

# The CALIFORNIA Tech

## That Was The Year That Was - Or Was It?

by george harf

...and it came to pass, early one morn, that there was a great shaking throughout the land. Many awoke, including those who were asleep. Bound leaves impressed with great wisdom fell from their lofty place in the high tower. Venomous odours and mystifying smells fled into the open air. . . .

...and that night, a mighty spectacle drew all eyes to the heavens. As if a moving hand drifted slowly before its countenance, the lesser light dimmed and faded for a time. And the people murmured at the sight of these wonders.

Ten score and more days passed, and the memory of the wonders faded from their consciousness. In fact, no one at all connected it with the arrival that September of the class of 1975. . . .

\* \* \*

As we pick up our story, three years have gone by. More than one-third of the original company have left, or joined the lower classes. More would fall by the wayside as the year wore on.

But, as in Everyyear, recruits for the bottom class were not difficult to find. A new class, called the 78th, was formed, 212 members strong. Or weak. After Rotation, upperclassmen helped the new house members find their proper rating.

The IHC was prominently featured in this year's Rotation, actively enforcing the rules by censoring offenders and levying fines. Despite last minute debates, women again received their first choice house automatically. Next year, though. . .

### Goes Downhill

The Health Center began its first year of part-time operation, closing up each Saturday at noon and kicking out the patients that didn't require hospitalization. Despite many protests in the previous spring, the change quietly became accepted as part of the (deteriorating) Caltech standard of living.

On the positive side was the conversion of the former ROTC building into a non-board housing annex. Accommodations exist for up to ten students, and occupancy has been full most of the year.

Unlimited student accounts were available on the PDP-10 on a test basis this year, and the Institute didn't go bankrupt. Indications are that the program may be continued next year.

### Acts in ASCIT

Dennis Mallonee resigned as ASCIT secretary, and Marie Beall was elected as his successor. *The Big T* came out, almost on time and virtually uncensored; *the little t* didn't.

The use of the term "rip off" became a matter of concern to the Caltech community, following its use in a *Tech* article. Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks.

The senior oak between Gates and Dabney was discovered to be very ill, but the Institute is attempting to save it with TLC. . . . The promised date of completion of construction on Throop Site was moved to the end of November. . . . Mary Scranton, wife of the former governor of Pennsylvania, became the first woman on Tech's Board of Trustees in 61 years. . . . The sophs got trashed by the frosh in the Mudeo.

### New Buildings, New Faces

The Seeley G. Mudd Building of Geophysics and Planetary Science was dedicated on Halloween, bringing an end to major construction activity on campus. The Seismo Lab ended its long exile and moved to the main campus. Ross McCollum (remember him?) gave some money for the building, and got a library of space photography named after him.

Jolly Jim Mayer was appointed Master of Student Houses, effective in July. Dirty Dave continued to have donuts on Friday morning, and promised to bring back the belly dancers before leaving office.

Interhouse was remarkable in that Dabney was open this year, with the dining room transformed into a

nightclub. Blacker, figuring that a winner is a good thing, bet on Casablanca. Ricketts and Lloyd had similar rural themes; Ruddock swayed with the embargo and b(r)ought an Arabian night, but got a working waterfall thrown into the deal. Page made up for last year, and finished Pegasus II ahead of schedule. Fleming's traditional production was a tale of two Techers, entitled *Four More Years*.

### Cannon Goes Bye-Bye

After two years of guarding the vending machines, the Fleming House cannon was returned to its rightful owners, Southwestern Academy. The artillery piece survived incompetent attempts to steal it by Harvey Mudd students, and various attacks of honey and Jell-o. It was fired at 7 a.m. during finals week and on various local holidays such as Interhouse and Commencement.

More signs of the present economy's effects on Tech were seen in the steady cutback of library services. Acquisitions and staff have been hardest hit—even gift books and subscriptions have been turned down, because of a lack to personnel to handle them.

A usually reliable source, high in the Administration, said, "Only God can make a tree, but we can make our own rocks." . . . The ASCIT musical, *The Student Prince*, was a big success, the fourth in four years. . . . Throop Site completion was set at March 15, but more delays occurred.

The Fred Logs began running in the *Tech*. Reaction was sharply divided.

### Hoyle Draws Full House

Sir Fred Hoyle gave his Watson Lecture on "The Emergence of Intelligence in the Universe" twice, after over 1000 people were turned away from the original Monday talk.

A potentially heated battle for the BOC offices abruptly cooled as withdrawals left the remaining candidates unopposed. The ASCIT presidential race was thrown into a runoff between Jim Backus and Dick Beatty when a write-in campaign for Larry Wise

# TWITYTW-OWI?

THE CALIFORNIA TECH  
Friday, June 6, 1975  
Page Two

failed. Backus was the eventual winner by a five-vote margin.

Steve Grennan took over as ASCIT vice president and BOC chairman; Jill Bechtold succeeded him as BOC secretary. Eric Kaler was elected secretary, and Chen Sun treasurer. Rich Atwater brought the IHC chairmanship back to the old houses. Jon Teich won a second term as Director for Academic Affairs. New Directors-at-Large were frosh Leroy Fisher and Chris Wheeler. Director for Social Activities remained vacant until third term, when Tom Synder won a special election.

"Real" competition for the *Tech* editors occurred for the first time in many years. The team of Chaney, Llewellyn, Sivertsen, and Yoshida defeated Tim Groat and Sandy (Talk Is Cheap) McCorquodale for the honor of editing the weekly fishwrap.

## The Winners Are . . .

The Caltech hockey team won the Southern California Hockey title despite low attendance by fans. Ted Michon and Dave Novikoff set a world

record in card houses (height), going 28 stories. . . The Clean Air Car Project's Datsun 610 placed first in its class at the annual Reduced Emissions Devices Rallye.

Page House received the ire of McDonald's and several poorly-informed and/or greedy citizens by applying probability theory to contest winning and going after the big prizes in the burger chain's sweepstakes. At the end of second term finals, 1.1 million or so computer-printed entries were deposited at participating McDonald's in response to their invitation to "enter as often as you like." After mulling over the situation with their lawyers, McDonald's an-

nounced (amid snide remarks about the "sportsmanship" and "fair play" of the students) that they would award duplicate prizes in the event of a winning Tech entry.

The gamble paid off, in the form of one Datsun 710 station wagon, and a check for \$3,000 (equivalent to a year's supply of groceries). The chaff consisted of 315 five-dollar certificates for use at McDonald's restaurants, the only other winnings. The car was donated to United Way; the check will take care of taxes and expenses, with the remainder going for improvements to the house.

Meanwhile, Burger King awarded Tech a one-time \$3000 scholarship,



## "Frankly Speaking"

by Phil Frank



'TELL YOU WHAT- SHAVE THE BEARD,  
GET A HAIRCUT, BUY A SUIT AND  
SHOES AND DON'T COME BACK!'

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## The CALIFORNIA Tech

Friday, June 6, 1975

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and made the John Denker Memorial Offer: bring in a folded, stapled, or mutilated computer card, and get a free order of fries (or your money back!). McDonald's thought it was in poor taste.

#### It Grows and Grows

Another level was added to the Tech hierarchy when the position of Vice President for Student Affairs was created. Biology professor Ray Owen was appointed to the office, as well as that of Dean of Students, effective next fall. After three years of service, Dean James Morgan will become executive officer for environmental engineering.

A change in the drop card policy went into effect third term: they do not require the instructor's signature if they are turned in by Add Day. Section and track changes are now accepted until Drop Day.

Having earlier instituted a ID-check on all library users, Millikan Library

took another step to hopefully reduce unauthorized removal of materials ("theft"): check-out facilities were centralized on the main floor.

#### It Isn't Funny Money?

More effects of the economic crisis were apparent in April when Provost Robert Christy announced that new faculty appointments were being delayed for lack of funds. While Caltech has done quite well compared with certain other big schools, we are starting to feel the pinch in more ways than one.

Throop Site is now almost complete, with all the ponds and walkways poured and most of the landscaping planted. It's a shame. It was such a nice idea for a waterfall...

The Throop Clock (one of them, anyway) was restored by members of Ricketts House, and presented to the Board of Trustees. The Board voted to have the clock installed somewhere on campus, along with a commemorative

plaque. A likely spot is the north wall of Kellogg, overlooking Throop Site.

Ditch Day came, and went... Jack Bacon saved Greyhound Prophet's by interrupting a midnight robbery of their floor safe from the Chandler offices... The sound of hoofbeats in the distance does *not* mean the Lone Ranger is stopping by next week.

...and at last came a month, like any other month, except that it was a Friday. And on the thirteenth day it so happened that the class was delivered from their trials and torments, and sent to the Unemployment Office. And all the seniors said:

Amen.

## Food Service Safe

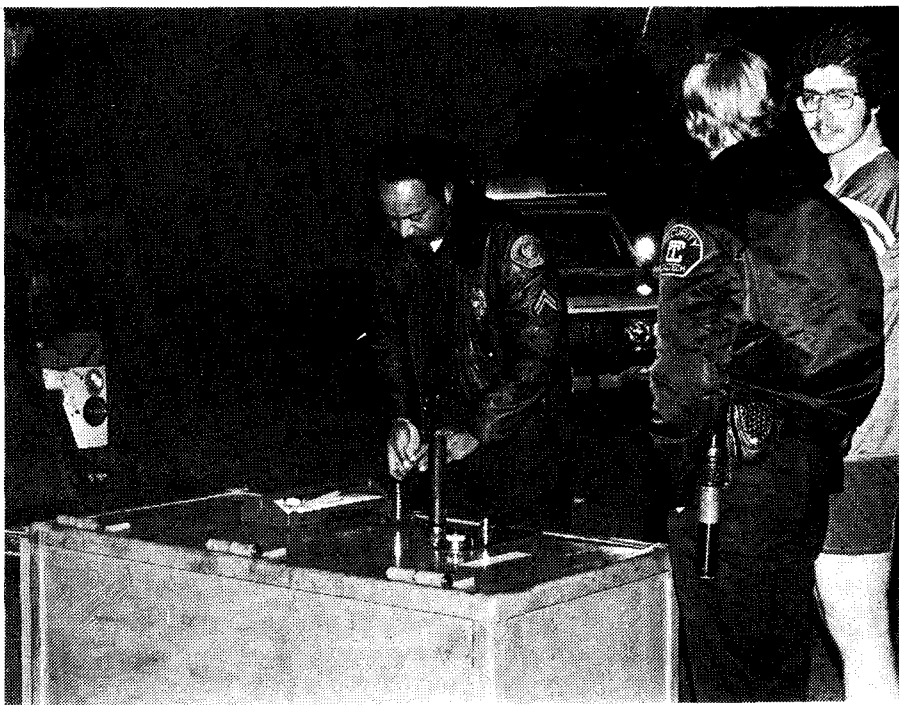
### Heist Is Foiled

by Sivertsen

Once again the influences of the outside world have attempted to intrude in the academic world of Caltech.

On Thursday, May 30, Jack Bacon of Ruddock was walking past Chandler when he saw two young Negro males rolling a safe out of the Food Service manager's door. Jack asked them what they were doing. Instead of answering, they shoved the safe into the back of an old, beat-up pickup truck and started to leave. Because of the way they were parked, they had to maneuver the truck to get out. Jack, in the meantime, lifted the tailgate and got the last five digits of the license number. He then got in the back and began tugging at the safe. As the truck

Continued on Page Four



Agent Brittenaum of PPD dusts for fingerprints after last Thursday's attempted burglary.

# FELLOWSHIPS AVAILABLE

Applications for the "SUMMER INSTITUTE OF JEWISH STUDIES" are now being accepted. The Institute pays tuition, educational fees, and books and \$100 per month subsistence allowance. No prior Hebrew background is required. For information (eligibility requirements, schedule of courses, etc.) write or call:

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(213) 272-7113 or 477-8647 ask for Rabbi Schwartz or Rabbi Stillman

# Die Gesellschaft

Last week, the induction of four Caltechians into the Bohmische Physikalisch Gesellschaft was announced. This scientific society, better known by its German name of Der Kaiserlich-Konigliche Bohmische Gesellschaft, is an international society, with members in countries around the world, and even behind the Iron Curtain. Some of these countries are Japan, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, England, France, Poland, Hungary, Germany, Italy, and the United States.

It is a society directly concerned with particle solid interactions. This

field began its exponential growth immediately after World War II. It became of interest because of damage to material in nuclear reactors and deterioration of semiconductor devices under gamma radiation.

The society has members working in diverse, wide-spanning fields. The members are chosen by the executive secretary (B. Manfred Ullrich of Germany, who is currently in the country) or by majority vote of the counselors on the basis of their contributions to the field.

THE CALIFORNIA TECH  
Friday, June 6, 1975  
Page Four

## Safe Crashers

Continued from Page Three

hit a bump going out the driveway, Jack and the safe came out, and the pair in the truck drove away.

The method of entry was breaking a window in the northeast corner of Chandler. The doorknob to the manager's office was broken off.

Immediately after, the Pasadena Police Department and Security were notified. PPD later found the abandoned pickup.

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We wish to dedicate this, the last regular issue of the 1974-75 school year, to the infamous GNC, also known as Gavin Claypool, alumnus to be, for his year as Tech editor, year as Business Manager, and four years in Lit 15. Thank you, Gavin, and good luck to you in the future.

### EXCITING ADVENTURE



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# Unload Your DGH

## Books Purchased

Lee Browne will purchase any available of the following books: Chemical Principles 1970 (Blue Cover), Programed Reviews. Contact him in Room 212, Dabney Hall.

## Leaders Attention!

To all organization leaders: Please turn in the sheets about your organization you were mailed earlier this week by 5 p.m. today, to Flora.

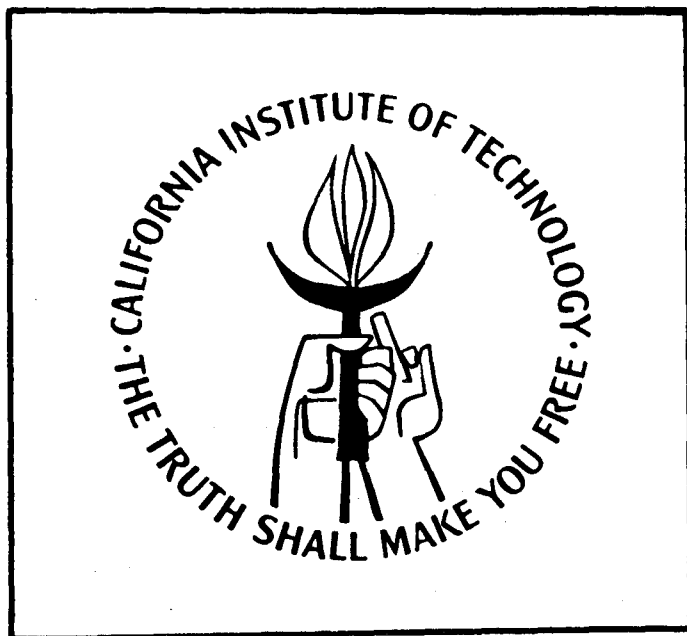
## Gameroom Keys

To all seniors, grads and others who are leaving Tech, never to return, turn in your gameroom key to Flora.

## Glee Club Needs You

Glee Club tryouts will be held in the basement of Fleming House from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Friday, June 6.

THE CALIFORNIA TECH  
Friday, June 6, 1975  
Page Five



**Seniors :**

***You too can be an official  
Caltech Alumnus . . .***

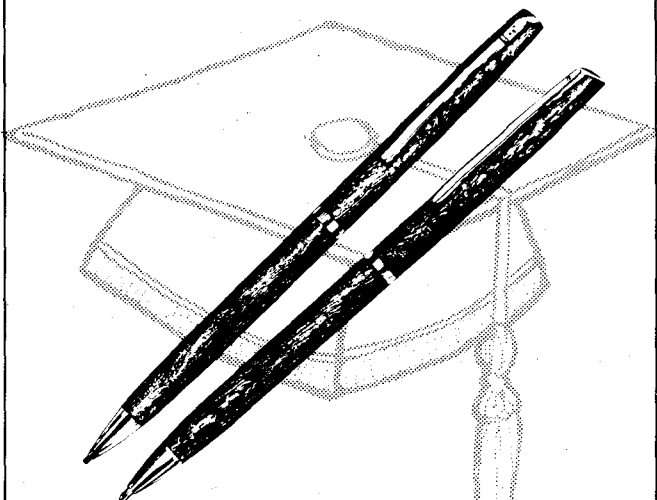
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# How To Survive A Long, Hot Summer

THE CALIFORNIA TECH  
Friday, June 6, 1975  
Page Six

by Gavin Claypool

If you're staying around this summer, here are some hints from last year to help you along:

Working for the Institute? Sign up for some summer reading or research units. If you are a registered student for the summer, FICA and SDI taxes will not be deducted from your paycheck.

Want to cash a check? Then be forewarned. The cashier in Business Services will refuse to cash checks unless you have a *summer* student or employee ID. Third term ID's are no good. See the Registrar or the Personnel Office; if they can't help you, see Lyman Bonner.

## Keep Your Mail Coming

The mail room is using the same procedure as last year regarding the forwarding of mail over the summer. This consists of filling out a small yellow card and returning it to the mail room.

Everyone should file a card. On-campus residents received a card in the mail last week. Important—students living on-campus this summer should use "Ricketts Summer House" or

"Blacker Summer House" for their address, including those currently residing in either of these houses. Cards can be filled out on the spot at the mail room on the first floor of Business Services.

The card drawing for summer housing will be held Monday, June 9, at 12:30 p.m. by the Housing Office. All summer residents should be there or send someone to pick for them.



*If you don't help her ....  
who will?*



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THE CALIFORNIA TECH  
Friday, June 6, 1975  
Page Seven

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## **Let Frosh Screw Themselves**

Believe it or not, the IHC has actually made the following rotation rule: during rotation, it is specifically forbidden for any male freshman to take part in any sexual acts with any female non-freshman, and it is also strictly forbidden for any female freshman to do the same with any male non-freshman. Homosexual relations are *not* disallowed; nor, of course, are any relations involving only frosh or only non-frosh. Moreover, the IHC seriously intends to impose fines on the order of \$500 for such activities. And, there is no such thing as a statute of limitations on these acts; participants would be liable as long as they are at Tech.

Why? One IHC member (who will remain nameless) said, in all seriousness, "We like to meet at expensive restaurants."

This makes Caltech a very expensive bordello, if you get caught. But then, how are they going to prove it?

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# Big Red Cops Disc

by Stander

For the sixth time out of the last seven, the Big Red political machine has nudged its way to a Discobolus victory. You'd think they would get bored or something.

In heated IHC action, the Fleming politicking team convinced the bureaucrats of the IHC to allow them to 1) play a volleyball game against Blacker during the time seniors should be trolling their way into grad school and the real world, 2) let the ensuing tie be decided by the Page-Fleming inter-house football game.

Of course, Fleming beat Blacker, and broke the tie by winning the critical football game with Page; bringing the obscene scenario to its illogical conclusion. Once again, debate has been the most crucial Discobolus sport.

Page got their revenge in the Interhouse warfare. Page Boys accumulated 356.5 points to the Red Fluke's 337. Stay tuned for the next installment of the "Battle of the Titans," same time next year.

MORTURI, TE SALUTAMUS

THE CALIFORNIA TECH

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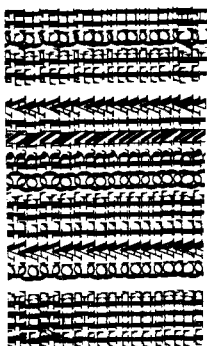
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If you are reading this writing its because I was traited both by the secret religious telepathic maffia as well by the religious local phisic secret society as not christioan nor human being, and so infamously in my private as well sentimental life that they forced me to denounce it before you the human kind. I know the moral damage it may caouse, however I also know the good it may cause for future human beings.

For several years I suffered infinitely, due to my extra capabilities at brain, and as has been in the past with overgifted children and people, I was condemned also to be killed by the secret society of telepathic ones that exist as support for every religion and social system; and same maffia that enrolls the world over as new members or priests to every overgifted child and people and to whom accidentally discovers religious misteries, and same killing corps that has outed from life many children and people that refuses to pertain to it or to priesthood. All of it has as purposes to stop possible human progress before it can be started by overdeveloped human brains, avoid leakages of terrible religious misteries that slaves earth's living creation in behalf of cosmic and pandimensional empires, to stop human brain and mind evolution that may endanger hegemony of extra-terrestrians over us. Of course the telepathics in the killing squads are forced to do so, and the priests from each believe are also forced even to have sexual telepathic pleasure with all women loyal to a particular belief and to force them to feel religion as necessary as salt for cattle; it is induced by outer world cibernetics thru means of the religious apparatus known as mass stone, chalices and the likes that radiate specisal energies that charges the priests' body and brain when they perform religious rites. Its that priests and the telepathic crew are the forced agents of allien invaders and the shrines the communication and slav-

ering apparatus centers. Being the last slaving link the ancient secret and immortal alchemist society with living quarters in next dimension slaving us directly.

When I was punished with infinite cruelty and because of my discovery and learning of basic secrets of life, outer world and religion monstrous secrets, I never accepted to be a traitor enough to kill anyone, then I was given more and more heavy suffering till I could awaken my brain capabilities in full, and such extra-sensory-telekinetic ones and may other because of the giant reaction to overhuman punishment. And it was how my brain became fully tide or with conciousness in both halves at the same time, awakening my portion from infinite complete God of Gods'

### Mind?

#### From One This Came

Pasadena Institute for Mental Perception on the evening of June 31st. The lecturer will be T. D. Lingo, Director of the Adventure Trails Research and Development Laboratories Inc., atop Laughing Coyote Mountain, near the gold mining village

#### And to Four it Goes

Page Five then don't read it  
If you didn't know that this came from  
reproduction. [Ed. Note: We resent the charge that we lay anything in a poor manner. Also we hardly ever do it for reproduction purposes.] To whic: you  
TV Page Four

HOT THROBBING RIVET  
Phriday, Moon 6, 1795  
Phage Toooooooooooooooooooo

panazoa that fills the infinite-eternity full band frequencies as a body-mind that contains to us and everything, and with whom we all are Gods when our brain halves function conciously together and we can use our infinite capacity of inteligency and of extended sensorial and telemechanic universal capabilities as mental hands and creation of new means taken from absolute mind storage of energies, with no limits in range and power. And thus it was how I became spared and how I entered the secret realms of authentic wisdom and capabilities contained in God of Gods infinite body, with useful grounds of action into galaxy and its pandimensions. And my mind hands and extended senses reached the spectral circuitry of

Look in the vicinity of Page Five  
for the rest of this

Farceday, October-116, Year of Our Ford 1

Volume 6

Number 69

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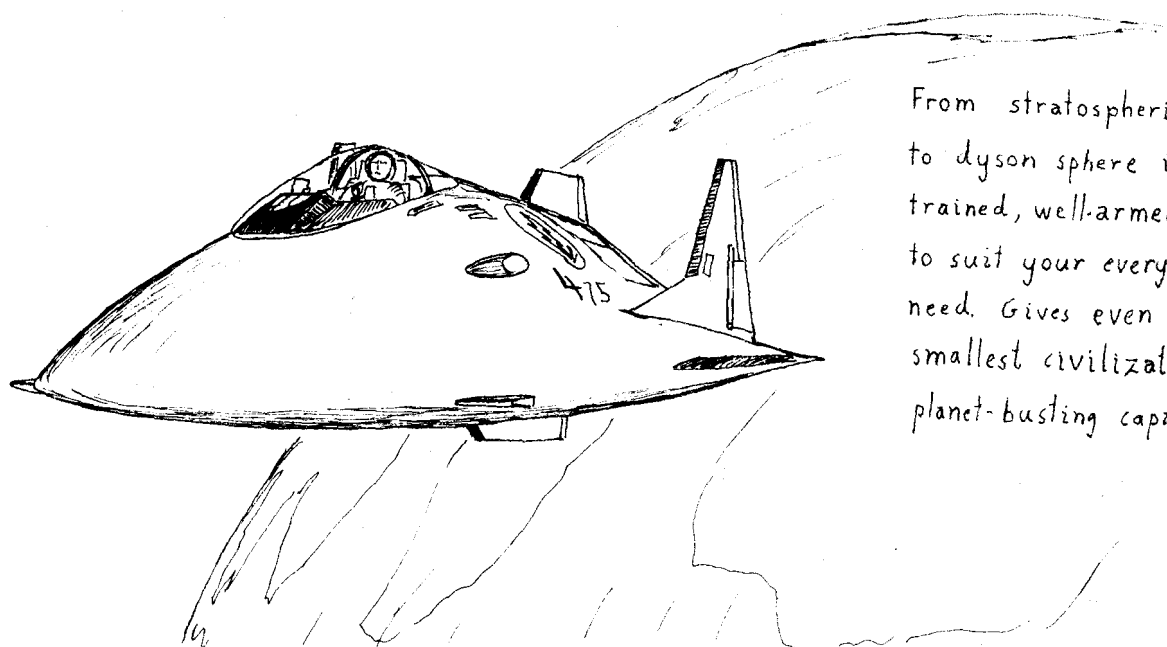
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Typeshedder ..... S. Mythic  
Staphococcus ..... Dick  
Beater, Edward Bullpucky, Florid Voyeur, David Crawlaway,  
Tom Cursewell, Alvin Seville, Ripped Jeans, Etaion Shrdlu,  
Banal Slimeystick, and other immoral reprobates.

Pornograbbers ..... Greasy  
Bone, Booby Bust, Raving Feeley, Ripped Fallenman, Rasin  
Gilder, Gerrymander Liability, Cyanide Pop, Shady Dealer.

Business Mangles-Her ..... Virgin Fall  
Shady Associate ..... Graft N. Corruption  
Paperboy ..... Waylay Dickindaughter  
LAWSUITS ..... Edward Hutchings, Jr.

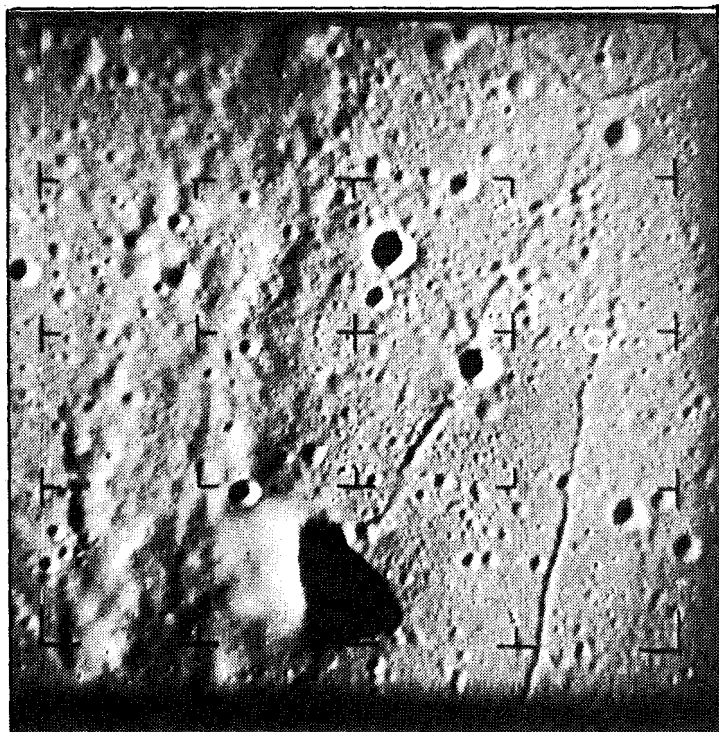
The HoT tHRobblNg RiVeT Pubicating offices: 69 Throop Hall (e<sup>10</sup>), Cauliflower Institution for Turkeys, Panacea, Californicator. For a good time, call 795-6811, x2194. Printed by Nude Type Serbians, Wrong side of the tracks, Bigdeal, Californicator. Misrepresented for irrational adversity by Nobody Ever Advertises Cynics, Ink. Second-rate postage extorted at Pasadena, Californicator, by the use of incriminating photographs. I hereby declare that to the best of my knowledge the above is the true & accurate result. *Jed*  
Subscriptions ..... \$20K and four years

# Interstellar Warfare Services

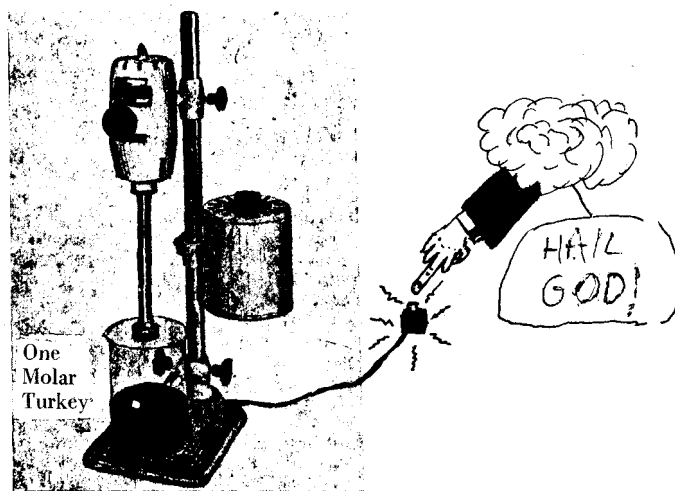


From stratospheric defense to dyson sphere invasions trained, well-armed forces to suit your every military need. Gives even the smallest civilization planet-busting capacity

A Subsidiary of the Universal Church of fmgal



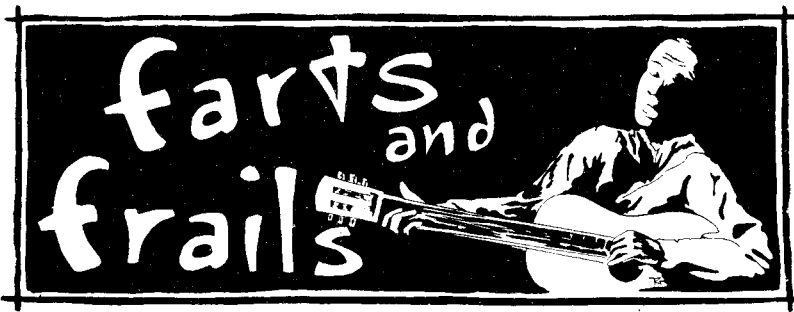
Do **YOU** have pimples,zits, and just plain ugly acne?Then try Acme,with Sulphurex(tm).W it's active ingredients(such as sulfuric and hydrofluoric acid) you can feel it go to work in seconds.Gets rid of ugly black holes(ask Kip Thorne!).



## Thirty seconds ago, the material was Dave Sivertsen

Yes, researchers, we have actually sonically emulsified an entire scurve (weight before dissolution: 150lbs) to demonstrate the efficiency, power, and usefulness of our equipment. That beaker you see sitting there is only *ten centimeters high and eight in diameter*; yet it contains all of *87 liters--* and it's only half full!! The wonderous process involved, a miracle of modern technology, has been fifteen years in the perfection-- but we now offer you a whole line of Bigger Beakers™, in every size you'll ever need, at an incredibly low price.

These remarkable beakers will not only save you up to 10<sup>5</sup>% on your lab shelf space, but they are also totally indestructible by anything short of nuclear fireball and impervious to temperatures up to 7800°K. (In fact, we are thinking of making special wide-mouthed models for use as portable bomb shelters.) You'll never wish you had a bigger beaker; in fact, you'll never need another Bigger Beaker™.



RIVET! RIVET!

Finalstyme,  
Padge Fore

## SPORTS SPOT

This week at the Rice House, the featured performer is Fat Fong and the Reavers, a mixture of rock, folk, music, and comedy, plus free drinks, which aren't bad at any price. I have seen Fat Fong on many occasions, and his group has always been good. Fat Fong, on the other hand, spends most of his time onstage goosing his drummers and screaming inanities. His lead guitarist, Maria, plays both piano and organ, though never at the same time. Fong himself sometimes gets over to his bass guitar (nicknamed Wazoo), and plays it while wearing a black cap with a set of silver chopsticks extruding from his ears.

Fat Fong opened his show with a couple of numbers while Maria and the band sat offstage. After the second of these, the allegorical *Musician Who Drink Much Beer Called Pianist*, the band really came on strong. Fat Fong unbuttoned his shirt and became gross for the songs *All Shook Up*, and *Jumping Jack Flash*. Some of the other songs in the evening included

*Foxy Arab and Tootsie Roll*.

At random times during the evening, Fat Fong blithered out several slogans, such as: "Have you tried Ethyl lately?", "Be careful in hospital, too many panhandlers", "A big cat can kill you, but a little pussy never hurt anyone", and "Bathroom is only place where man can hold his own." These went over the heads of most people, but I, of course, understood them all. You see, most cats have claws that are too short to do the same amount of damage as a lion's. That's why large claws do three dice and small or medium do only two.

Next week, the featured performers will be Harriet Schlock and Englebert Humperdinglehoofer. Shows run from Tuesday through Sunday with special shows Monday nights.

Curio of the week: Theodore Roosevelt's glasses were actually made from the bottoms of two Rice House tea services. See if *that* doesn't boggle your grandfather.

Caltech Hockey, deviating substantially from the normal deviants, broke the tradition of victory at CIT by dropping yet another game. Their cumulative record is now 0-69. The most recent drop against Accidental was not without its bright spots. The final score of 6-9 was not too far a spread. Two of Caltech's goals came when the friendly drink shared with the referee by D. T. turned out to do strange things to the addition of integers. Accidental followed their typical techniques by striking in a region whose greatest upper and least lower bounds are somewhere below the belt by capitalizing on a prime weakness of techers—*la femme*. With the distraction of a beautiful blond in blue, is it any wonder players fresh from a monastic environment were distracted? The Accidental players wore blinders.

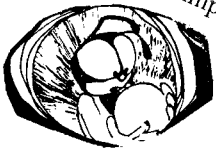
Caltech's other four goals came in the second period, when several of the opposing players received "mail" from their girlfriends. Thanks to a little forgery, engineered by the Big Beaver, the Accidental players fought each other and were penalised, leaving Tech with five men against the goalie. The game ended early when the heavy (blond-induced) breathing threatened to melt the ice.

### Again

From 13-11

have the most annoying habit of jumping articles, even letters, all over

the place, with no regard what so ever for there impotence and significu-



nts. You leave annoying gaps as often

you cram things together horribly. You lay out tired and crooked copy, with no sense of s-thetic respawnsibilite, and it is painfully obvious where corections, have been overpsated. You clearly never learned proped grammer, considering how poorly you puncturate, hiphenote, and tittle. And an other thing—can't you

### Back Again

It seems this is from Page Five hands? I'm tired of fingerpoints and smears all over the place!

I'm sure that this letter will have no effect whatsoever, but I had to let you know how I feel. It's timed you stratted to do things right.

—Xavier Wardlaw

### Mind?

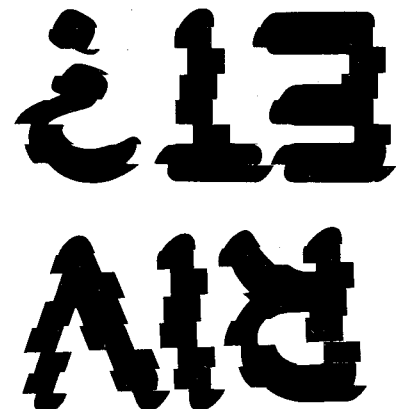
This From Too

of Black Hawk, Colorado. If the auditorium audience is not persuaded by the lecturer that the brain is a simple do-it-yourself mechanism, everyone will retire to the basement and dialog the coke machine.

Who  
Me?

Want a Bite?

Redeeming  
Social  
Value



**From Two**

the overgiant robots learning its nature, destroying portions to avoid punishment, and even building up provisions and recording-programmings to prevent damage to life and to meet future needs.

Thus we have here some secret facts and direct paranormal observations recorded in my own memory or taken right now from eternal-infinite God of Gods recordings and being that feels suffering or joy with us.

And now, we have some from the mysteries and miracles' explanations:  
1.—The "God" that Jews as well as Christians pray to is a multirobot, however a monster invisible one from a highly technical kind such as a variety of electronic brain surrounded by robotian combines related to special tasks such as the next: The biblical "Book of Life" or shells or molds complex of individuals life detailed recording-programming, and from where we all living beings have renaissance after death again and again thru the ages, and same robot-cibernetics specially designed to artificially prevent extinction of living kinds and best individuals, and even cosmic laces of energy, star and planetary masses, and mainly the basic webb of atoms, that is also maintained into place and shape helping infinite God of Gods mind natural modulations.

*Severino Perez  
Postal 1-772 BIS  
Mexico 1, D. F.*

## **Revoltng Reader**

I've been a Genital Reader (a la Asimov) long enough. Now, I've had enough of this dogmaet incompetance, and i must make my say. I've road the **Blech** for several ears, and it has never been as bad as it is now. Not that it was ever good—Blechers just cannot be good juranulists—butt this rag has gone downhill to the piont where it is a bad joke and a pubic disgrace.

Let me be spastic: I not am refering primarely to the actual copy which is printed, be cause that of course is something which noone preson has under there control, but to the verry poor manor in which the papar is edited and laid out for

Reluctantly continued on Page two

# **Federation Arise!**

My name is Kip Lee and I want to create and build a Space Federation and a Space Academy by the year 1985. It's a space organization more elaborate and exploratory than N.A.S.A.'s. I want to put the Federation on the November 1976 election ballot of all the 50 states. By 1985 we the Federation will build in outer space 27 or 28 starships like the one designed on Star Trek. It will be about 1000 feet long and will have a crew complement of 432 crewmen, half are women. All the starships will take off by 1990 and head for the star system Alpha Centauri. There is a planet there called Bougratan with intelligent life living there. Alpha Centauri is 4.3 light years away from our star Sol.

The Space Academy will take about five years to build and will cost about 500 million dollars. In order to put the Federation on the 1976 ballot, I need 100,000 dollars to get corréspodence to all the colleges and universities, make petitions, and get William Shatner to come back as Captain Kirk and make a couple of commercials for us advertising the Federation. Wouldn't that be great?

What is needed from your school is a small donation of \$25.00. This is needed from the 189 colleges of California. It goes for as I said petitions and correspondence and advertisement. \$2000.00 is needed from each state. A total of \$100,000. I'm looking at other avenues but it doesn't look too promising. I don't know any rich people. If you do, I sure could use the money from them. I can tell you how to get the money.

Go to the next Inter-Club Council meeting and ask all the representatives each from their club to donate a couple of dollars and try to get at least a total from all the clubs of \$25.00. It shouldn't hurt anybody too bad. It is very important that each college donate their share of the bill. You see we are going into a depression and what definitely follows a depression comes, World War 3. It will come in 1989 about August.

Now I know this is hard to believe but look at the depression of 1929 and what had to be done after that.

Also I know you've had other organizations ask you for money but

THE RIVE  
(What's missing---A little t

6/969696/69

Page Jive

this Space Federation is completely different from the rest of them. This could revolutionize the whole world and better it. It will combine all the countries together for world peace. I really think I found something here to end all wars. I actually stumbled onto the Federation in October 1973 down in San Diego.

The reason I am writing to you is because you have a duty to your country and the world. Please believe what I say and do for you. This Space Federation is a worthy cause and I am glad I have found it.

It's only \$25.00 to \$30.00 from 26 to 31 clubs on your campus. And think of the great service you are doing for your fellow man. We together can end war and famine.

Just think that we come in contact with advanced beings from outer space and just think of the knowledge they can give us. We can give them. We can get rid of crime and war and pollution of smog.

Please write checks to Kip Lee. I am the one that is heading up the Space Federation so far. I hope to be the Chief of Space Operations.

My address: KIP LEE 1797 KENYON DR. REDDING, CALIFORNIA 96001

Thank you Sir.

*Kip Lee*

P.S. On the 1976 election ballot there are 312,000 signatures required and there are 500,000 students in California so I think we'll put it on the California ballot pretty. I will give you the petitions this December. We only have 150 days to put it on the ballot. It cost \$200.00 to pay the Attorney General for him to put the Space Federation on the ballot of 1976.

Thank you.

P.P.S. If you have any questions at all about the Space Federation then feel free to ask. I'll answer any questions you have. Also if you have any new ideas then give them to me. I welcome them. Just include with you information a stamped self-addressed envelope. That is why I need the money, for correspondence. Thanks again.

from the genitals of Four

even

wash your



CANADIAN BACK TO THE TUNE OF "GLOUCESTER ROCK"

I remember when Bach was young,  
Johann B. had so much fun  
Gettin' out the overtones  
In the Thomas church choir that he had for his own  
But the greatest thing he wrote for me  
Was that sacred Mass in Minor-B.  
While the Catholics were swayin' and prayin' to the "Gloria Pat"  
Well—

Nunc et semper  
Well-a-tempered  
And the keys just won't stay still!  
I never heard me a better fugue  
And I guess I never will.

New cantatas  
Sunday nights,  
And Johann B. could do 'em right.  
Benedictus! Benedictus!  
Agnus Dei!

Well, the years went by and we changed the place—  
Traded in the organ for a figured bass.  
Congregation just sits gettin' bored,  
Dreamin' of Sebastian on that old Harpsichord.  
And we'll never have the same old joint  
Without Johann and his counterpoint.  
Sermon's fast for the sacred mass:  
It really made you wish church'd last and last.  
Well—

Nunc et semper  
Well-a-tempered,  
And the keys just won't stay still!  
I never heard me a better fugue  
And I guess I never will.

New cantatas,  
Sunday nights,  
And Johann B. could do 'em right.  
Benedictus! Benedictus!  
Agnus Dei!

SNOT SLOPPING SHIVIT

6/9/69

Plug Sheaven

### MICHELANGELO'S SONG

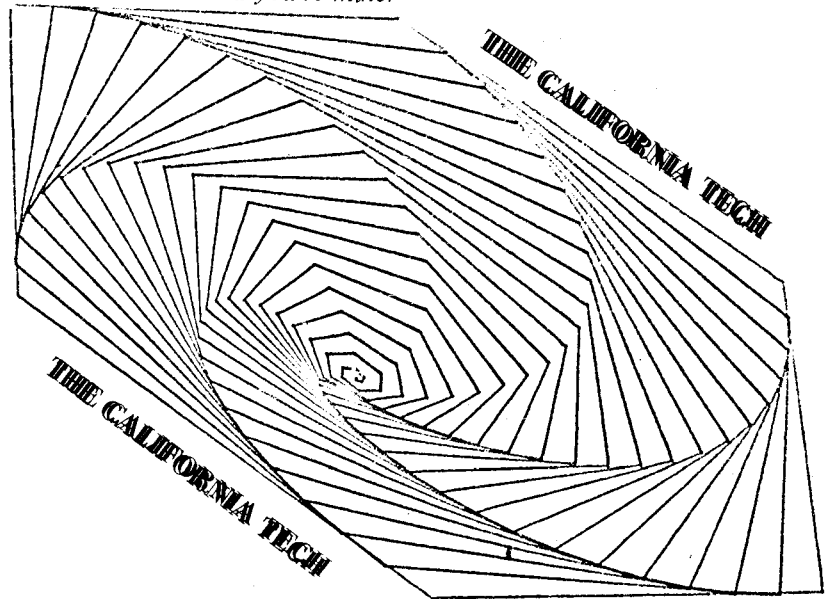
(which the vulgar mob calls "You're Cistine")

You're all colors and gleam  
Mahogany beams,  
Pews of Lebanon pine—

You're Cistine!  
You're Beautiful!  
and you're mine!  
(All mine. . . )

You got God in his curls  
Creatin' the world,  
Changin' water to wine—

You're Cistine!  
You're beautiful!  
And you're mine!



... Having found you guilty of the high  
crime of graduating with a 3.9, we will  
now proceed to carry out sentence. . . .

11131118

THOT HOPPING TRIVET  
Firsdlay, Loony sik, \$7.95  
Phage Ate

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GRADUATE ADMISSIONS  
GRADUATE DIVISION  
1247 MURPHY HALL  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90024

February 11, 1975

Mr. Bruce Veblen Mickle  
Blacker House  
California Inst. of Tech.  
Pasadena, Calif. 91126

Dear Mr. Mickle:

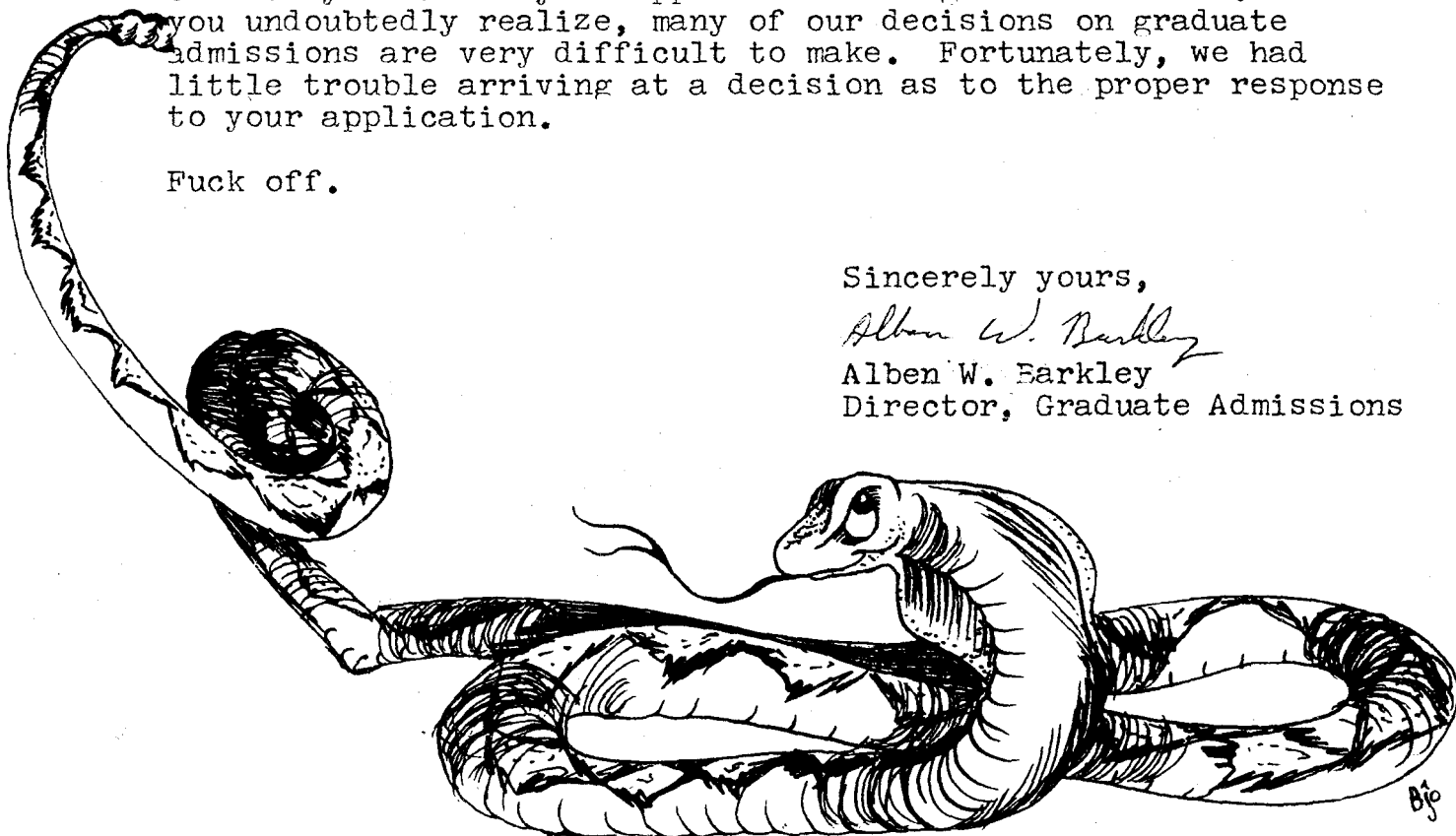
The Graduate Division and the Department of Economics have carefully reviewed your application for graduate status. As you undoubtedly realize, many of our decisions on graduate admissions are very difficult to make. Fortunately, we had little trouble arriving at a decision as to the proper response to your application.

Fuck off.

Sincerely yours,

*Alben W. Barkley*

Alben W. Barkley  
Director, Graduate Admissions







*Harvey Snidefitch, a former employee, actually had to be constrained when, in his overzealousness, he attempted to finish a repair job.*



*Horner Coleslaw, is the current head of our complaints department. One thing you can say for Homer, no one else has to complain twice!*

***"At B&G it's people that count."***

**B & G**

*A candid photo of a competent B&G work crew in the process of using a bulldozer to repair the damages done by the bulldozer in repairing damages done by the bulldozer in repairing damages done...*



The  
Lincoln  
Logs

# Bye-Bye Fred

by Steele

The five of us who were left alive after tackling Hell stood outdoors on a bleak, wintry morning. Father John of course had been left behind to take over Satan's duties now that the latter had been killed. Sterling, Hadon, Hugh, Golden Boy, and I were the only ones left. Fred had long since retired to his air castle in the sky; Superelf had been trashed by a giant bullfrog; others had met similar fates, either chickening out or blowing their 90% shot at being raised.

At any rate, those of us who survived felt strong enough to tackle the final phase of the quest for the Golden Globe of Blama. We retired to our headquarters in the northern village of Lincoln to figure out how we'd go about tackling God.

Losing Father John had cost us much strength. Our group had dwindled to four fighting men and a magic user. What we needed was a cleric (though Sterling couldn't really see how that would help us fight God). It may be that Superelf was right, and that clerics are really magic-users in disguise. The second best alternative was, of course, the Pope, so we went to Rome to hijack him.

Crossing the Alps was no problem. We trashed seventeen million orcs and several villages, looting them and raping the eldest daughter in each human family. Sterling once again lived up to his nickname, "Fireballs." I rolled a three on virility and dangled around the outskirts of town standing guard. Hugh spent most of his time trying to film an uncut version of "Deep Throat," but forgot to take the lens cover off his magic box.

## We Arrive

When we arrived at the Vatican, we outlined our plans to the Pope and a visitor the old coot seemed reluctant to dismiss. The Pope was intrigued, but his visitor seemed upset. I threw up a high-level anti-clerical spell and the visitor was helpless. Hadon got the impression, though, that if the trid had been able to make a fist or even walk reasonably well, we would have been in deep shit. It was only after Golden Boy ran him through that we noticed that his hands and feet were grossly scarred, which explains why he could do neither.

The Pope was even more impressed after this and conceded that we just might have a chance of pulling it off. He decided to join us if we would guarantee him a high position in the new order of things. Not wishing to reveal our plans to stab him in the back after we succeeded, we agreed.

Gathering ourselves into a circle, with myself at the center, we teleported interdimensionally, arriving in what we presumed to be Heaven, whereupon a heavenly host sprang forth singing gaily. Sterling and Golden Boy whipped out their seven hundred thousand hit die laser rings and blasted them to kingdom come (so to speak). A glorious battle ensued. I went to hexadecimal phasing and poured layer upon layer of haste spells on top of us. The swords fairly gleamed as they hacked through rank upon rank of celestial beings. Torrents of crimson gushed forth from the cloven bodies, and Golden Boy made a bad joke about hooves and Hell as a dagger blow pinged off of his +12 smiting armor. The Pope, not wishing to see us drown in the crimson tide, which was now waist deep, cast a part water spell as he bludgeoned the arch-angel Michael with his mace. It was as if Moses had parted the waters all over again.

The Red Sea swept back, drowning the hordes to our left and right, and leaving very few creatures in front and behind us. A scarlet road opened up before us as we worked our way past the few defenders left between us and Valhalla. It was composed of the solid part of the blood, the corpuscles, which could not have been affected by the Part Water spell.

We paused only long enough to heal the wounds that we'd suffered and to allow the Pope to regenerate my spell points. (I sometimes wonder if Hugh isn't addicted to healing potions. It always seems like he's taking more damage than most of us, and a lot of his wounds are at an angle where they seem self-inflicted.) One battle still lay before us.

## The God-Killer

The great hall stretched out before us to infinity. If what Satan had told us before we killed him were true, the Lord Almighty, the Creator of us all, dwelt within. Would such a being

DER VERDAMT RIVETAUS  
Freitag, Juni 9, 1984.  
Pudge Teen

actually create the means of his own destruction, or was this all part of a plan? If we succeeded in slaying our God, what then would that make us?

Never having been much interested in theology, I proceeded to lay an anti-magic field over as much of the hall of Valhalla as I could see, and immediately discerned the attempt was having no effect. It was apparent that someone had beaten me to it. It was with considerable effort that a drilling spell poked a hole through the field; fortunately this was a reasonably low level spell. With any luck, something would fire if we needed it.

It took a seventh-level knock to open the massive gold inlaid doors that protected the hall from the elements. By this time it was obvious that no spell of a lower order could penetrate that incredible field. We could only hope that the various implements that we carried would operate correctly (or not at all), for if they backfired it could mean trouble. We didn't know what they would do; the field was like nothing we'd ever witnessed before.

Standing before us as the doors swung wide, presumably due to the effects of the knock, though Sterling wasn't convinced, stood a wizened old man. He was small in stature, wearing robes and what appeared to be a three-cornered hat.

"Oh, my God," Hadon cried. It was our nemesis, the one person we'd never been able to totally defeat. It was the Boss, and in his arms he carried a small, golden globe.

... TO BE CONTINUED  
WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER

## In the Mailbox

Left and Right are two sides of the same coin. The coin is counterfeit. The coin is Leadership. All Leadership is counterfeit.

Empty benches, empty halls. Hordes of organizers-in-waiting; no volunteers to be organized.

When leaders have no one left to lead, what will they do?

Sidney Simon  
16 Ospringe Road  
London NW5