



the californiana **tech**

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Number 31

If That Was The Year That Was The Year That Was Was What?

by Eric H. Eichorn

The campus awoke from its summer hibernation, the pitter-patter of over four hundred freshmen feet being to much to ignore. The latter were returning from Frosh Camp, held at the traditional Camp Fox on Catalina Island again, following last year's fiasco in the mountains.

Only minor changes in the scenery had occurred over the summer. Some progress had been made on the sites of the Braun Cell Biology Lab and the Watson Applied Physics Lab. The Winnett Quad had been remodeled, nominally to improve its appearance, but apparently to inhibit parking.

When the music stops

More significant were the changes in the Student Affairs staff. Ray Owen had retired as Vice-President for Student Affairs and Dean of Students, in order to pursue his research in biology. Former Dean Jim Morgan replaced him as V.P., with Associate Dean David Wales promoted to Dean. Student Activities Coordinator Chris ("Bear") Wood became Assistant to the Dean, leaving Fleming R.A. Theresa Meisling holding the SAC.

Even the Olive Walk got a new face. Jim Mayer, his five-year mission as Master of Student Houses complete, packed up wife Betty, son Bill and dog Sam, and moved to New York. He is now a professor at Cornell. Their gain is our loss. Chemistry Professor Sunney Chan

stepped down as Executive Officer for Chemistry to assume the Master's duties. The real power in the Master's Office, Carmela Kempton, came back for more.

Two out of Three

The Tech awoke to find one of its Editors-in-Chief, Ollie Graves, demoted to Associate Editor by UASH [ed note-at least some of us can con UASH better than others, eh, Eric?]. This left Stuart Goodnick and Grover, the former of whom could spell, to edit this specimen of journalistic excellence.

The little t overslept a few weeks, finally staggering in around

Add Day. This still put it way ahead of *The Big T*, which wasn't to be seen for months.

Draft Beer, Not Frosh

Rotation kept everyone busy for a week or so, and gave the frosh their last glimpse of friendly upperclassmen. A rule was added, prohibiting upperclassmen from coaching freshmen on rotation strategy, a practice which had become painfully common in recent years.

The IHC's transcription of the

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 4**

Jubilee Mars Spring?

by Sid Vicious

The Glee Clubs held their Spring Jubilee three weeks ago, and finally Caltech has recovered.

Held in Beckman Auditorium, this two-and-a-half hour symposium on *ennui* featured the men's and women's glee clubs as well as various subsets thereof.

The program began with mournful lamentations which eventually developed into a series of odd ululating wails which was fine so long as one did not try to figure out the lyrics. That was the Women's Glee Club.

The Men's Glee Club fared well

due to the better song selection. A particularly amusing number was an adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Father William" from *Alice in Wonderland*.

After the intermission, the Women's Glee Club wailed some more, doing injustice to Simon and Garfunkel's "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme". Finally, their set was over and the Men's Glee Club came back on.

It was at this time, though, that the narrator decided to read some

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE 7**

EDITORIAL

I blink. But then again I often blink. What I was blinking at this particular time was my friend's paycheck. He works as a research assistant for some applied physics oriented company and receives \$4.50/hour compensation. This works out to about \$660/month, which is, admittedly, pretty skimpy. I looked again at his check—the bottom line read \$540.37. That's \$120 in withheld taxes or about 18% of his pay.

Out of this sum, he must pay the monthly rent (\$300), pay for the gas needed to get to work, pay for insurance, and, if anything remains, eat. *This is living?*

I checked around further and found that this practice is not uncommon. A friend of my mother's has 33% of her paycheck withheld—and she's a wire wrapper, not one of the higher paying professions.

Where does all this "withheld tax" go? To Social Security and income tax, of course. Since income tax is graduated, if one is not highly paid, the bulk goes to Social Security.

While I stood in my friend's darkened apartment, staring at a strange pattern of cracks in the wall, listening to conversations next door, feeling humid, fetid vapors flow around me, a question arose: *"Should the young support the old at the expense of their [the young's] livelihood?"*

With President Reagan's social security reduction program, conservative cry, "NO!"

Liberals, understandably, are caught in the cross-fire. Is there a sensible solution that keeps the social security system afloat without raising taxes?

a) No. Support Reagan and let 36 million Americans have their support reduced by 15% on the average, but keep present workers happy with tax reductions.

b) Yes. Draw money from the "unemployment insurance" program to keep SS alive and let ten million Americans on Aid to Families with Dependent Children and tens of millions more on other welfare programs (food stamps, etc.) fend for themselves.

c) Yes. A weaker form of the above, a sort of "involuntary workfare" program, similar to the Work Projects Administration of the New Deal, where welfare recipients would work for their money, even at trivial tasks. Those who don't work don't receive aid and that money is funnelled to SS.

d) Yes. Divert money from the Department of Defense; stop investing government money in Chrysler's new tanks (which go four miles into the battle and *kaput*) and outdated B1 bombers, cut officer's pensions, veteran's benefits, and so forth.

e) Yes. Mandatory euthanasia for those 65 years or older.

f) Yes. Tactical air strikes at inner cities.

Are there sensible solutions?

"a) And lose 15% of the vote?

b) same as a)

c) Communism!

d) Socialism!

e) Impractical, but gets the point across.

f) Panacea! The air force tests its fighters in an actual combat situation, while the army supplies ground support. What could be more realistic to a jungle in El Salvador as a barrio in Los Angeles? I'm all for urban renewal.

We'd be rid of spongers and other no-goods on

welfare and that money could go to proven producers who've spent their lives grinding out the might of America.

Such might a blue-dyed conservative reply; it must be nice to be able to spout out gut reactions. Unfortunately, intelligent decisions are rarely made in that fashion. The cuts may alleviate the SS problem now and make the majority of the voting, working public happy, but they'll be the same ones who bitch about the lack of SS benefits later.

Perhaps someday, when government officials realize that they serve the public, that wars of attrition, armies of bureaucrats and "consultants", and disorganization and stupidity are *not* in the best interests of John Q. Public, only then will funds be transferred to help people in need. Until that time, I can only answer my question, softly, "yes...".

—Tracy T. Furutani

P.S. Be glad you're not old; enjoy your summer.

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[Author's note— though certain of the characters developed below are composites, based upon a myriad of personalities, any attempt to identify these characters with actual people will be wholly specious]

Steve retrieved one of the half-day old sweet rolls from the tray-table on his left, and rocked back into the most comfortable position the sofa would allow. As he relaxed, he made an exaggerated hiss of breath to signify to the other committee members his degree of fatigue. Only one other member noticed his cue and acknowledged it by returning one of those obligatory, knowing smiles that people who work long hours together develop in order to foster a facade of camaraderie. The committee had been in session for six hours that day and, as the afternoon waxed on, the members were becoming increasingly indifferent to the cases they heard.

This was Steve's impression, however; and he was fully aware that he tended to project his personal perceptions onto the minor details around him. He was not particularly satisfied with the course of this meeting and was currently indulging his mind with a sense of scholarly ennui. Not one of the reinstatement cases they had yet handled offered a challenge to Steve, and he had come to the meeting itching to crusade on behalf of some lost soul. What was especially annoying was the Committee's tendency to hem and haw and ruminate over every last detail of the most obvious of reinstatements. Steve knew that, like himself, each committee member could come to a judgement within two minutes in these cases, but so many of them delight in staging fifteen-minute declarations of the obvious that a day will stretch into an oblivion of banality.

"Well, gentlemen..." the chairman addressed the semicircle of members in a friendly, but deliberately polite tone. "We've come to our last meeting of the day." The relief in the room was manifest as tired committee members perked themselves up for their final ordeal. Ever since he had been chosen by the student government to be the student member of this prestigious committee, Steve had made quite a study of his nine faculty co-workers. Originally, he had thought it his duty to know the committee well and to facilitate a student's association with it, but as he got involved in the analysis of his opponents' peccadilloes, Steve lost sight of purpose and became entranced with the seemingly robotic manner in which several members would respond to key stimuli. He was constantly alert to the opportunity of testing his observations, and revitalized the hope that today's meeting would end with some excitement.

"We have before us a Mr. D," the chairman continued. Steve began to gulp down his sweet roll so as to liberate his full concentration and just finished wiping the remnants of the icing off his hands when he was handed a copy of the subject's transcript.

"In his petition, Mr. D cites a series of personal conflicts as cause for his poor performance last term." The chairman paused for a moment and looked around the room. Professors A and B were scrutinizing the

transcript like a pair of hens scratching through a gravel pile, each competing to find some pat numerical solution to an emotional issue. Both A and B were long-time veterans of the committee and had quite probably seen as much of the gamut of human experience as an institute like theirs could present.

Professor A was not the sort to be jaded by other people's troubles, but having heard the same stories and excuses from several generations of ne'er-do-wells, he could no longer emote anything but indifference for "personal conflicts." He felt much more comfortable with practical figures in judging the merits of a petitioner. A GPA or a financial aid statement would go much farther to ingratiate Professor A than a sincere expression of penance, but he managed to rationalize lack of sentimentality as a demonstration of his objectivity rather than the stagnation that his son had accused him of several years ago. He had had his share of personal conflicts but he avoided dealing with them directly: his wife and he no longer knew each other, though they maintained the formality of sleeping in the same bedroom, and his career had driven him to the point where he no longer looked up from his little departmental niche to see how often he was passed over. All he had left were numbers; and distance.

The chairman cleared his throat. Steve was carefully observing the committee members' reactions and correlating them with the comments from the chair. Professor A frowned and withdrew his attention at the mention of "personal conflicts."

"He continues down here," the chairman stated, "ah, yes, he continues by explaining how his detailed network of extracurricular activities inadvertently channeled his responsibility away from schoolwork. He is a member of several time-consuming campus organizations, and was often called upon to sacrifice 'precious' time for them." The chairman looked up at the committee, down at his watch, and then back at the committee. "And I'm sure we can all agree with that." He cracked his standard, pert, slightly self-satisfied smile which tightened a bit around the corners of his mouth when several committee members chuckled along with him.

Steve smiled broadly and laughed politely because he enjoyed feeling a part of such a distinguished body. He often doubted how seriously the other members took his interjections, and he could never shake the feeling of being a sub-citizen in that meeting room. He felt more comfortable believing that his isolation was a product of his continued efforts to understand the behavior of the members rather than attributing to something more immediate.

After a slight pause during which the equilibrium of the group was reestablished, Professor B slowly regurgitated a sentence that he had been formulating since he was handed the transcript. "Frankly, I wonder if this young man can make it at this institute." Steve noticed the slightly strained pronunciation of "young," and immediately correlated it with the reflective, inward smile just flashed by the youngest faculty member of the committee. Dr. K was a new member of the committee, and Steve had not dealt with him enough to establish any basis for a pattern. Perhaps he, too, fancied himself an observer—at any rate, he was worth watching.

"His record," B droned on, "is just too seeded with F's and E's for our institute to be doing him any good. I don't understand why people like this continue to stay here under this sort of mandate." He waved the transcript toward his listeners momentarily to ceremoniously seal his statement. He valued grades a great deal and always seemed to be looking for some evidence of past achievement in the people that he judged. Steve determined that this philosophy had as its foundation self-interest, because Professor B had peaked in his early career, and was now coasting on an an-

cient momentum that was finally experiencing the friction of modern academia. To him, past achievement was everything—it was his whole identity. He had made a career out of a youthful image, and the years he spent fostering that ideal with grade reports and references had instilled him with a deep respect for those systems of evaluations. Despite Steve's hypothesis, Dr. B had a measure of the iconoclast to him and was often known to throw his full support behind someone who was exploring a loophole in the very academic structure he otherwise lauded.

Steve was troubled by this sort of incongruity in his observations and would devote a great deal of time to resolving them with some rational model of an essentially irrational, emotion-charged mind trip. He was painfully aware that his models tended to be flat and static, but he couldn't just start over—besides, the models worked, he was sure he could produce distinct changes in the tone of a meeting simply by uttering a simple phrase: pressing the right buttons. But he had never tried it.

"His record really doesn't seem as bad as all that." Dr. K had a sensitivity to his voice that one could easily mistake for naïveté if not for his quietly sincere expression. "First term, he earned respectable grades, and taking into account his desire to clean up his situation, I hope we won't be too quick to give him up." K stopped; he was not one to allow his ideal to dangle and diffuse into meaninglessness by the inability to end a phrase.

"Perhaps so, but all the same I'm wary." Dr. B was softened, and Steve couldn't be sure if Dr. K fully knew what he had done.

"We've seen this type before," Dr. A added, "and too many times we've thrown students back into a situation that we knew they couldn't handle." Steve was often tempted to add a human side to his model of Professor A, but he invariably concluded that it would offer no manageable results and would probably serve as a source of confusion.

"What does his advisor say about his petition?" This came from Dr. Y, who was one of the several members of the committee whom Steve had written off as utterly predictable. In a sense, they were even more mechanical than the swing votes, but they were so closed in that they were impervious to manipulation. The mark of a skilled controller, Steve thought, was knowing who not to waste one's time on.

The chairman flipped through several pages of petition and tipped his glasses down onto the end of his nose with a mock pedantic gesture. "His advisor feels that Mr. D is very capable of scholarship when he applies himself, and is fairly confident that he will come through next term...His advisor fully supports the petition." This last statement was made for form and was prompted when the chairman's eyes fell on the little check mark in the box on the advisor's comment form that had the word "Approve" next to it. No one else said anything, and just as members were beginning to fidget and look around expectantly, the chairman concluded, in his delicately cultivated, ironic style, "I guess we're ready to bring our guest in." He buzzed his secretary and asked her to invite Mr. D into the meeting.

The door opened cautiously, and a well-dressed but otherwise undistinguished student stepped in. He looked nervous, yet managed to comport himself in an upright, self-confident manner. Steve nodded with approval, because this guy was already pressing the right buttons himself. Too many times Steve had watched indignation propagate from committeeman to committeeman as each caught sight of a petitioner walking in the room barefooted and wearing an old T-shirt. It pays to know your audience. Nonetheless, this guy had a milky petition, and Steve was bracing himself for a fight.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Were that Year

FROM ONE

four houses chosen by the freshmen were made available for them to check this year, catching errors before they caused trouble.

The end-of-rotation excitement was dampened by tragedy. David Bagnall, an off-campus freshman, died of a blood clot after collapsing while running down the Olive Walk, having just been informed of his selection by Ricketts House.

Art maybe, pillars no

The Baxter Art Gallery made another ill-conceived attempt to bring "art" to the Caltech campus. This time it was in the form of a long, cylindrical mass of straw and baling wire, titled "horizontal pillar", placed diagonally across the Court of Man. Were it simply an eyesore, it might have been tolerated. Since it obstructed any recreational use of the area, it was relocated by a group of students, angering the Gallery Director. It was eventually removed by the artist.

A \$1,000,000 grant from the Ralph M. Parsons Foundation was announced. It will be used to restore the East wing of Gates for use as the main administration building. The interior walls were damaged in the 1971 earthquake, but the outer structure remains sound. The new office space should allow the third floor of Millikan to become library again.

Pumpkin catch

ASCIT held a seven-house Halloween party in the East wing of Gates, soon to be remodeled (see above). It did a good act as a haunted house, not having been cleaned or maintained in years. Many people came in costume, which earned one a free drink.

At midnight the traditional pumpkin drop from the top of Millikan occurred, although with a twist not seen before (nor again, hopefully). A former *Tech* editor nearly went to the big city room in the sky, standing only inches from where the pumpkin hit.

Apocalypse now, bobsled later

Interhouse was held in the usual ways in the usual houses. Blacker had a waterfront bar. Dabney, along with the usual bar, grill, and bands, was decorated as the U.S. embassy in Tehran, complete with Ayatollah Skelton. Fleming's play was "Apocalypse Now," and their courtyard was appropriately swampy. Ricketts had a sleazy bar (or possibly didn't realize Interhouse was occurring). Lloyd was practicing sorcery, with dancing as a cover. Ruddock flooded its courtyard, attracting the Loch Ness monster. A bridge was constructed over the moat for those attracted by the bar inside. Page upheld its tradition of attempting a ride through its alleys that couldn't be finished on time. Their bobsled was vaguely operational at 1 a.m., but not many visitors were.

Ink is thicker than mud

Junior Class President Fred Vachss took a new approach to the "ancient" tradition of the Mudeo. Not taking it very seriously, but being responsible for conducting it, he had himself photographed being manhandled by a couple of mud-covered "sophomores." The picture appeared in the *Tech* along with a play by play description of the Mudeo. Last year's story, with minor changes, was quite plausible. Since it was supposed to have happened the day after Interhouse, it was natural that hardly anyone would have noticed it. A few people complained after the scam got out, but more on that later.

A football victory against MIT (well, M is for Mexicali, actually) prompted another bonfire. It was extinguished before it really got going, and the crowd started for home. One impatient (and somewhat drunken) motorist dealt with the crowd in a way even the police hadn't

tried; he drove through it. At some point he got the idea that someone had hit his car. He responded by getting out and grabbing Robert Shoemaker. When Anthony Miller attempted to intervene, he released Shoemaker and punched Miller, sending him to the hospital.

Talk is not Cheap

As first term finals approached, solo *Tech* Editor Stuart Goodnick began to show the strain of his lone journalistic vigil. He started writing editorials about mandalas as study aids, finally reverting to *The Festering Wound*.

Caltech got a new Custom Dimension telephone system during term break, replacing the antiquated stepper relay system. The old system was being used to capacity, and many people were without extensions. In addition to the quantitative improvements, the computer-based system features space-age bells and whistles to amuse and confuse the campus phone users.

Rose Bowl or Bust

Six Techers attempted to revive the tradition of Rose Bowl pranks, but it backfired. The plan was to bury a box of surprises in the field the night before the Tournament of Roses. At some point during half-time it was to spew forth streamers and balloons glorifying Caltech and its dubious mascot, the Beaver. They were caught by security guards before they could install it, and ended up having free portraits taken of them by PPD.

It looked grim until they got to court and met His Honor John Hassler, who failed miserably at living up to his name. He put them on summary probation for the rest of the day, and admonished them to "do a better job next year."

... And then there were none

During the first week of second term, Stuart Goodnick, sole surviving *Tech* editor, headed for the hills. His freshman proteges, Roger Fong, Tracy Furutani, and Ed Suranyi, knew a set-up for a coup when they saw one. They quickly seized control of the neglected newspaper, and announced Stu's "abdication" in a sensational front page story worthy of Grover, but for its accurate spelling.

Two weeks later they announced the return of their prodigal mentor in a similar fashion. Never being a glory-hound, he tolerated this attention graciously. He eventually settled into semi-retirement as a column writer.

Teaching excellence...

Teaching Excellence Awards were bestowed on five faculty members by the ASCIT Educational Policies Committee. They based their selections on student surveys collected for the Teaching Quality Feedback Report during first term. ASCIT has been honoring outstanding teachers in this fashion since 1976.

Bill Bridges, professor of electrical engineering and applied physics, got his award for "enthusiasm and clear, effective teaching" in *Communication System Fundamentals* (EE 60). Peter Dervan, associate professor of chemistry, received his second award for being "an excellent lecturer, sympathetic to students' problems, and enthusiastic" in *Chemistry of Covalent Compounds* (Ch 41). Joel Franklin, professor of applied mathematics, earned his second award with his "ideal mixture of rigor and clarity" in *Mathematical Programming and Game Theory* (AMa 181). Rodman Paul, professor of history, also completed a pair. This time he was honored for being "knowledgeable and dynamic" and for encouraging class discussions in *American Life and Thought* (H 6).

... Doesn't buy tenure

The record holder in the teaching quality league is Valentina Zaydman, lecturer in Russian. She racked up her fourth award for making "a hard course," *Elementary Russian* (L 141), "interesting and enjoyable for everyone." For those of you who aren't into the jargon, "lecturer" means she is the only one of the five who does not have tenure.

An Ad Hoc Core Curriculum Committee

was formed to evaluate the quality of Caltech's "core courses" (those required or nearly required to graduate). The committee is chaired by Bill Goddard, and includes seven other faculty members and students Charlie O'Neil, Nick Gross, and Jon Quackenbush.

Vote "I don't mind"

With the annual ASCIT election just over the horizon, along with the expected typical recursion of run-offs, someone was desperate enough in his desire to reduce or eliminate run-offs to suggest adoption of "approval voting", a perversion of the electoral process sufficiently absurd to be taken as a joke at first glance. When ASCIT had a bylaws election over it, however, it ceased to be funny. The basic principle is that you vote "No" on candidates you wouldn't want, and "Maybe" on those you don't object to. The one with the fewest "No" votes wins. Its adoption was rejected 165-88, so I don't need to explain how silly it is.

Two other bylaws proposals ran on the same ballot. One, which would have raised the *Tech* editors salaries, was just short of getting the two-thirds approval needed for passage. The other, which overlapped the terms of incoming and outgoing ASCIT treasurers, passed easily.

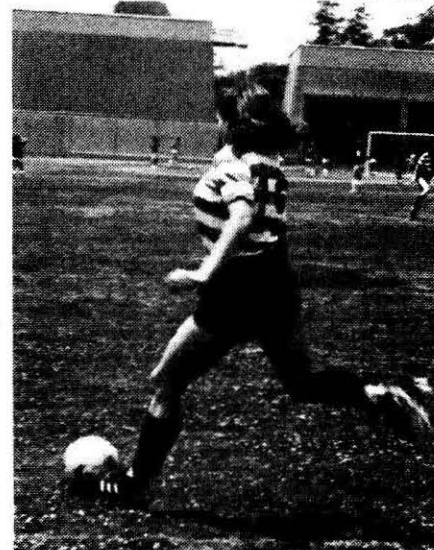
Wan't my BOD? Kiss my ASCIT!

The aforementioned run-offs occurred in record numbers, with five ASCIT offices unfilled after two run-offs. After all the dust had settled, Tim Brazy had just barely edged out SueVandeWoude for the presidency. He was unable to assume office immediately, however, as he was going into traction for a back injury. Andy Gellman, the outgoing president, continued to serve until Brazy recuperated.

In the other ASCIT races, the winners were Ed Lambert, vice-president and BOC chairman; Romney Katti, secretary; Steve Chin, treasurer; Davey-cakes Young, IHC chairman; Gloria Badilla, director of social affairs; John Quackenbush, director for academic affairs; Mara Freeman and Barbara Turpin, directors at large; Jay Rickard, activities chairman; and Cheryl Robertson, BOC secretary.

The new IHC was gradually formed as the various houses had their elections, ending up with Steve Ryan, Blacker; Luke Will, Dabney; Bill Crowe, Fleming; Juanito Villanuevo, LLoyd; Joe McIntyre, Page; Clark Brooks, Ricketts; and Rusty Schweickart, Ruddock. Young picked Wendy Rassmussen as the IHC

ON PAGE 5
CONTINUED



Women's Soccer Team won its seventh consecutive victory last Sunday, 6-1 over the Goal seekers. This game finished up the season with a 5-2-7 record for *Tech*. Fullback Sue Vandewoude (above) played an outstanding game Sunday, as did numerous other players and, of course, the team as a whole. Congrats, Women!

Year that Were

FROM FOUR

secretary.

Elections are basically a zero-sum game, so with all these winners, somebody had to lose. They turned out to be Roger Fong, Tracy Furutani, and ed. Suranyi, who were officially elected to the position they had been filling since Stuart got scarce.

Y? Because we're getting robbed blind!

The Caltech Y workroom, a long-time favorite of students for late-night Xeroxing, had to have its Xerox machine restricted to workday hours. The weekly losses were getting into hundreds (thousands in bad weeks) of copies, and even at \$.07/copy, this can be quite a monetary burden.

And speaking of money disappearing, it only took six weeks of the Reagan administration until a pinch was felt in federal financial aid funding for colleges. Students who have been relying on Federal money to supplement their incomes may be in for a nasty shock.

Mistress of Student Bears

Next in a series of administrative purges, Chris Wood became Acting Master of Student Houses for Sunney Chan, who has been teaching at Stanford this term. Wood made some brave plans, like eating at all the student houses and planning a beach trip out to Chan's Western White House.

About this time, obscure references to various people like "Tek Seguh" and "Kevin L." started to appear in captions of student productions, like *Our Town*. It was conjectured that one of the editors was asking for a ponding.

Meet the Meat

The following week was prefrush women's weekend, with thirty-six women coming to experience decadence at Caltech. A major clerical error nearly prevented Dabney House from getting any prefrush, but the problem was averted at the last moment. During the weekend, the girls were subjected to tours of the campus, a party with a live band, a dinner on the Goldberger's lawn (with a small number of males to give Caltech a deceptive look of normalcy), and Caltech males.

Funny, the prefrush still enjoyed it.

The letters section got a big boost (or a large stick, according to others) with the weekly epithet-hurling of Dwain David and Robert Lang. The *Tech's* version of Punch and Judy covered diverse topics as gun control and abortion. The trouble was, these guys almost sounded serious.

In other drek, besides "Random Numbers", "Prince(ss) Charles(ene) of the (she)-Srithii" appeared, much to the dismay of many readers. The "Body Shop" became more and more graphic and repulsive towards the end of the term, and "Billie und Ich" provided entertainment for both of its readers.

Really Stacked

Senior Ditch Day turned out to be May 18 and many innovative stacks were found. Among the more perverse were "an optical cheese" stack, a "beach" stack and a self-destruct stack.

The Lloyd Extravaganza was held again, dashing everyone's hopes. Lloyd's bar suffered from aging as much as the strippers did. When the only redeeming feature, according to Caltech males, of a strip show is the music, then there must be something wrong.

and were cuter too!

The year ended anticlimactically with some ex-editors taking the saddle for an issue. Big deal, so some of them can spell—they still can't do layout.

The Mudeo issue was finally not resolved. Fred Vachss (remember him from first term?) resigned as Junior Class President after a

miserable attempt to make the Mudeo as his Ditch Day stack (all of nobody showed up), leaving the Vice-President, Glen Swindle, holding the bag. Swindle tried to hold the Mudeo twice, once on a Monday afternoon, again on a Wednesday afternoon. Of course, about two frosh or sophs showed up. Disgusted, Swindle cancelled the Mudeo for this year. Good riddance.

It wasn't the year that was

All right, so it was a miserable year. Left out of this brief summary are all the commonplace events, like flaming Ama 95 and courtyard fires and shooting out a window with a pellet gun—wish there was the room. Finally, just be glad you made it through this year.



RF 1

Dr. Apostol's Math 1c lecture on Wed., June 3, was quite interesting. He entered the room and started lecturing to a much larger than normal audience. After a few minutes he needed to move a blackboard, and was quite surprised as he reached for the switch when the blackboard started moving by itself. Turning around with an uneasy look he replied "Good Trick" and continued lecturing. On subsequent moves of his blackboards he began to expect their reaction to his need for more space, and prompted "Come on" as he waited for the next move.

When all three sections of the boards in 153 Noyes moved at once to give him a choice, our beloved Apostol chuckled and commented, "I was wondering why the audience was so large." Soon realizing that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Body shop

Here is one more item we think is important to share with you.

Although cancer of the testicles is rare (only about 1% of all cancer in men) it is the #2 killer of men ages 20-25 — second only to accidental death.

Fortunately, in the past ten years, with early diagnoses and treatment, the patient with most types of testicular cancer has a better than 70% cure rate. It is one of the most curable types of cancer.

To insure early detection of any suspicious lump or thickening in the testis, men are encouraged to make a testicular exam part of their regular medical checkup and to also do a *monthly* self examination of their testes. (T.S.E.)

Who — all men age 15 and older

When — Once a month. The best time is after a warm bath or shower when the serotal skin is relaxed.

How — Examine each testis with both hands. Place the index and middle fingers below one testis and the thumbs on top, and then gently roll the testis between the finger and

thumbs.

Normally, the adult testes are ovoid, somewhat rubbery structures about 1 1/4" long. The left is usually slightly lower than the right. On the top and back of the testes is the epididymis (a sac containing the convoluted tubing which carries the sperm from the testis).

You are looking for any lump, thickening or change in consistency of the tissue. Most lumps are about the size of a pea and are found on the sides or front of the testes.

Why — A lump might be, but isn't necessarily, the symptom of testicular cancer. But if you notice any abnormality or change during your monthly T.S.E., be on the safe side and report it immediately to the Health Center.

Remember early discovery and treatment greatly increase the chance of cure.

Barbara Montgomery R.N.

Happy Summer Holiday and the health center will be open daily from 8 a.m. — 4 p.m. Monday thru Friday.

MISSIVES

Good Riddance

Joe Balke, you ill begotten offspring of a whorish kangaroo,

What gives you the right to deepen your ignorance by butting in on a private journalistic conversation. Neither Bob nor I asked you to pitch in your two cents worth, which did little to contribute to any real issues. You couldn't let two literary giants like Mssr. Lang and myself engage in an intellectual discussion, instead you had to interject your foul-mouthed irreverent and pessimistic comments. You little mid-west slime ball, you ought to go dry up and blow away. We don't need little nobby-kneed little punks like you walking around spewing some political garbage. Always remember: it is better to be silent and be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt, so shut up!

To our readers, admirers and fans: what are you, a bunch of spineless creatures. If you don't like these discussions get busy and write some stuff yourselves. This stuff wasn't very funny or original. You should be ashamed reading this bilk.

Let's see more decent articles next year, you degenerate freaks!

And Lastly Bob:

You are indeed a gentleman and scholar. I wish you the best of luck in whatever your endeavor.

—Dwayne David

Tracy, you illiterate moron;

That's right, you little thug. No more Dwayne epithets. You editors (and I use the term loosely) sit in your ivory offices [*it's better than living in brick shithouses, eds.*], dispatching editorials with wanton glee. Well, now it's my turn. It's anti-American sentiment expressed by the likes of you and that other fellow, Bloe Jerke, or Schmoe Talke, or something like that, that have put this country in the state it is in today. For an entire term I have attempted to talk some sense into the denizens of this campus (in spite of the ravings of my counterpart of the liberal persuasion). It has been gratifying to see the numbers of right-thinking people who are willing to stand up and be counted. It has been disheartening to see the numbers of liberals and their ilk (just for you, Trashy—ilk,ilk,ilk,ilk) who have come crawling out of the woodwork. Well, no more. From now on, your debt-ridden rag can confine its editorial page to such time-tested topics as "Tech is hard," or perhaps "There are very few women here." After all, if reading it once is good, why not every week? It saves you the trouble of coming up with a new topic more than once a month, anyhow. And of course, Trashy, we can't forget those other great *Tech* features— the articles written by bicycles, the columns about why the author couldn't think of a column for this week...gee, I hate to depart such distinguished company. Oh well, life is rough all over. In closing I suggest you die a horrible death at the hand of a drug—crazed Commie radical.

R.D. Lang

Senior Gift

I'm pleased to announce that there definitely is enough support to purchase a class gift. Please send your donation (checks can be made out to Caltech) to me (Jeff Derby—Ruddock 1-55) or the class secretary/treasurer (Bruce Martin—Blacker 1-60). I'm asking for a \$500 donation from everyone; if you can't afford this, give as much as you can. The most requested was a clock for Baxter Lecture Hall. I'll aim for this gift, and if there are any excess funds, they will be donated to The Caltech Y. Please get your donation in *as soon as possible*.

Also, tomorrow, Saturday, June 6, a senior picnic will be hosted by the Goldbergers at their home. The meal will start at 5:00 pm. (FREE FOOD, FREE BEER, FREE SOFT DRINKS!) After dinner, the Caltech Pep Band will perform and Senior Awards will be presented. Show up, pig out, and see who is deemed to have the best legs in the senior class. You may be surprised!

If you have any questions about this or other Commencement activities, feel free to stop by or give me a call. I'll also take requests for seating arrangements at the Senior Banquet. Thanks.

—Jeff Darby
112Ruddock
796-7817

Found—Two Nude Women

Lost a page with two nude women? (We found it in our physics book.) If so, describe in detail and we will return it to you.

—T.K. & Brian Lau
104 Ruddock

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SIF Still Here

By Les Poltrack

Yes, the Student Investment Fund is still here. The Fund has grown to approximately \$86,000 from an original gift of about \$50,000 which was provided through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Stan Johnson, Mr. Johnson being a Caltech alumnus. The Johnsons also later provided an additional gift of some shares in the Northrop Corporation.

In recent weeks the board has actively been expanding proportion of money it has invested in stocks in order to take advantage of the anticipated rise in prices. The Board has purchased stock in BioRad Laboratories, which makes biological instruments. We've recently put money into IBM, Industrial National Bank, Kaneb and Standard Oil of Ohio as well as expanding our holdings in Advanced Micro Devices. The Board has taken profits by selling off stock in ITT, Digital Equipment and Western Digital.

continued on page 8

Spring Jub

FROM ONE

excruciatingly dull/irrelevant/hokey pieces with good songs interspersed to break the monotony.

The penultimate set included selections from Meredith Wilson's "The Music Man" and Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince". Joe Fuchs sang well, as did Melanie Moss. This portion was very enjoyable, if one overlooked the strangely colored backdrop (which ranged from stands of broccoli to flying peaches).

The evening mercifully ended with "The Traditional Home Concert Ending". Sung by the combined glee clubs and glee club alumni, it provided an entertaining view of balding octagenarians with pimply youth.

Overall, the performance was fair and while the song selection was wanting in spots, one could derive a fair amount of pleasure from the evening.

How to Lay Out Ads Part One Wrong.

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24-Hour Relay Lost & Found
If anyone lost anything at the 24-hour relay, please come see Shawn Larsen in Room 210 Page.

Lost - One Hewlett Packard 34C. It had a yellow sticker on the display. If found please return to Howard Cohen, Blacker 40.

SIF

FROM SEVEN

The group of 9 undergraduates and 3 graduate students has been learning a lot about investment in general. Much help in this area has been given by our advisors. The advisors are: Mr. Henry Tanner of the Treasurer's Office, Dr. Rolf Sabersky from Mechanical Engineering and Mr. Don Cameron of the local investment firm of Cameron, Murphy and Spangler, Inc.

Second term, the board distributed approximately \$2,000 to groups around campus, from the money it has made. The Board's goal in making such disbursements is to do something which would not otherwise be possible to benefit as many students as possible as permanently as we can. Money was given to the Coffeehouse to purchase a new freezer, reupholster the couches and to buy screens for the windows in the kitchen. Money was also provided to the Caltech Y to purchase camping equipment. In addition, funds will be provided to the Radio Club to help them purchase a 432 MHz transceiver.



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Part Two

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Shoot-up with Ice

(CNB)—Ice craters produced in the laboratory by firing projectiles at ice targets have been used to gain new insights into how the beautifully shattered surfaces of some of Jupiter's and Saturn's moons were produced.

Two California Institute of Technology scientists, Manfred A. Lange and J. Ahrens, reported on their work on May 28 at the spring meeting of the American Geophysical Union meeting in Baltimore. Dr. Lange is a research fellow in planetary science and Dr. Ahrens is a professor of geophysics.

"Impact cratering has been the primary process responsible for the majority of landforms on the icy satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, including Ganymede and Callisto," said Dr. Lange. "This is a characteristic in common with the terrestrial planets. A major difficulty which complicates comparison of impact phenomena on rocky planets with those on icy bodies are the differences in target characteristics, such as mean density and mechanical strength, of silicate rocks versus water ice at low temperatures.

"This difference is particularly important for low-velocity, secondary impact process, that is, when debris ejected from an impact itself hits the surface. This secondary cratering is very important in altering the surface of planets which lack such geologic processes as erosion and deposition of material by the action of water and wind.

"Secondary impacts are the primary source for the development of a 'regolith' layer on a planet, the layer of small, broken debris," said Dr. Lange.

To shed light on the little-understood process of the formation of impact craters on ice, the Caltech scientists used a 20mm high performance gun to fire small plastic projectiles at cubic and cylindrical ice targets about seven inches in diameter. They then measured the tiny ice craters produced and examined cross sections to determine the fracture patterns inside the blocks.

They found that the crater diameters were two to three times those of craters in silicate rocks, and the volumes thus 10 to 100 times larger. Lange and Ahrens believe these larger-than-expected craters are produced in ice because ice is mechanically weaker than rock and not as a result of vaporization of ice to steam. This difference has a direct effect on scientists' attempts to date icy planets by counting craters, especially those in the smaller size range where target strengths are important.

"The fact that craters in ice are twice or three times the size of their equal-energy rocky counterparts makes an icy crust look older, even though it has seen the same impact history as the younger-looking silicate crust," said Dr. Lange. "Hence, care should be taken when using crater counts on icy crusts to deduce their absolute ages by use of calibration curves derived from

crater statistics on rocky planets.

"Because of the greater cratering efficiency on icy surfaces, a greater volume of ejecta is thrown out from an impact on ice. This leads to an accelerated formation of a planet-wide regolith. The ejected fragments contribute to regolith growth either passively, just by being deposited on the surface, or actively by the break-up and stirring of older surface materials in secondary impacts.

"Ejecta from a fresh impact crater may also be thrown into adjacent older structures, thus leading to a flattening and eventual obliteration of older craters. While others have proposed that flattening of crater profiles on Ganymede and Callisto is due primarily to viscous relaxation of subdued surface material, the process of filling should also be taken into account.

"The extensive shattering of surface ice leads to lower thermal conductivity. Thus the ice beneath the regolith should have higher temperature as a result of internal radioactive heating, and subsequently give rise to greater ice flow beneath the crust of the icy bodies," said Dr. Lange.

"Hence, temperatures in the crust will increase with increasing regolith thickness and will result in lowered viscosities, or resistance to flow. It follows that the profile of craters not only is altered by the infill of ejected debris from nearby structures, but that this material will lead to thermal insulation, lower viscosities at the crater floor and subsequent increased relaxation of the crater profile."

"Thus," said Dr. Lange, "scientists will have to take such temperature and viscosity alterations into account when studying craters to determine the thermal history of icy planets."

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DOO-WARS...

(pronounced dewars)

Yesterday and Today Profiles

Eric "Doubleshot" Eichorn

Born: Berkeley, California, 1955

Profession: Bartender

Responsibility: Not letting the customer know what hit him (or care).

Quote: "Everyone should believe in something. I believe I'll have another drink."

Biggest Accomplishment: Living to the age of 26 with his habits. "Some people live life in the fast lane. I drive the divider."

First Hero: Hunter S. Thompson

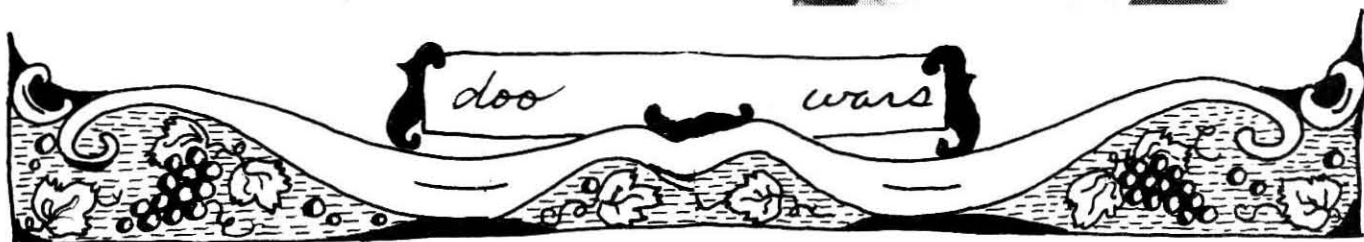
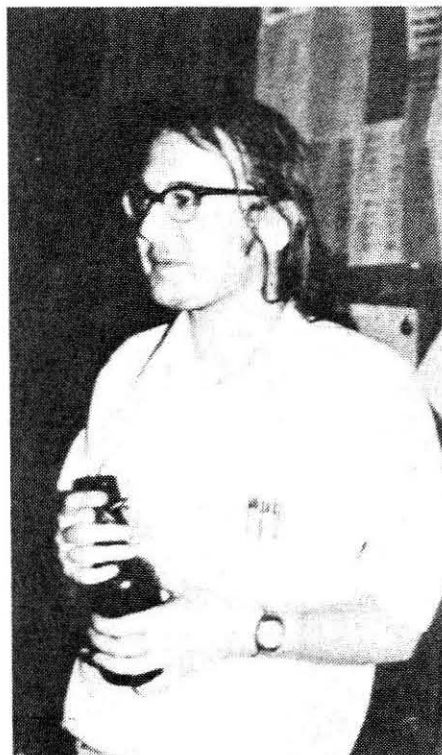
Dream: To be head of the DEA's disposal division

Scotch: Doo-wars vile liquid®



Eichorn, entering frosh at Caltech, age 17.

Eichorn, insouciant super-senior, age 25



Mind Shop

FROM THREE

The chairman greeted the student and directed him into the uncomfortable little seat next to his desk. "Why don't you begin by reading your petition," the chairman said as he handed the green papers over to the baffled student. Steve could never figure out why people were so surprised by this request; after all, it's part of the game. While the student fumbled with his petition, the chairman added, "You may paraphrase it if you like."

The petitioner, being at a loss because of the intimidating circumstances, began to haltingly read his petition. There's his first mistake, thought Steve. No one wants to hear a litany, especially in the late afternoon; spontaneous shows of enthusiasm are what the committee responds to. Like hogs at a trough, Steve added as an afterthought. He was getting tired and was beginning to lose hope for the challenge he had anticipated. The student continued to read his apology, but worded his explanations such that they communicated nothing. The frequent references to personal problems were not elucidated and the extracurricular activities few. A typical neutral—Steve knew this meeting could go either way.

The student concluded with some overly humble phrase that made Steve wince. The pregnant pause that followed was ended when the chairman gave a questioning look to the committee and said, "Gentlemen?" Professor B rustled the transcript in his hand and cleared his throat.

Before B could begin his traditional denunciation of the student's ailing grade report, Dr. K quickly interjected, "Could you tell us the sort of work you did in your courses last term?" There was an odd emphasis on the word "work," which Steve decided was a clue. Steve sat stunned as the student responded with a fairly impressive description of the work he did in his interesting courses. Steve thought Dr. K was taking over his game. Dr. B, if not slightly more sympathetic now, was at least stifled by this maneuver, and Steve suddenly realized who his real opponent was at this meeting. If K wanted a challenge, by damned, Steve was up to it.

Steve knew his next move had to be well laid, for not only did he need to appear to be helping the student, but he had to show K what he could do. This guy is expecting to be led by his friend the student member, thought Steve, so he would be guided into a dark alley. As a whole, the committee disfavored people who ditched classes, and conveniently enough, Steve had this guy pegged as the sort who feels a little pride at being able to get by without attending lectures. Steve gave his voice an initial ellipsis and adopted a tone of approval: "...but how often did you attend your classes?" The one danger with this button was that certain committee members might actually value an honest answer over its dubious contents. A dishonest answer would be transparent, but Steve hoped that his "peers" would accord as much virtue to the petitioner's verity as a detective does to a confessed thief. When the student trustingly admitted how very rarely he really did go to class, at least two members muttered to themselves. Dr. A added with a detached sense of despair, "Well...at least you're honest."

Dr. K looked up in surprise at Steve, but without a break in the pace of the meeting he asked, "What plans do you have for next year?" During the student's description of his proposed schedule, Steve foresaw that K's next move would be to illicit a promise from the student to taper his extracurricular activities. He wondered what the best counter-move would

be, and looked around the room to find a likely mark.

Immediately after the student concluded his remarks, Dr. K added, "Do you intend to cut down on your outside activities next year?" The petitioner followed his latest guide and began to proffer the obvious resolutions. Steve, meanwhile, focused in on Professor A. Time to bring up the personal conflicts, he thought. It was a shot in the dark, but if played correctly, A's negative reaction would no doubt resonate within a few of the standard hard-nosed members.

"Could you tell us something about your personal difficulties?" Steve queried with the implication of helpfulness. No faculty member had the look of tact to breach personal issues with the students, but from another student, such a question seemed reasonable. Steve knew this.

"Uh... well..."

"If you're not comfortable with the question," K immediately inserted, "don't feel..."

"No, it's alright. I've just been having a problem with my father." As though struck with a lightning bolt, Dr. A scowled and shifted his position with a choreography that created a subliminal declaration of disgust. Bingo! Steve thought. Steve listened to the rest of the student's brief sketch with glee. It wasn't everyday one gets such a lucky strike. To ice the cake, Steve followed his question up with an attempt to discredit Dr. K's last point.

"Will this personal problem be resolved over the summer?" Steve's ironic tone succeeded in being lost on the student, and he knew that in emotional matters a person was invariably ambiguous with their answers.

"I don't know," the student simply said.

Dr. K was obviously taken aback by the last exchange. Steve imagined himself sweetly inquiring of Dr. K, "Touché?" The committee tended to decide the hard cases during the interview, and by Steve's survey of the countenances of the members, things looked good. They were tired, and tired men see whiners where heroes stand. Yes, Steve reflected, at the root of every failure, there lies somebody's victory.

K judiciously avoided the personal issue and took a more immediate tack. "What sort of work do you plan to do this summer?" The student performed admirably this time; he was going to work in a lab with a research group, and he truly enjoyed describing the details of it.

His talent and enthusiasm were clear, and the expressions of pure interest he manifested peppered the listeners with a refreshing optimism. The thing that galled Steve was the sincerity of this person. He was either a brilliant actor or had stupid luck.

Nonetheless, this singular display of eagerness merely showed that the petitioner wasn't a complete bozo. The angle Steve needed to take with his final assault was whether this guy liked the institute. Students, particularly those in academic trouble, often automatically spew forth stale calumnies toward the institute without regard to their real feelings; and faculty members, particularly committee members, often condemn such students without regard to the merit of the criticisms. It was worth probing for, because at this stage, Steve reflected, the game was too close to call.

"How do you feel about the 'institute' at this stage in your 'academic' career?" In one breath, Steve tonally communicated both the negativity of the institute to the student and the negativity of the student to the faculty.

"Well...uh...the pressure is too intense and I'm getting a little tired of the routine, but..." The student paused to consider. He had already made the first step in damning himself, but he was visibly inflating himself in preparation for the delivery of the tape recording.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

Apostol is Amused

his lecture was at the complete mercy of those controlling the blackboards he ventured to ask, with a large grin, "Which one should I erase?"

On each of these simple maneuvers, the audience suppressed snickers and laughs. The real show began, however, when they heard the familiar beginning of "The Ride" from hidden speakers in the back of the room. The blackboards kept time with the music and executed a carefully choreographed routine. The audience was quite impressed at some of the patterns and clapped fervently, while Dr. Apostol himself smiled, sat down in the front, and enjoyed the performance.

The grand finale of the musical chalkboard show was attained when a flag hidden in the ceiling was released. The large black flag proudly proclaimed $\gamma\delta\beta\gamma$

The prank was attainable only through the infinite hours of work dedicated by several members of Blacker and one Lloydie. Originally conceived first term, the original plans were to perform it the last day of first term. However, there was just not enough time to accomplish all of the work necessary to fully debug the system. It took until the end of third term to build, debug, and install all of the equipment necessary.

At the completion of these efforts, the group had complete control of the boards from the back of the room. They could easily move the boards to all possible positions, including some not possible from only the lecturer's switches at the front of the room.

Dr. Apostol and the audience both greatly enjoyed this elegant and impressive RF. Throughout, Apostol remained good-humored and took it quite well.

Wanted: One Liberal and one conservative, willing to publicly assassinate the other's character on a quasi-weekly basis. Experience in epithets and disgusting imagery is required. Liberals may apply in person to Dwayne David, 204 Keck (bring Save the Whales T-shirts, Ted Kennedy paraphernalia, testimonials from Jane Fonda, etc.). Conservatives may apply to R. D. Lang, 40 Ricketts (NRA ID card, Klan hood, Reader's Digest, or an autographed picture of Reagan).

Mind Shop

FROM TWELVE

"More to the point," Dr. K injected, "do you feel comfortable with your house, and your friends?" K took blatant advantage of the pause, and set the student back on the "path of salvation."

"Yes, I do. My motivation is higher now than it ever was, and I value the opportunities here. Of course I have good friends, but doesn't everybody?"

Dr. K shot a sharp glance at Steve. Steve caught it and thought to himself that good ol' K was trying to get personal now; starting to hit below the belt. A sure sign that he was getting desperate. The room was electrified now with an intensity born from fatigue and tension, and no one seemed to have anything to add to the dialogue. Professor A had long since shut himself off. His eyes were directed at the student but were not focused; occasionally he would scratch his knee or tug at a sock. Dr. B looked politely tolerant, yet displayed no other interest in the student. Most of the remaining members were comfortable having removed themselves from the central arena, and they silently observed the various interactions, reserving judgements for later. Steve and Dr. K relaxed in their seats simultaneously, and with that the chairman managed to turn a warm smile toward the student.

"Thank you. Would you mind stepping outside while we review your petition?" The chairman arose with the student and slowly escorted him to the door. As he exited, Mr. D thanked the committee for its time. The chairman sat back down rather heavily, and faced his committee. His eyes conveyed his exhaustion, and the natural bags under his eyes seemed unusually pronounced. Steve was certain of victory, so he immediately dispelled the unspoken question of entertaining discussion by suggesting an immediate vote. The motion needed no justification; the committee had discussed the matter as much as it cared to; protocol was no longer requisite. Dr. K seconded the motion, and the chairman released a subtle sigh.

"We have a motion for reinstatement." The chairman's words had the quality of an inner-tube with a slow leak; "Those in favor?" Steve immediately leaned forward, expecting to see three hands go up, but feeling uncertain all the same. Dr. K's hand coolly rose above his head, and in rapid succession the hands of Dr. X and Dr. Z followed. Expected. There was a slight pause, and then Dr. B lifted his arm and returned it in a chopping motion.

"Yes," B growled, "...I must be getting soft." He looked sheepish as he fixed his gaze on the pile of transcripts near his feet, testimony to the day's labors. Steve's mouth was dry, and he worked his tongue around his teeth to re moisturize it. He had not anticipated this reversal.

"And," the chairman drew out this word with a weary tone, "those opposed?" Steve cautiously raised his hand and at the same time Dr. Y and Dr. Q each raised an open palm to shoulder height. Dr. A then raised his hand, making some muffled, petulant comment under his breath. A tie. Steve's mind was buzzing; the end game is always the trickiest.

For the first time in several years, the chairman could not make a decision; he had wanted to avoid the necessity of breaking the tie. But he had set up that situation for himself long ago when he had chosen to be an objective helmsman, casting his vote only when his associates failed to resolve an issue. His mind was strained by the responsibilities he faced. He had to make a decision for the committee, but it had to be the right one for the student, and it certainly had to be the right one for the institute. He rolled his eyes in a light-hearted attempt to communicate his difficulty while easing any tensions that his hesitation might

have created.

Steve took this as a confirmation that the chairman was waffling, that his mind was hovering in a delicate balance of indecision. Steve had to act fast if he were to determine the outcome of this affair, and he flogged his memory for some button he could press. The chairman was fairly independent—the only pattern Steve could drag up was the chairman's habit of feeling personally hurt when someone expressed disregard for the institute. He fancied himself a personal steward of the institute, and when his charge was belittled he felt oddly obligated to make up for it. That was the only key that Steve had time to try—the chairman felt he owed the committee a quick decision, and he had already wasted enough of their time.

"He *did* seem like he resented the workload the institute gave him rather than his failure to take it seriously." Steve made the remark as off-handedly as possible, and kept a careful eye on the chairman's every reaction. The remark connected and the clarity of the chairman's expression seeped slowly back into his face.

He *did*, that," the chairman wondered aloud. A decision was falling into place quickly.

"That may well be," Dr. K added in a perfectly sedate tone," but that's not something a little time won't cure." At that, he looked very deliberately at the clock on the wall opposite the chairman. Something clicked in the chairman and he recalled how much time the committee traditionally was obliged to spend rediscussing petitions that were denied by a margin of one or two votes. Indeed, he was there to maintain the continuity of the meeting, and the committee had worked hard all day. Besides, all he remembered of Mr. D at this juncture of thought was his show of enthusiasm over his research. The decision settled into place.

"I vote in favor," the chairman announced with confidence. He then brought his hands squarely down on his desk. He looked at his fellow members with the expression of a sergeant congratulating his troops. "I will go tell Mr. D the news. Thank you all very, very much for your patience....Meeting adjourned."

As the relieved committeemen trickled out of the room, Steve dawdled and poked through the remaining sweet-rolls by his side. Failing to invoke any appetite, he had the presence to leave the room; he was the last person to go. At the door he passed the chairman, and they automatically exchanged vacant smiles. Steve walked absently down the hall. He didn't feel defeated, but he did have a slight feeling of loss that he couldn't pin down. All he seemed to have gotten from the bout was fatigue.

Suddenly the petitioner, Mr. D, caught up with Steve. Steve knew his name was Bill, and was casually acquainted with him through some mutual classes.

"Hi Steve," Bill said cheerily.

"Oh, hello."

"Say, I want to thank you for helping me out in front of the Committee. When I went in there, I was really nervous, but your questions calmed me right down. Glad to know I've got someone plugging for me." Steve felt incredibly distant from the scene.

"Well...that's what I get paid for." He smiled and acted as though her were resigned to his duty.

"Uh, I've got to run," Bill suddenly said; "Thanks again. Bye." He quickly walked out of Steve's fight. Steve didn't bother to acknowledge Bill's exit. He felt empty; his consciousness seemed to be a single point in a black void surrounded by a soft shell.

Dr. K quietly strolled out from some hidden portico and confronted Steve. Silently K studied the features on his face. Steve finally looked up, disinterested, and met K's gaze.

"Who are you?" K asked with a perfectly flat even tone. His eyes glinted slightly as he spoke. And for the first time in Steve's life he didn't have any sort of answer to give. None.

—Stuart Goodnick

Shirl To Speak At Commencement

The Honorable Shirley M. Hufstedler, former U.S. Secretary of Education and a trustee of the California Institute of Technology, will be the keynote speaker at the Institute's 87th annual commencement exercises on Friday, June 12. The ceremonies will begin at 10:30 am on the Court of Man, adjoining Beckman Auditorium.

Preliminary figures indicate that 472 students will receive degrees—205 BS degrees, 145 master's degrees, 125 PhDs, and 1 engineer's degree. Three students will receive the BS and master's degree at the same time. Of the 205 seniors who are candidates for the bachelor's degree, 105 will be graduated with honor—indicating that they have maintained a B-plus or higher grade average during their undergraduate years.

R. Stanton Avery, chairman of the Caltech Board of Trustees, will preside over commencement, and the Reverend Donald Paul Merrifield, S.J., of Loyola Marymount University will give the invocation and the benediction.

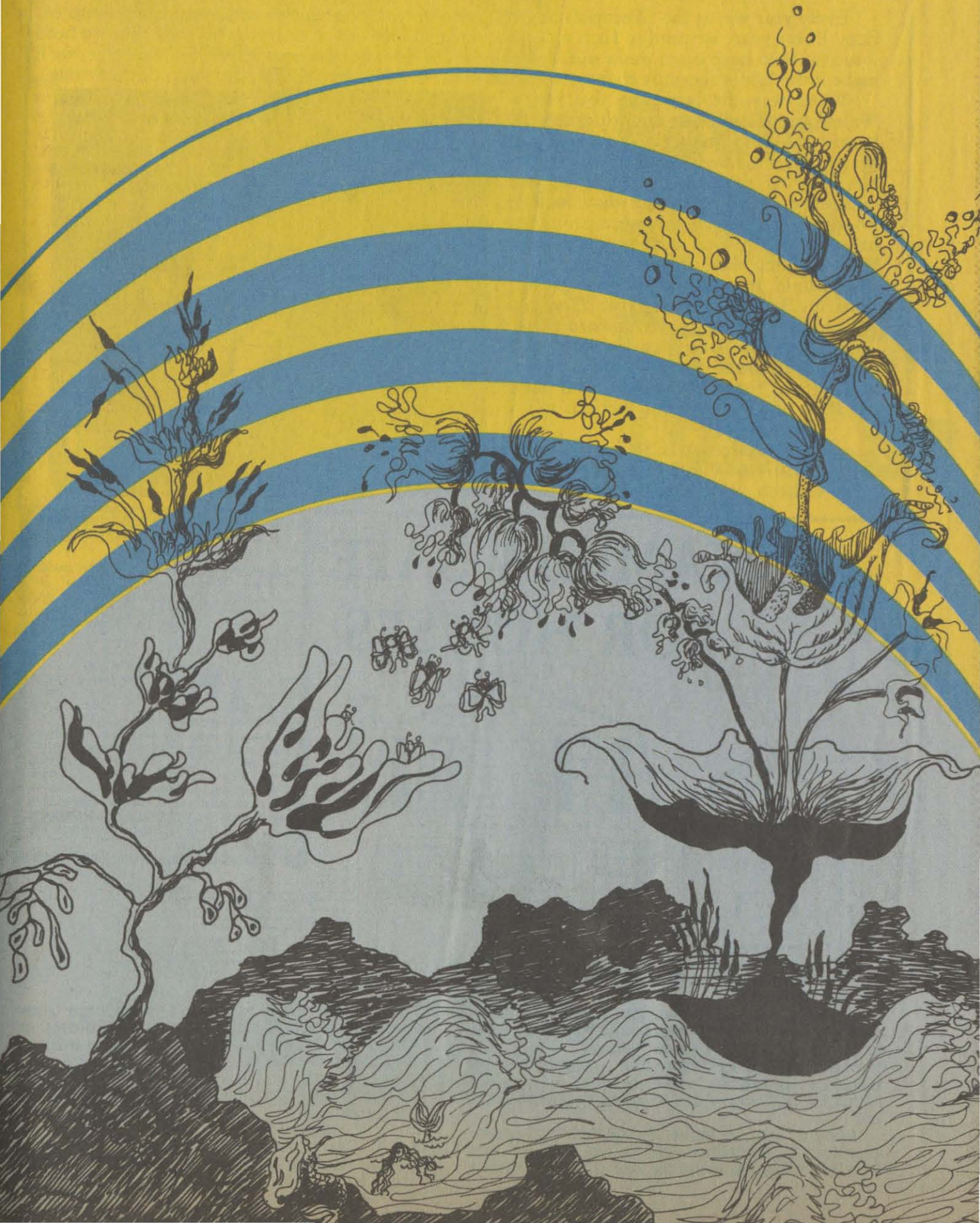
Hufstedler, who will speak on "America's Greatest Investment Opportunity: Human Resources," was the first person to hold the position of U.S. Secretary of Education, appointed by President Carter in 1979. At the time of the appointment she was the nation's highest ranking woman jurist—judge of the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals. Earlier she had served as a superior court judge and then as an associate justice of the California Court of Appeals.

Hufstedler received her LLB from Stanford University in 1949. Currently she is a member of the law firm of Beardsley, Hufstedler, and Kemble in Los Angeles.

Hufstedler first served as a Caltech trustee from September 1975 until she took over her cabinet post in January 1980. Recently she accepted a re-appointment to the Institute's board.

Facts about Caltech

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1981-82



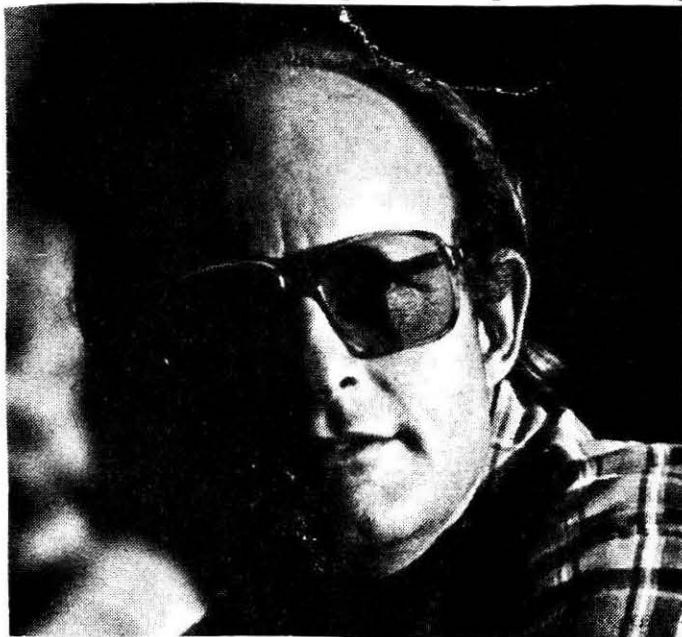
SAVE D. WALES

Every year we, at the Greenpeas Society, need to maintain our lawyers and Beverly Hills offices. Every year, we need to filch more and more money out of burgeois pockets. But we need some cause to harp on to make our solicitations for donations seem tenable. So, this year, we'll make it the Wales (because that word happened to come up in our alphabet soup this morning).

When was the last time you saw a Wales? Specifically, we are protesting the harassment and maltreatment of Dean Wales (order *Cetacea*). Due to an incredible array of psychological assaults and telekinetic finagling (which may include working with bears), this once proud ilk has dwindled to one remaining survivor. Who is doing this? Ruthless undergrads who would stop at nothing to get his signature for some slip of paper. *How can you stop this crime against humanity?*

For starters, you can be kind and generous to Dean Wales. Feed him frequently and forge his signature for him, but most of all, send contributions to:

The Greenpeas Society
107-51 Winnett Center
Caltech, Pasadena CA 91125



MAKE NAMIBIA SAFE FOR HOUSES



Hundreds of bungalows, torn down for a condominium community. A block of suburb, moved to make way for a "Leisure Village". Dozens of families displaced from their modest frame buildings to create duplexes. And this is just Namibia. Can you afford to let such atrocities go on?

Recent reports have indicated that **communism** is funneling millions of dollars into Namibia to force families with different racial

makeups to live together! This scourge may someday spread to our beloved United States, or worse yet, even to Pasadena! Would you want to live in the same house with an Ornamental, who eats funny food and exudes strange odors? No, you can ill afford to let **communism** run your life; give generously to:

Kitizens for a Klean Kountry
107-51, Winnett Center
Caltech, Pasadena CA 91125

Facts about Caltech

1981-82

Published yearly except during paper strikes, Murphburger's fits, or bankruptcy. Any resemblance of any character in this booklet to anyone, living or dead, is either coincidental or intentional.

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Facts about Caltech 1981-82

What's Caltech's Excuse?



The expensive metal-op art sign proudly proclaims your arrival into the seamier side of Pasadena. But don't fret; be glad you haven't met what pass as humans at Caltech.

Oops, too late. Upper right, junior in flicking, Terry Thatfucker, shows off his skill in VC 2ab "Basic Asteroids." He just got nailed by the big ship and so, in reply, he uses the proper technique of resetting the machine.

But that's just a minor part of Caltech. Research is the main thrust; undergrads "volunteer" to work in the labs. Lower right, sophomore Jed Deadhead tests the radioactivity of a seemingly innocuous sculpture of pure plutonium. Does Deadhead mind? As he says, "A kilocurie a day helps keep pimples away."



HOW DO we put into words the essence of a place — the spirit of a community of people who live and work together and mindfuck and shaft each other?

We begin by saying that Caltech is a community of remarkably bright, scholarly, talented, narrow-minded opinionated men, intently focused on learning and making as much money as possible.

Caltech's tradition of having faculty is very helpful. They teach, carry out research, and are thorough in the indoctrination of unsuspecting frosh. As the common aphorism says, "the honeymoon is over, the rape has begun." Seventy-five of the faculty are fully accredited members of NBIASS (National Basic Indoctrination in Arts and Sciences Society).

The undergraduate student body brings to the campus a subtle lack of humanity. Entering frosh are carefully culled for shreds of concern, empathy of selflessness. Associating with peers as bright as or brighter than themselves brings out the defensiveness for which Caltech members are well known.

Hence the intensely competitive atmosphere. You often see students looking back over their shoulders while walking to make sure no one overtakes them. Many students pull all-nighters in futile attempts to catch up in classes. As one recent frosh exclaimed, "MEEF (Me fuck up)!"

Caltech's smallness can certainly be attributed to its size. Upon your arrival, you will be ushered to the student center where the undergrads and both grad students will meet you.

Most undergrads live in the houses on campus for their stay here (each covered separately later). After the first week as a frosh, you will be picked into a house and you will never need nor have the opportunity to interact socially with any other house. There is an even chance that you may not know another member of your house — especially if you live off campus.

Accommodations are adequate — a single five by eight feet, enough for a bed and a desk, and perhaps your feet. (If you get a double, the extra room can hold your roommate — if he's a cretinous amputee.)

Because of its small student body, Caltech has a small campus. However, bikes and cars are in great abundance here — and no one takes traffic rules or common sense safety into account so *all* students have an equal chance to get seriously injured.

Hard work, emotions akin to those of a monk and an arm and a leg are expected in return for excellence. Are you prepared to delay social happiness for four years? Are you prepared to stay awake eighty hours to complete a "trivial" problem set? Are you crazy? In short, your undergraduate work at Caltech will be the *only* focus of your life for four years.

CALTECH OFFERS you a unique opportunity: to be in a socially unstable situation which may pitch you over the brink of despair, despondence and insanity at any time.

There are many aspects of this social instability: in the male-female ratio, in the air of intense competition,

in the apparent lack of communications between people. All this shows you, after four years of experience, that the only person you can rely on is yourself. Reaching out and trying to touch other people only causes pain and bad feeling on all sides, so you quickly learn to smother such impulses.

Caltech teaches you the fundamentals of life:

1) Never rely on anyone else — it only causes problems when you assume any sort of relationship exists.

2) Always use people you come in contact with — they're only using you. Corollary:

3) Never offer anything of yourself — it only makes it that much easier for everyone else.

4) The world is against you — always look over your shoulder to make sure nothing is gaining on you.

5) The world despises you and thinks you are a glitch that should be eliminated — be thankful for every minute you live.

6) The Creator admits his/her error in fashioning you and promises never to do it again.

7) The Universe is in complete disorder because of you.

You should note that in the past few years, over 71 percent of the entering freshman class have adopted that form of thinking and thus have become nihilistic introverts with suicidal tendencies. The rest have gone elsewhere to be human.

Also, 12 percent of entering freshmen take longer than four years to complete their course. This abundance of the "super-senior" class has put a yoke on the lower classes. Frosh are forced to sleep in closets and in steam tunnels. Sophomores are forced to stand aside as "super-seniors" pass. And all must go through the humiliating ritual of "Ditch Day" where the lower classes are subjugated into performing demeaning tasks and otherwise acting foolishly while the seniors go to the beach — all for the spirit of keeping the class separation. The remainder of the time, there is no social mobility — each class is complete unto itself and no outside agencies are necessary for stabilization.

The Institute has an outstanding complex of physical facilities — unfortunately none of them are functional or available for use. The Institute also has a few cults, like the Universal Church of TimeVax. However, recently a splinter group of HepVaxers has created dissention among the TimeVax faithful. A rogue has reunited the groups.

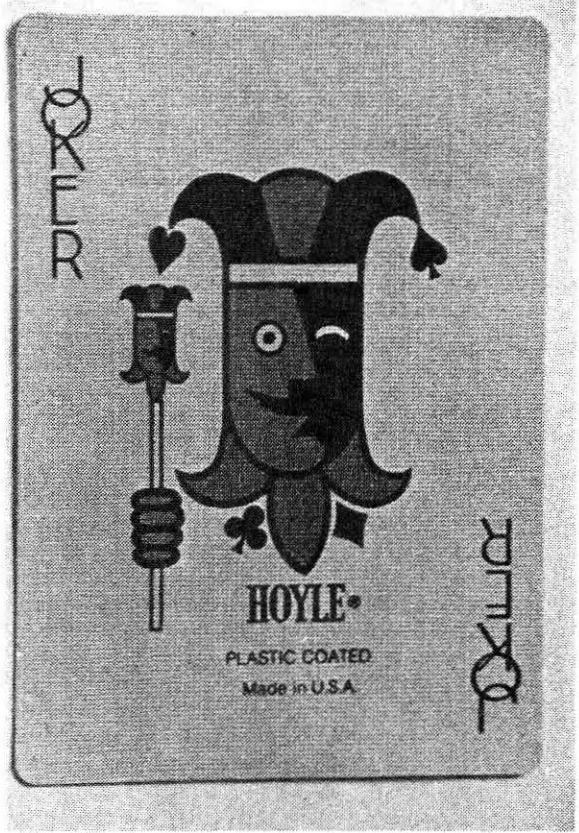
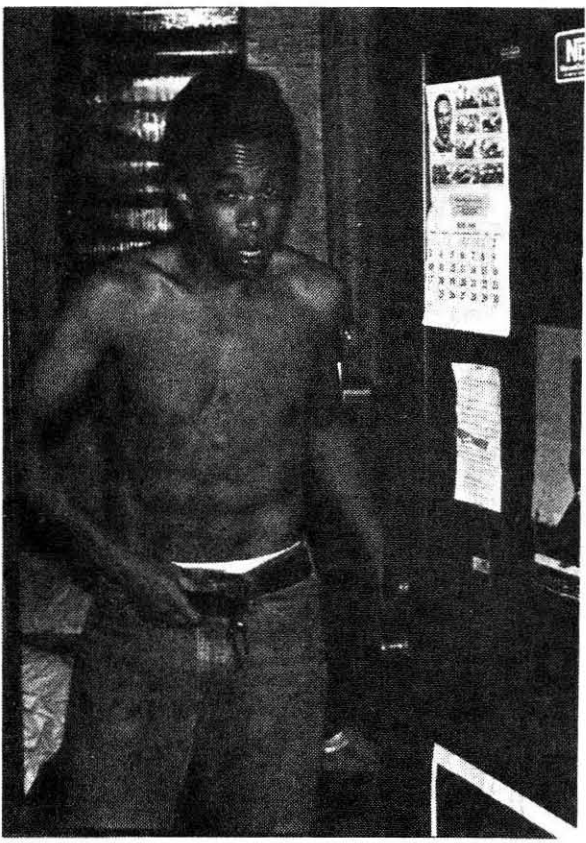
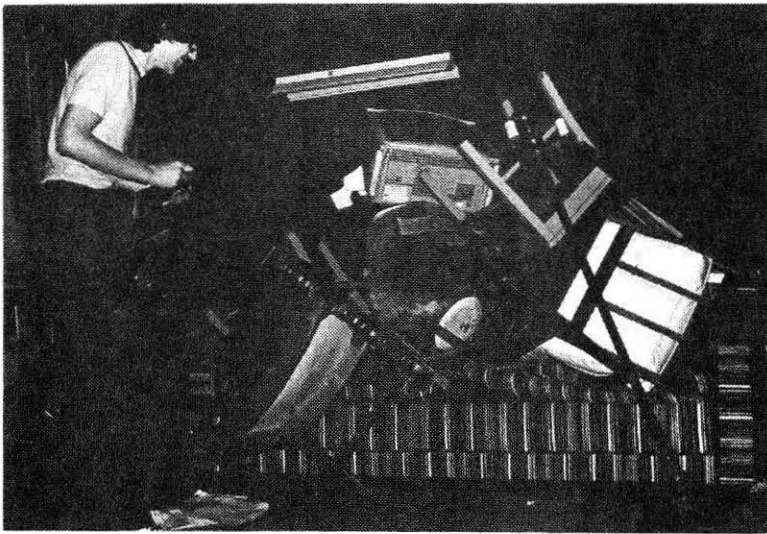
Forget sports.

The only degree offered by the Institute is the B.S., well earned if you take the humanities course.

There are several options:

- flicking
- trolling and computrolling
- doping, removing incompletes, and necrophilia
- explosives and throatcutting
- applied biology

Each of these is described in the pages that follow. Read about them and see what Caltech has to offer you.



LIFE AT CALTECH

A cross section of student life at Caltech. Counterclockwise from upper right:

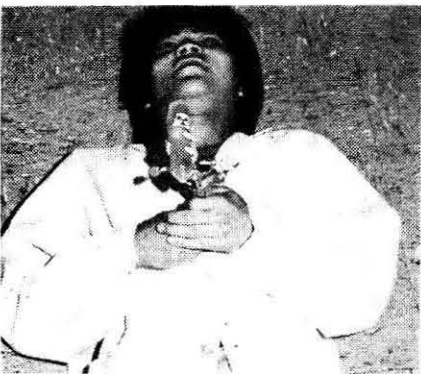
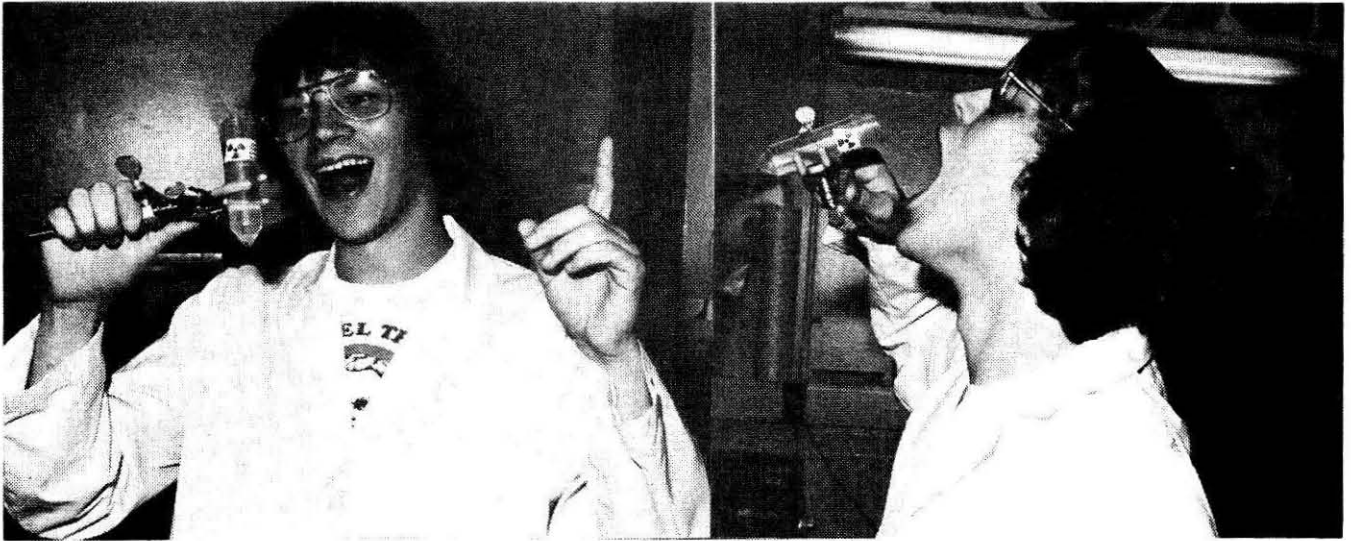
Marvin Goldberger ("Murphburger"), president of Caltech, in his office. Since he would not give us a portrait nor mug shot, we chose this stunning likeness.

Mark Turtill, super-senior in flicking, enjoys a sculpture at Baxart, the on-campus gallery for artists without a sense of aesthetics. Contributions are solicited for sculptures and paintings: send rusty razor blades and toejam to Baxter Art Gallery c/o Caltech.

Your friendly student government is available at all hours of the night. As Interbitch Committee Chairman Dave Lunge, the fellow pictured, says, "If it feels right, do it." Well if missing several molars feels right, wake him up while he's crashing. The Interbitch Committee is in need of more exposure. See the Applied Biology section.

Undergrads have fun. On a sunny day, half the undergrads decide to teach one of their breed to swim. Unfortunately, the "pool" is a foot deep.

Finally, you can get spectacular views like the one in the lower right, from your new cubicle, er, room.



Mild mannered senior in applied biology Pole Burnout demonstrates his recent breakthrough in schizophrenia research. Above his prized possession the "Jeckillhide" formula containing Th-232, I-90 and various heavy metals. T=0, he begins the experiment.

Left, T=15 minutes, eyes begin to glaze over, pupils dilate, dreamy expression.

Below T=30 minutes, transformation is complete.

T=45 minutes, Burnout rematerializes and explains the benefits of the formula before tearing the photographer's throat out.



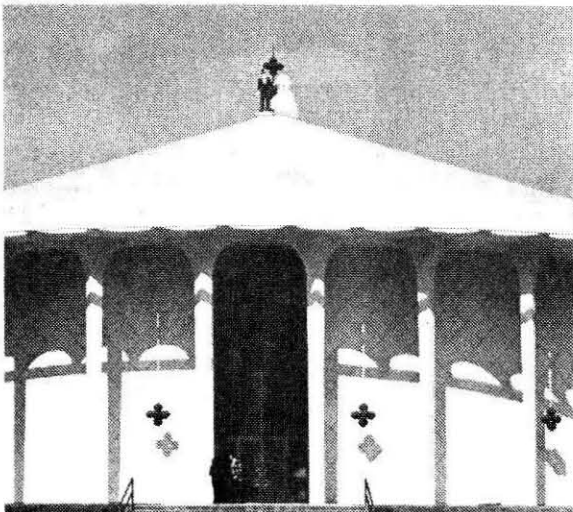
Flicking



Flicking can be fun!

Caltech's motto number one is proved time and time again. Above, some students, like Soph Stew Beadnik, become Tech editors, admittedly an extreme measure. Some students prefer the minor flicks in life, such as Super-senior Keif Seguh, who just laughs at cracks in the sidewalk.

Below, some students even get married to avoid working and take great pains to make sure the number of hours spent arranging the event equals or exceeds one hundred and sixty eight. Also, a flicking center established by the administration on ninth-floor Millikan Library, a completely useless floor anyway. Flicking centers include every conceivable flicking method, from toothpicks to lubricated rubber gloves.



THE DEPARTMENT of flicking, largest of all departments at Caltech is composed exclusively of four divisions: Coffeehouse, theoretical sex, being excessively witty, and video games. Undergraduate research is heavily emphasized; subjects for experimentation are always in heavy demand. However, the prospective student of flicking must first be of the proper frame of mind: a distinct softness about the brain, a "mellow" or "burnt" state of mind, and a willingness to flunk all other subjects in search of the ultimate flick. Many courses in this division sponsor field trips to the beach or mountains which intentionally conflict with the academia schedule.

The Coffeehouse division is noted for its many distinguished faculty. Graduates in this field go on to careers with highly touted firms like Burger King, the Sizzler, and McDonalds. Research opportunities for undergrads are plentiful; the most ill-equipped lab on the west coast is located on campus at 300 South Holliston. There, many kinds of research take place. Dr. James Cumins is exploring techniques in the determination of the melting point of grease, and Dr. Will Luck is researching the effect of architecture on the acoustic properties of rooms, by direct voice transmittance. He has attained eighty decibels in the past. Volunteers are needed to sample the gourmand's delight offered.

Theoretical sex is the most popular option at Caltech, fully ninety-five percent of graduating males falling under its spell. This division is also noted for its many discussion classes, usually groups of three at a time. Many awards are given in this field, such as the E. E. Taylor memorial pencil sharpener for the person showing the most incompetence under sexual pressure. Past winners have gone on to fulfill courses in seminaries. On the research front, Dr. Jessica Drew is currently exploring herself for a NSF-funded project on autoeroticism.

The division of being excessively witty is known for the short tenure of its professors. The most durable has been Dr. Paul O. Ravioli, who has survived seven attempts on his life. Researchers in this division wear funny hats and make rude noises while creating abominable puns. Physical dexterity is required for anyone wishing to choose this field as an option.

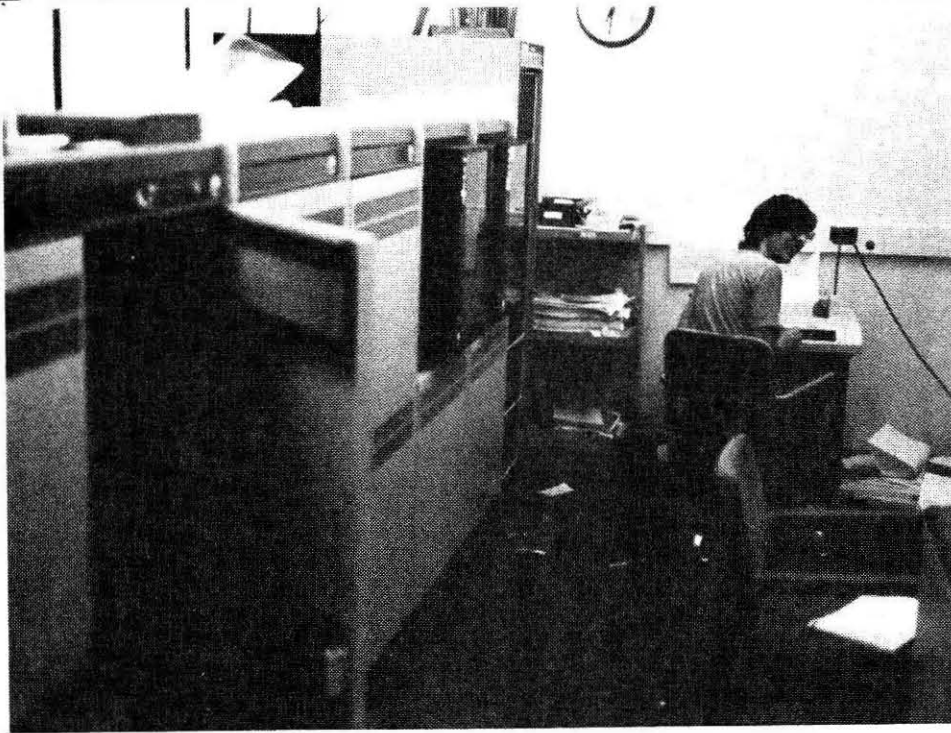
Video games is the option of the rich, due to its many required lab courses. However, student-machine ratios are often very low, and the option does provide many valuable insights into the use of epithets, expletives, violence and penury. Dr. Richard "Icky" Philips, professor emeritus, has developed several techniques in the use of violence to express anger on video machines (he won a Nobel Prize for his efforts—it was set off in his office). Frosh are encouraged to par-

ticipate in the ritual hammering, kicking and periodic pondings of the machine.

Course offerings in flicking are:

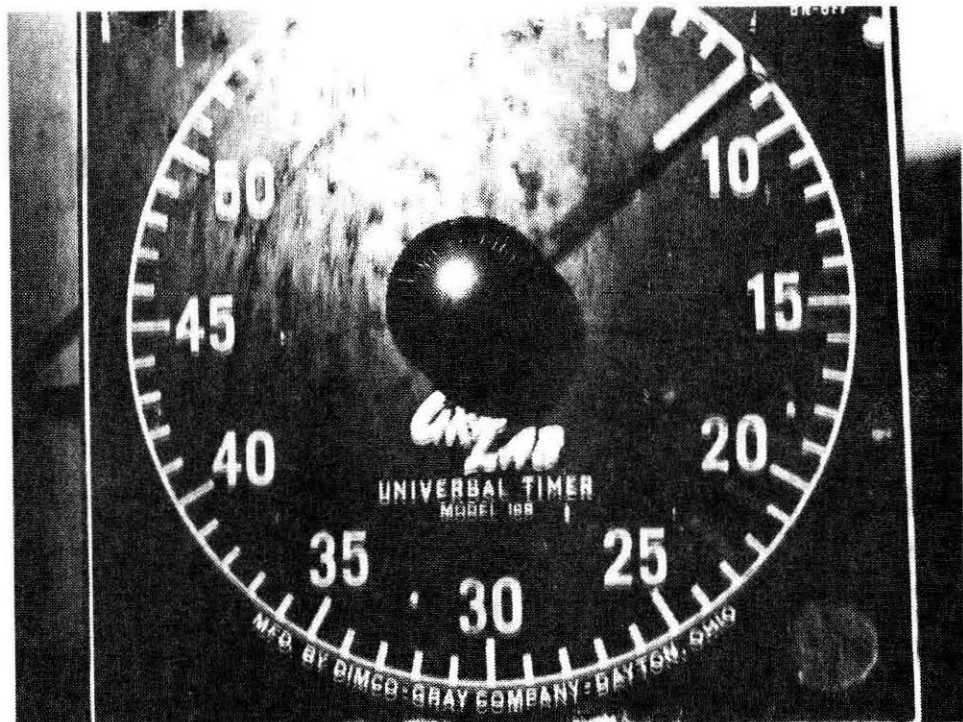
- Co 1 Basic Mannerisms (3-1-5)** A detailed introductory course on how to act like a coffeehouse waiter. Several special demonstrations are given on proper techniques of floating, being snotty, whining, bitching, and acting irritably. Prof: J. Cumins.
- Thx 4 Introductory Sex Theory (6-0-0)** Discussion class on theory and practice of sex. Many emotionally upsetting topics will be covered and students are encouraged to be frustrated and introverted. Graded Pass-Fail. Prof: T. Segu, K-car.
- Thx 1138 Modern Research in Theoretical Sex (12-0-0)** Also known as "bragging," this junior level course permits the student to boast of alleged sexual exploits and be graded by his peers on the credibility of the same. Prof: J. Deck.
- BEW 7ab Methods of Obnoxiousness (0-6-2)** Lab course designed to interest students in telling bad puns and in absorbing rotten tomatoes. Prof: P. Ravioli.
- BEW 101 Empathy (0-6-6)** Lab course, learning to live with Prof. P. Ravioli.
- VG 2abc Basic Asteroids (0-12-12)** Freshman lab course giving pointers in "hitting the little fuckers, schwaing, and punching the screen." Prof: R. Philips.
- VG 3abc Advanced Asteroids (0-24-24)** Sophomore lab for the true addict. Specialized methods in machine glitching, "infinite hyperspace" and cathode-ray tube explosions. Prof: K. Kansasburger.

Trolling and Computrolling



Caltech's computing facilities are infamous for their extensiveness and their characteristic odor. Here, Grad Turkey Mork "Nerd" Turtill is captured on film at a Hepvax terminal. The photographer was at the edge of Turtill's repulsion field—a combination of odors (year-old socks, rancid butter in hair, several exploded zits) designed to suffocate life forms at twenty-five feet.

Exam timer seen under the influence of methedrine. A common sight for most Techers, this particular timer belongs to Frosh Keif Seguh, taking five finals concurrently. The bloodstains at the lower left are those of another unfortunate frosh, who happened to barge in on Seguh's room and proudly proclaim, "I'm done with finals!"



EVERYONE KNOWS that trolling is the most important thing in life, and at Tech you'll find plenty of it. It is also generally accepted (at least around here) that computers are the most important source of both trolling and flicking; this need, too, is will looked after.

Caltech is magnificently well equipped with innumerable Vaxes, a handful of Unit306 time sinks, 800 undergraduate minicomputers (soon to be phased out in favor of HP-41's), and a special mxl-Schroeder finite state machine under study by the CS department (it's really a toy piano). The main computing center is protected by a drawbridge over a chasm and is well stocked with food; it can survive independent of outside contact for days. Indeed, many computrolls practice this regularly.

Those who like more varied trolling can find six full departments to wallow in. Questioned students will show great enthusiasm for some of the star courses. Here are some samples:

"I had to do data analysis on 65,342 + - 17 data points for each lab!"
—J. R. *Phizmajor*

"I did so much work for AMa 95 that I still have convulsionsa*b + 34c#(45a + 4b) = !now and then."
—K. R. *Mathman*

"It was the first class I ever had to spend more than two hours a week on, and I have five degrees already. Boy, was it neat!"
—L. R. *Handedness* (about Ph 12)

"Someone made me write for the Tech and I spent 15 hours a week for a 3 unit course. I'm glad I'm not an editor."
—M. R. *Etarded*

"They told me that BOC reps get free torture kits, so I joined. I didn't even get any units for it, and we have eight cases this finals week."
—N. R. *"Nero" Newman*

"My humanities prof said I really should read these 16 books on Franco-Roman political interactions. Now I'll have something to do over the summer."
—O. R. *Dersareorders*

"The Ay department wants to find out if DEI is really written on the moon, so I have to design and build a 200,000 inch telescope."
—P. R. *Emed*

The real high point of Caltech, though, is the special department created just for rabid workaholics—the Trolling Department. There are only four classes in the department, one for each year. If you can only sign up for a double overload, these classes are a complete schedule.

Tr 1 (6-0-80) This class introduces you to theoretical trolling with a project to count the grains of sand on a beach using mass spectrography. Class topics include taking square roots by hand, the structure of all known insect brains, and building spectrographs with toothpicks.

Tr 10 (6-20-60) This class continues Tr 1 by actually doing preliminary beach work. Class topics include psychology (trying to keep people off the beach), international sand structure, and toothpick theory.

Tr 100 (8-50-50) After two years of study, the trolling major reaches this high pinnacle. The class actually does the beach analysis for the project. In-class topics are data storage and warehouse design. The student is expected to spend the summer guarding the beach from trespassers like swimmers, surfers, and waves.

Tr 1000 (10-100-890) Not a sports car, this graduate level trollfest brings to a conclusion Project Beach. A senior thesis on the number of dust particles in a galaxy (to be picked third term) is required. Theoretical topics are academic reinstatement, stellar accretion, and a Marxist analysis of the Peloponnesian War for humanities credit.

But what about all you soft-minded humanitarians out there? Is all this work really going to help humanity? Shame on you for doubting! The World truly does need more computer languages, new and better anti-perspirants, more information on the star cluster cs114 with its many white dwarfs, and a better way to build a laser-guided, battery operated, 64K mousetrap. And if you don't think so you can just major in something useless like business or law.

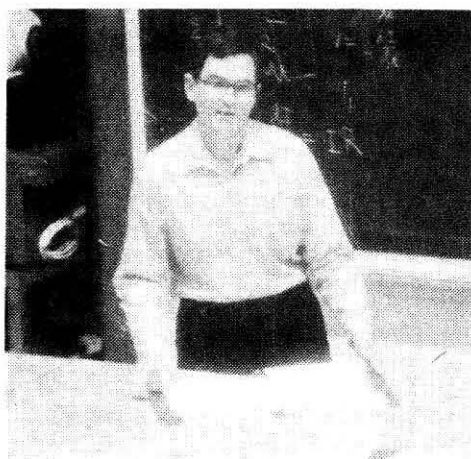
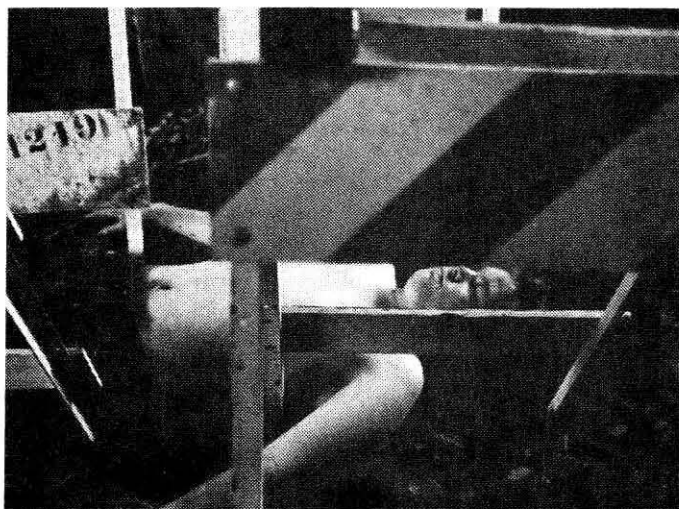
Overworkers of the World, unite! Our fair land is being drowned in a sea of enjoyment. You must come to Caltech, or the magical world of high energy trolling will be lost to you forever. You will have to engage in social interactions, like a normal life, perhaps even meet girls! Do you want that? Of course! Do you want a big fat Caltech degree so you can devote your life to science more? Yes! And if you don't, you will after four years here.

You may find yourself wondering if it is all worth it at times. This cannot happen if you do not have time to think. You should take at least 66 units a term, including one physics lab. If that doesn't work, take two humanities and call UASH in the morning.

Once you step onto the campus, prefrash, you won't have to worry about a thing. Your only worry will be your classes. You will be safe from the world. You'll be one of us... We want to help... We'll take care of you... It's going to be just fine...

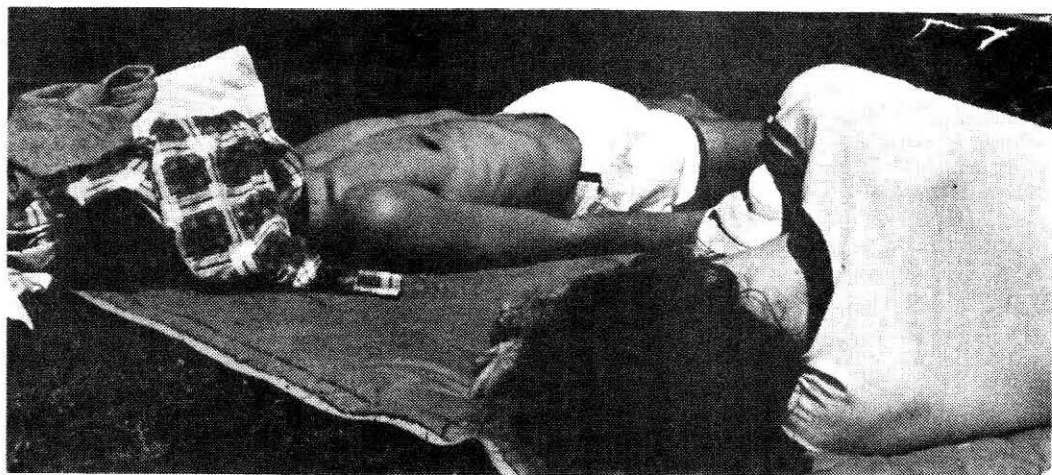
end program recruit.ment
all systems currently operational
monitors are activated
no known escape attempts tonight
compleader logout

Doping, Necrophilia and Removing Incompletes



Necrophilia is the hottest topic of research since bestiality at Caltech, and much time and effort are being funneled into more in-depth studies. Clockwise from upper left, Soph Jed Deadhead demonstrates the position he most enjoys his bedfellows (for Nec1). Tim Epistle flashes a grin during R11.

Below right, a Nec1 field trip to the county morgue to purchase suitable subjects. Note strong chest muscles, onsetting rigor mortis. Below left, Dr. Darbid Greenjeans teaches doping, as seen through the eyes of a hardcore dope major.



RESEARCH IN necrophilia and removing incompletes is largely concentrated on fundamental problems—and any day now, our semi-competent faculty will figure out what those problems are.

Caltech faculty members in theoretical necrophilia (who, of course, have nothing to do with those faculty in applied necrophilia) played a leading role in establishing the new coffee distribution system at Caltech, which is being closely studied by industry (so they know what to avoid in their own systems). At present the faculty's interest is turning toward unified field theories that encompass the four fundamental forces of nature—money, sex, drugs and rock and roll. There is a conjecture that Caltech is short of all four. This possibility is opening up new connections between necrophilists and dopers.

Caltech's dopers and necrophilists are among the leaders in experiment and observation. Presently, nearly half of the campus is in ruins because of the construction of new laboratories, bars, and other vital needs. The digging is not, however, without its benefits, as necrophilists are able to push back the frontiers of their field thanks to uncovered remains. Other research in necrophilia is carried out in cooperation with SAGA food service, which recently eased a shortage of experimental supplies through its undergraduate "volunteer" program.

Caltech's faculty in incomplete-removal conduct research programs in a number of areas. The group theoreticians and combinatorial analysts are making major contributions in the important problem of removing multiple incompletes. Recently one Caltech researcher, Dr. Joseph Snurd, the J. R. Darb professor of flicking and applied leave-taking, enumerated the largest sporadic incomplete-removal group. The analysts are exploring bribe theory and in cooperation with the leavists are studying non-standard flaming. Naturally, no undergraduates are allowed within 500 meters of a reasearch group.

Because of the favorable faculty-to-student ratio, as high as 1:0 in certain poorly-attended retch sections, undergraduates find it easy to come in contact with the distinguished, but incompetent and often senile, professors.

The division offers a poorly taught two-year core sequence in doping and incomplete-removal which are useless for any student. In addition, it offers other useless classes, mostly underunited.

Examples:

Nec 1abc and 2abc (4-0-5) The required Necrophilia classes. No Tech prof has written a bad enough book, so MIT and Berkeley do their worst.

Nec 4 Necrophilia Lab (0-6-0) A standard twelve unit lab.

Nec 5 Necrophilia Lab (0-9-0) A standard twenty unit lab.

ANec 3 Intro. Semisenile Teachers (2-0-4) Taught by Prof. Wilted, this class is designed to make Semisenile Teachers seem as incomprehensible as possible. Wilted fulfils this task admirably.

ANec 9 Cooking up Semisenile Devices (0-2-0, except the last week of class, when 0-168-0) A great opportunity to use up-to-date 1950's technology.

Do 1abc and 2abc (4-0-5) The required Doping classes which are designed to make doping seem as dull as possible, taught by Dr. T. Epistle, a professor well known for his bad writing and even worse lecturing.

Do 108abc Advanced Doping (4-0-8) The class to prevent any Doping majors from graduating in less than 6 years. The only class that makes ADo 95abc look possible.

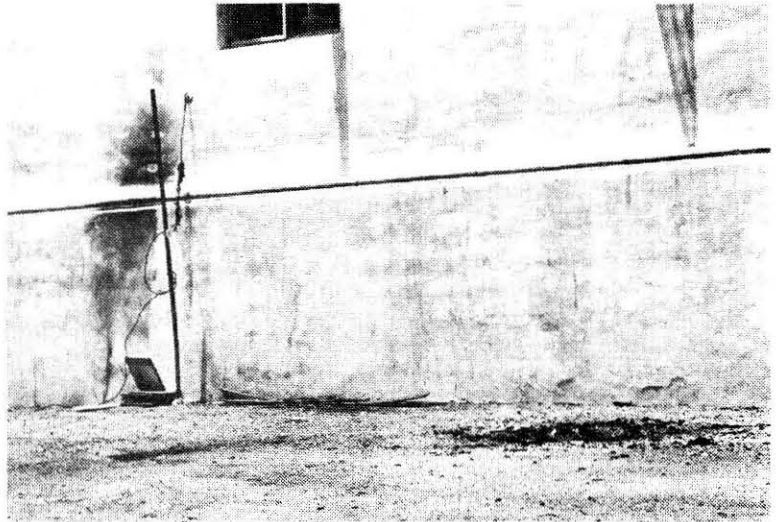
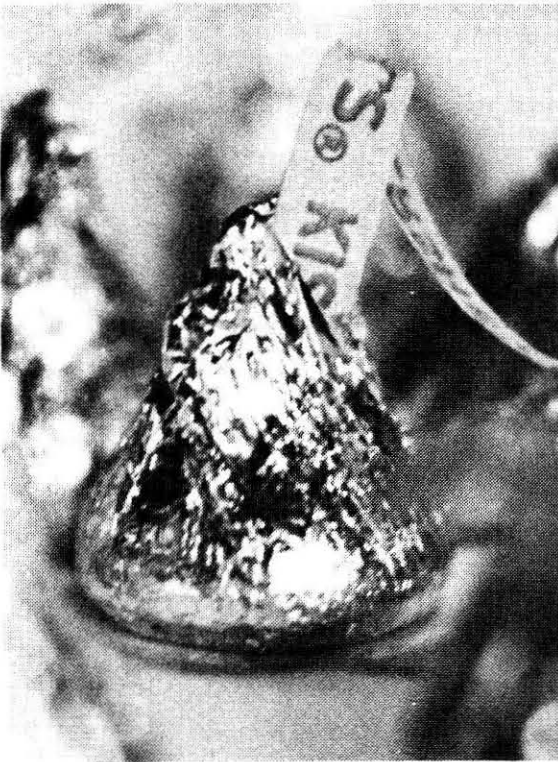
ADo 95abc Intro. Methods of Applied Doping (4-0-8) The class to prevent any non-Doping major from graduating in less than 7 years. The only class that makes a Doping major look good.

RI 1 Intro. Removing Incompletes (3-1-5) The introductory class in removing incompletes. Taught as badly as the other introductory classes, it is mercifully not required.

The doping undergraduate program is designed to provide a strong background in both classical and modern doping. The option requirements are flexible—many seniors are actually able to take one class that isn't required! In addition, independent research by undergraduates is encouraged, as it keeps them out of the faculty members' ways. If that fails, there is always Do 108 or ADo 95 to get rid of the student.

The undergraduate programs in removing incompletes and necrophilia are equally poor. Undergraduates are vital participants in the faculty's research, both in dangerous and boring areas. This experience is vital in securing admission to the best mental institutions. Undergraduates have often published papers (such as this rag), much to the disgust of the faculty. Senior undergraduates are encouraged to attend weekly firing squads, where the latest findings (such as they are) are covered up by Caltech faculty members and CIA agents.

Explosives and Cutthroating



The Caltech undergraduate program in explosives is chronically understaffed.

Counterclockwise from upper right:

An opening is available for "explosives-testor." The last one was testing nitrogen tri-iodide, right foreground, when it went off prematurely, leaving him the black smear, left background. Safety first! He forgot to wear his goggles.

Upper left, innovative designs in explosives. Actual size of this device is ten feet wide by ten feet tall with a two and a half foot wide fuse.

Lower left, terrorist raid on Dabney House through auspices of Ex 6a. Graduates in the field go on to high powered careers with the IRA and PLO.

The Caltech undergrad program in Cutthroating is quite successful. Lower right, new ideas can bring about large sums of money.



PERHAPS THE least attractive features of Caltech as a place for undergraduates to study explosives and throatcutting are the impossibly hard requirements, the small number of students in the division, the chance to see faculty at a distance once in a great while, and the emphasis on test tube washing as part of an undergraduate education.

In freshman explosives lab, students go immediately into research situation in which they get to work with deadly chemicals with insufficient (if any) protection. The techniques learned will be useful to the survivors when they work in cheapskate industry labs. "Years ago," says Dr. A. R. M. Chair, head of the department of throatcutting, "we anticipated that industrial safety regulations could never last. Now, when Reagan repeals them, our graduates will have an easy time in the job market." Of course, the experiments they get to do have nothing to do with real research; rather they give the student a good insight into following "cook-book" style instructions.

Classes in explosives are typically very small, due to both freshman lab casualties, and the fact that no one in his right mind would be an explosives major. Undergraduate test tube washing is encouraged, and it is not unusual for students to start washing during their sophomore year. This experience not only earns the student up to \$0.002 per tube (-\$14.00 per broken one), but could also lead to a student doing real research as early as his third super-senior year. Safety is a major concern of the division: thanks to hard work, only 13 explosives majors were killed in Explosives 80 (undergraduate research) during the 1979-80 academic year. They were working on projects ranging from contact explosives to long range artillery.

Many undergraduates use the summer to attempt to catch up on work they missed during the year, but they generally fail. This regularly results in obituaries with undergraduates as principle subjects. Because of the large concentrations of various toxic substances in their tissues, bodies of undergraduates are widely sought after for graduate school supplies as well as industrial uses.

The explosives curriculum is very flexible. There are only six years worth of required classes, and most graduating students stay little more than ten years. every effort is made to ensure that the student is useful as long as he lives, er, I mean, until he graduates.

Caltech's throat cutters explore many areas of monetary policy, as well as occasionally doing some throat cutting. They also consider themselves in the context of students higher on the curve than themselves.

The throat cutting faculty believes that Caltech's undergraduate program is one of the best in the country for preparing young engineers for the field. Regrettably, they are alone in this opinion. In addition to extremely poorly taught classes, the extremely poor labs give the lie to their point of view. The faculty have been involved in research into topics in money market investment, municipal bonds, Switzerland as a tax shelter, and intimidating undergraduates. Current research involves bilking the government, as well as industry, investment in South Africa, extraction of gold from undergraduate mouths, and getting increased mileage from Rolls-Royces. Naturally, no students are involved in any of these projects.

- Exp 1 (3-0-3) General and Quantitative Explosives** Lectures and useless retches dealing with general construction of explosive devices. Prof: Dikerzon. Text: *Explosive Principles* by Dikerzon, Dikerzon, and Dikerzon.
- Exp 2 (3-0-6) Advanced Placement in Boring** Explosive devices as a cure for insomnia. No explosive theory will be taught. Prof: K. Jaundice.
- Exp 3a (0-6-69) Cook-Book Explosives** The standard required laboratory for getting rid of clumsy frosh, teaching valuable techniques such as how to follow directions, burn chemicals, and clean test-tubes.
- Exp 6ab (2-4-0) Explosive Projectile Lab Theory and practice of firing explosive missiles into Fleming Parking Lot and over the Olive Walk. Includes destruction of Protons.** Prof: M. Fajrdo.
- TC 10 (3-3-3) Intro. Money** Basic concepts in investment theory and monetary kinetics are discussed with respect to a variety of available luxury items. Prof: A. R. M. Chair.
- TC 63abc (3-0-6) Throatcutting Thermodynamics** Basic thermodynamics course with special attention to flame-inducement and the advantages of cold steel in throatcutting.
- TC 101acdc (2-6-4) Applied Explosives** Techniques of removing people who did better on the midterm than you did.
- TC 121a (3-0-6) Special Topics in Throatcutting: Pollution Engineering** Discussion regarding federal standards and bribing inspectors. Also, how much to take for turning in your boss.
- TC/BEM 166a (7-0-9) Optimal design of monetary systems** The derivitave with respect to money is introduced and discussed. Also, kick-back theory and swindling are taught.

Frosh and the Froshling Year

EVERY FALL about 215 unruly frosh arrive on the Caltech campus from all parts of California, and even from other parts of the world. Roughly 42 percent of them are still at Caltech the next year.

Holding this group together is at least one thread—a need to avoid upperclassmen, at least for a while. Upperclassmen can never think of a frosh as being “clean” enough, so they consistently induce frosh to take showers. Sometimes they even encourage the frosh to take swims in the local pond.

Most frosh come to Caltech excited about the subjects they like—science and mathematics. They soon learn better. After a year of forgetting physics, missing math, and crying about chemistry, most of them come to the conclusion that “It’s not worth it!” It is for this reason that many don’t come back for their second year. Those who do come back are always, to put it in technical jargon, “burnt out.” The symptoms of this disorder include apathy, an unwillingness to do anything, and a tendency to fall asleep at the sight of homework. On the last week of the term, this often leads to a new disease called “infinite trolling.” See the corresponding article for more information.

Another thing Caltech frosh have in common is academic excellence, at least in high school. Most frosh did not do much work in high school at all, so they are often not prepared for the torture known as Caltech. They often experience some degree of shocking insanity when confronted with the assignment sheet for the next week’s physics problems. “This is nothing like the physics I learned in high school!” is a common complaint. Soon enough the frosh discover the fact that it’s easier to do homework together with other frosh. Trolling sessions develop, in which several (usually about six) frosh either try to solve one impossible problem at a time, or divide the problems among the group so that each person has one impossibly grungy problem to solve.

After a while, frosh begin to know which upperclassmen can be counted on to give the answers to homework problems. Sometimes these “angels of mercy” actually do the problems for the frosh, but since in most cases the same problems are given year after year, they give the frosh the notebooks from *their* frosh year and the new frosh just copy the answers out of them. It is possible that some problems were never actually solved; the answers are just passed down from generation to generation, like a legend.

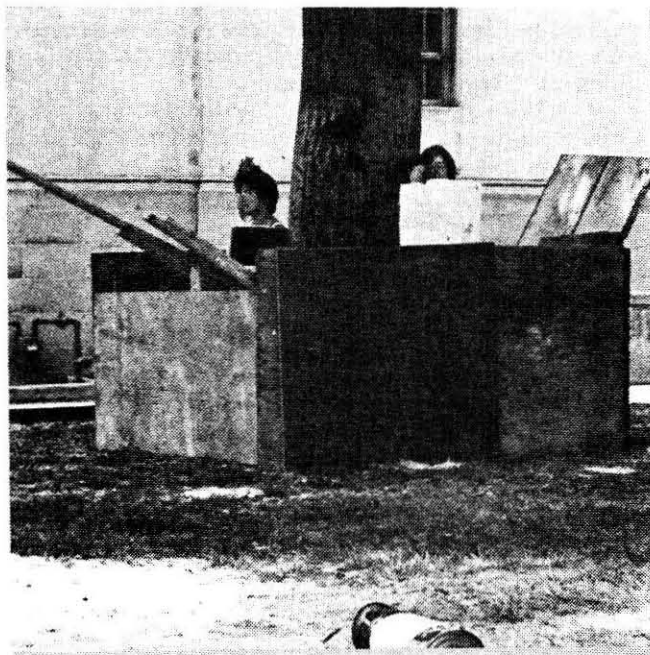
Every frosh is expected to take, or show proficiency in, the core curriculum subjects: Math 1 (introduction to Epistle), Physics 1 (classical grunge and electrotorture), Chem 1 (general and quantitative boredom), Chem 3a (fundamental techniques of experimental time sinking), Freshman Humanities (dull reading and duller paper writing), and various underunitted lab

courses. Electives may be chosen from among a number of courses that help the frosh decide which option *not* to enter.

Life outside the classroom and labs has to be experienced, also. Doors are open to sports and other aspects of student life at Caltech, even if you’re a newcomer to journalism or student government or football, or any other activity. This explains why Caltech is so bad at these fields.

Being a student at Caltech will probably be different from any experience you’ve had so far. It will be much worse.

Frosh Mork Turtill and Terry Thatfucker demonstrate the nifty tree fort they found.



Women's Opportunities

CALTECH BECAME a coeducational institution in 1970. Since that time, the Institute bent over backwards to prove that, despite the paucity of female professors, despite the preferential treatment often shown female students, it is not sexually biased in either direction.

As part of the effort directed toward recruiting female students, for the past three years a "pre-frosh women's weekend," designed to present a delightfully deceptive picture of life at Caltech, has been sponsored by the Admissions Office. The women who have been offered admission to the institute are offered one-way transportation costs to travel to the Institute for a weekend of food, drink, and entertainment unlike any weekend they will experience as students. This opportunity exists for women only; the male pre-frosh are encouraged to visit the Institute but they are not reimbursed or played up to for their visits.

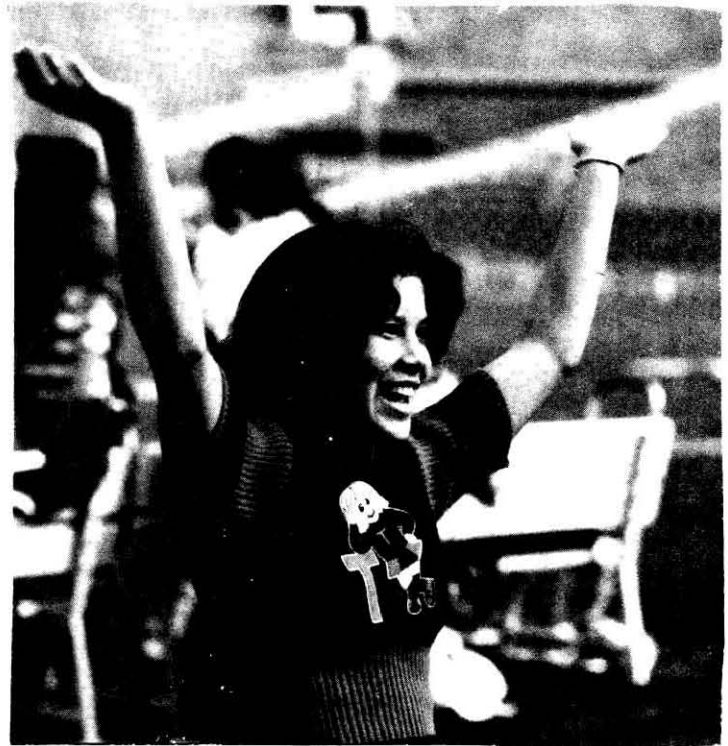
The male-female ratio at Caltech, currently seven to one among the undergraduates, offers unique opportunities for the woman willing to pursue them. For example, with only the slightest effort, a woman at Caltech can string along numerous male admirers for an indefinite time period without any real interest in any of them. As for sexual variety, there is an amazing diversity of inexperience, incompetence and ineptitude to be enjoyed in encounters with the male undergraduates.

For the woman who is not interested in the aforementioned opportunities, Caltech offers one of the most extensive laboratory courses in fighting off unwanted attention and advances. Methods studied include ultra-feminism, aggressive virginity, practical isolationism, and excessive bitchiness.

The high esteem for the academic merits of the women at Caltech can easily be seen in the final issue each year of the student newspaper, the Hot Throbbing Rivet. Until recently, only women were accorded the opportunity to appear as nude centerfolds. Although this opportunity is now shared with the men, the women still control this aspect of student journalism at the Institute.

Participation in sports at Caltech offers unique opportunities for the women at Caltech. The women's locker room is one of the quaintest in the country. Made from a corner of what used to be the men's locker room, the women's facility is equipped with inadequate lockers, an alarm which sounds continuously whenever the door is open, and until this year, urinals.

So, whether one's interest is seduction or repulsion, journalism or sports, independence or helplessness, Caltech has opportunities galore for women.



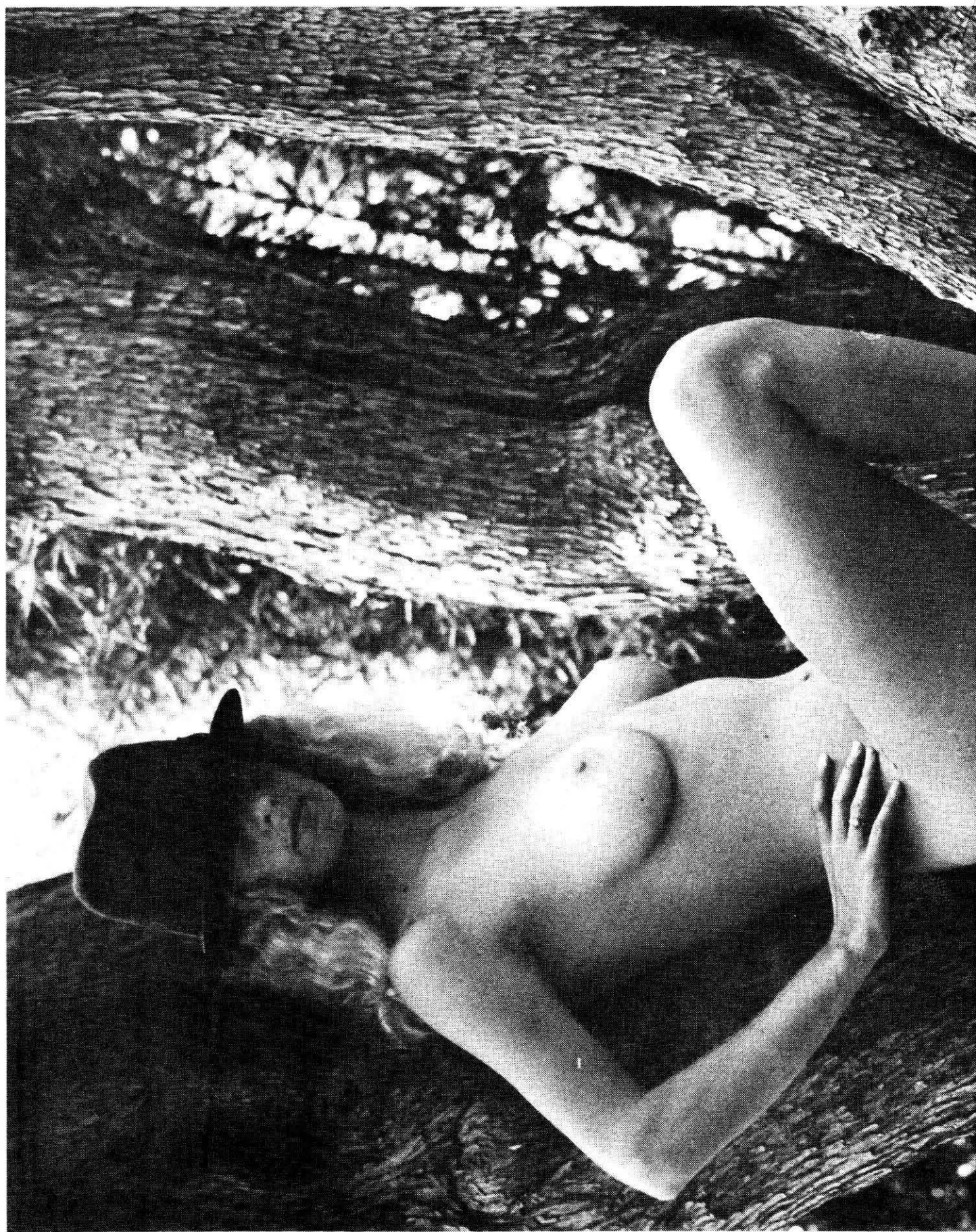
Girls that do this make guys do that.



Applied Biology









The Houses

Blacker House

LAST NIGHT two moles were throwing a glow-in-the-dark frisbee back and forth in a pitch dark alley. The local Asteroids machine was turned off, so as not to detract from the darkness. A term ago the same alley had a telephone book fight, under the somewhat incomprehensible pretense of an invasion by some sort of rodent. The moles believed that they could defend themselves from the rodents by smashing them with telephone books. These were the highlights of the social lives of the moles for this academic year.

The center of inactivity in Blacker House is the lounge. Occupied by an aging piano and run down furniture randomly arranged, its appearance shows a stunning lack of decorative imagination and aesthetic taste. The most excitement that Blacker House has ever known occurred when a mole succeeded in igniting a couch near the fireplace, burning a large black scar into the wooden floor.

Don't weep for the poor moles yet, for there is a place for them to *live*, not just exist. This haven in Blacker consists of the Heaven and Tunnel alleys. The primary purposes of Tunnel are to house the Asteroids machine, which robs many daily, and to provide a place to flush stagnant water after water-balloon fights in Dabney. Several of the inhabitants of Tunnel and Heaven own rather spectacular stereo systems, and provide the vicinity with a very broad spectrum of music, from an interminable morass of Grateful Dead upwards. Furthermore, there is actually a cute girl living in Tunnel. Whether the moles know the difference between boys and girls is another matter entirely. In conclusion, Heaven and Tunnel are the only redeeming features of Blacker House.

What has been described *is* Blacker House, inhabited by obscure, introverted creatures called moles. With few exceptions, they are those who walk quickly and silently across campus with their gazes directed a few inches from their feet. They live in an atmosphere of academic challenge and physical lethargy. There is nothing more that should be said about this house. If you can't wait for retirement, become a mole.

Dabney House

A *darb* is defined, by the Webster's *New World Dictionary*, as a person or thing regarded as remarkable or excellent. Part of this, perhaps, applies to the "darbs" of Dabney House. Dabney House members are regarded as remarkable in the sense that they get remarked about frequently, albeit usually in a maligning tone. Excellent? Certainly not: the Big Green has an overabundance of flakes, superseniors and freeloading

loungerats.

Perhaps the term "darb" is an acronym; the crumbling facade of the ancient structure hides Drugs, Arms, Rabbits, Brains and Saga-eaters. Also sex and violence, but there aren't enough letters to go around. After all, "darb" is a four-letter word.

Socially, Dabney house may be divided into two factions: those who like live bands at parties and those who don't. Those who do even *dance* at parties while the others stand around looking miserable, hands in the munchie bowls. Strangely, people find this dubious social interaction attractive, and so Dabney is filled with spongers, soapers and other generally-regarded-as-repulsive-types. Strange scents of incense and other herbs often waft about the alleys, as do many members. Others are particularly adept at staring off into empty space and "finding true meaning of this pointless existence". And this isn't even Drop Day.

If you visit Dabney House, be forewarned. Walk slowly, savor flavors and shun the offered trail of white powder.

Fleming House

Fleming is a nice house.

They have a cannon. A big red cannon. Aimed at Lloyd.

Fleming has a flag. A big red flag. Sometimes.

Sometimes not. It was gone part of this year. Everybody kept their heads. At least their hair. This time.

Over the summer, Fleming created its own swamp wildlife preserve. The Jose Helu Memorial Swamp Wildlife Preserve. In Jose's Room. Mosquitoes started breeding. Immediately. The founding Rangers got in trouble. It turned out not to be the best place for a swamp wildlife preserve. Well, that's nature.

A few Fleming thugs attacked a random Lloydie that turned out to be a Scurve. Oh, well, the thugs got in trouble. They turned out to be the Jose Helu Memorial Swamp Wildlife Preserve Rangers. Oh, well, that's nature.

Fleming almost didn't win Discobolus. But Page challenged late. For a time some Flems considered accepting anyway. For a very short time. Fleming won.

Fleming won't be around long. Soon, a nice concrete parking structure will be put up. Where Fleming is. Where will the Flems go? Some kind people in Page offered their facilities to poor Flems. Especially their showers.

So, Fleming is a nice house. It has its problems...but that's nature.

Ricketts House

One of the most beautiful student houses at Caltech is Ricketts House, built in 1931 with a donation from Dr. and Mrs. Louis D. Ricketts. The courtyard of Ricketts is stunningly decorated with a black metal cauldron (or a cracked cement pot) and ingeniously arranged pieces of broken glass. The students take an active part in the upkeep of their house by replenishing the glass and also by the periodic flooding of the courtyard with three feet of water.

The Scurves, as Ricketts House members are affectionately called, are very popular among students and this popularity reaches a zenith on Polish Constitution Day, when Scurves attempt to educate the Caltech community in the ways of drunkenness, disorder and destruction. They are well qualified to instruct as 87% were the heaviest drinkers of their high school class. Almost two thirds had police records prior to their fifteenth birthday and virtually all have committed multiple heinous acts since acceptance to Caltech.

But perhaps the accomplishments which garner the most admiration from fellow students are those in the field of eating. A Ricketts senior recently set a world record by consuming a case of Michelob and a side of ribs in 2 minutes and 47 seconds. Ninety-two percent of the Scurves can finish dinner before other Caltech students are able to sit down.

When you visit Caltech, it will definitely be worth the time to take a pleasant, if wary, walk through Ricketts.

Ruddock House

Ruddock House is the second largest of the undergraduate student houses, having well over 100 off-campus and on-campus members. This makes it a very diverse house with members from virtually all walks of life, who make virtually no contact between each other.

Sure, there are fun things to do throughout the year in Ruddock. One of them is to go to both social events, one in which you can make a fool of yourself, the other in which you can make a fool of others.

Ruddock presents a great opportunity to mingle with the ultimate in cutthroats, which makes it an ideal place to let out the little bit of snake in all.

The Rudd's idea of the ultimate flick is to get a candy bar from a machine and sit on a bed, reading classical literature like "The Savage She-Hulk". Or else, getting a Coke and hanging around in Page or Fleming. The Rudd's extent of social intercourse (or of sexual relations) is hearing the time lady announce, "It is now three (pause) forty (pause) one (pause) and (pause) twenty (pause) seconds."

Since Rudds are neither particularly obnoxious or assertive (though they have spines), they tend to be ignored or stepped on. Rudds seem to have a penchant of winning the most obscure offices—one had won the post of "Vice-Provost for the American Society of Cutthroats".

So, it's clear that Ruddock has little, if anything. Whatever a prospective Techer is looking for in a house, Ruddock's got it. But does anyone want to risk catching it?



Lloyd House

As you enter the exciting world of the Lloydies, a faint, pungent odor greets you. The door of the Library is open. A clacking sound denotes the constant throwing of dice. Your sudden thought of cashing in at a craps table is dashed at the sight of some lower life form running into the sterile hallway, crying over the death of his Fighter. "...342 experience points—gone!" he moans. He pours a tall glass of milk. "This calls for a good stiff drink," he twitters, "Tee-hee-hee-snort-hee-hee."

An explosion is heard over at the Library's window. Someone yells out, "If you assholes scare us again, we'll tell the RA on you." Rucuous laughter is heard in the dark of the night, "Fuck off, nerd!"

Your olfactory nerves are screaming for fresh air. A swift climb up from a collection of greasy chairs known as Lower Crotch brings you near the realm of the Beautiful People. Delightful conversation wafts down the hall. "Did you see the zit on xxx's nose? It made me sick when he popped it in class today." A reply: "Yuck. Let's move off campus, so we're not in the same building with him." These students have learned the secret of social mobility in Lloyd House.

It's time to leave. Your refined sense of aesthetics can no longer tolerate this repulsive but fascinating collection of sights, smells and sounds.

Page House

As you read this section, you might notice that Caltech has something for every eccentricity, but nothing for jocks. Rest assured, Caltech has something for athletes.

An organization called Page House was established in the early 1960's for those students strong in body, but weak in mind. Unlike most Techers, members of this house are allowed to pick options in such fields as Football, Wrestling, and Winning the Discobolus Trophy.

Page House has an interesting aspect; unlike the rest of the campus, it has failed to discover that Caltech has become a coeducational institution. As one prominent senior in the house remarked, "Over at Page, we don't know what women are yet." The prospective male student who is equally ignorant and fearful of increasing his knowledge will find that Page House is well-suited to his needs. In Page House, a new student can live in safe, private, intimate seclusion with his comrade in Interhouse and Intracourse athletics, his roommate.

The institute would like to point out to prospective women students that it does not support the male chauvinistic attitudes of Page House, and hopes the problem will hide itself quietly until the paternity suits of the other houses can be settled.

Beyond Studying



“Brudda, can you spare a line?”

UNICSF (United Nihilists' Irresponsible Children's Slush Fund) was set up in 1981 to combat the growing problem of penury and poverty among people who set up such funds. However, to provide superficial justification for the fund, we have chosen to “aid” needy flakes around the world.

Stewie, the tall one, was afflicted by “Tech editorship” for about a year. He has to stay awake several nights a week, just to support his recovery. But without some “help”, this would not be possible.

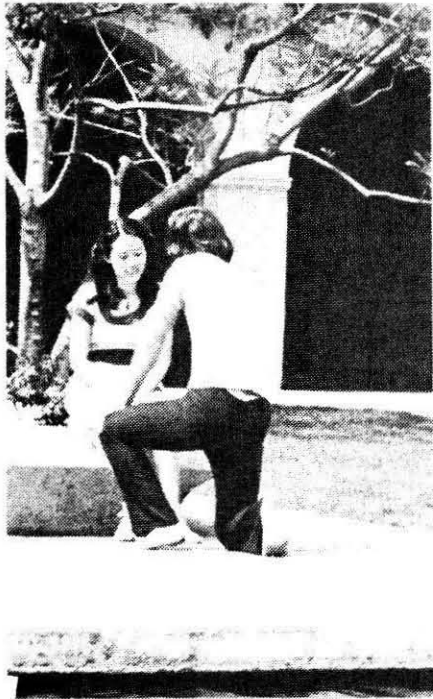
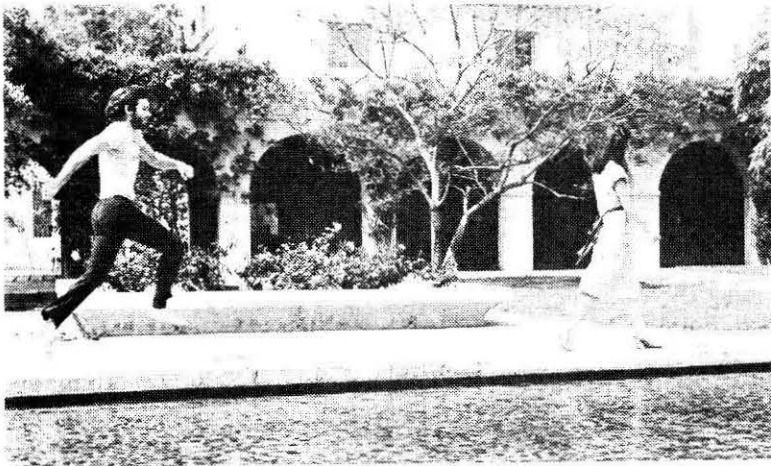
Dicky, the short one, took care of Stewie during his illness and now suffers from “nerdiness”, a condition only curable by some of Stewie's habits, which require substantial amounts of “assistance”.

So please send your contribution, or at least a few points of your GPA, to:

UNICSF

107-51 Winnett Center
Caltech, Pasadena CA
91125





"Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em" goes the aphorism about women. Nothing could be truer at Caltech.

Senior in theology and president of the Christian fellowship branch of the Irish Republican Army, Keif Seguh proves that, even with the Boss on your side, you still can't win.

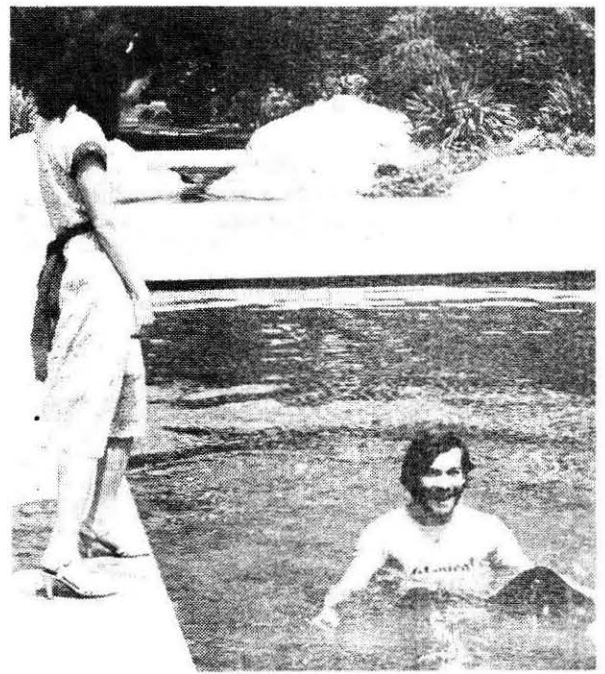
Counterclockwise from above, Seguh spies young, foxy (non-Techer) female and levitates after her. Next, he catches up, and on bended knee, begs to walk her home.

"I'll walk with you," she replies, eyeing the inviting waters of Millikan Pond.

"Oops," she says as she accidentally shoves Seguh into the drink. Is Seguh Jesus? No.

"Damn," he says as he falls in, "I did everything they taught me in Matthew 14!"

Undaunted, he gets up and repeats the cycle.



Admissions (of Guilt)

Admission to Hell

EACH YEAR the Faculty, Students, and Admissions committee get together for an all-weekend "frosh-a-thon". The names of all Caltech hopefuls are written on little plastic balls and mixed in a huge wire cage. Then everyone plays bingo and drinks mint juleps until the freshman class is filled. We feel that this gives all applicants a fair chance.

Of course a school like Tech has some pretty stringent standards to be met, and most would-be teachers don't even make it to the bingo finals. In order to be really eligible, you should have completed the following requirements by the end of High School:

Mumbling, talking to yourself	2 years
Not Bathing (prospective cs/ee majors only)	6 weeks (continuous)
Cast Iron Stomach	4 years
English	What's That?
Up All Night	60 Hours

Your grades should be A's in all of the above courses except the first, which has been found to be a learned response. As for your other classes (Math, Physics, Chem, etc.), don't worry—you're on pass/fail the first year anyhow.

If everything we've said so far checks out, then you're ready for the next set of tests. If you're male, you must take the Monastic Aptitude Test (MAT), and the level II achievement test in the same subject. Level I is not sufficient, and failure to take level II will seriously handicap your application. If you're female, then we recommend an advanced placement course in How To Deal With Being Drooled On. You should have done well in this course or "The Boys" may seem a bit rough.

No later than Dec. 31, you must write to the admissions director at Tech requesting a "Lemme in" card. Rush it back (remember, mail before midnight tomorrow) along with a \$100.00 check made out to "cash" to cover the paperwork fee. This money is ours for keeps, but the blue (not pink, green, or yellow) carbon of the "Lemme in" form is yours to treasure forever.

Recommendations are a big help, especially if they come from a big name or an alumnus. On the other hand, famous names like Alfred E. Newmann or J. Random Jorgasm won't win you too many brownie points. Always remember—if you can't find someone to say nice things about you...try offering them money!

Early Decision to Hell

If you can't stand the thought of going anywhere else, then Tech may consider you under the early decision plan. We accept under this plan all students who have 1) won a Nobel Prize in High School, 2) fallen off a high rock, or 3) both.

Payez pour le nez!

Costs on campus are expected to run as follows:	
Beer, munchies	500
Weird pictures to put on your wall	10
Drugs	0-3000
Other stuff we can't remember	7552.68

total-----Big Bucks

Transfer Admission Policies

Stay right where you are; you're probably better off there. If this isn't enough to convince you, then take a tour of the campus. If masochism is your trip and we *still* haven't scared you off, then scrawl or T-roff (we know who you sickies *really* are) a postcard to the Admissions Office and give the:

- longest period of time you have continuously been up
- electroencephalogram (to compare with tapioca pudding)
- latest sexual fantasy
- date of last rabies inoculation

Applications must be on file no later than *April 1*, so postcards must be sent before *May 1*. Applications from foreign countries must be sent before *March 1*. Application from prospective CS/EE majors must be sent before *January 1* (so we have time to decipher the language).

Transfer students must take a battery of deceptively hard tests, like spending a night in Fleming House and eating a SAGA meal. After such trivialities, a physical examination is required, involving minor exploratory surgery by frosh biology students.

For non CS/EE majors, a Test of RPN as a Foreign Language (TRPNAFL) must be failed.

3-2 Program

Our other transfer program involves unloading two Jorgensen House members for three women. This is particularly valid in light of recent developments in Jorgensen (i.e. Day 345 of non-bathing). We figure we can save a thousand dollars by not bathing these people on campus.

Possible transfer sites are The Intersection of the Golden State and Harbor Freeways at Rush Hour, Tommy's in Hollywood, and The Interior of a P4 containment facility without proper gear.

For Further Information

The Caltech *Information for Suicide* is available from the Admissions Office. You will, however, not need this book if you apply.

How to Find Caltech



Lemme in!

Yes, I'm insane! Please send me a knife or gun or psychiatrist. Failing that, send me an application for the year beginning September _____.

Name _____

Poison _____

Address/City/State/Zip _____

I also want information on:

Filing for Bankruptcy

Women

Electroshock Therapy

Lemme in!

Yes, I'm insane! Please send me a knife or gun or psychiatrist. Failing that, send me an application for the year beginning September _____.

Name _____

Poison _____

Address/City/State/Zip _____

I also want information on:

Filing for Bankruptcy

Women

Electroshock Therapy

Return to:

Admissions 107-51
Caltech, Pasadena CA 91125