie — the bruise special. Both selections are blah. A fresh mountain trout dinner with all the fresh bread you can eat costs a fresh \$6. Steak dinners et cetera can pass the \$8 mark. For the cheaper of wallet, there is hamburger for about 90 cents. For the cheapos who want to go all-out there is the "Paul Bunyan Burger" a double patty on fresh bread for around \$2. I don't know about the trout, but the hamburger is good.

If you can figure it out, the decor is interesting. There are a lot of "what-do-you-suppose-that-is" objects on the wall to keep you from thinking about the food before it comes. To save you some time, those big round mud things are wasp nests, the things that look like letters are sticks, and that other thing is the waitress.

I don't know whether my taking notes had anything to do with it, but the service was friendly and prompt.

Don't go to Mt. Rainier to taste the Paul Bunyan Burger. But if you happen to be passing by, go for it.

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