

TROLLING STONED



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"All the nudes that fit"

Leering and Frothing - by Dr. B. S Humpson 5

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

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

Pardon me? What?...one of our diligent cub reporters interrupted me there with an issue of vital importance. It seems the hotline teletype (ASR33, only the best for us), direct from our correspondents abroad, in the hostile nether regions of Outer Mudd, began clattering noisily but moments ago, bringing us a tale of dire consequences, or so it seemed, and many more run-on-sentences...yes, fans, it has finally happened! The quake-writers of Shaketown, the swinging capitol of Outer Mudd, have sold a million-killer, and will soon be receiving their first Gold Strip-Recording! The title of their smash single: "Richter Never Had It So Good".

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

Ah, yes, it would seem correct at some point in this soliloquy that I convey our plans for our *next* thrilling journalistic exercise. Well, fans, we've had our reporters and assorted informants and cutthroats out and about looking for scoops and tidbits, and you know what, they haven't found any! It seems that things will be quiet in the trolling biz for a while-- either that, or all of the supercalifragilisticexpialidocious gee-whiz super-good-guys I told you about way up above are sitting on their duffs or making out with their girlfriends or something, but they sure as hell haven't coughed up any leads! Looks like we might just have to shoot the lot of them and cease publication (and publication) for a while, like over the summer maybe, and see what we can dredge up from the depths then. Rumor has it that a number of young new stars are about to hit the Pasadecency trolling scene. Some of them, guaranteed, are just not gonna be right for the big-time biz, and maybe we can like slurp-siphon-them-off-con-them-into joining our little operation....

In any case, we seem to have been able to scrape up the energy and costs, not to mention the copy, for one more go at it... inside this insidious, no, pardon me, incredible issue are lots of great inside stories by those-in-the-know about trollbiz today. To wit, we have from the celluloid brain of Quasimoto a bunch of questionably quaint reveiws of what's happening in the movie scene. . . . Meatty, our eating expert, returned once more (miracles abound!) from a foray into the Wilderness-Out--there with open mouth and long commentary on the state of organic edibles in and around town. Our nose on the third floor threw together a series of Random Notes, and the ever-alphabetic XYZ (not his real name) said some things about Southern California women, one of whom is on display for your prurient interests somewhere in these sticky pages. Can you recognize the belly-button? -- Even our fingerworn typist, Daniel Levon, got into the act, doing a smash review of Elton John's super-successful concert-for-the-huddled-masses at Caltrans' Wedding Cake Ampitheater. Oh, and of course, we've got record reviews from Stoned Rock, our regular writer on the subject....

So, trolls, try to keep your hormone levels under control as you browse through these libelous layers of lexigraph. Forget that (just like us) you have something more important you really *should* be doing....

T.A.G.

Anything Else You Can Find Yourself

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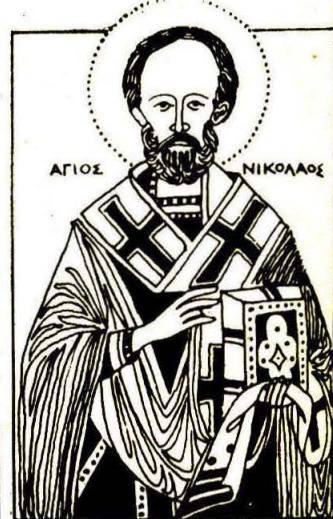
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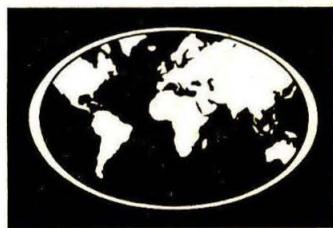
31 is an odd issue . . . no Dateline Burpbank!

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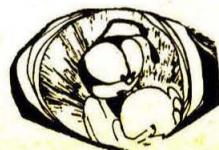
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The Last Rites : Jaws, Godfather, 2001, Clockwork Orange, BTVOTD, Last Year in Marienbad, Casablanca



by A. Lester Quasimodo III
Trolling Stoned Film Editor

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

A few barbaric barbs sallies and sullies at the upcoming filmic season:

The ASSKISS films will continue their unperturbed sequences of fulsome ambience and importuned indifference, under the obdurate direction of the duly elected Rapturity Director. Since the holy inception of the student body run flicks by Burskie, in the days when cretins were cretins and coelocanthos roamed the earth, the ASSKISS films have provided our decadent, half-animate audience with a never-ending sequence of brash Hollywood mediocrity and drivel, overpowering the senses of the viewer with a sense of austere repugnance and an overpowering need to regurgitate on the stairwell of Baxter. Ah yes, well do I remember those happy Friday nights, collapsed drunkenly in the very Lecture

Hall where, previously that week, I had diligently absorbed a humid load of knowledge in Ec 11 lecture, eating of the fruit of academic excellence! Relaxing in the very same seats of knowledge, watching the celluloid scenes of cinematic superficiality unfold before me, on the silver screen of golden Technicolor (too narrow for Cinemascope)!!

This season, the Rapturity (or Rapacity... one forgets the formality of titles) Director has chosen a veritable diarrhea of recent Hollywood productions, rented from Skunk Films, Inc., at exorbitant rates only a gravid mongoose would accept:

Jaws (1975) is a brash, daring psychoanalytic work, marked by brilliant insights into the id and superego of a typical Eastern American sea creature, whose unhappy childhood and adolescent traumas have created a state of profound orality and obsessive-compulsion. The protagonist is incapable of curbing his appetite, seeking an outlet for repressed homosexual tendencies in the oral expression of all-consuming desires. This leads to the disruption of the protagonist's total ecosystem. Moreover, the unhappy hero finds himself involved to almost psychotic degrees with a foot fetish of astonishing magnitudes, leading to intense complications in his relations with others. Spurning the solution to his problems in psychoanalysis, the unfortunate protagonist becomes yet another victim of Behaviour Modification therapy. Well photographed, with stunning lighting and composition in the sequences dealing with the conflicts of the oral phase obsession.

The Godfather (1974), a neo-realist "slice-of-life" view of happy Sicilian peasants in their lifestyle of communion with the good earth.

A Clockwork Orange (1972), a distressingly poorly photographed documentary essay on the evolution of the Russian language in the popular argot of middle-class Lithuanians.

2001: A Space Odyssey (1971), a Margaret Mead-ish, shallow anthropological interpretation of the evolution of the waltz, illustrated quite nicely on the screen by what appear to be phallic symbols and female orifices. Excessively long, with undo attention to technical detail.

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1969) is a brilliant exercise in cinematic composition and form. The perceptive viewer is overcome by the brilliance of director Russ Meyer's visual acumen and subtle color thematics. Proponents of the auteur theory will readily recognize that Meyer, creator of other major works of our time, such as *Supervixen* and other productions, has the makings of a pantheon auteur of our times.

Moving on to less popular and more black-and-white topics, the Cinematash season,

as envisioned by the current management, promises to be one of the most indolent and fulsome yet. Cinematash, as any jaded junior will tell you, is the anonymous artsy-fartsy organ of cinematic chiaroscuro which leeches off the Caltech Y each week to present Saturday evenings of cheap black-and-white, wretchedly subtitled (spoken in obscure greasy languages like Slovenian and Outer Mongolian) films which simply reek of Culture and Literacy. Some of the offerings of this season's Cinematash offerings:

Female Trouble (1974), directed by the redoubtable John Waters, is yet another in a line of comedies touched with social criticism. The protagonist, a three-hundred-pound transvestite named Divine, is portrayed in various stages of her development, from childhood abandonment through gang rape through acid-throwing victimization. An edifying and instructive film for teenager and child alike.

Last Year in Marienbad (1961), directed by young hotshot and stud Alain Resnais, is indistinguishable from its companion piece, *Endless Summer*. Hypnotic and enthralling in visual detail and camera angles, it suffers from too much in the way of surfboards and Beach Boy music. The waves at Marienbad, I am told by Manhattan Beach-ers who ought to know, are among the best in the world.

Casablanca (1943). Michael Curtiz's essay in Oedipal conflict and resolution stands as a landmark in American psychocinematics. Bogart's portrayal of an Oedipal child in conflict between the forbidden desire for the mother-figure (Ingrid Bergman) and his fear of the competition of the father is a classic in psychological stress.

Seven Samurai (1955) is Akira Kurosawa's clever Japanese imitation of that great American Western classic, *The Magnificent Seven*. Tajima's second cousin, Tosh Mifune, as a hairy protagonist.

Through a Glass Darkly (1961). Ingmar Bergman's probing documentary about four people on an isolated Baltic island who observe a total solar eclipse.

A Cinematash special showing: the film made of the Grateful Dead's big series of Winterland concerts in August of a few years back. Also to come: *Solaris*, if the Commies give us a print for less than a thousand bucks.

Tips for aspiring frosh:

How to become Rapturity Director of ASSKISS films: be a Page Boy.

How to join Cinematash: be a Lacquer Mole, or grow your hair long and act like an expert on surrealism.

How to become a Cinematash projectionist: drink Carlsberg beer, the beer which made Niels Bohr famous.

How to become a film reviewer for the *Trolling Stoned*: lie around in lawn chairs and stare at the sky.

Meatty's Maw

McGuire's Horse, 10073 1/2
Ventura Blvd. at De Soto Ave.

The first thing one notices about the *Horse* is that it's shaped very much like a stomach on the inside, but after eating here one realizes that it must be the lower intestine, complete with indigestion, appendicitis, and hemorrhoids. The place is a nauseating combination of western, medieval, and garish styles with a good deal of Early Gauche thrown in (up?) for bad measure.

The interior decorator was blind, drunk, stoned, or some linear combination thereof; the dining (!) room looks like a blend of King Arthur's bathroom and a honky-tonk cathouse. Some of the "noteworthy" features include fake wooden chandeliers with red candles in them (also fake), and a filthy stained glass depicting three apples, a glass of beer, and a chicken shown laying an egg from the rear. Lawrence Welk bubble music excretes from every corner, making private conversations nearly impossible. Whatever class this place may have ever had has long since disappeared through the cracks in the walls, the splits in the ceiling, and the holes in the baseboards. The atmosphere is as romantic as a dying mule.

The maitre d' then leads you to a dusty booth (read cell) and shoves you behind a Lilliputian table covered with what looks like a surplus (Confederate) army tent. After taking one's chances with the insulting menu, one is "escorted" to salad bar, which takes up about a furlong and may even look appetizing from fifty paces. But at closer range one notices the brown lettuce, green bananas, and blue (no kidding!) tomatoes. The jello has melted and run onto the floor, the beans have sprouted, and the cheese could be mistaken for a piece of the moon. The dressings add insult to injury, about as bland and greasy as possible. The blue cheese tastes like rotten milk with sand in it, and the oil and vinegar is like

STP and rancid cranberry juice.

If you have to eat here, try the New York Sirloin and Baked Potato (\$4.50) and say your meditative reflections [is that O.K., Justice Douglas?]. As one might expect, the meat has been cut from McGuire's Horse that probably died of starvation a few decades back. The Steak and Lobster Combination (\$8.00) is a disaster that makes the *Hindenburg* look like small time. The shellfish used must have been shipped here in a vat of turpentine via a slow boat from China. It's so mushy it is often mistaken for sour cream and gets smeared on the powdery potatoes. The Grenadine of Beef with Bernaise Sauce (\$4.50) is even worse: the raw meat is drowned in a slimy goo that tastes like salt, horseradish, salt, mud, and salt. The meat itself has a funny (hah!) medicinal taste: when drowned with the soggy toadstools it's reminiscent of the time you had your tonsils out. The rice is so gluey you can blow three inch bubbles in it.

Dessert is no improvement. The "fruit ices" seem like lumps of snow gathered from round fire hydrants; the fruit pies have a congealed scum on top of the sour fruit mixture which has probably been boiled for months. For real amusement have the "Peaches Flambe": a troupe of Keystone Cops comes forward with great pomp and sets a bowl of soggy, shriveled fruit in front of you. Their ring leader then douses it with cleaning fluid and lights it. He's usually spilled more on the table than in the bowl, and usually sets the table alight. After beating out the flames with his shoe, he murmurs a slight apology and slithers away.

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

-Meatty

The NASA/ French Connection

Your traveling Trolling Stoned correspondent was granted an interview with Dr. Bowden, an upcoming young scientist presently employed by NASA. Dr. Bowden's reputation has chiefly come from his designs of experiments in space that would be of a rather curious, if not bizarre, scientific nature.

TS: Dr. Bowden, you are one of the staunchest supporters of the NASA budget. Don't you think that it would be better spent by

diverting the funds to examining problems here on Earth?

Dr. Bowden: Why must it be a choice? I have devised a series of experiments that deals with both, our search for knowledge in space, and our approach to social problems at home.

TS: Oh really? Could you disclose some of these?

Dr. Bowden: Certain. Everybody agrees that our prisons are overcrowded, that the prisoners are given no meaningful work when inside,

Secrets of Nassau

and are not rehabilitated when leaving. Right?

TS:— Go on.

Dr. Bowden: Well, my plan is to use convicts who have little chance of being released soon to assist in tests of a somewhat "high risk" nature, and in flights that would have been otherwise unmanned. Get the picture?

TS: Uh... Not really.

DB: Then picture this: a confessed baby muncher volunteers on condition that if he survives, he'll be set free, presumably not to continue munching babies. He is hurriedly flown to the Cape, where an old Mercury capsule awaits him. Once in space—any of a number of experiments may proceed. Right now, our concerns rest primarily on the question "Can man survive in a vacuum? And if so, for how long?" To find out, we merely open a door in the capsule and wait.

TS: My God! Won't air be a problem?

Bowden: No, though the lack of it might be.

TS: How could you get a prison to agree to such a thing?

The Doctor: The prison's only requirement is that we don't put the convict under any pressure.

TS: Don't you find sacrificing human life a steep price to pay just to watch men die in a vacuum?

Doc: But that's not the only experiment! Next on our list, we plan to jettison the

convict to measure the probabilities of unassisted re-entry.

TS: But what about the heat?

Prof: Don't you listen? I already said, if he survives, he's a free man. The cops won't bother him a bit.

TS: Not that heat. I mean the prisoner himself, won't he get heated?

Bowdio: Angry? No. Most likely he'll be very relieved. As we figure it, he'll be thanking his lucky stars that he's not the amputee we plan to send inside an atmospheric probe to Jupiter.

TS: Dr. Bowden, I find your ideas cruel and unjustified. What possible benefits could we gain by these experiments?

Herr Doktor: Don't you see? Once we are convinced that surviving in a vacuum is impossible, and unassisted re-entry is unlikely, we could build huge orbiting prisons in space. No escape will be possible. Imagine it! No riots, no tunneling out, no sawing through the bars, no swimming to the mainland!

TS: Well, at least the experiments will be over.

The Brain: Nonsense! To continue interest in these experiments, I'd personally offer a reward to any prisoner who successfully escapes.

TS: That should make you popular.

Dr. Bowden: Of course. Then we wouldn't even have to tell them that "Escape is strictly for Bowden."

garbage anyway. This led to "Tiny Dancer", "Burn Down the Mission", "There Goes a Well-Known Gun" and many others that left the crowd begging for more, and getting it.

Then, when it seemed that the excitement of the audience had built to an incredible peak, he carried it up with him to an incredible musical climax: *an entire medley of Neil Sedaka songs!* As an even further surprise, Tony Tennille (or however you spell it) stepped up out of the audience and joined him dragging The Captain (not fantastic) with her. Elton and Tony sang for another half hour, with the audience screaming in ecstasy the entire time.

The amazing acoustics of Beckman brought out all of the beauty of the Sedaka songs, and tears to the eyes of the strongest-willed. It was thought that nothing could possibly top this section of the concert, but as the Captain and Tony left the stage, Elton announced the last medley of the show would be one specially prepared for a local appearance. As a special salute to Caltech and JPL, he would conclude the concert with "Rocket Man" and the newly rewritten "Madman Across Baxter". And sure enough, Baxter is just where EJ ended the evening. Except for the minor incident with a fish eating the spangles off of his glasses, the evening ended perfectly.

In a post concert rare interview Elton answered the question on everyone's minds: what caused him to pick Beckman after such other concert sites as Dodger Stadium. His reply: "Well, (drip, drip) where else could you find such an intimate place with such unusual acoustics. (sploosh) And, besides, it was the only auditorium in the world (plop) where the ceiling matches the sequins on my cape!"

Captain Fantastic in Beckman Action

Elton John
Beckman Auditorium
Pasadena, California
April 31, 1976

by Daniel Levon

Breaking a long tradition of showcasing only artists with no popular appeal or drawing power, Beckman Auditorium, that cozy powerhouse of the entertainment world, surprised its regular patrons with an appearance by Elton John (otherwise known as the latter-day Elvis). Only the \$75 per ticket price prevented an overflow crowd from being even larger than the confines of The Big Wedding Cake.

As soon as the crowd, including a few older citizens who had come expecting to watch a travelogue, were seated, the house lights dimmed for a moment. A hush fell on the crowd, fortunately injuring no one. Suddenly, the audience saw (or, didn't see) a blinding set of lights illuminate the center of the stage, focusing on the figure of the one and only ELTON!

As the crowd gasped in

awe at his rather unusual attire (A Hart, Schaffner and Marx business suit), the King of Rock and Roll broke into "Crocodile Rock", its tender strains bringing tears to the eyes of all. This opening (and the 36 kilowatts of speakers used by him and his band) left the crowd blown back in their seats. As a few returned to consciousness, they saw Elton rip open the business suit, revealing a set of sequined tights, a day-glo cape, and a skin-tight top with a big red E on the chest. Now realizing that it was the REAL him that was performing, the crowd laughed with glee as he rushed over to the keyboard and began his rocking rendition of "Your Song".

The concert went on for what seems like a few minutes, although it must have been hours. The incredible medley of "Indian Sunset—Skyline Pigeon" was a good 35 minutes long, what with the long instrumental solos. In response to audience demand, he performed most of his older songs, commenting that most of his newer stuff was

Bippity-Bop the Real World

by W. A. Xyx

Those who have the fortune to live in the golden land of California, where the surfers' wave stretches on endlessly towards infinity and the sun shines endlessly on golden tanned infinitely screwable women, will soon notice a palpable distinction between the Southland and the North Country.

Somewhere between Gaviota Pass and San Simeon lies a transition between these two regimes of world. As a *Trolling Stoned* correspondent, one is behooved to undergo exposure to these two extremes of thought and climate. Those who are restricted to one pole are fortunate (or unfortunate) indeed.

In the South there are beaches. Not merely beaches, oh my little droogies, but surf, breakers, body surfing, exquisite sun-tanning, glorious golden sunsets; tall, blonde-haired, gorgeously and voluptuously browned girls at the beach, Coors, bikeways, long strands of fine white sand for lying in; and at Manhattan and Hermosa, row upon row of volleyball courts on the sand for pursuit of the perfect spike, the headlong dig, and the perfect doubles team.

In the North, there are rocks and stupid shit along the shoreline. There are skinny, pale, insolent wenches who run around in furs and overcoats. There is Berkeley, full of dog shit, panhandlers, murderous heroin addicts, asshole Hare Krishna people who make noise at seven in the morning on Saturdays, and cold weather with rain where a man can't get a decent tan even in the summer without freezing his balls off.

In the South, there are endless opportunities for long bike trips; the road to Wilson, the more ambitious loop of state Highways 2 and 39, the Forest Highway leading eventually to Lake Isabella, the complicated path to Santa

Monica, fraught with hazards to be undertaken only at six in the morning, and the southward roads to Huntington Beach and beyond... the glorious deserted seashore path to La Jolla and the ultimate beach campus at UCSD where naked California girls stroll around an endless strand populated with seagulls and hang-gliders....

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

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

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

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

In the North, it gets too fucking cold to drink anything cooler than Snap-E-Tom. It rains, and if you try to go running, your fucking Adida's get wet and end up stinking the apartment up. Or it snows and you can't ride your bike to campus without being blinded by the whiteness and getting hit by a truck. There are faggots on all the street corners, looking for blow jobs, or there are Black Muslims or Jesus freaks pushing their product on you. Or the fucking Hare Krishna are trying to sell you something about the Perfect Masturbator or something. Or your apartment gets trashed by the Weather Underground. Or the narcs bust in while you're cooking up a batch of brownies. Or you have to take physics lectures with a bunch of total nerds from MIT.

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Leering and Frothing at Caltech

by DR. BUNTER S HUMPSON

Irrational Affairs Desk

It was five in the morning and I was wasted on my butt in the second-floor room watching the candle drip all over the tin can filled with wax and splattering my desk-top with unremovable yellow crap. My co-editor still had his nose buried in some triffid's tits - drooling saliva all over her silver-dollar-sized nipples. I had to get up for the faculty meeting at eight and there was just enough time to eat breakfast between now and then. I headed for the head and took a shit while thinking of where to score breakfast. I finally decided on heading down to Muskrat's room and pounding on the door until he shouted enough obscenities to make me open the door on my own.

I knocked over one of his ohms as he screamed "You cock-sucker! If you don't get your honky ass out of here I'll ram those leads down your pants and give you 200 watts a testicle!"

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

"Shit. Why the fucking hell couldn't you think about these things before you crash?"

"I haven't been crashed for three days you idiot. I just want some breakfast. That reminds me, I need some more methedrine too. Get a move on." He rolled over and groaned.

"Get all the shit you need from behind the amp and god-damn it sign your name on the list for once. The treasurer has been getting on my ass about charging your house bill without your signature." I scarfed up the needed lines along with some methedrine and a dozen buttons he had in a packet at the rear.

"Thanx, rat." I stumbled back down the alley and found my room again. I relit the candle that had sputtered out and turned on the tape-deck. I laid out the lines on a Jefferson and rolled them up. After a couple of snorts I began to warm up for the day. Mother-fucking two-dollar bills are good for something besides horse races and kicking the machine in Jorgasm with.

The faculty meeting was out to pick a new institute president and I had to be there through all the bullshit to report the crap for the paper. I snorted a few more times until the lines were gone and rolled over, groping under the desk for the Dr. Pepper and some Bacardi 151. I poured a house mug full and washed it down with the

remnants of the previous night's salami. I hate breakfast. It's that God-forsaken time when one is coming down from the night before and going up with the morning's material all at the same time. My room-mate was still zonked out on the triffid. They had both done a baker's dozen of Don Juan's mushrooms the night before and wouldn't be moving for a while. Just my luck, I needed the ass to roll off some photos of the presidential candidates that morning.

I gravitated down the Olive Walk while watching Millikan change colors. Some early morning trolls have told me that in the early dawn the building is a beautiful green, even if you're as straight as a CCFer's bible. I stumbled into a security toad at the entrance to the Board Room and didn't get a chance to fondle his balls because his pot belly was so huge.

"Press, I want in." He stared at me and grunted.

"I.D." I fished through my pants and found the card crumpled up in a back pocket. The third term validation had been rubbed off, but he'd never notice.

"Ain't validated for this term." Jesus Christ. You'd think that they'd tell this lackey that I was coming. I button-holed the first prof passing and explained who I was and asked him to get me past this fool. The prof shook me off and waltzed in in a huff and it wasn't until then that I noticed I still had the beer can in my hand. I flicked it at a trashcan and the security guard jumped as though he thought I had no right to use a trashcan at the hellhole I was paying 5K a year to fuck-off at. The next prof vouched for me. He was some fool I'd had to grovel before when applying for a reinstatement and thought that I'd returned to the straight and narrow after flirting with the big F's. I greased my way into a back row seat and sat wondering how long the buzzards were going to go at their hacking until they picked the winner. Or loser for that matter. They might as well vote two of the three losers and the remnant can be declared institute president. I could feel a burning in my eyes and I wondered why the presiding officer kept doing handstands on the podium. This wasn't going to be my morning.

In fact, I hadn't had a really good morning since that day at frosh camp when I'd

come out of a high with two of those young frosh girls (which makes four firm thighs) wrapped around my naked body and that asshole counselor screaming reveille. I had just wanted to row out around the point and screw those birds in the warm Pacific until some Dean noticed they were gone. I didn't get to do that until the afternoon as I spent all morning taking care of them on land. God, sometimes I think the frosh admissions committee knows what it is doing.

You readers won't understand why I'm talking about frosh camp in the middle of this report on picking the new pres, but that's your problem. The morning was dull as hell as each boring faculty member savaged one or the other of the candidates and the physics department representatives sat tight in the fat cat position as the department. They knew that whatever they said would be the gospel of the institute, so the ramblings of the biologists and the chemists were of no consequence at all. I heard some random Geophysicist begin to repeat every old joke from the journals as I slipped off into fantasies about driving to the beach and enjoying the day instead of lolling around at "news-worthy" events.

The morning session broke up as I was jostled from my body surfing back to the board-room - which was half empty by then. This would never do. My photographer room mate was still crashed on his triffid when I returned. I shook him until he moved and handed his half-asleep amalgamation of hair-in-the-face a glass full of Chivas Regal. I'd picked it up the night before from God knows where. He downed the unit in a single gulp and muttered about being out of film. I kicked his ass until he owned up to having a loaded camera and promised to shoot the presidential candidates that very afternoon.

"By the way, where's the triffid from?"

He stared down at the saliva-coated breasts and muttered some indecipherable place in the middle of nowhere.

"Tell you what," I said as I assessed the possibilities. "We could stuff her into a car and drive to the parties being thrown by the presidential aspirants tonight and peddle her ass the whole way. We could score enough cash to keep her buzzed for long

enough to forget all about us and still have enough cash to keep ourselves in action for a week or two."

"You nuts?" He replied. "That's your basic felony, the kind they lock you up for and throw the key away. You want to try to beat a rap like that? They'll have your ass hanging in Terminal Island before you know what hit you."

"Bullshit. We hit her with two or three lines now and keep her drugged through tomorrow morning, after which we send her on some shit to keep her rolling in her conscience for about a week. When she comes down she won't remember a thing about what happened." He shook his head in agreement.

"What'll we ask?"

"Who the hell knows? I think the majority of those faculty types would pay just to eat her out after we'd screwed the pubic hairs off of her. Let's just see what the market will bear. Ec/SS 11 and all that shit." I reached into the medicine cabinet for my Kamchatka Vodka and the orange juice came out of the refrigerator across the hall. I don't know who the fuck's we stole that morning. It was almost a game, stealing orange juice every morning and seeing who had the balls to complain about it.

I left my co-editor to lick the saliva off his triffid's chest and headed for the housing office to sign on for the summer. I stood in front of the secretary and watched her nipples swell as my cock felt a throbbing hard coming on. I felt like a decent blow, but I knew that this little piece of twat only blew the man. I signed the contract and lurched (or staggered) to my room in search of some Wild Turkey and a blow from my room-mate's triffid. It turned out that I had to settle for Jack Daniels and a quick feel of her venus mound before I had to be back at the board room for the afternoon session.

I got past the security guard without even being fazed as I slipped him a lid and smuggled a few lines in to sniff out of my notes. At the rear of the entire event I found some new chemists who had their shit together and quickly noticed that I kept sniffing at my notes. They wasted no time in putting the question to me and I began passing the Jefferson around. The distinguished profs were rapidly entertained by the onset of applied chemistry. I

smiled and sat back for another afternoon of boredom. The profs, however, quickly fell to discussing the fucking dominance of the Physics department and the conversation kept me alert enough to follow it.

"Why the hell should all our ace chemists be flunked out by two required years of physics while we calmly pass all those ass-kissing theoretical physicists through Chem 1?"

"I put the case straightly to ye, fellows, let the bastards sweat sperm in 144 and Pete'll savage their GPA's."

"No, no. The action must come from the humanities..." I heard this notion and stared across the room and watched dear Boom-Boom, as we know her, listening to the meeting. I could feel the vodka from lunch pounding down to my cock. I watched Boom-Boom's tits heave under her blouse. Oh God would I love to feel those mams surrounding my Roman Rod as her lips descended to kiss my German helmet. The thoughts were...

My co-editor just reminded me that this is supposed to be a news story so I won't tell you what those chem profs said about methods of synthesis of some stuff that'll send you from here to there without any trouble at all. What was said about the presidential aspirants was very minimal indeed. The whole mood was one of waiting, waiting until after the parties that night. Then they would know which candidate would keep them in grass and ass for his tenure in office. I noted few things down as I was bored and had dreams of Boom-Boom secretly harboring a desire for my body and my thirteen inches (Why be modest for all you inferior types?).

I could hear the Eagles pounding in my ears as I dreamed of her opening wide for my symbol of undergraduate horniness and terrible journalism to descend into her Black Forest. The muskrat would have been proud of my hallucinations.

Eventually the meeting ended as the profs from the chem department and I were discussing the best method of synthesis for a variety of agents. It seems that a fellow from Rice University had very carefully explained the best method of synthesizing acid at the latest series of Federation meetings - a yield much better than the published results. *Org Syn* would have been

proud. I knew a fellow back at my house who had devised a quantitative synthesis that exceeded even this and I gave them the methods as we were departing.

I wandered past the *Tech* office on my return trip and hit the provisional stash of commercial I kept in the desk drawer as I read the daily mail. Some asshole was writing in about pouring water on the ranch flicks during decompression chambers second term. I felt that one good fuck was all this little piece of frigidity needed to turn her on to both men and cocks. The rest of the mail consisted of the usual bullshit press releases. One PR company was busy huckstering *yes* on three propositions and *no* on two others—a complete sell-out to cash when compared to their personal views. Which just goes to show that cash will buy anything. Except maybe Boom-Boom's tits and twat. I thought of all the money that we were going to make that night by selling the triffid my co-editor had picked up.

As I returned to my room my thoughts ran over the dominance of the Physics department and it occurred to me that the only voice the undergraduates have in all that vast physics department is through that Shirley Temple of the fourth floor whom the Big B (as we affectionately know him) is balling the slit off of. It seems that they began discussing particle physics (shades of Jimmy Carter) and he wound up showing her all his particles as spermatozoa. What else can you say?

I got back to my room and found the triffid sucking away on my co-editor's piece of manhood.

"Did you get the photos?" I snapped at him.

"Of course," he moaned as she went round the crown with the tip of her tongue and he almost splattered her nose. I nodded approval and headed for the medicine cabinet where I found some Shitz and broke open a six-pack. Dinner wasn't until six-thirty and I felt like getting my rocks off. I headed for the shower—a place a friend of mine beat off frequently. I felt the surge of orgasm as I chewed on the seventh button I had taken with me. All my dreams were of HB watching with an agonized face as I desecrated the hair of that luscious humanities prof referred to earlier. Then who should appear at the door but the Big B himself?

"What's up, taco?" I shot at him.

"Hell of a bummer this afternoon. I had to see my 137 prof about my homework and he gave me only one alternative—an oral exam or fail. I thought about it for a long time as he bragged about them calling him Big Ben at the Athanaeum Bar. He stood up from behind his desk and I

realized what he meant by an oral exam and by Big Ben all at once. God, I'd have sworn the dikes had broken when he came. My mouth and stomach could barely contain the jism of mathematical formulae that shot from his symbol of manhood. I did, however, pass 137." After reading the last few lines some lackey has suggested that they're going to take me to the nearest Col. Sander's and deep-fry me. Bullshit.

I stumbled down to dinner and watched some Oriental twat trying to massage the super-troll of the house into a hard-on. Ignoring this, I took a seat when the waiters cried and began to shovel down the crap that the food service called nutrition. Personally, I feel that dinner is what is wrong with America. I we didn't have dinner, we could get rid of overweight people and the custom of cleaning ones plate simply because people are starving in West Virginia. I stood up as announcements began and realized that I was making an ass of myself as I had no announcement. My lackeys at the table, however, quickly responded by engaging in a table turn. I acknowledged the saving as I sat down and the fellow to my right passed me a joint of Hawaiian. I toked deeply before passing it to the guy on my left.

After dinner I headed for the room where my roommate (a.k.a. co-editor earlier in this piece) had already doped the triffid up for the night of hooking. She had been tripping for about twenty-four hours now so I was interested in whether or not she was ever going to come down. I knew that it would be many a year before I ever came down as I munched on the mushroom I had gotten earlier in the day from Muskrat. I could feel the psilocybin begin to course through my circulatory system before I chugged off the rest of the Kamchatka and poured some more Dr. Pepper and Bacardi into my house mug. I dimly wondered what the trustees would say about that. Probably all they would care would be to complain (due to the influence of J. Pauli Austeen) that I mixed the Bacardi with DP instead of Coke. That is the usual attitude of most of the trustees. They haven't the foggiest what really happens on this campus.

The time had come for the first of the presidential aspirants' parties. I headed down to my car with my co-editor and the triffid.

My co-editor's car was the most non-descript thing about the entire parking lot. He called it the *Flaccid Flounder*, but I thought the appellation of mashed minnow to be a hell of a lot more appropriate. He fumbled in his pants—one of those European styles with buttons all over the pockets and fly—for the key and

LEERING AND FROTHING AT CALTECH

finally got the back door open. I tossed the triffid in and heard the solid thud of metal against flesh as she began moaning.

"What in God's holy hell do you have in that back seat?"

"Oh shit. She's lying on top of my carbine."

"Your carbine? What the fuck do you want with a carbine in your back seat? Some piss drunk faculty member will be eating away on that triffid's hamburger to find the mouth of the barrel bobbing up from the depths of the Beaver's juices. Get the unit out of there." My co-editor grunted and pulled the carbine out. The triffid quit moaning. He passed the carbine to me.

"Got to get her pants off," he grunted. "No telling what some customer will do when he finds he's paid to massage an expanse of Levi's and can't get them off her." I stood stupidly holding the carbine the early evening light until he draped the Levi's over the unit and headed for the driver's seat.

"Asshole!" I screamed. "Open the trunk so I can cram this stuff in there. You think I want to walk in on some presidential aspirant with a mother-fucking carbine and some twat's Levi's stinking of gin thrown over my shoulder?" He threw me the trunk keys and I got the beast's boot open.

Christ, I was staggered. I knew my roommate liked weapons, but this was ridiculous. I mean, there was enough stuff in that trunk to start a complete student riot. Carbines, magnums, shotguns, dartguns and a cross-bow. I didn't even bother to open the case labeled "White Phosphorous," knowing him, it really was. A couple of appropriate epithets crossed my lips as I shrugged the whole thing off and threw the last carbine and the Levi's into the trunk. If they catch you with an arsenal like that they lock you up for a long stretch. I didn't care. The whole rap for the trunk shit was his if we were stopped, or at least that's all I could remember of California law through my addled mind. I sat down in the passenger's seat as he passed me a half-empty bottle of Wild Turkey which I only perceived as half-full and

did my best to attack.

I sliced open a grapefruit from the glove compartment—nesled in only four or five felonies I might add—and munched the golden fruit as the lights of the street rolled by. We had left the freak sanctuary of the campus and were stuck out in the middle of the straightest houses of San Marino. The car soon stopped rolling as I eyed a driveway that was choked with middle-income cars of established faculty types. The one nice thing about the flaccid flounder was that it didn't make any pretensions. It couldn't do anything. You had to crank like mad to get the rear window to do anything, the cigarette lighter didn't work, and the radio was stuck in a single station from Long Beach that sucked grapefruit at its best. None of this middle-income partially automatic shit for us. We drove a nothing car and were proud of it. Up from this, we would only ever purchase a Moby Dick—should we ever be so inclined.

I opened the door and headed for the party with my co-editor in tow. We had almost reached the front door before I became aware of the Wild Turkey still in my hand. I tossed it over the hedge and heard it shatter on the driveway next door. A garbled *California Tech* had the doorman licking out my boots and I steamed into the thick of the boredom. The stereo was playing a most droll song and I had difficulty seeing why anybody would want to pick this fellow as president. Dutifully (this entire eventless day had yet to produce a story) I raided the sandwich bar for sustenance and shook some acid out onto my ham sandwich. Having the constitution of an encrusted shipwreck is very useful. Time to find out which faculty wives are sleeping with which faculty members. That's not in the least bit sexist if you've ever been around this campus for more than, say, four hours. Just long enough to realize that the only reason half the students go to see their advisors is to hope they're out and get to spend some time staring at a ChemE secy's amalgam of protoplasm. I know one guy that went for a week, deliberately picking times he knew his advisor wouldn't be in. Fucked up campus.

I don't know why I go on with this. Every week I burn myself out hoping that a legitimate news story will materialize and spend my time lying around at faculty events in which the most newsworthy item is the color of the Nobelist's tie. Still, in about ten minutes one of my supers will be pounding on my door for my weekly assignment and my pre-eminent desire to avoid confrontation with Academic Standards and Honors will drive me to finish this for those GPA-saving three units

of A+ from Lit 15. . . .

After I downed the sandwich I plowed into a group discussion with a glassful of Bacardi Anejo to provide the strength needed to stomach the unmitigated bullshit. It occurred to me that it would be polite to remove my Hanoi-mirror sunglasses and let the appearance that I'm civil prevail for at least a few minutes. I left them on.

The faculty types were running on at the mouth about the merits of the presidential aspirants. The aeronautics prof to my right kept eyeing the wife of the physicist to my left. I watched his eyes run up and down her body as she shifted back and forth in her chair, strategically baring parts and bits of her tits and thighs. All a disgusting mish-mash of white meat that would fuck like a rabbit but never know what a White Rabbit was. Jesus, those boys in the *Tech* office will never understand this. At any rate, one prof was babbling about the greatness of Caltech as a research institution and another was agreeing with him and said that as far as the faculty were concerned, all the undergraduates could go to hell and stay there. (Quite strong language for a man of that sort.) The physicist began complaining about the inadequacies of the required physics courses and how all the biology and chemistry majors instead of learning physics like they should. They weren't atypical among this faculty group. The undergraduates are the parasites of Caltech, the people that are driving the institute broke and causing oh so many embarrassing situations with no redeeming quality. Shit. The faculty wives have to have a source of fresh sperm somewhere and dear hubby's research institute might as well provide six inches for her while he's away for six hours over some obscure journal article.

It was time to stick my ass out to be chopped up.

"Isn't the greatness of Caltech propagated through the students who are trained in these portals every year?" I fired first.

"What?" The physicist looked up with surprise that someone should speak such blasphemy about gospel truth. I tried to tell what he was drinking from his breath as I continued staring.

"The greatness of Caltech is propagated through publication of outstanding research in the most prestigious of journals. Undergraduates provide nothing to the institute except albatrosses for the necks of professors intent on frontier-of-the-field research." I felt a few minor explosions going off in my head and thought about the beard in front of me that kept changing colors.

"And how many grad students did you sodomize to get enough data for your most

[Cont. on 11]

RECORDS



Feeling Good

Tommy James and the Fondels
In this new release with the Fondels, Tommy James probes in to the depths of your erogenous zones. While parts of this record are hard to handle, most of it will cause tingling and tremors up your spine and will excite you through pulsations designed to

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



Back from the Grave
The Allman Brothers

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

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

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

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



Muzac For the Masses
The Jefferson Tricycle

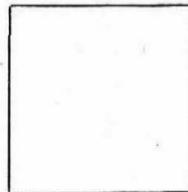
The Jefferson Starship, embarrassed by their last effort, have decided to attempt to change their image to fit their music. Marty explained it to me thusly: "We found that our Starship albums appealed strongly to Muzac operators and tried to arrange a contract

with one of the major Muzac outfits. Unfortunately, the officers were scared off by our Starship image. We have simply decided to change our name so that our music can spread throughout the dentist offices of America." At long last it seems tht the Jefferson Whatevers have found their place in the world.



Passed Out
The Floors

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



Blown Away
T-Styx

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



The Beatles' Meat
The Beatles
By Stoned

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

The Meat album features remakes of old Beatles' tunes. All of them are exciting but a few really stand out. These include "All I've Got To Do (Is Play With My Wazoo)," "Not a Second Time (The First Weren't Worth a Dime)," and "It Will Be Long." Those innocent young cubs also let it all hang out in "Mary Had a Little Krishna" (written by Ron Palody), "Till There Was You My Pet Rock Had To Do," and "I Want To Hold Your Buns."

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



Next Week: Turntable Reviews



Rand Random Notes

"It's going to be a straight commencement, no crap," said **Harold Brown** producer/director of this year's semi-concert. "We felt that last year's production was inappropriate, and we received a lot of complaints about the light show and the lowering of the elephant. Personally, I thought that the costume for the elephant was appropriate." This year will feature **Jenijoy (Boom Boom) LaBelle** doing her now classic **Lenny Bruce** imitation, immediately after the Benediction.

BAGEL

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

BAGEL

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

another notable in the same field, disagrees.

BAGEL

The Physics Department was denied tenure yesterday.

BAGEL

The team of **Dean and Fuller**, who did an extensive tour in the area last year, will not be uniting in the near future. Rumors of a possible concert came about because of the rerelease of several of their singles abroad, notably "I've Got Those Chalk Dust on My Shoulder Blues." "There's no chance of a get together although we're still friends," said Fuller. "Ah Brock, are you sure about that..." stated Dean.

BAGEL

People are still talking about the bizarre vandalism of **Peter Fay's** office. According to investigating detectives, someone broke in and smashed the legs of all of Fay's chairs with what appears to be, in police terms, "a blunt movie projector". Tough luck, Pete.

BAGEL

Sandy McCorkadale admitted yesterday that his attempts to form a newspaper have been a failure, but that this will not deter him in the future from trying again. Nobody associated with the paper agreed.

Wanted: Workers to help in construction of Millikan Memorial



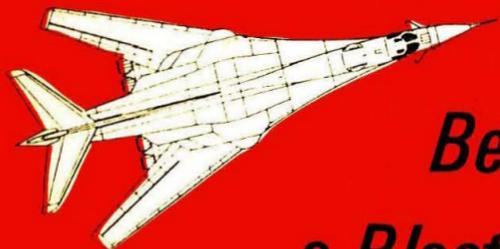
Marina, to be built on Millikan Pond Site

Paid eight-hour day, four hours of coffee breaks. All work must be supervised, supervisors work eight-hour days, with four hours of coffee breaks staggered with those of workers.

Apply at B\$G Headquarters



- any cafeteria.



**Beny
a Blast**

**Beny and the Jets
Ramo-in-the-Round
Denapasa, California
Whenever**

By Ron Sandy

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

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

Six-feet, three inches tall without her electric neon platform boots and purple dayglo mohair jump suit, Beny easily dominated the stage. *With* the aforementioned accoutrements, the effect was staggering, espe-

cially when the Jets played a few chords amplified on their 48 Scheffer Special amps, breaking glass three blocks away. Since this was during their medley of Kenny Rankin hits, most of the audience was visibly stunned. When they really cut loose with their Blue Cheer-Led Zeppelin set, the survivors applauded for several minutes.

Most of all, there was Beny. Beny! She's really keen! Standing there, a living mixture of Janis Joplin and David Bowie, excitedly twisting solid steel bars as she sang, burning up her nervous energy while singing before a packed house! The Jets, frantically playing all of the songs in their repertoire simultaneously, at ever-increasing volume! They're so spaced out!!

To describe this concert as anything but a unique experience would be a lie. This is one performance that you just *have* to see for yourselves, since no review can give you the full feel.

So go on out and get your tickets right now for the next local appearance of **BENY** (and the Jets, too, of course). And remember, you read it in this magazine!

[Cont. from 6]

recent frontier-of-the-field publication?" I smirked and wondered if he was going to lash out at my face or kick me in the groin. I didn't have a chance to see either as the wife of somebody (at the insistence of our lawyers) suddenly appeared in front of me with her right hand passing me a drink and her left hand groping for my belt-buckle. I let her tow me out of the room while the faculty types behind me grimaced and fell to disparaging undergraduates once again.

The actors by their presence always convince me, to my horror, that most of what I've written about them until now is false. It is false because I write about them with steadfast love (even now, while I write this down, this, too, becomes false) but varying ability, and this varying ability does not hit off the real actors loudly and correctly but loses itself dully in this love that will never be satisfied with the ability and therefore thinks it is protecting the actors by preventing this ability from exercising itself. (Kafka)

At any rate, that eminent engineer's wife towed me by the belt-buckle and by the smile on her face up to a bedroom in a far wing of the house. I walked into a plush Spanish motif and collapsed on the bed, waiting for the horny little faculty wife who had brought me up to strip down. Just my luck, there was a pack of matches on the night table; enabling me to roll some fine Colombian up and start toking as I watched her strip down and, of all the stupid kinky things in the world (this is for serious degenerates only) she opened the curtains. I had a clear view down across the courtyard now into the lounge where the party was in progress. She took a couple of tokes and then went down on my cocked carbine. She sucked. I mean, her paucity of pulchritude couldn't have blown a feather off of a clean dry frictionless surface if she had to. So I sat there staring down into the lounge and watching the eminent engineer holding court while his wife tried her best at oral sex — failing as miserably as he failed his students after their orals. Seeing that this was going nowhere, I worked a yellowjacket out of my shirt pocket and gently slipped it into her mouth. She gulped it down eagerly as I muttered something about it being an incredible contraceptive. She zapped out in about three minutes and laid back on the floor. I had the courtesy to jerk-off onto her dress so she'd think she was as competent as my lackey's sister in Yokohama.

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

wonderful heaving feelings this was clearly not going to be that wonderful dry variety that mace gives you. I ducked into the nearest powder room and left the remnants of my day's nutrition all over the stack of JACS by the john. I swear that I don't know if they could ever wash those journals clean or not. This brought me sufficiently around to wonder where my cohort in this editorial madness was. I worked down a back stairway — spooking the shit out of some servant — and found my way out onto the street.

Co-editor was standing sipping Bud and toking Thai stick by the car. I could see some pillar of the community prof busy eating out the triffid. I took the joint for a few tokes.

"She shown any signs of coming out of it yet?"

"No. Just lies there and responds to all the explosions in her mind's pleasure centers. God-damn profs think they're ultrastuds by the way she seems to be enjoying them, little realizing that all their tongues and fingers go to nothing except providing peripheral stimulation for the drug."

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

"Five-hundred at my last count. They're eating it up, to use a phrase." A car turned the corner and rolled past us as I stood rooted to the pavement with fear. My Co-editor hadn't moved.

"What the shit are you up to? Don't you realize that if that had been a cop we'd be dead now?" He burped.

"Do you really care?" I envisioned myself spending the next six years editing a prison newsletter and grunted something about moving on to the next party. The balding prof had finished and we shut the doors as the car rolled off down the street. Co-editor passed me some PCP and I made rapid use of the dear Angel's Dust.

Somewhere this is all going to end. Some finals week it has to all come crashing down with enough force to wipe out my GPA and my status at Tech. The mind bends in the most awkward of ways after one has been up for seventy or eighty hours. I mean that you quit thinking very directly and the only thing of importance is meeting that story deadline. I missed one midterm this term and didn't get to see the prof until five weeks later. I wasn't in both a straight and conscious state until that much time had elapsed. Needless to say, I stuck the midterm sideways.

Some fucking Camaro roared past us on California as we were doing a piddling eighty. My co-editor, with all his macho style rolled into the joint in front of him slapped a magnet on the rooftop and flipped the CB radio over to siren.

LEERING AND FROTHING AT CALTECH

I was dimly aware of wondering where the world was going as we hit 120 chasing the Camaro down California with the white light flashing a fitful epileptic four times per second and the siren screaming. I took another snort of the PCP and forced the triffid to take some as she appeared to almost be coming out of it. The Camaro finally pulled over and we plastered gravel from the street all over his windshield. A few minutes later, co-editor noticed that the Camaro had pulled over and we slowed to a respectable 55 as we looked around for the PPD. A few blocks later we pulled up at the second party. I was surprised that my driver could find the curb, let alone bring the flaccid flounder to rest beside it. We smoked a DET joint and both headed into the party. I noticed that the sack of grapefruit in the rear seat was looking awfully depleted.

This party promised to keep the faculty in a lot more grass and ass than the previous candidate. I may not be objective about this, but when my inorganic chem prof waded up to me and passed me a glass of Royal Salut while tracing associative mechanisms on the breasts of the young thing with him, I felt that maybe interest in the undergraduate program had returned. There was nothing but to enjoy myself, despite the lack of sleep increasingly making itself felt. I sighted a bird my current Memphis Correspondent (God bless the faggots on Standards and Honors) had frequented and pattered over in my best shark imitation.

The science community will eat one alive in social events even if one has the research lab in the world. I knew that sleeping with the right people was the surest ticket to grad school; nothing comes to those that deserve it. She seemed amenable to my presence and I babbled on for a while about what a dull day it had been — all the while preserving myself in hopes of regaining a few sparks of sexual desire (or rather performance) lost earlier in the evening out of courtesy. I had passed from the Royal Salut through to Cutty Sark before I felt the embers stirring and she was more than ready by then. We tittered our way

down one of the wings.

It seems that every house in San Marino has the central area surrounded by wings of bedrooms — all put to very good use in the course of a party. This party was no different from all the others. Just because a man is the world's foremost on fluid dynamics is no reason to think he's lost his sexual prowess. Not that I'm the world's foremost proponent or expert on fluid dynamics, it's just something you live with.

We carefully opened the door to the first room on the right at the top of the stairs (scene of so many literary events) only to hear some well-known group theoretician moaning "Down on your knees" and gesticulating to nobody in particular. We quickly shut the door and headed for the next room, where a "From here on down you're the perfect picture of young manhood" heard in the hall kept us from breaking in on a PhD candidate. We finally found an empty room with a quite adequate waterbed and set about some serious degeneration — stuff that's illegal in forty states in the union and the church retains a quicky excommunication for. I popped two amyls from my pocket and we each snorted one. Ah, the wondrous feelings that can pick one up and loft one away once pleasure is on tap. . . .

But why am I writing all this? Those lackeys and coolies in the Tech office have no desire to hear the witless babblings of my sex life. Besides, everybody has already read about Fatty Arbuckle. Her grapefruits didn't take me down, they only took me up beyond belief. I was feeling just right when the door opened and a group of faculty types came piling in — oblivious of me and of the head I was receiving at that time. They just wanted to light up some THC acetate direct from the labs of Noyes and who was I to argue? So I spent the next time interval I can remember passing the pipe around to the prof that taught me all about Schrodinger's equation and term values. Highs make strange bedfellows. I figured I had to find a story somewhere, despite the fine party going on. I pawned the girl off on the chemist's organ and descended the stairs to talk to the Presidential aspirant. This aspirant was wedged between a Nobel-prize-winning physicist and a couple of administration heavies. I stuck my face in and muttered something about the Tech. Pretty weak credentials in that kind of country, but I had no choice. I reached out to shake his hand and found another God-damn beer can wedged in the middle of my palm. I swear, the things become attached to me like leeches at all the wrong times. I grunted and tossed the can into the trash while the aspirant made small talk with

the physicist. I couldn't tell who was kissing who anymore. I think it was a matter of mutual affection. I picked some Jose Cuervo from a passing waiter and hunkered down to asking some tough questions; my tape recorder whirring and clicking in anticipation of hard news.

"What's your position on undergraduates at Caltech?" The physicist reclined, letting the aspirant battle off the rabble before getting on with the important ass-kissing.

"Undergraduates are one of the important and vital aspects of Caltech. I think everybody here would agree that this statement is made without reservation." He glanced around at the nodding bigwigs. The physicist kissed a little more ass. I have to keep using that term, I mean, the American Dream would just be too much to use for something that trivial.

After a couple of minutes of shitting and hemming and hawing and bullshitting through stock phrases he came out with the key statement that will sum up this terrible affair and let me get on with what else was on tap. He said "Undergraduates tend to let themselves fall apart here and I want to stop that." There you have it. We fall apart here and that has to be stopped. I grunted something about how and as he wandered through gibberish about studies I wandered off to the sandwich bar. He didn't have the faintest idea how to help undergraduates. One would think that after all the surveys and studies and case histories one would be able to accurately diagnose the real problem and cure it. Fat chance. So while one side moans for more women and others moan for more work as cures, I'll just sidle over to the sandwich bar.

I found some chicken sandwiches and hassled the servant to know whether or not it was kosher. I didn't really care if it was kosher or not, I just wanted to hassle the hired help. She pattered around and kept looking for someone to bounce me. The same thing had happened at the last Thank God I'm Jewish party I had gone to. Bozos had muttered something about my not having a number tattooed on my arm while my acid-loaded head had plainly seen it in wonderful orange ink.

Co-editor was shaking me for awhile until I realized it was him and that he was after something. I shook my head and could feel the edge of the acetate coming on. "What the fuck," I muttered.

"Out at the pool, the fucking God-damn pool." He tugged on my sleeve and I followed him out, idly wondering why he wanted me to go swimming. When I got there he turned to me with a look of helpless fear on his face. "Look!" he cried. I stared at the pool and became aware of a woman swimming around in it.

"So what the fuck. Some person swimming around. If that's the best story you can find you might as well forget about Lit 15 and try some other profession, like maybe legitimate science —"

"Idiot," he cut me off. "Can't you see who she is and what she's doing." I stared at the pool and began to realize, much to my chagrin, that it was the wife of the presidential aspirant.

"Maniac!" I cried. "What the mother-fucking shit have you done!" I stared at her wallowing in the water.

"I just gave her a sheet of blotter acid and now she's motoring around in the pool thinking she's a God-damn tugboat." He sagged to the ground and watched the wife of a presidential aspirant tugging a garbage scow out to sea. I felt my mind exploding and came within an inch of my sanity of freaking out. I had to get a grip on myself. This was San Marino and this was a distinguished company. The jury of my peers would lock me away for good if they found out about this. I already saw the DA calmly asking Mrs. Aspirant if "You had any idea why these two students tried to slip you these illegal drugs?"

"Mercy Sakes no. I did, however, have a very strong feeling that it was for something terribly terribly amoral. I could feel fear and repulsion running all through me when they approached me." Whoa. I'm still here at poolside. Gotta do something. People inside might come out and see this thing.

"Get her out of the pool. I'll find an empty room."

"How the shit am I going to get her out of the pool?"

"Make like a supertanker." I kicked him in and instantly regretted it. I forgot about it, the previous notwithstanding, as I saw him come partially awake. He had been hitting the ether and if he'd still been up I'd have had a mess on my hands that all the poop-scoops in the world couldn't handle.

By the time I came down from finding a room he had her out on the diving board — lying there muttering about having to be in drydock. We carried her up a back stairwell while we were both singing *White Rabbit*. This could be very bad, I thought, as we trundled her into the room and locked the door behind us.

"Do you have any downers on you?" He fumbled through his pockets and came up with some reds and a packet of smack. We shoved the reds into her mouth and tried to make her swallow with varying success on each try. I ransacked my pockets before I found a syringe. I was going to be fucking impressed if either he or I was straight enough to make the injection. I lit a match to sterilize the needle and sucked up a mish-mash of the pseudo-solution he had prepared. The actual injection turned out to

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be fairly easy and we edged out way out of the room — hoping she'd never remember either of us. Once the door was shut it took us about thirty seconds to reach the flaccid flounder and get back on the road. There was, thankfully, only one party with faculty types left, but there was still virtually no news story. We swerved suddenly to the side of the road as co-editor streaked the side of the flounder with vomit.

It is (to describe it figuratively) as if an author were to make a slip of the pen, and as if this clerical error became conscious of being such. Perhaps this was no error but in a far higher sense was an essential part of the whole exposition. It is, then, as if this clerical error were to revolt against the author, out of hatred for him, were to forbid him to correct it, and were to say, "No, I will not be erased, I will stand as a witness against thee, that thou art a very poor writer." (Kierkegaard)

My body was all shot to hell as I'd been up these past four days now and the mid-morning hours were once again rolling by. The sensations coming from my right leg were totally different from those coming from my left leg and the images that kept spinning my head around are indescribable. I have to give my co-editor credit for being able to drive the flaccid flounder anywhere without getting us both killed, or worse, busted.

But nothing will ever stop the pursuit of news, so I began to rummage through the stash under the front seats for something that would bring my system up for this last party. Co-editor grunted (popular form of communication, that) and pulled a glass vial from under the steering column.

"Just take a very small amount, like a single taste." I couldn't place what the devil was in the bottle.

"Adrenochrome," he said. I whistled. That stuff only comes from one place and that meant dealing with some pretty weird people. I eyed him questioningly and he just muttered something about friends in Kerckhoff. Who was I to argue? I whipped out a toothpick and dabbled just enough of a drop to make me feel as if I had an electric cattle prod up my ass. The effects came on very rapidly.

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

The room I finally stumbled into had a single Oriental girl with long black hair working over a hot plate. I sniffed the air and realized nutmeg was afoot. What the hell. She beckoned me over and I sat down beside her. We both drank down the liquid and shoveled that god-awful residue into ourselves. After that came the agony of keeping the crap down. I drifted around the room for almost an hour — totally oblivious of her as I tried to get the overwhelming sensation of wanting to vomit my viscera out of my system all over the sky.

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

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

Nutmeg is a real turn-on and as I lay making love to her I thought I was going to die of ecstasy. Each and every little sensation lasted for hours and my mind synthe-

sized the music to back up the entire incredible happening. The final surge and orgasm seemed to last for hours and I could feel the sweat of her body beneath me as I ran my hands through her hair. I still had to write some kind of fucking news story for my three units, but I couldn't think of what angle to attack the entire affair from. Co-editor was probably as wrapped up down the hall as I was here and I had no desire to disturb him. I felt as though I could spend eternity just lying there running my hand through that long black hair and stroking the wonderfully soft flesh. So there. After several dozen score gossip-mongers have already chewed the meat over and broadcast it to the world, you have it directly from the horse's mouth. I like oriental women.

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

It turned out that co-editor was not as happily ensconced as I was and hauled me down to the flaccid flounder as the first streaks of the rosy-fingered dawn came out. I couldn't feel any difference between the bed or the concrete walk or the car.

Back at the room the keyboard was attacked and I plowed through these lines to make the deadline — my fingers descending into velvet jello and then re-emerging as it occurs to me that another letter might like its position on the sheet of paper. The clock is displaying an ungodly morning hour now and the boys at the office must be waiting just for me.

Frankly, it doesn't matter who the institute president is. The third floor of Millikan is going to wither away before it considers undergraduates on an equal footing with any other part of Caltech. The faculty meets again this morning and I'll have that written up for next week.

At last they came into a maze of dust, where a quantity of people were tumbling over one another, and where there was such a confusion of unaccountable shapes of beams, bulkheads, brick walls, ropes, and rollers, and such a mixing of gaslight and daylight, that they seemed to have gotten on the wrong side of the pattern of the universe. (Dickens)

It's time for breakfast.

"I challenge you to break my World Record for the most miles traveled in 30 days on skates by fraternal siamese twins."



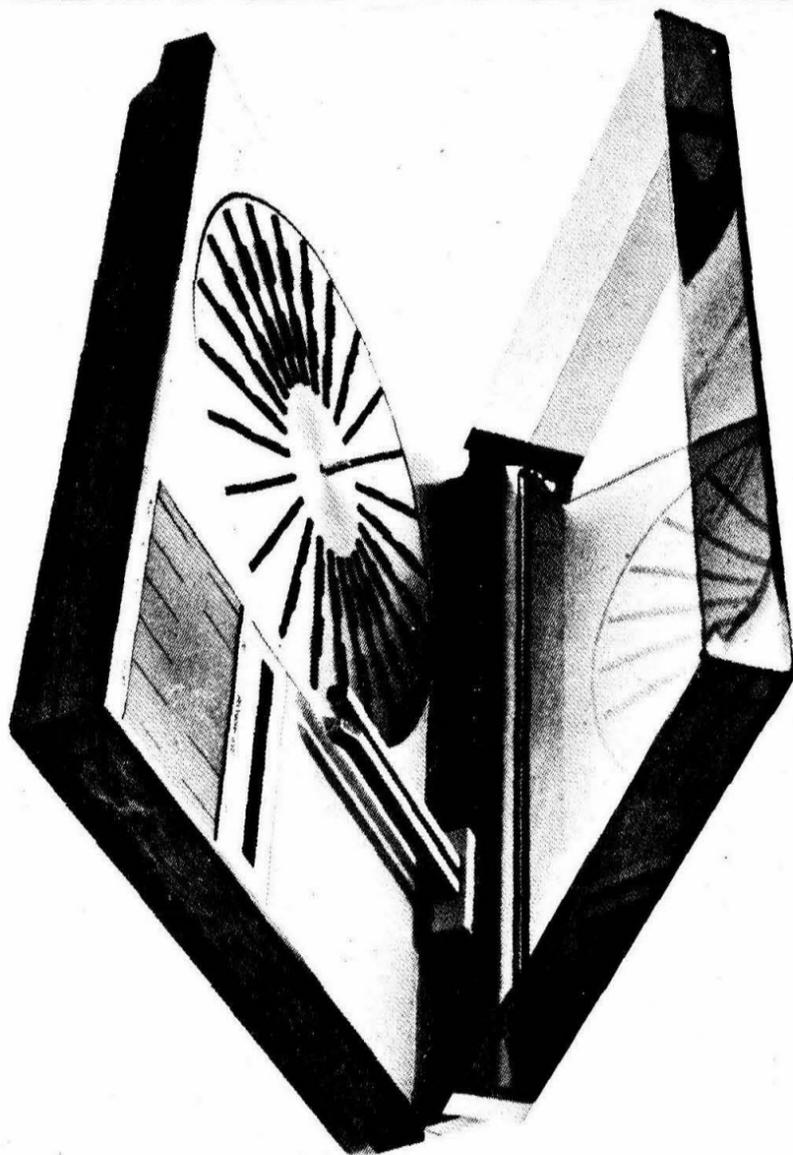
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How They Finished

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

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

In order to reduce the financial impact of the freshman class upon the upper class with respect to "Gift Aid," we increased the "self-help" from \$500, \$800, and \$1300 to \$2000 for all students regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin.

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

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

was 57%.

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

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

There are five foreign stu-

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

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

The Freshman Admissions

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

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

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

Erhard Is For Real

Dear Greenie,

Judy (Judy Greengard, or "Greenie"), I found your column on Werner Erhard's lecture last week very interesting. Your reaction to Werner is one I'd like to speak to, having had it myself at times. Having heard Werner talk quite a number of times and having taken the est Training, perhaps I can clear some points up for you.

First, I want to acknowledge you for summarizing the talk in some detail and with a fair degree of accuracy, which saves me the trouble of doing it and I appreciate the almost complete separation of your opinion from your reporting. If I may restate your main problem with the talk, it would be that you believe that Werner spent much of his time saying meaningless things following "meandering trains of thought" and that for you his ideas seemed cloudy and that his intention felt more in the direction of seeming impressive and of selling something.

When I first read your article, I was puzzled and disappointed, as to me Werner's talk was satisfyingly clear and particularly devoid of trying to sell the est Training. In fact, following the question "Where can I give my \$250" to take the training, Werner didn't take this prime opportunity to sell est or even just to give out information that might facilitate taking his Training (and since I knew essentially everyone in the audience involved with est, I can guarantee you the questioner was not a plant). In any case, I would like to share my thoughts on why some of his talk may have been cloudy or seemed meaningless to a few people. To do so, I would start with some concepts that seem to me related to some of Werner's notions.

Everyone has a view of reality, a system or model through which he interprets input. For example, to me that blob of light over there is a chair, and I predict if I sit over there I will be supported, or a more emotional example, if someone yells at me, I assume it is their intention to have me feel bad. Statements or symbols referring to experiences outside your model are heard as empty or nonsense. Statements about green to a green color-blind person may be to him without real reference or substance. At times, it would be useful to expand or alter one's model, to allow for the reality of something previously inconceivable or nonsense. For me, I have found this true particularly about the ways I emotionally re-

spond to people. For example, expanding beyond the model that makes angry the only possible way for me to be towards my girl friend when she is angry at me, is very valuable to me. The problem is that just conceiving of an expansion does not enable it. A color blind man can hypothesize the experience of green, red, and yellow, but if someone switches the spatial order of the lights on a traffic signal, the temporal order of the lights he sees and the behavior of the other drivers might be to him confusing, paradoxical, upsetting, and even dangerous.

His friend's explanation, that green proceeds yellow proceeds red and so on will seem obvious and to miss the point. The color blind person will probably think this temporal order has been changed, as he identifies the colors by position on the signal. The degree to which he adapts is a function of his willingness to alter the assumptions under his belief system (i.e., top equals red). Even with this willingness, the absence of the experience of color will prevent spontaneous adaptation to change in the future. For a moment, consider the interesting possibility that he somehow obtains the ability to experience color, but has no willingness to alter his model, that he has an investment in "being right" about the way he has viewed reality.

In any case, some statements that are associated with est and Werner that are often regarded as either obvious, nonsense, or sales trickery are "what's so is what's so", "Now is all there is", "You cannot change the present", and "You are responsible for the way all things are". There is an experiential aspect analogous to the experience of green behind these statements that I have been aware of since I took the est Training. Although I have found I can explain the way I use these statements in the way you can explain green, I have been frustrated that the explanation did not create the experience I have. When I say "You are responsible for the way all things are", many hear "You caused it all and are at fault for everything, good or bad or some think that I am saying something mystical about your "soul" or "being" actually causing all things to happen. To me, the experience of the statement can be as clear as the experience of green, without explanation. The closest explanation I can give is that you experience all things through your model of reality and therefore, inherently, the

nature of the universe you perceive is in some part function of you. A problem is that we stay convinced of our awareness of reality as reality which works against adaptation of our models in satisfying and appropriate directions.

The concept that the nature of the universe you live in is at least a function of your model of it is fairly easily arrived at. However an experiential sense that you are in some way author of reality is more difficult to come by. It is my opinion that this sense is one of the results of the est Training. I must note the danger of accepting this notion without having the experiential aspect of it. A kind of pseudo-logic follows that goes "I am author of reality and can step in front of a truck," because "Trucks are only in the mind—and *not* real." Smash! In my observation, the est graduate is in some cases more adept at avoiding trucks and may in fact make the paradoxical statement "Trucks are only in the mind and *very* real!"

What I would like to propose is that the cloudiness or pointlessness of some of Werner's talk to some people may in fact be a function of their particular model of the world, or at least of their model of the nature of communication, in the same way that much of a scientist's lecture may seem so to a lay audience. I do not fault this at all. I think, however, that there is a value in giving much consideration to this possibility. I do know that when Werner talks about various phenomena of consciousness; he has often been accused of "mystery", by myself included, until I was able to observe the phenomena, at which point I could see that the sense of mystery was my own creation and not Werner's, and that in fact he does his best to strip the mystery from what he knows but is unknown to many.

I would like to take a moment to point out a few things to you, Judy. First, you don't need to appeal to

Last of the Kudos

Psychology Today to find out about est and how its graduates feel—there are about 50 at Tech and JPL. I personally know more than 500 est graduates, and it seems that less than 1% find it useless or debilitating. I know personally two psychiatrists and one psychologist who have taken est and it is their personal and professional opinion that the experience is very valuable. I only know one professional person out of many who has a concern that the training might be harmful, and that person hasn't taken the training. Est is not a cult of the walking wounded, in my opinion. If it is, it's the first cult made up of 88% college educated, and 40% with graduate or professional education. I personally would be very curious if I saw very bright and highly educated people interested in what I had perceived as "nebulous mumbings, apparently on the basis of their impressive sound." Further, there was no videotape being made, and about 1/4 of the audience were non-Techers—they were from JPL. I could count less than 15 non Tech/JPL est graduates present at the talk. As far as the question/answer section, I asked Werner to limit it to 15 minutes because he had an engagement directly after the talk, and because he had answered about 45 minutes worth of questions at his noon talk in Winnett. Either way, he certainly didn't avoid answering questions about est. Although his talk was not about the training, exactly 1/2 of the questions were, and he spent 7 of his 15 minutes answering them.

Judy, I don't want you to feel that I am against your reaction to his talk as in fact I am clear that it is perfectly valid and ethical from your viewpoint. What I would ask you to do is give some consideration to its possible source and to the likelihood of other equally valid reactions.

Ken Marton,
Graduate Student,
Behavioral Biology

The California Tech
Letters to the Editor:

In lieu of a review, let me thank publicly all the members of the Caltech Glee Clubs, their officers, directors, the individual cast members, Olaf F., the pianists (both performance and rehearsal), the guys at Beckman, Jerry W., husbands, lovers, wives, mistresses, the IRS and the custodians for the lovely job they did on The Lowland Sea in this year's Spring Concert. With admiration and affection,
luv,

Shirley

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TWYTW - OWI?

To the horror of everyone (except seniors), the administration proceeded to announce an estimated 8% increase in tuition scheduled to take effect in September, to be further compounded by a new financial aid system announced later in the year.

In response to inquiries regarding the continuing emptiness of Millikan Pond, Physical Plant admitted that, under their care, the pond had sustained severe cracks and now had to undergo costly repairs.

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

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

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

Finally, in a second runoff, winning by a margin of about ten votes, Lydick, Kellner, and McCorquodale became editors. But, my droogies, think not that the world

stopped for ASCIT elections, for great and wondrous things happened while the above polling took place.

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

Meanwhile, in the continuing saga of the Senior Oak, Physical Plant added a retaining wall to keep the dirt away from its crown and give it a few more years of life.

Then there was the Decompression Chamber affair, in which a certain disgruntled undergrad decided to destroy an eight millimeter movie projector because she did not approve of the movie being shown with it. Apparently not satisfied with the destruction she wrought, she demanded space in the California Tech in order to further enforce her values on the Caltech community.

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

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

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

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

A blow to all who looked forward to the occasional reasonable Baxter Art Gallery exhibit was struck when it was learned that funding for the gallery had run out,

perhaps never to be replenished. *Sic transit gloria.*

Throughout third term, a conflict developed between the Tech Editors and the IHC, culminating with the IHC withholding the minutes from

publication and the Tech criticizing the excesses of the IHC.

In other ways, too, the term came to a bad end; there is evidence of premed-type cheating in biology labs, stolen assignments in 95, EE13 and 14, and last but not least, a breakdown of the Tech staff.

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

Hold Those Anchovies!

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

Hold The Pickles, Too!

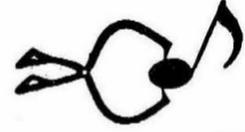
By the time you all get back in the fall, there will be a Burger King on Colorado Blvd., just northeast of campus a ways. Something should be done to thank them for the John Denker Memorial Stab McDonald's Where It Hurts Scholarship. Keep it in mind.

RE-Election!?!?!?

The Ford Campaign is looking for students interested in working on the presidential bid for reelection. Those interested (and willing to overlook the fact that most people won't be voting for Ford other than as a first time, and thus, not as a reelection) can get further information by visiting campaign headquarters at 721 E. Green, or by calling Scott at 796 4384.

Sport of Submission!

Anyone wishing to submit sports team writeups for the Big T contact Mike Schwartz, 10 Dabney, x2171 or 449 8314 as soon as possible.



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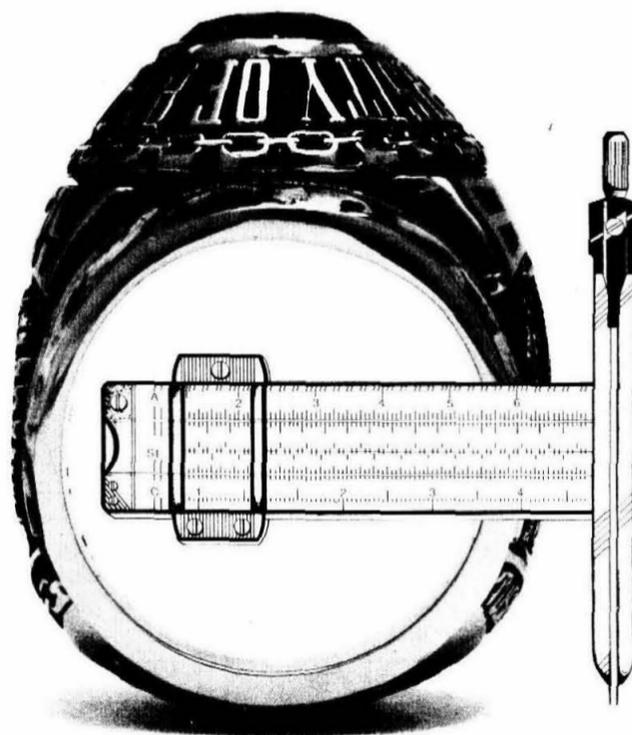
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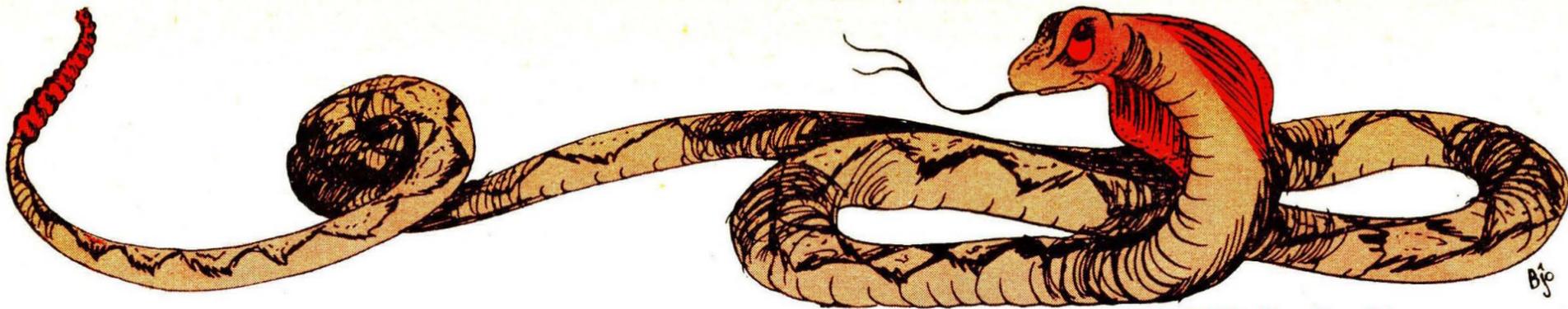
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Volume LXXVII Number 31

Pasadena, California Friday, June 4, 1976

Sixteen Pages

Schoenfeld Concert

A concert featuring a variety of chamber music, including wind instruments and piano in addition to strings, will be given by the Caltech chamber music classes of Alice and Eleonore Schoenfeld Sunday (June 6) at 3 p.m. in Dabney Lounge on campus.

The concert will include three piano trio selections by Ludwig von Beethoven, and is free and open to the public. Caltech's Division of Humanities and Social Sciences is sponsoring the concert.

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

The Beethoven piano trios will feature pianists Helen Hancock, Kathleen Kong and Doug Rabin.

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

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

That Was The Year That Was —————> Or Was It?

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

The Frosh and upperclassmen rarrived at Tech at about the same time the next week, only to discover that the social phones had been ripped out, and that the triumvirate of Mojo, McCorquodale, and Yoshida had seized power in the *Tech* offices pending a special election for *Tech* editors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

As late November approached and the spectre of finals loomed in the rapidly diminishing distance, students became increasingly aware of the new Millikan Library hours: said edifice closed its doors (after ejecting anyone inside) at one o'clock in the

morning, right in the middle of prime snaking time for snakes, trolls, *et cetera*. No action was taken by the students at that time, nor as longer hours become more and more a matter of historical interest is any action very likely.

And lo, as the rainy season failed to come to pass, Interhouse did. As one wandered through the houses, one could be mugged in Fleming (wherein one could also see a satire on rotation), attend a carnival in Ricketts, gamble (as always) in Blacker, visit Ruddock (temporarily disguised as a Mississippi showboat), watch knights do battle (in one instance with a mugger from Fleming gone berserk, a pyrotechnic display in Lloya, dance at the Dabney House Disco, or ride on the Page House White Horse and Rail Road.

Yet more time passed, and the Mudeo was held, still without the rains that forgot Interhouse. The Frosh won, demonstrating their abilities in their natural element.

Interhouse swimming completed the athletics of the term, with Fleming leaving the other houses in its wake.

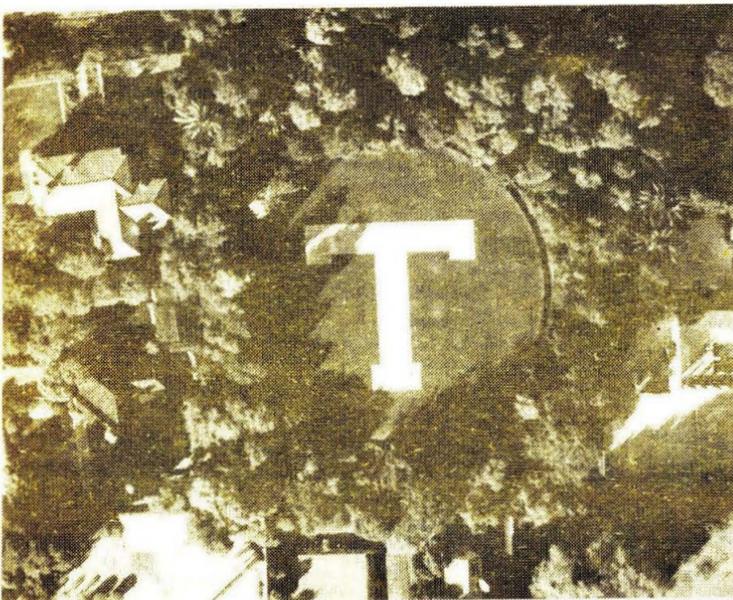
Shortly thereafter, finals

ceased to loom and got down to the business of smashing GPA's, permitting the term to grind to a halt, using assorted frosh and upperclassmen as grist, leaving the Frosh a bit wiser, and everyone possibly a little sadder.

Darbs and random pot-heads returning to Tech in January returned to a state where possession for consumption of marijuana is now but a misdemeanor, rather than a felony at the judge's discretion, as was previously the case, a change which made little or no difference to Techers anyway. At the same time, rumors that the PPD was planning a change in its policies regarding the *de facto* sovereignty of the Caltech campus sent various perpetrators of petty crimes scrambling for confirmation. They discovered that there was no change in PPD policy, and vice returned to Tech.

Slowly, very slowly (it took all of the first five minutes after 6:00 p.m. on registration day), awareness dawned that the WATS line was now operative, giving rise to lines in front of Fleming reminiscent of gas stations during the oil embargo.

[Cont. on 15]



Bye, Love.