

## Attrition Rate Spirals

by Al Drehman

"Look to your left, look to your right, one of you three won't be here in four years." Do you remember hearing that when you were at freshman camp? Perhaps at this year's frosh camp the speech will be, "Look to your left, one of you two won't be graduating from here in four years." The attrition rate is on the increase!

An average over the last four graduating classes reveals that less than 64% of the original freshmen graduate and only 57% graduate in four years. That is a rather impressive (or-depressive) statistic, especially if you are a freshman.

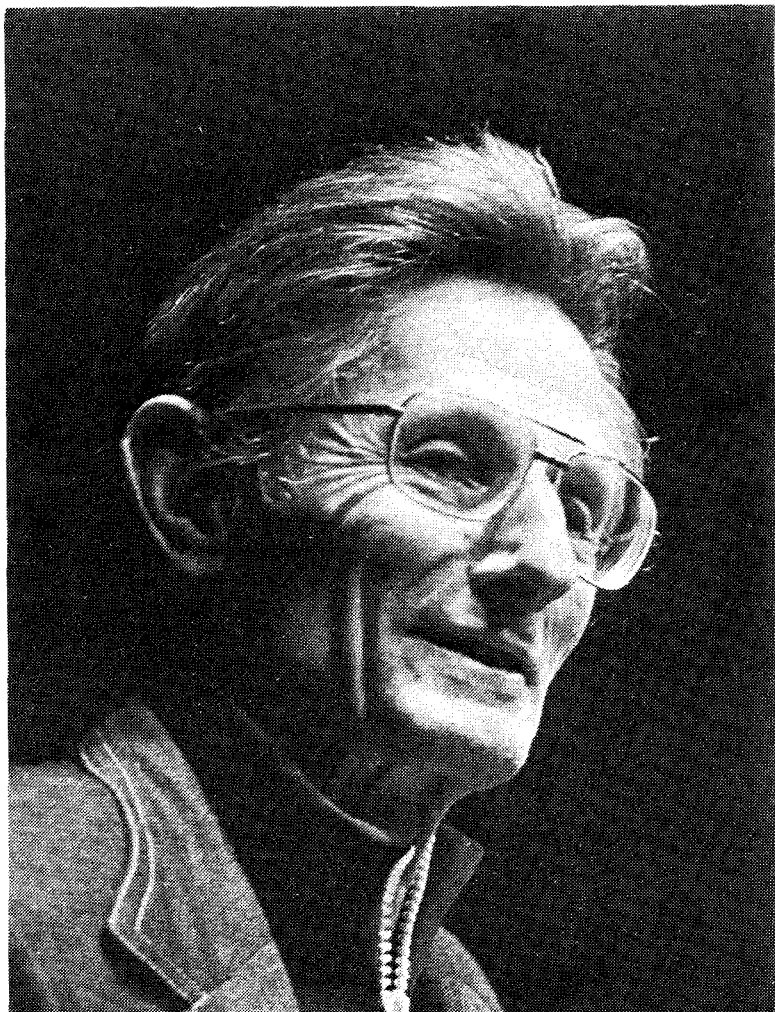
If you are a sophomore or junior you have little to worry about as virtually everyone who is going to leave has already left, right? Wrong! Based on the last eleven years, the number lost between September of the sophomore year and September of the senior year exceeds the number of frosh who do not make it to the beginning of their sophomore year. The following table should give you a better picture. The percent remaining is that of the original freshman class and the figures are based on an eleven year average. In the table, G4 is the percent that graduate in four years.

Class	% remaining
So.	86%
Jr.	72%
Sr.	66%
G4	61%

If those figures didn't impress you, I have a few more which might. First, the average percent graduating (in four years) was around 67% back in the early-to-mid sixties, but now it has dropped to around 57%. Both of these figures are based on averages over periods of four years, and are not the result of one year's random fluctuation. The decline seems to be reasonably constant although there are noticeable deviations in both directions in certain years (but the standard deviation from this declining rate is less than 3%).

Based on my own extrapolations of the data on the present classes, it appears that the percentage graduating (in four years) will drop to or below 55% for the present sophomore and senior classes. The junior class may have as many as 60% graduating. This seems to indicate that the attrition rate is continuing to slowly climb.

If the attrition rate continues to climb at its present rate, the class of '80 should expect only about half of its members to graduate in four years. (The class of '80 will be arriving this September). I wonder how many of them realize that they only have a 50-50 chance of getting through here in four years?



Mr. Sensory Deprivation himself, Dr. John C. Lilly, returned to Caltech this week to discuss language and dolphin-human relations. Photo by Al Kellner

## "All You Need is a Cooperative Porpoise---"

by Greenie

What do you say to a naked dolphin? Or, more important, what does he say to you?

Language, according to John Lilly, '38, (familiar to many Techers through his work on sensory deprivation) has been a major force in the evolutionary selection responsible for sentient life on earth today. A million years ago, when several types of protohumans were struggling for genetic supremacy, some of them developed the ability to speak. Speech gave these ancient humans improved cooperation and the ability to work as a more efficient unit against their enemies and in the search for food. The added survival ability that

this gave them allowed them to kill off the competing protohumans and to become our ancestors.

The critical brain size for the development of speech is about 500 grams—only above this level does the intellectual machinery exist for invention of speech. The ape with the smallest brain (100 grams) has all the basic primate structure—further increases in size increase the number of neurons involved in higher level cognitive processes. According to Lilly, once critical size is reached, the brain is capable of a great many high order processes, including a large number of degrees of freedom in decision-making,

more stored programs, and greater learning and memory capacity.

Dolphins have a brain weight of 950 grams, compared to 700 grams for humans. The ratio of brain weight to body weight is about the same for dolphins and humans. Lilly emphasized, however, that dolphins have had large brains for over fifteen million years, while humans attained this size only in the last couple of million.

Even if they are intelligent, why should we communicate with dolphins? For one thing, it would improve our understanding of the human brain and its capabilities if you were able to compare it to the workings of

Continued on Page Six

# TUITION UP OVER 8%

by C.Y. Achmet

An anticipated tuition increase of 8.1% for academic year 1976-77 has been reported by President Harold Brown. This Himalayan increase raises tuition from \$3375 to \$3650. The increase is the highest of recent years and came as no surprise as the Institute's fund-raising drives continue to wallow in a fiscal Sargasso Sea. The *At The Leading Edge* campaign is lagging a year behind projected goals and even Bob Hope would turn back if he saw the road ahead. Over half the goal for current funds and life income trusts has been raised, but less than a quarter of the goal for buildings and only a third of the endowment goal. If this rate of increase continues, Caltech will enter the 1980's with a tuition exceeding five kilobucks per annum.

The sole objection of the faculty was voiced by Professor Arden Albee, who objected to the new tuition not being evenly divisible by three. Despite the increase, tuition will remain below that of comparable institutions such as MIT (\$4000), Stanford (\$4300) and Yale (\$4500). Proposals that no tuition hike take place while a student is enrolled have been bandied around with no success. The obvious problem is the discrimination inherent in having freshmen pay more than sophomores and sophomores more than juniors, etc. In an effort to protect itself, Caltech would probably be forced to charge an overall higher tuition. It should also be remembered that any savings to one class would be paid for by higher tuition for subsequent classes.

Reach for your checkbooks, trolls, a dollar hungry administration and an apathetic faculty are going to suck some more of that green stuff out of your veins next year.

## Earth Valve Returns

by Carl Lydick

Returning upperclassmen last October were surprised (shades of the infamous "Octagon") to find a piece of "sculpture" sitting due south of the Baxter fish pond. A few weeks later the sculpture disappeared, pedestal and all, leaving a patch of reseeded dirt and a few memories. Then finally, a term later and 3 feet from the original location, the sculpture, nicknamed the "Earthquake Pressure Relief Valve", returned.

The reason for the initial disappearance was that the sculpture, sitting on an asymmetric knoll a few feet away from an asymmetric sidewalk, was 3 feet off center, relative to Baxter. Once the sculpture was removed, a problem appeared: it wasn't entirely clear where the sculpture was to be put, and due to a backlog in the shops, once the site was selected there was a delay in installation of the sculpture. Thus, as late as Wednesday of this week, the installation was still going on.

Now you can rest easy Pasadena: the earthquake pressure will be relieved again.

## News Briefs

### Minimal Responses

Due to less than anticipated response, bicycle registration will be only from 2:00 to 3:00 this Saturday.

### Letterpersons

Letter jackets will be ordered Monday, January 26 at 7:30 p.m. in Page House Library. If you ordered a jacket and have not received it please check with Debbie Wilson, 101 Page—you may have to re-order.

See Page Eight

## ESC \$ Bonanza

by Paul Mason

The Executive Social Committee (ESC) met last Monday, January 19, to appropriate money for social activities among the houses.

The ESC gave Fleming and Page \$350 for another dance in Dabney Hall (total cost \$750); Ricketts House received \$100 for their annual Apache Dance (total cost is \$700); Lloyd House obtained \$75 for a dance with a band this Saturday (total cost is \$325) and the CCF received \$60 for a square dance (total cost is \$120). The ESC also appropriated money for two half kegs on an as yet unspecified Friday night this term.

Tom Snyder, ASCIT Director of Social Activities, is chairman of ESC with the rest of the committee being composed of a representative from each house's social team. Four houses (Fleming, Lloyd, Ricketts, and Ruddock) had representation at Monday's meeting.

The committee was budgeted \$3000 this year (a year consists of third term last year and first and second terms this year) of which \$1500 was spent before Monday's meeting. A large part of this expenditure went to Fleming-Page dances with some also going to the Lloyd House Stripper and miscellaneous small items like Friday night kegs.

Editorial

# U.S. Criminal Justice Sham

"To keep convicted criminals from committing more crimes, we must put him in prison so he cannot harm more law abiding citizens."

Thus President Ford hauled the 19th century concepts of penal systems into his State of the Union address. Money for more federal judges (a laudable act) and prisons is proposed with nary a cent for that much-maligned outpost of the liberal called rehabilitation. Throwing people into the hoosegow does nothing to save society from crime. Russia has provided the best example of a supremely sadistic penal system failing to deter criminals. The slapdash justice of totalitarianism should, by 19th century ideas, deter citizens from acts of even questionable illegality, but it does not. And most certainly the current U.S. system of justice fails. A criminal must be rehabilitated or he must be broken. If you find the selection difficult, remember: Raskolnikov was rehabilitated, Winston Smith was broken.

Rehabilitation of criminals would require a great change in the status quo flea-market justice. Today justice is bought and sold by the rich, who can afford good lawyers and expensive court fights. The plebe is left to the whims of an overworked and disinterested public defender who plea-bargains his clients' freedom away because the system takes vengeance on those who drag through the due process of law. Justice must be equally administered if it is ever expected to be effective. Money buys the public opinion and public opinion stacks the jury. When was the last time you heard about the trial of Wendy Yoshimura, who was arrested along with Patty Hearst? When was the last time John Connally was convicted in Texas?

The judicial system does not dispense justice, it collects and rewards as the croupier of some great, floating craps-game. Justice is not blind. It sees the lovely lettuce of bourgeois bankrolls and loves it like a rabbit. Abuses will continue until money is provided for rehabilitation and for vitally needed competent public defenders. These will be the first steps in a process which must terminate psychological stacking of juries, undue influence of the press, and overloaded dockets.

-Sandy McCorquodale

## Space: 1999 Review Protested

The Editors  
The California Tech  
Gentlemen:

In attempting to laud *Space: 1949* [Ed. note: That version of the name *Space:1999* was coined in an unfavorable review recently printed in a major SF publication.] Eric Carter stumbles over his own feet. 1949 is an attempt to fill the *Star Trek* void that

falls flat on its face. Roddenbury's fantasies were always believable; he never fell back on having his heroes rescued by "a benevolent cosmic consciousness" (Rudds, read "God"), or wished back to life by their doctor.

Bain and Landau are the same team they used to be. She is not

Continued on Page Three

# Walker Lashes Back Tells Editor to Renounce "immoral views"

A Letter to the Editor

Mr. McCorquodale's editorial condoning terrorism is a good example of the thinking that allows terrorism to exist in the world today. Contrary to what McCorquodale says, terrorism will only have a place in the world as long as certain conditions exist, these being passive support of a certain portion of the population, a lack of decisive action on the part of the world's spineless leaders, and active support of terrorism on the part of a few governments.

The passive support of terrorism can be divided into two categories. The first category consists of those people in the local population who support the terrorist by providing a safe place to stay, food, money, and protection from the police. These people usually agree with the terrorist's goals, but not his methods. They generally feel that this is the only avenue left for them to gain their natural rights of life, liberty, and property. They usually are not intelligent enough to see other methods at their disposal besides violence, or else they are insane fanatics blinded by their emotions.

The second category of passive supporters is that of the radical leftist revolutionary, a group of which Mr. McCorquodale is obviously a member. It is easy for these intellectuals to relax in the comfort of their rooms and discourse on terrorism occurring thousands of miles away. Killing and maiming of innocent men, women, and children does not seem nearly as bad when one is far away from it. I wonder how Mr. McCorquodale would feel about terrorism if he had just seen his little sister blown to bits by 20 kg of gelignite and had been left standing there covered with a layer of blood and guts that had once been a member of his own family. If so, I seriously doubt that he would have expressed the opinion that he did.

The second reason that terrorism still survives is that most of the leaders of today lack the backbone to take the action necessary to eliminate terrorism. If the Austrians or Germans would treat the PLO like the LAPD treated the SLA, then terrorism would disappear. If terrorists knew that every time they showed their face in public, it would be blown off, then they

would find a new profession.

I am sure Mr. McCorquodale would not object to a few hostages being killed at first, after all, he considers human life "...as cheap as the dust it comes from." By the way, if Mr. McCorquodale considers human life dirt cheap, and I assume he is being fair and including his own life, then why is he paying \$5000 a year to get his dirt-cheap self educated?

The third reason that terrorism exists is that it is actively supported by certain governments. These governments, such as Russia, Libya, Algeria, etc, support world revolution, except of course in their own countries. They support terrorists in order to spread chaos in the Western world. If one doubts that these governments support terrorists, then why are the terrorist's weapons almost invariably Russian made?

Finally, to comment on a few points that Mr. McCorquodale makes. He says that terrorism will stop when governments focus their attention on the people. Terrorism has always been a minority movement, and since governments, at least those considered free, rule according to what the majority wishes, then the terrorists views will not be implemented. Mr. McCorquodale also says that terrorism is more efficient than diplomacy. It is also true that foreign assassination by the CIA is the most efficient means of carrying out foreign policy. One cannot lose an argument if one kills one's opponent, but does the fact that killing is more efficient make it right? I say to Mr. McCorquodale, renounce your immoral views, for you must remember what God had to say in the 5th commandment: Thou shalt not kill.

Duncan M. "Hank" Walker

Man is separated from the wildebeest by his ability to think and act rationally. The advantage of being thousands of miles from high-terrorism areas is that the methods employed may be rationally discussed without abandoning logic and plunging head-long into an abyss of emotionalism as lemmings to the sea. Killing and maiming of innocent people is unfortunate, but it is an integral part of society as we know it. I assure you that more innocent people

have been mangled by history than guilty ones.

If we all reacted with our raw emotions and treated the PLO like the LAPD treated the SLA, we would have a lot of dead bodies, burnt houses, miscarried justice and millions of home viewers riveted to their television sets. If we blew the face off every terrorist that showed his or her face in public, we would curb terrorism—but only by sinking to their level. Yes, pulverizing physiognomies in public is a terrorist act. By allowing police forces to so take the law into their own hands, we leave justice (imperfect as today is) out in the cold to play with Jack Frost.

If terrorists weapons are almost invariably Russian made, then why wasn't the staccato chatter of AK47s heard in Watts? The U.S. military has produced weapons surplus throughout the world. Very few terrorist or guerrilla organizations receive arms direct from Russia—they buy whatever happens to be available. Right now, a terrorist is cleaning his Browning Automatic Rifle in the jungles of El Salvador.

I still maintain that those nasty little creatures, as I termed them in the editorial, will be with us as long as there are people oppressed.

-S.M.

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Start the Revolution Without Me, Hara Kiri, Assassination

# From Rococo to Bloody Nihilism

By Lewis Hashimoto

Films will be shown on campus this weekend, despite the boycott of Coors beer. *Start the Revolution Without Me* is the ASCIT flick tonight at 7:30 and 9:30 in Baxter Lecture Hall; Saturday night at 7:30 p.m., Cinematech will present *Hara Kiri* and *Assassination* as the bloody Japanese film night in Ramo Auditorium (in order to avoid the embarrassment of the Cinemascope projection flopping, ungirdled, over the sides of the screen onto the naked walls of the Lecture Hall).

*Start the Revolution Without Me* (1970) is a rather amusing recent Warners' release, not deserving analysis. Taking a hoary comic device as a basic premise, producer-director Bud Yorkin threw together a pastiche of word play and droll characterizations to compose a rococo piece of lightweight verbal humor. Donald Sutherland (*M\*A\*S\*H*, *Klute*) and Gene Wilder (*The Producers*, *Young Frankenstein*), both competent actors and funnymen, play the parts of two sets of identical twins, mismatched at birth, who become principals in intrigues leading to the French Revolution. This is a formula comic situation heavily supported with thick farce, thick puns, and anachronism. It could have easily become a basis for a TV sitcom, such is its level of innovation and its depth as a reservoir for wisecracks.

*Hara Kiri* (1962) is the master work of Masaki Kobayashi, one of Japan's most forward social critics in the film industry. On

the surface of it is a *jidai-geki* or historical drama film, a story of bloody revenge and suicide set in the early Tokugawa period of feudalism, but behind the actions and feelings of the period characters lies Kobayashi's intensely anti-authoritarian views and dissatisfaction with the national character of modern Japan. The director has been greatly influenced by his experiences as a rank-and-file soldier in the vast Imperial war machine, and as a prisoner-of-war in World War Two; one might compare Kobayashi's development to that of Kurt Vonnegut.

The evil of unreasoning authority is represented in *Hara Kiri* (originally titled *Seppuku*, which means the same thing, but more discreetly and less popularly in the West) by the feudal power structures of ruling clans in the decentralized society of Tokugawa Japan. A dispossessed samurai learns that the lives of his daughter and son-in-law were snuffed out by order of one such clan in an arbitrary demonstration of strength and contempt. This was a period of new feudal order in which many samurai warriors found themselves without the basis for the exercise of their profession (not unlike aeronautical engineers). The protagonist is enraged and, acting alone, seeks revenge upon the clan, declaring holy war upon the authority of arbitrary brutality which has become the ordering force of his society. His crusade against an entire social system leads to violence and swordplay, and ultimately to defeat by the

forces of technology, as the musketry of the new order find the samurai defenseless. Tatsuya Nakadai, one of Japan's studliest actors of the postwar generation, plays the lone warrior. The film, scripted by Shinobu Hashimoto, won the Special Critics' Award at Cannes.

This was the first historical film Kobayashi directed—other films dealt with the corrupting influence of the American occupation of Japan, the venality of professional sports, the unpunished actions of war criminals, and the poisonous influence of the militaristic social structure on Japan during the War. In *Hara Kiri* Kobayashi indicts the authoritarian structure of Japanese society still extant in the industrial nation, and criticizes the course his country has taken in embracing science and technology at the expense of individualism and human rights. But the message of the film is subtle, and it can be enjoyed as a well-photographed montage of swordsmanship and adventure. It is filmed stylistically in an attempt to capture the starkly simple flavor of traditional Oriental art forms.

*Assassination* (1964), directed by Masahiro Shinoda, is a historical play based on the turbulent period of Japan's politics between the arrival of Commodore Perry's black ships in 1853 and the restoration to power of the emperor Meimi in 1868. This was a time of revolutionary and reactionary strife, as the stagnant feudal structure of the Tokugawa

Shogunate collapsed from the internal pressures associated with contact with the outside world, and the office of emperor rose from that of titular puppet to that of autocratic leader of an oligarchy. It was a period of struggle between progressives who embraced Western science and culture, and xenophobes who despised the power and influence of the hairy barbarians. *Assassination* is the story of the rise and fall of a charismatic figure, Hachiro Kiyokawa, a dissident samurai of the reactionary bloc involved in the assassination of Premier Ii, who had intended to open Japan to Western trade and culture. Kiyokawa, from unclear motivations, changes his support for the old order of the Shogunate to the rising sun of the Emperor, in the belief that the Imperials will repel the foreign invaders. The revolution is a bloody one. *Assassination* is a complex film of intrigue and violence.

Shinoda is supremely nihilistic in his view of history, and emphasizes the hopelessness of his characters' situations, caught as they are in the hands of a violent, unjust, deterministic fate. Nothing Kiyokawa can do will influence the course of history; his cause is betrayed by the Imperials. The camerawork is innovative and bizarre; Shinoda likes to catch the bloodshed of the historical era in freeze-frame and throw it in the viewer's face. The aura of the film is bitter; Shinoda is a political director, and a product of his dissatisfaction with his society.

## 1999 Review Protest

Continued from Page Two

so much the "stolid, unemotional physician", but merely lacks the ability to employ facial expression. He is believable only as a member of the Impossible Mission Force.

The special effects are excellent—not "ranking somewhat below", but better than, those of 2001. The excellent special effects team Kubrick assembled has been outdone by those who performed the visual magic on both 1949 and *Star Trek*, since they (particularly Roddenbury) invented and were armed with a whole array of techniques Kubrick didn't have.

My set will be on also, Mr. Carter, not for the bad acting or trite plots, but for the special effects.

Sincerely,  
Jeffrey L. Copeland  
Lloyd House

*Further Ed. Note: While it is not normally the policy of this publication to defend its reviewers to the death, it seems necessary to point out a minor error on the part of Mr. Copeland. Stanley Kubrick most certainly did have access to the same techniques as Roddenberry, since Kubrick's film was released after the first two seasons of *Star Trek* had been completed, and at the time many people bemoaned the fact that many of the special effects developed for 2001 weren't possible on a limited television budget.*

## Cultivating the Wild Crepe

# First Cabin Eating Throughout

*The Magic Pan Creperie*, Santa Anita Fashion Park, Arcadia

Every country in the world has a pancake of its own and a special way of serving it. The Magic Pan specializes in French crepes and Hungarian palascintas, delicate, paper-thin pancakes made from a batter of fresh eggs, milk, and flour.

Many specialty restaurants are so caught up in their main attraction that the rest of the offerings suffer horribly. The Magic Pan is a delightful counter-example; everything here is absolutely first cabin the whole way. The lounge where one waits in order to be seated is a softly lit, elegantly appointed French sitting room. The polished parquet floor and beamed ceiling produce a comfortable *ambiance* as one watches the crepes being cooked in a carousel on the side of the salon. The batter is poured on the bottom of an inverted pan which travels over a gas flame; the cooked crepes are peeled off by a skilled chef who dips the pan in the batter to start the next crepe. The crepes are gathered every few minutes and whisked off for further preparation to the carved wood and tile-appointed kitchen, com-

plete with gleaming copper utensils and a competent staff. The dining area is warm and friendly but far more elegant than many expensive establishments. Fresh cut flowers and candles add to the Continental atmosphere.

The menu features crepes in all forms. As an entree, don't miss the Crepe St. Jacques: Scallops, shrimp, and fresh sliced mushrooms in an excellent bechamel sauce are stuffed into a delicate crepe. Also of special note is the Chicken Elegante Crepe, stuffed with richly flavored creamed chicken topped with Parmesan cheese. Superb spinach and mushroom crepes are also offered to the discriminating diner. For dessert the Cherries Jubilee is a must, featuring vanilla ice cream wrapped in a crepe with raspberry preserves, covered with hot brandied cherry sauce. Or, for something unique to the Magic Pan, the house special Crepes Beignets, miniature crepes delicately crisped and twisted, served in a basket to be dipped in hot brandied apricot sauce.

The Magic Pan features a dozen other varieties of crepes, each one well worth a trip to enjoy it. Several planned dinners

are also offered; one of the house favorites consists of an excellent fresh salad, followed by a cup of potage St. Germain. The entree is the above-mentioned Crepe St. Jacques, and the whole thing comes to \$4.95, plus the inevitable tax and tip. Techers on a budget understandably balk at the custom of tipping but the service at the Magic Pan is well worth it. Every person one encounters is friendly, cheerful, and truly pleased that you are their guest for dinner. The wine steward is an expert, although he is constrained by three varieties of the House Wine. The house "chablis" is not at all bad but not of the same excellence as the rest of the meal.

While the Magic Pan is expensive by the Techer's standards (a full dinner, with dessert, wine, tax, and tip is around \$8.00), it is a total concept in dining that is a needed break from the ever-present gastro-nomic monotony of the California Institute. They're open until midnight on weekends, so drop in for a late dessert: you'll then return to The Magic Pan early and often.

—Dick Beatty

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## Winter Storms

# Reply to The Third Wing

Well, apparently just a single, two-inch paragraph in Kolenatsuda's article last week about a recent student religious fanatic's conference on foreign missions triggered a 27-inch roadside from Nick Smith. As a target, I am impressed!

I accept my "equal time" with some trepidation because I ally sympathize with Nick's perspective. I feel it is thorough, honest and straightforward. It even could have been a lot more sarcastic than it was. A lot of the same thoughts went through my head when I was a student at IT. Tech taught me to trust scientists. Linus Pauling was the man who impressed my most. But then there was Wallace Sterling (later president of Stanford), Carl Anderson, Twicky, and etc. Now, 25 years later I feel I have given up nothing I learned at Tech, although living with "primitive" descendants of the ancient Maya for ten years did allow me to forget some of the details.

But I did learn a few things after graduation. Getting a Ph.D. in anthropology and linguistics at Cornell introduced me (ironically) to the rather fabulous world-wide scope of Christian missions. (Now you're lucky anthropology is taught on campus.) I also learned that the "noble savage" for all the wonders of his DNA, his linguistic and Kinship structures, etc., cannot simply be praised for "the gut to admit...they enjoyed (slaughter)." (Nick's defense of the nobility of the ancient Irish is not his strongest point.)

Curiously, my embarrassingly prolonged schooling (some are slow learners) at South Pasadena High, Caltech, University of Michigan, Columbia and Cornell, didn't automatically balance out my predominantly Protestant, "scientific" and simply "provincially modern" biases against the mammoth, lengthy Catholic traditions which seemed consistently (according to my bias) to war against the good guys like Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo, etc.

Medieval studies came to my rescue; anthropology levelled out all the peoples of the world. I began to suspect that my European forebearers (not Irish, by the way) were not even one order of magnitude better than those Carib "Indians" Columbus encountered, who bred, castrated and fattened captive Arawak Indians for their dinner table. (They especially liked plump little boys.) I began to wonder just how (and why) Columbus and his roughnecks had become (across the centuries) qualitatively different.

Nick asks, reasonably enough, "Tell me, you budding missionaries, just what facets of Christianity are the ones that civilize a man?" Here I falter. Who am I to analyze in a few words a major movement lasting and expanding across almost 2,000 years? Worse still to define the precise "facets" that are the active ingredients? I wish I could do a "black-box" job—measure the fuel going in, the horsepower

and heat coming out, without going into the nature of the concealed machinery. What do outside observers say?

A Hindu newspaper editor says, "Let's not be so ungrateful. The Christian religion has an emphasis on forgiveness and works of mercy which we lack." He knew that until recently virtually all medical nurses in India were Christians.

A Buddhist statesman in Thailand was asked why an officially Buddhist country would allow Christian missionaries. He replied, "Buddha taught us that we should do no evil to any man. Jesus taught that we should do good to every man."

An Indonesian (Muslim) statesman was being chided for

the half a million slaughtered in the 1965 backlash against an attempted Communist coup. He snapped back, "We are not Christians. We do not forgive."

But of course in Ireland today, it is precisely "Christians" who cannot forgive. Nor in Beirut. Yet must we put the blame for these modern, nominal Christians on Jesus, or on St. Francis, Schweitzer, or Calcutta's Teresa? Does the IRA even claim to be yielding to the ethics of Jesus? Not even a world famous physician can be blamed for patients that do not follow his orders.

But as a modern religion Christianity is not a bad choice. One out of three people in the world claims to be a Christian—98% in Mizoram and 75% in Nagaland. Those states of North East India were only yesterday head-hunting strongholds. Some of the leaders from those areas are studying at Fuller

Seminary right now. Ask them if they are glad the missionary came.

One out of six in the world today claims to be Muslim, a movement magnificent in many ways—a close cousin to the Christian movement. This brings the direct influence of Jesus to half the world's population. Then take the Chinese. Their current "religion" extensively employs Christian ethical standards (on the basis of which they can readily criticize the U.S.)—the equality of all mankind, the virtues of humility and even confession. They don't boast any more about their 800 page book of creative tortures.

Those Chinese who studied at Caltech when I was there learned their science from an educational tradition taken to China by missionaries. Eighty-five percent of all schools in Africa were established (and still mainly run) by Christians. (Even though a

400 page UNESCO summary of education in Africa breathes not a word of this.)

The biggest engineering school in Latin America is a mission-established institution. The oldest major agricultural experimental center in India (all Middle and Eastern Asia for that matter) is mission established.

Too bad, indeed, Christianity does not effectively, magically, permanently "conquer", "pacify", "civilize". (I did not use any of these words.) Too bad those who seek to follow Jesus are not instantly perfect. But would we be better off if no one even tries?

By all means, let us hold up all kinds of mirrors, as Nick has, and constantly measure our goals by our results. Let us try to get all the facts. Let us not whitewash any ugly evil. But do we need to fear or jeer quite so much as those who would seek to do good to every man?

—Ralph D. Winter

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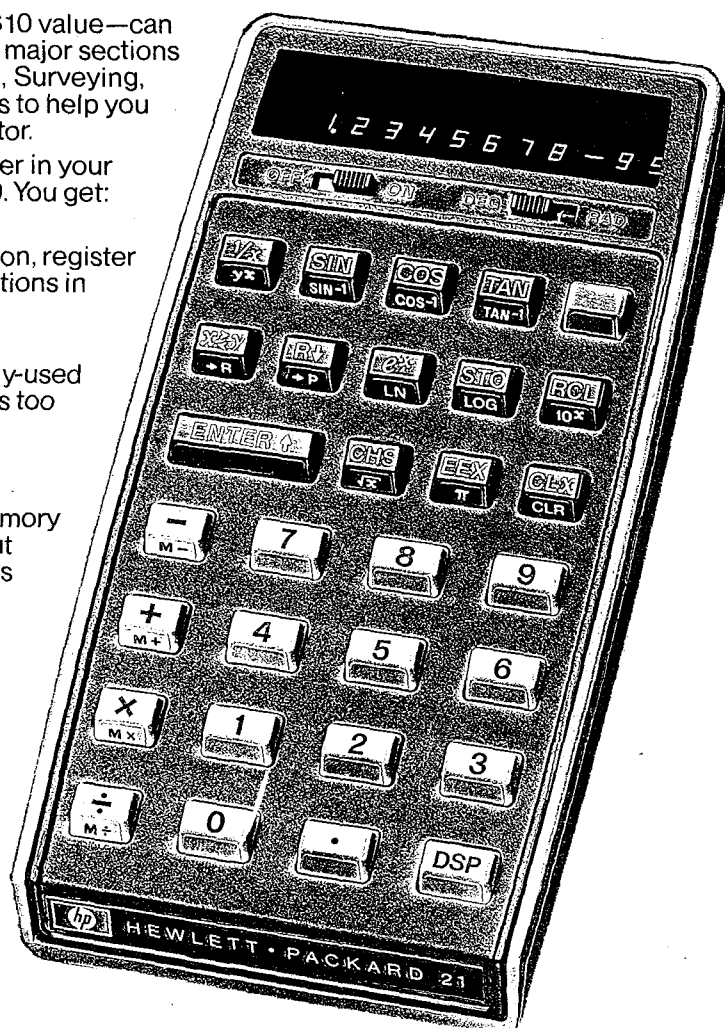
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# CALTECH BOOKSTORE

## Book Review

## PBC Papers Boring

*Voices of the American Revolution* by the People's Bicentennial Commission, Bantam Books, New York, 1975. \$1.95.

Those of you who do not keep abreast of current events may fail to realize that the Bicentennial celebration of our country's founding is coming up. The People's Bicentennial Commission does not think that the citizens of our country are taking the Bicentennial seriously. Hence, the PBC has made an urgent request "to revive the democratic principles and ideals that sparked the American Revolution". The attempt to document the ideals that they believe are necessary for the continuation of our society as a democratic one. The PBC wants us to have true dedication of ourselves to our country and to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and no doubt to Mom, apple pie and The American Way.

The PBC tries to relate this thought throughout the first 94 pages of the book where they offer a brief history of the Revolution. The rest of the book is tedious, consisting of quotes

from the heroes of the American Revolution (102 pages worth) and appendices. The appendices consisted of a copy of the Declaration of Independence, short biographies of the heroes of the American Revolution (Geo. Washington... who is he?), a syllabus and study guide to the American Revolution, and a desperate request by the PBC to buy more of their products in support of the Bicentennial celebration.

There does exist a great need to review the basic ideals that formed the country, but there are many better ways to do that than by buying this book. If your conscience ails you for not supporting the Bicentennial movement, send them the \$1.95 (PBC, Washington, D.C. 20036.) They could better use the money to obtain new authors to write their publications.

Yet if you have nothing at all to do on a Friday night (including homework), are totally ignorant of American History, and have a \$1.95 to blow, buy the book and learn a little.

-J.J. King

## My-Set-is-On

## Dr. Who - Jolly Good Show

Once again, Britain provides the subject for today's review. Dr. Who is the longest running program on the BBC, airing locally Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. on KCET, channel 28. The series is divided into segments of seven episodes each of which constitutes a different story. Week after week, The Doctor (whose name is never mentioned; Dr. Who is a question, not a name), brilliant, eccentric, elegant scientist that he is, combats diabolical adversaries, advances the frontiers of knowledge, and soils at least one of his omnipresent black capes. This half hour science fiction drama stars Jon Pertwee as the white haired alien Time

Lord, possessing a degree in Cosmic Science, and two hearts.

The Doctor is a consultant to the government organization called U.N.I.T., whose purpose is to combat evil and keep the peace in The Homeland. Members of U.N.I.T. include Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart, portrayed by Nicholas Courtney, who is the voice of local executive authority at U.N.I.T., but who always looks up to The Doctor for his great professional wisdom. Jo Grant (Katy Manning) is The Doctor's attractive Girl Friday with a nose for trouble, a penchant for adventure, and a constant desire to be of use, which naturally leads her into

## Peekies

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1/23

YES, MAY I HELP YOU?

meef  
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THIS POOR DEVIL'S BRAIN'S TURNED TO TAPIOCA!

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meef?

IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS..

WILL JEFF MANAGE TO LEAVE THE INSTITUTE SOON, OR WILL HE HAVE TO SETTLE FOR GETTING A DEGREE? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING CONCLUSION!

one pickle after another.

One of my favorite segments thus began with the white-haired gentlemanly Doctor tinkering with his ailing time machine, as he winks out of existence in his laboratories' space-time frame. We perceive him trapped in limbo; an eternal, ethereal abyss. With Time on his side, The Doctor returns to the laboratory in what seemed to him an eternity, but only an instant to the waiting Brigadier and a fellow scientist. Horrified to learn of his brush with forever the Doctor's companions urged him to cease experimentation with his toy. But no, after a few minor adjustments the intrepid Doctor was ready for another go. The massive quantities of power necessary for the machine were arranged with the nuclear reactor station, and once again he was on his way. Momentarily, The Doctor reappeared in his familiar surroundings. Returning to the

main building of a large scientific project to drill to the earth's core, the Doctor met the Brigadier; or so it seemed! This uniformed man had no mustache, as did his Brigadier, and this one had a large scar on his face. What's more this one did not admit to knowing the Doctor at all! To make atrocities worse, the Doctor's scientist-colleague Liz wore a military uniform, rather than her customary white lab coat. This was not his Earth, but an alternate, parallel planet in another dimension. To deteriorate matters even more, The Doctor was under arrest for suspicion of espionage, and the drill site was leaking a suspicious viscous, green material which had a metamorphic effect on biological systems, unbeknownst to any of the project's staff. To compound these problems, The Doctor predicts disaster if the drill punctures the earth's mantle and gets near the core; much to

the downright arrogance and ignorance of the Project leader who insists that everything is just peachy. The Doctor is spirited from the premises and confined for questioning. We, of course, know who is right.

The program is video taped, as are virtually all BBC programs, which makes for an inexpensive versatile medium for special effects, being quite adequate in the case of 'Dr. Who' which is a science fiction-cum-drama. The show has what Americans call the "soap opera look", which is basically the effect of the American transition from film to tape, which was first enacted by the soaps. The British, having had more experience with the videotape medium, use more natural lighting techniques, resulting in a more life-like picture, not the stark unrealistic detail that pervades many of the soaps.

The show has spawned several feature films as well, notably Dr. Who and the Daleks, which has made the TV-movie package route several times around here in the U.S.

The acting on Dr. Who is quite British (as if they could or should prevent that), and for this type of show it means pure entertainment. It is really a delight to watch and I commend KCET and several other stations for procuring this program, as it is not a PBS network show. Yes, Dr. Who has surely earned the honor of a Schedule Bender, Class I.

-Eric Carter

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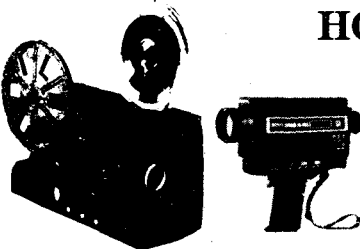
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# Dolphins

**Continued from Page One**

he brain of such an alien species. Since an observer cannot separate himself from the limitations of his own mental processes, our understanding of the universe is certainly colored by our brain structure. We would certainly gain from the inclusion of alien thinking in our world view. Lilly also feels that the rain evolves by improving its model of itself; the fruits of the infusion of alien insights would be incalculable.

Lilly believes that in the face of the many ills threatening the very existence of life on this planet, and our inability to solve the problems of the human race, we need the insights to be obtained from the ethics and philosophy of such an ancient species.

Lilly's dolphins were able to repeat nonsense syllables given to them on a nearly one-to-one basis. The sounds they produced as replies were unintelligible to the human ear, due to the fact that dolphins hear and "speak" in a much wider range of frequencies than human beings. Their verbal repertoire consists of clicks, whistles, and rattles. Their vocal apparatus is clearly not

designed for the production of anything resembling human speech. Methods such as slowing down recordings of dolphin chatter to lower the range produced recognizable syllables; one recording in response to a human "hello" sounded suspiciously like "how are you?" One dolphin seemed able to comprehend the meaning of the interjection "correction!", in that the correction was apparently taken into account in the response. The dolphins appeared to understand the meaning of voice inflections, and the difference between cues and compliments. One recording of an exchange between an instructor and a dolphin sounded painfully like a squabble. One dolphin refused to continue with pronunciation drills with nonsense syllables after thirty trials, but was quite content to resume with a list of real vocabulary words for a further thousand trials, almost as if it had become bored and wanted something more interesting.

Lilly feels that direct human-dolphin speech is impossible, but is optimistic about the use of a complex Morse code made up of recorded dolphin-generated sounds, and the use of computer translation to mediate exchanges.

These experiments were performed a decade ago. Why has



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Photo by G. Laib

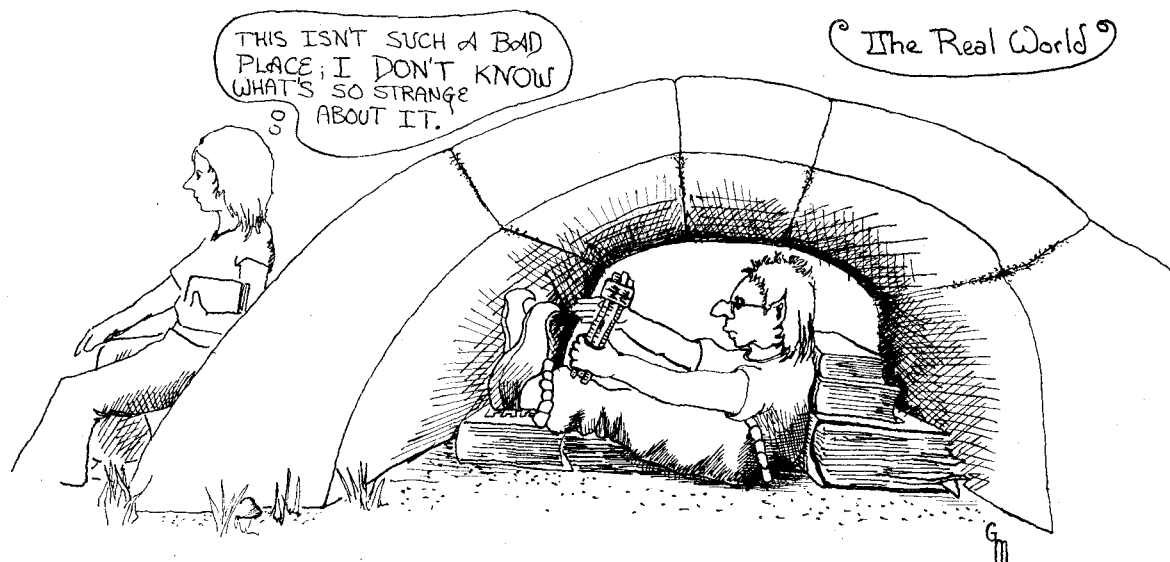
no further attempt been made to communicate? Lilly is of the opinion that some people are uncomfortable with the idea of sharing the earth with another intelligent species, and that other people are unable to consider the dolphins as anything but mere "fish". Lilly condemns this bias, feeling that "limiting beliefs limit further beliefs". Then again, current results are that dolphins are able to understand what humans say, but we are unable to make sense of what they say...

Lilly feels that the time has come to extend our beliefs—to put an end to the slaughter of these intelligent and friendly creatures, to put our prejudices aside and, sentient or not, vocal or speechless, learn what we can from them. After all, some other species may someday do the same to us...

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## Whittemore and Lowe's Piano Bash Bites Off Big

Of the numerous festivities that will take place this year to celebrate our Bicentennial (Where have we heard that word before?) many of them will deal with the music of America. One such concert took place last Saturday in Beckman Auditorium where duo pianists Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe presented a musical survey of America's classical composers. The program was composed of several short works and songs from the "Banjo", by Gottschalk, a composer active during the civil war, to the premiere of a composition by Gould from the movie "F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood", which will be released later this winter. A total of twelve composers were represented.

The program started off with a keyboard version of our national anthem a cute touch, but unexpected; more than one person tried to clap at the conclusion. This was followed by Gottschalk's "Banjo", a light and bouncy rag type piece full of southern melodies. This was quite adequately followed by another rag, Joplin's "Easy Winners". Full of the rhythm and vigor of the other Joplin rags, it gave Whittemore and Lowe a chance to show off their keyboard flourishes. A change in mood came with "The White Peacock" by Charles Griffes. A contemporary of Debussy, it seemed that he borrowed much of his style from him. "The White Peacock" was rich in harmonies and texture, and was quite picturesque. Whittemore and Lowe did a good job of matching their interpretations, but the piece itself got to be monotonous, Griffes often repeating the same phrases. The first part of the concert concluded with Ives' "Variations on America". Ives was extremely unrestricted in his compositions, and once even composed a suite for quarter tone piano. The "Variations" were a perfect

demonstration of Ives. They were wild, raucous, and so ridiculous in places that the audience laughed at times. The "Variations", however had to be taken as a serious work. They were also intriguing. Ives in this work mocked many other composers and styles. His Russian type version of "America" has to be heard to be believed.

Other composers represented in the concert were Morton Gould, Aaron Copland, and Samuel Barber. Three Gould compositions were played, the most interesting of which was the "Blues" from his "Interplay". The "Blues" was cool, crisp, and clear with slow jazzy rhythms, melodies, and energetic chords. Whittemore and Lowe did a bad job here, however. The drive and playfulness needed in this type of work was just not there. Gould's "Party Rag" from the soon to be released movie "F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood" was too cluttered and awkward to be enjoyable. I hope the movie has a good plot. Gould's last work represented was "Guaracha" from his "Latin American Symphonette". It was written in a jazzy Mexican style, but as played it too lacked drive, and seemed clumsy. Aaron Copland was well represented with his "Billy the Kid". This piece, mainly concerning the spirit and life of the pioneers, was very picturesque, and full of drive and determination. Whittemore and Lowe played it with the intensity that seemed to be lacking elsewhere.

The rest of the concert included a brief look at the American Theater, some popular tunes, and concluded with Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever". Encore numbers broke away from American composers with Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" and a keyboard version of Ravel's "Bolero". The "Bolero" was performed in an interesting fashion, with Lowe muting the strings for a percus-

sive effect, and Whittemore playing the melodies. They did an excellent job with the piece, but I thought that the version of Bolero that they played was rather poor. The original "Bolero" has a slow steady drive and gradually builds up to a climax after 17 minutes. The L&W version took only four minutes, and thus spoiled the main effect of Bolero. It also was played with an excessive amount of beat.

Whittemore and Lowe, both graduates of the Eastman School of Music, have been performing together for many years, and have amassed an impressive list of performances and awards. Saturday night, however, they were unimpressive; most of the pieces lacked emotion or power. The program itself was somewhat lacking. There were no truly serious pieces or any that would tax the abilities of any pianists as good as Whittemore and Lowe. Jazz and popular music were severely slighted in the program, and many composers such as McDowell or the greatest American composer of them all, George Gershwin went unmentioned. Most of the compositions tended towards the "easy listening" type. Basically it was a night of musical mush for people scared of the real thing.

The concert, however, was not without merit. Arthur Whittemore used dry humor in his introductions, and gave the audience an excellent background to the compositions. The pianos used were in excellent condition. Their piano tuner, Ed Weissberg, was on hand at intermission to tweak them up. The concert did give an interesting glimpse into some of our country's less well known composers, and a look at some of the less well known works of the more famous composers. It was a good look at some of America's contributions to music, and in this Whittemore and Lowe succeeded.

—Tod R. Lauer

## Liszt Lovely : Wild Master

by David Callaway

Earl Wild strode briskly to the piano and sat down. The applause the audience had offered suddenly stopped as he began to play the first piece from an all Liszt program—the funeral march "Funerailles" (Oct. 1849.) The auditorium at Ambassador College had been chosen to surround Wild and his music; he played in the center of a ring of lights which reflected from his white hair like a fluorescent light. It was a good beginning. Wild's nervousness before the performance vanished as his hand's hit the keys.

Liszt has always been known as a "piano-smasher", a person who delighted in turning out scores of unplayable pieces. When someone has the technique to play them, the effect is stunning. (Virtuosity, however, is more than technique.) The next item on the program was a selection of three of the "Transcendental Etudes", numbers 3, 5, and 9, which were pieces Liszt must have delighted in. The thunder of one matched the soft rain of another; Wild's playing was faultless. Liszt's Second Ballade, in B minor, followed closely. Wild never left the during the performance, preferring to sit facing the piano during the short pause between

pieces.

The beautiful Ballade was followed by a trio of Paganini-Liszt etudes, numbers 2, 5, and 3, in that order. (Numbers 5 and 3 had to share my vote for the best performed work in the program. Neither was flashy, but both were imaginative. They made you think of a bright springtime.) And then came intermission.

Wild soon returned with "Les jeux d'eau a la Villa d'Este", and then three sonnets written by Petrarca and Liszt. The perfectionist in Wild showed through, although little beauty appeared. (Some performances can be called dry without injuring the reputation of the pianist.)

Ending the program were the "Mephisto Polka," and "Mephisto Waltz", played one right after the other, without any discernable pause. (One of Wild's faults or idiosyncracies, depending on your opinion of him.) The first encore was Chopin's Second Scherzo, followed by another Chopin work and some more Liszt. Wild hasn't the rubato to play Chopin, but he plays Liszt as well or better than anyone alive today. The program was excellent, and there was a small sorrow at its end.

## Frankly Boring

What more could a United States history teacher ask for than a Bicentennial Year of Inundation? Gaudily splashed everywhere, from high school dances to t-shirts, the Theme of Our Nation's Birth reigns on high. There was yet another program oriented in such a way at Beckman last Friday. Fredd Wayne has been performing as "Benjamin Franklin, Citizen" for ten years now, but this should be the one where he cleans up, even if the show is not as good as it should be after so many years.

A one-man performance is very demanding, but Wayne appears completely at ease with the character. The warmth, humor, and vanity that Franklin was known for was expertly conveyed to the audience; one walked away feeling they had met Franklin. With all of his artistic and technical expertise, Wayne is unfortunately not a writer. He gleaned his material from Franklin's papers, but too little of the program dealt with interesting subjects, just mundane ones. Small talk serves a purpose: it helps fill in conversational gaps, but no one wants to hear a trivial one-sided chit-chat. Wayne would begin on one subject, for example Franklin's wife, Deborah, then digress intermittently to show us one of the inventions strewn about the stage. Instead of explaining the fascinating points of each, he would just comment briefly, "This is a library chair stepping-stool that I invented and built." Of course Wayne is no Techer, and does not possess vast scientific knowledge, but he is capable of learning how a few things operate.

Although fifty percent was incoherent, the remainder of the show was done nicely. These were the longer pieces dealing with dramatic subjects, such as the Stamp Act. Here Wayne used a recording for the remarks of members of Parliament about the Act. In the other accounts, he changed his voice to indicate who was speaking. Wayne delivered a passionate upbraiding of the American colonists who massacred innocent Indians, an amusing discussion of "Why An Older Woman Makes a Better Mistress Than a Younger One," and related a poignant tale of a Frenchwoman he dearly loved. Another interesting story was of his son, William, who became a British loyalist and treated his father cruelly.

Since about half the performance was good, and half was not, I did not lose anything in the end. I did learn, however, that Franklin did not have a constant stream of witticisms trickling from his mouth, but had his dull moments like everyone else. Maybe that is what Wayne was attempting to convey: good ol' Ben was one of the guys.

\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday, the 24th, 8 p.m. in Beckman: Armchair Adventures Capt. Irving Johnson narrating his film on Cape Horn. Contact the Caltech Ticket Office.

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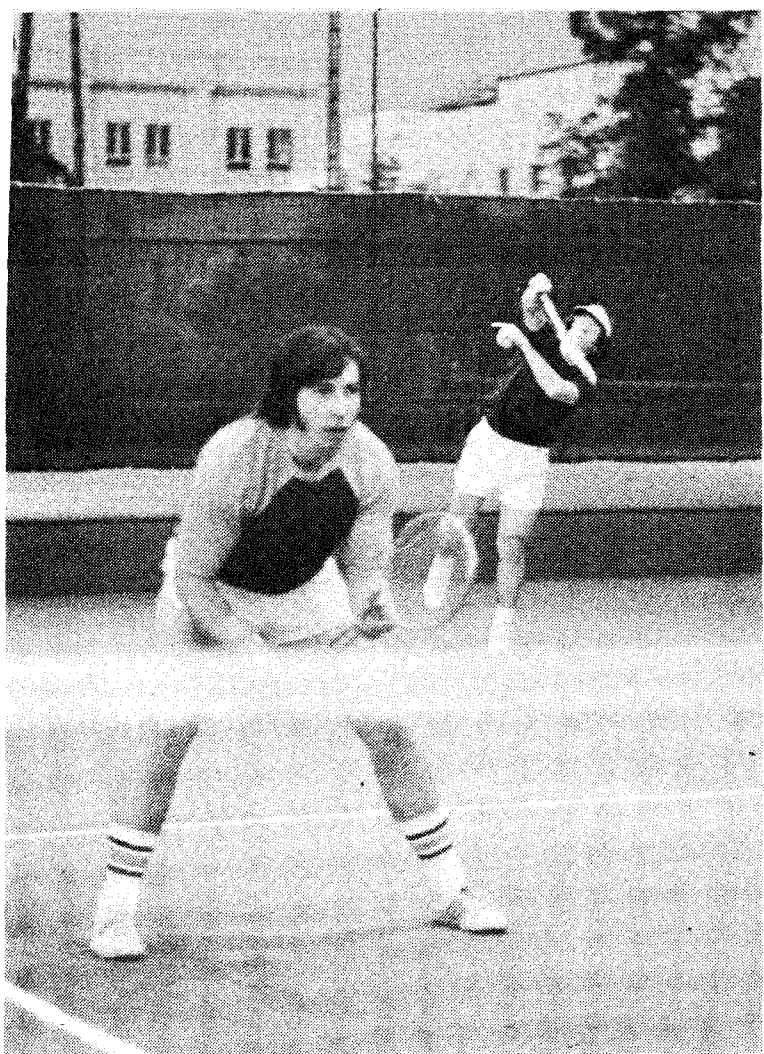
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## Hockey Levels Pavement Princesses

by Bob D.T. Hardy

On Sunday Jan. 18 Caltech beat Oxy, but in another sense Oxy beat Tech. The first sense is explained by the score, 6 to 5 for Tech; and the second sense is explained by Rick Lye's right eyebrow (which is not only a sight for sore eyes but also women and the faint of heart should be kept away) and by Dave Evans' face which received multiple fists in it during a rather one-sided brawl. However, victory arrived and it was found to be very sweet. Before Lye became a temporary cyclops he assisted on two goals while line-mate John Ting scored a hat-trick, not bad for a Newfy. Them U.C. Irvines comes on the ice like a big patrol of Dodge Boys, so the Caltech team knew this was gonna be no easy pickins of a Shakey town hockey game. It was not long into the game before one of them Smokey types from Irvine found a gaping hole between Cliff Brown's goal pads and tickled the twine. The Techers got riled,

started putting down the hammer, and making the big slap-shot. The County Mounties flailed and took a highsticking penalty with 1 minute 33 remaining in the first period. Coach Warden put out the Tech power play.

"Pass that rubber burger up here," yelled Phil Wood to his team-mates. "I got the front door and I'm putting the pedal to the metal."

"That's a big ten-four, good buddy, there's no Smokeys in sight, here's the puck."

Phil took the puck and scored, evening the score with 8 seconds left in the period.

In the remainder of the game, Irvine out-penaltied Tech 36 minutes to 6, and Tech outshot Irvine by a factor of greater than two. Caltech goals came on two more power plays. The second goal by BTU Bob Gardiner was revenged by another Smokey finding another hole in Brown

the Penetrable's pads. Finally, during a power play in the third period, Phil Wood took a sizzling shot that was heading wide of the net, BTU Bob was in the puck's way and another Tech was setting at the side of the Bear net.

Hey BTU Bob, hows about deflecting that flying burger round behind the net so's I can slam it in, good buddy?"

"What's you handle," says BTU Bob? "How do I know you're not a Nightstalker?"

"C'mon BTU, this here's Superfruitfly."

"Sorry good buddy," yells BTU and deflects Wood's shot behind the net where Superfruitfly packs in the goal for another Caltech victory.

The hockey team needs fans, and due to improved ice-time it should now be easy as hell to see the Hockey Beavers in action this Sunday January 25th at 9:30 p.m. in Santa Monica Ice Arena against the league leading UCLA Bruins.

## Where's That Frosh Fisk?

by Joe Esker

Caltech's baseball team had its first practice game Wednesday, coming up on the short end of the score (somewhere around 15-2). However, this doesn't give a true picture of team talent, but does show something about the opponent, Claremont Reserves. In other words, the

cliche "we beat ourselves" does not apply in this case.

Claremont opened the game with a barrage of hits, easily out-offensing Tech, which could muster only n hits and circuit two runners. Strikeouts were very popular with the Claremont pitchers.

Contrary to the belief held by

many that sports at Tech means multitudinous mistakes, the team as a whole played very well for its first outing. The defense was generally good, but the balls just had a habit of finding places to settle down where no one was.

In view of this showing, the chances look good for a successful baseball team in the tradition of the team seven years ago, which tied for first place in the conference.

### Happy New Year?

The CIT Frosh Chinese New Year's Eve Party is on Friday, January 30, 1976, from 8:30 to whenever. All frosh and their guests are invited. Free food and drinks for everyone. Come to dance, eat, and make up for all the New Year's Eve parties that you missed. A CITFC Production.

### Hear! Hear!

An audio bazaar to benefit radio station KPFK is to be held January 23-25 at the Great Western Exhibit Center in the City of Commerce. Techers will probably be most interested in the "white elephant" sale and displays of top-of-the-line equipment from TEAC, Pioneer, Shure, Harman-Kardon, Marantz, and other manufacturers. There will be exhibits, demonstrations, and a sound supermarket stocked by local retailers—Pacific and University Stereo, Federated Electronics, High Fidelity House, Shelley's, and probably others. The sponsors want a \$1 donation for admission. Hours are noon to ten. The exhibit center may be found at the Atlantic Blvd. exit of the Santa Ana Freeway.

### Roll Your Own

This week the Caltech Gamers present a "grow your own" naval miniatures game. A set of formulas for designing a warship has been drawn up for playtesting. For those players who have neither the time nor inclination to design a ship, some already designed ships will be provided. The scenario will be pretty haphazard but hopefully balanced since everyone has the same amount of construction ability. The game will be in Dabney Hall Lounge, Saturday at 1:30 p.m. Dungeons & Dragons and other gaming Friday night in Clubroom 1, Winnett Center, as usual.

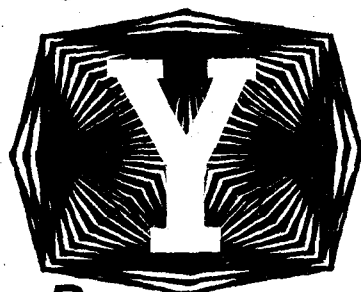
### Through the Looking Glass

There is an all-out production of *Alice's Adventure's in Wonderland* scheduled this Saturday on KTLA channel 5. The costumes, scenery, and plot are claimed to be faithful to the book and its original illustrations. Many elaborate and fanciful special effects were designed to achieve this veracity. The production features Peter Sellers as the March Hare, Sir Robert Helpmann as the Mad Hatter, Michael Crawford as the White Rabbit, Fiona Fullerton as Alice, Sir Ralph Richardson as the Caterpillar, and Dame Flora Robson as the Queen of Hearts. It will be broadcast at 6 p.m. (Pacific Standard Time).

—Carol Freinkel

# TODAY IS ADD DAY

## CALTECH



## Programs

Music, medicine and money are the subjects of this week's attempts to Bring A Little of the Real World to Caltech. First, be made aware of two noon concerts, today at noon and a week from today at the same time, both on the Quad. We're featuring Occurence at Owl Creek, a bluegrass band, today, and Bill Steele (composer of Garbage) on the 30th.

More music: the sign-up sheet was posted today for the Philharmonic Concert next Thursday evening (7:30 to 11pm, transportation provided, \$1.50). William Steinberg will conduct the orchestra, with pianist Rudolf Firkusny, in performing Piston: Toccata for Orchestra, Dvorak: Piano Concerto, and Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica). Call the Y, ext. 2163, for reservations.

Also next Friday Dr. David Papermaster, Yale Professor of

Pathology, will lead a discussion for you premeds at 1:30 in the Y Lounge. Non-cutthroats premeds are also invited, of course.

On the 31st of the month, our very own Registrar, Dr. Bill Schaeffer, will lead a day-hike in the San Gabriel Mountains. Contact the Y for more information and to sign up.

And now, finally, we come to the subject of money...the Caltech Y will be holding its annual Student Fund Drive next week. In the past student contributions have accounted for a quarter of the cost of our program budget—which means every dollar contributed is another dollar for putting on programs. Right now I just want to let you know the fund drive is coming, and that you will probably be contacted by someone you know and asked to give as much as you are willing. Contributions can be cash or more painless, material transfers from your Institute bill. We need your support—and we thank you for it.

—Alan Silverstein

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