

Since Pogo
Isn't Here,
Be Warned!

The CALIFORNIA Tech

Friday the 13th Has
Fallen On A Friday
This Month

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Number 17



Another former Techer came back for a look at the old school this week as Joe Rhodes, Jr., now of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, spoke at a series of Y Discussions. Photo by Chris Wheeler

Tenure Affair Elucidated

by C.Y. Achmet

The *Tech* set sail on stormy seas last week by inquiring about the process that led to denying Dr. Jenijoy La Belle tenure. In true Watergate fashion this reporter was led by an anonymous source providing names and questions and making multiple allegations; all of which, upon investigation, proved unfounded.

Allegation 1: An interdisciplinary committee was used for the first time ever against La Belle. Interdisciplinary committees have been used previously and are used to maintain uniformity of standards for each discipline. This is necessary for a division as wide and diffuse as Humanities.

Allegation 2: La Belle was denied tenure due to her sex. This was best answered by Dr. Mandel: "I've never had the flimsiest indication of sex discrimination in the La Belle case. I feel the notion would be weird to my colleagues in general."

Allegation 3: The referees for evaluation of La Belle's tenure were selected with a distinct bias. Huttenback contacted the chairmen of the top seven Literature Graduate Departments in the country (as selected by the American Council on Education). These chairmen provided the list of referees from which the referees used were selected by a committee of Mandel, James and Huttenback. Recommendations were read by the Divisional Review Committee and forwarded to the Institute Administrative Council.

Allegation 4: The decision on La Belle was made on the basis of her personality because she doesn't, to quote our anonymous source, "smoke cigars and swear." Virtually no department could engage in such shenanigans without being publicly exposed. For the record, the decision was made on the basis of three criteria. 1) Scholarship [i.e. publications considered for both quality and quantity], 2) Teaching ability [weighed only if it is in a positive sense], and 3) Institute Service [working on standing committees, etc.]

Allegation 5: Huttenback fought against review of the decision like a cornered mongoose. Huttenback delayed the review only to inquire after the Institute policy on such matters. The Institute Administrative Council replied that a review is possible at any time although the method of review does vary from case to case.

Allegation 6: Huttenback is out to rape over the Lit. Department. Specifically: nobody has received tenure in Literature since he took the helm. Popycock. Tenured: Smith in 1966, Cozart in 1972, and Ende just recently.

Allegation 7: the Divisional Committee was stacked against La Belle. The Divisional Committee is a standing committee appointed by Huttenback. It did not consider La Belle exclusively, but also considered four other cases in the past year.

Allegation 8: Smith and Cozart left the Institute as a direct result of divisional animosity against the literature faculty. No such situation has been evinced. Smith retired at the mandatory Institute age of 68. Cozart left for a higher-paying job with a computer firm in Texas.

The entire affair was handled, in the opinion of this reporter, with a serious, conscientious attitude and impeccable intellectual honesty.

NEWS BRIEFS

Revenge Of The Gnip-Gnop

The earthshaking Caltech vs UCLA table tennis match has been scheduled for Sunday, February 22nd at noon, at the Alpine Recreation Center (on Alpine Street), Chinatown Table Tennis Club, (in Chinatown).

Nominate And Submit

ASCIT nominations are open until next Monday, Feb. 16. Elections will be Monday, Feb. 23. Submit your campaign statements to *The California Tech* (you're reading it, stupid) before Feb. 17 for inclusion in next week's issue.

Dabney Orgy

There will be an ASCIT-GSC party on Sat. Feb. 21 @ 8:00 in Dabney Lounge & Gardens. BYOB, B & D. Everyone invited.

Organized Aero Trolls?

There will be an organization meeting of the Caltech Student Branch of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics on Wed. Feb. 18 at 4:00 p.m in 306 Firestone. New members are welcome.

a Reminder

Friday, February 20 is the last day to submit applications for the Beckman Internships. Drop by the Dean's office in Dabney.

GFM Facts

by Carl Lydick

Every night we throw out about \$50 worth of garbage.

This was just one of the facts revealed at last Friday's food rep meeting. Attending the meeting were seven food reps (including two from Page), a record for the year so far. This remarkable attendance, and the ensuing release of various fiscal facts, was probably caused by the recent decision to solicit bids from other food services for next year's contract.

Among the other facts and opinions expressed by the representative of G.F.M. were:

To date, more than \$80 worth of utensils (plates, spoons, etc.) have been stolen or broken. (Broken dishes account for only a small fraction of the \$80.)

We (Greyhound) can manage significant savings (and hotter food) if we go to cafeteria-style dinners.

No other food service can give the same quality food at a lower cost.

If anyone has been unable to get a first helping of a first entree, it is because their waiter didn't trouble himself with telling the food service staff that they needed more.

When G.F.M. first arrived, an offer was made to modernise and streamline the serving lines and equipment if G.F.M. was granted a 5-year contract.

All in all, menu planning at the meeting was minimal and propaganda was the central theme.

Advanced Esoterics

Wanted: the precise reference, including the original Danish version, for the following quotation attributed to Kierkegaard:

"Knowledge is an attitude, a passion, actually an illicit attitude. For the compulsion to know is like dipsomania, erotomania, and homicidal mania, in producing a character that is out of balance. It is not at all true that the scientist goes after truth. It is out after him. It is something he suffers from."

A reward of \$50 is offered to any C.I.T. undergraduate who can furnish me (Dr. Max Delbruck) with the above reference. This offer expires midnight, February 29, 1976.

[Ed. Note: The *Tech* disavows any prior knowledge of the actions taken by this reporter. This paper has just self-destructed. Click.]

Two undergrads decided to see how easy it would be to rob [name deleted] Laboratories. Starting out Monday at noon, we went through the building trying doors to see if they were locked. If a room was unlocked and no one was in it, we looked around for anything that a thief might steal and made a note of it.

We started with room 148 (a small complex of offices for the grad students). Although several people were there, no one stopped us or asked us what we were doing there. There were several magnetic tapes lying around unprotected and in the open.

Student Stages Dry-Run Rip-Off

by Steve Oualline

Proceeding along the main hall we tried the doors along the way. In room 108 we found a HP-35. We had better luck on the second floor. The door to room 204 was open. We waltzed in and found a bike lying against the wall, unlocked. In room 236 we hit the jackpot—a bike, a set of golf clubs, and a calculator.

While going through the desks in room 336, a grad walked in. He never said a word as we quickly left. When we returned later and asked him why he did not stop us, he said that we looked like students of another person who shares the office with him. He did not notice that we were going through the desks when he walked in.

While in room 313, we were stopped by another grad. He was

the only one of the whole day who asked us what we were doing. It seems we were going through his desk when he walked into the room.

In room 15 someone had put his HP-45 in a security cradle. The cable of the cradle was wrapped around the leg of the table. All we would have had to do to pilfer it would be to lift up the table and slip the cable off the leg.

While we were in the building no one noticed us. Two people walking down the hall trying each door to see if it is locked *should* be suspicious. When we started, I noted things such as staplers and other office supplies, but soon stopped this because there were so many more valuable items lying around that these were not worth stealing.

Fool The People

Once again ASCIT elections are knocking on Flora's door with the great bulk of the student body content to let the scrawny child suffer in loneliness. A quick scan of the ke-laden nominations show only two contested offices—President and Tech editor. After over a week of open nominations the sheer number of uncontested races is mind-boggling and if elections were held today, there would be insufficient nominations to fill the BOD.

This apathetic response is highlighted by the visit of Joe Rhodes—perhaps the most dynamic ASCIT president ever. When Rhodes was running this showboat, ASCIT was a fifteen-thousand-dollar-per-year corporation. Today, most polls agree that ASCIT is a fifteen-thousand-dollar-per-year corpse.

Now you can go back to eating that second-rate butchered bovine sandwich in front of you or you can think seriously about running for an ASCIT office. You're probably just as qualified as all the other candidates and it does look good when you're applying to get out of here. There's still time to save this body before rigor mortis sets in.

Fool the people who think they know—run!

—Sandy McCorquodale

playa brava

Cuban Cronkite

by Ngapuhi

It seems the most popular simile in Washington these days, after Church's Circus, is being who can make the most comparisons between Angola and Vietnam. Most Senators are so intent on learning "the lessons of Vietnam" that if the Cubans walked into Florida the Senate would probably let them have everything south of Tampa as long as they didn't interfere with their winter junkets to Miami Beach.

It would appear to this observer that if analogies are to be made, we must recognize that Angola the roles each side plays is the exact opposite of those we played in Vietnam. Consider geography. In South Vietnam the Communists were able to move supplies with impunity across the frontiers. In the same sense, South Vietnam was surrounded. The exact opposite is true in Angola, which has borders with Zaire, Zambia and South Africa—all of which are

antagonistic toward the MPLA. The west can move supplies across the frontiers at will. In contrast, the MPLA is surrounded and can only bring supplies in by sea or air. If the pro-west forces should meet with military setback they can always use Zaire & South-West Africa as sanctuaries to conduct guerrilla warfare while rebuilding, much as the Cong used Laos and Cambodia.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember is that it is not Americans who are advising the weakest regime but the Russians. Without aid from the Russians the MPLA would have fallen. And it is not Americans dying in a far off country but Cubans. The Cuban pretense in Angola present the U.S. with some interesting opportunities if, to use the words of Chairman Mao, we "seize the moment". By committing Cuban troops, the Russians have taken a calculated risk. If we can prolong the war long enough, ala Vietnam, say, a

Parry! Riposte!

The Editorials

CIT Racist

by Steve Wake

I am sure that everyone at Tech realizes the reactionary nature of "this place". But just who it affects and how is always another issue with most, that most being the majority. To perceive the full-scale extent of Tech reactionism, you would have to ask (if you are concerned enough) those few individuals on campus who are unfortunate enough to automatically be viewed, handled and evaluated in the light of "traditional" reactionism, namely minority faculty and students and confirmed liberals, what their feelings are about "this place".

Most minority students (if you care to look hard enough to find them) will give you a good idea of the extent of racism which they have encountered since coming to Tech. Everything from short, trite comments such as "You don't belong here" and "PCC is two blocks up that-a-way," (from students and faculty alike, I might add) to situations involving undeserved lower grading by T.A.'s and even the dropping and avoiding of certain courses which require small (two or three) group participation due

to the lack of willingness on the part of white peers to cooperate. In one student's words, "I can see why the drop-out rate is 15% higher for minority admits;" for many minority students chose Tech with the false understanding that "all you have to worry about here is the work."

Tenure Isn't Black

Minority faculty (they're even harder to find unless it is their business to be known) will often tell of discrimination in funding and the granting of promotions. Recently, a highly qualified faculty member in the chemistry division and the only full-time black faculty member in Caltech's history was denied tenure. In one minority student's words, *If this had happened on any other campus, we would have a riot.*

All this, along with the recent dropping of many known liberal faculty members in various divisions, makes me wonder. Most of these faculty members were placed on the faculty during the heated years of the 60's. Now that we are in the cold years of the 70's, could it be that the old regime is steadily being re-established?

couple of years, if enough Cubans spill their guts in Angola, if enough Cuban arms and legs are blown away, there will certainly come the time when the Cubans will demand a reckoning with their imperialist Russian masters.

Look at it from the Cuban's point of view—consider how absurd the Angolan war must look to a Cuban mother. If anything, it serves as a constant reminder of Havana's servility to

Moscow. Without a quick conclusion to the war, rifts would have to develop between the Cubans and the Russians. Can you imagine a Cuban Walter Cronkite reading over the weekly toll of Cubans killed and MIA?

There are economic considerations. Cuba's sugar cane, on which she relies for most of her foreign exchange, is still very labour intensive. The absence of 10,000 cane cutters will require

Continued on Page Four

lished now that the heat is on. All this points to the fact that Tech is, in many ways, much more intense due to the heavy pressure. Meanwhile, minority and liberal members of the Caltech community should be much more on guard to protect their seemingly threatened interests, both official and unofficial, on and behind the scenes.

For The Majority

As for those of you out there who are in the majority and not the minority, for what it's worth, Tech is a hard enough place without such unnecessary, irritating and discouraging hassles. And those members of the Caltech community who, through natural circumstance or conflict of ideologies, make up that unfortunate few here, can do without and in fact do much better without them.

Frosh Writing Deplored

The sexually derisive terms used by Bart Croes and Jim Westover in last week's article "Frosh Party Kudos", in which they describe women as "kughter" and "nookie" has shown them to be quite deserving of the appellation "prick" in honor of their attitudes.

—Dan Dolata

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THE ASCIT FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIE

DARK STAR

7:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m.
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My-Set-is-On

BIONIC BUSTS

A man dressed in a sport shirt and slacks drives his 450SL to a brick manufacturing plant which is a front for a gambling ring just outside Washington, D.C. (The terrain sure looked like Southern California to me). The high barbed wire fence denies him entry, as do the men at the gate. Turning back down the road, our hero drives only a couple of hundred feet, then pulls over. Stepping out of the car, he eyes

the ten-foot high steel curtain towering over his sub-six foot frame. Electronic music eerily wafts through the ether as the man crouches, his gaze still riveted on the metal barbs. In a graceful slow motion shot that looks like it was in one-sixth gee, he leaps over the fence. As if that isn't enough, two men accost our hero, and he promptly tips a pallet full of bricks onto them (also in slow motion) with

one hand as the electronically synthesized tones riddle my stirrups. Glory be! Can this be what America has been waiting for—new episodes of Superman? Or is it Captain Nice? No it is only Lee Majors starring as Steve Austin, *The Six Million Dollar Man*.

Steve is a bionic man, having some "superior" man-made parts to go along with the real thing. The modifications were made after he was seriously injured in an accident. With these superior tools Austin can run sixty miles per hour, has the strength of ten, and telescopic eyesight. Working for the U.S. Government enables him to handle the toughest assignments, whether they entail recovering stolen goods, or rescuing stranded astronauts in space. Steve's boss Oscar

(Richard Anderson) works in Washington on Constitution Avenue (the old FBI Building) attempting to right wrongs everywhere. Backed by a seemingly endless financial reserve (no wonder our national debt is so high) and the Six Megabuck Man, he gets the job done.

The acting on the show consists of jumping over walls, preventing light planes from taking off and wooing voluptuous women for Uncle Sam; along with other assorted grunts and groans. The dialogue has interspersed such witty comments as "I started gambling when I was sixteen because it got me off the farm. It's just been one roll of the dice after another since then." The quality of the acting is third or fourth rate at best. One problem that I have in

evaluating the program is in ascertaining the director's intentions. Is this all a put-on, to be taken as camp, like ABC's *Batman* of the Mid-Sixties? Or is it as serious as *The FBI*? Take it as you will. Unfortunately there is so much inconsistency as to leave the question permanently suspended. Ridiculous stunts abound, as in the two-part episode when Austin encountered the legendary Bigfoot of the Pacific Northwest. As Steve stood with a companion at the bottom of a cliff, a large earthquake jolted the area, tumbling huge boulders down the slope. A particularly accurate one was plummeting directly toward the couple. What would you do in this situation? Run? Freeze in terror to face an imminent "R three to R two map"? Not the Six Million Dollar

Man; as he held up a bionic fist, the oncoming boulder neatly split in two, sparing the couple. In another adventure, Austin destroys a house by pulling the roof down with a bionic hand. Balderdash! Why didn't he just pull himself up instead of the heavy roof down? Maybe the show should be titled *The Six Million Ton Man*. One thing that bothers me about the show is that Steve Austin is not all bionic, in fact, he is still largely flesh. Do not his real parts feel any undue stress or strain from all of these forces coursing through his being; When he lifted that pallet of bricks, were there not tremendous forces on his non-bionic back that should have crushed him?

This show obviously has tremendous appeal for children, and it proves this week after week, landing in the coveted Top Ten in its Sunday, 8 p.m. time slot on ABC. Last week, a two-parter concluding Wednesday night took the number one and five spots in the Neilsens. Unless you are a kid, I would advise you to stay away from this show except for a few potential laughs.

If you think that show is bad, just wait until you see its new offspring: *Bionic Woman*. Yes, she too has limbs of steel and works on secret missions for Oscar and Uncle Sam. On weekdays she is a mild-mannered grade school teacher; but after hours she is miraculously transformed into . . . TA DAA . . . The Bionic Woman! The program is so bad, it is at times hilarious. In a recent episode, B.W. is driving down a hill and discovers that her brakes have failed. What should she do, break through the roof and jump clear with her shapely bionic legs? Of course not, the vehicle might run into someone and hurt them. B.W. opens the door and sticks her foot out! As the smoke billows from her \$14.95 Thom McAn loafers, the car screeches to a halt. I'll bet she ruins more shoes that way. This show is to the Six Thousand Kilobuck Man as the *Girl from U.N.C.L.E.* was to its far superior male counterpart. So far in its Wednesday, 8 p.m. time slot *Bionic Woman* has not done any worse than the top seven shows, much to my shock and dismay. Please keep your hands off this one! Watch Kenneth Clark's superlative *Civilisation* on PBS; or even better yet, go troll.

-Eric Carter

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CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail.

Fantasy, Jaded Astronauts, Porcine Officers, Radicalism, Blasphemy and Strange Sex

by Lewis Hashimoto

Films to be shown in Baxter Lecture Hall this weekend are as follows: *Dark Star*, the ASCIT flick tonight at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.; and *The Grateful Dead*, *Zabriskie Point*, and *Viridiana*, the Cinematech films on Saturday night, starting at 7:30 p.m. ASCIT films are presented as an important, yea, even vital service of our own student body government, under the aegis of the Activities Director, a duly-elected official of the Corporation. Cinematech is an independent, fully student-run organization which handles many operations through the kind sponsorship of the Caltech Y. Phooie on you, Silverstein.

"Dark Star" is a superlative masterwork of psychedelic music performed by the Grateful Dead. Described by lead guitarist Jerry Garcia in a *Rolling Stone* interview, it is "a completely improvised piece... I have a long continuum of 'Dark Stars' which range in character from each other to real different extremes. 'Dark Star' has meant, while I'm playing it, almost as many things as I can sit here and imagine..." It is a fantasy trip out of the listener's mind, into another world, spawned in the musician's imagination, driven by states of heightened consciousness. A live version was formalized onto the "Live Dead" album, and stands as an epitome of the Sixties psychedelic/acid/San Francisco rock experience.

Unfortunately, *Dark Star* is also a very recent science-fiction film release, in the way that *Fantastic Voyage* and *One Million B.C.* were "science-fiction" films. *Dark Star* is something of a farce, or satire, in a treatment of what would traditionally be science-fiction topics. At the risk of crossing into the mysterious realm of S-F critics, who would be able to review *Dark Star* as a work of science fiction, with more erudition and expertise, I would like to point out that this film is a very low-budget exploitation work, put together by a handful of talented USC film school alumni. The basic story is that, at some future time, a starship bearing a few jaded astronauts finds itself in the furthest reaches of the Universe-As-We-Know-It. The crew's mission is to destroy "unstable planets" with the use of "exponential thermostellar bombs"

in order to make the cosmos a safe place to raise kids. Having been alone in the vast interstellar void for twenty years or so, the members of the crew have become rather strange. This is the basis for a satire on science-fiction as we know it, while the film retains the structure of a fantasy adventure. The cast is made up of non-professionals, which justifies its behavior; the special effects are quite satisfactory. This is no Kubrickian cosmic epic, but an exercise in literate lampooning. After all, the USC film school has a reputation as the best in the West, if not the nation, and the schoolboy tomfoolery of its grads in the cinema ought to be comparable to the mischief which *Harvard Lampoon* staffers get into when they grow up, if ever.

Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*

Zabriskie Point (1970) is an anomalous Hollywood film produced in the bourgeois American film industry by Michaelangelo Antonioni, one of the elite of Italian directors. Antonioni has here created a rare (for him) political activist film, a youth film, which is rather acrimoniously anti-Establishment in content.

The plot centers on an episode in the lives of two Sixties kids: a radical activist college kid and a flower child secretary. He is portrayed as being disgusted with the materialistic bourgeois world of urban America (appropriately filmed in downtown Los Angeles), gets involved in a demonstration turned riot, is accused of shooting a policeman, and steals a plane to escape from the brutal Establishment (represented by rather porcine officers of the law). She is a detached nature-lover and a freak, but works for a gross caricature of a power-mongering businessman. She, en route by car to the voracious (financially and sexually) greed merchant's desert office-home in Arizona, accidentally meets the radical in Death Valley. The two representatives of dissatisfied American youth get acquainted, and eventually make passionate love in the desolation of the National Monument. They part;

he flies back to L.A. to be killed by quasi-Nazi caricatures of police. She continues to Phoenix and her boss' office, but now the ideals of the Movement are planted in her mind. She fantasizes the utter destruction of corrupt America and its false material values, and drives off into the glorious Arizona sunset.

Zabriskie Point suffers from an inability to capture the true attitudes of the rebellious youth in the Sixties. Antonioni is a fifty-ish European, and the problems of America transmit through his camera into extreme images of desolate, vulgar, venal, garish, fascist old people set blindly against beautiful, plitudinous, uninhibited, spaced-out youth. (There are about a dozen half-naked couples spaced out across the bare desert landscape in the love-making scene; this is a pot-induced fantasy of the camera.) Non-actors play the lovers: Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin are zombies before the camera and embarrass real people, especially young ones, in the audience. The score consists of selections from works by Pink Floyd, the Dead, the Stones, etc. Superficial treatment of political themes by a mixed international group of screenwriters make *Zabriskie Point* a failure as a message movie. The real stars of the film are Antonioni and his camera; using the rich technology of Hollywood, the director dazzles the viewer with superb use of color, motion, form, timing, and techniques. Perhaps Antonioni was carried away by the fun he had fooling around with expensive zoom lenses. Still, it is unusual today to see a technically well-wrought radical film created with bourgeois money flowing from Hollywood, the seat of middle-American film power and greed.



Burger Continental clientele were treated to some different musical entertainment last weekend when the Caltech Varsity Quartet gave four performances at the local restaurant. Photo by Dave Wheeler

Bunuel's *Viridiana*

Viridiana (1961) is a recent work by the diabolical old Surrealist, Luis Bunuel. In the tradition of his four decades of directing, this Spanish/Mexican production is characterized by blasphemy, profanity, atheism, obsessive cruelty, and strange sex. It won the Palme d'Or up in Cannes.

The basis of the film is the ambiguity of the moral imperatives which define the structured

moral system of Western society. This may seem abstruse, but Bunuel exploits this theme via the action and structure of a sensationalist film to describe the pointlessness of good works or evil ones in a society subject to enslavement by inhibiting moral codes. His protagonist, Viridiana (the name is that of an obscure medieval saint) is a nun who plunges into the ambiguity and ruthlessness of real world chaos from an ordered, cloistered upbringing (this happens to any ChE who enters employment upon graduation). She is cruelly set upon by an incestuous, aging uncle, his libertine son, and a gang of lecherous beggars to whom she extends pure Christian charity. (I wouldn't wish them even on a ChE!) Her faith in good works and the moral order of a Christian universe is undermined by the disastrous consequences of her pure actions. In the end, she becomes socially and sexually resigned to the duality of earthly existence.

Bunuel (spelled with a tilde) exploits the camera to saturate his films in symbolism. Prominent motifs in this work are foot fetishism, phallicism necrophilia, and Christian invert analogues to the crucifix, the Last Supper, and the crown of thorns. *Viridiana* is a thoroughly sacrilegious film, and, though it was mostly filmed in Francoist Spain, Bunuel's native land, it is outlawed there, and generally condemned by religious groups internationally. Understandably so; it is hard to imagine a director who has been so constantly subversive and viciously anti-Christian for so long.

Playa Brava

Continued from Page Two
greater sacrifice on the part of the rest of the country.

The situation is analogous to the U.S. sending the Australians and New Zealanders to fight in Vietnam for us. How long do you think they stayed?

With all that we have going in our own hemisphere, it would seem in our best interests to continue to aid the western force with arms and aid. Whether we really care about the outcome in Africa or not. There is no reason Americans must get involved, the Russians managed to stay out of the Vietnam war, we can do the same. The amount of money we will spend will be small compared with what we would have

to spend combating Cuba in this hemisphere if it wasn't so preoccupied with Angola. And who knows what fruits it will bear. The FNLA and UNITA have done an excellent job in holding on without U.S. aid. With U.S. aid they could probably hold on indefinitely.

If enough pressure can be kept on the Cubans—with a little help from the CIA we could have the Cubans wondering why they ever traded Batista for Fidel.

The only thing that worries me is that the Russians may decide after a year or so to cut their losses and run in which case we'd win.

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Scandinavian Complex Food

Griswold's Smorgasbord, Foothill Blvd. at Indian Hill, Claremont.

Griswold's Smorgasbord is a part of a large pseudo-Scandinavian complex out in Claremont featuring a lodge, dining room, gift shop, bakery, and of course the open sandwich table itself. Although a bit of a ride from Pasadena, investigation is quite worthwhile.

To enter the smorgasbord one passes through the gift shop and bakery. While this may give the impression of a cheap marketing trick, it serves to whet one's appetite for the delights to come. The *bord* itself seems quite small, but this is deceptive. A wealth of salads, appetizers, and entrees await the hungry diner. The dining room seats several hundred but is divided into smaller sections to prevent any feeling of immensity. The decor is not exceptional but certainly pleasant. Red and white checked table cloths abound while a massive candle sits at each table. Nordic pictures and tiles help create a self-sustaining atmosphere that is neither plain nor overpowering.

But food is the reason to visit Griswold's. Different entrees are featured on different days, with

Saturday and Sunday being "extra special". Last Saturday, for example, one was offered roast turkey (light or dark meat) with dressing and mashed potatoes, sirloin tips over rice, and/or beef stroganoff with noodles. All are of exceptional quality, and one is sorely tempted to try all three. But, o happy fault that has caused so fair a smorgasbord, one can return to the several buffets as often as desired.

The entrees are prefaced by a wide range of salads and appetizers. Of special note is the pickled fish, served in a (cold) sweet/spiced sauce. Many excellent varieties of breads are also featured, along with Swedish crisp bread.

Saturday dinner is priced at \$2.75, not including beverage or dessert. This is a good price for a meal anywhere in Southern California, and nearly irresistible considering the excellent quality and virtually infinite quantity at Griswold's. While they are not close to Tech, Griswold's is only a short hop from the Claremont Colleges (such as Scripps, Pitzer, etc), and thus a convenient dining spot should you be heading out that way for any reason...

-Dick Beatty

Book Review

Moorcock Odd

The Land Leviathan, by Michael Moorcock, DAW Publishing, \$1.25 paper.

For several years, Moorcock has been making very large but confused waves in the various areas of speculative fiction (hard Science-Fiction, Burroughs-ish adventure, sword-and-sorcery, odd mind trips, etc). He won a major award for one of his stories, a thing called "Behold The Man", in which he portrayed a Portnoy-ish man's search for himself and a lot of other things. Mostly, Moorcock just writes a lot of books.

This latest work, the second in what may or may not be a trilogy about a sort of sideways time traveler, is interesting. For those of you who did not read the first volume, *Warlord of the Air*, it doesn't matter much. The main character, Oswald Bastable, (yes, the one from E. Nesbitt, bizarre as it may seem) now finds himself in a world where a long series of events turned what we knew as WWI into an even more destructive fiasco. (This all takes place in the early 1900s, you see.) The gist of it is that Bastable sees the last remnants of Western civilization fight each other to the death, only to be conquered by the new superpower, an African nation created by the son of a former slave.

Even America falls before the so-called Black Atilla, the huge fighting machine which gives its name to the book crushing Washington D.C. in retribution for slavery and a few other American flaws.

The book itself is written in a style deliberately reminiscent of H.G. Wells and other early SF writers. It (as its prequel) claims to have been written in part by Bastable and in part by Moorcock's grandfather. Moorcock succeeds in creating a flavor of a bizarre past, and has a lot of fun with what people could have become under different circumstances (Mahatma Gandhi, for one, as President of South Africa). This edition shows, on the cover, a gigantic pyramid with guns sprouting from its faces, following a bunch of black warriors in leopard skins carrying spears and carbines across the ruins of Washington D.C. The cover is wholly faithful to the book.

While not at all the same thing Moorcock is most popular for (i.e. Elric books and such) this novel is interesting enough that I can recommend it to anyone who can stand to look at the foibles of Western culture from a critical viewpoint. A strange book, but one worth reading if you get the chance.

-Nick Smith

Same Time, Next Year? No How, No Way!

"Broadway's current smash comedy!" cry the fliers. "...biggest comedy smash of the decade," said the *People Weekly*. "It will run for twenty years. Twenty? Fifty!" said the *New York Post*. Frankly, I didn't think it was anything special.

Same Time, Next Year is at the Ahmanson theater until March 27, but you can spend a better evening. I found the comedy, at least in the first act, simply a grouping of shallow one-liners that I hear at least once a day at Tech. The second act was much better. It would appear to me that Bernard Slade just put a first act on to get him into the second act.

The setting of the play has some promise. A CPA, in a moment of uncontrolled passion while on an annual business trip, makes a successful pass at a Catholic housewife who is on a yearly retreat. (He had the waiter send her a steak, since the restaurant didn't serve drinks, then toasted her with his fork.) The play opens the "morning after" when they both feel a little guilty because they are both happily married. Regardless, they get together the next year, and the year after, in fact the play covers 25 years in five year jumps, from 1950 to 1975. The two people have no contact during the rest of the year, and each year they exchange a good and bad story about their spouse. We get to watch them grow old and trade one-liners.

The second act was quite enjoyable. The first scene takes place in 1965. Doris, who started out a little dumb, has gone back to college, Berkeley, no less, and become a hippie (she is 40 in this scene). In the meantime, George's CPA business has grown and he is now a very successful consultant, complete with a vest and a Goldwater button. The next scene, five years later, George is into analysis and rap sessions and has traded in the business suit for a jeans suit and bikini underwear (dark blue with white trim). Doris has become a successful businesswoman, in the meantime, and a strict women's libber. The interplay is fascinating, but I really didn't see enough continuity in the characters to make it believable.

If you get to go to this show, go about an hour late. You won't miss a thing.

April 23 at the Ahmanson brings the world premiere of Neil Simon's latest, *California Suite*. This one is actually a collection of four one-act plays, and shows some promise. Be watching the *California Tech* for more information.

-Mojo



Starvation And Prayers

Dean Freudenberger of the Claremont School of Theology will speak on "A Christian Response to a Hungry World" on Tuesday, February 17 at 7:30 p.m. at All Saints Church, 132 N. Euclid St., Pasadena (right across from City Hall, about a mile west and north of Tech). His talk should be of interest to anyone, Christian or not, who cares about justice in the world beyond Tech and wants to learn the facts about the world hunger problem. Dr. Freudenberger was looking for solutions before very many people were worried about the problem; he is now recognized as an authority on it. His talk should be more practical than theological. For further information see Chris Henley, in 113 Lloyd.

Flying Deuces

The Caltech-JPL Flying Club has some openings for new members. Based at El Monte Airport, the Club operates three planes—a 1972 Cessna 172, a 1969 Cherokee 140, and a 1969 Cessna 150. All are IFR-equipped with dual Nav-Coms, transponders, and marker beacons. The 172 and 140 also have ADF.

Employees wishing to learn to fly, as well as licensed pilots, are welcome. Since acquiring the Cessna, the club has been offering a variety of flying privileges from vacation trips to flying lessons and instrument training.

For information contact: Ed Sherry, JPL Ext. 3915; Joe Harris, campus x1815; or Bill McCord, Campus x2258

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Show starts: 9:00 p.m.

Tickets: \$3.50 advance (through any Ticketron outlet)
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\$ Being Dispensed

The mathematics department is pleased to announce two categories of prizes to be offered again this year to Caltech undergraduate students.

I. *The E.T. Bell Undergraduate Mathematics Research Prize*—a cash prize of \$150 awarded for the best original mathematics paper written by a Caltech junior or senior.

Contestants for the Bell prize must be nominated by a faculty member familiar with their work. Students who wish to be considered for this prize should contact a member of the Mathematics faculty prior to the end of the second term to inform him of the nature of the research. If this faculty member feels the entry is sufficiently worthy he will nominate the contestant and act as his sponsor. Each student is entitled to only one entry. Each contestant nominated must submit his paper in final form to his faculty sponsor by the end of the fourth week of third term. A faculty committee will then judge the papers and announce its decision before the end of the third term. The committee may award duplicate prizes in case of more than one outstanding entry. The name of the winner (or winners) will appear in the commencement program.

II. *The Morgan Ward Competition.*

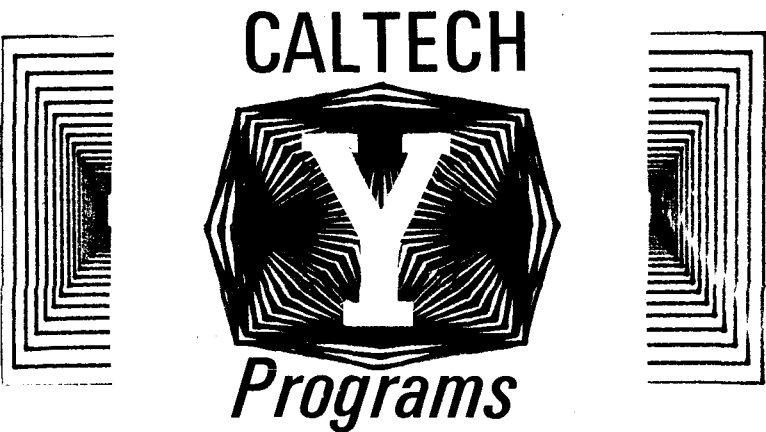
Any Caltech freshman or sophomore may enter this contest. An entry may be individual (submitted by one student) or joint (submitted by a group of two or more students). Each student is entitled to at most three entries, of which at most

two may be individual.

An entry is to consist of a mathematical problem, together with a solution or significant contribution toward a solution. The problem may have any source, but this source should be stated in the entry. The entries will be judged on the basis of the nature of the problem and originality and elegance of the solution. Any outside references used should be indicated. (The Honor System applies here.)

Entries from each contestant or group must be placed in an envelope and delivered to the Mathematics Office, 253 Sloan, during the fourth week of the third term. The name of the contestant, or the names of all participants in the case of a joint entry, must be written on the envelope *only*, not on the entry. The Judging Committee will consist of three volunteers, approved by a vote of the Caltech Mathematics Club. Each judge must be a junior or senior and a member of the Mathematics Club. The judges will select a group of finalists and submit their entries to the Mathematics Department faculty who will make awards to the winners. Prizes will ordinarily be awarded for the 2 to 4 best entries, the value of each prize being \$25. Prizes for individual entries will be limited to at most one to a contestant, and no group may receive more than one prize.

The foregoing prizes are all financed by funds accumulated by Caltech teams that have participated in the William Lowell Putnam Competition over the last few years.



MarshTuck AND THE BAND

Searchin' For a Rainbow, by the Marshall Tucker Band, Capricorn Records.

I had hopes that I would never see this day arrive. Alas, the Allman brothers are no longer the premiere rock band in the South. Their last album, "Win, Lose or Draw," was a very poor effort. Only a couple of songs were any good, but they weren't the hard driving sound that I so admire. Rather they were 'nice' instrumentals. The rest of the songs were either overly mellow or weak blues. The Allman Brothers just couldn't seem to get it up for some heavy rocking. All in all, I feel the best thing about this record is its name. Unfortunately, the poker hand that the Allman Brothers are currently holding consists of aces and eights.

The untimely demise of the Allman Brothers leaves Marshall Tucker as the foremost purveyor of the southern rock sound. "MarshTuck", as they are affectionately known, released their latest album last fall. On it you will find some fine songs like

"Virginia" and "Searchin' For a Rainbow". There is also "Fire on the Mountain" which is a Charlie Daniels title. An extra treat is a live version of Tucker's familiar "Can't You See".

Some listeners may complain that Marshall Tucker's latest record sounds a bit on the country side. I have no sympathy for the unsophisticated tastes shown thusly. However, I would also prefer to hear more get down bogey and less twangy guitar from MTB. Unfortunately, they, like the Allmans, just couldn't seem to get it up for getting down. I've even noticed Wet Willie and Elvin Bishop cooling off a bit lately. All these standard bearers of southern rock are showing symptoms of the mellows (as opposed to the blahs). Maybe they'll all perk up a bit when the South rises again. (Vote for Jimmy Carter!)

Northern Lights—*Southern Cross*, by The Band, Capitol Records.

If southern bands are showing

some early symptoms of the mellows, then The Band is in the dying throes of this often fatal disease. The lyrics of the songs on this album are downright depressing. Fortunately, I have the remarkable ability to ignore the words if the music is good. This is the case with this album. "Jupiter Hollow", "Ring Your Bell" and "Forbidden Fruit" are tasty tunes (although the first few notes of the latter had me thinking that my copy of the record was warped).

I guess it is only natural for any band to experience a let down after working with a musical leader of the likes of Bob Dylan. But this is not any band, this is "THE" Band. Their music is as good as ever. Only the lyrics show the state of melancholy that you might expect. With a little luck, (and a lot of the medicine prescribed by the title of the album) The Band may be able to survive the mellows and continue to create superior music.

—Rock Howard

Time for another word from our sponsor: the Y is richer now by almost \$2600, thanks to those of you students who contributed during our recent Annual Fund Drive. We'll still be getting to some of you... and to those who gave already—thanks for your support!

And where does the money go? A few examples... today at noon the jazz band "Roland" will be performing on the Winnett Quadrangle, or in the Lounge if it's raining (pretty likely). A week later, next Friday at noon, professional magician Eric Lewis will do his hocus-pocus, at a location equally dependent on the weather. Mr. Lewis is very respected in his field, having received the Magician of the Year Award from the Academy of Magical Arts. So,

put music and mysticism in your lunch by attending these free shows with doggie-bag in hand.

Now that midterms week is past, time should be a little more available... so go to the Philharmonic next Thursday! It's an amazingly good deal—only \$1.50 and we provide transportation. Sign up now at the Y office (x2163) to enjoy Sidney Harth conducting violinist Pinchas Zukerman and the orchestra in Druckman: Windows; Wieniaski: Violin Concerto No. 2; and the spectacular Also Sprach Zarathustra by Strauss.

For you hi-fi buffs a live concert translates to 0% distortion—and the show is fun to watch besides.

When in doubt, push a pawn or control-c.

—Alan Silverstein

Give For Guatemala

by Becky Winter

"An Indian woman, perhaps in her 20s, said, 'My house fell on me Wednesday morning and broke my leg. All the children died.' How many children were there? She held up four fingers and then let her hand fall on her face." (L.A. Times, Feb. 9) —Indian woman in the Behrhorst clinic, Chimaltenango, Guatemala.

In last Tuesday's issue of the *Los Angeles Times*, the latest information on recent earthquake tragedy in the Central American country of Guatemala revealed a minimum of 17,000 dead, 54,820 injured, 221,990 homeless. Even more startling is the figure pronounced in a previous paper: 500,000 people, nearly 10% of the total population of Guatemala, are in danger of starving within the next few months. The collapsing of adobe houses with tile roofs, standard for the area, was chiefly responsible for the high death toll. Landslides have not only destroyed homes but, more seriously, have in many cases, covered or taken with them the many small plots of corn once perched on precariously steep slopes where the modern descendants of the Mayan Indians eke out a life in the face of a land shortage problem. Cold rains and makeshift mass burials have served to further endanger the many homeless with widespread epidemics of typhoid and other diseases. There is a great need for medical supplies in particular, along with a long term need for adequate materials to rebuild the demolished adobe towns.

Yet, maintaining an active concern and empathy for the suffering and miseries of distant peoples is both difficult and somewhat useless without a practiced and effective means by which to contribute to the alleviation of their pain. The epicenter of the earthquake lies near Chimaltenango (a city about 30 miles from Guatemala City) where nearly a third of all the

deaths discovered at this point occurred. This city is also the location of a 15-year medical project and hospital. The only one in the District of Chimaltenango, which has a population of 200,000. This work, under the direction of Dr. Carroll Behrhorst, has concentrated on finding a holistic approach to meeting the physical needs of the people. It is not enough to "cure" someone with medicine, etc, if, due to malnutrition, inadequate housing, and unhealthy procedures, he returns a few months later with the same ailment. Economic hardships, diet imbalances, lack of land, and many other complicating factors must be dealt with in order to, in reality, cure a patient. Having years of experience within the culture along with great medical knowledge from extended training in the U.S., Dr. Behrhorst is better capable than most to effectively make use of funds and goods given to alleviate the starving and widespread physical needs of the Guatemalans in this hard hit area. His clinic has sustained only minor damages and is available, given sufficient supplies, to respond to the needs in the neighboring areas, most of which are severely damaged, many destroyed.

The Caltech Christian Fellowship would like to provide a means by which members of the Caltech community and Pasadena can contribute effectively to the situation in Guatemala. There is a small foundation in New York set up to channel funds directly to the work of Dr. Behrhorst in Chimaltenango, which is also the new location of the temporary hospital facilities provided to Guatemala by the United States. The Behrhorst Clinic Foundation, Inc. has assured us that any contributions made are entirely tax-deductible and will be sent immediately, in the most needed form to Chimaltenango, Guatemala. Checks should be made out to the Behrhorst Clinic Foundation, Inc. and sent to the Caltech

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Christian Fellowship, 105-51 Winnett Center, Caltech, Pasadena California. 100% of the money received will reach Dr. Behrhorst, as the Foundation is run by volunteer labor. Due to the red tape and shipping problems involved with contributions of food and clothing, the Behrhorst Clinic Foundation has requested that giving be restricted to money.

For those who are hesitant to give without more knowledge of the situation and the work of Dr. Behrhorst, there will be some slides of Guatemala and of his work there, along with time for questions, at 7:00 p.m. Friday night (tonight), in Winnett Lounge. An article he wrote for the World Health Organization describing his own work (1973) and his biography *Physician to the Mayas* by Edwin Barton

(Fortress Press, 1970) will be available for reference. Two of the three Techers who studied his work last summer on location in Guatemala will be presenting the slide show/discussion using the slides they took at that time.

To summarize: Dr. Behrhorst, equated by many with Albert Schweitzer in the quality and impact of his work, is located at the epicenter of the quake, at the site of the most intense need. He is already trusted and welcomed by the Indians there. The channels are open for getting funds to him and 100% of the contributed money goes directly to him. Money is desperately needed; we hope you will consider giving. Again, Friday, 7 p.m., Winnett Lounge, for questions, discussion. For information, contact me, Becky Winter, at x2182.

MINUTES OF THE IHC, 2-4-76.

Atwater called the meeting to order at 10:28 in the distinguished presence of Hunt, Myers, Naecker, Loo, Grams, Zwass, Munro, Feldman, Bielecki, and a couple of other people.

Results from the food service questionnaire are in. We will have 10 meals per week, and will get two bids from each contractor, one for unlimited seconds and one for limited seconds. Steak or prime rib once every two weeks. Sundaes once a week. The food committee will meet Friday and hassle out other details. [See Food Committee article, this issue]

There will be a referendum on Rotation rules.

Dabney wants monetary support for a party with Ricketts, which will cost about \$750. "The ESC is broke, in fact they're \$300 in the red." They (Dabney) wanted as much money as the IHC could provide. Unfortunately, the IHC has less than \$100. "Try Mayer's office, the Dean's office, and Lyman Bonner."

Dabney broke some windows in Fleming. Fleming wanted to know if Dabney would fix them and offered to fix 'em themselves for \$7-10 per window. Dabney will let Fleming do the work.

People complained about the way Coach Neal was running IH Track, mainly about his objection to people post-dating the record when they sign in for practices. The IHC decided to recommend post-dating all practices to date, but to have everyone sign in on the same day for future practices.

The following week's meeting was re-scheduled for 11 p.m. due to the Olympics (3-2-2).

Wakai came in.
Adjourned 10:58.

—Rich Feldman
IHC Secretary

Book Review

Eat From This Bowl

The Gulag Archipelago Two, by Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, published by Harper and Row, 1975.

In his second volume of *The Gulag Archipelago*, Aleksandr takes the reader on a journey from the big-city prisons and transit camps of the GULAG prison authorities and deposits him beside a pair of cold rails in the taiga, readying him to prepare his own forced-labor camp. The first five chapters of this volume deal with the history of this grim archipelago of special camps, tracing its beginning in the Solovetsky Islands (a converted monastery near the Finnish border) through its growth and subsequent metastasis

throughout the entire Soviet Union.

Although the reader might complain that the large amount of material (about 700 pages) could be easily reduced by a significant amount, I contend that doing so would entirely negate the purpose of the book: Solzhenitsyn wishes not to offer a mere set of facts and statistics, he wishes to convey to the reader the thoughts and emotions of a zek imprisoned under Article 58—"Political Offenses". This goal is realized by several methods, the most important being the presentation of large amounts of camp and camp-related experiences to give the

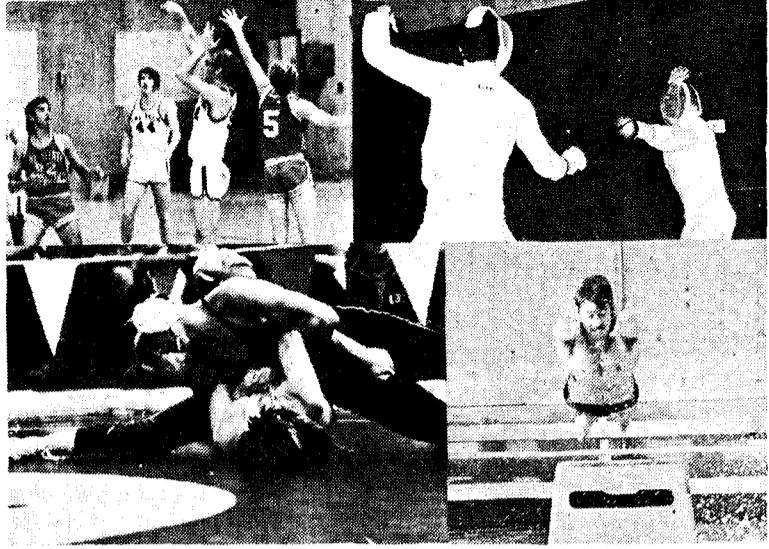
reader familiarity with the workings of GULAG, and presenting these experiences in the manner of a story-teller or from the zek's own point of view to make them more personal in the reader's eyes. For instance, the stories of a former construction engineer, an air force general, and several incarcerated government officials are told from their points of view, including numerous direct quotations of these people.

It may seem to the reader that Solzhenitsyn makes the physical tortures of the Archipelago the main point of his work—this view is not entirely correct. Rather, Solzhenitsyn uses these physical miseries to trace the delicate transformations of the soul in its encounter with GULAG, which lead either to the ascent of the zek, transforming him into a creature untouchable by the camp regimen, or to the total degradation and corruption that can possibly be realized in a human being. Unfortunately, the

first of these processes occurred very infrequently in the special camps while the second was a daily occurrence, if not more. Here we reach the heart of this work—Solzhenitsyn wishes us to know that this dehumanization process exists, and with his many examples, storyteller's manners, and the voices of the zeks themselves, the reader knows of these things with his heart as well as his mind.

In short, this work is one of the most important to date in exposing previously hidden atrocities carried out as a matter of government policy. The final touch of this book is the inclusion of an appendix relating the careers of a few zeks in their entirety. This further serves to make it clear that these things actually happened, thus completing the work on a personal note. "Only those can understand us who ate from the same bowl," says the opening page: Solzhenitsyn created that bowl for the reader.

—Al Nikora



Beavers Bomb

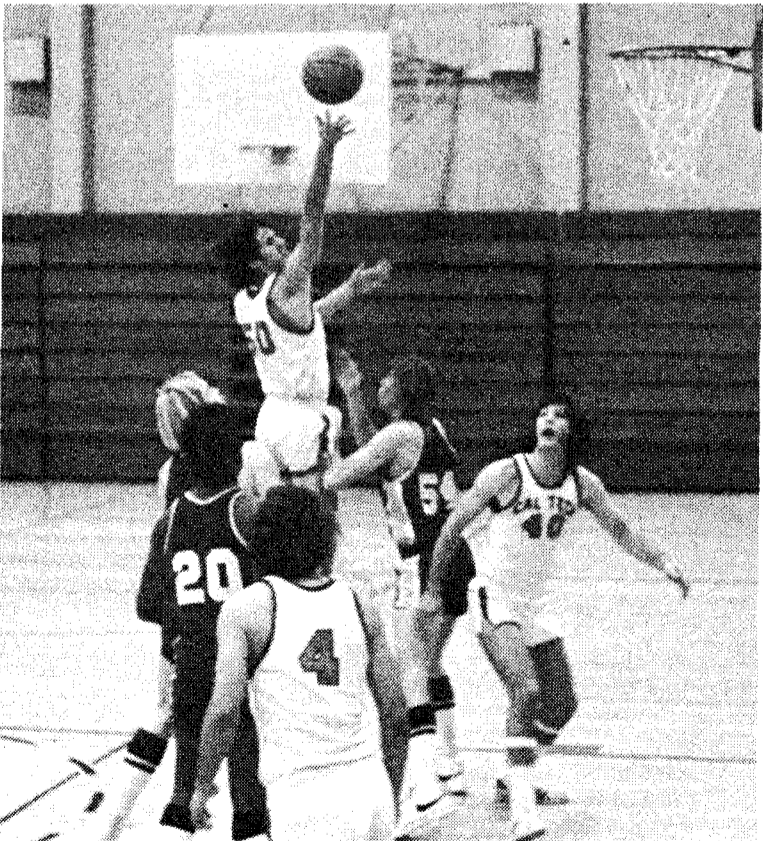
by Bart Croes

The Engineers (as we are known at other colleges) [Note: the proper name is, always has been, and probably always will be, BEAVERS. Got that, you clods in the outside world? MIT are the Engineers. Yeesh.], playing at Cal Lutheran last Saturday night, had expected to be involved in a close game because of the 20-point margin separating the two teams in a tight game played late last term, but poor 38% shooting and 38 turnovers by Tech contributed to a surprising 115-59 Cal Lutheran victory. In a game played before the Varsity's, the JVs also lost. Captain John Pender, showing glimpses of his previous league-leading form scored 18 points from the field before fouling out

SPORTS!

late in the second half. Shooter Chuck "Why am I so smooth?" Curatalo threw in 12 points before falling down and spraining his ankle early in the second half. Other scorers were Stormin' Norm Nelson with 10, Ernie Lewis with 8, Peter Lu with 4, Bart Croes, Beau Lee, and Kevin Miller with a basket apiece, and Dan Pleasant with a free throw.

The next game is tomorrow, February 14, against powerful Occidental at 8:00 in Caltech's gym with the JV game at 6:00. There is also a game next Tuesday, February 17, at Claremont-Harvey Mudd, with the JV game at 6:00 and the Varsity game at 8:00. Come to the home game on Saturday, the court-side hecklers are almost as interesting as the game.



Beaver basketball moves into the final two weeks of the 1976 season with games against Occidental tomorrow night in the gym. Photo by B. Bus

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Glee For the Tillerman

by Paul Gazis

The Caltech Sailing Team attended the first two southern series regattas last weekend at the Mission Bay Aquatic Center.

Fifteen boats were present representing nine schools. Our objective is to finish at least 7th out of the 16 or so active schools in southern California so that we might make the Nationals eliminations. To do this we must beat a bunch of weak schools that weren't present, and OCC, UCSB, and CSULB, who are equal to or better than us, having coaches and money.

CSULB was absent, and we beat OCC by one point in the six races Saturday. We don't know yet how UCSB finished though we beat one of their two boats. Saturday was nightmarish, every break went against us. We committed two fouls and our good B team of Gary Bodie, skipper, and Cora Hunter, crew, had to go home and miss the Sunday races.

Sunday was quite different. The A team of Paul Gazis,

skipper, and Jim Walseth, crew, remembering the words of Gary Bodie, "Go for the clear air start", got good starts in their 2nd and 3rd races with no other boats next to them to foul up their wind. In three races they turned in finishes of 10, 2 and 1, putting us well ahead of the schools we wanted to beat.

The B team of Martin Teintze, skipper, and Marc Cimolino, crew, racing in the afternoon, was not nearly so lucky. After a good start in their first race, they caught some seaweed on their rudder, a common problem in San Diego, and dropped to near last before they noticed it. The storm hit in their second race and in the driving rain they (stupidly) failed to notice the starting signals. They started last, caught up with the fleet, then fouled two boats in a collision. After doing a 720 degree turn to exonerate themselves, they again caught up with and passed OCC only to lose control of the boat 100 feet before the finish and

swamped it out.

By this time only nine boats were still racing due to breakdowns. UCSB had already dropped out with a broken rudderhead so we didn't sail the last race, hoping that OCC wouldn't be able to beat us with so few boats on the water, and fearing to damage our horribly expensive new sails.

This proved to be a mistake. OCC picked up a third, and was fifth overall in Sunday's racing. We might have beaten UCSB, and perhaps UCSD, but we won't know until we get the final standings in the mail.

UCI and UCLA tied for first Saturday. USC clearly dominated the heavy air racing Sunday in their shiny new Vanguard boats as UCLA had control problems and UCI withdrew with a breakdown. UC San Diego demonstrated the disadvantages of removing the bow flotation tank to save weight as they capsized and nearly sank before the last race Sunday.

Net Men

Net Nothing

by Jim Westover

The spirit and devotion that usually accompanies the fun and games of midterms week was simply not enough to overcome Loyola University on the tennis courts last Tuesday. Despite many close games and split sets, the final tally of their 6½ points to our 2½ illustrates this sad fact.

Another sad fact: a majority of the Tech players have been unable to practice with the team more than a few times. Also, since the start of the season some two weeks ago, the team has yet to play at full strength. These statements were not proposed as a poor excuse, but as a good reason. It is of general opinion that with the help of coach Johnny Lamb, the Caltech Tennis Team will be pretty reasonable by the end of the season. Until then, wish us luck!

Tomorrow the tennis team confronts Redlands University, clearly one of the cat-gut shattering powerhouses in the league. Tech players are to meet in front of the Athenaeum at noon. No pictures, please!

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Pele Misses Ceremony

After completing their most successful season in several years, the Caltech Soccer team met at Coach Don Cameron's house for the annual Soccer Awards Banquet. Most of the team arrived. They were not only treated to good food and good times, but also to the announcement of the coveted Beaver of the Year Award. Mrs. Cameron's gracious hospitality and good cooking made a memorable evening for which the team thanks her.

The Selection Committee had a difficult time choosing the Beaver of the Year because of the very nature of the award, which is to honor the most outstanding, but not necessarily the best, player of the year. Since this year's team was inundated with talent, the Selection Committee decided that several other awards were in order. The awards were given as follows:

To the Surr(r)i's: The Errik Siri Tia Redundancy Award.

To Cliff Beall: The Scoop Gromley Award.

To Mansour Sabeti: The Alaudin Bhanji Memorial Award (you need not be present to win this award.)

To Tom Lawler: The 100% Probability Tackle Award.

To Stan Chen: The Minute-man Award (for always being ready for action)

To Allen Saul: The Groupie of the Year.

To Peter Kezios: The T.V. Award (for total coverage of any man).

To Bob Bible: The Lowest MPG Award (for taking a full tank to get to Oxy).

To Bruce Baker: The High MPG Award (for always driving in economy).

To Chris Russell: The Fire Hydrant Award (for superb leg lifts).

To Rich Atwater: The Fourth Guy From the Left in the

Picture Award (In spite of the fact that no one had a camera, we were pleased to see Rich at the banquet).

To Khuan Chow: The Utility Offense Award

To Joel Okazaki: the Hawaiian of the Year Award.

To Kit-Lai (Paul) Yu: The "How do you get Willie from Mike McCallum?" Award.

To Jim Hickey: The Break a Net of a Goalie Award.

To Leslie Peterson: (On her own recommendation) The Booby Prize.

To Lock Han: The Hermit Award (for finding peace and solitude on the right wing).

Finally, the Committee announced its selection for Beaver of the Year. It hopes that no one is slighted and realizes that while all the team worked hard, there was only one person who could be called a truly outstanding player. This player could only be... Lee Aydelotte.

Also announced at the banquet was the selection by the league's coaches of Bruce Baker, Jim Hickey, and Lee Aydelotte to the All-League Team. Bruce Baker was chosen by the team as Caltech's most valuable soccer player.

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