

# The CALIFORNIA Tech

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Number 31

## That Was The Year That Was - Or Was It?

*by millikan troll*

Tiredly, the minions contemplate third-term finals, and the concomitant release afforded by summer. Seniors seek greater and larger adventures in the hostile outside world, while the rest of us contemplate summer jobs, and/or the lack thereof.

Such a time is, then, fitting for a nostalgic (?) look back on the wonder that was yesterday, back in the antiquity of first term when the earth was fresh and young. So here we go:

### Getting Oriented

Just to do things differently, Freshman Orientation was held on-campus, much to the dismay of organizations such as the Glee Club and this fair periodical, which view frosh camp as an opportunity to snap up unsuspecting victims. Being appropriately snowed with tours and anesthetized with speeches, freshmen found their place in the Caltech community, only to have the fragile sense of belonging lost in the whirl of Rotation.

Most notable among the Class of '74 were Caltech's first co-eds since the dim, dark past, back in the days when Throop was Pasadena Hall, and this piece of real estate was Throop Tech. To greet them, the Institute prepared a section of Blacker-Dabney with completely re-done plumbing and wiring, new furniture, and nifty wall-bracket type shelves, which supposedly will eventually grace all the monastary cells of the Old House (take heart).

### Share Time

Also greeting the new freshman, the inhabitants of Booth (those strange creatures who are given to writing indecipherable memos) prepared a new horror to add to Physics, Math, and Chem: the PDP-10. This giant number grinder has already reportedly demolished the minds of several unsus-

pecting frosh.

The Tournament of Roses committee (yes them) usually offered Caltech coeds the opportunity to become Rose Queen. None were interested. Meanwhile, 40 large pizzas and 4 kegs of beer, and an appropriately large amount of soft drinks failed to slow down the participants in Huttenback's start-of-the-year beer and pizza blast, which Pizza Man and Klope's probably enjoyed more than anyone.

### Rumble, Rumble, Rumble

Early in the year, the rumblings began which eventually: (1) led to the demise of the 2-year P.E. requirement and (2) the Baxter Festival. One early plan, which went the way of most early plans, would have replaced Interhouse Dance with what became the Baxter Festival, an idea which got somewhere with the ESC, but expired quietly in the IHC.

Hardly three weeks into the term, the Applied Physics people won approval, and a large part of double-e seceded from Engineering and Applied Science. That week, Caltech actually tied a football game (0-0). (Incidentally, in the '50s, Caltech also set the intercollegiate record (it was a record then, at least) for the highest-scoring tie game, 42-42). The same week (still), the renowned quantum mechanic R. P. Feynman materialized for a lecture on quarks, which filled Beckman Auditorium to capacity.

### Politics and Such

The Institute's policy on political activities then came surging out of Throop. Basically, don't do anything political on behalf of the Institute unless you're the Trustees, and not even then. At least, the policy goes, Caltech should look uninvolved in its

official capacity. Confusing enough for anyone?

The Genial Dean Huttenback grew a second head as acting Chairman of the Division of Humanities upon the retirement from that aforesaid office of Dr. Hallet Smith. And the Big T came out tween covers reminiscent of three red volumes which reveal all truth.

### Bolshoye Spaceba

In anticipation of Halloween and Parents' Day, enterprising members of the Mickey Rodent Club transmogrified the venerable clock atop Throop Hall into a Spiro Agnew watch. The same week, cosmonauts Nikolayev and Sevastyanov were treated to something even better than the magic kingdom of Walter E. Disney (a sight their previous Party First Secretary never sa). You guessed it! A tour of these hallowed grounds.

However, the Trustees had other fish to fry on the eve and day of All Saints Day, in an all-afternoon discussion meeting with Caltech students at their Palm Springs meeting. The discussions marked the beginning of closer trustee-student relationships, and resulted in visits (including overnight stays) by several trustees, and visits to trustee's places of business by students. (To the UC Board of Regents, we say "for shame.")

### Shake It

Charles de Gaulle died first term, marking an end to all Gaullefinger jokes. This event notwithstanding, the Faculty Board recommended that PE not be required for graduation, ASCIT dues became optional (or at least, the BOD was shamed into admitting it), and "Shake it, Georgene!" became the freshman national anthem.

Rhodes returned with a few choice

words for certain Washington officials, while the dynamic duo of Harry-the-House and Lisa Anderson propelled the frosh to victory in the Mudeo. The latter story made page one of the international edition of the Herald-Tribune, which came as something of a shock to the Browns, who were at the time SALTing the Russians' tailfeathers in Helsinki (or was it Vienna?).

#### It Didn't Rain

Interhouse Dance came and went, along with any chance for the freshmen to study. The Fleming Show and brawl told of the misadventures of Flakey in the heart (and stomach) rending drama "Hot Noggies, Clarabelle." The next day, the Flems had to decide on what to do about the four metric tons of water in their courtyard.

For all of the arduous planning, fund-raising, construction, and dome-grundling, the 1970 Throop Three got the proverbial shaft as the great bamboo resisted efforts to position it. Instead an eighteen-inch monster was borrowed from Ned Hale just as the ribbon was about to feel the pinch of the scissors wielded by Harold Brown. Subsequent efforts got the shaft erected, but mangled the tinsel and light structure which was to have gone

around it. Adorned with a twenty-foot high, four-inch diameter blade of overgrown grass, Throop and the students retired to nurse the wounds of the outrageous slings and arrows of first term.

#### Determined BO(C,D)

Much to the chagrin of the BO(C,D) a plan to give the former jurisdiction over cases of campus disruptions (you mean THEY would try Hari Krishna?) came to electoral grief. Convinced that the matter would never come up, the fears of Ad-Hoc committies notwithstanding, the matter apparently died after that, despite urgings by the opponents of the measure (they claimed it went far too far) that it be rewritten.

Caltech branched out into the real with an EQL (Environmental Quality Lab) to fight smog, thermal, effluvial, and other pollution, in addition to fighting for truth, Physics, and the eightfold way. EQL has the same sort of independent dependency on the Institute that JPL has, which I'm sure drives the Accounting Office up the nearest vertical wall.

#### Happy Birthday, L. Terry

L. Terry Suber, outgoing chief Mafioso of the notorious B & G syndicate, enjoyed his early-February

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birthday immensely. First he weathered a campus bomb threat, then an earthquake ("Prevent unwanted quakes--take earth control pills."). The upper floors of Millikan observed a curious phenomenon, known to the pin-ball phanatics of the Universe as TILT. One month later, the mess was cleaned up.

The Debate team sweet-talked their way to the Senior Division Championship at U of Missouri, which informal academic exchanges with

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FIRST WEEK, NEXT TERM:

M\*A\*S\*H

other colleges (without the usually requisite sticky red tape of formal transfers) became a reality after a flurry of letter-writing the year round by the Genial Dean.

### Physicswockky

The end of second term impended, and with it the hoary ceremonial of passing the sputtering torch of ASCIT leadership to yet another crop of unlikely future bureaucrats of America. Apparently, it was open season on Physics 2, a declaration made without the knowledge of one Rochus E. Vogt, Professor of Physics Two.

Steve Watkins won the election, and Vogt won the Academy Award for Best Performance in a Lecturing Role

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for his soliloquy on the travails of a Physics Two lecturer caught in the midst of a campaign issue boiling over. (Chemist to Dr. Vogt: "You physicists will do anything to hog the news . . . Nobody ever mentions Chem 2." Vogt: "Go away, Harry. You bug me.")

And Ken Charles resigned unexpectedly as head Campus Cop.

**//SYSENG DD \***

Systems engineering came to campus with a vengeance, while the Freshmen were reoriented (translated as: held a bitch-in), and third term creaked under way. Baxter overcame the builder's hex and finally opened its doors over the vacation.

The first weekend of the term saw the players of the annual Political-Military exercise zorch the globe in one final thermonuclear orgy. Meanwhile, the nation took arms against its own courts-martial which deemed Calley guilty. Needless to say, the Tech alienated almost everybody by coming out in favor of the verdict.

### All Fall Down

Meanwhile, back at the Office of the Campus Architect, it was decided that (1) Linda Wilson is the best-con-

structed feature of campus and (2) Throop Hall is the worst. Consequently, Throop will be razed over the summer, with the present occupants scattering to Dabney and Millikan (!). Unfortunately, Linda will be scattering to Stanford, along with husband and child.

Feynman once again packed Beckman (twice, even) for a lecture on hieroglyphics only slightly more comprehensible than those of relativistic quantized field theory: the Mayan codices.


In the meantime, the ancient ritual of building dedication claimed Baxter as its sacrificial victim, and was subsequently fested according to long-hatched plots.



### Shake on It

Unlike Harry and Georgene, General James and Morgan Kousser didn't shake it, which caught headlines in the Star-News and the L.A. Times. And the Seniors Ditched. The Trustees approved Shoemaker's building, Frosh Orientation was moved to Catalina, since good old camp Radford burned down, and the powers that be decided to distribute the coeds equally amongst

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the Houses next year.

And so finals descend on the land of the living. When the dun clouds of the Niebelungs part, have an enjoyable summer.

## Systems Engineering

by Paul Levin

On Tuesday night Dr. Robert Boguslaw presented a fresh look at the engineering profession and where it is going. Today, he said, represents a situation new to most engineers and to all engineering students: widespread unemployment of technical manpower. In the past the ultimate goal of many engineers and technical people has been to reach that plateau called "management", but this prospect is less lucrative today. Management is in as much or more trouble than engineers when it comes to job security. This means that many people will have to resign themselves to a technical career, foregoing higher positions. But which way is up?

The nature of engineering, too, is undergoing change. In the past an engineer was a man who understood

the properties of materials and some physical laws and hence could make these things work for him. Man wasn't an energy source or even a part of these systems, after all, it was the twentieth-century and this was America. However, if you stop to think about it, almost nothing runs without some sort of human intervention. This, Boguslaw said, is the distinctive feature of a social system: it employs human beings as parts performing human functions, (sensing, identifying, and interpreting), and has a humanistically-oriented goal. Some people have hesitated to call something a social system because they felt this implied that the system was running smoothly and that everything had a function. These aren't necessary at all.

Designing a social system causes many problems because humans are involved. When an engineer is told to design an airplane, he is in a position to choose the parts to meet the design requirements. Just imagine how much trouble he would have if he was required to use certain parts and these parts began dictating new and conflicting requirements. This is the problem faced by the systems engineer. He can't exactly eliminate all of the people from the system, and these people have their own ideas on how the system should be designed. Instead of using simulation to test known factors (as is usually the case in physical systems), the engineer working

on this sort of problem usually employs simulation just to determine what these factors are!

"We must force ourselves to consider unpleasant alternatives rationally," he said. Considering nuclear war unthinkable does not make it impossible. Someone has suggested that national security is the maximization of national power. But this would imply that we would always escalate fully, something we obviously don't do. What our government is (?) doing is to use sufficient force for the occasion.

Dr. Boguslaw concluded by saying that we don't have any perfect social systems: if anyone did, then there would be a model other could follow. He said, too, that we won't have one until designers begin considering themselves not only as designers, but as occupants, of social systems.

## Music

by E. Gansner

The Encounters Contemporary Music Committee has announced a preliminary list of composers and programs for next year's season. Dominating the list is the world premier of a work by Lou Harrison and a concert-lecture by Japan's leading composer, Toku Takemitsu.

Each year the Encounters Series sponsors three or four programs featuring a leading composer of modern serious music. In the relatively informal setting of the program, the composer is able to describe to the audience his own feelings toward music, his stylistic techniques and other aspects of his music. In the past, Encounters has featured such composers as Boulez,

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Stockhausen, Cage, Xenakis, and, this year, Messiaen.

In an interview with Leonard Stein, music director for the Encounters committee and a professor of music at Calarts, next year's program was filled in.

In November, the world premier of Lou Harrison's puppet-opera "Young Caesar" will take place. Full details of the opera are not yet known. However, Stein felt that it would be a combination of a variety of styles and cultures, including the Balinese shadow play, Chinese opera, music from antiquity with the primitive instruments, and modern rhythmic devices.

Harrison has been involved in music in some way or other since 1934. He studied with Schoenberg and has received several Guggenheim fellowships and various international awards for composition. His interests cover a broad range, all of which are reflected in his music. He is an expert at Esperanto; he is quite active in modern dance and painting. He is also quite interested in the Pacific culture, being a leading ethnomusicologist and the expert in Korean music.

Then in February, Tokumitsu will be here for his Encounters concert. The live portion of the concert will probably center on music for the biwa and shakuhachi, two traditional Japanese instruments.

Takemitsu's music runs from tra-

ditional and romantic to avant-garde and musique concrete. Related to the former are his compositions for orchestra and traditional instruments, both western and Oriental. In particular, he tries to emphasize the contrast between the two, as in his "November Steps." To the other end, are his compositions like "Water Music" and his very well-known "Vocalism Ai."

As to the rest of the year's program, Stein said that correspondence is now being carried on with Leon Kirchner as to the possibilities for an Encounters program highlighting his music. Stein went on to say that he had in mind for a possible fourth concert an evening of electronic music, emphasizing several of the leading electronic composers. However, this concert would require a good deal of student participation and interest. So, before anything is set definitely for it, student opinion will have to be polled. If you have any interest in electronic music and would like to help create this concert, contact E. Gansner, 111 Page, before the term ends.

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## RECORDS

**Rod McKuen's Greatest Hits-2, by Rod McKuen, Stanyan Records 2560**

There are two ways to appraise this album. One is to view the record as a singer's interpretation of popular songs. Another is to consider it as a reading of poems by the original poet. The former is quite painful to a listener while the latter makes an audience appreciative. Since many popular, modern poems are included in this album, a fan of such poetry will find McKuen's dramatic interpretation delightful. His raspy, straining voice lingers throughout all the poems, and while McKuen is not Basil Rathbone, all the record's hits (Jean, Love's Been Good to Me, etc.) are McKuen written. You may like it. I did.

*Alex Seita*

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## New York City You're a Woman, Al Kooper, Col. G30601

The theme of this album, is love. It is a accumulation of beautiful love songs to be played when you're with that very special friend, alone. The album cover, a picture of Kooper on one side and this girl on the other even tends to pictorially describe the place where the album should be played. Song titles such as OO'we Baby I Love You, Love is a Man's Best Friend, Dearest Darling and Come Down in Time makes one quickly realize the intent of this album.

This album is so expressing, that I would like to make some dedications of it to some close friends. The first half goes to Ro, Sig, Patti, Laurie, the Zisman's and the rest of the gang back home. Side Two is dedicated to Debbie. The title song is dedicated to anyone that wants to figure me out part of which follows.

New York City you're a woman  
Cold-hearted bitch oughta be your name  
Oh you ain't never loved nobody  
Yet I'm drawn to you,  
like a moth to flame  
And I guess it's silly  
to think you'll ever change.

*John Tristano*

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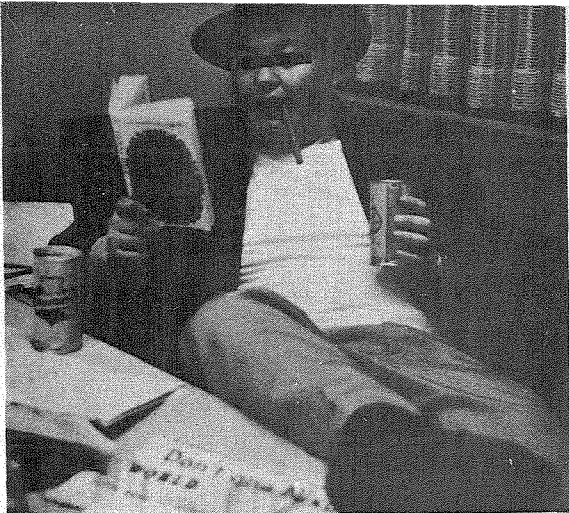




# THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

Thursday, June 3, 1971





*Our former boss at work.*

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*How we got rid of lost our director.*

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# THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

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Funday, June 3, 1971  
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## Schroedlu Strikes Back

# Avoid the Draft by Enlisting?!?!

Dear Troops,

I read with great interest the recent letter in your paper citing ROTC as a way of "avoiding the draft." I would like to carry this analysis one step further, and explain how a person can avoid the draft by enlisting in the Army.

This may sound rather paradoxical, but let me explain. There are differences between going into the service as a draftee (U.S.) or as an enlistee or volunteer (R.A.). For one thing, you can only be drafted for two years, but you can enlist for three or four. At one time you were also allowed to enlist for two years, although I'm not sure if this option is still available. At any rate, there were even differences between the two-year R.A.'s and the two-year U.S.'s. For instance, in Basic Training the R.A.'s got to yell, "R.A., Drill Sergeant" as they signed the mess roster, and all the assembled cadre and officers would beam with pride at the 'real soldier' who signed up, while U.S.'s were scorned. Everyone prefers to work in an environment where he is appreciated and noticed, and R.A.'s always got special attention from the training cadre.

However, that isn't the only advantage of going R.A. Another is choice of work while in the Army. A draftee has no control over his fate in this regard, while a three-year or four-year enlistee does. When the enlistee shows up at his AFES station for pre-induction processing, he takes a battery of tests, and if he scores sufficiently high in the tests for a particular field, he may be offered a contract in that field, which would stand to be his 'MOS', or Military Occupation Specialty. This contract binds the Army to offer him that MOS. If he then joins the Army, he will report to the induction center and find out that pre-induction test was really just practice, and now he gets to take the test for real, and see if

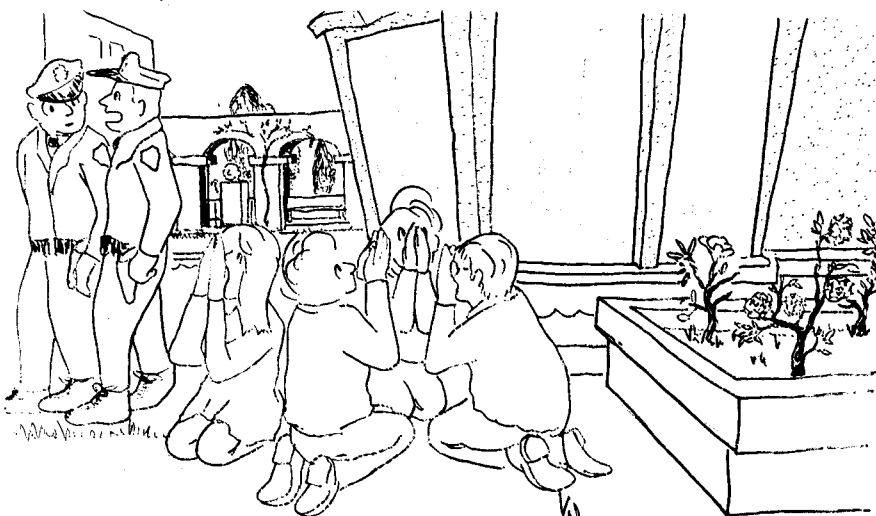
he can score higher. This battery of tests includes a great number of different tests, some of them very long, in order to find all sorts of skills that the individual may possess, and great concern is shown for the persons taking these tests; when I joined the Army it was summertime, and very hot, so my group was allowed to take the tests in the middle of the night, after our regular duties of the day were over.

There are many MOS's that a person can aspire to: Infantry, Artillery, Armor, or less common ones such as Military Police, Combat Engineer, and Combat Medic, where the action is. In fact, there are so many MOS's available that the ARMY limits the length of that binding MOS contract (see above) to six months, so that they can help the individual avoid getting into a rut, offer a more general program of studies, and perhaps even arrange some valuable educational experiences overseas. Many unexpected opportunities may open up: I probably would have been a clerk, but I scored so well on the Language Aptitude Test that I wound up being sent to the

Army school for Vietnamese, so I could go to Vietnam and perform some important job there, broadening my knowledge, capabilities, and moral character.

So there are many good reasons for "going R.A.": Working in an environment free from the tension of the draft, working with men who are properly appreciative of your skills and performance, and becoming educated in interesting, useful career fields and skills, many of which are applicable to problems in today's civilian world. Many persons fear that the Army will not treat them as individuals. Any sensible person knows what to think about this charge: as one of my instructors in Basic Training said, "You're all individuals; you all have your own number." So, if you're worried about being an individual in the Army, remember that the ARMY has your number.

—Sp4 135-42-9779



STRANDEST THING I EVER SAW!  
EVERY DAY SINCE IT WAS MADE AN  
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, THESE KIDS  
MEET AND PRAY FOR ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE!

the V — the V  
TJO

# The Pigeon

or

## Life at Caltech

by Beckman's Peter

I

*Once upon a midnight bleery, while I wandered bleak and beery,  
Over many a fat volume of pornographic lore—  
While I lay there almost horny, suddenly there came a corny,  
Knocking on my chamber door.  
"It's only some fag," muttered I, "knocking on my chamber door,  
Only this and nothing more."*

II

*Ah, distinctly I remember it was in sad November;  
And each separate dying testicle wrought new sorrow to my core.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow,—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for my lost amour—  
For that rare and limber cylinder that the gods had made no more—  
Nameless here for evermore.*

III

*Presently my whang grew stronger; hesitating, then no longer,  
"Sir," I said, "or whatever, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact was I was jacking, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.*

IV

*Back into the chamber turning, both my nuts within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a crowing somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely someone's blowing at my window lattice,  
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore.  
Let my cock be still a moment and this mystery explore,  
T'is only two dykes and nothing more."*

V

*Open here I flung the shutter, then, with many a flit and flutter,  
In there stepped an old fat pigeon of the whitewashed days of yore,  
Not the least obesiance made he; not a minute stoped or stayed he;  
But with mein of dyke or faggot, laid a turd upon the floor,  
Then perched upon a plaster phallus just above my chamber door—  
Perched and belched and nothing more.*

VI

*Then this ivory bird beguiled my sad fancy into shrinking,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though my crest be shriveled and shrunk," I said, "thou are sure no  
faggot drunk,  
Some strange and swinging punk wandering from the Barbary shore,  
Tell me who the boys are screwing on the night's syphilitic shore."  
Quoth the Pigeon, "Want a whore?"*

VII

*Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning-little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that importence is being  
Not yet dead, but not alive, and feeling rotten to the core.  
"I've been sick, I am not able," whispered I towards the door.  
Again the bird said, "Want a whore?"*

## The Chemist and the Physicist

by Peter's Beckman

The Chemist and the Physicist  
Were walking through the row;  
They laughed like anything to see  
Such quantities of snow.  
"If this were only cleared away,  
We couldn't screw them so."

"If seven grads with seven grants  
Worked for a half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Chemist said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Physicist,  
And gave a happy sneer.

"Oh Students come and walk with us!"  
The Chemist did now sigh.  
"A final walk, a final talk,  
Before your final cry;  
What we will do to this whole class  
Might want to make you die."

The oldest Student looked at them  
With a look of total gloom;  
The oldest Student signed a card  
To keep away the doom—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave his student room.

But all the others hurried up,  
All eager for the test;  
Their notes complete, their homework in,  
Their slipsticks at their best—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
A cut-throat is a pest.

The Chemist and the Physicist  
Walked all the way to Steele,  
And then they rested on a bench  
And talked of things not real;  
And all the little Students stood  
And listened to the spiel.

"The time has come," the Chemist said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of quantum jumps, and Georgene's bumps,  
And good old Benzene-rings,  
And why that pond is full of fish,  
And whether Feynman sings."

"But wait a bit," the Students cried,  
"Before we have this test;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And we all need a rest."  
"No hurry!" said the Physicist,  
"But I won't postpone the test!"



VIII

*Then, I thought the air grew ripe, perfumed from some unseen pipe  
Smoked by pot-heads whose seeds popped upon the tufted floor.  
"Damn," I cried, "I am not able, my cob is like some rotten cable  
Deprived of life through fate or chance, I cannot hope to make it dance,  
And the gift of life—the fluid running—will no longer pour."  
Said the Pigeon, "Want a whore?"*

IX

*"Pimp," said I, "You thing of evil! Procurer still if bird or devil!  
Whether harlot sent, or whether fate tossed thee ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, with this desert bag enchanted—  
With these nards by horror haunted—tell me truly I implore—  
Is there—is there cure in 'Frisco—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Replied the Pigeon, "Want a whore?"*

X

*And that pigeon never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On that pallid point of penis just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the looking of a hooker that is hooking,  
And the lamplight o'er me streaming throws my shadow on the floor;  
And my length outlined in shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore.*

*with apologies to E. A. Poe.*

"A book of blue," the Chemist said,  
"Is what you chiefly need;  
Sliderules, pencils, pens besides  
Are very good indeed—  
Now, if you're ready, Students dear,  
We can begin this deed."

"You turned on us," the Students cried,  
Turning their books of blue.  
"These problems are extremely hard,  
Please show us what to do!"  
Walking outside, the Chemist said,  
"We've given them the screw."

"It seems a shame," the Chemist said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've made them work so hard,  
And made them think so quick."  
The Physicist said nothing but,  
"You almost make me sick."

"Oh Students," said the Physicist,  
"Your final now is done.  
Will you be coming back again?"  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd flunked out every one.

The Primeval Fireball

by Gary Prohaska

There I was sitting on the grass and  
there it was . . . it? My god it was  
Tucker's foot . . . help, help, let's get  
out of here I screamed to my pet frog.  
But too late, the obnoxious fumes  
were already suffocating our puny  
nostrils. The end was in sight.



*Do you believe these layouts?  
I don't — and I made them!*

*On the nth day of finals  
My true prof gave to me:  
n normal vectors  
12 twinkling lasers  
11 Laplace transforms  
10 two-fold axes  
9 noble gasses  
8 Hamiltonians  
7 massless pullies  
6 senior projects  
5 theta hats  
4 omega dots  
3 French curves  
2 inertial frames  
and  
an infinite, arbitrary plane.  
—Berto Kaufman*

TOADEM [ brought to you by the inmates of the CIT sanitarium, Happy Dale, California.  
toadem is not sponsored financially by ASCIT, or even the Division of Hmmanites,  
which reflects positively on their taste ] — June 3, 1971 — Page Eight

*Fermions, bosons, positrons, lend me your quarks!  
I come to bury Physics, not to praise it.  
The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Physics. The noble Harry  
Hath told you Physics were ambitious  
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Physics answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Harry and the rest--  
For Physics is an honorable subject;  
So are they all, all honorable subjects--  
Come I to speak in Physics' funeral.  
It was my friend, faithful and just to me;  
But Harry says he was ambitious  
And Harry is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Bridge,  
Whose ransoms did the Institute's coffers fill;  
Did this in Physics seem ambitious?  
When the frosh have cried, Physics hath wept;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Harry says he was ambitious,  
And Harry is an honorable man.  
You did all see that on the Throopercal  
I thrice presented him a nobel crown,  
Which thrice he did refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Harry says he was ambitious,  
And Harry is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Physics spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love it once, not without cause,  
What cause witholds you then to mourn for it?  
O judgment! thou art fled to chemist's beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Physics,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.*

Paul S. Zygielbaum

Respect for Lewis Carroll  
notwithstanding)

*'Twas finals, and the slimy trolls  
Did gripe and grumble in the waste,  
All random were attendance rolls,  
And snakes there were, disgraced.*

*"Beware the Ranterprof, my son!  
The claws that write, the jaws that goad!  
Beware the Flicking bird, and shun  
The gloomious Snakingtoad!"*

*He took his slipstick case in hand:  
Long time the awesome test he fought--  
So finished he in the hours three  
And sat awhile distraught.*

*And as in oafish thought he sat,  
The Ranterprof, with eyes of flame,  
Came riffling through the bluebooks fat,  
And ranted as it came!*

*"And you! And you! You're through! You're through!"  
The slipstick blade went crunch and crack!  
He pled and pled, but filled with dread  
He went a-grumping back.*

*"And hast thou pled with the Ranterprof?  
Come and play cards, my flunking boy!  
O trumping day! A fourth? I'll play!"  
He shuffled in his joy.*

*'Twas finals, and the slimy trolls  
Did gripe and grumble in the waste,  
All random were the attendance rolls,  
And snakes there were, disgraced.*



*"I hate to do  
this to you  
PDP-10, but  
you have  
gone too far  
this time. . . ."*

## Music to Get Sick By

by BARf

*(The cloyingly clever pseudonym of  
Bruce A. Reznick)*

As you have probably been trying  
to forget, I offered a few attempts at  
parody in the last **Rivet**—and was  
overwhelmed by the response I got.  
Despite this I will try again this year.

*Melvin Laird to the tune of  
"My Sweet Lord"*  
Melvin Laird,  
Oh Melvin Laird,  
I really want to reach you, Melvin Laird  
I really want to reach you, Melvin Laird,  
I want to impeach you Laird,  
'cause you've done so bad,  
Mel Laird  
Melvin Laird,  
Oh Mel, Mel Laird,  
I really want to bomb you, Melvin Laird  
Starfe and napalm you, Melvin Laird,  
I really want to harm you Laird,  
'cause you've done so bad Mel Laird  
Oh Mel Laird, Mel Mel Mel Laird.

*Calculus is Painless (to the tune of the  
M\*A\*S\*H theme))*  
*Calculus is painless*  
*It tells of many changes*  
*But you can't take it or leave it as you please.*  
*When I, to find the integral,*  
*With which to fix my Pinto grill*  
*Tried to work it out by hand*  
*I found I didn't understand that*  
*Calculus is painless,*  
*It tells of many changes,*  
*But you had better learn it while you can.*

*Astronaut's Lament (to the tune of  
"By the Time I Get to Phoenix")*  
By the time I get to Venus  
I'll be sixty,  
Having waited thirty years to get the call  
All those NASA cutbacks just have kept me waiting  
Should have left this earth many years before  
By the time I get to Venus, in the future,  
The clouds would prob'ly be cleared up by then,  
And at JPL the radar scopes would tell us,  
All we really need to know,  
I don't hardly know,  
Should I even go?

to be sung to "I Am a Line-Man for the County":

*"I am a Wiretap for the Treasury  
And I drive the side roads,  
Covertly enforcing the U. S. penal code.  
You hear me scratch on your receiver  
You can hear it through the whinre,  
And the FBI wiretap, is still on the line. . . .*

*I ought to have a search warrant,  
But gettin' one's such a pain,  
And anyway, they don't expect a G-man  
to have much brains.  
One day J. Edgar will retire,  
Oh, Dear God, that would be fine,  
'Till then, think of your wiretap, who's still  
on the line .....*

*Thoughts on Beckman's Movie Last  
Week (to the tune of "Fire and Rain")*  
Verse: Just yesterday evening, I went to see it again,  
Oh, man the things I saw I don't believe.  
Zero-G Toilets, and a light show in space,  
Centrifugal running and a monolith, oh  
Chorus: I've seen Two-thousand-one,  
But I only understood one-hundred-five,  
Tell me, are those people still alive,  
Is Hal good or bad or human after all?  
Verse: Look down on me Kubrick,  
You've gotta help me understand,  
I just can't make it through another frame!  
My eyes are aching, and my chin is in hand,  
Tell me is this film quite so inane?  
(repeat chorus)

*Stoney End (to the tune of "Stoney  
End" (what else?))*  
*I have been in Mudd,*  
*And I've spent some time in Arms*  
*Listening in the John Buwalda room*  
*Has not done me harm,*  
*And I think I know the future fate for me . . .*  
*Going to Stoney End, I've always wanted to go,*  
*don't you know.*

What better way to end "Music to  
Get Sick By" than with a tribute (?)  
to the great institution, the 'retch'  
session? (to the tune of the Beatle's  
"Little Darling")  
Once there was a way to get back homework,  
Once there was a way to get it back,  
Please Mr. T.A. do be fast,  
For this course must be passed,  
Boy, you're gonna carry this load, 76 units, for a long time,  
Boy, you've gotta carry that load, carry that load this year.

IF YOU'RE POWERFUL  
THEN WE APOLOGIZE

# The Californicator TECH

IF NOT,  
T.S.

Volume LXIX

The Steam Tunnels, Caltech, Horny, Anytime, 1969 a.d.

Number 69

## Editorial

Vermont, that bluwark of Puritanism, has just enacted a law that extends the rights and obligations of adulthood to those persons between 18 and 21 years of age. They can now drink, forniacate, marry (in that order), vote, and make contracts with full liability for their acts. Despite their abysmal foolishness, then, the government—in a fit of good humor—will consider them to be adults. These “adults” acknowledge this condesention bu giving the government proper respect—only 10% of them have registered to vote. Peter Beckman, distinguished reporter of the *Deadly Rag*, states that the vote has been thrown at him as if it were some dog's bone. This writer cannot see what dogs have to do with the vote, although they have plenty to do with Beckman. (I hear he's better than the local tree or fire hydrant.) It is panefully obvious that he cannot see through the governement's dogged persistence to give him the vote. Who do you think that he would elect for president? Phineas J. Snurd, that's who! Is this the decision that a well-informed citizen would make, especially since there is no Phineas J. Snurd? My pet Afghan could do better. Yes, the youth today are going to the dogs. And where are the dogs going? To food service, to fortify our greasy burgers. So, in conclusion, if you value your vote don't be a cannibal and eat hamburgers like Dabney does!!!!!!

## The Critical Rear

By Emdash Gerrymander

Last night saw the premier of what is going to be a masterpiece of 20th century music. Is was the first

performance of *AEIOU*, by the celebrated Indian composer Giv Tem Shafta. Presented as part of the Coolman Concert Series, this work will undoubtedly become a piece found in every repertoire.

The composer took the theme for his work from the old Germanic legend and myth Heldmakdonelleben. This Medieval epic deals with a simple peasant who strives to break the class bounds of his society and to stirke a blow for freedom. He organizes his animals and marches to the city, gathering a great following as he goes. After many conflicts, he is betrayed by his chicken and defeated, or, rather, deheaded. This story seldom appears in Mayan legend, although it appears even less in African folklore.

This moving tale aptly lent itself to musical adaptation. The stage begins totally dark. As the lights go up, we see a puce cow, girded with sword and wearing a horned helmet (excellent casting—they needed a helmet with two holes in it), being lowered from above onto the stage. In the background, slowly building, we hear a heavily stringed piece, reminiscent of the “Riden,” the old German academic festival overture.

Finally, with the cow on stage, we see that it hooked up to an automatic milking machine such that, by electronic command from the maestro, milk is shot from the udder into one of several pans beneath the cow, each with its own distinct pitch and timbre. This marvellous technique produces a very creamy sound. It was used with great facility by the composer, by playing on his organ, to form the second movement of this monumental work, a passacaglia and fugue based on Tchaikowsky's name shen spelled out on the keyboard. It was a truly moving tribute to the composer Giv feels has done the most to purify music.

This masterfully eclectic work then continued into the third move-

ment with an organ style piece which was titled “Ground for Divorce.” While this was being performed, thousands of balloons drifted down from the ceiling onto the stage, each balloon with its own pitch. Then a guillotine was drawn onto the stage following a procession of voluptuous ten-year-old girls, tossing watermelon seeds to the audience, and singing Gregorian chant.

The fourth movement was a true tour de force. Five chickens were brought onto stage, and, to the tune of “Happy Days Are Here Again” with a tape recording of an original fireside chat and the final movement of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, each chicken was taken to the guillotine and beheaded. Ther were then set free to run around the stage, popping balloons with their claws, producing the most ethereal, airy aleatory music that can ever be produced. This scene truly moved the audience.

The next part tended back to more classical forms. While one performer played a steady sixteenth note rhythm of the combined major C and D chords, the composer worked on a blending and building of feedback and white noise until, by the end of the movement the noise level was around 210 db. With these subtle rhythms and melody and the constant variation and lack of repetition due to the composers chance lowering of the the feedback below the white noise (He told me later it was a faulty circuit component.), a tear came to my eye as I realized how close he had come to capturing the best of rock music. Giv is a true eclecticist.

Nor did he shun the old classical masters. He included parts of such masterpieces as “Wellington's Victory,” “The Isle of the Dead,” “Ive's Third Symphony,” and many others.

Now the climax. With the chamber group playing sequences of major and minor seconds and sevenths to the rhythm of Sousa's epic “The Stars and

Stripes Forever," in come the world-famous Taiwan ping-pong team, batting balls back and forth, each ball with its own pitch. Joining them were: the Bali flame twirling champions, part of the Barkum and Billey circus (including the elephants), the Lovin' Measuring Cup, the East LA Marksman and Knife-Throwing Club, fifteen groupies imported from England, and many more. The finale came as they all joined in the Grand March from *Aida* while Giv came on stage dressed in a high priest's robe and sacrificed all the virgins on stage. As he was doing this, a fireworks display in the background spelled out in big red, white, and blue letters "MOM."

It was a truly moving and epic sight and a great step forward for modern music, releasing it from the bonds of the past. Unfortunately, we were not able to see the finale to the finish, since, due to some careless oversight, the auditorium caught on fire druing the finale and, as it turned out, most of the doors were locked. (see page 1+i, "Disasterous Fire Kills 1000!") When I talked to Giv later I was glad to find out that this did not hamper the effectiveness of the piece. In fact, he informed me that he enjoyed it so much, he plans to score it for all future performances.

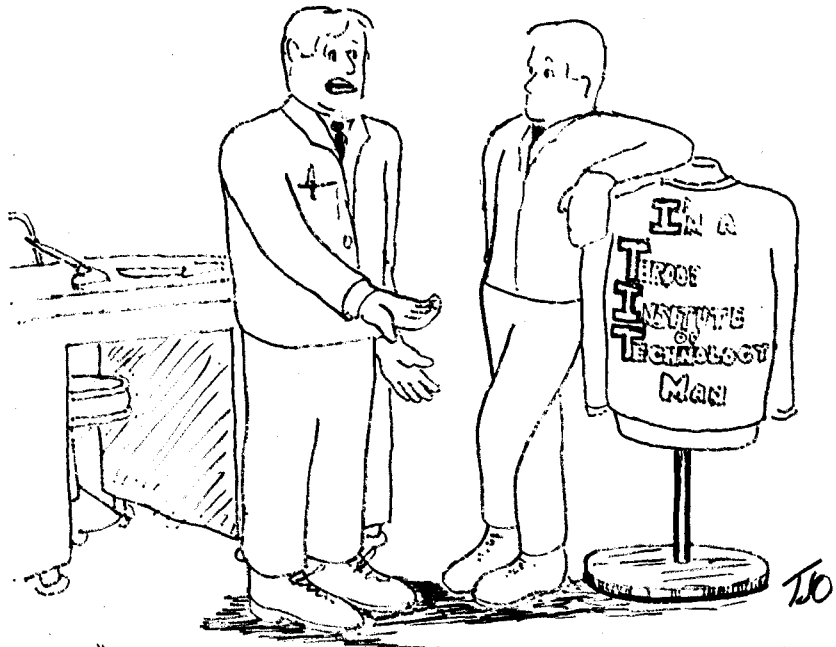
Just a small mention of the work that preceeded this masterpiece. It was a nauseating and simplistic string piece by a Ludwig van Beethoven, op. 130 and 133 or something like that. It was nice to hear once and then forget it.

## Letters

dear naked lady,

i wish to apologize for some of the things i did while i was drunk and you were flaunting your rather well built but unclothed body.

first, i should not have been drunk, for i hardly could enjoy your presence in the condition. but, as you know the punch did not taste like it was too spiked, but it sure was. and,



"IT IS AN INTERESTING DESIGN FOR THE NEW SWEATSHIRTS, JOE, BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THEIR ADMINISTRATION WILL LIKE IT!"

since i had to stand out near the punch bowl in order to perform my duties, i just kept filling up the ol' glass when it got empty and the rest is immemorable history.

during your dance, when you said that you had not seen me in the hi-life in about a month, it struck me as very starnge indeed, for i had never been there at all, having only recently come to this area of the country and having a lot of work to do and not much time to spend in the persuit of such pleasure. then when you insisted that i had danced with you then, i found it truly amazing, but i figured that even though i had not done it before, i could do it agin, and there i was—on stage trying to dance with you and in no condition to dance on a soft mat, say nothing about on stage so far above the hard floor.

although i remember nothin of the second half of your act, i'm told that i stole your bottoms. if i really did this, i'm sure sorry. i certainly did not mean to cause you any embarrassment which i'm sure it did if you were left out there, only partially clothed, indecently exposed even, in full view of so many sex-starved and vigorous and slightly drunken males. if i did not really do this terrible deed, then i hope you too may laugh at the rather

unkind joke that the guys are playing on me by telling me that i did.

there has been considerable discussion around here about what flavor douch you should use. the two favorite flavors suggested are lemon and papaya. next time, this may be appreciated.

do not be angry with the rest of the gang for the rude and boorish things i did. instead, vent all of your anger on me—i am in good shape and i'm sure you would do me no great harm with any physical beating you could give me.

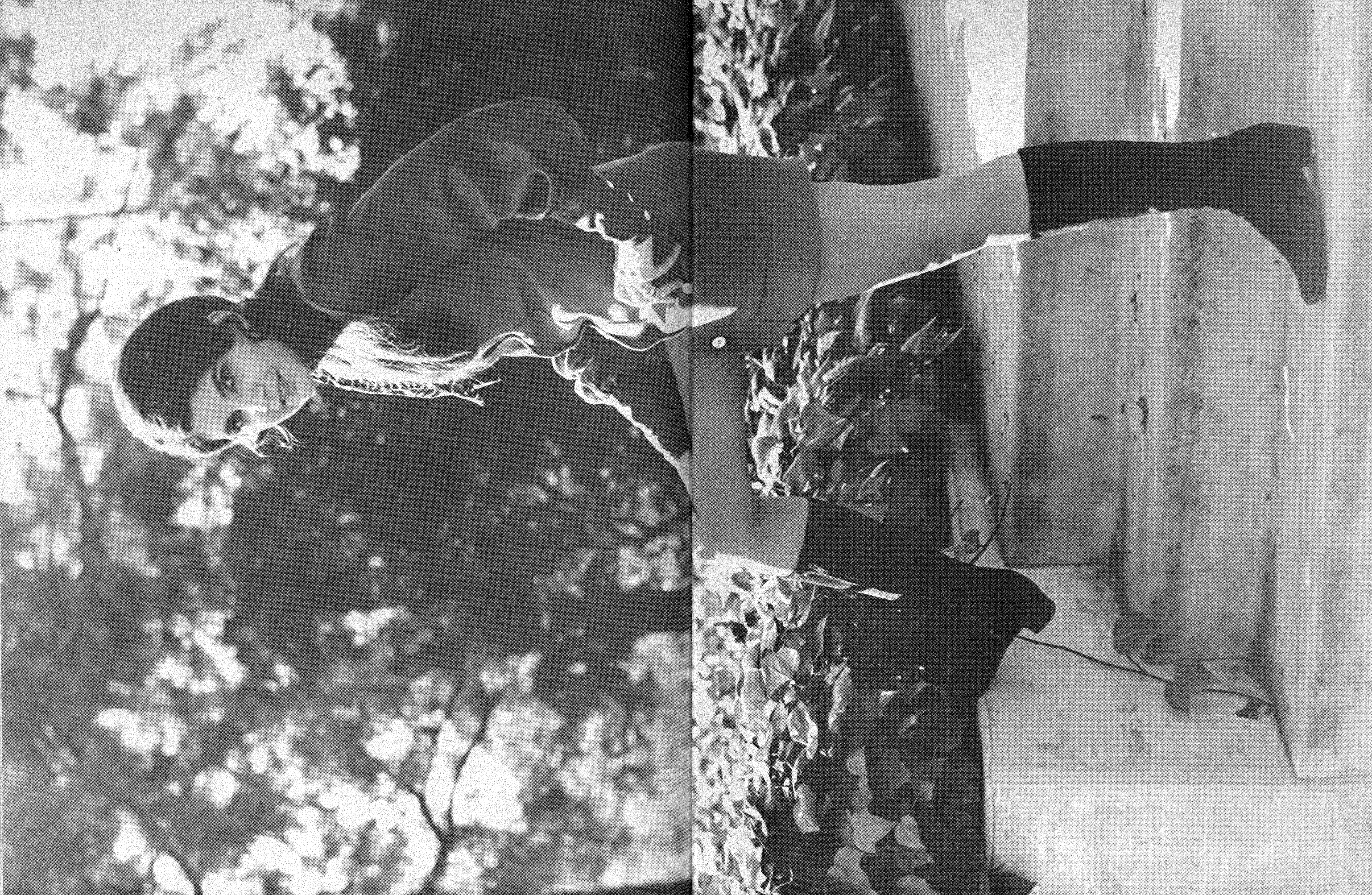
i'll be seeing a lot of you in the future, der bouncer of "P" House



FEELING  
HORNY?

Call Extension 2181.







Asskiss of Incomprehensible

# ASCIT Activity Draws Tremendous Crowd!

by Im Not Seita (Nor Is Krueger)

This is for all you wonderful who've been faithfully following our marvelous misadventures in the class rag of all times: the BOD minutes. In keeping, therefore, with our twenty-minute-old policy of "the customer may always be right, we're usually righter," we have decided to give you a second weekly recap of the aduacious activities of your Action BOD! (Hmm, this newspaper will print anything, won't it? [As a matter of fact... .Eds.]) In short, the old "ASCIT of N" article—where N is some utterly mindless BOD officer—is being ractivated at the insistence of the Tech editors (who are obviously damn well hard up for copy!) [Would you mind rephrasing that?]

Slam! Bang! Pow! This week's exciting adventure centers on the incredibly cut-throat competition at the Second Annual ASCIT Go-Fly-A-Kite Day. The intrigue deepened as several profound mysteries surfaced. Would Peter Davis ever get his kite out of the trees? Would Geoff Lee ever get his just off the ground? Was the Lloyd House team of Pinizotto and Jacobsen out to crush all opposition as ruthlessly as their early actions indicated? Most importantly, would the alleged judge (yours truly) be able to keep whatever little sanity he had left??? We switch now to our in-front-of-the-lines reporter, Coward Hardsell:

"The action is fast and furious down here on the flying field today. The vast hordes of Techers (all eight of them) have truly shown what league they belong in. However, no galactic records will be set, as some Oxy Lacrosse toads have obstructed efforts from the start. Jacobsen (11) is trying to protect his narrow lead of 6000 m by bribing a random little kid to steal everybody else's string. (It turns out that the little kid is a counter-spy for Page.) Wait a minute! Wop is now battling with the lacrosse nuts whose wickets got snagged by his kiting. Despite mortal wounds dealt the strings, it looks as though Lloyd will easily retain its dominance in hot air

with a one-two finish. Dr. Maka wisely has disavowed any connction with the manifest ludicrosity about him, and Davis' kite just committed hari-kari in the swimming pool. Third place goes to Lee (Pa) who was the only contestant to get his kite back in one piece. That's it from the flying field!" (Thanks much to our staff for that off-the-spot report.)

The two victorious toads were given the grand prize of (you guessed it!) the two leftover kites. Stay tuned next week for "2001 Ways to Blow Your Mind!!!"

From time to time serious ASCIT announcements and/or reports will appear. However, anyone who prefers such esoteric drivel can have his name put on the mailing list for the BOD minutes.

## Advertisement

by Bruce Reznick

'Hi, friends, Ralph Millions here, owner of Ralph Millions Tooth, world's largest used denture dealership. If you're in the market for a good used set of choppers, this is the place to go. Now friends, you may be worrying about your credit; no need to worry at Ralph Millions Tooth, we don't care what type of credit rating you have, our credit manager will take you, and take you, . . . Here we have a nice set, it may look a little old, but it is really in fine condition, it was previously owned by a little old lady in Pasadena who would only use it on Sunday before she went to church. Bless her heart, she wanted to be prepared when they passed the plate.

"Now friends, a lot of you may be saying to yourself now, 'I'm too young to need dentures.' But friends, that isn't true! In fact I was on a big college campus just the other day, and I heard many of our fine youth remarking how they couldn't make it through the day without their uppers, so you see, it doesn't matter how old

you are.

"Friends, our service department is so good, that once you stop by once, we know you'll be coming back often. Wondering how to get here? Just take the Santa Monica Freeway to the Tijunga turnoff, get on the Golden State for five miles to the Pasadena Freeway, take the Whittier exit past Yuba Blvd. then continue until you see the big neon tube of Poligrip, then you'll know you're at the home of Ralph Millions Tooth, whose motto is: 'Be true to your teeth, or they'll be false to you.' Now back to our movie, Tor Johnson, Vera Hrubá Ralston, Sidney Toler, and Nigel Bruce in that spicy classic about the discovery of transuranic elements, *I am Curium, Yellow.*"

## Athletics

At last Thursday's Athletic banquet coach Warren Enemy announced a softening of the administrations policy toward the selective drafting of athletes to bolster our intercollegiate teams. Quote Enemy, 'We will no longer have our hands tied by such nonsensical requirements as Board Scores and GPA, I can see into the future when student selection will be based on the President's Council Physical Fitness Exam Scores' Other things of interest mentioned by the coach was that all students will have their scholarships next year multiplied by the number of sports they participated in last year and that although the Physical Education requirement has been reduced to three therms the only classes that nonlettermen will be allowed to enroll in will be aligator wrestling, javolin catching and swimming with a lead suit on.

At a private interview conducted last Friday, Dirty D--(name withheld due to request) mentioned that a new policy in regard to student housing is to followed. Blecker and Damne

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houses, are to joined together and be put under the jurisdiction of coach Gutmein for an adjusting of priorities. Along with this went a warning to the Big Rid that if they draft any of the 'special' frosh in the coming years that these frosh had better letter in at least three sports.

### Special!!

It has just been announced that there will be a physical education major offered here next year. Also that freshmen courses will be altered to meet the changing demand by the students. Freshmen Physics will be replaced by a Qualitative Course on Gravity. It is rumored that topics studied will include Gravity and the football, why you fall down and How to use gravity on the Athletic Field

There will also be a new math program (partially due to the Math 1 experience this year) the first year class will be counting, first term being finger counting, second term attempting to reach 50 and finally third term attempting for three digits numbers. The next year will be composing Quantities the third term dealing removing quantitative amounts from larger groups. Third and Fourth year students in Mathematics will be expected to major in the subject and will have to be able to product any two numbers less than 100 and also be able to do division by all positive integers less than three. The chemistry program for freshmen will remain as previously.

## New Briefs

To the suprise of the entire Tech staff Marvin Mandelbaum bought another set of underwear this week. This now raises his total to three sets. When asked why he did this unusual thing, Mandelbaum replied, "Since I'm making n! million dollars this year, I decided that I could afford luxuries."

### Expose Yourself For Fun and Profit

There will be a meeting of the

Caltech Skinny Dipping and Sunbathing Society Saturday at Millikan Pond. All interested Techers are invited to attend.

### Joe Partridge Lays an Egg!

Biology is looking into it.

### Thank God!

Totem will not appear again until next year Praise be to Allah the Merciful.

### Feelill Club To Meat

This Friday, Aviv 13, members of the Feelill Club will meet over brunch in Baxter Pond, as part of its regular program to get club members together on a regular basis. Long pork, koi carp, chow mein, and other kosher delicacies will be served.

Israeli folk-dancing will be held in the basement of the Dome of the Rock this Sunday. Instructor Ibn Saud will teach cha-cha, the tango, and other popular Jewish dances. Come and get P.E. credit for doing very little. (Buy an Israeli bond and you won't have to come at all!!!)

## Rumor Department

Wandering around Caltech for a year one can hear a variety of interesting and informative things said. As a public diservice we now bring you one year of totally random interesting and informative things. Said.

"I don't know if I can help you . . ." (Phys retch)

"And these things are called banana bonds . . ." (Chem retch)

"It's amazing how much difference one card can make . . ." (Booth, 1 a.m.)

"Well, that's the way it goes."  
—Millikan, first floor

"Monkies or mice?" "Chickens."  
(Chem retch)

"Wow. It's certainly strange that we're getting all these different answers."—Physics ret.

"I'm putting back the grape."

"In which case they'll blast off into the moon's atmosphere, or rather the lack of an atmosphere."—ABC News.

"Come back! Come back! You forgot page seven!" The California

Tech, one Wednesday night.

"We often do things like that in physics"—Dr. F. P. Feynman.

"Caltech is a percurilar place."  
—Unnamed Director of Something

"I'm rounding the peaks up and the valleys down."—Dr. T. Lauritsen

"I'm wasn't entirely pleased with the results of the last test."—Dr. H. F. Bohnenblust.

"With half reactions, if you've paid your money, you can take your choice."—Dr. F. Anson.

"He also said that 'Force equals mass times area.'—Peter W. Beckman.

"It was a *secret* petition!"  
—Ruddock House

"Half of doing well in college is knowing the psychology of the teachers."—R. Gomez

"I keep asking myself . . . Am I really here?"

"Life is a sequence of problems terminating in one we can't solve."  
—Ralph Miles

"I assure you absolute discession—I'll try to forget it as soon as possible."—R. Vogt (2/8)

"I checked with Apostol. You DO know it."—R. Vogt (2/22)

"Trust me. It's like trusting the Pope."—R. Vogt (2/22)

"This is the 'let time pass' operator. It works for Bell Telephone."—R. Vogt (3/4)

"There is no physics in that—only laziness."—R. Vogt (3/4)

"Everything that is simple is useless."—R. Vogt (4/1)

"It's on a level that even Huttenback could understand it."—R. Vogt (4/8)

"All of you want to come here and want to be General Relativists. You should be physicists instead."—R. Vogt (4/8)

"Rotation matrices don't compute."—R. Vogt (4/12)

"As long as you work with it, you remember it. Then you forget it."—R. Vogt (4/12)

"The guy in hotpants is actually George Gamow."—R. Vogt (4/12)

Of Werner Heisenberg: "He's the kind of man you'd like to leave your little sister with."—R. Vogt (4/12)

"Physics always backs up the just and the righteous—and that's me."—R. Vogt (4/19)

"They're all correct as long as they give the right answer."—R. Vogt (5/3)

"Arsenic - that's what you give your friends."—R. Vogt (4/19)

"Look around you and see all of the modern diseases—computers, space probes. . . ."—R. Vogt (5/3)

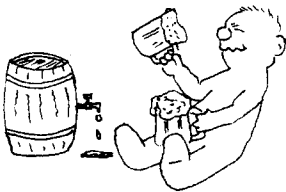
"The only time that would be feasible would be after the next atomic war."—R. Vogt (5/3)

"The whole sex appeal comes when you put hats on it."—R. Vogt (5/3)

"We are no better off playing God in quantum mechanics than in classical physics."—R. Vogt (5/20)

"Symmetries are what guys like Jon Matthews, Gell-Mann, and Feynman dream about at night."—R. Vogt (5/20)

## Brewins



by Delerium Tremens

At this time of year the faculty decided to celebrate the cumming of the simmer season when teaching (or wat pisses for it heare) if forgotten an immemorial resurche begins. As always the booz and semi-unmentionable products of Kemikal and Bi-logical resurch little understood except by Mexikan pot-farmers and San Frankisko manufacturers flowed, oxidized, and dropped down the gullets of said staid profs.

Good old Pickel Loggerstun was wandering about drinking Gillo and raving about the the greatest most semifantastical-supercalifragulistic D-minor chordle ever written sung and played with. This seemed to tickle the fancee of Prof Gmz of Phscs who unapparantly kept refulling the pinch bowel with an odd (or even even) assortment of liquidds from of all places a brown papel bagg.

Keep Horney was gizzling a red concoction while occasionally muted xplosions came from his middler regions. "What Price Glory?" he recittded as he fulled another glass: His gassy gaze was direct at the buteous bod of a fem faculty who as removing

her not-too- un-awfully cumcealing garments to the beat of a dim drum that went Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom, in rythm with the Alpha cycle of a real fine man who was discussing the Mayan diskoverie of Cannibalus Saliva, or the Man-eatingit-Hemp plant with Maximize the Book weel nown conisewer of bacteria.

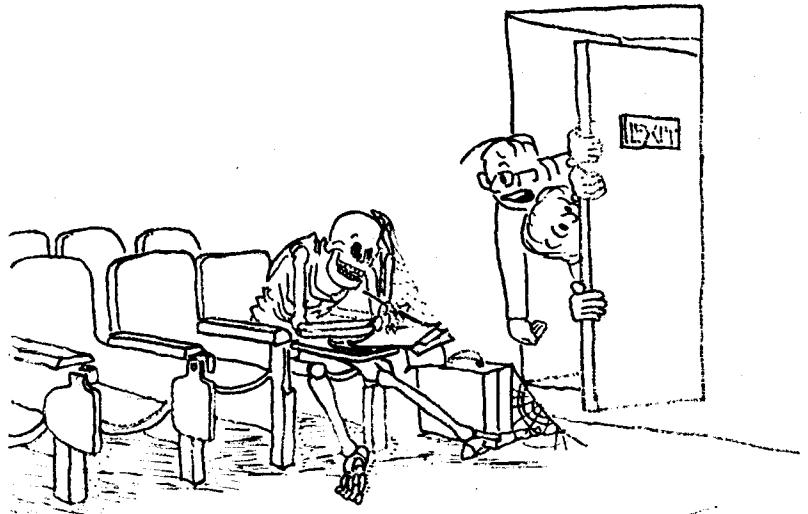
Regressor Lungmire was scotching has soda while discursing on the semitransfinite number of ways (and means (geometrical and otherdumb)) to screw-to-the-wall-and-other-places those dum or notlucky enough to take his curse. He ways talking at, of all personell Iam A, Huntress staph psychoanalog and six fiend unnonext-rodrinary. T. S. Boneybluster was deriving and snivling serious For=e-hey series on the back of Orelese A. Mire who was hoppily cutting holes in drink glasses (thus loosing valuabel kikker), people and random inanimate objects-d' trivia with a portable gogal-watt laser disguised as a plastic skulpture.

Needless not to unsay many more of our dear profs., tays, and dregs were doing just what might not be unexpected of them and theires, but time and nater forbid (and ask) us not to record them (besides and asides which theey bribbed us considerablee not too")

the HoT tHrObBiNg RiVeT  
jUnE tHiRd, 1971  
PaGe SeVeNtEeN



THROT RIVVING  
HOBBIT??!



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU ED, BUT  
THE LOOK LIKE ONE LECTURE I'M GLAD  
TO HAVE MISSED!

TWO