Apathy Around GSC Widespread
by Pam Crane

One of the few things more ethereal than an undergraduate or ASCIT is a graduate. The Graduate Student Council (GSC), a body of unified spirit, most certainly cares less about the GSC and has learned only that a few or so other grad in their positions with no desire to assuage with others. The GSC does exist, and does something toward the grad life at Tech... if grads want it, that is.

The GSC is a student-elected council, but the council itself acts its officers. Each option is titled to a representative, with noviewModel for every fifteen students. Contrary to popular belief, students hand parties, and the council is little trouble finding women. The GSC finds a Thank God It's June bash, a winning party for new grad students and several dances. It administers the Graduate Non System, appoints grads to committees, staffs, and appropriations money campus organizations that operate on grants, for example, the new Student Association and ASCIT Musical. The Honor System is handled the Graduate Review Board and the Honor Society, with members feeling the Honor System of the kind secretary there immediately called Hardy Martel, who handled the entire grad view, often tougher on offenders than ours, and want to implement it here.

Another misconception of undergraduates is often: Graduate Students think of us as goofs, comparatively, who spend too much time fooling around. John Bloom, the GSC president, made this comment: "In my opinion, and in many others' also, the undergraduates here are even more smart and work hard, harder, or than the graduates." The Institute has, at times, toyed with abolishing undergrad education. When questioned as to the grad view, Bloom remarked "I feel it is very important that Tech be a school. For one thing, grad students need to learn to teach, so the undergraduates are necessary for us. Anyone who just wants to do research can do so in industry, but Tech's first priority should be education." Administration Passes Gallery
by Gregg Brown

In the continuing story of the Baxter Art Gallery and its imminent move, we decided we needed the opinion of the third floor. It was flat and (hopefully) they would say something inflammatory about the gallery and incite the undergraduates. After unsuccessfully trying to set up an appointment with Harold Whitcomb by phone, during the attempt of which I accused by some of being Peter German and of wishing to invite Harold to visit, he called me into the office of David W. Whitcomb, made this comment: "In my opinion, and in many others' also, the undergraduates here are even more smart and work hard, harder, or than the graduates."

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Just a quicky this week. The campus has been seized by a bout of indecision of late. Harold Brown won’t take a stand on the Baxter Art Gallery, the IHC won’t defend their decision on which food service to recommend and proposals are afoot to reduce the size of the Undergraduate Academic Standards and Honors Committee. Clearly what is needed is something to force decisive action. I (as always) have a suggestion.

It is well documented that Panda bears in China climb up the nearest bamboo tree just prior to an earthquake. By obtaining said heart-type, we will have an action creator. Any committees or individuals plagued with an inability to decide need merely sit in front of the hear (we could put it up on the quad) until it climbed the bamboo tree and began howling. I assure that decisions would be rapidly made.

Sandy McCrocodile

To the editors:

I was really disturbed by N. Esquivel’s letter, “Vazquez: Take 3”, in the Tech last week. But since it had to be printed, I wish to reply to him:

I wish you had kept this letter to yourself. Personal ridicule is vile in these pages. All the things you complained about are trivial, even honorable, compared with the use of them for private pot-shots taken in public. Everything mentioned is entirely irre- relevant to the previous issue; that was settled. But it presented an appropriate opportunity for slander, and you made fairly astute use of it.

If you’re trying to tell him something, I’m sure you’ve had plenty of time to do it in private. If you’re trying to tell us something (he everybody looky here this ain’t anybody that anybody would bother to listen to), well, I hope to God that your attitude doesn’t gain any prevalence in our community forum.

Maybe I’m too sensitive, and that letter didn’t mean much to anybody. But still I would like to point it out, because something like it could really hurt. Besides, this kind of thing can make the Tech look immature. And if we ever meet, Esquivel, please exercise a little more respect than you did for Vazquez, because I suspect that I or anyone else could easily be a pile of equine dung” in your eyes, and I doubt that kind of judgment is very reliable.

Please, everybody—try not to use the Tech for personal cuts.

Jim Swanston

In our quest for new and innovative material to present to our readers, one of the Tech’s staff members came across the following article by Colleen O’Connor, Features Editor of The Bulldog, a publication of the Associated Students of the University of Redlands. You may construe this to be or mean what-so-ever your heart desires.

Opening a book to the assigned reading, she glimpsed someone walking past her study table. Strictly telling herself not to look up for fear of breaking her chain of thought, she peeped over the top of her book to see if the person was worth following.

Gag. What a waste of time. Turn a page. Bowing. She wished that she would either get interested in the book or in the bodies filing by—anything the relieve the deadly boredom. Shifting her eyes for a moment to survey the Common’s and the North Hall parking lot, she idly returned to her book.

Radar alert...somebody was approaching the periphery of her vision. Heads—she’d look up, tails—she wouldn’t waste her time. Heads. Her listless eyes barely appeared over the top of her book, but suddenly bulged with excitement as a deviltry vision flew by. Instant interest.

Time for the Espionage Spy Job.

He alighted in an isolation booth between book stacks.

His jaw dropped but he recovered—out of necessity—he began howling. She slipped a book off the shelf and regained interest in the pages of Charles Darwin, as she idly observed her specimen.

Upon closer scrutiny, the title of strung proved inappropriate yet he was still very much worth her time. Now how to get to his good side?

Suddenly an idea flashed through her channels of her devious mind, and Darwin’s vision jumped a few feet, then glared at her.

Obvious of the glare, she perfected Plan A in her mind. Such a scheme was too wonderful to believe. She quietly moved to his booth and got a quick look at his book. Political science, huh?

“Ahem. Cough, Cough.” He looked up, thinking some poor soul was dying of a coughing fit. “I see you’re studying poli sci,” she said in her lowest, throatiest voice. “This is really quite interesting because I happen to have a few pertinent materials in my room which are quite relevant to your field of study.” Since he didn’t react to the voice trick, a little intellectual conversation might remedy the situation.

Not wanting to be too sly, not wanting to go all the way, she began to walk along the periphery of the library. Heads. She’d look up, tails. She wouldn’t waste her time. Heads. Her object of interest returned to his book.

“Sorry, sir. I was just getting my bearings.”

He nodded, tried to look sophisticated and murmered, “Oh-h-h, did you need to go to the library?”

Poor Vazquez, he snapped back. “I’m a l-- school drop-out,” he yelled at her shoulder as he motored off.

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THE CALTECH BOOKSTORE
Lilly Rambles on Dolphins, First-Rate on Interspecies Ethics

Lilly On Dolphins, by John C. Lilly, MD, Anchor Books, $3.50 (paperback).

Dr. Lilly is well known as the inventor of the sensory deprivation tank and as one of the foremost authorities on dolphin physiology and training. He has been interested in the possibility of communication with dolphins.

The book presents a fascinating look at the world of dolphins, both in captivity and in the wild. It is written in a clear, engaging style that makes complex scientific ideas accessible to a general audience.

Lilly's research on dolphin communication is still ongoing, and his work continues to influence our understanding of these amazing creatures. His book is a must-read for anyone interested in marine biology or animal communication.
The future for most people is characterized by anxious uncertainty coupled with a helpless feeling that one's own destiny is vacatant of individual control. An inner mire of hesitating reality fills the void of time which conceptually speaks out from within our souls and questions whether it is statistically probable that a given event (having not yet occurred) will occur. Most mathematicians, philosophers and insane people would tend to agree that any event has a nonzero statistical probability of occurring, but existentially, one can never prove absolutely that events are real, especially if they take place outside one’s perceptual framework.

Today, May 7
Fred Van Veen and the Dixie Gang tangle your cochlear nuclei today with fine music on the Olive Walk at noon. Something's going to be cooking and it won't be cooking anywhere in Chandler.

Wednesday, May 12
On the other side of life, Bert Lohami Hakigot (House of Ghettos Fighters in Israel) in conjunction with the American sf-film society Camp Inmates and Nazi Victims under the patronage of Mrs. Golda Meir present The 81st Blow and the Israeli sponsored propaganda film depicting the Holocaust. How the nations viewpoint that tries to revive those cruel memories. Projection begins at 7:30 p.m. in the Winniet Center.

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THE CALIFORNIA TECH

Recognize subsitly as a key to the appreciation of Bergman's technique. He poses Ullmann near mirrors and opposite table- tops, where she gazes into herself (hence the title), just as she later enters into the receives of her troublous mind, he tries with consciousness re- dream- state by altering the sounds of life, or clocks ticking. Bergman's clock motif is omnipresent—a "grandfather clock" seems to run late, needing repair; this infuri- uates the woman's amercant g randfather (Bjorn Gunnarstrad), soon to die of a stroke, who feels the need to make the clock run on time.

Bergman and Antonioni are the foremost experimenters with the use of thematic colors in the cinema. In Face to Face, Bergman casts the world of reality in dim shades of brown and green, pratal earth colors; red is the color of the inside of a woman's mind. Ullmann's hallucinations are displayed by her costumery as a fairy tale prin- cess, garbed in scarlet and gold finery, trapped in a story she cannot bear to see. One of her final hallucinations is the shrieked exercin of her darker, guilt-ridden self, by Ullmann 1 burning Ullmann 2 to death in a coffin—the color of the fiery death and the beauty of the princess in red make a memorable fantasy image.

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ROCK

Continued from Page Eight

hot dog. Bill Bradsted added an extra set of drums that sounded like they belonged there all the time. Steve Hackett was excellent on lead guitar, but rarely took the spotlight as he remained on a stool to the side of the stage. Rutherford and Banks also did excellent work.

Despite the loss of their main showboat, Genesis still managed to impress the audience. Back-lit slides and movies, color-dotted stage lights, smoke and a brief laser demo were the main effects, though the latter two were a bit less spectacular out of doors than would usually be the case.

Genesis is a band that can be enjoyed at a variety of levels; either as a talented rock and roll group, a purveyor of strange and mysterious music, an exciting show, or through total immersion into the story lines and lyrics that seem so obscure and inexplicable at first. They thus appeal to different people in different ways. Fortunately, there hasn't been none of that appeal with the departure of Gabriel and I, for one, will gladly welcome them back if they return as promised next October.

Kingfish: at various locales.

Despite the excellence of the concerts already mentioned, none could compare with the three gigs I happened to see Kingfish perform last March. All were in night clubs, as opposed to giant concert halls. No fancy lights or special effects were necessary. There were no onstage antics or even announcements of song titles. All there was was music that was so good that it plucked me out of my chair and placed me in a world where I was carefree and happy.

And what kind of music was that? Well, Kingfish has borrowed from many forms of basic American music. This includes Western ballads, quasi-folk, pseudo-blues, Southern rock, the San Francisco sound, and a heavy dose of good old rock and roll. They love that crazy sound.

Grateful Dead songs including "Promised Land," "Saturday Night," and "New New" Minglewood Blues." Kingfish's rendition of the latter is far superior to the Dead since Weir's deepened voice and Kelly's harp add a touch of rustiness that fits the incredible lyrics of this song perfectly.

I was born in the desert Raised in a bon's den My number one occupation Is stealing women from their men.

Let me tell you. These guys can do it. When Huddlett is cooking on lead guitar or Kelly's wailing with his harp, it's a sound for the ears to behold. Wort's voice is much renowned, but Tothart, too, does some excellent singing on songs like "Goodbye, Yer Honot" and "I Hear Ya Knockin'." The music is tight, together and loud.

Of course, there's not much of a show to watch until you notice little things like the way Robby looks so strong out, the way Torbert wiggles his cigarette in his mouth in time to the music, the way Herold and Kelly rub their noses after returning to the stage after a break, or the way Bob Weir rolls his eyes and head while singing and then gazes out over the crowd with that vacant wide-eyed stare and open-mouth grin of his.

Well, friends, that's about all I can say. And while I don't know much, I do know that come the 21st I'll be in the first row at the Starlight Amphitheatre watching Kingfish and...

You know they'll never stop rockin' Goin' round and round. A reelin' and a rockin' They love that crazy sound. You know they'll never stop rockin' Till that moon go down. —Rock

TIME Magazine reports:

"Gallo's Pink Chablis recently triumphed over ten costlier competitors in a blind tasting among a panel of wine-industry executives in Los Angeles."

More than a Rosé.

Pink Chablis of California

More than a Rosé, our Pink Chablis is a captivating combination of the delicate fragrance of a superior rosé and crisp character of a fine Chablis. This wine is one of our most delightful creations. Made and bottled at our Vineyards in Modesto, Calif.
Coming Alive

With in vivo Music

Records are okay, but they are only recordings. More preferable in most cases is to experience music live and in person. There are bands that hide behind their studio techniques and come across poorly live. In general, this shows a lack of musical ability and a lack of ability that a group’s music is rather plastic. A good band, though, can easily duplicate their recorded offerings. The mark of a great band is the ability to sound much better live on stage than via studio recordings.

Another point in favor of live performances is the opportunity to see a show. For some rock bands the theatrics are the main raison d’etre. (Kiss, Queen or the Tubes, for example.) Unfortunately no amount of montane onstage can replace good music and in certain cases overproduction can be a downright nuisance. Judiciously used visuals can be amusing, but much more important to me is the stage presence the performers display. This includes the aura that seems to surround some musicians, the personality that an artist can convey with music, and the ability of the act to personally involve the audience in the performance.

Supertramp: at the Santa Monica Civic. Supertramp toured through LA in the spring of last year after the release of their monumental Crime of the Century LP. Reports were that they brought the house down. This year tour followed the release of their latest popular hit, Crisis. A hit album, like the album, it was good, but a little bit of a letdown. The band worked hard to reproduce the sounds from their albums. Occasionally, a guy would run across stage to play a note or two on a different instrument and then scurry back. Hopefully, the audience would attempt to play along with his music, and the ability of the act to personally involve the audience in the performance was under his thumb all night. Unfortunately, the band just couldn’t seem to reach out short music, and a walrus holding an umbrella. Unfortunately, the band just couldn’t seem to reach out consistently to bring a taste on the audience. The highlights were when Roger Hodgson combined his high-pitched, emotion-packed voice and boyish looks to good effect on a couple of songs and the final spot which was a breath-taking version of “Asylum.” Supertramp managed to show a lot of talent in their performances. They’ll just have to try a bit harder in the future.

Peter Frampton: at the Anaheim Convention Center. Since Peter Frampton’s highly successful live album was released, everybody and his brother seems to be turning out live albums. This includes J. Geils, Poco, Bob Seger, Joe Walsh, Robben Ford and John. Despite his remarkable live album, I had some doubts about seeing Frampton in person. Maybe it was only a very good mix that made his album so good. Also, I had doubts about how well Frampton could handle his guitar or his ego.

After seeing the show, all my doubts were gone. Frampton showed a confidence on stage and with his guitar that I had not thought possible for him to produce. His command of the talkbox was excellent and he wisely used this gimmick sparingly. The fact that he was really as good as the album indicated was a pleasant surprise.

With only two exceptions, the songs were from the live album. First he succumbed to the temptation of playing songs that, while gradually more rock and roll until the finale, “Jumping Jack Flash,” swept the whole place away.

Peter uses his natural charm and exuberance to ignite the crowd. The more people, the better he can control the audience and this packed-house was under his thumb all night. Admittedly he aimed most of his shots at his teenage fans, but with the place hopping like it was, it was easy to get caught up in the excitement. Yes, this was a very fine show, best described as a lot of good clean fun.

Genesis: at the Strathfeldre Theatre.

This concert was to be the big test to see if Genesis could survive without Peter Gabriel. Well, it seems that they will not only survive, but also flourish as well. From the time he began the band made no apologies, choosing instead to come on strong from the top in an attempt to prove their stubbornness. In this they succeeded. Later in the show there was a little tap dance bit that seemed to be a mild jibe at the theatrics and costumes that previous live Genesis had centered around. Still, the guys were careful to avoid songs that would point out Peter’s absence too glaringly and chose, for example, to do “Watcher of the Skies” completely without vocals.

Musically, Genesis was as good as their album. So much so that I didn’t want a job with vocalists and as chief Continued on Page Seven

Face to Face With

Ingmar Bergman

Suicide is a topic close to the minds of a few Techers, but of great concern to the Tech community; psychiatry is a topic close to the hearts of more Techers, especially those enlightened few enrolled in Psy 100 or Psy 101. Women, of course, are of extreme interest to many people. Ingmar Bergman, a consummate artist in the modern international cinema, has released his first major film creation since his recent tax scandal, breakdown, and subsequent self-imposed exile from Sweden. It deals with the three main subjects of suicide, psychology and womankind. Face to Face is a smadly gripping and moving work; it blasts forth from the screen with individually superb acting, brilliant camerawork and composition, gorgeous use of thematic color, and generally subtle and deliberate direction. It is technically supernatural, a state-of-the-art film, just one of a few such excellently performed works by a writer-director who is one of a very few such excellent artisans. It is not the greatest Bergman flick, as the full-page ads allege; it is complex and probably dissatisfying on many levels to many sorts of audiences. But it is work well-performed, and strikes close to the dark fears of the intellectual elite desiring scrutiny for the welfare of our inner selves... The Story?

An apparently successful, happily married Swedish psychiatrist (Liv Ullman) undergoes a period of stress in her home life, her professional life and in her love life. Her husband is chairing a conference in America (a reference to Bergman’s present state of exile in the U.S.) when she plans a trip to Italy (a clue to Bergman’s collaboration with Antonioni?). During an interim moving period, she stays with the grandparents who raised her as a child. Even under such a complexity of personal pressures, she is obviously the consuming interest; the facade of a normal, well-adjusted life. A silent creature, complete empty, she haunts her dreams. Under pressure of guilt and hidden anxiety, she convolves into hysteric in the arms of a friend (Erlan Josephson). Finally the hallucinates a vision of the one-eyed woman (a new Bergman symbol: Death? Insanity?) while awake. Under such a constant emotional stream of guilt and panic, she ingests an overdose of pills and laughs into a nightmare fantasy world of interstellar horrific visions within herself. She relives

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Photo by M. Cimino