

Have you heard about
the next Baxter
Art Gallery show?

The CALIFORNIA Tech

GENERAL
EARTHQUAKE

Volume LXXVII Number 27

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Eight Pages

Apathy Around GSC Widespread

by Pam Crane

Tech Cub Reporter

One of the few things more pathetic than an undergraduate student council is a graduate student council. The Graduate Student Council (GSC) is a student-elected council, but the council itself elects its officers. Each officer is elected to a representative, with one officer for every fifteen students. Contrary to popular belief, graduate students have parties, and they have little trouble finding dates. The GSC funds a "Thank God It's June" bash, a coming party for new graduate students and several dances. It also administers the Graduate Honor System, appoints grads to the Graduate Student Association and ASCIT Musical.

The Honor System is handled by the Graduate Review Board, composed of the Chairman and Secretary of the GSC. Many graduate students feel the Honor System

applies only to academic affairs. Since most come from schools with no honor system, it is not surprising that they consider living under an honor system detrimental to protecting oneself against the outside world. Grads really are more vulnerable; since they barely know each other, a burglar could enter their houses inconspicuously. The members of the GRB are usually from schools that have Honor Systems, often tougher on offenders than ours, and want to implement it here.

Another misconception of undergraduates is often: *Graduate Students think of us as goof-offs, 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 much smarter and work as hard, or harder, than the graduates."

The Institute has, at times, toyed with abolishing undergraduate 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

Gallery Should Not Compete For Institute Funds; Brown Makes No Statement

by Gregg Brown

Tech Staff Writer

In the continuing story of the Baxter Art Gallery and its imminent demise, we decided we needed the opinion of the third floor. It was very fair and (hopefully) they would say something inflammatory that would boost our circulation and incite the populace.

After unsuccessfully trying to set up an appointment with Harold Brown by phone, during the attempt of which I was accused by some secretary of being Peter German and of wishing to invite Harold to dinner (She got quite upset when I insisted that I wasn't and I didn't, though he's welcome any time), I finally got the nerve to just walk into The President's Office.

The kind secretary there immediately called Hardy Martel, who is in Steele, and he told her he'd be right over to see me. I would like to have heard what he said to her that made her giggle (somewhat embarrassedly) when she told him I was here to see him. I imagined that reply to be anything from "Bloody little sance!" to "Curses, the Feds!"

When Martel arrived, he ushered me into the office of David W. Morrisroe, Vice President—Financial Affairs, Treasurer, and we began our conversation in earnest. As one might expect from the people I was talking to, the guiding theme of the conversation was a financial one. I was pointed out once again that the gallery has been to date self-supporting and Martel pointed out that self-supporting was defined as being supported by donors who would not otherwise give to the Sciences, i.e. the Gallery should not compete for money that might otherwise go toward more conventional Caltech projects.

Then, without me asking, Morrisroe made the statement that there was no evidence that the administration was against the gallery. He pointed out that the administration had done the accounting for the gallery and had provided the space and had kept that space warmed, cooled, lit, and maintained. It is not clear that they could have provided utilities to the gallery without shutting down the rest of

CEPEC Chairman and Dr. Whitcomb Confront Press.



Photo by Al Kellner

Boat Boys Bag First in Norris Cup

by Marc Cimolino

Stringer Staff

On Sunday April 25th the Caltech Sailing Team of Paul Gazis, Martin Teintze, Marc Cimolino, Marc Berger, Marc Wold and Jim Walseth hauled in first place at the fifth annual Norris Cup Competition. Team Captain Paul Gazis made a big splash after the team had offi-

cially beaten UCLA, USC, CSUN and CSULB for the first time this year.

An overall seventh place finish in the PCIYRA FJ (whatever the devil that is) competition proved just good enough to qualify the team for the West Coast National Eliminations being held this weekend at Lake Cachuma in Santa Barbara.

Whitcomb Earthquake Prediction Defused by CEPEC

by Joe Esker

Tech Staff Writer

The California Earthquake Prediction and Evaluation Council met last Friday to consider the paper recently put forth by Dr. James Whitcomb, a Caltech Geophysicist. In the paper, Dr. Whitcomb offers revised data and fits this data to a theory first formulated by Russian geologists over ten years ago. Publications normally are not given special treatment, but this one is different. In a highly publicized statement two weeks ago, Dr. Whitcomb announced that the data collected predicted a major earthquake in the Los Angeles area within a year.

This created a large amount of public furor, to the point that talk of a law suit against Dr. Whitcomb was in the air. The possibility of success of such a suit was discarded by the council. However, the council wouldn't go so far as to back Dr. Whitcomb. The official statement by the CEPEC said that the evidence was not sufficient to support such a prediction. One member totally discounted the content of the paper.

The only positive result for Dr. Whitcomb was the issue of a warning that all residents should prepare for a major quake, and know what to do in that event (e.g. turn off the gas line).

Other than that, the Council announced that there would be further intensive study of the hypothesis presented by Dr. Whitcomb.

Baxter, but the thought was there. Then they made the amazing statement that Caltech was a big operation and the art gallery was only a seventeen thousand dollar affair. What they had intended to imply was that the issue had not been foremost in their minds. To me implied that they could just slip funding for the gallery in somewhere and nobody would notice. This was of course impossible, they insisted. If you started sloshing 17 thousand dollars around all hell would break loose.

Next came the eternal question: Would the students be willing to support the gallery through an increase in tuition? Would we accept a cut in other subsidies; Food Service, for example, another self-supporting operation at Tech? (Martel asked this with a grin.)

"This is a University," I said. "It should transcend mere matters of the belly!" This was easy for me to say because I'd already eaten that day.

It would be nice to say that the administration is keeping a financial stranglehold on the gallery because it hates art, but I really can't. Both Martel and Morrisroe insisted they liked art as long as it didn't cost anything, although Morrisroe said he was willing to pay his \$1.75 to see the Norton Simon collection (He may feel compensated by the free print one can get from the Museum bookstore if you show your entrance receipt). I noticed, however, that neither Martel's or Morrisroe's offices were resplendent with art. The only pictures that appeared were scenes of the Caltech campus. They seemed unusually prepared to answer my questions. Morrisroe had a copy of the gallery's financial status for the past three years with him. This, however, may be indicative of the overall efficiency with which they handle matters, or perhaps a desire to avoid controversy.

Martel told me that Brown was unwilling to make a statement for or against the gallery. By the way, the wooden panels in the Millikan elevators have, at no inconsiderable cost, recently been replaced...

Parry! Riposte!

The Editorial Page



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 bear-type, we will have an action creator. Any committees or individuals plagued with an inability to decide need merely sit in front of the bear (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

Vazquez: 4

To the editors:

I was really disturbed by N. Esquivel's letter, "Vasquez: 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 irrelevant 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 (hey 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 Vasquez, 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 judgement is very reliable.

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

Jim Swenson

THE ASCIT FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIE

SILENT RUNNING

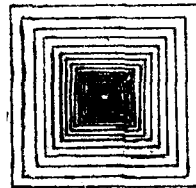
7:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m.
in Baxter Lecture Hall

Admission: 50¢—ASCIT members and
their guests; \$1.00—anyone else

NEXT WEEK

SLEUTH

playa brava Vice Versa



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. Boring. She wished that she would either get interested in the book or in the bodies filing by—anything to relieve the deadly boredom. Shifting her eyes for a moment to survey the Commons and the North Hall parking lot, she idly returned to her book.

Radar alert... someone 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 heavenly vision flew by. Instant interest. Time for the Espionage Spy Job.

He alighted in an isolation booth between book stacks

370.58 and 380.75. Quite the coincidence, for she just realized that she desperately needed a book from one of those same stacks.

Sauntering into the area, she slipped a book off the shelf and feigned interest in the pages of Charles Darwin, as she slyly observed her specimen.

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

Suddenly an idea flashed through the channels of her devious mind, and Darwin's revelations hit the floor with a crash. Her object of interest jumped a few feet, then glared at her.

Oblivious 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 poly 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, he might not get the idea, she offered him a chance to visit her. "So just call me when you need them. Here's my name and number." She slipped him the vital statistics. "Bye bye for now," she whispered as she wriggled her fingers at him a-wigglin' and a-jigglin' off.

He tossed the paper into a nearby booth and groaned, "F now? It's like never, baby!" He quickly added her to his mental list of pests to avoid.

Just great. Now his chain of concentration was ruined. He absolutely never got anything done in the library—or anywhere else for that matter. He could anyone study with endless distractions?

Just last week there was one unforgettable girl who had bounced up to him at a party with a large glass of refreshment in her hand. With a lecherous leer, she coyly raised her shoulder, tried to look sophisticated and murmured, "Oh-h-h, did we used to go to different high schools together?"

His jaw dropped but he soon recovered—out of necessity—she began to cuddle up to him. "Sorry, wrong guy. I'm a high school drop-out," he yelled at his shoulder as he motored off there.

Life's tough.

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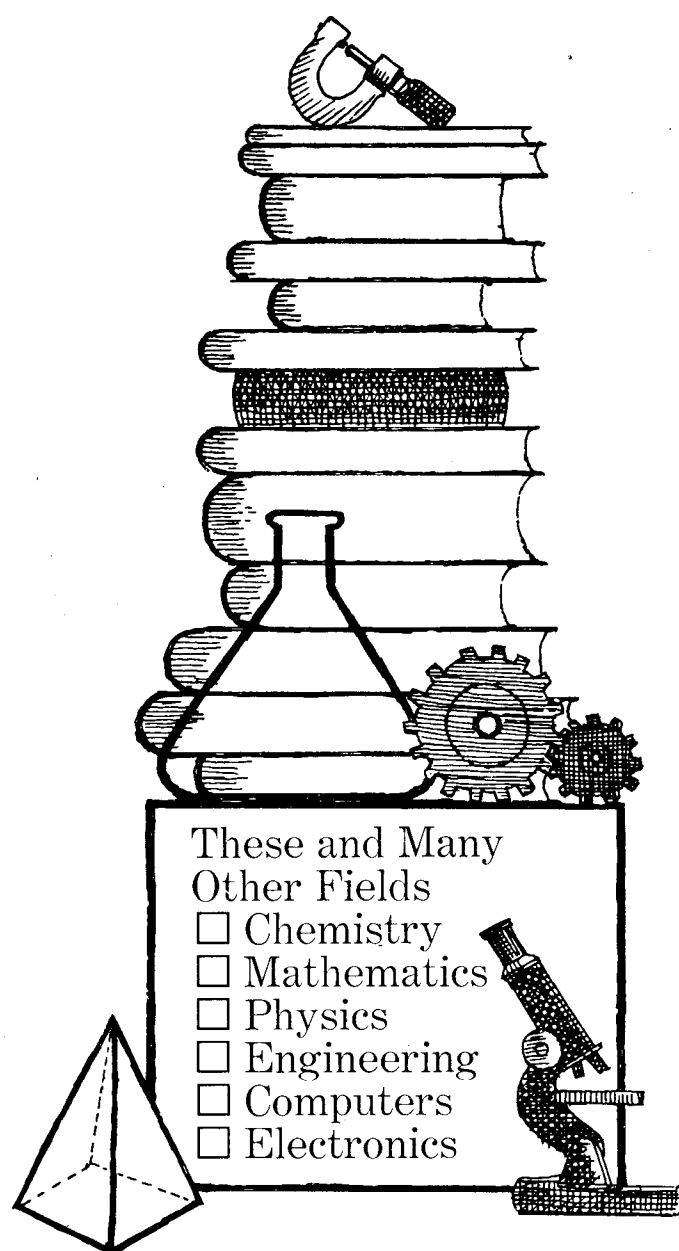
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Book Review

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 an explorer of inner space, and he has long been interested in the possibility of contact with alien intelligences. There are several species on Earth, besides humans, whose brains might exceed the language threshold. Elephants are poor at vocalization; likewise the elusive Sasquatch. The mass of sperm whales renders them difficult to approach. According to Lilly, the bottle-nose dolphin, whose brain is slightly larger than human size, offers the best chance for meaningful interspecies communication.

This book gives a comprehensive account of the current state of dolphin research. Most of it consists of a reprint from two earlier works, *Man and Dolphin* and *The Mind of the Dolphin*. A new introduction and several appendices have been added, of which the most interesting is an account of dolphin physiology and anatomy. The writing is verbose but in a clear style; technical concepts are usually well explained.

Bottle-nose dolphins are social predators, engaging in many

forms of purposeful cooperation. They vocalize freely among themselves, holding long "conversations" and seldom interrupting each other. Humans who have listened to slowed-down tapes of these exchanges report a versatile, non-repetitious complexity of sound. Their subjective impression is of a language-like rhythm. The dolphins' vocalization apparatus, which is used for both communications and sonar, is extremely complex, with many tiny, delicate muscles and a correspondingly large brain area devoted to its control. This sensory cortex handles 40 million bits per second of auditory data and 5 million bits per second of visual data, giving them a rough parity with humans who hear only 2 million bits per second but can see 100 million bits per second. Dolphins enjoy physical contact with friendly humans and are capable of sophisticated forms of play. When humans talk to them they reply as babies do, mimicking humanoid sounds as best they can. Unfortunately the human frequency response has only a small overlap with the frequency range of the dolphin; very few syllables are mutually recognizable. This barrier has so far frustrated all attempts to teach dolphins English.

Research was terminated in 1968. The fact that the dolphins were in captivity had forced the experiments along classic behavioristic lines, where "the scientist is God and his hypothesis is the Bible." Such a system causes serious ethical problems and obscures the validity of the results. Presently money is being raised for a new research station at which dolphins from the sea would be free to swim in and out. A real-time frequency converter has been developed to transform dolphin-range sounds into the human range, and it is hoped that dolphins visiting the station will enter into language lessons.

In my opinion Dr. Lilly is excessively fond of philosophical bullshit; all his books tend to be much longer than necessary. However the "hard" research results and the detailed subjective accounts of day-to-day living with dolphins make it well worthwhile to plow through this one. I found the discussions of interspecies ethics, along with attempts to put ethical propositions to experimental test, to be particularly interesting and significant.

Douglas Petrie

Book Review

Mandel's Play Salty Yet Delicate

The Patriots of Nantucket, A Romantic Comedy of the American Revolution by Oscar Mandel, a Spectrum Productions Book, 1975.

The United States was not always king of the jungle. In 1776 it was a mouse scrambling out from beneath the elephant's foot of Great Britain. This is a common theme in Bicentennial literature. What most such stories neglect is that the mouse had fleas.

A serious issue in colonial times, as it is today, was whether the United States was to be the land of the idealist or the land of the quick-fingered con man and unscrupulous entrepreneur. This was, and is, a serious problem.

Oscar Mandel examines this problem in a distinctly humorous light. His rogues metaphorically pick each others' pockets as they spout idealistic slogans; and while his heroes are treated more gently, one wonders of their somber righteousness is more than a straight-man's role.

The play takes place on the island of Nantucket, which is occupied by the British. Madame Aimee de Tourville and her daughter Madeleine have arrived with a secret mission. Proclaiming their revolutionary sym-

pathies, they attempt to investigate Colonel Elias Starbuck and his nephew Nicholas, well-respected members of the community and suspected revolutionaries. Assisting them are Judge Weamish, a dainty man with little thought for anything but his social position, and the salty Captain Cuff, a gruff Yorkshireman with a head as thick as his accent. Unfortunately, it transpires that Madame de Tourville is a fake, a sharp cookie who plays the cards to her own advantage. "Chin up, curls in place, tidy drawers, and an eye that can pick out a flea in the fur of a dog at fifty paces: that's how a woman makes her way in the world." Nicholas Starbuck has an eye for an opportunity as well. The elder Starbuck is a dedicated revolutionary; the attractive but innocent Madeleine is an idealist. The plot is marked by ploy and counter-ploy; sides are changed with dazzling rapidity. Of course, Romance (and more) has its place, and while the French ladies and the Yankess pair off, the results are more than a little Freudian and not at all obvious.

But the treacherous ones get their comeuppance in a rather

Continued on Page Five

Birth of a Nation Still Significant

The power of positive propaganda was unleashed on an audience in Beckman Auditorium on Wednesday as the Silent Film Series offering of the Office of Public Events as D.W. Griffith's spectacular *The Birth of a Nation*. This epic racial melodrama, a twisted representation of history, rivals Leni Riefenstahl's *The Triumph of the Will* (a glorious Nazi tract) in its gripping power to alter the viewer's perception of reality towards the film-maker's personal political leanings. Those attending had the uncanny experience of applauding wildly for the Ku Klux Klan as its hordes of bedsheet warriors descended upon unsuspecting blacks, all on the fabulous celluloid of fifty-year-old images.

David Wark Griffith was the son of a Kentucky colonel and hack politician. Young D.W.'s impressions of the realities of Southern Reconstruction were built of the tales of the glorious Confederacy, the horrors of carpetbaggers and scalawags, and the nefarious doings of Radical Republicans. It was a matter of course that the adult director became an extension of the child. Griffith took advantage of a play by Thomas Dixon, a Deep Southern clergyman, about the heroic struggle of a returned Confederate officer against the injustices perpetrated upon the Aryan South by the evil darkies and hypocritical Northern whites. It being 1914, during an age of unenlightenment, Griffith succeeded in financing and execut-

ing a gargantuan production of a Civil War Reconstruction history, from the point of view of unreconstructed, resentful whites.

As technical achievement, *The Birth of a Nation* is superb, a landmark in the history of the cinema. It demonstrated the enormous power of the film medium to convince audiences that a myth born of the director's mind could be acceptable as historical truth. Filmed in Griffith's studios on Sunset Boulevard and on location in Calceico (the cotton fields of South Carolina) and at Big Bear Mountain (the pine tree forests of the South), the film is a sweeping assemblage of a twenty-year story. The melodrama incorporates elements of spectacle, romance, suspense, comedy and all the other constituents of glorious historical sagas. The hero is dapper and dashing, a war hero, a young Klansman (Henry Walthall), the heroine is pure, chaste, proud, beautiful, and white (Lillian Gish). The villain is a mulatto.

Griffith's racial beliefs became intimately twined with the composition of his film. Repeated imagery is the sweeping of pure whiteness into the accursed realms of dark, whether it be the cavalry charge of the mighty assembled Klan into the bastion of carpetbaggers and black militancy, or the lily-white gown of Miss Gish surrounded by mulattoes and black soldiers. Another repeated motif is the sexual aggressiveness of blacks in their attempted rapes or seduc-

tions of white women, and the total sense of honor on the part of those women to resist such impure defilement to the death. Blacks, in Griffith's private universe, eat watermelon, dance, stoop and scrape, and lech enormously. Oh, but there are good blacks and bad blacks; the stereotypical loyal black retainers of the once-proud white aristocracy are there. *The Birth of a Nation* seems to be the source of all the cliches and racial stereotypes which have plagued blacks in the cinema for half a century.

Still, it is an enormously engrossing work of clever montage and spectacle. Griffith was

one of the originators of the art of editing, an innovator in the huge-scale production of film. The use of tinted and toned film was effective. The print, of course, is much cut from Griffith's original, which contained much more racially offensive material. Griffith's sense of story-telling can still reach into the modern audiences to grab attention and to immerse the viewer into his tale of injustices, despite the cinematic devices hackneyed by decades of use and imitation, despite the obvious prejudice and false representation of history. Then again, history is not something real, tangible and

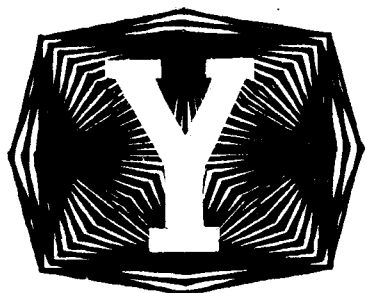
immutable which can be reproduced on a film without having a sense of the perspective of the camera's eye. Griffith just happened to be a son of the Reconstruction, and a white, hence his views distorted this history into a bizarre microcosm of purest whites and darkest blacks. If he had been a black, or a communist, or any other human reservoir of viewpoint and prejudices, his skill at making gripping melodramas would still shine through the twisted allegory of racial or political propaganda.

—Lewis Hashimoto
Tech Movie Editor



Nantucket Patriots

CALTECH



Programs

Continued from Page Four

surprising way, and the pure are rewarded. Even squeamish Judge Weamish is not forgotten, and the reader closes the book satisfied that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world.

The inhabitants of Mandel's Nantucket are lusty (in more ways than one) and outspoken; the language is saltily explicit and the goings-on delicately risqué. The atmosphere is jaunty, and the story is fast-paced. *The Patriots of Nantucket* is a modern drawing-room (ever see one?) comedy, which depends upon humor and spirit for its impact, and proceeds by means of the sharp mind and the ready wit. It is a delicate product of a refined mind, striking a delightful balance between the buffoon and the conman. It will take a carefully chosen cast to present this play in the mode in which it was written; anything less than the best will detract from its bloom.

—Greenie
Tech Staff Writer

The future for most people is characterized by anxious uncertainty coupled with a helpless feeling that one's own destiny is vacant of individual control. An inner maze of hesitant 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 *what is real*, especially if they take place outside one's perceptual framework.

Today, May 7

Fred Van Veen and the Dixie Gang tingle your cochlear nuclei today with fine music on the Olive Walk at noon. Something's going to be cookin' and it won't

be cooking anywhere in Chandler.

Wednesday, May 12

On the serious side of life, Beit Lohamei Hagetaot (House of Ghetto Fighters in Israel) in conjunction with the American Federation of Jewish Fighters, Camp Inmates and Nazi Victims under the patronage of Mrs. Golda Meir present *The 81st Blow*. It has been only a little more than three decades since the terrible horrors of man's inhumanity to man reached the pinnacle of sadism and sorrow with the destruction of six million human lives, yet we easily forget the unbelievable monstrosities with a sigh. *The 81st Blow* is an Israeli sponsored propaganda film depicting the holocaust from the inmates' viewpoint that tries to revive those cruel memories. Projection begins at 7:30 p.m. in the Winnett Center.

News Briefs

Down At
The Burbank?

The annual Lloyd House Stripper Show will be presented this Saturday, May 8 in the Lloyd House Dining Room. Alice and Delilah will give two shows at 8:30 and 9:30 p.m. All undergraduates and Faculty are invited to attend (free of course). As usual, the bar will be open for business.

Scuba
Refund

A notice to all Scuba club members who rented equipment for the boat dive scheduled for the fifth of this month: Since the dive was unfortunately canceled, anyone who rented equipment will be fully reimbursed from the Club treasury—bring your receipts to Al Nikora (212 Ruddock) for refunds.

More
Scuba

On Friday, April thirtieth, three new Scuba Club officers were elected: they are Phil Engelauf (Ruddock), Craig Broskow (Page), and Al Nikora (Ruddock). If you're a diver and would be interested in joining the club, see any one of these three people. Dues are five dollars a year, and they go for the upkeep of existing equipment and financing dives planned by the club. These dues also give members access to any Caltech-owned equipment.

Friday, May 14

Jane Getz, jazz pianist and singer performs on the Olive Walk turf at noon. A delight to both the auditory and visual modalities.

Miscellany: The sign-up list for the last William Schaeffer led hike on May 22 goes up in the Y office on May 10. His destination is unclear, but it's for sure that he'll lead you not into temptation, but along the paths of righteousness.

—Robert Tajima

Cinematech Screens Evening of Shorts

A cornucopia of filmic expression will appear in Baxter Lecture Hall this weekend; the USCIT flick tonight at 7:30 and 10:30 is *Silent Running*, catering to the more tolerant S-F population here. Cinematech's festival of Firesign Theater funnies screens on Saturday, for the benefit of the Bozos, Beaners, Boogies, and Berserkers among us. *Everything You Know Is Wrong* and *TV or Not TV* are the Firesign features. Also showing are a wad of bizarre (in the sense of Zappa or John Waters being Bizarre) experimental, neo-surrealistic shorts: *Composition in Blue*, *Allures*, *Lapis*, and *The Act of Seeing with One's Own Eyes*. The entire repertoire of Cinematech films will be shown twice, beginning at

7:30 and at 10:00 p.m. For those Techers endowed with both serious tastes and access to a set of wheels, the newest Ingmar Bergman film, *Face to Face*, is appearing now in Beverly Hills on its premiere run, and deserves a review as a major cinematic production of the year. [Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.]

Arboretum Away

Silent Running (1972) was spawned in the depths of decaying Hollywood to exploit its audience's morbid interest in environmental degradation. This brief hop on the "ecology bandwagon" (a gross perversion of a technical term perpetrated by the media and the masses) by commercial film-makers is not an

unpleasing excursion into the domain of fantasy writers.

Synopsis: At some future time, all vegetation on this planet will have perished, presumably because the EPA failed to perform its duty. One can scarcely imagine an Earth devoid of photosynthetic activity, still supporting animal life... it can only have happened in Hollywood. Yet there exist vast spacecraft wherein are contained the flora of an entire planet, preserved within geodesic domes (*a la* Buckminster Fuller?) for the sake of esthetics. But mankind is capricious, and the astronauts who maintain this celestial arboretum are ordered to dump their load and to return homewards. The jaded crew would willingly acquiesce, but there is one fanatical botanist among them who would kill his fellow man to save the environment. Indeed, this is how the plot develops; this intrepid eco-freak runs amok and liberates his precious cargo from an untimely doom. With the aid of three anthropomorphized "drone" robots, named Huey, Dewey, and Louie, the botanist floats through space in an attempt to evade the rest of the fleet, to the accompaniment of Joan Baez ecological folk songs and spectacular special effects (the director, Douglas Trumbull, participated in the production of effect for 2001).

The protagonist, Bruce Dern, hasn't much acting ability, but this film is sincere in its simple-minded devotion to the dreams of the Sixties, to an idealistic vision of man's oneness with nature, to the preservation of a balance and sense of harmony in man's exploitation of his physical world. Such fervor is harder to come by nowadays, when the benefits of environmen-

tal quality often seem to have costs in terms of energy, jobs, and the material comforts of the privileged American bourgeois. The imposition of an absurd science-fictional framework, within which the nut who kills men to save plants is clearly the hero, might be a neat and useful trick to gain the enthusiasm of a mass audience. One would hope that no future environmental engineers or managers take such a film seriously, but the cultural benefits of enthusiastic and concerned environmental action messages are not absent here. And the special effects, I am told by those who might know, are excellent.

Merry Frat of Freaks

Those unfamiliar with the Firesign Theater will be strongly affected if they stroll up to Cinematech tomorrow night: either they will be repelled, or they will laugh their viscera out. The Theater is not theatre, nor is it correlated with fire. It is a comedy group composed of four (or five) crazy guys who concentrate on a rapid, intelligent and countercultural verbal humor which springs from a tradition of American radio comedy. Pasadenans who have been around here longer than most currently enrolled undergrads may remember Radio Free Oz on KRLA, or Firesign Theater broadcasts of KPCC from the grounds of the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. In those days, freaks like the Theater and the Credibility Gap ruled the local airwaves for a few brief shining minutes between Top Forty hits (circa: giants walking the earth).

The four crazy guys are Philip Proctor, David Ossman, and Philip Austin, and Peter Bergman. They have moved from radio to a line of hilarious, freaky record albums, to the production of a

few comedic motion pictures. Two of these films will be shown tomorrow: the first, *Everything You Know is Wrong*, is the movie of the album of the same name, which this reviewer has been too cheap to purchase as yet. The second, *TV or Not TV*, is an exercise in television farce. The four players of the Firesign Theater are children of the age of video, and turn their satiric talents to the immolation of the dubious values of that medium. The Theater appeals to Techers who seem to have a propensity for the "inside joke" and covet the sense of belonging to a merry fraternity of freaks.

Take 4

The surrealistic shorts which Cinematech has been showing with feature films this term have been grotesque and disappointing: the artistic worth of dog excrement, greasy pizza palaces, solarized films and similar topics is dubious, though the entertainment worth of such films is evident. Certainly an audience which would appear in droves to watch the "Singing Asshole" of *Pink Flamingos*, would appreciate the lowbrow fecal humor of *Knocturne*. This week's shorts offer better and worse: *Composition in Blue* is a 1933 abstract "classic." *Allures* and *Lapis* are computer-generated films of abstract patterns, the latter by John Whitney, who is not unknown in technical circles. *The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* is a disgusting silent film which takes a camera into a morgue to observe the dismembering of corpses. One would not wish to bring children to such a show. One would hesitate to attend the last-named short if one is unprepared for the sight of applied biology in action.

Lewis Hashimoto
Tech Movie Editor



Users-by enjoy the sun and flowers at Service League plant sale.

Photo by Gerry Laib

Bergman & Women

Continued from Page Eight

a childhood of insecurity, hatred and trauma with the meek, gentle parents who deserted her by dying, and the strict grandmother who locked her in a dark closet as punishment when she was bad. Towards the future, she realizes in half-conscious moments that her suicide attempt has failed, and that she must cope with a very real fear of permanent brain damage, the shame of facing her family, the sense of failure and unending guilt. Though the end of the film brings a sort of order to this woman's life, the camera reveals her naked fear and hatred at the state of the uncaring world. She has been, for a while, as vulnerable and pain-wracked as one of her hopeless patients.

A Master's Brushstrokes

The intricacies of this story's telling are far more convoluted than this synopsis. Bergman is the sort of creator who throws his energies into finesse and subtlety in transmitting the moving visual impressions of his staged play. Indeed, this is quite a theatrically-oriented film, focusing on the stage actions and thoughts of its protagonist, using the camera as a fantastic extension of the audience's eyes.

Recognize subtlety as a key to the appreciation of Bergman's technique. He poses Ullmann near mirrors and reflecting tabletops, where she gazes into herself (hence the title), just as she later enters into the recesses of her troubled mind. He plays tricks with consciousness vs. 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 infuriates the woman's senescent grandfather (Bjorn Gunnarstrand), 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 color in the cinema. In *Face to Face*, Bergman casts the world of reality in dim shades of brown and green, primal earth colors; red is the color of the inside of a woman's mind. Ullmann's hallucinations are distinguished by her costumery as a fairy tale princess, garbed in scarlet and gold finery, trapped in a story she cannot bear to continue. One of her final hallucinations is the schizoid exorcism 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.

Bergman's cameraman, Sven Nykvist, has executed these and other sequences with his usual technical mastery. Among the most stunning are the attempted rape of the psychiatrist by male patients, photographed in two adjacent rooms without moving the camera; and the scenes of Ullmann undergoing the transition from consciousness to the illusions of a psychotic episode.

No Love Sans Pain

In these ways and many more Bergman may amply be demonstrated to be one of the living masters of his medium. What is needful is an analysis of his meanings. Certainly the universe he persents is a dark and unpleasant place, so ridden with guilt and inevitable trauma that its humans need facades and little green pills in order to survive the hurt of everyday living. No love exists in this world of pain without a companion hatred. Even the ending, in which the mystic power of love as the only means to make life livable is reaffirmed (a Bergman theme since *Through a Glass Darkly*), manifests a world unchanged by love.

For the last decade, Bergman has placed most of the focus of his work on the needs, thoughts,

and feelings of women. In fact, he has directed much of his effort towards the more effective use of Liv Ullmann, an erstwhile lover. Ullmann is a superb actress, and, as this role was written specifically for her abilities, is pretty much perfect in it. In this sense, Bergman has stagnated in his work by repeating the thrust of previous films' meanings. He explores the thoughts and inner feelings of his protagonist as a male writer, though. One rather annoying revelation of this film, is that the psychiatrist, having almost been raped, confesses to having felt initial fear, then a sense of absurdity in the situation, then an overwhelming, irrational desire to be raped, and finally feeling shame and frustration at not physically being able to accept the thrusts of her assailant. This sexist myth is absurd, but Bergman has never particularly been a woman (or a surd, for that matter).

Quackery Today

Overwhelming is Bergman's strong expression that psychology is worthless quackery. His stage psychiatrists admit to each other that they are committing brutality upon the human race by pretending to have the power to make life tolerable in a world lacking a God. They joke about it. They play God with the lives of interned psychotics. They like




to have the lunatic rotate from ward to ward. It is as if Bergman, who denied the possibility of a benevolent God long ago, insists that benevolent men are an affront to irrationality.

In one sense, *Face to Face* is concerned with the contrast between old and new Sweden. His protagonist is tortured by the enforced goodness and purity of the grandparents' generation, and repulsed by the omnipresent homosexuality of her shallow acquaintances and their generation of unfaithful husbands and drunk wives. This is Bergman's generation, an in-between one, complaining about the state of the world gone mad.

Face to Face is thus technically superlative; it is a convoluted piece of art with vivid images and obscure meanings, splaying the dark innards of its creator's mind across the screen. Bergman's brooding picture of a godless and cruel world populated by vulnerable and despairing women is both complex enough to warrant repeated viewings in grasping its deepest thoughts, and blackly depressing enough to consider now viewing. It's the sort of film which leaves the members of any thinking audience mute and introspective as they file out from the theater.

Lewis Hashimoto
Tech Movie Editor

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Bill Carrol (right) and Jim Black prepare steaks for the Soccer Awards Banquet.
Photo by Dave Wheeler

ROCK

Continued from Page Eight
hot dog. Bill Bruford 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-lighted slides and movies, coördinated color 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 mystifying 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, they have lost 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 this? 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 *a la* Chuck Berry. Besides their own songs, the Fish borrow a number of titles. Most notable are some of the more racous 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 nastiness that fits the incredible lyrics of this song perfectly:

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

Let me tell you. These guys can do it. When Hoddinott is cooking on lead guitar or Kelly's wailing with his harp, it's a sound for the ears to behold. Weir's voice is much renowned, but Torbert, too, does some excellent singing on songs like "Good-bye, Yer Honor" and "I Hear You 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 strung 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 in 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'
'Til that moon go down.*

—Rock

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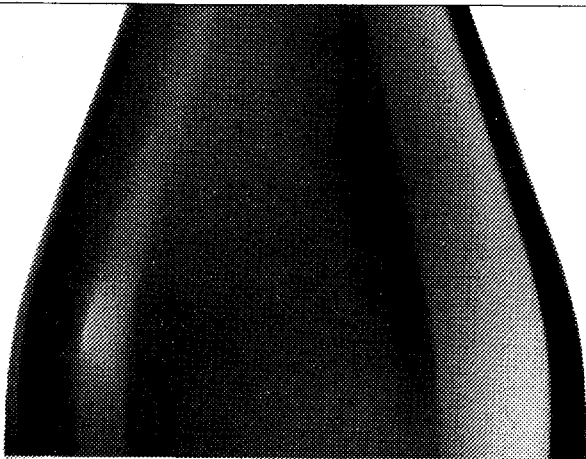
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Rock-on-Rock

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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 can indicate 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'être*. (Kiss, Queen or the Tubes, for example.) Unfortunately no amount of nonsense 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 his 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 years tour followed the release of their less popular *Crisis, What Crisis* 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. Helliwell even had the audacity to attempt to play sax and keyboard at the same time. If these trite antics were supposed to amuse or amaze me, they failed. Then again, ST did succeed in sounding like their studio work. I would have preferred that they had worked as hard to expand upon their selections; not just duplicate them.

The special effects were basically simple and well planned. They consisted mainly of well-timed spot lights and coordinated color stage lights as well as a short movie and a walrus holding an umbrella. Unfortunately, the band just couldn't seem to reach out consistently to take a grip 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 finale, which was a breathtaking version of "Asylum." Supertramp managed to show a lot of talent in their performance. 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 Seeger, Joe Walsh, Robin Trower and Elton 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 played his acoustic pieces, including my favorite "By Your Side." Then he switched to electric guitar and played songs that were 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 antics at the hearts of his young 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 Starlight Amphitheatre.

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 beginning the band made no apologies, choosing instead to come on strong from the top in an attempt to prove their studliness. 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 ever. Phil Collins did a fine job with lead vocals and as chief

Continued on Page Seven



Tech sailing team nears finish line in bid for first place in competition with UCLA, et. al. Story on page one.

Photo by M. Cimolino

Face to Face With Ingmar Bergman

Suicide is a topic close to the minds of a few Techers, but of great concern to the Caltech 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 artisan 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 smashingly gripping and moving work; it blasts forth from the screen with individually superb acting, brilliant camerawork and composition, ingenious use of thematic color, and generally subtle and deliberate direction. It is technically superlative, a state-of-the-art 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

deserving 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 observed by the camera to persevere with the facade of a normal, well-adjusted life. A silent crone with one empty eye-socket haunts her dreams. Under pressure of guilt and hidden anxiety, she convulses into hysterics in the arms of a friend (Erland Josephson). Finally she 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 lapses into a nightmare-fantasy world of intensely horrible visions within herself. She relives

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