



Eye On Science

Collegian Science Column

by Bill Warner
Collegian Science Writer

When someone says 3-D pictures, what comes to mind? Hmmm..... well there are the weird red and blue paper eyeglasses that look like Elton John hand-me-downs. Then you have those strange blurry things jumping out of the screen and the ensuing industrial strength headache from trying to focus on those blurry blobs. Add it all up and 3-D does not seem like a very successful special effect.

While it is true that three dimensional movies leave something to be desired, they are poor representations of 3-D photography. According to the book *Photographing in 3-D* published by the Stereoscopic Society of the United Kingdom, the process dates back to the 1850's. 3-D imaging, originally known as stereo photography, gained the attention of Queen Victoria at the 1851 World Exhibition in London. It caught on as rapidly as photography had and by the advent of World War I, millions of stereo photographs were being viewed in homes around the world.

3-D imaging is based on a very simple concept. When we look at the world, the distance between our eyes (about 65mm) gives us two slightly different angles of view. This subtle difference between the two views is the reason we perceive depth in our vision. A 3-D picture duplicates this depth of vision by using two photographs. Some 3-D pictures are taken with special cameras. There is also a simple way of taking them with an ordinary camera. First, a still object is photographed with a standard camera (usually 35mm). Then the camera is moved precisely 65mm to the right and the same object is photographed again. The first photo represents the view from the left eye and the second represents the view from the right eye.

In polarized stereo photography these two images are superimposed on each other, (producing an anaglyph) and viewed through the familiar blue and red lensed eyeglasses. The traditional viewing method takes a different approach. The two photographs are mounted side-by-side and placed in a stereoscope. The stereoscope has special lenses which focus each eye on its corresponding photo. A modern example of the stereoscope is that rainy day friend from childhood, the VIEWMASTER. Amazingly enough, some people can view 3-D pictures without a stereoscope. Behrend's own Norman

B. Patterson is one of those people. According to Professor Patterson, "freeviewing" is the act of "towing out" one's eyes by focusing on the same spot on each photo with each eye, somewhat like crossing your eyes in reverse.

Patterson is the president of the American chapter of the Stereoscopic Society and we would like to thank him for providing information for this article.

3-D photography can be done by anyone with a camera, and interested shutterbugs should stop by at Professor Patterson's office or write to:

The Stereoscopic Society
2922 Woodlawn Avenue
Wesleyville, PA 16510

NEXT ISSUE: Things that lurk in your bed and live in your food!



ViewPoint On Life

by Terry Anthony and Jim Hale
Collegian Staff Writers

In our last episode, we left our favorite collegiate columnists nursing nasty headaches of undetermined origin. But before we get into this week's article, we must apologize for its contents. Due to technical difficulties beyond our control, (Spike, our killer gerbil, ate the manuscript), we will not be able to define the college student's role in "The Behrend Experience" as promised in our last issue. Instead, we have decided to deviate from the beaten path to bring you the following narrative on consumer awareness based on our own personal experience.

Our story began two years ago when our princes of the printed page decided that what they needed to give their social life a shot in the arm was a car. Not just any car, but the Terry and Jim Party-till-the-girls-are-so-drunk-they-don't-notice-your-zits-mobile (this was during the era that Jim was the Clearasil

poster boy). Acting on a hot tip from a guy named Vinnie selling watches out of his coat pocket, they hopped on the blue bus in search of Fast Eddie's Car Emporium. Lady Luck was smiling on them, and they found Eddie selling electronics out of the back of his pink caddy to a nice man in a purple leather jacket, red satin shirt, and tight, tiger-striped pants.

Jim approached the proprietor and asked him to show them his prowned auto inventory. Ed said his lot was being sprayed for bugs so he had to park his inventory on various streets throughout Wesleyville. At Eddie's suggestion, the three of them hopped into Ed's car and cruised around. Lucky Ed said to holler if they saw a car they liked. As they turned a corner, there it was. Terry spied it first and his eyes glowed with excitement. In front of them was the stuff dreams are made of - a 1972 Chevy Vega station wagon convertible. She was a beauty, a veritable party machine, complete with leopard skin seat covers, fuzzy dice on the mirror, and a squirrel tail suspended from the antenna.

After congratulating the wonder-writers on their good taste, Ed said he must have left the keys back in his office. But he quickly remedied the situation with a few deft moves with a coat hanger and a screwdriver. He crossed two little wires and it roared (sputtered) to life. Sitting behind the wheel of that baby was better than lying naked in a vat of potato salad. Then Jim noticed the item that clinched the deal - A stereo that defied definition. This was no ordinary radio, no sirreee but an original Delco AM radio and matching 8-track tape player combination, topped off with one speaker with 3.2 watts of headbanging power. The perfect system for jamming to their favorite rock superstars, including Abba, Julio Iglesias, and Barry Manilow.

Honest Ed said he'd even throw in a new paint job and file off those annoying little serial numbers for them. Then he threw in a set of hubcaps from the Mercedes parked across the street at no extra charge. The price? A steal at \$600! (Payable in small, unmarked bills).

To finance their ticket to popularity, those miracle men of the media rationalized that Terry could chip in his rent money and sleep in the car, while Jim would throw in the money his dad gave him for books (heck, he'd never read them anyway).

They picked up their shiny new love-mobile the next day and shook hands with Lucky Eddie. Then they drove off in search of adventure at the hair-raising speed of 35 wild miles per hour, only to be stopped by a nasty looking policeman. He said their stud-buggy resembled a car that had been reported stolen the day before and asked if it belonged to them. A wide smile came to the faces of our heroes as they proudly claimed themselves the owners. "Can I see your pink slip?", the officer asked them to step out of the car and produce some I.D. Although Jim tried to stop him, it was too late - Terry had already flashed his press pass, still tattooed on his belly-button. Soon the words "Cuff 'em!" were ringing in their ears.

At the station, our heroes told the police to call their buddy Friendly Eddie to substantiate their claims. Things looked dim when they learned Eddie's office had mysteriously burned down that morning and Fast Eddie was on a plane to Brazil.

So ends our story. We hope all you kids out there have learned a valuable lesson from this. However, don't expect to see our journalism junkies on campus much in the next few weeks, as they will be deeply involved in 400 hours of community service.

In the meantime, keep those cards and letters coming. We'll try to answer each of them personally, and maybe even publish a few of them in an upcoming issue. Until then, if you meet up with Eddie, ask him if he accidentally borrowed Terry's wallet.

Help bring the world together.
Host an exchange student.

International Youth Exchange, a Presidential Initiative for peace, brings teenagers from other countries to live for a time with American families and attend American schools. Learn about participating as a volunteer host family.

Poetry Corner

the eternal.

the room is old

black cement except

where one red bulb hangs

on its ancient noose

and the music was a delicate alien

i...felt abandoned in this mode

(almost everything she said)

shaking her leather back

slithering along the city night

and i

walk to the center of the room

with my red eyes

red eyes

twisting hard against the floor,

alexis in leather

(falling out of context within myself)

these days,

tell me no forever

today behind walls

forever

forever

and the time is lost inside me

by: peel

I saw you the other day
You saw me, too
You didn't look twice
Have something better to do?
I'm doin' what I wanna do
You're doin' what everyone else does
Tell me it isn't boring
Cause I sure as hell thought it was
Open your mind you fool
Don't stop asking "Why?"
Do what you wanna do
Next time you'll say "Hi".

By: R.J.H.

Ripley

Where did you go?
I haven't seen you for months.
Busy at home and keeping out of the cold I suppose.
I never did ask you where "home" was. I was always just so glad to see you.
I miss our talks on the porch on summer nights...
You used to rap on my window and call me and I'd get up and we'd sit on the porch and watch the cars go by and feel comfortable alone, together, in the dark with no one around.
You'd sit on my lap and we'd talk about everything to no end, being quiet so as not to wake anyone asleep in the house.
You were so easy to talk with and just your expression alone when you didn't answer me right away told me you understood all to well what I was getting at anyway.
My only complaint was that you always decided when our talks were over, no matter how important the topic we were on at the time. Just as I was coming to the point I was trying to make all along, you'd stand up and look at me and say 'good-bye' and walk away...alone...in the darkness, leaving me mid-sentence all by myself to deal with the insomnia that always hit me when you left. I was always too disappointed at your desire to go home instead of staying with me that I forgot to ask when you'd be back.

But I didn't worry too much, Ripley, because there wasn't a week that went by without you stopping by at least one night.

The last night you left was no less indifferent than the first, except that now the chill of autumn nights made me put a coat on for our talks and made the trees lose theirs for the winter to come. You walked away and you never came back and I wondered if you had found a new friend or moved or...worse. I'm afraid I will never know and frankly, Ripley, that would be a shame because you were the best friend I ever had...as far as cats go.

Is this a life?

Well? Is this a life?
Hellos and goodbyes that flash by quicker than we can say them?
Paper mache dreams that dissolve under guilty raindrops?
Memories of hurts and pains and things that haven't even happened yet?

There is no respect or dignity in life.
Human life is a bad joke and every one of us is the punch line.
We can't control life for life is a series of uncontrollable emotions.
We can't even choose to die without becoming a criminal.
Is this a life?

Rather just a game, I think, where no one wins and everyone ultimately loses.
Life after death is a bad dream.
Having to go through life for all eternity nullifies the definition of hope.
I don't want to go through this again.

If life was a game of Monopoly I would have turned in my race car a long time ago.
We are all toys.
Plastic hollow figures strapped into race cars and left out in the sandbox.
GI Joes fighting imaginary enemies within us.
Promiscuous Ken and Barbie dolls thrust and pressed into position by the hands of some snot-nosed child yet unaware of the stupidity of life and not yet asking itself Is this a life?

By: Pierce Riley

ACROSS DOWN

- 1 A tense
- 5 Loco
- 9 Latterly
- 14 Toward
- 15 Ripening agent
- 16 "The — Mutiny"
- 17 Neckwear
- 18 Take — of
- 19 Flow
- 20 Pueblos' foes
- 21 Skulked
- 23 Roman date
- 24 Cure-all
- 26 Persia today
- 28 Packet
- 29 Guess type
- 33 Side dish
- 36 Smooth
- 37 Unlatch: poet.
- 38 Illum
- 39 High jinks
- 40 Joshua —
- 41 Miscellany
- 42 Lighter part
- 43 Gossamer
- 44 Succor
- 46 Insect
- 47 Inflamm
- 48 Equine leg part
- 52 Josip Broz
- 55 Subject
- 57 Russian name
- 58 "— with Me"
- 60 Arm bone
- 61 Possessive
- 62 Great Bear and Slave
- 63 Squad
- 64 Blow-dart poison
- 65 Wave part
- 66 Store event
- 67 Hardy lass
- 1 Kind of job
- 2 — Louise or Loos
- 3 Artist Jan —
- 4 Discard
- 5 Did a jig
- 6 Israeli coin
- 7 Parade, e.g.
- 8 Timid
- 9 Play part
- 10 Flour type
- 11 Even-steven
- 12 Numerical prefix
- 13 NL team
- 22 Baggage item
- 25 No-good-nik
- 27 Standout
- 29 Antelope
- 30 Severed
- 31 Blade
- 32 Moose's kin
- 33 Use a dirk
- 34 English composer
- 35 Dawdle
- 36 Computer sheets
- 39 Crease
- 40 "Ain't that —"
- 42 Shame!
- 43 Prescribe
- 45 — scholar
- 46 Grew to be
- 48 Last game
- 49 Of rams, etc.
- 50 Thrashes
- 51 Joints
- 52 Powder
- 53 Metal beam
- 54 Young 'un
- 56 Supplication
- 59 Is: Fr.

answers: page 10

CROSS-WORD!

