The whirling, humming, burping machines in our offices of publication are spewing, beeping, and clacking busily away even as these words go to press. Those of us who labor long and drearily to bring you the latest on the trolling scene are, as ever, doing our best and brightest to make just one more issue work. Herein you will find, upon careful searching perhaps, the product of innumerable hours of fruitless endeavor and disillusioned pastence, behind-the-scenes interviews and midnight oil. Yes, Gentle Mechanies, this truly is not our newspaper, but yours (like it or not). Read it, and treasure its mellow yellow pages ad infinitum.

This small communicative burial offed between the lines of this content is of our way of letting you know we are really here and really care about tuna, Taiwan, and your dog getting enough cheese. Ohmigod, if you could only see the lack of apathy in our offices! The utter respect for our small, but loyal herd who read each week the masthead, who look eagerly, nay, salivate, over the contents of our eart! (Earwax and all...) Truly, this is a rag printed with sweat and blood and uncountable other nasty vile substances, to say the least...

Pardon me? What...one of our diligent cub reporters interrupted me there with an issue of vital importance. It seems the hotline teletype (ASR33, only the best for us), direct from our correspondents abroad, in the hostile neither regions of Outer Mudd, began clattering noisily but moments ago, bringing us a tale of dire consequences, or so it seemed, and many more run-on-sentences...and, sure, it has finally happened! The quake-writers of Shaketown, the swinging capitol of Outer Mudd, have sold a million-killer, and will soon be receiving their first Gold Strip-Recording. The title of their smash single: "Richter Never Had It So Good".

But back to the less quivering elements of this friendly personal informer straight-from-the-editor’s-typewriter (bet you thought I was gonna say "space-filler" Where was I? Where am I? Huh? Wha?

Ah, yes, it would seem correct at some point in this soliloquy, that I convey our plans for our next thrilling journalistic exercise. Well, fans, we’ve had our reporters and assorted informants and cutthroats out and about looking for scoops and tidbits, and you know what, they haven’t found any! It seems that thingy and quiet in the trolling biz for a while--either that, or all of the supercalifragilisticexpialidocious gee-whiz super-good-guys I told you about way up above are sitting on their duffs or making out with their girlfriends or something, but they sure as hell haven’t coughed up any leads! Looks like we might just have to shoot the lot of them and cease publication (and publication) for a while, little operation...and I’m not gonna be right for the big-time biz, and this will be our last. So Good".

In any case, we seem to have been able to scrape up the energy and cools, not to mention the copy, for one more go at it...inside this insidious, no, pardon me, incredible issue are lots of great inside stories by those-in-the-know about trollbiz today. To wit, we have from the celluloid brain of Quanamot a bunch of questionably quaint piercing eyes of what’s happening in the movie scene,...Meaty, our eating expert, returned once more to the fantastic layers of lexigraph. Forget that (just like us) you have something more you really should be doing... T.A.G.

Anything Else You Can Find Yourself

Leering and Frothing - by Dr. B. S Humpson

This edition published June 4 for burning in the streets June 2 to June 16.

Postmaster mail any form resembling 32-22-36 to Caltech.
The Last Rites: Jaws, Godfather, 2001, Clockwork Orange, BTVD, Last Year in Marienbad, Casablanca

by A. Lester Quasimodo III

Trolling Sound Film Editor

Despite rumors and gallivanting hearsey that the cinematic arts are dead at Caltech, the Truth Will Out! Or set you free, or whatever.

A few barbaric bars rally and supple at the upcoming filmic season.

The ASSKIDS film will continue their uninterrupted sequences of cinematic ambience and insomniac indolence, undeterred by the obdurate direction of the duly elected Filmology Director. Since the holy inception of the student body run flacks by Bonskie, in the days when curfews were curfews and curfews roamed the earth, the ASSKIDS film have provided our decendant, baldarrienne audience with a never-ending sequence of breath Hollywood mediocrity and drivel, overpowering the senses of the viewer with a sense of austere repugnance and an overpowering need to negotiagate on the stairwell of Baxter. Ah, yes, well do I remember those happy Friday nights, collapsed drunkenly in the very Lecture Hall where, perversely that week, I had diligently absolved a hummid load of knowledge in Fe 11 lecture, eating of the (un)academic excellence! Relaxing in the very same seats of knowledge, watching the delectable scene of cinematic superficiality unfold before me, on the silver screen of golden Technicolor (two or CinemaScope!)

This season, the Rapture (for Rapaport, Loup! Mole, forgets the format of titles) Director has chosen a veritable diversity of recent 1985-1990 production of interesting films, from Skank Films, Inc. at exhorbitant rates only a grand monopsony could afford.

Jaws (1975) is a brush, during psychoanalytic work, marked by brilliant insights into the animistic part of a typical Eastern American sea creature, whose unhappy childhood and adolescent traumas have created a state of profound obtures and obsession-composition. The protagonist is a deeply startled hipster, seeking an outlet for repeated homosexual tendencies in the hot and real real Alec Baldwin.

Casablanca (1942) is a dramatic, fast-paced psychological study of the American film noir, portraying the moments of its director's life in the same way Hal Holbrook's portrayal of the Great American writer, Taissa's Astor's Murnau and Anna Karina, as a hipster protagonist.

The Godfather (1972), a neo-realist "slice-of-life" view of happy Italian peasants in their lifetime of communion with nature.

A Clockwork Orange (1972), a devastatingly poverty-stricken documentary on the transformative power of the Russian language in the popular area of middle-class Lithuanian.

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968), a Margaret Meadish, shallow anthropological inter-pretation of the evolution of the walrus, illustrated quite nicely on the screen by what appears to be polar bears and female orcas. Excessively long, with undue attention to luggage and galactic subplots.

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1969) is a brilliant exercise in cinematic composition, as seen through the perceptive viewer is overcome by the brilliance of director Russ Meyer's visual acumen and subtle allegorical deceptions. Propos- its of the author's theory will readily recognize that Meyer's films are major works of our time, such as Superstars and other produc tions, has the makings of a passion among the youth of today.

Moving on to less popular and more black-and-white topics, the Cinematheum season, as envisioned by the current management, promises to be one of the most indelent and fulsome yet. Cinematheum, as the name implies, is the anonymous anti-artistic organ of cinematic discourse which holds court at Caltech every week to prevent Saturday evenings of shadow-black-and-white, wretchedly shot, and grisly, grey earth languages like Slovewn and Outer Mongolian films with incomprehensible text, of antract and Literacy. Some of the offerings of this season's Cine matheum offerings include:

- The South (1979), directed by the redoubtable John Waters, is yet another in his long series of films attacked with social criticism. The protagonist, a three-headed, pork-chop transvestite named John Gary, is an uncomprehending portrayal of his title character, during his stages of development, from childhood abandonment through gang rape through acid-smiling victimization. An edifying and instructive film for juvenile and children.

- Last Year in Marienbad (1961), directed by young Jean-Luc Godard, has social Results, is indistinguishable from its companion piece, Flower Summer. Hypotic at first, the main characteristic of the details and camera angles, it suffers from too much in the way of rhythmic and Beach Boys magnitudes, leading to interior complications in its relations with others. Spurning the solutions offered by the usual pathologies in psychoanalysis, the unfortunate protagonist becomes prey to another of his favorite Behav­ ior Modification therapy.

- Guadalcanal (1945), Michael Curtiz's essay in Cinematheum's con­ flict and resolution stands as a landmark in American psycho­ cinematics. Bogart's portrayal of an Oedipal child in conflict between the forbidden desire for the mother-figure (Ingrid Bergman) and his fear of the competition of the father in a classic in psychological stress.

- Seven Samurai (1954) is Kurosawa's masterpiece, a deep Japanese view of great Aswell western classic, The Magnificent Seven. Tajima's Mankichi, a great American actor, portrays the role of an Oedipal child in conflict between the forbidden desire for the mother-figure (Ingrid Bergman) and his fear of the competition of the father in a classic in psychological stress.

- Through a Glass Darkly (1962), Ingmar Bergman's portrayal of a young boy in conflict with the insubstantial men, one is "corrected" to salad bar, which takes upon about a further and may even look pertaining to fifty pages. But at closer range one notices the brown lettuce, green olives, and blue (no kidding!) tomatoes. The jello has melted and run onto the floor, the beans have sprouted, the potato salad has beaverd could have been made for a piece of the moon. The dinners add injury to insult, as much as blue and greasy as possible. The blue cheese tastes like rotten milk with sand in it, and the oil and vinegar is like Stp and infected crabapple juice.

Meaty's Maw

McGuire's Home, 100723
Ventura Blvd, at De Soto Ave.

The first thing one notices about the Horse is that it's shaped very much like a stomach of a horse. After eating here one realizes that it must be the least interesting horse's stomach to be approached, appendicis, and hemorrhoids. The place is a nauseating combination of western, kitchen, and diner styles with a good deal of Early Gauche thrown in (up) for hard rock music.

The interior decorating was blind, drunk, and stoned, or some linear combination thereof; the dining (1) room looks like a blend of King Arthur's bathroom and a honky-tunk carnival. Some of the "noteworthy" features include fake wooden candlesticks with red candles in them (also fake), and a Dilbert strip, a sketchoing three apples, a glass of beer, and a chicken shown laying an egg from the rear.

Lawrence Walk bubble music excreta from every corner, making private conversations nearly inaudible. Each class this place may have ever had has long since disappeared through the walls, the splits in the ceiling, and the holes in the base­ boards. The atmosphere is as romantic as a horse's stomach.

The menu of this then: leads you to a dusty booth (red and yellow), with a Dilbert strip table covered with what looks like a surplus (Confederate) army tent. At­ ter taking one's chances with the inculing menu, one is ("corrected") to salad bar, which takes upon about a further and may even look pertaining to fifty pages. But at closer range one notices the brown lettuce, green olives, and blue (no kidding!) tomatoes. The jello has melted and run onto the floor, the beans have sprouted, the potato salad has developed could have been made for a piece of the moon. The dinners add injury to insult, as much as blue and greasy as possible. The blue cheese tastes like rotten milk with sand in it, and the oil and vinegar is like Stp and infected crabapple juice.

If you have to eat here, try the New York Sirloin and Baked Potato ($4.50) and try your medinate reflections on the fact that it is Now or Never. As one might expect, the menu has cut from McGuires, and instead of a hotfoot, they have some of the residue of turpentine via a slow boat from China. It's so nasty it is often mistaken for sour cream and gets served on the powdered potatoes. The Grandmae of Beef with Remoulade Sauce ($5.40), even worse, the raw meat is drowned in a slime goo that tastes like salt, horseradish, salt, and salt. The meat itself has a funny that's medicinal taste, when drowned with the veggie sauce it's reminiscent of the time you had your tonsil out. The rice is so gluely you can blow three bubbles in it.

Desert is no improvement. The desert is a thick-and-thin hunk of snow gathered from "round fire hydrants: the fruit pies have a complicated skin on top of the no fruit mixture which has probably been boiled for months. For real ambience, the sky-blue "Flambe" a troup of Keystone Cops comes forward with great pomp and sets a bowl of veggie, crowded fruit in front of you. Their ring leader then does it with cleansing fluid and lights it. He's usually spilt more on the table than in the bowl, and usually sets the table alight. A few more flames with his shoe, he runnus a slight apologu and stillness.

Little else can be said in polite society. If you really want a laugh, try the place, but bring your own parsley. Tell them Harland sent you, and watch them scratch their heads in amazement. -Meaty!

The NASA/French Connection

Your traveling Trolling Soldier has just been pre­empted to interview wti Dr. Bowden, an upcoming young scientist, presently employed by NASA. Bowden's prop­osition has chieftly come from his designs of experi­ments which would be of a rather curious, if not bizarre, scientific nature.

Dr. Bowden is one of the staunchest sup­ porters of the NASA budget. Don't you think that it would be lying if we spoke of being dis­turbing the funds to exam­ ine an earthworm in space? Earthworms are expensive. But more to the point, when you do finally contact the worm and draw it out of its tank, you have to feed it again. And the worm won't eat. It's got that way since it was hatched in a glass incubator and it won't eat. And you don't want to feed it. And it's expensive. So it's a very difficult situation.

As a result, the NASA budget is very dub­ious.

Oh really? Could you disclose some of these, Dr. Bowden? Certainly. Everybody agrees that our planets are overcrowded, that the prisoners are given no more than a few crumbs and were usually ignored.
Secrets of Nassau

31x390

Elton John

Pasadena, California

April 31, 1976

Bre aking a long tradition of no popular appeal or drawing power, Beckman Auditorium, (otherwise known as

the appearance by Elton John seated, the house lights
dimmed for a moment. A

of The Big Wedding

and wait.

lack prison to agree to such a

experiments may proceed.

only requirement is that we
don't put the convict under

sacrificing human life a steep

me n die in a vacuum?

of

TS: My God! Won't air be

t'?

right way. O f course.

(roll ,

drip) where else could you

get a decent tan even in the
summer without freezing his

ewer songs, commenting that

most of his newer stuff was
garbage anyway. This led to

"Tiny Dancer", "Bust Down the Mission", "There Goes a Well-Known Gun" and many others that left the crowd begging for more, and getting it.

Then, when it seemed that the excitement of the audi-

tence had built to an incredible peak, he carried it up with him to an incredible musical climax, an entire medley of Neil Sedaka songs! As an even further surprise, Tony Tennille (or however you spell it) stepped out of the audi-

cence and joined them draging. The Captain (not fantasti-

c) with her, Elton and Tony sang for another half hour, with the audience screaming in ecstasy the entire time.

The amazing acoustics of Beckman brought out all of the beauty of the Sedaka songs, tears to the eyes of the strongest-willed. It was thought that nothing could possibly top this section of the concert, but the Captain and Tony left the stage, Elton announced the last medley of the show would be one specially prepared for a local appearance. As a special salute to Caltech and JPL, he would conclude the concert with "Rocket Man" and the newly rewritten "Madman Across Baxter".

And sure enough, Baxter is just where Elton ended the evening. Except for the minor incident with a fish eating the spangles off of his glasses, the evening ended perfectly.

In a post concert interview Elton answered the question on everyone's mind: what caused him to pick Beckman after such other concert sites at Dodger Stad-

ium. His reply: "Well, (drip, drip) where else could you find such an intimate place with such great acoustics, (sputter) And, besides, it was the only auditorium in the world (plop) where the ceiling reaches the sequins on my capes!"

A few at his rather unusual attire (A Hart, Schaffner and Marx business suit), the King of Rock and Roll broke into "Crocodile Rock", its tender

strains bringing tears to the eyes of all of the old-timers (and the 36 kilowatts of speakers used by him and his band) left the crowd blown back in their seats. As a few returned to consciousness, they saw Elton rip open the business suit, revealing a set of se-

minal Hockey-type sleeves for Cape, and a skin-tight top with a big red E on the chest. Now flashing that soft-eyed, easy smile, the REA

him that was performing, the crowd laughed with glee as he thrust over to the keyboard and began the long rendi-

tion of "Your Song".

The concert went on for what seems like a few mi-

utes, although it must have been hours. The incredible medley of "Indian Sunset-

Sunrise" was just good 35 minutes long, what with the long instrumental solos. In response to audience demand, he performed most of his older songs, commenting that most of his newer stuff was

monica, fought with hazards to be undertaken only at six in the morning, and the southernmost roads to Hunting-

ton Beach and beyond... the glorious deserted seashore path to La Jolla and the ultimate beach, Coronado.

UCSD where naked California girls stroll around an endless strand populated with seagulls and hanggliders.

In the North, all the fucking bridges are closed to bikes. To get from Berkeley to the City, you have to go by way of Hewlett-Packard and all those fucking nazi double-E places on the Penini-

sula.

The Pasadena Police are reasonably cool dudes, who smile resignedly at bongies and suchlike activities (but don't let them get you for traffic violations on bikes... then they turn into pigs).

The Alameda County sheriffs are called the "Blue Meanies" for ample reason.

In the South, one can gaze beer to one's delight. Bud, Oly, Mickey's, Tuborg, or if you have connections, a little of the old Point Beer.

In the North, it gets too fucking cold to drink anything cooler than Snap-E-Tom. It rains, and if you try to go running, you'll be wet and end up stinking the apartment up. Or it snows and you can't ride your bike to campus without being blinded by the whiteness and getting hit by a truck. There are faggots on all the street corners, looking for blowjobs, or there are Black Muslims or Jesus freaks pushing their product on you. Or the fucking Hare Krishna are trying to sell you something about some cheapie Maharishi or something. Or your apart-

ment gets trashed by the Weather Underground or Leftist marx bust in while you're cooking up a batch of brow-

nies. Or you have to take physics lectures with a bunch of total nerds from MIT.

Bippity-Bop the Real World

by W. A. Xyx

Those who have the fortune to live in the golden land of California, where the sur-

fers' waves stretch on end-

lessly towards infinity and the sun shines endlessly on golden tanned, infinitely scrawny women, will soon notice a palpable distinction between the Southland and the North Country.

Somehwere between Gaviota Pass and San Simeon lies a transition between these two regimes of world. As a

Trolling Stoned correspondent, one is behooved to undergo exposure to these two extremes of thought and climate. Those who are restric-

ted to one pole are fortunate (or unfortunate) indeed.

In the South there are beaches. Not merely beaches, oh my little droogies, but surf, breakers, body surfing, exquisite sun-tanning, glorious golden sunsets; tall, blonde-hair, gorgeously and voluptuo-

ously browned girls at the beach, Coors, bikeways, long strand of fine white sand (for lying in); and at Manhattan and Hermosa, row upon row of volleyball courts on the sand for pursuit of the perfect spike, the headlong dig, and the perfect doubles team.

In the North, there are rocks and stupid shit along the shoreline. There are skin-

ny, pale, unshaven wendigos with runny noses and o

ove rca ots. T h e-r e is

Berserkley, full of dog shit, punhunlers, murderous heroin addicts, atone Hare Krishna people who make noise at seven in the morning on Saturdays, and cold weather with rain where a man can get a decent tan even in the summer without freezing his balls off.

In the South, there are endless opportunities for long bike trips; the ride to Wilson, the more ambitious loop of state Highways 2 and 39, the Forest Highway leading even-

a long complicated path to Santa

the stimulus fusion reactor.

like a thousand physicists, urging a proton to let loose.

Now you can reach a level of excitation that only months ago

was unheard of. A magneto

hydrodynamic vessel

with spasmodically pulsed laser stimulation, scientifically patterned to massage and caress two protons to the ultimate act of

fusion.

Send for your sample today:

Laurence-Livermore Laboratory,
Dept. KJ-7, 711 Manhattan St.,
Livermore, CA 94550.
Leon and Frothing at Caltech

by DR. BUNTER H. HUMPHSON

Intravenous Desk

In the morning as I was routed out of my nest in the second-floor room watching the candle drip all over the place in the ash tray, I bit the wax off the pen to sharpen my marker and splattered my desk top with unremovable yellow crap. My co-editor still had his nose buried in the mushroom tips—dripping saliva over all her silver-dollar-sized nipples. I had to get up for the faculty meeting at eight and there was just enough time to eat breakfast between now and the meeting. I knocked over one of his phials as he screamed, "You cock-sucker! If you don't get your hands off of her I'll ram those leads down your pants and give you 200 watts with a straight face.

"Stifle it, rat. I need some lines for breakfast."

"Shit, did he lack any balls couldn't you think about these things before you crash?"

"I haven't been crashed for three days you idiot. I just want some breakfast. That reminds me, I need some more methedrine too. Get a move on." I reached up for the klonopin when he asked, "Do you think that they'd ever notice?"

"Ain't validated for this term."

"Jesus Christ, You'd think that they'd sell this lackey that I was coming. I buttoned the first prof passing and explained who I was and asked him to get me past this fool. The prof shook me off and went in a huff and it wasn't until then that I noticed I still had his beer can in my hand. I fiddled it at a trashcan and the security squad in the trashtrunk though he thought I had no right to use a trashcan at the hall. I was paying 5K a year to fuck-off at this. The next prof vouched for me, he was some foot I'd had to grovel before and was applying for a reinstatement and I thought that I'd returned to the straight and narrow after flailing with the big four. They greased my way into a back row seat and sat wondering how long the buzzards were going to sit at the back until they picked the winner. Or loser for that matter. They might as well go to the three losers and the remotest can be declared institute president. I could feel a burn in my eyes and I knew that the presiding officer kept doing handstands on the podium. There isn't going to be my morning.

In fact, I hadn't had a really good morning since that day at froth camp when I'd come out of a high with two of those young froth girls (which makes four firm thighs) wrapped around my neck and the whole friction counselor screaming reveille. I had just wanted to row out around the point and screw at the same time. They had both done a baker's dozen of Don Juan's mush rooms the night before and wouldn't be moving for an entire week. Just my luck, I needed the ass to roll off some phone phalanges and the froth committee members."

I gravitated down the Olive Walk while watching Milikan charging on. The morning froth tales have told me that in the early dawn the building is beautiful green, even if you're not straight at CCFE's bible. I stumbled into a security toad at the entrance to the Board Room and didn't get a chance to fondle his balls because his pot belly was too thick in the fat cat position as I stepped all morning taking care of them on land. God, sometimes I can't believe I shake those froth committee members what it is doing.

You readers won't understand. I'm to shoot the froth camp in the middle of this report on picking the new president and the philosophy.

The morning was dull as hell as each boring faculty member savaged one or the other of the deans and the physics department representatives sat tight in the fat cat position as the department. They knew that whatever they did would be the gospel of the institute, so the ramblings of the physics faculty were of no consequence at all. I heard some random Geophysics begin to repeat every old joke from the journals as we slipped off into fantasies about driving to the beach and enjoying the day instead of lolling around at "newsy" events.

The morning session broke up as I was just indistinguishable from my body surfing back to the board-room—which was half empty by then. This would have to be handled when his pot belly was, because his pot belly was too tight in the fat cat position as we know her, You readers won't understand.

I left my co-editor to lick the saliva off his trifling's chest and headed for the housing office to sign on for the summer. I stood in front of the secretaries and my name was signed the contract of some stuff that'll be modest for all you inferior types.

I put the case straightly to the Board Room and they were ready to set their 10 balls out of Terminal Island and 144 and Pete11' save their GPA's. "No, no. The action must come first."

I heard this notion and stared across the room and watched dear Boom Boom, as we know her, listening to the meeting. I could feel the vodka from lunch, pounding down to my cock. I watched Boom-Boom's tits heave under her blouse. Oh God would I love to feel thoseDams in my Roman Romp as her lips descended to kiss my German fell."

The thoughts were....

My co-editor just reminded me that this is supposed to be a report story and I've got to tell you what those chem profs said about methods of synthesis of some stuff that'll be send you from here to there without any trouble at all. What was said about the presidential aspirants was very minimal indeed. The whole mood was one of waiting, waiting until after the parties that night to find out who no one knew which candidate would keep them in grass and ass for his presidency. When the things down as I was bored and had dreams of Boom-Boom secretly burning a desire for my body and my thirty inches (Why be modest for all you inferior types?) I could hear the Eagles pounding in my ears as I dreamed of her opening wide for my symbols of undergraduate honesty and terrible journalism to descend into her Black Forest. The mustard would have been proud of my hallucinations.

Eventually the meeting ended as the profs from the physics department were discussing the best method of synthesis for a variety of keynotes and we who followed from Rice University had very carefully explained the best method of synthesizing acid at the latest series of physics meetings a yield much better than the published results. Oog Syn would have been

TROLLING STONED, JUNE 4, 1976

5

Removal of All Night's Saliva. I hate break fast. It's that God forsaken time when one is coming down from the night before and going up with the morning's material all at the same time. My room-mate was still zonked out of his mind, watching the candle drip a ll crap. My co-editor still had his nose buried in the mushroom tips—dripping saliva over all her silver-dollar-sized nipples. I had to get up for the faculty meeting at eight and there was just enough time to eat breakfast between now and the meeting. I knocked over one of his phials as he screamed, "You cock-sucker! If you don't get your hands off of her I'll ram those leads down your pants and give you 200 watts with a straight face.

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LEERING AND FROTHING AT CALTECH

I really didn't like what I saw. I stopped the grapefruit from the glove compartment — nestled in only four or five felonies I might add — and the acrid green fruit as the lights of the street rolled by. We had left the sanctuary of the campus and found ourselves in the middle of the straightest houses of San Marino. The car was now aimless as it crossed a driveway that was choked with middle-income cars of established faculty types. The one we saw was a flaccid flounder that it didn't matter my pretensions. It couldn't do anything. You had to number two to go to the rear window to do anything, the cigarette lighter didn't work, and the oddo was stuck in a single station on Long Beach that sucked grapefruit at its best. None of this middle-income baratary automatic shit for us. We drove a nothing car and were proof this would only ever purchase a Moby Dick — should we ever be so inclined.

I opened the door and headed for the party on my co-editor in tow. We had almost reached the front door before I became aware of the Wild Turkey still in my hand. I tossed it over the hedge and heard the drone of an engine a few yards away. A garbled California Tech had the door, knocking off my boots and talking about the cost of the stereo. The car was playing a most droll song and I had difficulty seeing why anybody would want to pick this car as their official for president. Dutifully (this entire eveness day had yet to produce a story) I waved the car away for sustenance and shook some acid out into my ham sandwich, took a whiff of the fresh sperm somewhere and left my research institute. I tried to tell what he was thinking of the students who are trained and the parasites of Caltech, the people 's trust. They weren't supposed to be here.
Feeling Good
Tommy James and the Fondels
This new release by the Fondels, Tommy James probes into the depths of your erogenous zones. While parts of this record are hard to handle, most of it will cause tingling and tremors up your spine and will excite you through pulsations designed to

cause your heart to flutter. Tommy uses those famous fingers of his to best advantage while playing the organ in the song "Touch and Go." This song, like the rest of the album, is good for some cheap thrills, but after a while it tends to rub you the wrong way.

Back from the Grave
The Allman Brothers
It looked like it was all over for the Brothers. Capricorn was breathing down their necks for a new album, but none of the guys were there to record it. Butch's back was still bad, Dickey, Jai Johnny, and the others were busy doing a disco album in Nashville, and Greg was quite busy with his Methadone treatments as well as his new job as head of the Food and Drug Administration.

Things were becoming rather morbid so it was decided that Duane and Berry would be resurrected. This accomplished, it was felt that some vocalists could be used, so Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison were unearthed. Having gone this far, it was decided that

Jimi Hendrix on guitar and Pippin on keyboards would add the proper touch of decadence. Thus they were called forth. At this point, the band tried to dig up a good drummer, but the best they could manage was Pete Best. They did happen to resuscitate Can Elliot, however, and she was put to excellent use as a bass drum.

This album is a pleasure to listen to. The band members show more life and vitality than any live rockers around. "Revival" is done in a particularly poignant style and "Ain't Got No Time To Waste Away No More" is also chilling. This is a band that we'll surely be hearing from for a long, long time. After all, as Duane commented, "They can't kill us if we're already dead."

Muzak For the Masses
The Jefferson Tricycle
The Jefferson Starship, embarrassed by their last effort, have decided to attempt to change their image to fit their music. Marty explained it to me thusly. "We found that our Starship albums appealed strongly to Muzak operators and tried to arrange a contract with one of the major Muzak outfits. Unfortunately, the officers were scared off by our Starship image. We have simply decided to change our name so that our music can spread throughout the dentist offices of America."

At long last it seems that the Jefferson Whatevers have found their place in the world.

Pampered Out
The Floors
This record is a new low for The Floors. Most of the tracks are pure trash that would be better off if swept under a rug. The disk, itself, has a disgusting yellow glow from wax build-up and is scuffed by numerous heel marks. In fact, the only place where The Floors shine at all is on their hit single, "I Love It When You Sit On Me."

Blown Away
T-Styx
The recent merger of the bands T. Rex and Styx has produced a hard-hitting act called T-Styx. Their new album yields a high quality brand of music that is best described as potent. It usually only takes a couple of tracks before the listener is overwhelmed. The best song is "Taking in the Smokehouse." A listen to this selection will certainly cure what ails you. An elaborate preparation process makes the album a bit expensive ($16 and up), but the thrill produced during its use are preserved far longer than in a normal disk.

TROLLING STONED, JUNE 4, 1976

The Beatles are back and bigger than ever! It's hard to believe but John, Paul, George, and Ringo have re-coupled. To say the least, it's a relief to Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public who can now rest assured in the knowledge that their young daughters are no longer corrupting themselves to the likes of David Bowie or Mick Jagger. Mrs. Public was heard to exclaim, "It's delightful to see those clean-cut British lads again."

The Meat album features remnants of old Beatles' tunes. All of them are exciting but a few really stand out. These include "All I've Got To Do (It Play With My Wazoo)," "Not a Second Time (The First Weren't Worth a Dime)," and "We Can't Be Wrong." Those innocent young cubs also let it all hang out in "Mary Had A Little Kristoff" (written by Ron Palardy). "Till There Was You Yet Rock Hud To Do," and "I Want To Hold Your Bunt."

John Lennon gave us the inside scoop on the reunion. "Actually," he said, "we were never apart. We'd been crazy to split it up with us getting all that money and clown laces, not like Yoko, every night and twice a day. Then that bloke Paul got himself cracked up in a cabbage. Doctor said it would be years 'fore he would be alright so I spread those Paul is Dead rumors and people were so happy to find he was alive that they didn't notice that it was an impostor without a twst of talent. Now that the real Paul is ready again, we're back to old times. Only we shan't be touring for a spell since Paul is still a bit of a mess. The young lasses needn't worry, though, because he can play as well as ever with the three fingers he's got left and his tool's just fine. Man, we've been through some hard times, but I know we could stick it out."
Rand Random Notes

"It's going to be a straight commencement, no crap," said Harold Brown producer/director of this year's semi-concert. "We felt that last year's production was inappropriate, and we received a lot of complaints about the light show and the lowering of the elephant. Personally, I thought that the costume for the elephant was appropriate."

This year will feature Jeni joy (Boom Boom) LaBelle doing her new classic Lenny Bruce imitation, immediately after the Benediction.

BAGEL

Rumors that Monty Python's Flying Circus will take over the administration are blatantly untrue states Handy Mortal, figurehead for that organization. "The position offered the group, Hardly Mortal "is actually one of relatively minor importance. Hardly more important than, say, the Humanities department." Total salaries for the group should amount to less than six figures, according to Terry Gilliam.

BAGEL

Rumor has it that David Smith intends to remove the 110-foot yacht that now resides in his office and use it to form a university. "It's about time we had a university in the Los Angeles area," states Smith. Bob Hutenback.

Benny and the Jets

Ramo in the Round

Denaposa, California

Whenever

By Ron Sandy

For weeks preceding their West Coast premiere, rumors about this weird and wonderful new group had been flying. After the release of their album, called Album, which achieved gold record status three hours before it was announced, Benny and the Jets have been going nowhere but up. Even so, it seemed like an eternity before they arrived here for their largest house to date, a date in wondrous Ramo.

When Benny and the Jets came on stage, a mere two hours after the announced curtain time, the audience was on pins and needles, for which the upholders of Ramo profusely apologize. In any case, the house lights went down, the stage lights went up, and there, wonder of wonders, was BENNY!

Six-feet, three inches tall without her electric neon platform boots and purple chador mohair jump suit, Benny easily dominated the stage. With the aforementioned accoutrements, the effect was staggering, especially when the Jets played a few chords amplified on their 48 Scheffer Special amps, breaking glass three blocks away. Since this was during their medley of Kenny Rankin hits, most of the audience was visibly stunned. When they really cut loose with their Blue Cheer-Led Zeppelin set, the survivors applauded for several minutes.

Most of all, there was Benny. Benny! She's really keen! Standing there, a living mixture of Janis Joplin and David Bowie, excitedly twisting solid steel bars as she sang, burning up her nervous energy while singing before a packed house! The Jets, frantically playing all of the songs in their repertoire simultaneously, at ever-increasing volume! They're so spaced out!! To describe this concert as anything but a unique experience would be a lie. This is one performance that you just have to see for yourselves, since no review can give you the full feel.

So go on out and get your tickets right now. For the next local appearance of BENNY (and the Jets, too, of course). And remember, you read it in this magazine!
LEERING AND FROTHING AT CALTECH

At any rate, that eminent engineer's wife tossed me by the sound of her laughter and the smile on her face up to a bedroom in a far wing of the house. I walked into a plush Spanish sitting room, the floor was bare, the hoppy little faculty wife who had brought me up to strip down. Just my luck, there was a pack of matches on the night table, enabling me to roll some Frankfurter, eat and start talking as I watched her strip down and, of all the stupid bloody things in the world, that hair of hers (it degenerates only) she opened the curtains. I had a clear view of the people playing yard now into the lounge where the party was in progress. She took a couple of quick puffs then went down on my cocked carbine. She sucked, I mean, her paucity of pubic hair couldn't have been due to lack of a clean dry frictionless surface if she had to. So I sat there staring down into the lounge and watching the eminent engineer holding court while his wife tried to real her best at oral sex and her beauty as he failed his students and kept their presence. Seeing that this was something that had made a yellow jacket out of my shirt pocket and gently slipped it into her mouth. She gulped it down whole and seemed to be something about it being an incredible convulsive. She zipped out in about three minutes and then got down on the floor. I had the courtesy to jerk-off onto her dress so she didn't notice as much content as my luckie's sister in Yokohama.

I staggered out into the hall and felt a great sickness coming on. One of those that you get with mace, but

wonderful heaving feelings this was going to be that wonderful dry variety that mace gives you, I ducked into the nearest powder room and began to work on my day's nutrition all over the stack of JACS by the john. I swear that I don't know if they had seen one of those journals clean or not. This brought me sufficiently around and I had a chance to find my way around in this editorial madness was. I worked down a back staircase spooking the editor in the corner, then found my way out onto the street.

Co-editor was standing sipping Bad and taking Thai stick by the car. I could see some pillar of the community position there at the triflic, I took the joint for a few tokes.

"She shown any signs of coming out yet?"

"No. Just lies there and responds to all the explosions in her vagina and is menstruating. God-damn profs think they're ultrasonic by the way she seems to be enjoying them, little minnows, their tongues and fingers go to nothing except providing per- pheral stimulation for the drugs."

"How much have we made so far?" I eyed a balding head bobbing around in the soggy bush country.

"Figure hundred at my last count. They're eating it up, to one point, the other corner and the roller past us as I stood rooted to the pavement with fear. My Co-editor hadn't moved.

"What the shit are you up to? Don't you realize that if that bad cop we're dead now?" He burped.

"Do you really care?" I envisioned myself spending the rest of my life in prison and sitting in a prison newsletter and gunning something about moving on to the next best big building cop had finished and we shut the doors as the car rolled down the street. Co-editor patted me on the back and I made rapid use of the dear Angel's Butt.

Somewhere this is all going to end. Some final weeks it has to all come crashing down with enough force to wipe out my existence for the next generation to Tech. The mind beads in the most awkward of ways after one has been up for seventy or eighty weeks without a break. You know that you quit thinking very direct- ly and the only thing of importance is neccting that story dead and keeping one mindless term this term and didn't get to see the prot until five weeks or eight weeks ago. I know both, straight and conscious state until that much time had elapsed. Needless to say, I stuck it out.

Some fucking Camaro roared past out on California as we were discussing the book and I hopped in and was called thirty-eight. My co-editor, with all his macho style rolled into the joint in front of him stepped a magnet on the road side and she was more than ready by then. We tittered our way down one of the wings. It seems that every house in San Marino has the central area surrounded by wings of bedrooms before you finally do good use in the course of a party. This party was no different from all the others. Just as in the world's foremost on fluid dynamics in no reason to think he's lost his sexual prowess than the world's foremost proponent or expert on fluid dynamics, it's just something that has happened.

We carefully opened the door to the first room on the right at the top of the stairs (a dozen or events) only to hear some well-known group of theoretical mechanics group of four or our knees" and gettacating to nobody in particular. We quickly shut the door and headed for the next room, where a "From here on down you're the perfect picture of your face, a black eyes and forehead, and opened a Ph.D. candidate.

We finally found an empty room with a bathroom and bed set about some serious degeneration stuff that's illegal in forty states in the union (or something) that takes a quick excommu­ nication for. I popped two amyls from the back of the bathroom and we each snorted one. Ah, the wonderous feelings that can pick one up and loft one away upon pleasure is on top. . . .

But why am I writing all this? Those lacesy and coo­ lers in the end of the world (this publication? "I thought."

"I assorned my scns to my lard after that statement is made without reservation. I glanced around at the madding big wings, and the rest of me a little more ass. I have to keep using that term, I mean, the American Dream would just be too wicked, use something that trivial."

After a couple of minutes of sitting back and hawking and hulshitting through stock phrases he came out with the key statement that came out from the madding big wings and me let me get on with what else was on tap. He said "Understanding ourselves."

"Undegraduates are one of the important and vital as­ pects of Caltech. I think every one of them has that statement is made without reservation."
LEERING AND FROTHING AT CALTCH

When we had arrived at the party, it was quite clear that the bulk of the event was over, and that the aspirant had flown the coop with his wife. But the party that was still in progress, at the home of this distinguished Altdamian, was clearly worth our time. Despite every muscle in my body seeming light as a rusted latch, I headed down the hallways immediately, searching for my wife. Her announcer would take me away from Caltch forever.

The room was liberally studded into and had a single Oriental girl with long black hair working over a hot plate. I nipped the hastily and before musing was about. What the hell. She beckoned me over and I nodded. We both drank down the liquid and shoveled god-awful mush into ourselves. After that came the agony of keeping the crap down. I drifted around the room for almost an hour totally oblivious of her as I tried to get the overwhelming sensation of wanting to vomit my viscera out of my system all over the sky.

Eventually I was up, and found her up too. A mere eighty or ninety hours on, now I had really shot my self full of it and I felt the sensations of my head take over as sexual fantasies exploded all along my pleasure centers.

When you come to the end of all this bent and twisted prose, you reach the real part of it, but you never realize that. More than the academical and all the drugs, the thing here that has bent me more than anything else has been all those oriental women. I mean, really they send me out of my mind and there’s nothing I can do about it. I mean, what if I approached one and just went totally off the deep end? One doesn’t talk to one’s dreams, one tries to only experience them. But you can never experience them because being too young experiencing comes one must maneuver through all the difficult stages of unknowing tension. That would simply be too much for me. I just write about them and accept them if they come. The ones most admired, of course, never come, but then the worst usually stay away too.

Nutmeg is a real turn-on and I lay making love to her thought I was going to die of ecstasy. Each and every little sensation lasted for hours and my mind sympathized the music to back up the entire incredible happening. The final surge and orgasm were so last few hours and I could feel the sweat of her body beneath me as I ran my hands through her hair. I still had to write some kind of fucking news story for my three units, but I couldn’t think of what to do. To attack the entire affair from Co-editor was probably as wrapped up down the hall as I was here and I had no desire to disturb him. I felt as though I could spend eternity just lying there and breathing through that long black hair and stroking the wonderfully soft flesh. So there. After several score gossip-goers have already chewed the meat over and broadcast it to the world, you have it directly from the horse’s mouth, I like oriental women.

Fare. Now we can all put down our books and our open admissions and go to a neutral corner. We might know just this much about each other now, but it isn’t going to do any of us all that much good. It’s just a little more pleasant that way. It’s a little more honest. My dream will remain untouched in reality through sheer fear of destroying them. I’m predicated on what might be wither in agony if a negative from reality is ever cast on them. Come, come. To our neutral corners and a sane return to the story line.

My co-editor was not as happily ensconced as I was and hushed me down to the flaccid flounder at the first streak of the moon-fingered dawn came out. I couldn’t feel any difference between the bed or the concrete walk or the car. Back at the room the keyboard was attacked and I pleaded to get a caffeine before to make the deadline—my fingers descending into velvet jellies. In the meantime, it occurs to me that another letter might like its position on the sheet of paper. The clock is displaying an ungodly morning hour now and the boys at the office must be waiting just for me. I almost feel that written up next for week.

At last they came into a maze of dust, where a quantity of people wereumbled over one another, and where there was such a conflation of unaccountable shapes of being—pencils, pens, ropes, and rollers, and such a mingling of daylight and dark, that they seemed to have nothing wrong side of the pattern of the universe. (Dickens)

It’s time for breakfast.
Rarely has technology served clams so well.

The Clamshell 4002. If safety in your home is important to you, it should begin here. The Clamshell 4002 is a fully automatic shell which exhibits a level of defensive ability unequalled in the field of shellfish dwellings. Its tangential tracking of clam diggers at low tide permits rapid detection and escape.

An acknowledged masterpiece of shell engineering.

Bivalve & Oyster
Bivalve & Oyster of the Indian Ocean, Inc., 515 Survival-of-the-fittest Road, Madras, India

How They Finished

The following is an excerpt from Dr. Fred Shair’s report, as chairman of the Freshman Admissions Committee, on the results of this year’s admissions proceedings. We appreciate his assistance in preparing it and his kindness for allowing us to print it for your interest and stimulation.

It should be recalled that the primary goal of the Freshman Admissions Committee and the Admissions Office is to field a highquality freshman class of reasonable size while staying within the financial aid budget.

In order to reduce the financial impact of the freshman class upon the upper class with respect to “Gift Aid,” we increased the “self-help” from $500, $800, and $1,000 to $200, $300, and $300 for all students regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin.

When all the “dust had settled,” we found that a high-quality freshman class of reasonable size is coming and that we stayed well within the budget we had set. Some details and comments are given below.

Our overall acceptance rate was 60.3%; this is the highest it has been since 1971. Last year’s overall acceptance rate was 57%.

We were aiming for a May class size of around 230 in order to aim for a class size of 220 in October. For example, last year we had a May class size of 224 and ended up with 222 in October, 1975. Such decreases are due to deferrals and permanent losses. Currently, we have an incoming class of 234; at this rate, we will probably end up with a class of around 225 in October, 1975.

This year we have 24 women in the incoming freshman class as compared to 18 last year and 21 the preceding year. Sure, we wish there were more women in the incoming class, but I hate to think what the number would have been had not Louise Saffman, Ruth Ann Mullen, and Barbara Brown done what they did. Incidentally, I believe that increasing the number of qualified women in our freshman class is one of our highest priorities. It should be noted that making Caltech more attractive to everyone (including women) is not only of intrinsic value; such constructive action also improves our chances of attracting more women in the future.

There are five foreign students with nonpermanent resident status in the incoming freshman class; we had only admitted 11. However, only one of the seven students admitted who are not currently in the U.S. accepted our offer. It would appear that students from many countries such as Canada and several from Western Europe could and should shoulder the same financial burden as do U.S. students. However, top students from other places such as Hong Kong, Taiwan, Greece, and Turkey need special financial consideration; possibly Caltech graduates from a specific foreign country who now live in the U.S. might be willing to help set up a special scholarship fund to aid top students from their original country to attend Caltech in the future.

This year our “Gift Aid” was awarded solely on the basis of financial need. The more financial need of a student, the more Gift Aid he or she was promised. The result of this policy was such that fewer students received Gift Aid (80 as compared to 125 last year), but those who received Gift Aid received (on the average) $160 more this year than last.

The Freshman Admissions Committee “spent” 84% of the money we set as our budget. Last year $202,674 was awarded to the incoming freshman class; this year we “spent” about $144,000. (The budget we spent this year was $171,000.) Consequently, the Freshman Admissions Committee, the Financial Aid Office, and the Admissions Office can take pride in the fact that we have helped minimize the impact of a very difficult financial situation facing the upper-class students.

Certainly much more needs to be done with respect to the admissions of women, minorities, and foreign students. However, I do not see how anyone could be very disappointed when one recalls the pessimistic predictions made by several persons regarding what might have happened.

But this year’s success should not in any way suggest that we should permit the amount of “self-help” to increase much past $2000 in 1976 dollars. It is very likely that we were operating very close to a precipice; if we are forced to increase the freshman “self-help” much past $2000 in 1976 dollars, the outcome is likely to be quite disappointing.
Dear Greene,

I wanted to thank you for your kind words. In reading your letter, I was reminded of a conversation I had with Erhard, who was a friend of mine. Erhard was a man of great wisdom and insight, and his teachings have guided me throughout my life.

Erhard was a Stoic philosopher, and one of his most famous teachings was the concept of the "truthfulness principle." This principle states that we should always tell the truth, regardless of the consequences. Erhard believed that the truth is the only way to真正的幸福, and that by telling the truth, we can achieve true happiness.

I am grateful for Erhard's teachings, and I hope that his wisdom will continue to guide me in the years to come.

With gratitude,

[Signature]
To the horror of everyone (except seniors), the administration proceeded to announce an estimated 50% increase in tuition scheduled to take effect in September, to be further compounded by a new financial aid system announced last fall. In response to inquiries regarding the continuing employment of Millican Post, Physical Plant admitted that, under their care, the pond had sustained severe cracks and not had to undergo costly repairs.

Finally came the GREAT SCANDAL! An article appearing under the byline of C. Y. Achmet brought to light the fact that Dr. Jenioj LaBelle had, despite great efforts on her part, been denied tenure and made the front page. There were, unfortunately, some factual errors in the article, and the question arose, "Who is C. Y. Achmet?" As more articles concerning Dr. LaBelle appeared, it was disclosed by McConquarle that C. Y. Achmet was his pseudonym, and that the original article was based on information he had received in an anonymous phone call (owing to Watergate). This led to a vigorous campaign against McConquarle as he made his bid for re-election as Tech Editor in the ASCIT elections.

In the first heat, Cromley became V. P., Robert Chen got the purse strings, Bert Wells took the Director for Academic Affairs post, Ken Roseau became Director for Social Activities, Okabo took over as Activities Chairman, and "No" became the Tech Editor. "No" was later disqualified for not being an ASCIT member, and consequently a runoff for Tech Editor as well as for other offices had to be held.

In the first runoff, Biedeck became President, Ed Rea took over as HIC chairman, Westover and Fisher became Directors at Large, Tom McDonnell became ASCIT secretary, and Chris Sexton took office as BOC secretary. The team of Lydic, Kellner, and McConquarle was unable to defeat the team of Great, Hilton, and Lockett, but shortly after the runoff, Lockett took a leave, an act which generated more animosities between the two camps.

Finally, in a second runoff, winning by a margin of about ten votes, Lydic, Kellner, and McConquarle were declared the winners, and McConquarle became editor. But, my droogies, think not that the world stopped for ASCIT elections, for great and wondrous things happened while the above polling took place.

The Feds got involved in paying student salaries, and an undergrad Work/Study program started up, allowing the administration to bump the self-help figure up to about two kickbacks, and thus rape over $200, and among us who maintained a good GPA in hopes of getting a greater proportion of gift aid.

Meanwhile, in the continuing saga of the Senior Oak, Physical Plant added a retaining wall to keep the dirt away from its crown and give it a few more years of life. Then there was the Decompression Chamber affair, in which a certain disgruntled undergrad decided to destroy an eight millimeter movie projector because she did not approve of the movie being shown with it. Apparently not satisfied with the destruction she wrought, she demanded the movie in the California Tech in order to further enforce her values on the Caltech community.

The HIC decided to change parking policies on the Olive Walk, but didn't follow through on the decision, as Ricardo Gomez decided to intervene with the decision-making process.

In a grotesque parody of parliamentary procedures (no one thought of tabling the motion), the HIC voted to completely abolish the gaga rule with Fleming, Ricketts, and of course, Rockwell dissenting, Sic semper tyrannis.

As mid-April passed, it was noted that 55 females had been added to the incoming freshman class, a statistic deflated by an abysmal low acceptance rate among them later.

A hue-and-cry started up with regard to an article published under the byline of Nqunbi on the subject of abortion, and thus began his demise as a Tech columnist. Who says the Tech isn't responsive to the demands of the student body?

A blow to all who looked forward to the occasional reasonable Baxter Art Gallery exhibit was struck when it was learned that funding for the gallery had run out, perhaps never to be replenished. Sic transit gloria.

Throughout the third term, a conflict developed between the Tech and the HIC, culminating with the HIC withholding the minutes from publication and the Tech criticizing the excesses of the HIC.

In other ways, too, the term came to a bad end; there is evidence of premed-type cheating in biology labs, stolen assignments in 95, E111, and 14, and last but not least, a breakdown of the Tech staff.

Yes, once again a major part of the editorial staff is about to retire, the Tech needs a Sports Editor, an Entertainment Editor, a Features Editor, and a Managing Editor. And worst of all, there won't be any fresh to suck into these positions for another three months.

Hold Those Anchovies! Remind that the Pizza Party is Saturday (that's tomorrow), if you are reading this on June, 5 at 4 p.m. in the Ricketts--Fleming courtyard.

Hold The Pickles, Too! By the time you all get back in the fall, there will be a Burger King on Colorado Blvd, just northeast of campus a ways. Something should be done to thank them for the John Denver Memorial Stab McDonald's. Where It Hurts Scholarship. Keep it in mind.

Engineering majors appreciate ArtCarved construction. An ArtCarved College Ring is built to last a lifetime. It's made by a fine jewelry company with a reputation for craftsmanship and quality. The same company that makes the world's best selling engagement and wedding rings.

Now ArtCarved has designed a ring especially for your school. Come in and see how you can personalize your custom made ArtCarved ring with the School of Engineering insignia, your class year, degree and initials.
Schoenfeld Concert

A concert featuring a variety of chamber music, including wind instruments and piano in addition to strings, will be given by the Caltech chamber music classes of Alice and Eleonore Schoenfeld Sunday (June 3) at 3 p.m. in Dabney Lounge on campus.

The concert will include three piano trio selections by Ludwig von Beethoven, and Beethoven's Piano Trio in C major, as well as selections by other composers.

The performers are students of the Schoenfeld sisters, who are internationally known concert and recording artists as well as teachers and coaches. Alice Schoenfeld is an accomplished violinist and her sister, Eleonore, is a widely known cellist. Some of the students on the program are Caltech faculty, students, and staff members.

The Beethoven piano trio will feature pianists Helen Huaock, Kathleen Kong, and Doug Rubin.

In addition to Beethoven the program includes chamber music by Benjamin Britten, Darius Milhaud, Josef Haydn and Wolfgang Mozart. (Good old Wolfie!)

The Schoenfeld sisters have coached many group winners in the Coleman competitions, in which outstanding artists of the Southern California community are selected.

Sherry Joe

Along about September, the Frosh arrived and learned from the Tech that a major part of the editorial staff had resigned and that the Tech needed a new Sports Editor, an Entertainment Editor, a Features Editor, and a Managing Editor. They also learned of something called a gag rule, found out that they were going to be rotated, and that the cross-country team had lost its first meet, all as they were being taken from Tech to Camp Fox in order to be oriented to Tech (?).

Once at the camp, they adjusted quickly, and managed several ocearings.

The Frosh and upperclassmen reassembled at Tech at about the same time the next week, only to discover that the social phonos had been ripped out, and that the triumvrate of Mofo, McConquodale, and Yoshida had seized power in the Tech offices pending a special election for Tech editors.

As the special election passed, plans for installation of a Wide Area Telephone Service (WATS) line surfaced (thus sidestepping the question of what to do for the people who now no longer had access to cheap phones for the immediate area by offering a bribe, as it were, to people from out of state. The team of McConquodale, Yoshida, and Bielecki were elected Tech Editors, thus retaining two-thirds of the junta.

Little of major import occurred during the next couple of weeks, a fact brought home to everyone as the October 31 issue of the Tech turned out to be an eight-page, with pages four and five totally blank.

In the field of intramural athletics, Page and Fleming won interhouse softball and began gearing up for swimming competition.

Shortly afterward, as students went to pick up their permanent Tech ID cards, they discovered that Graphic Arts had managed one of their more impressive stunts yet, and produced a gross amount of rejects in their first run on the cards, thus taking a big bite out of the Institute's expected 50% savings on the cards.

On the lighter side of the news for that week (on page six, to be precise), it was announced that a lesser big T had appeared on a nearby water storage tank, being one hundred feet high and covering thirty-six hundred square feet. In addition, the cross-country team took fifth place in the conference (how they placed in the argument, I don't know, though I suspect they're better in arguments than in conferences).

As the middle of November hove into sight, the real world made three attempts to invade Caltech, one in the guise of a kidnapping investigation (the alleged kidnapping being no more that the swift and sure stroke of the Black Hand). Two other investigation attempts were launched by the Pasadena Fire Department, one to break up a party in Dabney House, said attempt being thinly disguised at an effort at fire prevention (they put out the Darbs' bonfire). In their other attempt, they were forestalled by Caltech Security even before they got to campus.

As late November approached, and the specter of finals loomed in the rapidly diminishing distance, students became increasingly aware of the new Millikan Library hours: said edifice closed its doors (after ejecting anyone inside) at one o'clock in the morning, right in the middle of prime napping time for snakes, trolls, et cetera. No action was taken by the students at that time, nor as longer hours become more and more a matter of historical interest is any action very likely.

And lo, as the rainy season failed to come to pass, interhouse did, as one wandered through the houses, one could be mugged in Fleming (wherein one could also see a satire on rotation), attend a carnival in Ricketts, gamble (at always) in Blacker, visit Ruddock (temporarily disguised as a Mississippi showboat), watch knights do battle (I'm one instance with a mugger from Fleming gone berserk), etc.

Bye, Love.

Bye, Love.

Bye, Love.

Bye, Love.

Bye, Love.

Bye, Love.