WHERE HAS ALL THE IVY GONE?
By Muriel Beadle
Doubleday & Company, Inc. . . . $8.95
Reviewed by Colene Brown

"A university presidency can . . . absorb all one's time and energies, and it is an advantage if both husband and wife are equally committed to it."

Muriel Beadle's comment describes the contents of her book, Where Has All the Ivy Gone? It is an account of the George Beadles' years at the University of Chicago from 1961 to 1968. Before accepting the presidency of the university, the Nobel laureate in physiology and medicine was acting dean of the faculty and chairman of the division of biology at Caltech.

After a stay at Caltech only half as long as the Beadles' at Chicago, I agree that there is an irresistible temptation for a university president's wife to spend all of her waking moments involved, actively or passively, with university situations. I might add that this produces satisfaction at the price of exhaustion. One of my suggestions to any future presidents' wives is that they have an iron constitution.

I wish Muriel Beadle's book had been published before I came to Caltech, or during our first year here, because so many of the things confronting me were the same as those she faced, though in different degree.

The nature of a university is often misunderstood by those on the outside and frequently given too little thought, or taken for granted, by those of us who are a part of it. One of the pleasures inherent in Mrs. Beadle's book is the clarity with which a university's basic makeup, both the good and the troublesome, is described by a woman of frankness, insight, common sense, and humor.

The Beadles entered an environment different from Caltech's in a variety of ways. The University of Chicago is many more things to many more people than is the specialized Caltech. Also, it is an urban institution set down in the middle of the inner city. Like Siamese twins, university and environs shared a common bloodstream infected by shifting neighborhood character, slum conditions, and all the complications of urban renewal and big city politics. Then too, the 1961-68 years were characterized by mounting tensions on campuses all across the country, and Chicago had its full share.

Mrs. Beadle found the environmental problems around them as much a part of her life as the hundreds of receptions for thousands of people that she gave in the old 16-room Victorian mansion the president and his wife called home. She also has much to say that is thought-provoking about the essentials of governing a university, including the composing of differences among various groups within it, and interpreting it to those outside.

Although the Beadles' seven years at Chicago ran from everyday-complicated to downright nerve-wracking, it is obvious on every page that neither of them would have missed the experience for anything. In fact, upon George's retirement they immediately bought and moved into a house in the same neighborhood.

In concluding her chronicle of these Chicago years, Muriel Beadle proposes that everyone having to do with colleges and universities (and she includes the general public) should begin to find the answers to two questions: How can the faculties do a better job of governing the internal affairs of their institution? What is the purpose of colleges and universities? She gives her own answers in a way that will give many readers food for thought for some time.

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
by Joyce Teitz
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc. $6.95

Any woman who runs a happy home for herself, husband, and four little boys under seven, lives in Santa Monica, and works at Caltech as a physicist, deserves a chapter in a book like this.

Devrie Intriligator is the physicist in a compilation of eleven interviews with a variety of young women who have in common a rich emotional life and professional success. The author is a Harvard-
educated lawyer who organized the successful lobby against the SST.

Some may find it ironic that there are still so few women in so-called men’s fields that they warrant a book. Nevertheless, Teitz has chosen individuals who are, for the most part, remarkable people regardless of sex; and Dr. Intriligator comes off as one of the most remarkable. The others are women in broadcasting, law, medicine, science, industry, government, and public service. Joyce Teitz’ style of interviewing, combined with the candor of her subjects, brings forth highly readable material.

Devrie Intriligator, whose husband is a mathematical economist at UCLA, is an experimental physicist who came to Caltech in 1969. She has worked as a research fellow in space physics and astrophysical plasma physics and has been analyzing data from instruments aboard the Pioneer spacecraft orbiting the sun. She is particularly concerned with research on solar wind plasma, and designed the Pioneer 10 instrument measuring it. She is co-investigator of NASA’s Ames Research Center solar wind plasma probe for the Pioneer 10 and 11 missions to Jupiter, and has been housed in the same corridor in Downs laboratory as colleagues Leverett Davis and J. R. Jokapii, who are playing in the same outer space ballpark. She has particularly enjoyed working in proximity with Davis and Jokapii since their research as theoreticians complements hers.

The chapter about Dr. Intriligator describes a woman who is highly satisfied with her life as a scientist, woman, and social human being, and who appreciates her own never-ending flow of energy.

During her student years at MIT, her social success was on a par with her success as a physics student. And although she was subjected to the usual pressures of the “What’s a nice girl etc.” type, she early developed a tin ear for such nonsense. Also, having to work 40 hours a week as well as study, she didn’t have time to brood about it. The necessity to take jobs brought her up to graduation with some good professional experience to her credit, and helped focus her interests.

As her professional life has developed, she hasn’t encountered enough sex discrimination to find it at all bothersome. Sometimes, because of her unusual name, people aren’t quite sure what sex she is until they see her. One time, when she was a student and also working full time for the Air Force in some cosmic ray research with balloons, she went to Texas on an assignment and was met by a group of slack-jawed new colleagues on the project. They had expected an East Indian man, not a young, attractive female.

Unfortunately for the Caltech community, lively Mrs. Intriligator wound up her work at Caltech this summer and has moved over to USC where she is now an assistant professor.

Although she will miss many aspects of her professional life at Caltech, USC is 20 minutes closer to Santa Monica. And with 40 more available minutes per day, there’s no telling what she can do.

—Janet Lansburgh