

Erhard demonstrating his walking-wounded leadership capabilities.

Photo by D. Wheeler

Snake-oil Salesmanship

Erhard's Huckstering

by Greenie

Tech Staff Writer

[The following contains significant material derived solely from the statements of Werner Erhard that in no way reflect the sentiments of the author.]

Werner Erhard is the founder of the EST movement (Erhard Seminar Training), a controversial pop-psychology cult which is finding increasing popularity among the West Coast's walking wounded. To its proponents, EST is a new way of regarding the self and a new approach to life; to its opponents, EST is a \$250 exercise in humiliation and brainwashing.

Reactions to the training are mixed; some psychiatrists are enthusiastic; others feel it may be damaging to some people. Some of the "trainees" are loyal converts; others feel the experience useless or debilitating.

According to an article appearing in *Psychology Today* some time ago, the training consists of harangues directed against "belief structures" and the attitudes toward self commonly engendered in this society, conducted against mounting physical discomfort and weariness; it is this aspect which has drawn charges of brainwashing.

In a Caltech Y-sponsored talk last Tuesday, Erhard addressed himself more to his personal philosophy than to EST itself. This appeared to be the case, in spite of protestations that he felt it important to attach the concept of individual philosophies.

The lecture began with the assertion that people's way of looking at the world is insufficient to meet the demands of reality: "People who are arrogant about knowing ought to read the news-

paper." Erhard stated that the "feeling of knowing" interferes with the act of knowing which creates satisfaction and certainty.

He took pains to differentiate between the "feeling of knowing," which he felt was a false attitude, and the "experience of knowing" which is a mysterious internal phenomenon which cannot be transmitted to another individual. He stated the purpose of the lecture as an attempt to transcend views in order to communicate his ideas to some portion of the listener's mind which already was aware of them. As he put it, "I want to direct you to you."

He explained that he wanted to induce a change in the listener's thinking which would instantly shift the value of every fact in the listener's awareness to give a new perspective on the world. According to Erhard, people live their lives as if their philosophies encompassed all facets of the universe; most never consider the possibility that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophies. Erhard feels that it is

imperative to spend every waking moment cognizant of the possibility that you are about to come athwart a phenomenon which will fall outside the structure of reality-as-you-know-it. He does not insist that there are such things, but he feels that "we cannot afford the arrogance of assuming that it isn't so; we must constantly consider the possibility that it is so and is about to happen."

Erhard constructed a hierarchy of thought. He placed "unconsciousness" at the lowest level, followed by "mystery"; according to Erhard, mystery is resolved by the construction of a belief system, which provides certainty. The belief system is a system of interlocking facts, each of which is supported by the whole and which confirm the whole individually. He places "thinking" at the next higher level, as the process which occurs when the belief system is challenged; he places "doing" as a fourth level of certainty. ("You can read all the books about stoves, and not get as much information as you get by

Continued on Page 4

D. melanogaster Heisted

Great Fruit Fly Caper

by Pam Crane

Tech Cub Reporter

Seen any drosophila in wastebaskets lately? Sabotage runs rampant in Bi122--Genetics. Thursday, May 20, a student came to complain to Dr. Burke Judd that her fly cultures for two experiments were missing. By Friday, about ten other

students discovered the same thing had happened to them. The two experiments involved were not major, but they required several generations of flies, consequently several weeks of time as well. Most of the students were just getting their results when their flies disappeared.

That bears an unfortunate resemblance to the horror tales we hear about pre-meds at other schools. Cuthroats are extremely rare at Tech. Judd, an ex-Techer, is perturbed that someone would not heed the Honor System. "No one was failing because of these two experiments, for they were not major. When I think of cheating, I consider it to be helpful to the cheater, but not harmful to others. But this is very upsetting because of the principle involved."

Pizza!

Pizza Party

Undergrads, R.A.'s and Faculty are invited to a pizza party on Saturday, June 5, at 4:00 p.m. in the Ricketts-Fleming courtyard. Sponsored by the deans and the Director of Student Relations, the party is to honor the Mayers for a year of devotion to the Student Houses. Present to applaud will be Annette and David Smith and Jean and Jim Morgan.

Night Life Exists

by Gregg Brown

Tech Staff Writer

Anybody who wishes to survive at Caltech should take humor as a man with a cold takes Vitamin C. Also, spending some time practicing at being in the real world is a damn good idea if you don't want to be a social nerd when you finally get out.

The Ice House, a sort-of night club right here in Pasadena gives you a cheap, easy way to do this. If you're not hungry or thirsty and you just want to see the show it'll cost you two dollars. If you're really hungry, before you go, the prices are high and the selection stifling for complete dinners. Drinks and snacks are more reasonable, but still expensive by student standards.

Yet the place never claimed to be a restaurant, it bases its reputation on presenting comedy and music. From the example I saw it does it well.

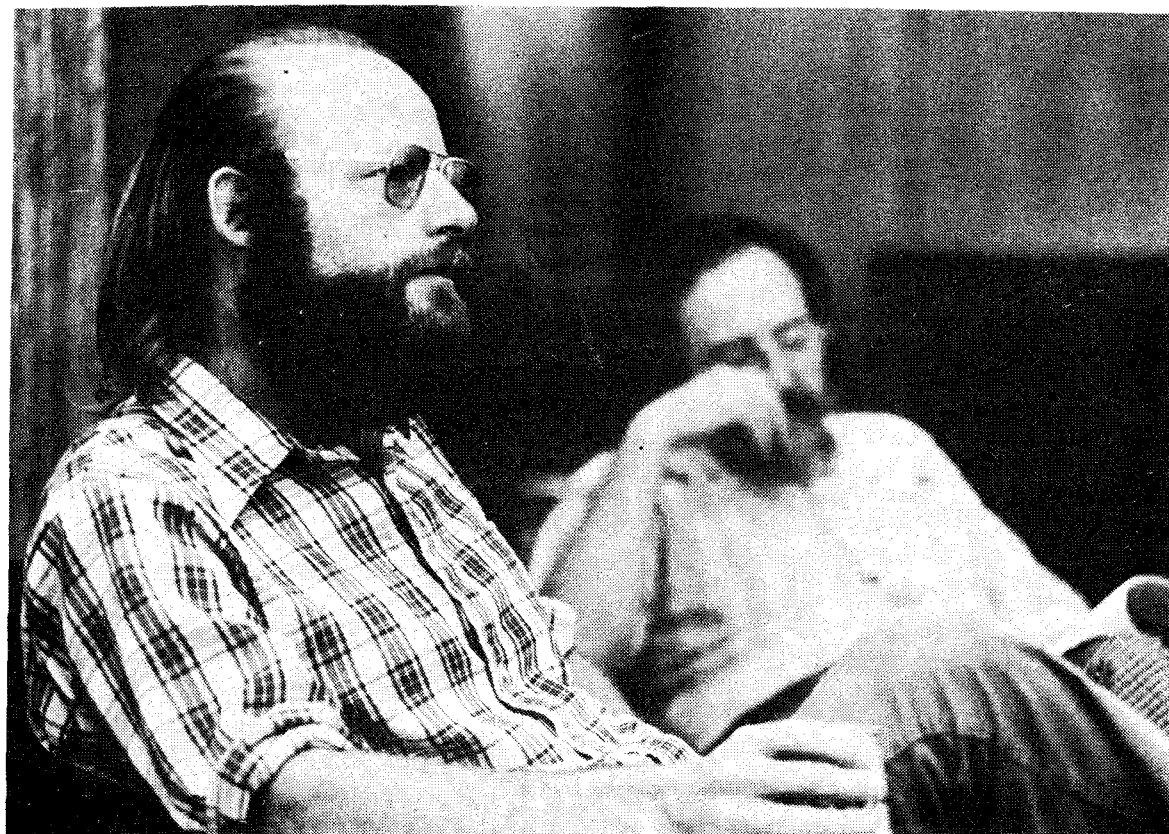
The first of two acts was presented by singer and comedian Peter Alsop, whose songs appear often on the Doctor Lemento Show. He presented an act that was both funny and musically competent. He only got really silly once with a song called "A Trip Up My Sister's Nose." The rest of the time he used his songs to explore the relations between men and women, not in the usual hackneyed way but from the point of view of the male chauvinist realizing it is time has come. The whole show was very good, and it included one excellent song, "My Bird".

The main act was Pat Paulsen, and he was hellarious. The act was called "Lecture in Humor", and it was really funny. Paulsen does a dead-pan delivery that was effective in keeping me at a

constant rolling boil of laughter.

There are some disconcerting things about the Ice House. First, they're going to ask for your I.D. if you order anything alcoholic. Secondly, the management made announcements before each show asking the audience to keep quiet and to be discreet when leaving the room during the show. My High School principal was the last to say anything like that to me. Besides, such announcements were superfluous, the performers could completely hold your attention.

This show continues until May 30th, the next show features the Caltech Jazz/Rock Ensemble. Call MURRAY 1-9942 for information.



David Wales and Ray Owen hammering out this year's frosh camp structure.

Photo by D. Wheeler

Parry! Riposte!

The Letters to the Editors

Working For You

To the Editors:

The political profession has fallen into disfavor in this country in the last few years. "Trust" is a word rarely associated with office-holders anymore. Suspicion and a general lack of faith extend to even the most innocent and well intentioned actions taken by our representatives. Thus it was really no surprise to see the recent editorial in the *Tech* concerning "Abuses of Power" by the IHC.

Let's consider the two cases mentioned in the editorial: Olive Walk Parking policies and the selection of next year's food service.

The first case came to the IHC when Dr. Mayer, Master of Student Houses, and Rich Atwater, former IHC chairman, became aware of the problem in parking on the walk. Together they drew up regulations which they felt would help alleviate the problem, calling for student action, since it was student abuses of parking privileges that created the problem. At the same time, and quite independently, a group of faculty sought to take action on their own to correct the situation. Subsequently these faculty sought to take action on their own to correct the situation. Subsequently these faculty, representatives of the administration, the IHC, and students at large met to discuss the problem and ultimately generate the decision which reaffirmed existing regulations. The initial IHC action had been an attempt to work with the Master's Office to solve the problem directly through the students.

As far as the food service decision is concerned, a certain amount of misunderstanding appears to have arisen about the role played by the IHC in the incident. Essentially the IHC was responsible for developing the student recommendation for which contract bid should be

accepted. This recommendation was then given to a group composed of Bob Gang, Director of Housing, Dr. Silver, Chairman of the Housing Committee, and Dr. Mayer, who all had also reviewed the bids and interviewed the various company representatives. The joint recommendation of these gentlemen and the IHC was then presented to Robert Gilmore, vice-president of finances, to be reviewed and submitted to third floor Millikan for final approval. Official announcement of the IHC decision was postponed several days at the request of the administration while the decision making process ran its course. No attempt was made to "cover-up" the IHC decision; however, particulars about the various bids were asked to be kept confidential by the companies themselves. The only really unusual aspect of the entire process was the degree to which the administration sought student participation in the decision. At most schools this type of decision is a purely administrative function. At Caltech the administration listens.

The IHC likes to believe that it listens as well. IHC meetings are open to any student interested in seeing his government in action. Each member of the committee, being the president of his house, is immediately accessible to the members of his house. Neither the needs nor wishes of the student body are ignored in its actions. A real and honest effort is made to consider all sides of an issue, with the best interests of the students as a whole at heart.

Hopefully this letter will clear up a few misconceptions about the IHC. People with further questions should feel free to contact any member of the committee, or even attend a meeting.

Ed Rea
IHC Chairman

To the Editors:

I am feeling wretched and am crying here in my office on the third floor of Dabney Hall (of the Humanities?). My simple pleasure of feeding the pigeons and doves on my window ledge has become an ugly, harmful action on my part. I have been made an unwilling accessory before the fact to the suffering and mutilation of I don't know how many of these birds. Someone is trapping them for an experiment which involves bleeding them periodically — something to do with smog effects I believe.

Two students, whose names I don't know, approached me some weeks ago, and I told them they could not use my window ledge to trap the birds. These are friends of mine, I told them; they make being shut up in this horrid little room more bearable for me. I was assured they would not take anyone's pets, that they would go elsewhere for their prey.

But today I find there are traps on the roof of the walk between Dabney and Gates, and they have taken some birds away after catching them, leaving the traps freshly baited.

I called the Biology Division Office, Security and Lyman Bonner. It is deplorable, they said, but not anything that they can do much about. I was told

not to confiscate the traps when I went out and got them, and now they are back, lying in wait, atop a welcome mat of seeds.

I've pulled down my window blinds and shut them tight; I don't want to know which ones are missing in the morning from the group that waits with friendly, expectant faces for me to spread the welcome mat of seeds for them. I don't want to know if Kojac or the Big Shot or the Guy-with-the-leg-band and battered wing and tail are missing. Or the young ones, just out of the nest, so awkward and eager and new, who were brought to my window by their trusting parents. Or the lovely sweethearts (any dove) who used to come every afternoon at 3:00, but who haven't come for quite a while. I wonder if the parents of the babies in the nest over the west entrance are safe? I can't stand to think the little ones might starve to death.

Perhaps the fish in the ponds will be experimented on next, or the olive trees uprooted — surely there are smog effects to be studied there. Or a few students or professors, happily departing a classroom could easily be trapped in a wire cage with a one-way door.

If its blood they want, I'll volunteer mine for testing. At least I can choose whether or not

to give it, and God knows, breathe smog.

I have worked at Caltech since 1964; along with the major rewards I have experienced the usual indignities, humiliation and injustices associated with being a secretary and a woman on this campus. I have learned to deal with my feelings and frustrations in such instances and I've held my head high.

But how do I deal with what I feel now? I've never abetted kidnapping, torture, or murder before. Is this what Science is about?

Sadly Yours,

Pat Rank

Kudos

Dear Editors:

I would like to commend Cinematech for the outstanding job it has done this year and previous years in bringing consistently high quality films to the campus. I also commend Lev Hashimoto for a series of fine reviews of same.

But it's too bad that the ASCIT movies haven't equaled that quality this year. In previous years ASCIT ran a number of really top rate films.

Sincerely,

Dave Hermeyer

ESC Guidelines

The following are a set of ground rules for houses and or social events receiving money from the ESC. They have been loosely adopted at the most recent ESC meeting.

1. Two or more houses must be involved in a social event for it to receive funding from the ESC.

2. If two houses having a party wish it to be closed, the party is still eligible for ESC funds. Whether or not a party will be open or closed is the decision of the houses involved and must be stated before any money is received from the ESC.

3. When an event has been appropriated a certain amount of money, the sponsors may receive up to 75% beforehand and the remainder afterwards pending their ability to show that the money was indeed spent.

4. Total expenditures for each event will be inspected by the ESC chairman and verified.

5. Money will be appropriated

on a percentage of total cost basis. For example, if a party is expected to cost \$700, the ESC may budget 50% of the cost up to a maximum of \$350. Houses are expected to refund ESC money not spent.

6. Funding priority will be given to campus wide events. It is hoped that a campus wide event directly sponsored by the ESC will take place first term next year.

7. Suggestions are encouraged.

The above guidelines may sound ominous and rigid, but they are not meant to be. It is hoped that all transactions will take place in an atmosphere of trust. This is merely a framework, subject to modification. Suggestions as to how money may be better spent can be addressed to any house social chairman, ESC members at large, or the ESC chairman. It is hoped any complaints will be immediately voiced.

Ken Rousseau
ESC Chairman

Assignments Stolen

To the Editors:

A problem has come up this term which is affecting most of the classes I am taking. In three of my classes, I have turned in homework on time, come to pick it up graded, and found that it was not where it should have been.

I work over 20 hours on an assignment for AMA 95. The final comes out today, and my homework for last week, which will be covered on the final, has

disappeared. Three assignments for EE14 this term, which I also need for the final, are also gone. Finally, an assignment for EE 13, which I put into the instructor's mailbox, was never seen by him.

I don't know what to do about this problem. It is disturbing to me, and will surely affect my grades this term. If anyone can help with this problem I would appreciate it.

Eileen Reeds

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The CALIFORNIA Tech

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Carl Lydick

Sandy McCrocodile

Business Manager

Ken Kroll

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Photographers

Gregg Bone, Bobby Bus, R Feldman, Gerry Laib, Ken Li, Ba Nakazono, Chiu Yuen Ng, Da Weinshenker, Chris (Mach-1) Wheeler, Dave (Print This) Wheeler, k Yoshida.

Circulation

Wayne Dickenson

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An Analysis of the Nuclear Power Initiative: A Very Faustian Bargain

To The Editors:

The following paper was submitted to fulfill part of the requirements for AE107b last term, which I managed to pass nonetheless. However, Prof. Lechler returned it to me suggesting that I try to get it published.

I at first rejected this suggestion since its style is not really suitable for publication, and I don't have the time now to revise it (read AMA95).

However, I consider the topics which this paper touches to be important, and the time for decisions to be so near, that I have decided to submit it nevertheless.

Caltech and its illustrious inhabitants have the power to influence the general public and its opinions, as we have seen recently with Dr. Whitcomb, the subject which this article deals with is of paramount importance to all of us. If you will accept my apologies for a style at times difficult to muddle through, I suggest that there may be one or two ideas following worth your consideration.

The Faustian Bargain

Nuclear power plants today provide a small percentage (say 5%) of our electrical generation capacity; however, most predictions indicate a dramatic increase in this percentage before the turn of the century. If this turn to nuclear power occurs, it will represent a monumental gamble on the part of humanity, unprecedented in its history, and which has engendered the title "The Faustian Bargain".

Faust, you will recall, sold his soul. Nuclear power could certainly be the greatest servant man has ever mastered, but the risks entailed in its use are largely unknown and certainly not minor.

Many solutions have been proposed to the energy crisis and the limits on growth imposed by the finite extent of our fossil fuel resources. Some of these such as tidal power, wind, power, and the simpler geothermal proposals are most certainly limited in magnitude and will probably not enter too seriously into future energy usage. Others, such as fusion power and geothermal schemes to bore through the Earth's crust can only be regarded now as "pie-in-the-sky" and much work remains to be done on them.

Finally, there are some very promising ideas—one which I like involves a 1500 ft. water tower heated by solar reflectors and powering turbine motors—which are unfortunately little more than ideas now. Plans for them have to be concretely formulated, model plants built and tested, and the first major plants cannot be expected to come on-line in less than twenty years. This, unfortunately, is probably too late to make much of a dent in the energy crunch expected by A.D. 2000.

On the other hand, nuclear

power plants are generating hundreds of megawatts today, plans are formulated for many more to come, manufacturing technology and capability is already with us, and they seem to have the support of governmental legislators and ERDA.

In light of these facts, it is the proposal of this paper that nuclear energy will be the major replacement for fossil fuel plants by the turn of the century, and the paper's major concern is to examine the ramifications of this statement—both for the technological community and society.

Total fossil fuel resources in the world, consisting mainly of coal, are estimated to be between 40 and 400 Q, where Q is 10^{18} BTU's. Even though present annual consumption is only about 0.28 Q, these resources are predicted to last 50 to 100 years at most, depending on the actual extent of the resources and the rate of growth of energy usage.

On the other hand nuclear fuel resources are believed to be of the same order of magnitude as fossil fuel resources if used in present systems, and to exceed them by one to two orders of magnitude if used in breeders.

Beside the advantage of vastly larger resources than fossil fuels—especially considering the undesirability of mining and burning all that coal—nuclear power enjoys several other advantages over the burning of fossil fuels.

Most obvious, of course, is the difference in environmental effects. It is estimated that the mining of coal and the air pollution due to the burning of coal and oil contributes to or causes as many as ten thousand deaths a year in the United States. Nuclear plants of course contribute no air pollution, and the radioactivity leaked by today's nuclear industry is estimated to cause about one-half or less death per year. Furthermore, the mining of uranium for the equivalent amount of energy takes about one-eightieth the area of land as the mining of coal.

There is, however, a greater problem in thermal pollution for the type of reactors used today than for fossil fuel plants due to their lower thermal efficiency.

The environmental effects of this thermal pollution are not entirely known. Many of the proposed plans for future nuclear plants incorporate a thermal efficiency about equal to that of fossil fuel plants, and much work is being done on other ways of dumping this heat than into rivers and the ocean—such as wet cooling towers. There are even serious proposals on putting the waste heat to good use in such applications as lobster farms in Maine and other New England States.

There is little question that the production costs for nuclear

plants are much lower than those of fossil fuel plants, especially with the increasing cost of these fossil fuels. This should even be true in the future when lower-grade ores and reprocessing of spent fuels will be in general use.

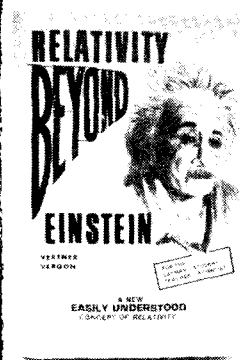
The economics of nuclear plants are such that it is beneficial to use them round-the-clock and there are proposals to use nuclear plants during off-hours to generate hydrogen as a portable fuel to replace diminishing supplies of fossil fuels. There seems little doubt that we will eventually become a "hydrogen-economy" when this procedure comes into general use.

So much for the advantages of nuclear power. There is, of course, a reverse side to the coin. Let's cover them in ascending order of importance.

Some people consider the manpower crunch that will develop with the changeover to nuclear to be a serious problem. Considering the response of the United States to the need for engineers for the space program, this does not seem too dangerous. The nuclear program may soon be taking 10-15% of all engineering graduates, but this can only be good for the engineering profession and our society. A curious point to note is that due to the "implementation" nature of this program, there will be a much higher percentage of "practical" engineers to R & D engineers—a reversal of today's trend and reminiscent of the last turn-of-the-century.

A more serious problem is the high initial investment required for nuclear plants. Even though operating lifetime costs are expected to be sizeably lower than for fossil fuel plants, the high investment is expected to be a major problem in today's economy. This seems an area in which government intervention is desirable, either by "priming the pump" financial aid or by loan guarantees for investors.

With the proliferation of nuclear power plants there will certainly come an exponential increase in the transportation of nuclear materials. While this problem can be alleviated by the judicious choice of



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reprocessing plant sites, etc., it is a dangerous situation which requires strong measures. In particular, it seems wise to require standardized transportations containers which have been tested and inspected seventy ways to hell, and strict government legislation on all aspects of the maneuver: inspection of containers, procedures to be followed, and even licensing of personnel.

The question of transportation also brings up a spectre terrible to perceive—the illegal diversion of nuclear materials. While it is to be expected that nuclear reactors will themselves be well-protected by automatic shutdown devices, strict security measures, etc., the transportation

of materials seems to be a weak link in the chain.

Some types of reactors, such as the light water reactors used today, do not use weapons-grade material and the theft of such material would accomplish little. However, it seems foolish to assume that the future generations of reactors will chosen solely by this criterion. Certainly technical precautions can be taken in the design of transportation containers such as tamper-proof seals and remote control protection devices; also, security precautions of various kinds can be taken. None of these can be considered fool-proof, of course, and it may have to be considered one more insecurity we live with. In any technologically advanced society it seems certain that there are numerous points at which the society can be seriously injured by a relatively small group of radicals. This is a problem which society in general is going to have to deal with.

A very well publicized disadvantage to the nuclear

power changeover is the possibility of accidents in reactors or reprocessing plants. Theoretically, thousands or even tens of thousands could die in such an accident. Even though the chances of such an occurrence are very small, every reasonable precaution must be taken to reduce the chances of such an accident. The materials and devices used in reactors should be tested extensively. Every phase of operation should have provision for regular automatic and human inspection.

Finally, the design of the reactors themselves should minimize the chances of accidents and the extent of damage if they do occur. One such idea which has been proposed is to place the reactor vessels underground so that a steam explosion could be contained without massive amounts of radioactivity being released over the surrounding countryside. Furthermore, reactors should be sited as far as practical from sizeable communities. This proposal has certainly been made, for other reasons, for solar energy plants and seems just as practical for nuclear plants. When not possible, fossil fuel or even hydrogen plants should be placed near cities.

So far all the dangers attributed to nuclear energy have been relatively small, affecting only local communities. According to recent polls, the single most disturbing aspect of nuclear energy in the minds of most people is the lack of a viable method for dealing with radioactive wastes. Whereas considerable technological effort has been expended in almost every phase of the nuclear power industry, radioactive wastes continue to pile up without a

Continued on Page 4

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Nuclear Power : Faustian Bargain

Continued from Page 3

single major reprocessing plant operating within the United States.

Even if a reprocessing plant were operating, the question remains on what to do with the irretrievable radioactive waste, some of which has lifetimes in the tens of thousands of years. Many people question what plans there are to deal with this material without poisoning our descendants—or even ourselves.

Many plans exist, perhaps the best is to bury the waste in stable geologic formations thousands of feet deep. This plan has the advantage that the waste can be retrieved at some future date if technological improvements make it usable once again.

To this writer's mind, however, it has the disadvantage of being so accessible. A history of stability in these geologic disposal sites is reassuring but no guarantee. I would like to propose an alternate plan.

Under the United States there lie upwards of a dozen magma chambers at depths of three to six kilometers. These magma chambers apparently have circulating eddies within them which might tend to diffuse

radioactive wastes pumped into them, and may in fact contain large amounts of radioactive materials themselves. The depths of these chambers are certainly within the realm of present-day drilling techniques, although the temperatures involved may be a problem. At the very least, these chambers deserve study as a final resting place for radioactive wastes.

I have tried to give an overview of the advantages of nuclear energy as they exist today. There are certainly exciting technological challenges waiting to be solved by the scientific and engineering community for the benefit of mankind.

However, no matter how novel or ingenious these solutions may be, it seems certain that there will be certain risks associated with the use of nuclear energy. No matter how well we dispose of nuclear waste, the possibility remains that it may come back to haunt us hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands of years from now. Even more doubt remains on the ability of our society to prevent nuclear accidents or thefts.

And yet, it's all part of "The Faustian Bargain." Every technological progression has been attended by human suffering. It seems that as man progresses, the rewards he reaps keep getting greater, but so do the risks.

It is interesting to note that psychological studies indicate that man is much more likely to take a chance in a situation he is familiar with and has some control over than in an unknown situation completely out of his power. The frightening aspect of nuclear power is that nobody really knows how bad a nuclear accident could be, and the individual has no control over it.

It has been postulated that man is entering an age of "hypotheticality." By this is meant that man is reassured by statistical studies on dangerous situations and environmental effects rather than by confidence in his own ability to survive. How dramatic this social effect will be hard to gauge. We seem to have adapted fairly well to the by-now familiar threat of thermonuclear destruction at any moment, but even here, who can say?

It seems to this writer that

the engineer has a duty to his fellow man. If the public entrusts its safety to the technological community, and it's certainly not clear that it will, then it's the duty of the scientific profession to give the public the best bet on the Faustian Bargain that it can.

What all is involved in that endeavor? First, and most obvious, nuclear energy should be made as safe as possible. Second, it seems clear that the extent of nuclear power use can be reduced by more efficient design of machinery and the use of alternate sources of energy such as solar heating for houses and office buildings. Finally, no delay should be allowed on the development of energy sources to replace fission power. Some of these include solar energy beamed to Earth via microwaves, or most promising of all, fusion power. Fusion could well be the safest and most abundant source of energy we could ever hope for.

Faust got the better side of his deal with Mephistopheles; let's hope we do as well.

Craig R. Broskow

D. S. Clark Awards

The Alumni Association pleased to announce this year recipients of the D. S. Clark Awards. They are Andrew Fall and Kevin Gromley. Andy Fall, a sophomore Chemical Engineering major, has been active for the past year as the social chairman of Fleming House, and for the past two years as member of the varsity football team. He plans to continue in these capacities in the coming year.

Kevin (Scoop) Gromley, junior Chemical Engineering major, has served on the Board of Control as Representative Secretary, and is this year chairman as ASCIT Vice President. For the past year he has been a student representative of the Undergraduate Standards and Honors Committee. He played varsity soccer in his freshman and sophomore years.

Erhard Drivel Con't

Continued from Page 1

sitting on one.") He calls "feeling" the ability to bypass the conscious mind in the performance of a task; a sort of seat-of-the-pants insight.

Erhard feels that you "cross the line" to get to the next level, which he calls "observation"; a sort of Gestalt reception of the environment. This produces the idea "I know that I do not know", after which lack of knowledge becomes a certainty and the effort to know drops away, and the puzzler is able to lose his attachment to the problem. This state Erhard considers to be a prerequisite for true knowledge; as he puts it, "The only place from which you could possibly know anything is from not knowing". This state is followed by what he calls "natural knowing", where you are no longer struggling with the answer.

The hierarchy may be summarized briefly as follows: since a belief system is based on a system of agreement, higher level systems base their elements more upon external "objective" evidence, and less upon internalized observations. In his hierarchy, still higher levels fall away from such exter-

nalization. The progression may be stated simply as: I know because I see it; I know because I figured it out; I know because I do it; I know because I feel it; I know because I know it.

Belief systems can be invalidated by new facts; new facts may come forth which invalidate the idea of belief systems altogether. Therefore, Erhard maintains that it is necessary for people to drop such systems altogether.

He feels that experience is a dynamic, continuous process; and that change itself is a prerequisite for existence. Since the "explanatory concepts" that people use to organize their perceptions of the world are static, he feels that these must be done away with, and that people must learn to look upon sensation and experience as something which "is", independent of cause or explanation.

Erhard sees the process of experience followed by explanation as preceded by a third factor, the "generating principle," an "abstraction," which gives rise to experience but is not an explanation for it. He feels that the experience of the truth does not come from anywhere, and that

the synthetic theory of knowledge is wrong. He feels that breakthroughs do not arise by synthesis of pre-existing knowledge, but somehow directly from this generating principle.

Erhard insists that people regard themselves as the creators of their experience, rather than its collectors. He feels that creativity comes from no source, although certain experiences or circumstances may be conducive to it. "I try to free your knowledge from a system of knowledge which is not the source of knowledge." A person is not his mind, ideas, body, or sensations; a person is the creator of these things.

Erhard concluded the lecture by explaining that "doing" means only an inertial change in action; a discontinuance of or initiation of an action, and that "What to do with what I have told you is nothing", apparently intending to say that by having listened to him, you have already done it.

While some of his points bear consideration and deserve thorough thought, much of the ninety-minute lecture seems to have been spent in the purest of drivel—meaningless phrases which were apparently included

because of their inspiring ring (some of which have been quoted here), interruptions of meandering trains of thought with irrelevancies which prevented the listener from realizing that no point had been made or that nothing had been said to back up assertions, and other obfuscations.

Erhard has an unpleasant habit of using words in unfamiliar ways (much like Lewis Carroll's Humpty-Dumpty, who used this technique to avoid being pinned down on what he was saying), which muddies his statements due to the mixing of his chosen meaning with the standard meaning and the gratuitous addition of the connotations of the word as it is commonly used. The words "knowing," "experience," "doing," and several others were mis-treated in this manner; Their usages were altered with alarming speed with the result that it was impossible to grasp much of the talk with any firmness as to the intended meaning. This is a technique which was richly employed by certain fringe political parties during the Thirties to avoid being called to account for any particular statement; it was highly discomfiting to see people accept such nebulous mumblings, apparently on the basis of their impressive sound.

Erhard, a man with no scientific training, seemed to be amazingly able to lecture on the errors of modern scientific thinking and upon the origin of scientific inspiration. The frequency with which the word "scientist" was employed might be interpreted as an attempt to bring his ideas closer to home to a Caltech audience; however, an unkind observer might conclude that he was attempting to wield the respectability that scientists and scientific thinking carry in Western society to obscure the cloudiness of his ideas.

The audience itself had an interesting composition; the impression of this reporter was that from one third to one half was composed of non-Techers; it ap-

peared to be this segment of the audience which was providing most of the laughter and applause during the proceedings. An unkind observer might speculate whether a large portion of the non-Techers represented ES "skills" planted to attempt to increase favorable reaction on the part of Techers via group pressure. An even more skeptical observer might wonder if they were planted to fill up the auditorium and assure an appreciative and enthusiastic audience for the videotape which was being made, in order to impress future audiences. (An interesting note here is that although no mention had been made of the actual EST training or purposes of the program during the talk, during the question-and-answer session, the first question asked was "Mr. Erhard, can I give you my \$250?")

Another bothersome point occurred during the question-and-answer session itself; this was Erhard's unwillingness to entertain questions about the EST training itself; questions about its purpose and its nature appeared to be wordily evaded, or at the very least answered in terms much more general than required to answer the particular question. The session itself was disappointingly brief; Erhard explained this by saying "I give the kind of talk that is so not understood, that there's usually few questions, and I leave little time for it." At least in this case, he left quite a few hands uncalled upon.

The lack of discussion of the EST training itself either during the lecture or during the question-and-answer session was disappointing; to comment upon the technique on the basis of commentary from other sources perhaps unwarranted and to refrain from. However, the content and style of the lecture describing Erhard's philosophy, smacked of hucksterism and classic snake-oil salesmanship that one is tempted to feel just a trifle suspicious of the training it stands behind.

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The list of "house rules" is boggling and seems a bit repressive at first: reservations must be made 24 hours in advance, no cancellations allowable; one fixed menu is served at two sittings only, no credit cards accepted. But this is the only way such food and service can be offered at the price: \$5.50 per person, wine included, tax and tip extra. Each night at Stottlemeyer's features a different international theme. There are French, German, Italian, Hungarian and New Orleans nights among others; a Yiddish brunch is offered on Sunday.

Upon arriving at Stottlemeyer's one waits in the arcade outside the restaurant until the entire company is seated at neatly hand-lettered namecards. The dining room is reminiscent of a country inn somewhere in Germany—wood detailing, bric-a-brac on the walls,

checkered tablecloths and candles on the tables.

The place settings are completely set with china and silver; the salads are already placed and ready for the eager diner. On Hungarian night (Saturday) the salad is a simple but elegant combination of lettuce, onion, celery, pickled olives and tomatoes graced with a delightful herb dressing.

After finishing the salad one notices some fine touches: each table has both pepper and salt grinders, a huge basket of excellent bread and rolls, a dish of unsalted butter, and a wine bottle already opened, promising to be replaced should it empty.

Next comes the sauerkraut soup. Even if you dislike sauerkraut (as I do) you'll enjoy the soup (as I did). The soup is probably the best approximation of Eastern European cuisine offered on Hungarian night, rather tart but rich and authentic. The main course is served "family style". Large platters are brought to each table and the diners take it from there. Foremost is "Hungarian goulash" over noodles, which is served in great

quantity but somewhat less quality. Don't misinterpret me; it's an excellent beef stew but it bears little resemblance to real goulash. Next come some unpronounceable sausages, also quite good. Cheese crepes are offered along with the entree, and a huge bowl of fresh snow peas finish up the main course.

Dessert is simple and undistinguished but still quite excellent, a fruit ice topped with a wafer in ensemble with some of the finest coffee available anywhere.

Altogether, the place is worth many visits. The food is simply superb although not necessarily completely authentic. The service is what service ought to be—completely dedicated to pleasing the diner. The atmosphere is relaxed, friendly, and a welcome departure from the frequently unaesthetic surroundings we live in. The price is quite good, really, when you consider that it includes dessert, coffee, and all the wine you care for. Call ahead for reservations and give the place a try.

—Richard Beatty
Tech Food Editor

Don't Consider "Velikovsky Reconsidered"

Velikovsky Reconsidered, by the editors of *Pensee*, Doubleday, \$8.95.

Once upon a time (1950 to be exact) Immanuel Velikovsky wrote a book, *Worlds in Collision*. In this book Velikovsky tied the ancient histories of many different cultures together and found many points in common. To explain these similarities, he postulated a series of global and cosmic catastrophes which could explain his findings. His theories, however, were as radical as the opposition which quickly mounted against them. Velikovsky's history of mankind and the solar system is interesting, but rarely taken seriously by the scientific community. Velikovsky, however, had enough foresight to make predictions from his theory. Because of the rapid advance in the planetary sciences since 1950 it has become possible to evaluate some of them. Velikovsky, for example was among the first to call for a hot rather than earthlike Venus, and in this prediction he proved correct. Although an equal number of his predictions have missed the mark, or seem to be correct by coincidence, the tenaciousness of his theories are such that he has managed to this day to retain a band of followers, and the controversy that surrounded him in 1950 is still very much alive. As a result much has been written about *Worlds in Collision* and its validity in light of modern planetary astronomy. One recent publication that tries to back up Velikovsky is *Velikovsky Reconsidered*.

Velikovsky Reconsidered, from the editors of *Pensee* magazine is an edited collection of various articles, scientific reports, and statements by Velikovsky and other experts on Velikovsky's theories and their position with respect to what is known now about the solar system. The book tries to be fair to all theories but leans toward Velikovsky as much as his foes lean against him. *Velikovsky Reconsidered* tries to do some of

the physics and analysis that Velikovsky never did, but, as it is a book written for the interested layman, it often falls short of the rigorous analysis needed. The book is also organized poorly, the topics hop around, and it is unclear what the editors had in mind when they put the selections together. Because of this, the issues are never presented clearly, and counterpoints are lacking. *Velikovsky Reconsidered* serves only to rehash the theories first brought up and since added in *Worlds in Collision*. Had the book been organized into a clear *pro* and *con* debate of those theories the book would have been very valuable, as it is it does little to ease or to clear up the controversy around Velikovsky.

If you're interested, go out and read *Worlds in Collision* and reconsider Velikovsky for yourself. Don't consider *Velikovsky Reconsidered*.

—Tod Lauer

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To The Class of '81

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With pitiful brown eyes.

—The Other One

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Freud's Frauenherrschaft

Fragments of an Analysis with Freud - A First Hand Account, by Joseph Wortis, MD. McGraw-Hill Book Company, \$3.50 (paperback).

There is a stereotype of southern Californians, probably derived from the Hollywood image, that everyone who can call himself normal has a psychoanalyst and anyone who doesn't have a weekly appointment is no doubt neurotic. Not filling the stereotype, never having made the trip to the campus shrink (I always assumed it was all of you who were crazy and made this place so insane, not myself, though sometimes I wonder...) I found this book an opportunity to take a voyeuristic couch-level view of psychoanalysis. And not with just any analyst who can affect a Viennese accent but with the master himself. For a disbeliever as myself, this was an eye opener.

Joseph Wortis was a young American doctor offered a chair at an English University to study homosexuality. Feeling a need to first prepare himself in the general field of psychiatry before taking up his special studies, he went off to Vienna to learn psychoanalysis at the feet of the master. But according to Freud,

the only way to learn analysis is to be psychoanalyzed oneself. And so, after some early problems with finding some way to pay the rent, Dr. Wortis found himself on Freud's couch. The book is an informal diary or narrative, if you will, of the hourly sessions with Freud. As such it provides much insight into Freud's manners, procedures and thought processes. It is also an informal presentation of several of Freud's theories. I found these random expoundings on subjects not generally covered in the standard works intriguing.

Most of the sessions are taken up with the analysis of dreams. Dr. Wortis must not have been a sound sleeper or else he didn't keep Tech hours as he has a remarkable ability to recall his dreams—not just one a night, but several. In conversations with others it appears that I am not alone in never being able to remember anything. Sleep is too precious to waste on dreams.

The most riveting part of the book concerns Freud's opinions on many controversial topics such as the reaction of Jews to anti-semitism, the effect of moral judgement on the incidence of homosexuality and the inferiority of women in society. On this last topic Freud's opinion would

probably offend many today. Speaking of equality:

"That is a practical impossibility. There must be inequality and the superiority of men is the lesser of two evils." And speaking of American co-educational colleges:

"There you see all the complex results. The young men fall in love with the young girls and often marry them, and in America the girls are usually much more mature than the men at that early age, lead them around by the nose, make fools of them, and that is why you get your *Frauenherrschaft*, your rule of women in America.... American women are an anti-cultural phenomenon, they have nothing but their pride to make up for their sense of uselessness. That is why marriages are so unsuccessful in America...."

Such firecrackers lace the rest of the book. But then what did you expect from the man who introduced the theory that women are motivated by an envy of male reproductive organs and men by their fear of castration?

Most interesting to those of you who are into Freudian theory are the bits of information it provides on Freud, such as whom he considered to be the most influential in his work, the books he read, his punctuality, his couchside manner, etc. The book provides a new perspective on the man behind the theories. As a self-proclaimed disbeliever, I must admit that I found the book fascinating.

Robert Linderman
Stringer Staff

at the ICE HOUSE



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Jim Mayer-- One Down, Four to Go

by Pam Crane
Tech Cub Reporter

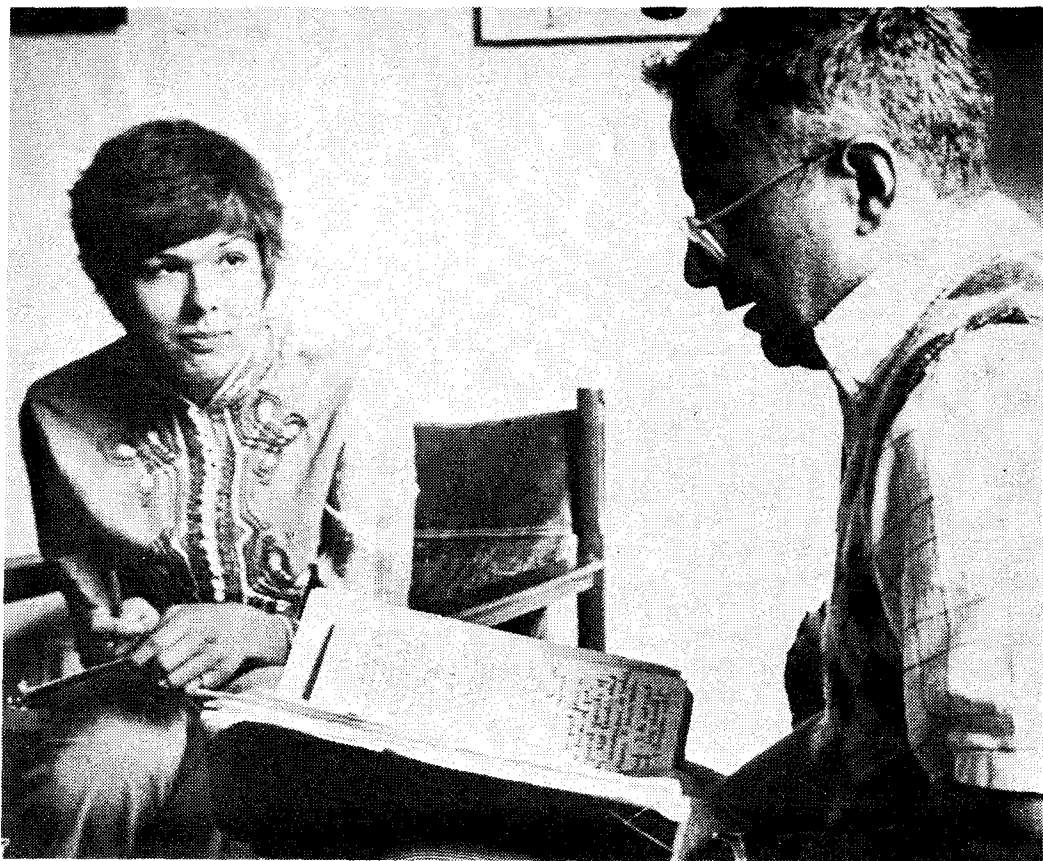
Jolly Jim Mayer is now finishing his first year as Master of Student Houses, and it has not been a completely satisfying one. One of the major troubles this year has been the number of students leaving the institute because they were not *entranced* by life here (to put it nicely). "We expend so much effort to get students and then do not do much for them once they are here. Most students just do not want to devote their lives to a monastic approach to science."

Of course the problem lies not only in the dearth of social outlets, but in the academia as well. "Thank God my official duties have nothing to do with academics, but that does have an impact on the students that leave. Caltech is unique in having

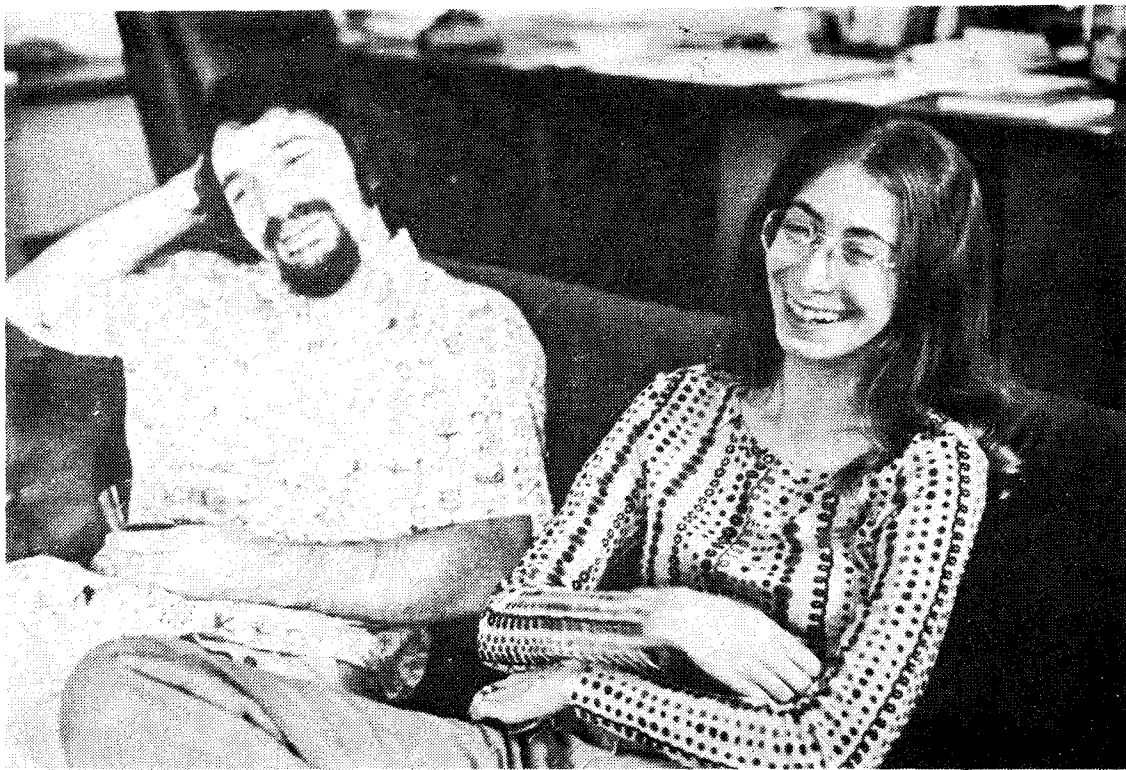
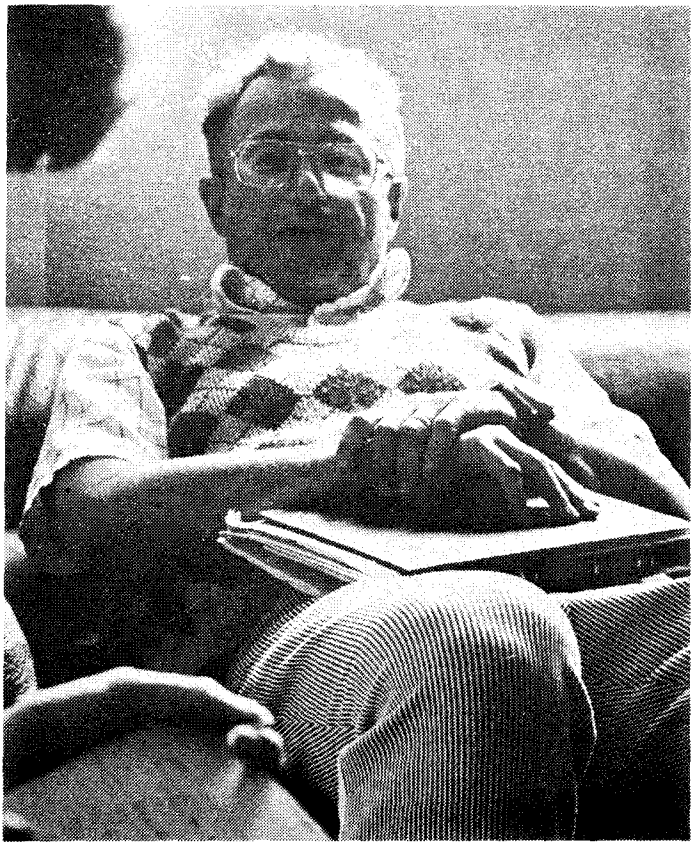
a dynamic and interesting faculty; as a research institution it is absolutely fantastic. But the reward system is based totally on research. If you are a professor who wants tenure, you have to publish. Every class you teach takes time away from establishing your reputation. To continue your research you often must get grants from the outside, and that also takes an established position."

At this point in my interview, the RA's came in for a meeting with Mayer. We expanded the discussion to include them. One RA complaint was that "some professors are assholes."

Mayer agreed stating, "All of us learned from those who were similarly bad." No one has set up any criteria, so a student takes what he can get with a professor." Mayer commented, "If you



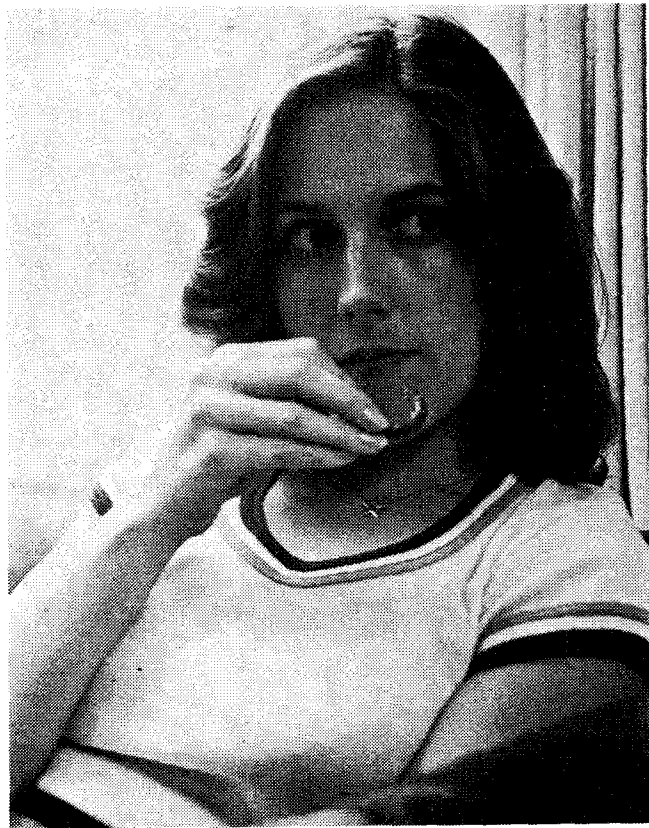
Jim Mayer searches through his papers for Tech cub reporter Pam Crane



Don and Geri De Paolo of Dabney



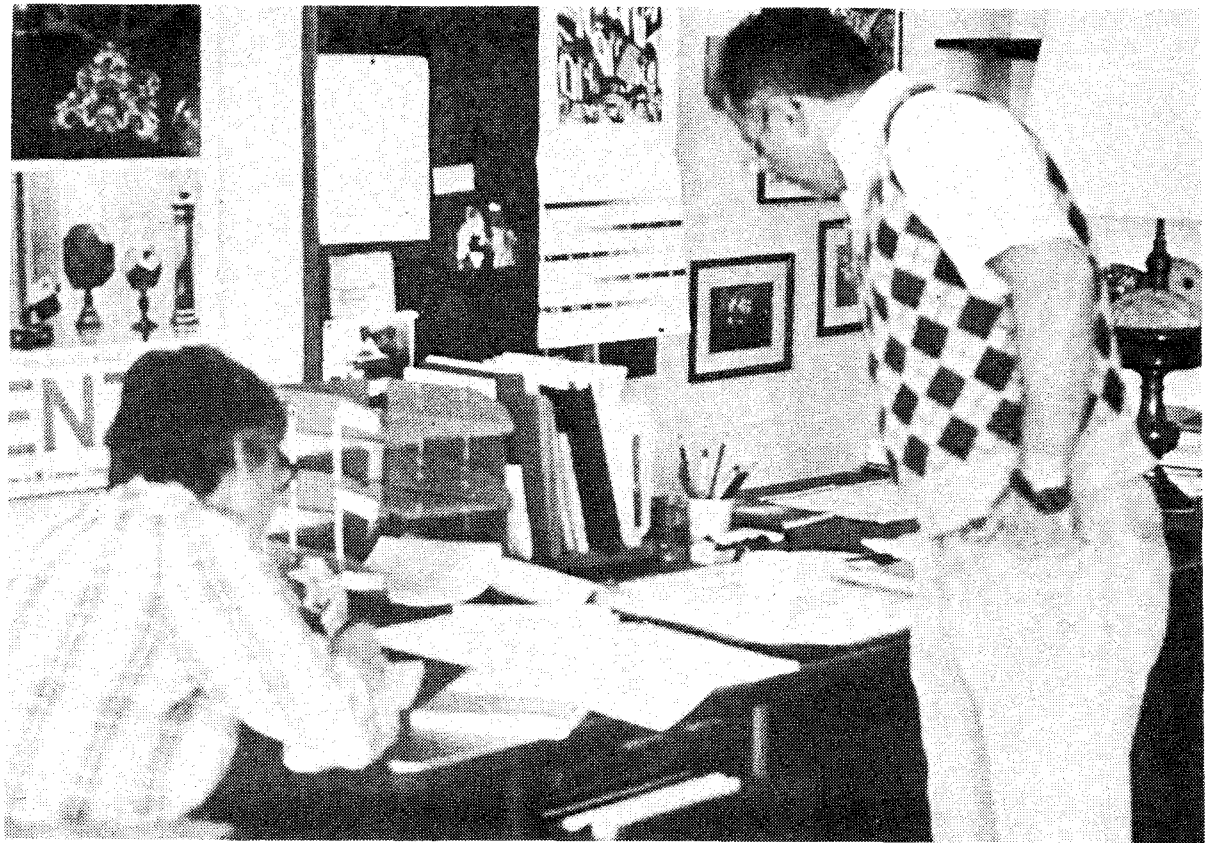
There is Coke on campus



Jean Bachouchin of Lloyd

hire a guy for his research, you are grateful if he turns out to be a good teacher, but the reverse is never true."

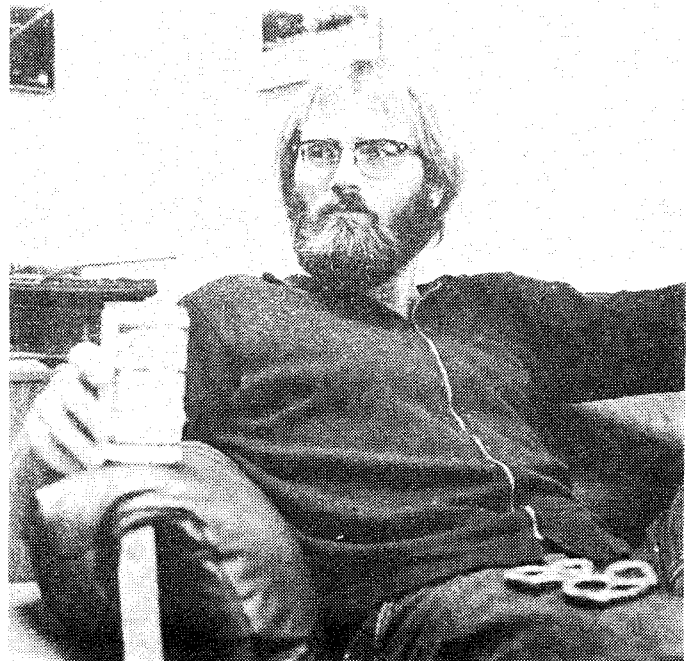
Mayer, Ray Owen, and David Wales are exploring more ways to help those that flunk out, as well as those that graduate from Tech with a low GPA. (What grad school will accept a 1.9?). They also want to revise the frosh adviser situation. Instead of individual advisers for each frosh, five faculty members would be assigned to each house. The frosh would benefit by various opinions, instead of getting stuck with one prof who just doesn't seem to help at all.



Where are my brown pants?



Bill Byerly of Ricketts



Ron Gregg of Page



Ajit Yoganathan of Ruddock and Bill Bachouchin of Lloyd

Photos by

D. Wheeler

The Story You Never Saw : *Spectrum Productions*

by Greenie
Tech Staff Writer

It isn't often that Caltech can boast a first in the arts. However, Spectrum Productions, as the only university subsidized professional dramatic "production cell" in California and possibly the United States is not only a first, but will possibly remain unique.

Spectrum, the brainchild of Professor Oscar Mandel, was incorporated in 1971 with the idea of presenting unusual and undeservedly obscure plays to Caltech and the surrounding community. In the words of its creator, the artistic policy of Spectrum has been "to choose a middle ground between excessive realism on the one hand and excessive experimentalism on the other. The first is too pedestrian and unimaginative, the second renounces its ties with humanity."

In the large middle ground of "highly imaginative" theater, Spectrum searches out plays with color, providing a Mecca for the aesthetically inclined and a "place of delight" for the intellectually curious. Its plays are different or bigger than life, yet emphatically maintain their human roots. Spectrum strives to delight the imagination while making serious comment on life, death and the universe by means of the impressive, the glamorous, the tragic or the fabulous. Spectrum's offerings have been nicely balanced between the solemnly tragic and the effervescently humorous; a banquet spread from the light broth of social comment to the heavy stew of philosophy and presenting a veritable salad bowl of international flavor along the way.

Spectrum originally hoped to provide the Caltech community with theater worthy of its intellectual stature. However, according to Professor Mandel, the response on campus has been disappointingly small. Neither the faculty nor the student body is very aware of Spectrum as a unique Caltech institution; those

who are often have a vague idea that it is "amateur". Although Spectrum is non-Equity and does not pay its actors, its performers are professionals and comprise some of the best young talent in Southern California. Its productions are "showcases", as agents use the performances to evaluate aspiring young actors and actresses.

All but one of the ten Spectrum productions to date have been critical successes. Few have even broken even at the box office. Why should this be so? According to Dr. Mandel, theater is an obsolete art, a form of communication which belonged to the age of small-scale hand-made goods and unsuitable for today's mass economy.

Film is easily available to masses of people and caters to mass taste at the expense of artistic merit; theater is usually just the opposite. Only the most popular of theaters can make a profit under such conditions; a smaller theater with limited clientele—such as Spectrum—survive on subsidies. Theater, with its live performances and small audiences, is relatively expensive. How is its continuation justified in the presence of more artistically oriented films? According to Professor Mandel, the industrialization and automation of today's society has created a backlash, a hunger for the hand-made and the hand-crafted. It is this hunger for the obsolete which justifies the survival of theater, even on subsidy. The same fascination which allows horseback riding to flourish gives theater a certain magic which film does not possess. It is the pleasure in the absence of perfection, the delight in the human touch evidenced in the lack of gloss of a live production which assures theater a valid place in the artistic and intellectual scheme.

It is perhaps only ignorance on the part of the Caltech community which permits it to overlook this jewel of an institution in its very midst, but it is Caltech which is the loser.

Pings Given Achievement Award

Dr. Cornelius J. Pings, professor of chemical engineering and chemical physics, vice provost, and dean of graduate studies here at Caltech, has been awarded the 1976 Civic Achievement Award of the Southern California Section of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

Dr. Pings, chairman of the Pasadena Redevelopment Agency, was presented the award for his eight years of service and work on redevelopment and renewal in Pasadena. During his service with the agency and his tenure as chairman, the redevelopment pro-

cess has created more than \$100 million in development in downtown Pasadena, and this will soon be followed by an \$80 million retail center on Colorado Blvd.

The Civic Achievement Award is one of two awards offered annually by the AIChE. In 1972 Dr. Pings won the other one, the AIChE Technical Achievement Award in recognition of his fundamental research on the behavior of liquids. He has contributed significantly toward determining the properties of liquids and in developing new approaches for making predic-

There are some musicians in the world possessed of an amazing quality: an innate flair for music so great that they can excel in more than one instrument. The announcement of a concert by Morris Mizrahi, reputed to be a "virtuoso of both lute and guitar, a craftsman who builds his own instruments, a philosopher and a teacher and performer who delights in turning people on to the music he loves" (the preceding is quoted from the Beckman schedule) is a rare event indeed. A musician of such twin talents is worth seeing!

Unfortunately, Morris Mizrahi is not such an artist. Don't jump to conclusions (or on me) just yet, oh thou of the Beckman staff. Morris Mizrahi, who appeared in recital in Ramo last week, was not a total loss at all. It is just that, while talented, the appellation of 'virtuoso' is not deserved.

During the first half of a reasonably-attended recital, Morris Mizrahi played some very lovely music on an instrument not well-known today, the lute. This instrument was popular during the late Renaissance times in Europe, and some very, very nice music exists for it. It is an instrument

much harder to play (at least, it looks it) than the guitar, and bears the same general relationship to it that a harpsichord does to a piano, in the flavor of the sound.

Mizrahi played the works of Dowland and others, finishing up with a quartet for lute and strings, accompanied by three women whose names I have temporarily lost. The lute work was well worth the price of admission, if that was what you were there for.

Unfortunately, either the exertion of the lute-work, or some other flaw, made itself known during the second half, which was devoted to the guitar. None of the pieces scheduled on the program by Mizrahi for the guitar section matched the quality of execution previously achieved in his lute playing. Selections by Bach, Debussy, Sor and others all fell on growlingly restive ears in the audience, which collectively, winced at least once or twice during, as I recall, a piece by Bach. More than one person, including my companion, commented that he played as if his fingers were very tired, making just the sort of mistakes one

makes at the end of a very long session. The only thing is, it had not been all that long a session.

A mixed 'ovation' on the part of the audience brought Mizrahi back on stage for one encore. A few people had already left, but most stayed to hear him perform "Asturias" on the guitar. Had he played any other song, I think I might have regretted his encore being with guitar instead of lute. However, "Asturias" is one of my favorite guitar pieces, and I found that he sounded better during that one than he had during the Bach and others. This left me unsure as to just what the problem had been. If he was tired, he was no longer so. Perhaps he felt he must redeem himself to his audience with at least one example of top-quality guitar work. His "Asturias" was that, at least.

Morris Mizrahi is a good musician for an auditorium the size of Ramo, since he is not well-known. He is even a good musician, and should be invited back, with one restriction: that he play *only* the lute, for in that, at least, he is indeed an artist.

Nick Smith
Tech Features Staff

Rock-on-Rock

Before the *California Tech* suspends operations for the summer I would like to offer some capsule summaries of a few records and shows that deserve at least a brief mention:

At the Speed of Sound, by Wings, Capitol Records

The songs in this album are aimed at the 13-14 year old teeny-bopper mentality. I thought that the world would be sick and tired of such silly, little, inane love songs, but I guess it isn't so.

Fleetwood Mac, by Fleetwood Mac, Warner Brothers

This album presents a different sounding Mac than the band that produced such classics as "Oh, Well" and "Roadrunner." The main difference is a switch to an easy-listening sound interwoven in spots with some excellent female vocals. The result is a work which appeals to a wide range of tastes as is shown by the fact that a few million copies of this record have already been sold.

A Night At the Opera, by Queen, Elektra

The name of this group fits this bunch of pansies perfectly. Their music is contrived, childish, and poorly played.

The Hissing of Summer Leaves, by Joni Mitchell, Asylum Records

The lyrics to Joni's latest collection are as interesting and compelling as in previous works. When she comes up with a good tune to go with the poetry, the results are quite pleasing. Unfortunately, a few of the cuts are simply unlistenable. Still, the good moments outnumber the bad on this latest release.

Starcastle, by Starcastle, Epic Records

When I first heard a cut from this album I thought it was something new from Yes. Wrong again. Starcastle, though, has the original sound of Yes down cold. As a matter of fact, their music seems to be a better brand of Yes than even Yes has produced lately. As such, Yes fans and former Yes fans are prompted to look into this album.

No Heavy Petting, by UFO, Chrysalis Records

UFO is a solid hard rock band from Britain that is beginning to develop a following in the United States. The band manages to avoid the cute touches that most British bands employ. Rather, they lay down a solid guitar-oriented line that is quite American in style. I would not be surprised to see this rock and roll band suddenly become quite popular.

Here and There, by Elton John, MCA

This is a live album where Elton concentrates mainly on familiar old favorites such as "Rocket Man," "Crocodile Rock," and "Benny and The

Jets." Although it is not outstanding, the record is a welcome respite from the drivel that Elton has produced the last couple of years.

Kingfish at the Starlight Amphitheatre

This was another fine show by the Fish. Unfortunately, it was not any better than their typical night club show. This was a disappointment, but understandable. The guys just didn't seem too comfortable in front of the larger crowd. Weir seemed a bit apprehensive and didn't seem to be enjoying himself. Torbert was quite wasted and was an amusing sight in his sunglasses. Musically the band was hot. It's just too bad that they didn't cook a little longer.

Jerry Garcia Band at the Santa Monica Civic

Since Garcia's back-up band is only fair, my expectations for this show were pretty low. Much to my pleasure and amazement the packed house was treated to a remarkable performance. What I had forgotten to consider was the sheer brilliance of the magical spell that Jerry can cast with those nine nimble fingers of his.

The song selection was on the mellow side, but Jerry invigorated each song with vitality and energy as he exploited every tune to the fullest. The second set was particularly good and was highlighted by a 25-minute version of "Don't Let Go" that had the crowd gasping by the time of its conclusion. The back-up band actually performed very well, although Donna's mike caused little trouble (it was on). Garcia, though, made the evening worthwhile and undoubtable he enjoyed the whole thing as much as anyone else who was there.

—Roc

Bargain Basement

News Briefing

Rewards For Fugitives

Millikan Library's main circulation desk is offering a reward of kisses (chocolate, that is) for the return of fugitive library books being sheltered in dark, damp, dusty nooks and crannies scattered about campus. The numerous suspect books being sought vary in description; they range from tall to short, overweight to underweight, and thick to thin. Their most distinguishing characteristics include neuter gender, assorted exterior color, and distinct, individual titles.

This reward will be offered only through the end of third term, June 12. It is our hope that you will return these books and periodicals before leaving for the summer. As an added bonus, the first floor staff is also offering their congratulations to all graduating seniors—to everyone else a big "Thank You" for working with us this past school year.

Gameroom Keys

Seniors and anyone else leaving the Institute—please return your gameroom keys to Flora's office, 105 Winnett. A \$2.00 "lost key" charge will be added to your term bill if they are not returned by June 15, 1976.

Defenses Against Growth?

Rosalyn L. Switzen will be on campus explaining the defenses that we normally use to avoid new ideas. Awareness of our own defenses can help us grow to maximum creativity and effectiveness in community development.

She is the chemistry educator who is head of the National Ombudsman Advisory and says 1976 will find us with a Great President if he takes Ombudsman'ship '76 Training. [We never heard of it either.]

If interested in finding out about our own defenses against maximum growth, come hear her at 10:40 p.m. on Monday, May 31 in Winnett Center after the CCF meeting.

Glee Clubs

All Glee Club members who have not seen the yearbook or signed it, please come to Flora's office, where it is temporarily residing.

Desert Fox

The last game of the term will be an armor miniatures game set in North Africa. The game will be held after dinner at 7:30 p.m. in Dabney Hall lounge on Saturday, May 29.

By Etaoin Schroedlu

Sometime last year I ran across a letter in the *Los Angeles Times* about a new theatrical venture in Los Angeles with the intention of performing all 37 of William Shakespeare's plays. This plan is at the least extremely unusual, perhaps unique: even the better known and well-established Shakespeare festivals, such as the excellent Old Globe in San Diego, ignore a few of the lesser-known of the Bard's works. Having noted and approved the comprehensive plan, I permitted it to escape from my conscious mind.

However, a close reading of the *Calendar* section of the *Times* recently showed that a performance of *Cymbeline*, one of my favorites of the Shakespearean plays, but one very seldom performed, was being given somewhere called the Globe Playhouse of Los Angeles, 1107 Kings Road, by the Shakespeare Society of America. I discovered this location to be pleasantly close to my residence, and wandered off to see the play on its closing night; it turned out to be a production of the group going for 37.

Quonset Hut Shakespeare

The exterior of the playhouse was one of the least pre-

possessing I have ever seen: it appeared to be a retired corrugated-iron warehouse crossed with Early Army architecture, and very little parking was available. Inside, however, the situation was quite different: after discovering that tickets were available and buying one (\$5.00, general admission), I noticed that the interior facilities, while Spartan, were adequate and perfectly functional, the stage a basically faithful reconstruction of a Shakespearean stage (as far as I know anyway), and all the seats in the house were well within hearing and sight of the stage. (In fact, that's a considerable understatement—I was in the fourth row from the back, and was about six feet from the stage—there are only five rows of seats on the ground floor, plus a balcony of about one row. The total capacity of the house can't be much more than 120.)

The performance itself was most enjoyable: almost every part was well cast; the costumes, while simple, were appropriate (except perhaps for Imogen's court "dress"); the staging and lighting were efficiently done (I particularly liked the sunlight-through-leaves effect for the wilderness scenes.), in the "new" keep-things-moving style. Entrances and exits were made from all directions, but smoothly.

Not Inside, Though

The most important part in the play is Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline, King of Britain during the reign of Caesar Augustus. Christiana Bramlet played a thoroughly charming Imogen; while I'm inclined to argue that her portrayal was too flirtatious (after all, the issue of Imogen's virtue is the key to most of the play), I very much enjoyed her rendition of one of Shakespeare's best heroines. Richard Baker brought a touch of class to the part of Posthumus Leonatus, Imogen's husband; Steven D. Schwartz played a

suitably cloddish Cloten, the wicked suitor who comes to a messy end, and William Frankfather showed a Cymbeline both imposing and imposed on, quite right for the part. Robert Chapel and Frank Geraci coped with the difficult parts of Pisanio, the loyal servant, and Iachimo, the forsworn troublemaker, respectively. The foresteers (James Ralston, William Forward, and Gregore Elliot) were also very good.

Cymbeline was the fourth play in the Globe's Shakespeare cycle (we have apparently missed *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*). The next presentation will be *The Comedy of Errors*, in June and July, *A Cry of Players* (in rep June-July), *The Merchant of Venice* (August-September), *Much Ado About Nothing* (September-October), and *Julius Caesar* (October-November). The man at the box office recommended calling ahead to make reservations, or to buy season tickets (650-0208), as many of the performances do sell out.

The theater is at 1107 King Road, in West Hollywood (to get there from Pasadena, take the Santa Monica Freeway and turn north at Robertson Blvd. up to Santa Monica Blvd. unless you enjoy taking the Sunset Blvd. route through the lower Hollywood Hills). I recommend a trip for any Shakespeare buff, especially one interested in trying for all 37. (An article posted in the lobby said that a recent canvass of a recent Shakespearean convention indicated that not one of those present had seen all 37, but another indicated that one intrepid individual managed to complete his record at the Globe, so the best you can hope for is the tie entry in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.) Well, 37 is still 19 behind Joe Dimaggio, but it is a record we can all shoot for, if we wish, and if the other 36 are as good as *Cymbeline* was, it will be a hit.

Y in Y?

A matter of controversy that has raged throughout the Caltech community since the beginning is what the "Y" in Caltech Y stands for. Why the "Y" in the Y has been a point of disagreement for as long as I can remember. I would like to clarify such disreputable disputes with a disarming dissertation of my own which would undoubtedly settle this imbecile debate once and for all. Most people think that the "Y" in the Caltech Y stands for YMCA. This is not so. The "Y" in the Y stands for YOU, yes the Y is for you and only you and also me, because without the Y, I would not be able to write these articles for the *California Tech*. Before I wish to make clear what the CIT in Caltech means, the following are the Caltech YOU events for the week:

Today, May 28

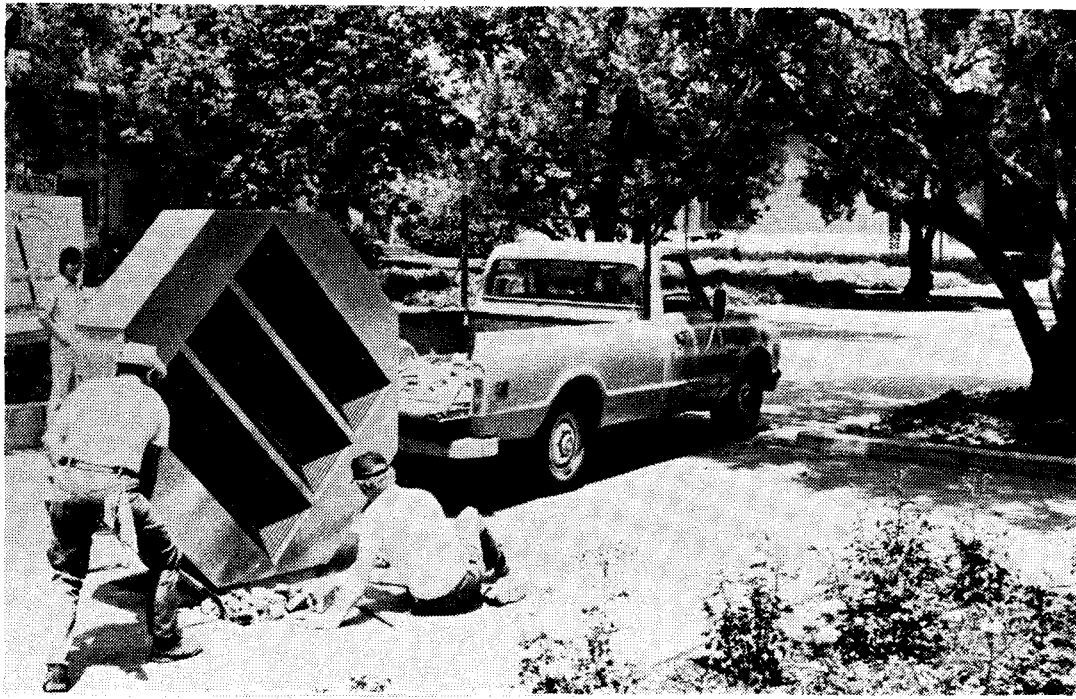
Once again, as part of the excellent Caltech Y program of Noon Concerts is yet another noon concert on the Olive Walk no less featuring the one and only Peter Noah. Peter Noah is a musician who specializes in playing music and today he plays music for you.

Thursday, June 3

It's once again time for the Annual Caltech Y Lost and Found Auction at the Olive Walk at noon. Why is there a Y auction? Obviously, since there is not enough room in the lost and found closet and the people up in the Y would like to clear it out to make enough space for more skeletons.

Why the Y? Because we love you . . .

Robert Tajima



The 'Gon goes. Photo by D. Wheeler above and K. Li below



All The President's Men: A Compelling and Frightening Vision

As the academic year grinds to a halt, it is pleasing to note that the ASCIT people, diligent in their elective chores, continue to satiate the rabid moviegoer with film: tonight's ASCIT flick is *Casino Royale*, showing at 9:30 and 7:30pm in Baxter Lecture Hall. Admission is, of course, just half a dollar for members and guests (seniors—this may be your last chance to exercise your ASCIT dues). Cinematech has groaned its last for the spring series. Under new management, its summer series begins on the first Saturday in July, depending on how soon its collective asses get in gear. Cinematech patrons who are constrained to sweat out the festival season in the sunny climes of Pasadena may anticipate more popular tastes in programming, as well as more trashy avant-garde fare.

Casino Royale is quite a droll film, with a cast of fine actors who could have been done better elsewhere, a memorable score, and a sense of humor which resides somewhere between farce and absurdity. It is strongly recommended for those illiterati who cannot abide subtitled foreign language films; recent English language, popular-type comedy films with any sense of quality aren't easy to find, and harder to rent. Oh, and for those who have never seen or heard of this film: it is a spoof on the genre of James Bond thrillers, satirizing the use of ingenious spy-type technology employed by such movies replete with sexy females, intrigue, class, and British Establishmentarianism.

Because of the inadequacy of the Caltech library system to satisfy my insatiable lust for certain mechanical engineering journals, I found myself stuck in UCLA on a Friday afternoon. Rather than fight the Westwood/Santa Monica Freeway rush hour traffic, I ate a pizza, stopped by Casey's for a gin and tonic, and strolled into a spiffy Westwood theater to view *All the President's Men*. A few comments:

Despite the publicity for the film, partly supplied by Woodward and Bernstein's release of *The Final Days*, despite the commercial hype, and despite the shallowness of the production, this remains a timely and moving

film for our time, much in the way that *Casablanca* was a timely film for the Roosevelt administration in late 1942. (just before America repudiated the Vichy government and recognized DeGaulle's Free French) The viewer can easily see through the gaps and artifices of the film maker's devices, through their power play for the audience's empathy and support, through the simple satisfaction offered by the film—to be a part of the history, to identify with the goodguys in their quest for the truth. The film touches the audience by evoking the turbulent emotions of the recent past, the mass anxiety which all America felt as it watched popularly-elected Administrators collapse in degradation. The appeal is to a news-conscious viewer who realizes the implications of the actions on the film: that a vast corruption and authoritarian evil would have gone unrecognized but for the efforts of a few muckrakers. This, then, is the plot and substance of the film.

All the President's Men is a perverse mixture of two fertile cinematic fields: the detective film and the documentary. Young, hungry reporters Bob Woodward (Robert Redford) and Carl Bernstein (Dustin Hoffman) of the *Washington Post* fight all manner of foes and unseen forces in their quest to see what lies behind a burglary in the Watergate hotel. They must contend with a hostile Administration, skeptical co-workers and bosses, competition from the *New York Times*, closed-mouth sources, undercover surveillance, omnipresent deadlines, and an unwilling informer (Hal Holbrook as "Deep Throat"). The pacing of the unfolding of the drama is frustrating. Technical work in the film is uniformly excellent, contributing to the image of a documentary style.

This is clearly Redford's picture, or perhaps Woodward's. He is portrayed as the attractive, sensitive, less cynical, more active member of the "Woodstein" team; Hoffman is stuck with the hard-nosed reporter image, aggressive and persistent, sneaky and ambitious. Of the two performances, Hoffman's is superior. Redford would do well to pose for clothier ads on TV; still his

work is right for a fairly confined and narrow work such as this. Both are quite effective in drawing the viewer's empathy into the plight of the crusading reporters. Equally effective, and more powerful, is the performance of the young lady who plays the CREEP accountant who ultimately spills the beans (some of them, anyway). The use of television footage is uncanny in creating a sense of authenticity: Spiro Agnew is just the way he was, Ron Ziegler is as unctuously USC-ish as ever. The least realistic (or least effective in

seeming realistic) are interviews with John Mitchell and with "Deep Throat"—from other accounts of the way Watergate came undone, these may be quite authentically portrayed, but their cinematic depiction is bizarre and unbelievable.

I am totally ignorant as to whether things really happened the way they appear on the screen; everyone but Woodward and Bernstein is. Still, *All the President's Men* is a compelling and frightening vision of the way it mighta been. The monstrous pervasive corruption is once again

dragged up to the view of an unsuspecting audience; the mythical purity of the White House is once again laid bare to the intrusive eye. This is the film I would like my grandchildren to see, to show them the tumultuous times of my historic past. Then again, why should we show our grandchildren the images we deny ourselves? *All the President's Men* is still playing in Westwood, if you can put up with the traffic and with the expensive pizza.

Lewis Hashimoto
Tech Movie Editor

Care to Be Propositioned?

Proposed Amendments To The ASCIT By-Laws

First: that Section 1 of Article VIII is amended to read: *Section 1. Nominations for elected officers shall open at 8:00 a.m. the second Wednesday of Second Term. All nominations must be given in writing to the secretary. Nominations shall close at 5:00 p.m. the following Tuesday. A special edition of The California Tech shall be published prior to the election containing a complete list of nominated candidates and any statements the candidates may wish to make.*

Second: that Section 2 of Article VIII is amended to read: *Section 2. All nominated candidates shall be listed on a ballot and voted upon at elections to occur the Monday immediately following the closing of nominations. Run-off elections, if necessary, shall occur on Wednesday and Thursday of the same week.*

Third: that Section 3 of Article VIII is amended to read: *Section 3. All elected officers shall be installed at a meeting of the Board of Directors to be held the Monday following midterms week of second term. An oath of office shall be administered by the retiring President in the following form: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Articles of Incorporation of the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology, Incorporated, and that I will discharge the duties of the office to which I was elected to the best of my ability."*

Fourth: that Section 7 of Article VIII is amended to read: *Section 7. If, for any reason, a vacancy occurs in an elected office, the Board of Directors must schedule a special election so that the office will be filled within twenty-eight days of the date the vacancy occurred.*

Fifth: that Section 3 of Article IX is repealed.

Sixth: that Section 4 of Article IX is repealed.

Seventh: that Section 5 of Article IX is repealed.

Eighth: that Section 6 of Article IX is renumbered to be Section 3 and amended to read: *Section 3. For the office of Director-at-Large, each voter may cast two votes, not both for the same person. A voter may cast only one "no" vote and, if so, may not also vote for a*

candidate. In order to be elected, a candidate for Director-at-Large must receive votes on a majority of the ballots containing correctly cast votes. The legally qualified freshman with the largest majority shall be elected; among the remaining candidates, the legally qualified person with the largest majority shall be elected.

(a) *If a freshman is elected, but no other person is elected, the runoff shall be between the two candidates, other than the freshman who was elected, who received the greatest number of votes.*

(b) *If no freshman is elected, but some other person is elected, the run-off shall be between the two freshmen who received the greatest number of votes. In this case, only freshmen will be legally qualified persons.*

(c) *If no person is elected, the runoff shall be between the freshman who received the greatest number of votes and, among the remaining candidates, the two who received the greatest number of votes.*

Ninth: that Section 4 is added to Article IX, to read: *Section 4. For all other offices, and for cases (a) and (b) of Section 3, each voter may cast only one vote. In order to be elected, a candidate must receive a majority of the correctly cast votes, except in the case of a second runoff. If more than one runoff is required, then in the second runoff the candidate who receives the greatest number of votes and more than the number of "no" votes will be elected.*

Tenth: that Section 7 of Article IX is renumbered to be Section 5 and amended to read: *Section 5. In the event of a tie, a runoff shall be required. If, in any election, no candidate receives more than the number of "no" votes, a vacancy in that office shall occur; the Board of Directors must then follow the procedure outlined in Section 7 of Article VIII.*

Eleventh: that Section 8 of Article IX is repealed.

Twelfth: that Section 9 of Article IX is renumbered to be Section 6 and amended to read: *Section 6. The Elections Chairman must release the report of the election committee prior to midnight on the day of each election. All protests must be given in writing either to the President, the Chairman of the*

Executive Committee, or the Election Chairman. If no protests are received prior to 11:00 a.m. the morning following an election, the report of the Election Committee will be considered valid.

Thirteenth: that Section 7 is added to Article IX to read: *Section 7. Upon receipt of a valid protest, all scheduled runoff elections must be postponed for one week, pending resolution of the difficulty. The Executive Committee shall have the sole power to consider the validity of protests and to reschedule invalidated elections.*

Fourteenth: that Section 10 of Article IX is repealed.

Fifteenth: that Section 11 of Article IX is repealed.

Sixteenth: that Section 12 of Article IX is repealed.

Seventeenth: that Section one of Article XII be amended to read: *Section 1. Upon presentation of a petition for the recall of any elected officer, bearing the signatures of twenty-five per cent (25%) of the members of the corporation, a special election shall be held. Signatures will be valid only if the petition was signed not more than seven days before it was submitted to the Board of Directors.*

Eighteenth: that Section 2 of Article XII is repealed.

Nineteenth: that Section 2 is added to Article XII to read: *Section 2. Nominations for the election of a successor, in the event of a successful recall, will open and close, and the recall election will be held, in accordance with the provisions of Article VIII; except that the officer in question may not be a nominee, and nominations will open the Wednesday immediately following submission of the Petition to the Board of Directors.*

Twentieth: that Section 3 is added to Article XII to read: *Section 3. On the question of whether or not the officer shall be recalled, an affirmative vote from 60% of the voters shall suffice to remove him from office; otherwise he shall continue.*

Twenty-first: that Section 4 is added to Article XII to read: *Section 4. Only if the officer is recalled will a successor be chosen, in accordance with the provisions of Article IX. The successor will take office immediately upon election.*



By K. Li

From the Greenhouse

Intolerance Will Bore You to Tears

Growth and Care of Frosh

by Greenie

Tech Staff Writer

A frosh is a delicate blossom, just budding from its ancestral bed and spreading its petals to the sun for the first time. Imagine the state of the newly committed Caltech frosh, having ripened through the cold winter mornings and breathless summer evenings, suddenly coming athwart Caltech in the supreme moment of his existence. It is the blast that sears the delicate young plant, withering him before his time.

Each September, Caltech is an abattoir, wherein the tender young lambs are sacrificed. Around midterms first term, it is the sad fate of the upperclassmen to view the bloody remains of those who succumb and face the mute reproach in their unseeing eyes: "Why didn't you warn me while there was still time?" With the passing of each term, the casualties swell in number and grow more gruesome to behold.

The statistics are scarcely encouraging. Nor are they limited to frosh—after all, we were all frosh once. Only 57% of the entering frosh class can expect to graduate from Caltech four years later. The percentage will probably decrease in ensuing years as well.

It is commonly remarked that the spirit seems to have gone out of student life at Caltech; much of the verve and energy that once characterized house activities seems to have departed this vale. Originality and imagination have drifted away. It may be that changing economic conditions have provided the dust storm that carried away the days when men were men and giants walked the earth; it may be that declining applications have forced a change in the type of frosh accepted to Caltech.

I am a hardened junior. I have seen quite a number of intelligent students escaping over the wall, and while they felt like traitors to the cause or fallen angels, in reality they were perceptive people who had reached the limit of human endurance and had the sense to get out before their dream turned on them and destroyed them.

Traditionally, activism has had little place in the Caltech universe. Experience has shown that it is nearly a hopeless task to try to mobilize opinion on a topic concerning social amenities or priorities. Recently, however, the alarming trends in the Caltech community and its structure have begun to move toward public recognition.

I would like to point out that change can be initiated by time-honored methods developed elsewhere. These can be summed up in a single sentence: let the people with power know what you're thinking. If you have a suggestion or a gripe, don't sit on

it. Bring it to the attention of someone in authority. Talk to Jim Mayer, or Ray Owen, or your RA, or even your advisor (some advisors are simply gems).

Especially if you have a personal problem, Caltech can be a lonely and frightening place. The worst thing that you can do in such circumstances is to stifle your feelings and refuse to let people know. When I was a prefrosh, I recall being told "Caltech takes care of its own". Since my arrival I have found that this is more wishful thinking and good intentions than actual fact. But this will never change so long as the need for change remains unspoken.

A brief consideration of the facts of life at Caltech will indicate the need for change. But change without dialog will never take place. It is the responsibility of the students to initiate that change; all that is needed is the motive force. It is to be hoped that a lessening of inertia is in the cards, but to find out, someone will have to deal the cards.

Intolerance is an intolerably tedious piece of pedagogy. One wonders why D.W. Griffith had to be such a narrow, stilted, theatrical director at the same time as being a pioneer of cinematic technique and scope of production. His sense of drama was utterly melo-, his sense of comedy was hackneyed and predictable, his sense of spectacle was garish. *Intolerance* is a masterpiece, but a primitive and rude one, as Chuck Berry's "Maybelline" and Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away" are primitive masterpieces of rock music.

The film is a network of four fables, retelling the evil outcome of human intolerance, of man's inability to accept the ways of others. Fable I. In ancient Babylon, the Emperor Belshazzar proclaims religious tolerance, accepting the Goddess of Love and thereby alienating the religion of Bel. The High Priest of Bel betrays Babylon to the cruel and uncultured Cyrus—King of Persia, who takes the city despite the efforts of the mountain girl (Constance Talmage), a sort of antediluvian Daisy Mae. Fable II. Jesus of Nazareth is betrayed and crucified through the efforts of the obnoxious pharisees (including Erich von Stronheim). Fable III. The Protestant Huguenots of France, including Brown eyes and her fiance Prosper are executed *en masse* during the St.

Bartholomew's Day Massacre, perpetrated by intolerantly Catholic Catherine de Medici. Fable IV. The boy (Robert Harron) having been left an orphan by the intolerance of robber baron industrialists, is implicated for murder by cruel twists of fate, while his wife (Mae Marsh) is labeled unfit by the local do-gooders and his child is taken to a harsh orphanage. The Griffithian

cliffhanger ending results in the Boy's exoneration and the reunion of his family, and the entire film results in a scene of Apocalypse, wherein soldiers beat their swords into plowshares and sheep sleep with lions, and Jesus Christ (Howard Gage) shines down from the clouds. Presumably all the perpetrators of intolerance go to Hell.

Lewis Hashimoto

Mathematics Awards

Several Caltech undergraduates were honored at a recent Mathematics Award Banquet.

John Gustafson, Albert Wells, and William Hugh Woodin each received the E. T. Bell Undergraduate Mathematics Research Prize for outstanding original research in Mathematics. Gustafson, a junior applied Mathematics major, wrote a paper entitled "A fast-convergence infinite product for the gamma function." Wells, a junior Mathematics major, submitted a paper in combinatorics entitled "On the completion of partial latin squares." The paper of Woodin, a junior Mathematics major, was entitled "Automatic continuity of homomorphisms and embeddings of partial orders."

Three Morgan Ward prizes were also awarded. David Feinstein, a freshman, received a prize for his analysis of the stable shapes assumed by a

spinning chain. Charles Schlindwein, a sophomore Mathematics major, was given a Ward prize for his treatment of Kuratowski's theorem. David Zelinsky, another freshman, received a prize for his calculation of the minimum number of triangles required to triangulate a torus.

Each prize consists of a cash award and a certificate. The prizes are financed by funds won by Caltech undergraduates participating in the William Lowell Putnam Competition, a national mathematics contest. Professor Gary Lorden, the team's faculty advisor, presented an award from the William Lowell Putnam Foundation to team members Chris Henley, James Shearer, and Franklin Liang for their outstanding performance in the 1975 competition. The Caltech team took first place for the fourth time in five years.

Sugar Web

Continued from Page 12

"Do you want to look at Dad's report before you go to bed?"

"I'll look at it tomorrow."

"He doesn't want to look at my report?" his father said. "I am shocked and broken-hearted."

"Sorry."

"Goodnight."

"Night-night," his father said. "Say goodnight to Scrat."

"Where is he?"

"Out back."

"Goodnight, Scrat!" Peter called. He heard a yap.

He went into his room and closed the door. He turned on the bed lamp. Then he undressed, took a book from his suitcase, and got into bed.

He was reading *The Sound and the Fury*. It was the first book he had read in months that had seemed more real than real life. It had been a part of his mental atmosphere for three days: it was like a strong beautiful odor that drowned all others.

One sentence made him shiver:

"But he bellowed softly, abjectly, without tears; the grave, hopeless sound of all voiceless misery under the sun."

When he finished the house was quiet. For a few minutes he recalled scenes in the book. Then he let it dissolve like a web of spun sugar in a mist. The room's furniture was suddenly alien.

He listened. He heard the whine of his blood in his head. He turned off the light and went to sleep.

Peter was awakened by the

sound of the push-mower outside his window. His father was pushing it, he knew. The blades scraped rapidly under the window then slowed and softened. Then they spurted again and grew louder and slower as the mower returned.

The mower stopped.

"Why don't one of you go inside and see if Rotten Son's up yet?"

"Sal..."

"Okay."

The screen door opened and shut. The mower started again. Sally knocked on his door.

"Baby Brudder, are you up yet?"

"No."

"Thank you, Baby Brudder." She went back outside.

"He's up."

"Tell him to come out and help Wonderful Father and Kind Mother with the yard."

"I heard!" Peter called.

He listened to the mower until it stopped. Then he dressed and went outside.

Sally was pruning the rose-bushes.

"What do I do?" he asked.

"Go out back with Mom and Dad."

"How do you like being valedictorian?"

"Like my brilliant brother?"

He smiled. "Yes."

Sally shrugged.

"Eh."

"Where are you going?"

"Probably a JC."

"Hmm."

"Pete, I'm just not good enough for a regular college yet."

"Hmm."

"I'm not."

"Okay."

"Really."

"Okay."

He left and went through the house to the backyard. His parents were picking something up with shovels.

"C'mon and give your mother and father a hand!" his father said.

"He's your dog, too!"

"Where is he?"

"In the house," his mother said. "Did you see your father's report yet?"

"Not yet."

Shovels were leaning against the fence. Peter took one and began to search.

"Why are we all doing this?" he asked. "Why doesn't just one of us do it?"

"It's a pic-nic," his father said.

"Actually, Pete, this is so we can get it done in time to all watch *It Happened One Night* together when it comes on at ten."

"I see."

"And it's a picnic," his father said.

Sally called from the living room.

"Do you want me to turn on the TV to get it warmed up?"

"Yeah," said his father. "And, while you're at it, why don't you turn on the radio so we can listen to it."

"What station?" she asked.

"KFAC alright with you, Pete?"

That was the classical music station.

"I guess so."

"KFAC!"

The sound came up. The announcer said:

"Next on our morning pro-

gram we bring you Samuel Barber's 'Adagio for Strings,' played by the New York Philharmonic, and under the direction, as usual, of Leonard Bernstein."

Peter wanted to stand by the living room window and listen. The music made him think of old ghosts who were weeping for the living; or of a single star. It was his favorite piece of music. As he worked, he looked at his parents.

Do they listen to *anything*? he thought. Do they understand *anything*? Are they even conscious?

When the music was over he thought that his parents were animals.

"Why don't you go inside and look at Dad's report while we get everything put away," his mother said.

He leaned the shovel against the fence and went inside.

The report was on the kitchen table. He opened it and thought, The blind lead the blind; the dead praise the dead.

It was a good report. Peter felt strangely proud, and tried to kill the feeling. Every check was in "completely satisfactory" or "outstanding." He read the "Areas for Improvement."

"Paul sometimes likes to make a joke," it read, "in a situation where others might feel that levity is inappropriate. Paul has been talked to about the problem, and seems to be on the way to a satisfactory solution."

Peter shivered. The paper was suddenly ugly. He put it down. My God, he thought. His anger made the house seem quiet.

He went into the living room and sat in an overstuffed.

"Look! Brilliant Son has come to join us!"

"Smile, Baby Brudder!"

The

Sugar Web

The following was the 1976 winner of the Mary A. Earle McKinney Prize in English. Reprinted here by permission of the author.

by Michael Wilson

Peter took his suitcase out to the dorm's porch and sat beside it. It was after sundown, and the air smelled of exhaust. It was like dirty musk, faint enough to suggest nausea without causing it.

He looked out. The dorm was at the top of a hill. Through the junipers, he could see the University. A few lights were on, but most of the buildings just reflected the gray light.

Peter was going home. He did not like to go home not for months—but he had to, because his sister was graduating from high school.

Once school had been a rest from home, and home had been a rest from school. Home had rescued him from the activity and tension of school; and school had revived him after the stupid dead existence of home that often seemed too empty to even be called stupid.

He had been secure, if not happy, when he had kept his two lives separate in his mind. Bringing Jack home from school had blended them: two sets of mannerisms, slang; his two senses of humor.

And now he had one life, separated. The guys in the dorm seemed immature and narrow, and home was the emptiness that filled all: it was television, Mantovani, the *Reader's Digest*, and jokes.

His family always joked; or, it was never serious. It was always somewhere between laughter and sorrow and never touched either. To Peter, his family seemed to be a fleet of shoddy sailboats that floated on a stagnant lake: they never sailed to the drain to escape, or to the source to be refreshed.

The Ford came up the driveway from the thick darkness at the bottom of the hill. It stopped in front of the dorm, and Peter's sister got out.

"Hello, Baby Brudder. Are you coming home?"

"Yeah." He got up and took his suitcase. "I guess so."

His mother said, "Put it in the trunk, honey. Sal, give Pete the keys."

Sally took them from her mother.

"Here, Baby Brudder."

He put his bag in, closed the trunk, and got into the back seat.

"How did your finals go?" his mother asked.

"Fine. I'll do alright."

"Are you out-thinkin' 'em here like you did back in Krebsville?"

"Of course he is, Dear Mother," Sally said. "What else? Aren't you, Baby Brudder?"

"Not quite. Doing okay."

"You don't sound very talkative," his mother said. "Tired?"

"A little."

"Why don't you get some sleep on the way back, then?"

"So you can be all rested up for your Big Sister's graduation."

"Thanks."

Peter put his feet up on the seat and leaned against the door. The car's vibration made him sleepy. A passing car backfired and made him jump; but he went back to sleep.

He awoke in the desert. The car passed houses that seemed to be nothing but lighted porches. The mountains were like black teeth bared at the sky; the separate stars made the sky seem melancholy.

Peter heard the wind blowing—it always blew in the desert. He shifted and sat up. Ahead, a dust cloud crossed the freeway and was visible for a second in the streetlights.

They passed the Unnecessary Mountain (it blocked television reception). A few miles further they were home.

Peter's mother parked in front of the house.

"All out!" she said. "Sally, help your brilliant brother."

"Why me?"

"Never mind," Peter said. He took the keys and got his suitcase.

"Pete, did I tell you?" his mother said. "Your father just got evaluated, and it's real good."

"Really?"

"Really. His bosses say he's one of the best men they've ever had. He's... what is he, Sal?"

She recited: "Completely satisfactory to outstanding."

"In everything."

"Hmm. That's neat."

They came to the front door.



The Rivet Are Coming

His sister opened it and they went inside.

His father was watching television in the living room.

"C'mon in and close the door!" he said. "What're you doing? Bringing strangers into the house again?"

"Just this one we picked up on the road," his mother said.

"Hope he's better'n the one we kicked out last time."

"You mean the one we sent down to LA," said his sister.

"Yeah. Hope he's better than that one."

"Put your stuff in your room" his mother said, "and come out and have some ice cream."

"Okay."

He set his suitcase in his bedroom and went out to the kitchen.

His mother sang, "Here he is! Mister College Boy!"

"Uh-huh."

"What do you want? We've got English toffee and vanilla."

"English toffee."

He sat at the breakfast bar. His mother got the ice cream and filled a dish for him.

"Here we are," she said.

"Doesn't it feel good to be home again?"

"It's okay."

"That's good."

His father came in.

"Brilliant Son!" he said, and spread out his arms.

"Please. I'm eating."

"Dost thou not want to say hello to your Wonderful Father?"

"Hello, Wonderful Father."

Peter turned back to his ice cream.

"See?" his mother said. "Isn't it great to be back home?"

He nodded.

His father went back to the living room. Then his mother got a Seven-Up from the refrigerator and followed him.

When he finished his ice cream, he put his dish into the sink and went to the living room.

"I'm going to take a bath," he said.

"Alright, honey," his mother said. "Just don't stay in too long. Your sister wants to take one, too."

He went to the bathroom and closed the door. As the tub filled, he thought: Do they know that I used to masturbate here? Did they wonder? Did my father ever...

He undressed, got into the tub, and turned off the water.

He thought of what his parents did not know about him: bad and good; things he was afraid to tell them things they would not understand. Jokes

they would not get.

In high school—and especially when he was recognized as the Smartest Kid in School—he felt as if he could never tell anybody anything. Nobody understood: "Isn't that neat?" "Huh?"; "Didn't you hear what he said? Search your house from head to toe!" "What's so funny about that?"

He could talk with no one. He had been like a fist squeezing dry cotton for water—it had felt like that in his gut. When he was afraid that Krebsville was Reality, he had squeezed harder. He had squeezed until he could not even cry; until the fist crushed itself.

It's not their fault, he had thought, but I hate every fucking tenth-witted one of them.

When he had said how much he hated the town, his sister had said, "If you can't say anything good about something, then don't say anything at all," and his mother had told him that talking like that disturbed people, and "wasn't the way to win friends and influence people."

That had made him hate more.

Peter splashed water onto his face and tried to forget. Soon he would be back in Los Angeles.

He got out, dried off, dressed, and drained the tub. Then he went to the living room.

"Sal—you can use the tub."

"Thanks, Baby Brudder." She went into the bathroom and closed the door.

"Well, what're you going to do now?" his mother asked.

"Read, I guess."

"Will we see you again tonight?"

"Probably not."

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