

EE News

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1993-4 IEEE Elects New Officers

Your new IEEE officers are:

Chairperson:	Kekoa Kuhia
Vice Chair:	Navy Ahmed
Treasurer:	Steven Judkins
Secretary:	<not yet filled>
EENews Editor:	Bob Dahlgren
Publicity Coordinator:	Sam Jung
ESC Rep.:	Shawn McKee
Membership:	Preeti Trivedi
Operations:	James Hewitt
Graduate Rep.:	Craig Clayton
Test File Coordinator:	Mike Hamilton
Lectures Coordinator:	<not yet filled>

There is still room for YOU to become involved with IEEE! Watch for signs for the next meeting, and come join in the fun!

The EE News is looking for enthusiastic, hard working individuals to be reporters. You can contribute to the student body and have fun at the same time. If you are interested contact me or any of the IEEE officers as soon as possible. Or, if you just have suggestions, ideas, or critiques, please write me or drop me a note in the IEEE Wonder Slot in the EE lounge. Thank you.

-- Victor Lee (wklee@ee), Bob Dahlgren (bob2@ee)

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Moscow Airport Encounters

The RNNS/IEEE Symposium on Neuroinformatics and Neurocomputing was held in Rostov-on-Don in Russia from October 7 through October 10, 1992. I flew into Moscow with Wes Snyder of Bowman Gray School of Medicine who served as the Symposium Program Co-Chair (the most demanding position in the conference) and Dmitry Kaplan of Quantum-Siemens, who was the Finance Chair (the second most demanding position). Dr. Witali Dunin-Barkowski of the Neurocybernetics Research Institute, Rostov State University, Russia, served as the conference's General Chair. I was the International Chair. The Moscow airport appeared big and gloomy. Uniformed immigration officials sat in bleak glass cages with 'do not bribe the officials' signs on them. I had read that officials had been requiring tourists to pay money to pass. The signs were a response of the government to dishonesty. Honesty is always impressive. The official looked at my passport photo taken six years earlier when I had a beard and longer hair. He looked at me, crinkled his brow and rubbed his chin. I smiled uneasily, waiting to be grabbed by the KGB. I made some motions that were supposed to resemble shaving and smiled meekly. Confrontation was to be

avoided at any cost. Later, as I learned more about the people, I became quite comfortable in Russia. Their culture remarkably resembles that in the United States. At the airport, though, my impressions were based on Dr. Zhivago, the Cuban missile crisis, and the H-bomb drills they made us do in grade school. The immigration official put the card down, and did nothing. Nothing. For about half a minute. Later I found out that some Russian workers do this to kill time so they don't have to work hard. My visa was stamped and I was waved through. Immediately inside the airport terminal, there was a cluster of about fifty people, some holding signs with people's names on them. The group was bisected by an aisle traveled by newly arrived passengers. There was no sign for us. We retrieved our luggage and stacked it in a safe place. While Wes and Dmitry stood guard, I returned to the crowd and began to look for the sign from the side. People were packed, groping to see the new arrivals. I was pushed from behind with a number of short abrupt bumps. Somewhere, I had learned to associate this with pick pockets. Sure enough, when I focused attention, there were fingers doing a dance around my posterior cheeks. I swung around and came eye to eye with the pick pocket. I glared at him. He froze, turned his head, walked away, stopped,

looked at me, gazed away, fidgeted, pulled out and lit a cigarette, looked at me, turned, and walked away - a classic study on how to look guilty. Wes had found our ride. Our driver was accompanied by Dr. Dunin-Barkowski's wife whose name was also Dr. Dunin-Barkowski. She lives in Moscow and is an MD, but speaks little English. Dmitry, though, speaks native Russian. He was born in Kiev and immigrated to the United States as a teenager. The trip would have been incredibly awkward without Dmitry. He confided that his return to Russia, the first after his immigration, was done with apprehension. Although he intellectually knew there would be no problem, his memories of the oppressive Soviet system were deeply rooted.

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