

The CALIFORNIA Tech

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Volume LXXI

Pasadena, California, Thursday, June 4, 1970

Number 31

That Was The Year That Was - Or Was It?

PROLOGUE

In the beginning (third term last year), all was darkness and the curse of Bickley's hot type was upon the land. And the Moskatel said, "Let there be photo offset. And let there be IBM MT/SC's, that there may be copy played out. And Let there be Varityper, that headlines may be disgorged. And let there be paste-up sheets. All this I do that the Tech may issue forth and multiply exceedingly throughout the Institute." And the morning and evening of Third Term.

And behold, there was brought forth a glorious machine, named IBM MT/SC (or Hal), from the factories of J. Thomas Watson, and mightily did the sales rep. sing its praises. And there was brought forth in Winnett a Varityper, named Dial-a-Prayer, which did copiously fester headlines and wreak 18 to 48 point words upon the floor. And there were acquired from Rapid Blueprint a score of years' supply of paste-up sheets, that the will of the Moskatel might be done. And the morning and evening of the summer.

And the Moskatel said, "Let all these goodies, which I have obtained, be assembled in an office in Winnett, and let them be used in order that an obscure paper might issue forth and spread confusion over the land. And let there be ads (not that NEAS on high helped matters), and staff, and photographers, that all this be done." And the morning and the evening of the first issue.

FIRST TERM

Somehow, 48 hours after it started, the first issue ended. Or, rather, somehow it quantum jumped to

Glendale, to the shop of News-Type Service, which faithfully printed it. Meanwhile, Ed Schroeder, the erstwhile Business Manager managed to raise himself from the floor, on which he was sleeping, to take an ad order.

Little did any of the 212 freshmen and transferees know what went into that fateful first issue, which they received after somehow quantum jumping from Pasadena to Camp Radford. For that matter, little did the 212 know what the year had in store for them. Camp Radford seemed a pleasant succession of mountain golf with Kip Thorne and some bawdy's talent show.

So around and around the freshmen go, in which house they land, who can know?

Milestones Around Our Necks

"A very important milestone" came three weeks into the term as the Board of Trustees approved going co-ed. Little did they imagine what schemes for doing just that on a grander scale would be dumped on them later.

Someone should tell the Caroline Institute about such mundane matters as time zones. Max Delbruck did not relish being awakened at five in the morning, even though it was to tell him that he won the Nobel Prize. Caught completely off guard, the *Tech* still managed to have an extra ready by the end of that busy day.

Ole' Paint-In

Harold Brown made the mistake of lamenting the lack of decoration on the fence around Baxter. Dave Smith took it as a personal challenge, and organized what at first was going to be "Dirty Dave's Graffiti Contest," but eventually became the "Harold Brown

Inaugural Paint-In." Nobody bothered to inform the Darbs of the change, so "Flush often - Pasadena needs water" greeted luminaries at Brown's inauguration the next week.

Brown's inauguration went without a hitch, with the possible exception of the intervention of the Caroline Institute (again?), which picked that very day to announce (again at an absurdly early hour) that Murray Gell-Mann had won the Nobel Prize in physics. The *Tech* did its homework this time, and was ready with researched articles on quarks, the eight-fold way, and such.

Very Bizarre

Following the ceremonies, a dinner and concert by Harper's Bizarre ensued. The group ended their performance with Peter, Paul and Mary's "Leaving on a Jet Plane," which the Bizarre did, and were promptly hijacked.

Seven weeks into the term, the 1969 *Big T* came out, which, considering the shaft that publication got last year, is amazing just in itself.

Two weeks later, the official campus crime wave struck. An armed robbery in one of the grad houses and three other thefts occurred in one night. Later in the week, someone made off with the large color television in Winnett Lounge. Perhaps someone wanted to see all of those Mission: Impossible episodes filmed in Millikan.

No Rainy Season

Interhouse Dance was dry, in defiance of long-standing tradition. But that hardly displaced crime as the headline story: Immaculate Heart College and Caltech started negotiations about having IHC move to Pasadena instead of Claremont. And

another armed robbery occurred.

Magically, an 18-foot sequoia, appropriately decorated, appeared atop Throop for the Christmas season. Or rather, a group of people decided to do it right this time. First, they raised \$140 from various sources to finance the project. A tree was moved from Arcadia to the old steam plant, where it was dressed in lights and tinsel, then moved one Sunday morning to its final position of glory. Fears that Dr. Bacher would be electrocuted in the course of the lighting ceremony proved unfounded.

So first term ended in a blaze of glory, but with IHC still hanging between Claremont and Caltech.

SECOND TERM

Second term opened with a full-dress, slam-bang faculty meeting on the IHC question. The rest is history: after a few weeks, IHC announced that they could not wait any longer and decided to go ahead with their move to Claremont. We shafted them by our indecision: they had to delay their move slightly, and eventually called it off when their fund-raising program ran into problems.

To make up for it, Page spent the week doing two noteworthy things: picking the rainiest day of the year to attempt to shower a *Tech* editor, and building a ramp from Greasy St. to the

Olive Walk. Neither action improved relations between Page and the rest of humanity, which is about all that should have ever been said.

Haute Culture

ASCIT Nominations coincided with an equally cultural event: the first and only Caltech pizza-eating contest. In the election, the *Tech* took its usual strong stand by endorsing both candidates in separate editorials (oh well).

The year-long agitation of the Permanent Committee to Abolish the P.E. Requirement (PCAPER) started to bring results late second term as the faculty Academic Policies Committee at least discussed the matter.

Finally, second term closed with new officers for ASCIT, and new ID cards for the members.

THIRD TERM

As second term seemed mostly a mistake, third term seemed like it never happened.

THE MUSEUM 103 SO. FAIR OAKS PASADENA



THE MUSEUM is an international folk dance cafe in Pasadena that encourages the pleasures of ethnic dance and music. The most esoteric requests can be filled, while the more common joys are sensitively provided for: meeting friends, playing chess or backgammon in the patio, or simply mending frayed nerve ends over a cup of coffee. The mood is casual, the people are warm and enthusiastic.

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THE CALIFORNIA TECH

Thursday, June 4, 1970

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Published weekly except during examinations and vacations by the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology, Incorporated. The opinions expressed in all articles herein are strictly those of the author and do not necessarily represent those of either the editors or the newspaper staff.

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Ira D. Moskatel
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Entertainment Editor David Dobrin
Features Editor Nick Smith
Photography Editor John Fisher
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Photographers John Bean, John Belsher, Steven Dashiell, Alan Stein.

Business Manager Marvin Mandelbaum
Circulation Manager Metin Mangir

The California Tech publication offices: 115 Winnett Center, 1201 East California Boulevard, Pasadena, California, 91109. Represented by National Educational Advertising Services, Inc. Printed by News-Type Service, 125 South Maryland Avenue, Glendale, California. Second class postage paid at Pasadena, California.

Subscriptions \$1.50 per term
\$4.00 per year
Life subscription \$100.00

the first week, Hertz announced that it would rent cars to students (wow). And, by far more important, the mail room in Parkinson molted into a full-fledged U.S. Post Office sub-station.

The Admissions Committee ended up sending out acceptances to 326, including 39 girls. Subsequently, 31/39 of the girls and 187/287 of the guys accepted our acceptance.

Ecology Rampant

Hot on the heels of the pizza-eating contest came Earth Week. Varied activities and constantly-increasing momentum marked that event. Perhaps their only disappointment was that the air was clean and the weather

beautiful: one ecologist was heard to mutter that it should have been smoggy, just to show people.

Two weeks later, President Nixon sent U.S. troops into Cambodia, which touched off protests across the nation. Caltech was no exception, as classes were cancelled Friday, May 8, in order to provide for day-long discussions on Indochina, unrest, and a slew of other semi-related issues.

Talk to a Trustee

The following Monday, students, faculty, and trustees met together in a manner which puts the UC Board of Regents to shame. Believe it or not, students and members of the "Establishment" can talk to one another in a

civilized manner at Caltech. For the rest of the world, we only wish that we could say as much.

Good feelings between all parties on campus almost ran into trouble the next week when a group of students asked that the flag be lowered to half-mast in memorium for students killed when police opened fire on a dorm at Jackson State. The administration managed to cross its wires, resulting in delay and needless acrimony.

Reaction to that incident led Harold Brown to talk things over with a group of students, which restored much of what had been lost. At least, we hope so.

Continued on Page Eight

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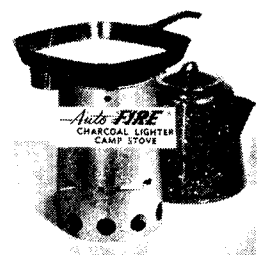
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The Tech About Town

Are You Into Firesign Theater?



Are you into the Firesign Theatre at all? If not, you might enjoy listening to the "Firesign Theatre Hour Hour" on KPPC (AM & FM), Sunday nights from six to eight. They feature humor with incredible streams of consciousness and outrageous super subtle puns. They have also come out with two albums, *How Can You Be in Two Places at Once When You're Not Anywhere at All* (Columbia, CS 9884), and *Waiting For the Electrician or Someone Like Him* (CS 9518). These are the only comedy-type albums I would ever recommend buying; every hearing unleashes newly discovered atrocities.

Head—well, leader—of the Theatre is Peter Bregman, of Radio Free Oz fame. They did the Jack Poet Volkswagen ads, if you remember them. Supposedly they made his sales skyrocket, and then lose his franchise. Co-freaks are David Ossman, Philip Proctor, and Philip Austin. Catch them on the Big PP while you can, so you might actually regret leaving Pasadena in a few weeks. Or, buy their albums; a third one is in the offing. Or eat a turnip. Anything. Just don't sit there.

—B.A.

MUSIC—LIVE

As anyone who has listened to his albums knows, Charles Lloyd experiments with different styles rather than settling on one. Last Friday night he surprised his audience at Beckman with well over three hours of music incorporating variations on a collage of sounds ranging from electronic music to banal pop tunes and even spoken conversation. Lloyd was more interested in pioneering than concentrating on playing the excellent jazz he is capable of, but in all fairness I must report that most of the audience loved the concert and gave Lloyd's group a standing ovation.

I was disappointed by the concert. I

was expecting to hear excellent musicians playing inventive jazz of profound subtlety and rhythmic complexity; instead, more often than not, the band's music was dominated by heavy repetitive rhythm lines from congas, drums and bass, and dissonant, very electric tones from the piano and guitar. The two woodwinds were not very successful at being brilliant while being overwhelmed behind the rest of the instruments. Indeed, it often sounded as if Lloyd was trying to bring to his band's music the feeling of a rock concert, and in my opinion the attempt was pretty embarrassing. The way to convey excitement and freedom with the sort of flute and saxophone solos Lloyd plays is not by backing them up with such a heavy rhythm section as he was using. Also, Lloyd's attempts to incorporate singing into his act were just too bad. Some of this was quite obviously supposed to be a parody of rock and roll, but I don't think all of it was; in any case, it wasn't worth the reprise the band gave it.

There can be no denying that Charles Lloyd is an excellent musician; I don't mean to give the impression that the concert was terrible; frequently it was interesting; occasionally it sounded very good, but those stretches often as not got chopped up pretty rapidly. I was not impressed by Lloyd's band. The other woodwind player was very good, the bass player and conga drummer were okay, I didn't like the pianist's style, but the drummer and guitarist were really poor. Uncalled for behavior from the drummer included terrible singing and three solos, "Toad" fans. The guitarist was unbelievable. Apparently fond of put-ons in the "Sha-Na-Na" vein he affected a 1950's hard guy appearance—long blonde hair combed straight back, black shades, and, yes, he walked indifferently on stage conspicuously

chewing gum. At the risk of exposing myself as a lout deaf to the subtleties of modern jazz, I will say he wasn't very good. At first I thought he was playing so tentatively on purpose, but during his solos it became evident he simply couldn't put anything together.

The concert was far from being an outstanding performance, but every so often the band would quiet down or break out of its heavy rhythms enough to let Lloyd lead some really good jazz. He can still do it—which leads one to wonder what he has in mind with this current lapse of taste. If he has decided to sell out and try to appeal to the rock and roll fans, before he plays the Fillmore again he really ought to learn to dance around the stage without tangling his legs up in the microphone cord.

—John Jacky

FILMS

Recently, Beckman has found the nadir in its long and heretofore glorious history of film events. In one three week period Beckman has perpetrated upon the paying public a series of student films taken from the libraries of film schools all over the continent and the worst production that Janus Films has ever distributed, Ingmar Bergman's *The Ritual*. The deserved popularity of Universal's *The Kinetic Art* series has induced Universal to try it again. They couldn't come up with independent work of quality since they had used it all in *The Kinetic Art*; instead they looked at student films. They weren't good enough either, but the Universal people must have figured that if not approving the public would at least be forgiving. Not I.

To say that these films lacked polish, although true enough would be unfair. They exhibited a nauseating mediocre sameness; lack of polish was only one of the faults common to

virtually all the shorts. They also uniformly lacked any creative imagination, any verve, any style, or any originality. ((I would like to except the Great Walled City of Xan.)) The first time I saw a short subject with pictures cut from magazines flashed on the screen accompanied by a popular song, I was mildly interested; by the fifth time I was bored. Each film uses the same method: films about individuals are invariably silent, overused closeups and are either unintelligibly bland or are exciting throughout and have a surprise ending. The sound on almost all of them is nearly obliterated by static and background noise. They should pay us to see them.

But these were good compared to that overblown, overpublicized, over-mysterious piece of crap, *The Ritual*. I am sick and tired of foreign films that try to cover up their worthlessness by obscuring all plot, all characterization, and everything that might be interesting in a miasma of meaningless emotional symbolism. I must confess; I didn't understand. If anybody can explain or translate this film into anything meaningful; I will gladly retract everything nasty. But even so I don't think the translation would be worthwhile.

—David N. Dobrin

RECORDS

LADIES OF THE CANYON, Joni Mitchell, Warner-Reprise RS6876.

Joni Mitchell, like Leonard Cohen and Gordon Lightfoot, is a Canadian songwriter and singer who has become popular only recently, although her work, like theirs, has been done by others for some time. "Ladies of the Canyon" is her third album, and contains songs written from 1966-1969. Joni Mitchell wrote all of the material, arranged it, sang it, and drew the album jacket design, just as on her other two albums. The only difference is the sound.

This album is one that any true Joni Mitchell fan will want, and it is an excellent album, but somehow it is disappointing. The album seems to be an attempt to fulfill several purposes, including filling in the gaps left by Joni Mitchell's other albums. It also is a showcase for the Joni Mitchell version of the song, "Woodstock," which received so much radio play in

the Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young version. The album includes "The Circle Game," written in 1966 and bumped from her second album.

Joni Mitchell writes beautiful lyrics, as is evident on this album, with "Willy," "For Free," and many others, including the title song. If one wishes to be technical, her verse is often in Ionic and Doric scales, but I prefer to think of it as beautiful poetry set to music, written by a beautiful lady.

The disappointment comes from the odd arrangements used on some of the songs. The people and places of her second album were involved, but they didn't do as well. Random backing vocal choruses are added, and they serve only to distract. Also, the album does not have a central theme this time, the way her others did, but it does not suffer much from the lack.

In "Woodstock," she says something good: "We are stardust/(Billion-year old carbon)/We are golden/(Caught up in the devil's bargain)/And we've got to get ourselves back to the garden." Buy the album, even if it's just for that.

—Nick Smith

MUSIC—LIVE

Charles Lloyd's concert at Beckman last Friday night was something less than expected. It seemed more like a private jam session than a concert. In my opinion the thing that makes concerts worth attending is the interaction between the performer and the audience. This form of communication was not at all present at Beckman.

Another thing was a lack of communication between the performers themselves. They tended to play as individuals rather than as a group. Even the most hard core Charles Lloyd fans must admit that three drum solos were just a bit too much. The whole thing became very abstract and incoherent at times and I think it was due to this lack of feeling that the musicians had for one another. Perhaps he has acquired some new artists that haven't had quite enough time to acquaint themselves entirely with Mr. Lloyd's very unique and individual style.

In general I got the feeling that he didn't really care about the audience. I feel I could have listened to one of his records and gotten more out of it.

Maybe its his style but it didn't quite "get it on."

—Eliot Tarabour

FILMS

by David Dobrin

To supplant the pre-eminent position of the American new wave in the motion picture industry, a group of Hollywood producers have begun a new revolutionary movement which, if successful, will become what I have christened, The Great Adventurers' Tradition . . . This new direction is both in concept and execution dire antithetical to the more established youth pictures . . . To innovation they have countered plagiarism/to freshness, a curiously ponderous staleness, like a thirty-day-old piece of pound cake. To imagination they parry an adept research staff.

Movies such as *Easy Rider* direct their appeal to a relatively small, knowledgeable, sophisticated audience and their broad popularity has come to them only accidentally. They attract larger audiences because they are well-made, powerful little messages which must be heard. Movies in the new tradition attempt to garner the largest possible audience by appealing to the least common denominator. They cater to everybody's primal urges; they titillate and pander unabashedly. Sex and violence, lust and greed are not merely the staples of these movies, they are the purpose, the *raison d'être*, the be-all and end-all. These movies are obscene by the definition of the Supreme Court; since they have no redeeming social values. The existence of basic appeal techniques in these films is not surprising/The crass and intensity, the sheer weight of the shit, give the offense.

The first cadres of the movement have created three products which if taken in aggregate, bode ill for the youth movies in fact for all movies I saw these three in one week. They are *The Last Grenade*, *The Five-Man Army*, and of course *The Adventurers*.

Of course most films do not live up to the highest aspirations of their genre. Two such are *The Five-Man Army* and *The Last Grenade*. The best first.

The Five-Man Army stars Peter Graves of *Mission Impossible* and the resemblance to that sterling television

show does not stop there; indeed it never stops. *The Five-Man Army* is an overlong, mediocre *Mission Impossible* set in another country, Mexico and another time, 1912. The promise of an impressive and unusual beginning quickly dies as the film settles into the *Mission Impossible* pattern—seemingly impossible and brilliant plan successfully executed by a hand picked team led by an imperturbable captain who saves the day when all the careful planning and split-second timing appear to go for naught. Yerrgh. Cut one scene and you could put it on TV, but it would get lousy ratings. All the perfect communications, impossibly thorough knowledge of the enemy, easy transportation and so on and so on of *Mission Impossible* are blithely thrust upon the viewer and are even less palatable in 1912 than they were in 1970.

Now to *The Last Grenade*. This is a pan.

The most important instance of the new trend toward well-done junk is *The Adventurers*, a film remarkable for its obnoxiousness. Harold Robbins may claim the plot and the style; blame for the painstaking execution of the Harold Robbins method must be laid elsewhere. It is lush, colorful, lurid, specific and offensive. Dax is a typical Harold Robbins hero, an almost anonymous paragon of success in a world of high finance and high sex. He is the focal point for the vicarious thrills of millions of hide bound Americans who would throw off the shackles of morality and decency if they only could. Dax sacrifices his morals for whatever but retrieves his honor in an orgy of expiatory glory and dies. The movie chronicles his entire life; hence it is drawn out and disconnected. A number of people left at intermission convinced that the movie had ended, but most left because they couldn't take any more abuse of their sensibilities. Dax is a faceless excuse for a stultifying (boy, I've been waiting to use that word) procession of Sex and Violence. It gets boring. Monotonous sex is broken up by monotonous violence. One could vary the scenes by at least introducing new camera angles (the new permissiveness in films should at least be used), but no we've seen everything before in other flicks done better. When they

used that fireworks scene from *From Here to Eternity*, I was sick. The cynicism which motivated the creation of this film is astounding in its intensity. The makers of this film feel perhaps rightly that many people will shell out three bucks for a movie remarkable only for the biggest collection of S & V ever. I saw it for free. I got took.

What are the elements of the new "new wave"? First and foremost, S & V. Second, a total lack of concern for plot, any semblance of plot. *The Last Grenade* is so forgettable that I forgot most of what happened, thank God. Third, incredibility. The influence of TV upon the Tradition is marked. TV itself has long since passed the bounds of believability into escapism and since the advent of TV, no audience even asks for believability. *The Five-Man Army* is bigger and better and more unbelievable and one suspends their credibility least while watching this one. Fourth: Intensity. Never have I seen so much S & V. Or V & S. OR both. S & V is all they care about. Any other aspects of the human condition are relegated to shallowness. When Dax's wife loses her baby, it is the most painfully thin moment in the history of film. There is so much that S & V gain proportions bigger than themselves. Unfortunately these proportions remain two-dimensional. Fifth: sophistication. Most Grade Z movies have Grade Z direction and camera work. The reasoning says, why waste good men and good money on bad material? Movies in the Great Adventurers Tradition do not show this reasoning. The "new" filmmakers feel that art can be created out of any thing as long as it is brilliantly done. Look at the pop artists, they cry. Art does not have to be beauty; it can be ugliness, but as long as through the process of art the ugliness transcends itself it is still art. They're wrong. You can't polish a turd.

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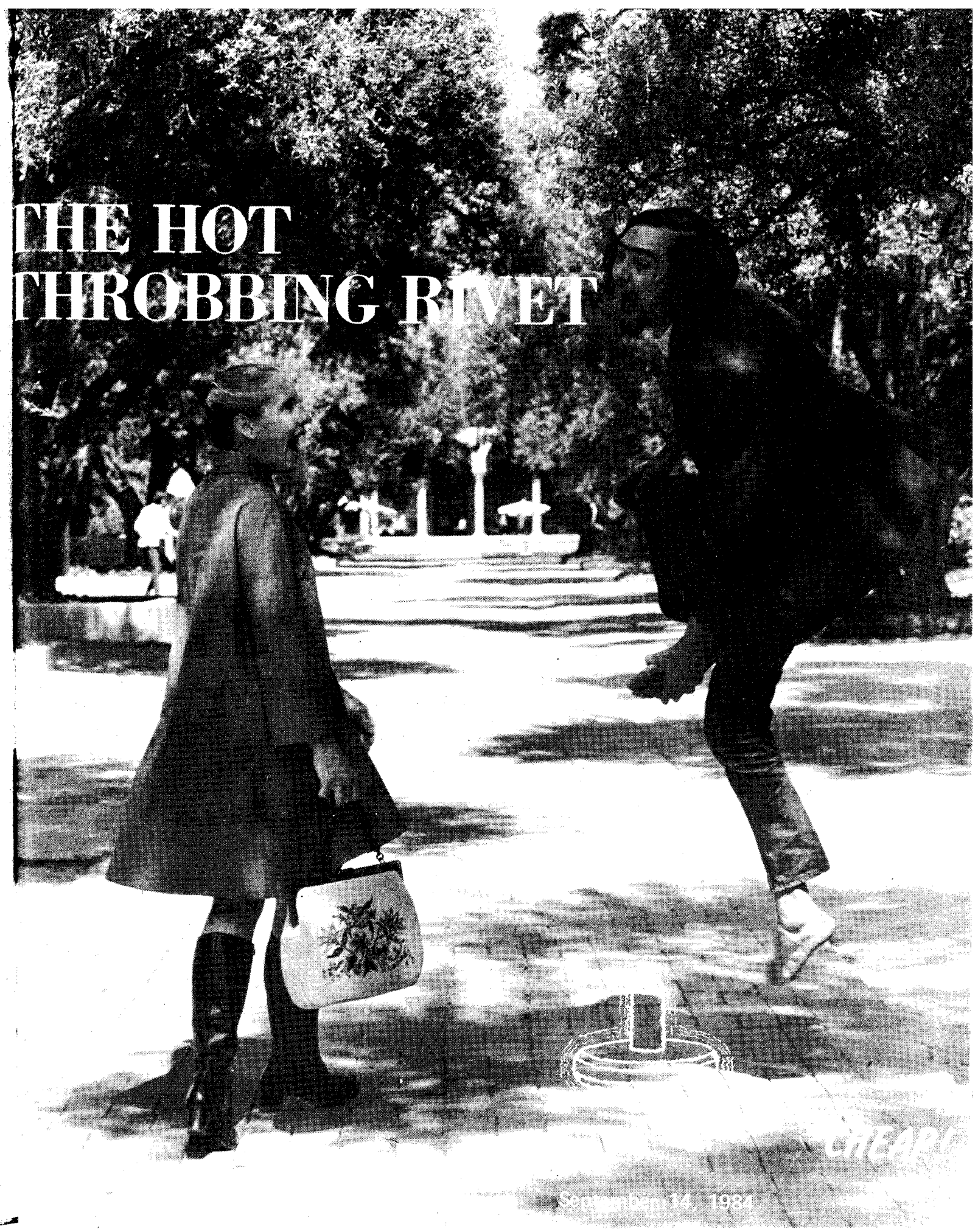
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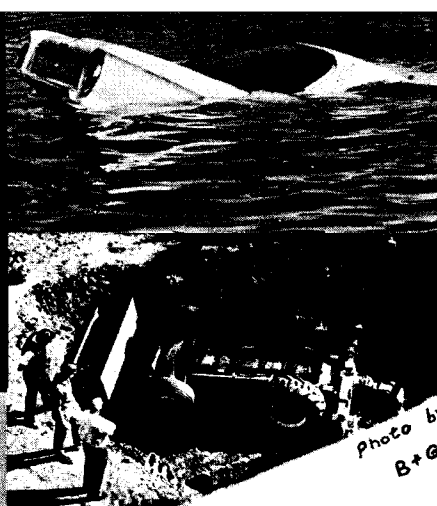
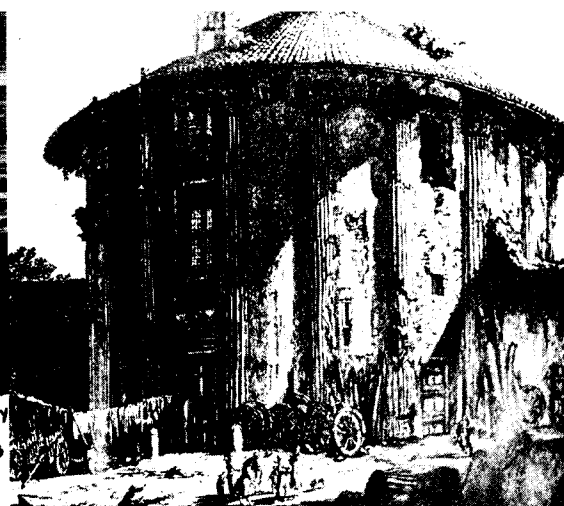


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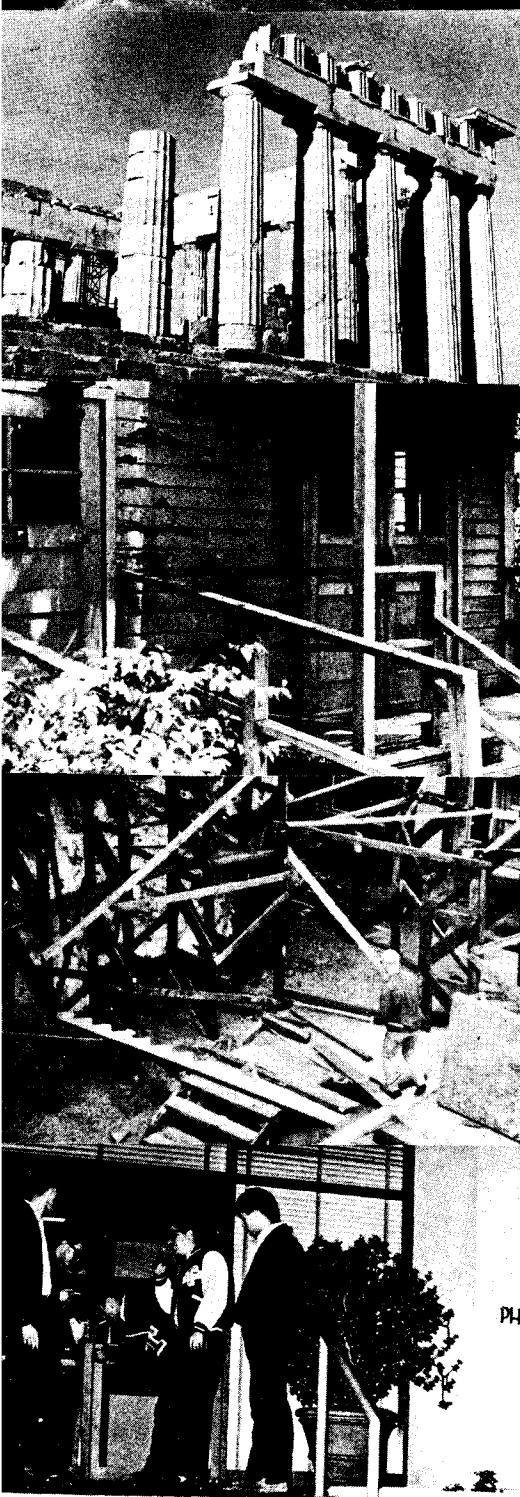
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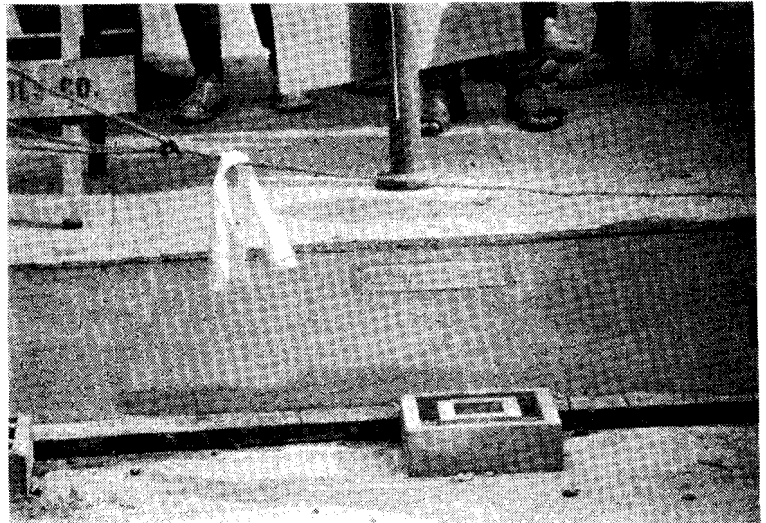
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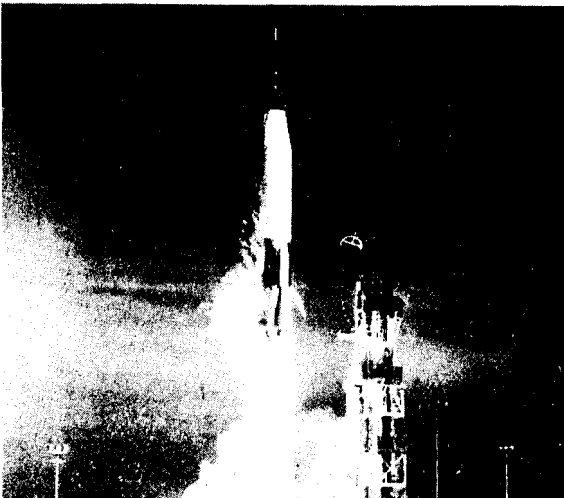


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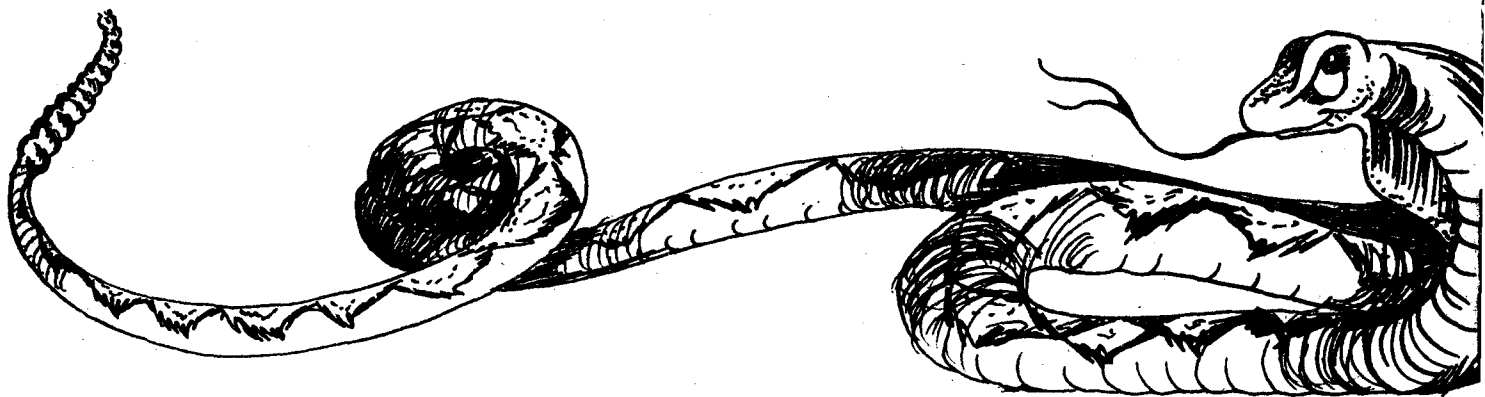
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Cover—Ira Moskatel; Page Two—Dashiell, Fisher, History; Page Three—Paul Levin (u.r.), History; Pages Eleven thru Thirteen—courtesy of Engineering & Science; Pages Sixteen and Seventeen—Floyd Clark, Ira Moskatel, Phil Neches, Bean, Fisher by Levin, History. Layout by Nick Smith; Page Twenty-one—U.S. Marines.

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THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

Funday, September 15, 1984
Volume LXIX Number 69

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AIRLINES**



. . . The Proud Bird With The Broken Tail



Millerstone Around Our Necks

The Jester Continues His Quest

As the Jester seemed to be an American, a number of the agencies of the American Government took an interest in his activities. The FCC was upset by the airplane broadcasts, the FBI figured that he must have crossed state lines for his nefarious deeds, the IRS wanted to tax his apparently unlimited income, and the CIA wanted to hire any successful sneak they could find.

Dr. Arthur Crumley, a psychologist, told the investigators that the Jester was some kind of student radical who had gone off the deep end: "So far he has hijacked a plane and gone to cut sugar cane in Cuba. You can now expect that he will do something like aiding draft resisters, visiting North Vietnam, or perhaps some kind of revolutionary theatre." So, a number of things happened, including the appearance of a CIA man in New York, where the National Draft Counseling Council was taping an hour-long commercial on draft resistance, which had been paid for by the network, as they were required to do to provide equal time to people who opposed the Army and Marine Corps commercials.

It thus came as a considerable shock to the CIA, and other people, when the program on draft resistance started with a deadpan account of the electrical properties of certain beers. Actually, not all of them were draft beers. Then the white-coated researcher, who looked quite a lot like a dedicated man who would spend days brushing different types of toothpaste on his teeth to see which whitened best, explained that they were pleased to be able to present this short report on work which was being done on this subject in Red China. A badly focused, flickery picture then appeared with a Chinese soundtrack which was overlaid by a voice which said, "A four-point resistivity measurement will be demonstrated." The picture showed that the four points were the teeth of a

gadget which looked like a dragon, and also like the head of Chairman Mao. An aluminum keg was then rolled under the teeth and as they bit down, and beer and chunks of aluminum erupted, a graph appeared which showed the raw data and compensation factors for the presence of the keg and the destruction of the equipment.

This appalling spectacle was followed by another deadpan report which described an experiment in which volunteers were required to sit in front of a cold, wet wind, having been drenched in water first, and their resistance to these drafts was considered as inversely proportional to the severity of the colds they caught.

Finally, there was a cryptic lecture on fluid mechanics which explained the amount of resistance which a wind would encounter in coming through passages of various sizes and shapes; the lecture started off reasonably

enough, explaining how the Reynolds number describes whether the flow will be laminar or turbulent, but then the lecturer introduced a function or transformation (it wasn't clear which) called the Schnurburzammian which had "helical symmetry," and explained that the problem of turbulent flow could be solved if the gas were considered a rigid material through which quantized turbulence units called "sloshons" propagated according to Mushnerdle's Equation. The reason for this development was to explain why a white tornado forms when you open a bottle of Ajax Cleaner. The lecturer ended by generating such a tornado.

When the tornado stopped spinning it was a figure in a jeweled uniform vaguely reminiscent of Dan Rowan's General Bull Right costume, and it had shoulder-length red hair. In a voice somewhat like that of Tiny Tim it said "I'd like to thank all the dear sweet



I DON'T CARE HOW WELL YOU KNOW THE
STEAM TUNNELS, JOE! THIS DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE THE BASEMENT OF BRIDGE TO ME!



"Hey, Crawford! There's an eggplant in my sundae!"

men in the Pentagon who made this program possible, and dedicate this song to them." Then it hoisted a steel guitar (a real triumph of sheet-metal work, with sequined rivets, even) and sang "OoOoOoOoOoOoh, Tiptoe/ Through the rice fields/ Through the quagmires/ Up the mountain slopes/ Come tiptoe through Vietnam with me/ ... / Knee-ee deeeep in mud we'll stra-ay; We'll need a shower today/ And if I shoot you/ With a mortar/ With a rocket/ Will you pardon me/ And tiptoe through Vietnam/ With meeee?" Then it ate a candy bar, stepped back into a pool of light rather like Jimmy Durante does in ending his show, patted its stomach and said "And good night, General Hershey, wherever you are." Then a cap and bells appeared on the screen above the words "Produced by Ding-a-ling Productions."

A lot of people were upset by this little telecast, and more government agencies started making discreet inquiries. Thus in the summer of 1971 President Nixon was reported by reliable sources to be wondering why the Jester had undertaken his strange

actions. Shortly thereafter a note appeared on his desk in the house at San Clemente. It said, "I don't really know why I'm doing this; read *The City and the Stars* or "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman," if you want to know where I got the idea. It seems a unique way of combatting the polarization that seems to be setting in. I shake up some of the people who think they have the absolute answer to things, but in a way that doesn't put them on guard. Anyhow, you have only to give the word, and I will give myself up, although I think I have so far done less damage than any minor Mafia chief does in a given day, and I shall try to be careful in the future.

Please, whatever I do, tell the FBI to lay off the millions of people who do electronics work for pleasure or a living. The FBI is not likely to find me this way, and this constant snooping bothers a lot of people. I support this foolishness largely from TV game-show winnings (I was the champion hog caller on "Let's Make a Deal") so tell them to look for me there, if look they must. If I remain at large, you

may some day expect such things as confetti warheads on North Vietnamese antiaircraft missiles to wish you a happy 18th of August.

On the day my robot flew, there wasn't a single riot in Europe or North America. That's either incredible luck for these days, or my antics have some effect.

Please tell the kitchen staff I'm sorry about the dozen cans of baked beans, but I had to get in somehow. They're just hidden, not destroyed." It was signed, the Jester.

The President doesn't seem to have given the word, for the next night Walter Cronkite was pre-empted for a short announcement from Leonid Brezhnev that, "We have dug up Stalin again, and put him back in Lenin's Tomb. This is the eighth change in seventeen years. He is a real busy-body."

In fact, Mr. Nixon liked that one very much, but he found it harder to appreciate the joke on the Strategic Air Command. Late in the fall of '71 SAC pilots who were accustomed to hearing only terse commands on their radios suddenly found their ears assaulted by an organ arpeggio, then grinding guitar effects, and the voice of Doug Ingle groaning, "In-a-gadda-da-vida, honey, don'tcha know that I'm loving you?" It wasn't hard to find the source of the signal. It was, in fact, a gigantic iron butterfly (wingspread about 1700 feet) which was actually a balloon, made of aluminized Mylar, floating in the icy air of northern Canada, blanketing a BMEWS radome. When the planes got close enough, the tune changed to "Light My Fire" and since the balloon was filled with hydrogen, that is exactly what the first tracer bullet did.

(this is the last installment of the Jester, just in case you were wondering how long it would drag on)

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Computer Applications in Linguistic Analysis

*The use of a contextual text analyser is demonstrated
through the analysis of one of Mr. Nixon's speeches.*

by Paul A. Levin

Since the early fifties the computer has become a powerful tool for the analysis of language. Although it has not become the magic box that will solve all of the problems facing linguists today, it has proved quite helpful in specific instances.

At the California Institute of Technology, for example, a small but dedicated group of linguists have been concentrating on both the applications of linguistics to computer programming, notably in conversational languages such as REL English, and the applications of the computer to text analysis. While a phrase interpretation (PARSER) system is not currently operational, a contextual text analyzer (CTA) has been running for a year.

CTA, which operates on a campus-wide (i.e. small) conversational time-sharing system, was developed by a Caltech undergraduate, Dick Rubinstein, as his project for a linguistics course. With this system one can study the frequency of specified words, phrases, or grammatical forms. Not only can these occurrences be counted, but they can also be listed in their proper context. Because CTA is conversational, the operator can easily pursue any pattern he may chance upon and terminate immediately any search which begins to prove fruitless.

In spite of these features, the processes are not at all fast. Among other difficulties, all texts must be entered from a typewriter console

connected to the computer, while console time is currently costing \$4.50 per hour. Most of the time one must compete for vacant consoles with several dozen computer-crazy freshmen (who are currently playing "Risk" on it) or numerical algebra students using a computational language on the same 350/50. However, when these monsters succeed in using their language without shutting down the system (infinite "do loops," $2+2=3$, or some such nonsense), it is slowly if not painfully possible to wrench some useful data from the machine.

At the time this project was being done the computational language (CITRAN) was having so much trouble—shutdowns at an average rate of two per hour—that it was deemed advisable not to use the system. Not only was it scrambling people's programs, but it deleted them every time it shut down! Fortunately, CTA was so simple to simulate by hand that this measure was adopted. Not only did this speed matters considerably, but it allowed greater flexibility. Under the simulation process it was possible to check the frequencies and contexts of words and their synonyms.

For this article I used as an example the State of the Union address which President Nixon delivered on January 22, 1970. Since he has been chosen one of the ten best-dressed men in the U.S., it seemed reasonable that his use

of the English language would be of a similar high quality. Perhaps by studying his well-known (but not-so-well-understood) style one could gain valuable insight as to how the English language should be used.

"Cooperation" seems to be the key word of his address. It was used directly or implied almost forty times during the course of a forty-minute speech. Although the word itself is used only two times, its meaning is so clear in one instance that it is without a doubt the key word, a word worth studying in some detail.

Webster's Dictionary would have one believe that cooperation is indeed noble, a positive good (except on certain examinations), and something reasonable to do.

co op er ate /ko ap e rat/ *vi* [LL *cooperatus* pp of *cooperari*, fr. L *co+operari* to work] 1: to act or work with another or others 2: to associate with another or others for mutual, often economic, benefit.

While most people mean something similar to this when they use the word, Mr. Nixon really missed the mark on at least one occasion during his speech.

It seems that it is vital for Congress to cooperate with him. While this is never stated outright, it is easy to infer

that Congress has botched things horribly.

The decade of the 60's was also a period of great growth economically. But in that same 10-year period we witnessed the greatest growth in crime, the greatest increase in inflation, and the greatest social unrest in America in 100 years. Never has a nation seemed to have had more and enjoyed it less.

At heart, the issue is the effectiveness of government.

We have heard a great deal of overblown rhetoric during the 60's in which the word "war" has perhaps too often been used—the war on poverty, the war on misery, the war on disease, the war on hunger. If there is one area where the word "war" is appropriate it is in the fight against crime. We must declare and win the war against the criminal elements which increasingly threaten our cities, our homes, and our lives.

... The price tag on pollution is high. Thru our years of past carelessness we incurred a debt to nature, and now that debt is being called.

But Mr. Nixon is a forgiving soul, and he who believes and is obedient shall be saved—and possibly be supported for reelection. All one need do is cooperate with the prophet.

In the decade of the 60's the federal government spent 57 billion dollars more than it took in in taxes.

In that same decade the American people paid the bill for that deficit in price increases which raised the cost of living for the average family of four by \$200 per month.

Only with the cooperation of the Congress can we meet this highest priority objective of reasonable government. ...

We had a balanced budget in 1969.

How wonderful it is to be out of office when everything goes wrong! Also how wonderful it is to do everything correctly once one is in office.(?)

There are other matters that will

require Congress' cooperation, too, but Congress has been somewhat hesitant.

Last year this administration sent to the Congress 13 separate pieces of legislation dealing with organized crime, pornography, street crime, narcotics, and crime in the District of Columbia.

None of these bills have reached my desk for signature.

I am confident that the Congress will act now to adopt the legislation I placed before you last year. We in the executive have done everything we can under existing law, but new and stronger weapons are needed in this fight.

Then, too, Congress hasn't seen everything yet.

A major part of the substance for an unprecedented advance in this nation's approach to its problems and opportunities is contained in more than two-score legislative proposals which I sent to the Congress last year and which still await enactment.

I will offer at least a dozen more major programs in the course of this session.

Again, this business of cooperation has been turned into a one-sided affair, i.e. do what I tell you to do.

Mr. Nixon did not confine his concept of cooperation to the home front either; the whole world can cooperate!

We shall be faithful to our treaty commitments, but we shall reduce our presence and involvement in other nations' affairs.

To insist that other nations play a role is not a retreat from responsibility but a sharing of responsibility.

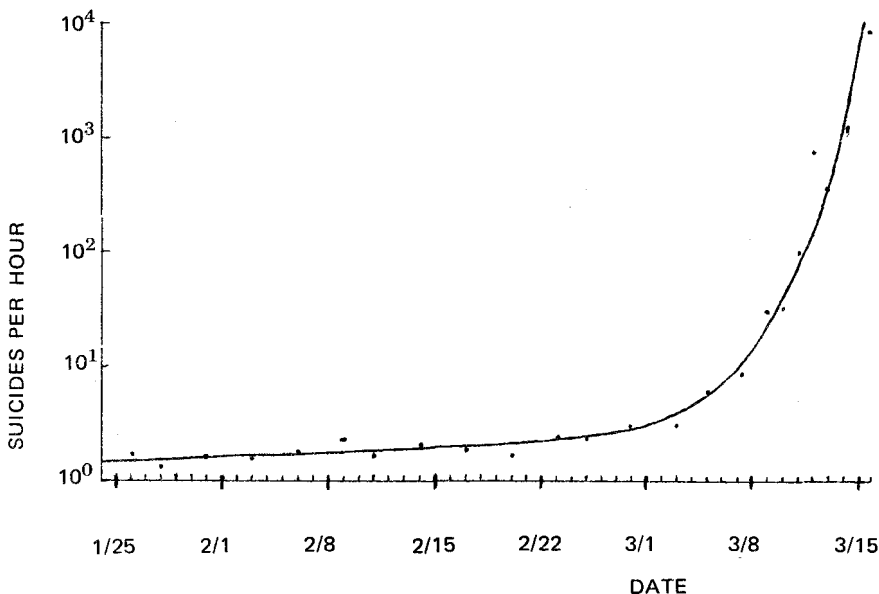
The result of this new policy has been not to weaken our alliances, but to give them new life, new strength, and a new sense of common purpose.

Relations with our European allies are once again strong and healthy, based on mutual consultation and mutual responsibility.

We have initiated a new approach to the nations of Latin America, in which we deal with them as partners rather than as patrons.

The new partnership concept has been welcomed in Asia. We have developed an historic new basis for *Japanese-American friendship and cooperation, which is the linchpin for peace in the Pacific.*

Obviously this speech was delivered before French President Pompidou



"Suicides of CITRAN," as they were affectionately called, became so frequent by the middle of March that it was doubtful that one could even log onto the system without being terminated. Data collection halted with the end of the term, at which time the projects were past due, and the accounts were invalid anyway.

Congress and the War

UNAF

Since the day American troops entered Cambodia, people in the United States have turned to Congress to end the war in Southeast Asia.

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september 14, 1984
page ten

visited this country. The speech also assumed that Okinawa would eventually be turned over to Japan. Latin America raises its own questions: Who is "them," and do we really want to support "them?" Our mutual responsibility in Europe is somewhat peculiar; we are asking Germany to take responsibility for its own defense but reserving to OurSelves the sole right to decide when to "push the button." Recent developments in Laos also make one wonder. It seems that in foreign affairs "cooperation" means "getting out," "staying in," "leaving them alone," or "going in."

Though Mr. Nixon was asking for cooperation through most of his address, he at times wanted something much stronger than cooperation—unity. This is incredible when one considers that the President's party controls neither house of Congress.

A major part of the credit for this development goes to the members of this Congress who, despite their differences on the conduct of the war, have overwhelmingly indicated their support of a just peace.

...That chance will be enormously increased if we continue to have a relationship between Congress and the executive in which, despite differences in detail, where the security of America and the peace of mankind are concerned, we act not as Republicans or Democrats—but as Americans.

Restoring nature to its original state is a cause beyond party and beyond factions. It has become a common cause of all of the people of America.

If the Democrats were hoping to use the environment issue against the Republicans in this year's elections, they certainly "had the rug pulled out from under them." As Senator Daniel Inouye (D., Hawaii) so aptly put it, "It was the most partisan nonpartisan speech that I have ever heard for a long time."

Not only does Mr. Nixon attempt to tell his loyal opposition what to do, but he knows that they will more or less do his bidding; *they have to!* As Jude Wanniski put it, "No matter how
Continued on Page Twenty-four

Induced Psychopathology in Techers *

by Dr. Gene L. Abbot

We are trying to produce psychopathological syndromes as analagous to normal student disorders as possible. From that base may come techniques for rehabilitation of depression.

Some 15 years ago the staff at the California Institute of Technology instituted a research program designed to induce psychopathy in freshman Techers by means of abusive courses and examinations. The program was largely successful, however some students still made it through the program *and actually enjoyed it!* Seeing this, we thought we had totally failed to produce psychiatric syndromes in Techers. Then, Ion Seeker, an Australian psychiatrist, visited the Institute, listened to our sorrows, and took a tour of the "Student Houses." After observing the students busily studying, he asked, "Why are you trying to produce psychopathology in Techers? You already have more psychopathological students than I have ever seen on the face of the earth."

We call the housing situation where Seeker observed normal Techers "partial social isolation." Here, Techers live alone or in pairs in concrete rooms where they can see and hear the real world, but cannot physically interact with it. Our Techers had lived in this situation for most of their academic lives, and their personal-social behavior had progressively deteriorated. These Techers had been denied both ignorance and agemate relations.

When our Techers were maintained in partial social isolation for several terms, some of them developed what we call the catatonic stare; they sat in front of their desks staring into their physics texts, paying no attention to other Techers or the real world. Often the Techer would absently whistle a few bars of some Wagnerian opera. When he realized what he was whistling, he would jump. He would be scared to death of this awesome spectre he had raised.

Another interesting result of partial social isolation

was that after a few weeks agression progressively developed. When the Techers were discouraged from throwing each other into numerous showers, these Techers turned against their studies. They were seen ripping test booklets to shreds and burning class notes.



When a Techer is reared in partial social isolation self-destructive behavior may be his only way to express agression. This Techer is actually breaking his slide rule to pieces, possibly under conditions of unusual stress.

*The unwitting (and invaluable) assistance of Harry F. Harlow and Stephen J. Soumi (April 1970 E&S) is appreciated greatly.

Self-agressing Techers do not normally rip and rend their books apart, but under conditions of unusual stress some of these Techers would rip their books and notes to scrap.

There is a technique to raise nearly normal Techers in partial social isolation—by providing them with synthetic reality. In our original studies on the surrogate reality we saw and were not suprised that the Techers would cling 23 hours a day to these objects. What did surprise us was that these inanimate objects imparted a sense of security.

Knowing that Techers liked reality, we thought many years ago that we could produce anacletic (dependency) depression by allowing freshmen Techers to attach to surrogate realities who could become monsters. It was fascinating as an idea, but as we have already conceded, the methods were less than totailly successful.

The first of these monsters was an engineering math which, every ten weeks on schedule, would give a high-pressure final exam. These "AM95" exams would practically blow the Techers' heads off. What did the Techers do? They simply studied longer and longer, because a scared troll clings to its studies at all costs.

We did not give up. We built another surrogate monster reality that gave such incredibly long reading lists that the Techers' tired, bored eyes would constantly fall shut. The third monster involved long, boring lectures with pop quizzes in class. Although the Techers were distressed by these traumas, they simply waited until after Finals Week to get all of their sleep and recuperation.

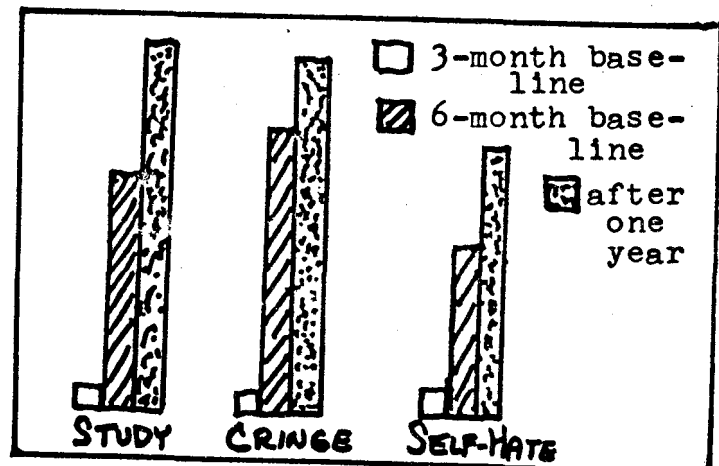
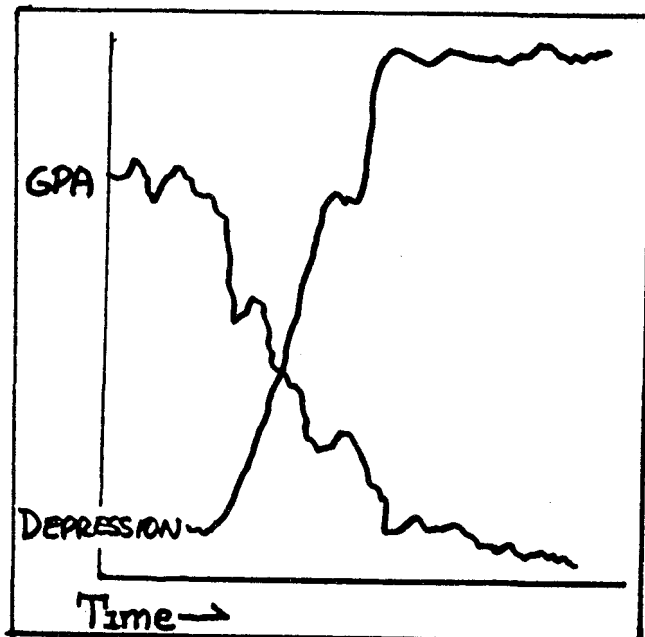
We then measured the effects of total social isolation. When freshman Techers isolated for a year were put with normal college students, pne or two

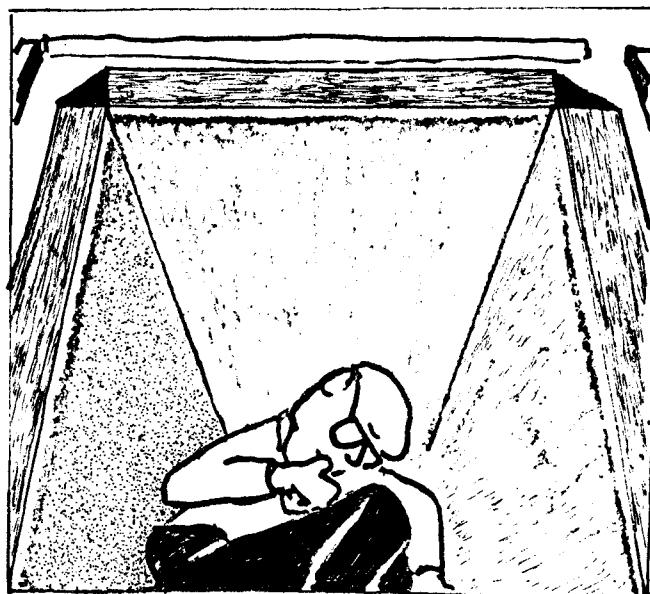
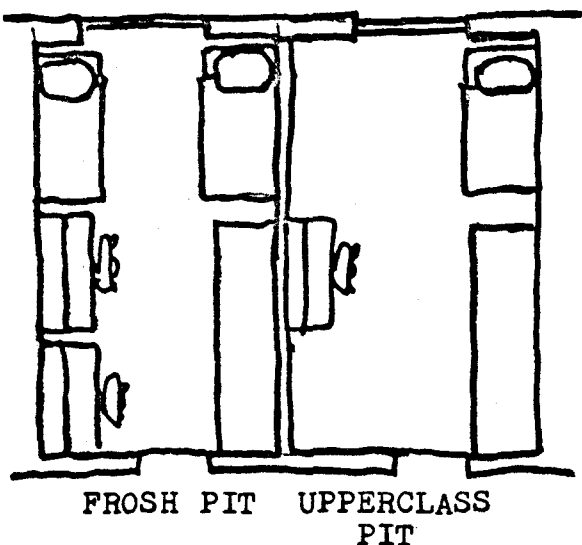
of them died of emotional shock, self-induced anorexia (loss of appetite). But if they survived the shock—and most of them did—a peculiar phenomenon was observed. Their total personality structure altered and they gave up hiding in their rooms. If the outside college students were brought into the Institute, however, they rapidly began acting like average Techers, and the psychopathology perpetuated itself rapidly.

Buoyed by these results, we have continued to search for techniques to produce depression. Our criteria for operationally defining depression are primarily behavioral. We want students, who prior to entering the Institute, show essentially normal behavior, and, following a few years, display very low levels of motor, explotory, social, and intellectual activity, very high levels of passivity, and possibly revulsion at the thought of a hamburger. One reason for producing such a syndrome is that one cannot do research on the ultimate technical curriculum until a behavioral syndrome has been achieved that is unequivocally "screaming depression" and can be maintained for weeks and months at a time.

Obviously, one cannot combine physical and psychological depression and draw proper conclusions concerning curriculum content. Accordingly we have devised a device for producing depressive behavior without imposing direct physical discomfort on the Techer. This device is called a "student house room" or a "pit." Confinement in a pit produces an extremely depressed Techer, and one that remains depressed for many months following removal.

The Techers in the pits can move about freely in all three dimensions, but gradually cease to move at all. After a term or two, or for some a few weeks, the Techers assume either a permanent supine position on a bed: It is a "giving up" posture. Following removal from their chambers, these responses persist. Techish behavior increases enormously after pit housing, and the ability





After a few days---or perhaps a week or two---the Tacher in the pit stops studying and assumes a "giving up" posture (above). Even long after removal from the pits, young Techers show depressed and infantile behavior. (Below)

to perform normal social tasks is simply wiped out.

We are now comparing Techers raised under three different conditions. One group had one term of isolation in the pits; one was in a pit for a year; and the members of a third group were raised in the normal boarding-school environment. Simple infantile response patterns remain very high for years in those Techers "pitted" for only one term. More complicated social behaviors were simply eradicated in these Techers long after release.

While the immediate goal of our present research is to provide reliable, long-lasting depression patterns in Techers analogous to those observed in monkeys diagnosed as depressed, it represents only a first stage of our overall depression project. The next stage is to modify existing housing and curriculum so that the degree of depression exhibited by the Techers subsequently can be controlled. When this is accomplished, it will open up vast possibilities for the parametric studies of the optimally boring, frustrating college environment. For instance, it would be possible to determine if Techers of limited social experience are more susceptible to such manipulation than freshmen given unlimited social lives. Perhaps early exposure to stress-inducing curricula inhibits or exaggerates the effect of the depression-stimulating environment.

To investigate these areas we are using combined living-working complexes attached to the Institute.

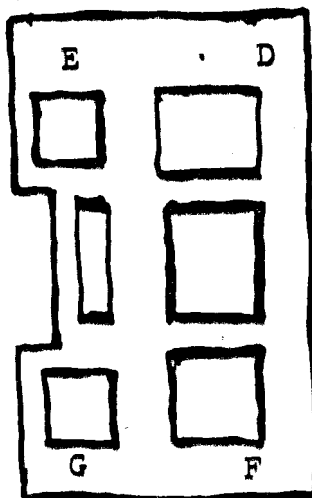
A final, and perhaps most important aspect of our research program involves development of techniques to spread our remarkable syndrome. Possible techniques include environmental, political, or pharmaceutical manipulations, either along or in combination.

We are also employing our own group techniques. Remember that if you place a normal college student in total isolation for 6 months, you get a socially damaged mess. When students from other colleges transferred into the Institute research program, they were exhibiting normal social behavior. After about 6 weeks it was very difficult to distinguish between the transfers and the Techers. It appears that this experiment, which is very near to completion, will disclose highly significant effects for

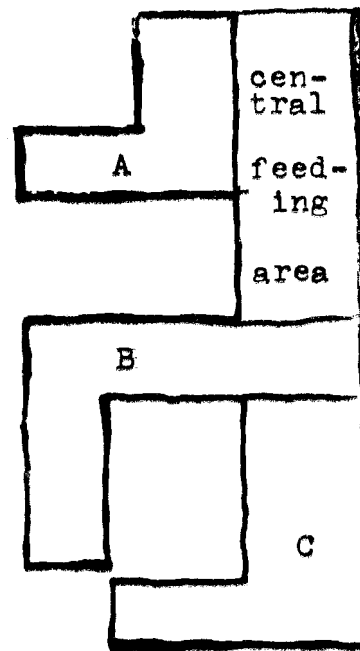


for other colleges to consider.

It is essential to realize that the findings of such work hold implications for normal student depression only at the levels of analogy within the limits of comparative behavioral research. Nevertheless, we feel that our findings from investigations of depression in Techers will be important tp normal student therapists working in an area currently devoid of data from controlled research.



small-room
isolation
cages



concrete-block housing

Combined living-working cage sections.



THE STEIN 'N' STOOL TAVERN

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AND ALL RED-BLOODED

MUSIC - LOVERS

FRIDAY
AND

SATURDAY
NIGHTS

LIVE
ENTERTAINMENT
FROM
9 P.M.

38 SOUTH GARFIELD -- PASADENA
1/2 BLOCK NORTH OF THE CIVIC

Music Not to Watch Girls By

by BARf

One often wonders (well, if you don't, I do) what huge changes could have occurred in history if relatively minor decisions were made (sort of minusoneth order effects). For instance, what if Caltech had decided earlier to specialize in one humanity, as well as the sciences, especially if that humanity had been music.

Say the Beatles attended Tech before they embarked on their career, one wouldn't be surprised to see some of their best-known songs slightly altered, for example:

On seeing B&G food for the first time [to the tune of "Something"]

*Something in the way it looks
Revolts me like no other dinner;
Something in the way they cook it—
I want to leave so much now,
I'd rather eat raw cow
Dumdumdumdumdumdum*

On exhorting fellow frosh to attend a not-well-liked class [to the tune of "Come Together"]

*Come to Chem Retch,
Right now,
over there*

On a major development in physics 2 [to the tune of Maxwell's Silver Hammer"]

*Clang clang Maxwell's field equations came down upon
our heads,
Clang clang Maxwell's field equations made physicists see
red. . .*

On the ultimate spiritual development a Techer can achieve [to the tune of "Let It Be"]

*When I find myself in times of trouble Richard Feynman
comes to me; Speaking words of wisdom, Q.E.D.*

Of course, Simon and Garfunkel could easily have come here (Garfunkel was a Math Grad student at Columbia). You know, I once knew a guy named Simon Garfunkel! Actually, his name was really Simon Garfinkle, but you get the. . . wait a minute, his first name wasn't Simon, it was Richard, and his last name wasn't really Garfinkle, it was Nixon, but you get the idea. . . Anyhow, S&G. . .

On math [to the tune of "Homeward Bound"]

*Lower bound, I long to find,
A lower bound
Bound, to this God-damned series,
Bound, I am just so weary. . .*

On math again (remember Garfunkel's major, or was it Garfinkel's. . .) [to the tune of "Parsely, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme"]

*Do you know the following square,
eight-eight-three-eight-seven-two-nine,
It is true a figurate number,
These are just the favorites of mine.*

Of course, other songwriters could have come here, I think that a random sampling of their songs might be something like this:

Ode to Ay

*When the moon is in the seventh house,
And Jupiter aligns with Mars,
Then the top of Robinson will open,
And we will see the stars
This is the dawning of the age of astronomy,
The age of astronomy*

To Phys 1 or 2 [to the tune of "Whichita Lineman"]

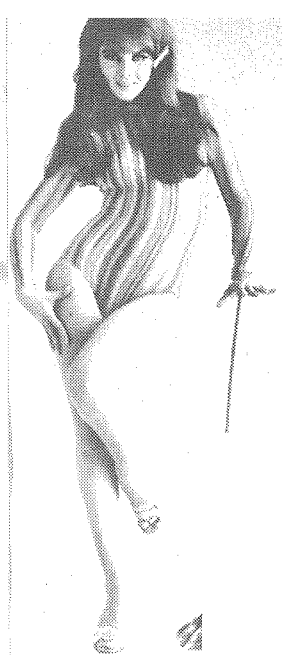
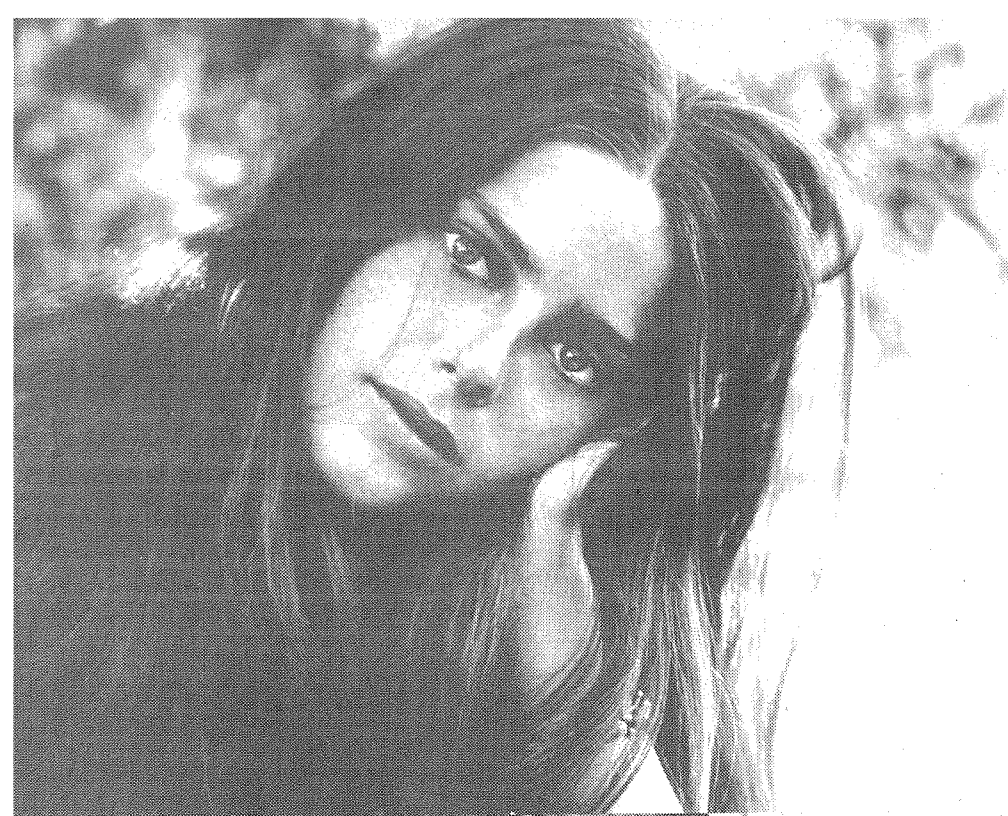
*I read my Feynman for the midterm,
but it did me no good,
After reading it and reading it,
It can't be understood.*

For Bio [to the tune of "Get Me To The Church On Time"]

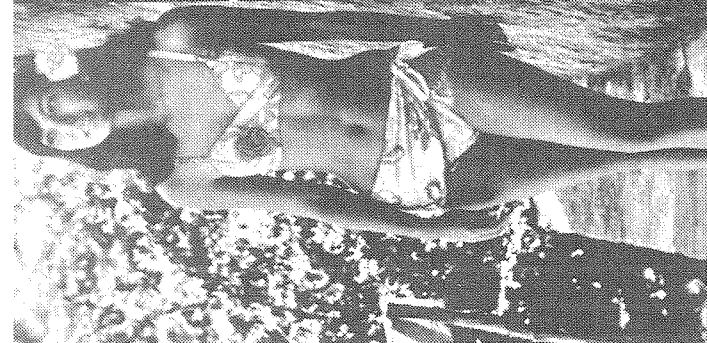
*I've got a big lab in the morning
I'm crossing asparagus with lime,
Ring my alarm
Do me some harm,
But get me out to Church on time!*

MIX AND MATCH THE CENTER-SPREAD CAPTIONS!!!!

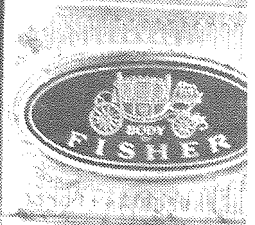
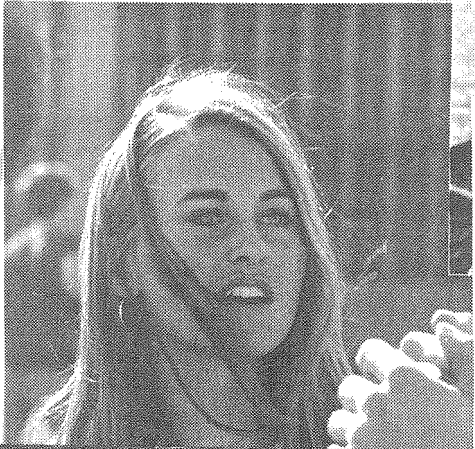
"Hu-la-la!"
"This is a DOCTOR!!!"
"Keep on truckin'"
"HAWAII HORIZONTAL"
"Venus de Martin."
"I Am Curious (Thinking)"
"Dynamic Duo."
"Anchors Aweigh!"
"Ann-Margret and wall."
"Balanced mince."
"Paisley, anyone?"
"Slanted thinking."
"Rob-ery sans skis."
"Radiance and Hands"
"Spot welded?"



Ins
Join
Open twenty



omnia?
he Tech
our hours daily.



3D P.T.'s

In a move which took the CIT engineering department by surprise, Drs. Floyd Humpfree and Nickleass George gleefully announced Thursday at a press conference their plans to leave the Institute to form a company of their own, Split-Otter Enterprises, for the manufacture of their recent invention, raunch holograms.

In a locked auditorium they exhibited samples of their research-- films in full color and three dimensions featuring a young lady nicknamed 'Miss Boom-Boom,' who was later identified as a former Institute employee who quit her staff position when she discovered that she could triple her pay in other positions.

When queried on the origin of their

development, Dr. Humpfree snickered as his colleague answered, "Floyd and I were visiting. . . a local entertainment establishment. . . one night, when in a burst of inspiration we turned to each other and simultaneously proposed applying the fruits of our hologram research to the field of art."

Dr. Humpfree elaborated: "Let me put it this way--we didn't title the first film 'Rindy' for nothing, fella." He added: "We've had several offers from Hollywood producers for the use of our techniques, and I am happy to say that you will be able to view the first holographic flick, tentatively called 'Valley of the Trolls,' in a few months."

New Department Planning Truly Impressive Courses

Due to the recent addition of a new department to the Caltech curriculum, this paper feels it it's duty to inform

students of the available courses and the requirements for a major. So here is presented the latest addition to the curriculum.

THE SEX DEPARTMENT

Requirements for major -- SX 1 and 2, and 18 units of laboratory by the sophomore year. In addition the student must take SX 69, 102, and 54 additional units to graduate. A grade point average of 2.0 must be maintained within the option to qualify for a degree.

LIST OF COURSES

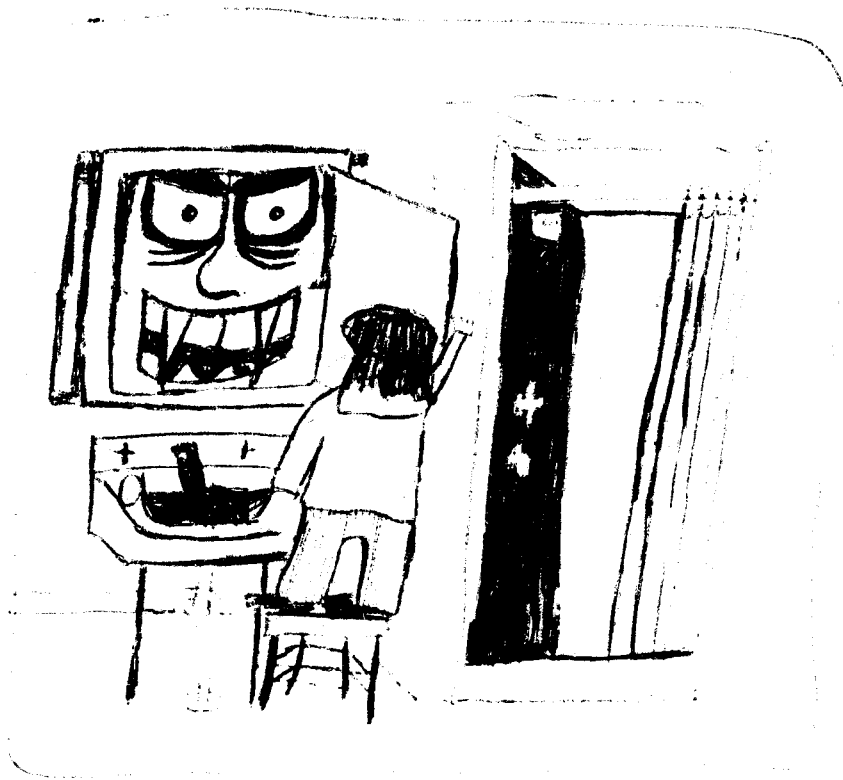
SX1abc Freshman Sex -- 9 units (3,0,6) Two lectures and one recitation per week. Topics to be covered -- Difference between male and female, reasons for sexual activities, basic making out, and an introduction to petting. Instructor: Hefner and Staff.

SX 2abc Sophomore Sex -- 15 units (6,0,9) A continuation of the freshman course with special emphasis on advanced petting techniques. Other topics to be covered are erogenous zones, frenching, female anatomy. An introduction to intercourse is also given third term to be followed up my more extensive study in the junior year. Instructor: Bardot.

SX 10 Introduction to Sexual Techniques -- 6 units (3,0,3) A course for interested freshman taught third term. This course will deal in detail with some of the topics introduced in SX 1. Instructor: Loren.

SX 31, Laboratory -- 6 units (0,6,0) Offered first term only. Experimental method is emphasized. The experiments to be performed are the coupled harmonic oscillator with viscose damping, and several experiments in determining rise time. Instructor: Kreski

SX 32, Laboratory -- 6 units (0,6,0) Offered second term, a continuation of SX 31. Observational skills are stressed. Experiments to be covered are effectiveness of contraceptive techniques and experiments involving reaction



Another Scene from Senior Ditch Day

rates. Instructor: Welch

SX 33, Laboratory — 6 units (0,6,0) A third term course stressing individual development of technique. The student chooses a project he would like to work on and does independent research on the topic. Instructor: Taylor

Advanced Subjects

SX 69 Oral Presentation — 9 units (3,0,6) This course gives the student an introduction to oral techniques. Group theory and organic structures are discussed as well as demonstrated. Instructor: Lollabrigita

SX 102 Basic Intercourse — 12 units (3,3,6) Required of all sex majors. This course covers all aspects of the sexual act. The lecture part of the course includes demonstrations. The laboratory portion of the course meets once a week and is well equipped to give the student experience in this field. Instructor: Staff

SX 105 Chemistry of Sex — 9 units (3,0,6) An interdisciplinary course offered second term. Topics to be covered are reaction rates, synthesis of aphrodisiacs, and bonding effects. Instructor: Juan

SX 112 Physics of Sex — 9 units (3,0,6) A course offered third term for those interested in the physics of the act. The course will deal with coupled harmonic oscillation, heating effects, conservation of virginity and other relevant topics. The classical approach will be used. Instructor: Martin

SX 165 Orgasmic Theory — Designed specifically for majors. The course deals with the biological and psychological aspects of the question. Also the student will do an intensive study on his own personal adventure. A close professor-student relationship is emphasized. (Permission of instructor is prerequisite) Instructor: Hari

SX 207 Independent Reading — A course where the student does independent reading under the direction of a



staff member. Not available for Humanities Social Science credit.

SX 2much Contraceptives and Abortions — 9 credits (3,3,3) A two term course in which the student is given an introduction to the methods of contraception. This course is unique in that if the student fails the first term he is required to take the second term. Instructor: Portnoy

The Cauliflower Ear

In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida; Iron Butterfly: Atco SD 33-250.

IRON — symbolic of something "heavy" as in sound.

BUTTERFLY — light, appealing and versatile ... an object that can be used freely in the imagination.

About the only group that receives as much entirely undeserved abuse as the Iron Butterfly is the Canadian wonder group, Blue Cheer, who are in charge of our northern neighbors' Expo-70 musical exhibit. The I.B. has that same clarity of tone and interweaving of musical essence we have come to expect from groups like

Blue Cheer. But, contrary to the old "If it ain't imported, it ain't" theory, this wonder group is a home-town product. Yes, the City of Angels, home of Smog and Mayor Sam, is also home to the Iron Butterfly. Kinda makes you proud, don't it?

Side 2 contains the title song, for 17:05 of pure power. About halfway through, nomad Ron Bushy breaks into an inspired drum solo, putting Ginger Baker or Richard Starkly to shame. Then in comes Doug Ingle, the Butterfly's leader and chief writer, on his organ. Side 1 includes such favorites as that tender love ballad "Flowers and Beads," and "Termination," written by Erik Brann, the group's seventeen-year-old lead guitarist. *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* is even heavier than the Iron B's first great album, *Heavy*, if you can possibly believe that. All connoisseurs of serious contemporary rock expressionism will find this album a "must" for their collection. Buy it, so to speak.

—B.A.

**Where Fools Fear
To Tread!!**

Dr. Black Announces Failure of First Immaculate Heart Transplant

by Beech By Gum

Dr. Haroild Black, president of the Camelot Institute of Transcendentalism, announced that attempts by scientists at the Institute to achieve the world's first immaculate heart transplant failed. The patient lost a significant amount of time, and has been ordered to rest in bed in Hollywood, and to indefinitely delay any plans for moving around to Claremont.

Dr. Black said that the operation was a rush job, and that all of the operating tools could not be found in sufficient time. Cynics pointed, however, to the failure of the Pitzer engrafting operation years previous, saying that time was not lacking then.

Antibodies Feared

All hope for the operation was reportedly abandoned when the biological engineers stated that tissue rejection would occur, producing atrophy in the rest of the body politic. A group of noted physicians at the Institute disputed that claim, pointing out the results of a similar surgery at Harvard, which resulted in hybrid vigor.

The engineers countered with the theory of religious body- antibody annihilation. This too was disputed by many of the physicians, and also by members of the Institute humanitarian society.

Transfusion Unavailable

Another problem arose in the course of pre-operation diagnosis: the local blood-bank did not appear to have enough for the money-transfusion which would be needed to sustain the transplant while it regenerated buildings. Dr. Auditorium, head of the blood-bank, pointed to the dangerous fall in the blood pressure of their primary donor, the stock market.

Proponents of the operation argued that it would be now or never, that the blood could be found, and that science (ie. CamTrans) would probably never get another opportunity like this. However, opponents voiced their sentiments equally clamorously.

Claims No Choice

Dr. Black, the head surgeon in the

case, privately told reporters that with his team split, it would be weeks before he could operate. The patient, however, was suffering from terminal building contractor's syndrome, and could not wait for the eminent surgeon.

Subsequently, doctors ordered the patient to rest in Hollywood for a while, and administered the new miracle drug, stay of condemnation, to the old campus. However, doctors ordered the patient not to go to Claremont because the smog there is, if anything, worse than at CamTrans.

Science Loses

Dr. Black lamented the loss to science, and to CamTrans. in a statement to the press. "Sometimes, these things just don't work out," he said.

Others reacted more violently. One physician on the staff threatened to quit in disgust and do consulting work only.

However, informed sources close to the Institute report that the students were the biggest losers, since they had to suffer at a heartless institution. Even an immaculate heart transplant would have helped.

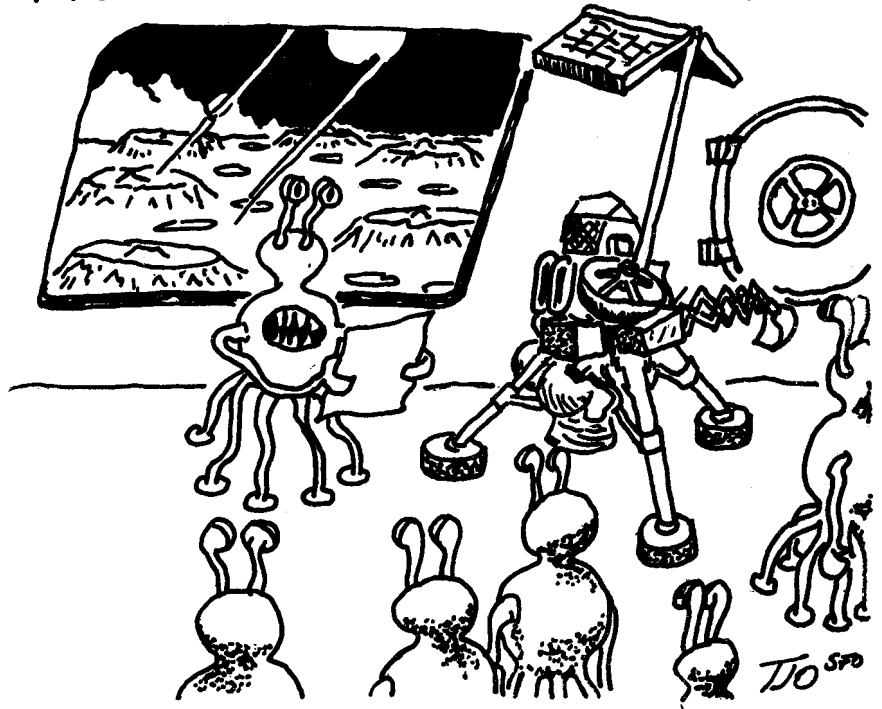
Deano the Dinosore

Continued from Page Twenty-Two

(This IS the Rivet, you know)

Obviously, such actions could not come from Techers, who are much more mature than to adopt any such methods." Miller said that he could imagine no reason for such an attack being made on him.

WE HAVE LEARNED MUCH OF THEIR CIVILIZATION FROM THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THEIR SPACECRAFT. THEY BREATHE OXYGEN, ARE MULTINATIONAL, UNDERSTAND HIGHER MATHEMATICS, AND THE NATION THAT SENT THIS ONE UP MUST HAVE BEEN CALLED "THE D.E. OF I."



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for virtually the rest of your life.*

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LOCAL ARMY RECRUITER.



Miller Announces Return to Celibacy

In a surprise move recently, Dr. Peter Montmorency Miller, Dean of Admissions, announced that the admissions into the Class of 1974 recently offered to about three dozen girls have been cancelled. "When it came down to it, and we fully realized what we were doing to these poor, innocent girls, we found that we just couldn't do it," said Miller at a hastily-called press conference Monday. "There just isn't very much more to say. I mean, just look around you and think of what it would be like for them here. We simply decided that even the girls' intention to become scientists, when everyone knows where a woman's place is, wasn't sufficient crime for them to be subjected to this place for four years." The 'we' Dr. Miller used

was presumed to refer to himself and Dr. William P. Schlitz, co-author of the Schlitz-Schaefer Qual Scheme and recently resigned Associate Dean of Admissions.

Dr. Miller went on to explain that no logistics problems were expected in the switch back to an all-male undergraduate body. "We will simply go back to using the seven Student Houses as we have before, and while this will doubtless involve a certain amount of hardship for the students involved, we can't be expected to solve all the problems at once."

Miller said that he had checked this move with Dr. Harold Brown, Institute President, who is currently in Petaluma, California, for the most recent session of the SALT talks. Brown was unavailable for comment.

When asked if this move would result in the re-opening of the Immaculate Heart College question, Miller said that this would depend on the opinions of the faculty. "Most of our faculty seem to regard the IHC

girls as 'dumb bods,' " said Miller, "But I still have hope that the dirty old men will carry the day." In conclusion Miller stated that while he could understand and sympathize with any student unhappiness at the move, he anticipated no problems. "Our students will handle this disappointment as maturely and competently as they have handled other disappointments in the past."

Admissions Dean Abducted Monday!

Caltech was visited with a shocking occurrence this Monday evening. Dr. Peter Montmorency Miller, Dean of Admissions at Caltech, was kidnapped and subjected to strange assaults, while on his way home from work. Miller was released basically unharmed, although rather more befuddled than normal because of the odd experience.

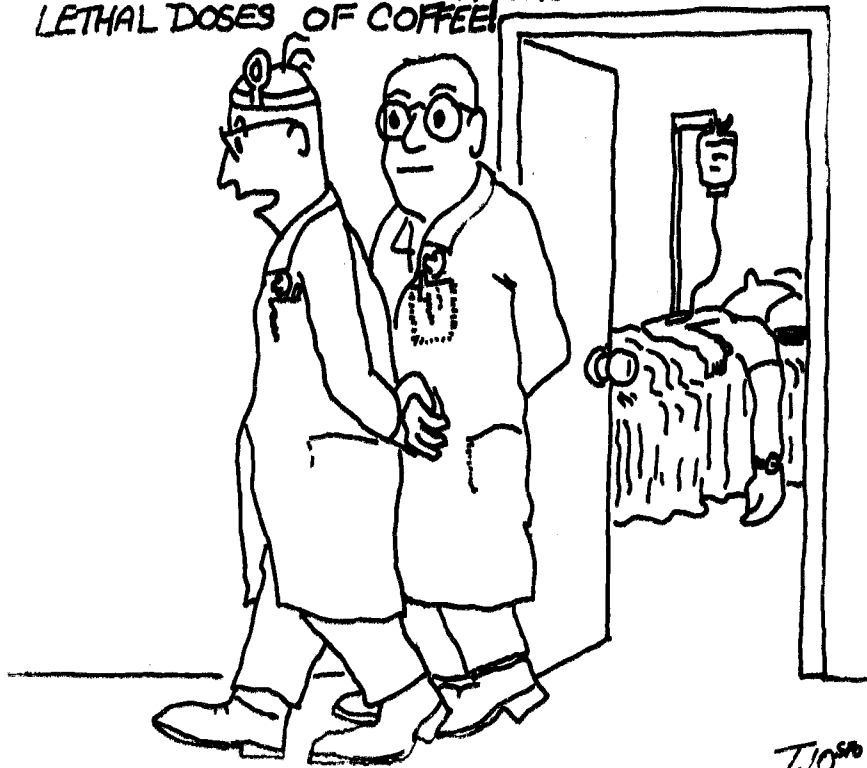
"I don't know exactly what happened," he told reporters who had assembled while Miller explained the matter to DeGaulle Charles, new head of Campus Security. "I was walking along the Olive Walk when all of a sudden somebody came up behind me and removed my glasses, rendering me helpless. I was then carried off by at least one person, in what I felt to be an easterly direction. After I was shoved and pushed through a few alleyways and several doorways, it suddenly began to rain very hard, and in just a few seconds I was thoroughly soaked. Then I was taken out of that place, and carried somewhere else, which I later found was the Millikan Pool, and thrown in. I was rescued by a passing professor of English, and after she applied artificial respiration to revive me, we found my glasses at the edge of the pool and I was able to make my way to the Campus Security Office, avoiding the Health Center on the way."

Miller said that he had no idea of the identity of his attackers. "All I could hear was an occasional cry of what sounded like, 'Up the Girls!' from which I concluded that they were a bunch of pro-feminist rabble-rousers.

Continued on Page Twenty !!

IT ISN'T THE FINALS WEEK COLLAPSE
CASES THAT WORRY ME.....
IT'S THE ONES WITH THE
LETHAL DOSES OF COFFEE!

103



Ed Schroeder Describes Joys of Draft Physical

by Etaoin Schroedlu

Ed. Note—Our readers will remember the recent series of columns we have presented from Mr. Right and Mr. Lawgun on the draft. Due to the unfortunate recent induction of these gentlemen, they were unable to continue their series, but Mr. Schroedlu has kindly consented to write this article, and promises more in the future. Most of what is said can be taken as true, if not Gospel.

Taking a pre-induction physical is fun. Really. I mean, you obtain a raftload of priceless experiences, and things you can tell your grandchildren about (if you fail, anyway). And best of all, they even buy your lunch.

Getting to the L.A. center is half the fun. Your first priceless experience will be to get to see a sunrise for the first time since the previous finals week, since you will undoubtedly be told to report at 7:00 a.m., unless the powers that be are feeling benevolent and let you report at 6:30 a.m. If that happens you can comfort yourself by reflecting that you'd be out half an hour earlier if you hadn't overslept and wound up at the end of the waiting line.

After you get up, bright and cheery, head in the direction of Lake Avenue, if you can remember where it is, and line up waiting for a No. 70 bus (or is it No. 71?) to take you down into beautiful downtown Los Angeles. After boarding the bus (which only stops at those funny little signs saying 'Bus Stop,' not where you ask it to or where the lady at the RTD number said it would) you can pay your \$.54 and relax until you get to Seventh and Main, unless you forgot your \$.54, in which case the look you get from the driver will preclude any relaxation. From there walk two blocks the way you came (naturally) to Broadway and then four blocks to your left and look for the long line of random trolls. You're there.

After you prove to them that you're really who you say you are and the one they want, you start playing a

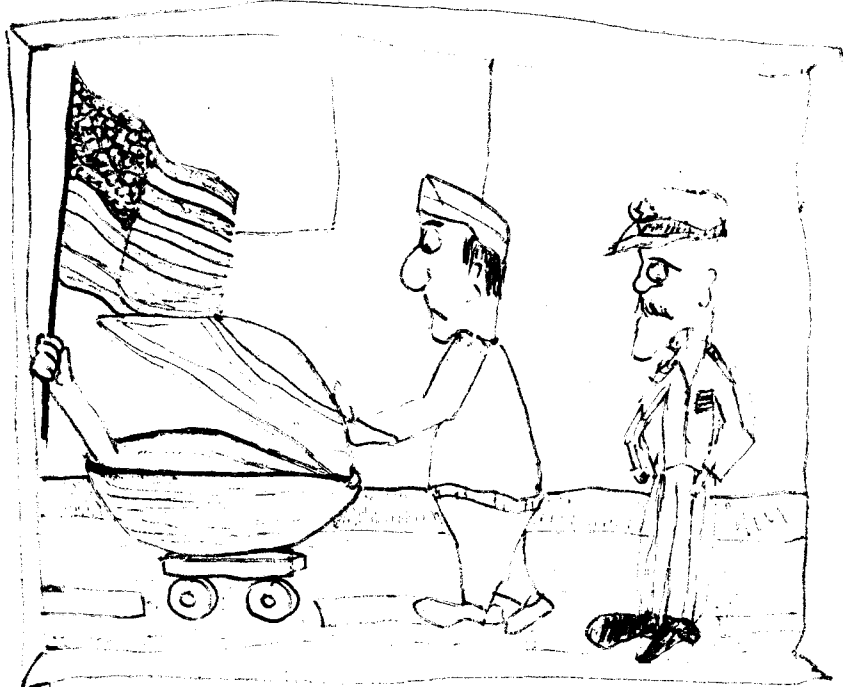
little game. It's called 'Follow the Colored Line.' This game is fun, of course, although it tends to pall on most people after they reach the age of, say, about six. I must admit, though, that having those lines to follow around made things a lot easier, yes sir. Let's see, now where did that line go?

If they haven't changed things, you'll get the mental test first. Presumably the rationale is that it might be too much for you if they save it for later. It was a real challenge to me, anyway; I just couldn't think of anything to do with all the time I had left over. A good indication of the military mentality is that a quarter of the test reads something like 'Identify the Tool,' and I saw no indication that these questions were segregated in any way from the math or vocabulary questions in the final score. Since I don't know a socket wrench from a buzz-saw, presumably I'll go through life with a random mental test score. Beautiful. (A fellow later told me that all the tools had to do with cars. I hadn't noticed.) Of course, two fellows in our room flunked it, which made

for a morale boost.

Then they take your blood pressure (has anyone out there figured out what that notation means?) and whisk you off for the real fun: the medical examination. At the door is a sign which says 'Medical Examining Station. Absolute Silence Is to Be Maintained.', which of course just sends your spirits soaring, since you were having such a good time laughing at them with the college kid behind you in line. Of course, your spirits are soon dashed by noting the other sign which says 'Absolutely No Females Permitted Past This Line.'

After stripping to shorts you follow more colored lines (by now the color-blind people have been weeded out) and go through all sorts of fun with such wonderful things as a chest X-ray, a butt examination, and an ear testing mechanism (mine was defective). After they test your glasses (not your eyes) a neat little bit of psychology is worked. Previously you have been handed a form on which you can claim various physical, mental and moral defects (see last week's ears), including pregnancy if you're so

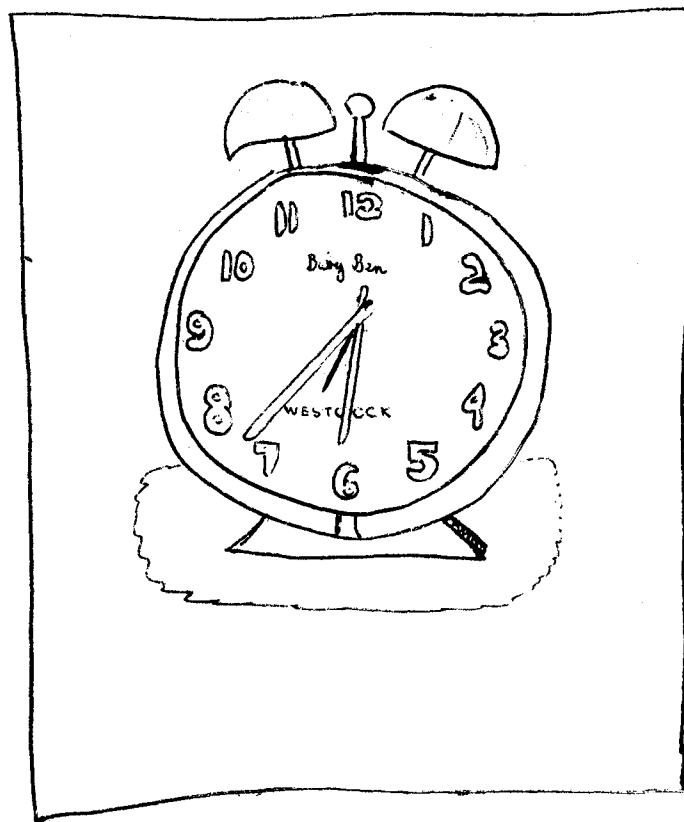


"You Can Come Out of Your Shell Now, Spiro."

inclined. At this point, after you've been invigorated by prating around in your shorts (I found a hole in one of the window-coverings) and at peace with the world, you get to talk to a doctor about the boxes you checked the wrong way (i.e., claimed to have). Example: 'Why did you check nose-bleed?' 'I have nosebleeds.' 'How often?' 'Once a week.' (Frown. That's too often.) 'How severe?' 'I don't know. I'm not dead of them.' (Checks box OK.) And on you go.

After a few more thrills you get to move on to the blood sample area. Of course, I'm not one of those he-men types who turns green at the sight of a needle. Not me. I just turn green. Of course, just for kicks, this time I turned red, but it wasn't exactly my fault. You see, their vacuum-needle was missing something essential. No, not the needle, that'd be all right. It was missing the vacuum. Have you ever seen a blocked vein explode? Neither have I—I wasn't looking—but the guy behind me in line did, and so did the doctor, if he was paying attention. Anyway, apparently my arm wasn't chintzy with its contribution, but they didn't appreciate it, and insisted on an instant replay.

By the end, of course, they've generally managed to erode away all the beautiful excuses you thought you'd conjured up for them (yes, Virginia, you do need documentation), but if you think you've had a raw deal, here's where they make up for it, in the old army interest in fair play. 'If any of you guys have any questions, or problems, or think you haven't been properly dealt with in any way, when you're done, go up to Room PDQ and talk to the doctor there.' Needless to say, the stairs groaned under the pressure of stampeding feet. Nobody can say that the military don't give you a fair chance. It's not their fault if some chances are fairer than others.



*At the Sound of the Glissando, the
Time Will Be 7:00 a.m. — exactly.*

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many medals they get from the White House for joining the team, Democrats know that even modest achievement of this vision would bring the President and his party the lion's share of the plaudits, just as failure would bring them most of the censure."

It seems that Mr. Nixon has explicitly redefined the word "cooperate" in paragraph 63. As he uses it the word means that the two groups will act as one, but that the leadership will be concentrated in one of parties involved. This definition is neither new nor peculiar to Mr. Nixon. How many times have teachers complained "He (or she) won't cooperate with me," and how many times have frustrated parents screamed, "Why can't you cooperate [with me]?" They don't want an answer, they don't even want to enter into a partnership with the child, they want the kid to obey! In paragraph 30 "cooperate" has the more traditional meaning, though as already stated that could mean almost

anything.

These meanings can be separated through their syntax. In "A and B cooperate" there is a grammatical equality of the two parties involved. This equality is carried over when one determines the connotation of the sentence. In "B cooperates with A" and "With the cooperation of B, A..." this grammatical equality does not exist. It implies that A is doing something and that B is merely helping—or at least not getting in the way.

We have seen that CTA can be a useful tool for noticing things. Alone it can do nothing, but with added study CTA's results can be the basis for much useful information.

