

# The Tech

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TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1972

MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FIVE CENTS



Photo by David Tennenbaum

Dr. Urie Bronfenbrenner (left) faces a questioner after his talk on child care Friday in 26-100. SDS/UAG had repeatedly attacked Bronfenbrenner's views during the previous week.

## New IFC chairman sees manpower pinch

By Lee Giguere

The Inter-Fraternity Conference (IFC) last Tuesday night, elected Stu Traver '73 (SAE) chairman, to succeed Harwell Thrasher '72 (PKA).

Traver, who had previously been chairman of the Purchasing Managers' Committee (PMC) emphasized that the critical problem facing the IFC in the coming year would be to get more people working for it. If enough volunteers can't be recruited, and Traver was pessimistic on this point, he foresaw the possibility of paying people to do clerical work for the Conference.

Also elected that evening were: Lewis Jester '72 (DU) Vice-Chairman; Mark Oakes '73 (DKE), treasurer; Ken Green '74 (PGD), secretary; Steve Altchuler '73 (ZBT), Rush Chairman; Frank Sauk '74 (TC), PMC Chairman; and Stan Roth '75 (TX), Warehouse Chairman.

Preceding the election, Thrasher reported that work is being done to set up a system for the fraternities to collect bad debts by having MIT hold up registration material or diplomas. He emphasized that some ground rules would have to be set up before the Institute would agree to aid the houses; in particular, he noted that this procedure would be reserved as a last resort.

Maury Goodman '72 (PKA), outgoing treasurer, reported that the IFC's assets, as of three weeks ago were a total of \$9,271, with \$3,560 of that in accounts receivable and \$4,365 in warehouse inventory.

In an interview with *The Tech*, Traver discussed some of his goals for the Conference. "There are only two functions 'really worth doing,'" Traver explained, rush and the PMC. His primary concern is to get those two "set up and going."

The key problems, he said, are people and money. The viability of the IFC, he felt, "might boil down to the fact that you have to offer people some compensation." He also saw an alternative to paying workers in having the houses send people to do work for the IFC as part of their house responsibilities. In general, he emphasized that if the fraternities want the IFC to perform certain services, "they have to be aware of the costs involved." "Things get done, Traver asserted, "because people want to do them."

Communications between the houses is also seen as important by Traver. The IFC, he said, should publicize issues and problems that are common to the fraternities, e.g. debt collection. He foresaw meetings between houses facing common problems, or between one house and others that have already had to deal with the problems the first is facing. Traver predicted two forms these meetings could take: 1) meetings of house presidents, 2) larger meetings with members from several houses invited.

Before the election, out going Chairman Harwell Thrasher made a few comments about the preceding year (comments which he later elaborated for *The Tech*)

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## Sloan threat found as hoax

By Norman Sandler

A series of unrelated events last Thursday evening led MIT and Cambridge fire authorities to believe there may have been an explosion in the Sloan Building (E52). Investigation led to the conclusion that no explosion actually occurred.

The MIT Campus Patrol reported that a call was received at the Sloan School of Management computer facility in the basement of E52 at 8:31 pm Thursday, and the anonymous caller had said, "There is a bomb in the building which will go off in 24 hours."

From voice descriptions, the caller was said to be male, and was laughing and giggling. There was reportedly laughing and giggling in the background also, which later led to one Campus Patrolman's comment that it was "a false bomb threat." Strangely enough, the statement was made before a search was made.

Following the call, the building was immediately evacuated and sealed off, and a search begun for the explosive device.

The intensity of the situation increased vastly at approximately 9:55 pm, when an occupant at the Urban Systems Laboratory (E40), across the street from E52, called the MIT telephone operator to report he had heard an explosion and "had seen flames at the top of E52."

The operator immediately notified the Cambridge Fire Department of the call, standard

procedure for such events, and firemen arrived on the scene in full force by 10 pm.

At that time confusion was at an ultimate maximum, as many people were connecting the fire department presence with the earlier bomb threat. No one was certain of what had happened, including Cambridge firemen, one of whom replied that he "supposed there's a fire" when asked what had occurred.

Another complete search of the building was made by firemen, who found no evidence of either a fire or explosion. The search concluded at 10:30, when security precautions were lifted.

Interestingly, the initial report from the E40 occupant was corroborated by several other witnesses in the building at the time, all of whom made similar statements concerning the explosion that was heard and the flames seen at the top of E52.

After further investigation, Patrolmen theorized that the explosion heard at E40 was actually that of a conventional cherry bomb in the area of the East Campus dorms.

They further speculated that the flames which were seen by the E40 witnesses were actually due to a lamp in the window of the Faculty Club, facing the USL, which had been fitted with a red light bulb, thus explaining the explosion and fire which were supposedly witnessed.

Later, witnesses to the false explosion agreed with Patrolmen as

## Psychologist faces SDS

By Alex Makowski

Three days of SDS/UAG canvassing and leafletting to oppose a visit by social psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner climaxed with his appearance here Friday afternoon before an overflow crowd of 600 in 26-100.

Under the apprehensive gaze of all of MIT's top administrators and four Campus Patrolmen the Cornell professor presented his prepared statement on day care. SDS members and sympathizers had occupied seats near the front and peppered Bronfenbrenner with questions throughout the talk.

The SDS has taken exception to Bronfenbrenner's allegedly racist views on Negro child development, charging that statements from such experts "attempt to give racism an aura of academic and scientific respectability." Early leaflets threatened "to prevent Bronfenbrenner from speaking," but by Thursday afternoon plans had been made to force Bronfenbrenner to set aside his prepared discussion and debate the SDS members.

Aware of the SDS opposition, the Psychology Department, which together with the Education Research Center had invited Bronfenbrenner, and the administration decided to go ahead with the scheduled appearance. The talk was moved to 26-100 when the crowd in the Bush Room swelled to nearly 200 well before Bronfenbrenner was due to arrive. Near the Building Ten lobby a command post of sorts was established as a center for administration and Campus Patrol control.

Both sides claimed victory



Photo by David Tennenbaum

SDS climaxed a week-long campaign against Dr. Urie Bronfenbrenner's views on child care by "confronting" him in 26-100 Friday. Among those present were (left) President Jerome Wiesner, Vice-President Kenneth Wadleigh, and (right) Vice-President John Wynne.

after the address. President Jerome Wiesner told *The Tech* that although "some students are obviously not aware of what academic freedom means," the whole afternoon had gone better than might have been expected. But the SDS felt satisfied that they had exposed Bronfenbrenner as a hypocritical member of an academic elite that caters to Washington.

The crowd's reaction to the exchange between Bronfenbrenner and the SDS was mixed. Perhaps a hundred applauded enthusiastically at every SDS rally, while an equal number cheered the professor and members of the audience who rose to defend his right to speak. Rarely could a speaker from either side draw enthusiasm from the entire crowd.

Bronfenbrenner had planned to present his views on day care

and child development. The academician has been to Washington to testify before Congressional committees on the legislation before the House this past session, telling the legislators that President Nixon's proposals would be a disaster, aggravating further a serious problem. Bronfenbrenner maintains that child care in this country has worsened over the past few years by isolating young children from natural family and neighborhood influences. His proposal is a system of child care centers and elementary schools more closely intertwined with the child's familiar environment. An important element is the involvement of non-professionals — "we don't want to move further in the direction of having specialists care for our children."

SDS objected to remarks Bronfenbrenner included in a 1967 magazine article discussing Negro child development. For example, one passage cites two research sources and a line of argument to conclude that "in many cases, the Negro child in the integrated classroom is, and continues to be, intellectually retarded, unable to concentrate, unmotivated by learn." The leftists insisted that Bronfenbrenner's hypotheses were unscientific and lacking in any valid supporting evidence.

## Boulding says peace never society's goal

By Bert Halstead

Dr. Kenneth Boulding last Friday chided society for never having geared its resources towards peace as an ultimate objective.

The Boulding criticism was expressed during his lecture, "Peace As An Attainable Goal," the most recent talk of the MIT Lecture Series on World Peace.

Boulding, the author of several books such as *The Economics of Peace* and *Peace and the War Industry*, stated that in the past peace has been wished for, prayed for, and even fought for. However, it has never been programmed or planned for, like landing on the moon.

A good reason for this is that "civilization is based on threats." Fortunately, according to Boulding, things are changing in the Twentieth Century — "Civilization is passing away."

Boulding identified three different concepts of peace. The first is external or international

peace — peace between nations. Then comes internal or civil peace. The third kind of "peace" is the so-called "positive peace," which seems to Boulding to be almost synonymous with "the abolition of all evil" such as injustice and poverty. He warned against the danger of extending the meaning of "peace" so broadly.

He then went on to explain why he is optimistic about the prospects for international peace in particular. Studies have shown that there is no very strong correlation between internal and external peace, nor between the personal aggressiveness of the people and external wars. Neither is war closely linked with economics or ideology. The conclusion, then, is that the international system is fairly isolated from other aspects of society, and perhaps if we know what its dynamics are, we can change them.

(Please turn to page 7)

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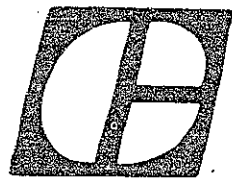
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# Official UA election totals

The official results of the 1972 Undergraduate Association elections were:

UA Execomm	
Moody	133
Jaglom	103
Saavedra	71
No Execomm	55

72 President	
Wiener	82
Sullivan	73
Aquino	
Siesinger	(4th ballot)
Other	

72 Treasurer	
Scalea	119
Other	8

72 Secretary	
Fletcher	110
Other	14

72 Execomm	
Dan Bloom	5
Rick Di Capua	5
Maury Goodman	4

73 President	
Longair	124
Other	111

73 Execomm	
Pfister	70
Sonnerfield	59
Mayweather	8
Void	55
Others	33

74 President	
Van Dunn	40
Others	30
Non-voting	18

74 Execomm	
Greene	9
Strassberger	6
Jackson	9
Tellis	9
Clark	5

75 President	
Hawkins	82
Winkler	64
Weeks	(3rd ballot)
No Pres	
Other	

75 Execomm	
Fairchild	30
Mandelbaum	28
Nimer	20
No Execomm	13
Others	113

## Hot-Luck Coffeehouse

Friday, March 17:

Singers Leon Riuchun and Mark Houritsen

Saturday, March 18:

Gaztha Hillman and Buzzy

Mezzanine Lounge — Student Center

## NOTES

\* There will be a meeting of the Kaleidoscope Committee Thursday, March 16 at 8 pm in Room 401 of the Student Center. Students, faculty, and employees are welcomed, and if your group wishes to participate on May 12 come to the meeting or contact John Krzywicki at x2696.

\* Women tennis players interested in playing on an intercollegiate team please contact Leslie Slatow (dl 8647 or 491-1560), Bonnie Kellerman (dl 8650 or 491-1560) or Paula Stone (dl 0109 or 661-9295).

\* 350 replies have come in for the Admissions Office study on why people come to MIT. Prof. Greeley would greatly appreciate it if the other freshmen who have not replied would do it as soon as possible.

\* Dr. George J. Robertson — Medical Director of Bingham Associates Fund (a non-profit organization to update medical care in Maine) and Assistant Dean for Continuing Education at the Tufts University School of Medicine, will speak on "The Practice of Medicine in Rural Areas," March 15, 1972, in the Mezzanine Lounge of the Student Center at 8 pm.

Continuous News Service

## The Tech

Since 1881

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Robert Elkin '73, Chairman  
Lee Giguere '73, Editor-in-Chief  
Len Tower Jr. '73 Business Manager  
Sandra Cohen '73, Managing Editor

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## HARVARD SQ.

864-4580 Thru Tues. KLUTE Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland 2:00 - 5:55 - 9:50 MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER Julie Christie, Warren Beatty 3:55 - 7:50

## BRATTLE SQ.

876-4226 Thru Tues. Two films by Alain Resnais LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD 6:00 - 9:40 LA GUERRE EST FINIE Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin 7:40 Wknd

## CENTRAL 1

864-0426 58th Week. De Broca's THE KING OF HEARTS 6:30 - 9:45 Weekend Matinees 3:10 & GIVE HER THE MOON 8:15 Weekend Matinees 4:55

## CENTRAL 2

864-0426 Thru Tues. Louis Malle's MURMUR OF THE HEART 6:00 - 9:55 & ACCIDENT Dirk Bogarde 8:05 Weekend Matinees 4:15

## books

*Energy Technology to the Year 2000*

It probably wouldn't be too far from the truth to say that much of the American public takes their supply of energy for granted. Even though blackouts and brownouts are becoming more frequent during the summer months and other periods of high demand for electricity, most people still expect their toaster to work when they plug it into the wall. A utilities bill is seldom a significant item on the monthly budget; gasoline prices have remained relatively stable over the past several years; increased costs are seldom attributed to rising power costs — in short, energy supply has a low visibility profile on the consumers horizon of interest, even as his demand for it is constantly increasing.

Industry must necessarily be more concerned with power availability. Adding a new factory saddles local power sources with much more of a demand than that involved in adding a new car, and adequate preparations must be made. But one would doubt that businessmen are that much more concerned than the general public with the background information on power supply. So the form of energy supply occupies a lesser place on an industrial scale of interests, even as its demand, in turn, constantly increases.

Indeed, it takes environmental issues to involve the public and industry, albeit tangentially, in a discussion of energy issues. Within the past few years concern over man's impact on the environment has increased, and power plants have provided a natural focus for fears about what our society is doing to the earth.

This ubiquitous blindness to energy issues may be one of the more dangerous current myopias. Experts are saying that the future demand for natural gas will outstrip supply by so large a margin that within 100 years there will be no more natural gas left. And another 100 years after that there may be no more oil left. Added to this diminishing energy supply the mounting threat of danger to the environment, and you have right now the first stirrings of an energy crisis.

It would be natural for MIT, as one of the nation's leading centers of technology, to participate in the search for new methods and solutions, and indeed work is going on in a number of different

departments. Yet another contribution is the recently released *Energy Technology to the Year 2000*, a collection of eleven articles reprinted from three successive issues of *Technology Review*. The magazine commissioned a number of specialists to write their views of different aspects of the problem — the whole is something of a symposium on the issue. And although nothing can be truly current in a field where important new developments may be made every month, this is certainly one of the most up-to-date looks at the subject.

From the very beginning it is important to view energy as merely the highest level in a hierarchy of subordinate issues. MIT Nuclear Engineering Professor David Rose is fond of looking at the subject as something of a mobile: at the top you have energy itself; balanced underneath are societal concerns and technical concerns; each of those two has its own subdivisions, as the technical concerns might be divided into electrical, transportation, space conditioning, and industry; those four could be further divided, and those divisions would in turn be further split. The result is a very deep, very broad view of the subject that illuminates the complexity involved and emphasizes how very much are a number of seemingly far-flung concerns inter-related.

So the energy issue is intimately bound with a number of technical and non-technical concerns. Merely comparing our style of manufacturing and living with the patterns of 150 years ago makes the point obvious — not only has a great deal of inventiveness been necessary, but also an enormous increase in the power available to drive the machinery that supplanted manual labor and run the conveniences we have come to depend on so much. Drastic changes in the energy picture must inevitably force changes in our economy and life style, and vice versa. It may be prudent to point out that building a new power plant will endanger the environment, but one can not at the same time ignore the consequences for home life if some new source of power is not added somewhere.

The *Review* book was planned to focus on technology, to provide readers with the opinions of a number of experts in the field. Ignoring the societal concerns altogether was a decision that will be discussed later in this essay, but there can

*Continued on page 4*

## ARTS

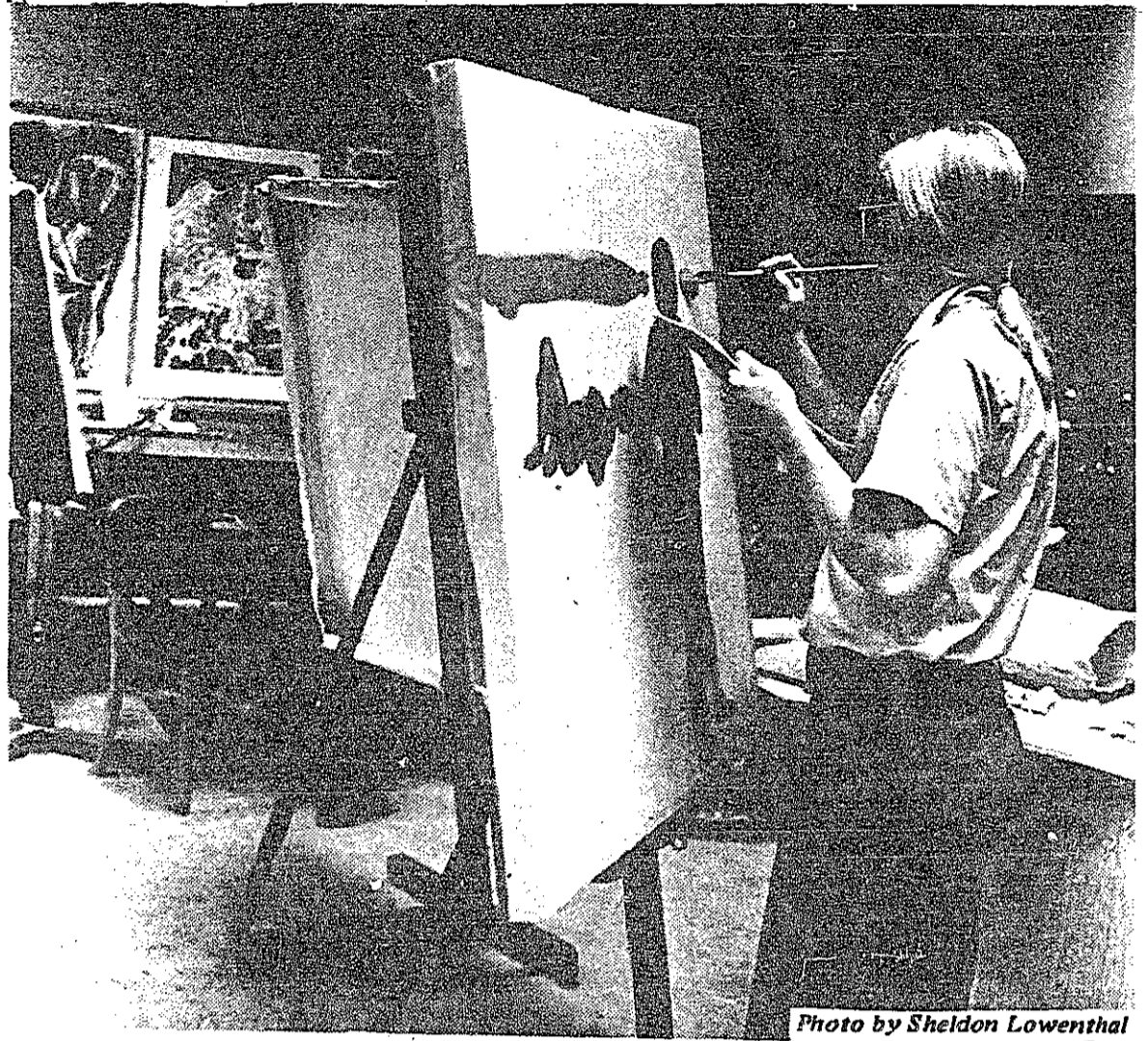


Photo by Sheldon Lowenthal

## art

*The Student (and non-student) Art Association*

Do engineers have secret yearnings to express themselves in forms other than words and numbers? Do they long to immerse their hands in clay and create new forms? Some people seem to think so, and as a result, there is now something at MIT called the Student Art Association.

The SAA has studio space of the fourth floor of the Student Center, where, almost any time of day or night, someone can be found doing something; be it sculpture, etching, or batik. Before

the new Student Center was built, there were no facilities of this kind, and the idea for the SAA came up when people were trying to decide on the type of facilities that they wanted to have in the new building.

The eventual result of their planning was a suite of three rooms, plus a dark room. Into the three rooms were crowded painting, sculpture, stained glass window-making and a variety of other activities. The SAA has recently acquired a fourth room, which is entirely devoted to pottery. There is also another small room, which contains two kilns.

Besides being available to any member of the MIT Community who simply wishes to use their facilities, the SAA also offers classes in a variety of subjects. The classes are generally offered on weeknights during the term; however, this year, in an effort to increase student participation, there are special two-day weekend workshops being offered as well. There is a fee charged for all classes, which covers part of the costs involved.

The majority of the financial support of the SAA comes from the Dean's Office. The SAA falls into the group of activities which are financed from a special slush fund. This funding pays for one full-time employee, Mimi Luft, and from time to time enables the SAA to buy new equipment, like a kiln or a potter's wheel. The other people who teach at the SAA are all part-time, and they work for the fees charged for the courses, and, in some cases, for nothing. Like everything else on campus, the SAA is suffering from budget cuts this year. Sometimes, however, they receive outside gifts; the money to set up the darkroom was provided by an alumnus.

Perhaps the title *Student Art Association* is a misnomer, as only about 2/3 of the SAA are students. The rest of the 300-400 people per year who use the SAA are student wives, employees, and people from all parts of the MIT community. As far as the students go, there seems to be no trend as to their course of study, with courses IV and VI having the largest representation.

Besides simply providing studio space, the SAA tries to give the community as a whole better exposure to art in its various forms. They have, in the past, sponsored films and lectures, but, finding that they were not very well attended, have tried another tack. The SAA exhibits works in the Student Center, and holds a semi-yearly sale of works produced by the students in the various courses. They have also tried to reach a larger audience by having demonstrations at lunchtime in popular places, like the Student Center and Building 7 lobby. One such

*Continued on page 4*

## film

*Cacoyannis' The Trojan Women*

It would seem that the least probable true of ancient Greek drama today could be social and political relevance; these represent precisely the *raison d'être* for the film production of Euripides' *The Trojan Women*. Unfortunately, director Cacoyannis'

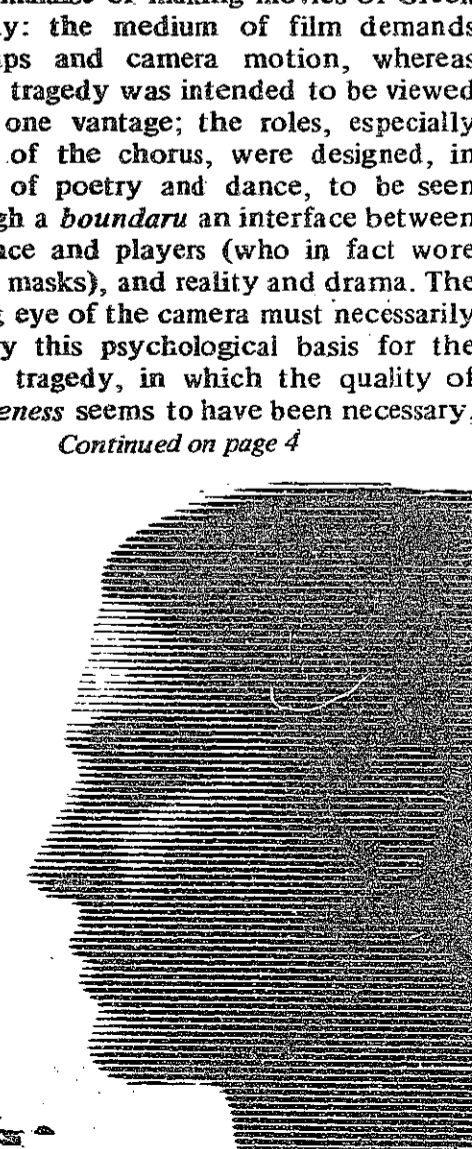
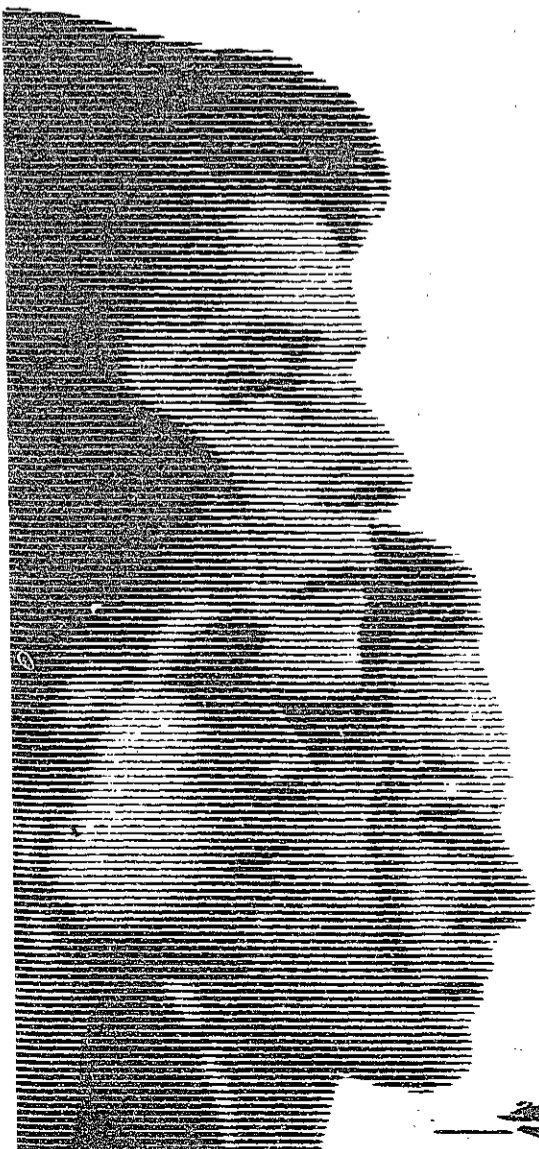
attempts to render the *form* of Greek tragedy relevant as well only detract from the whole.

The film begins in dead silence, with words projected on the screen relating the story of the siege of the neutral island city of Melos and complete massacre of its male citizens by Athens, Euripides' own city, just a few months before he wrote the play in 415 B.C. (this and other such atrocities committed during the Peloponnesian War should be familiar to anyone who had to read Thucydides' freshman humanities). *The Trojan Women* then, was an anti-war statement at its inception, relating the horrors of plunder and war to an Athens whose military and imperialistic *hubris* was about to cause her downfall. And, lest the message go unheeded, the film ends with a similar note of dedication to all those who fight the "oppression of man by man."

What comes between has little more than the aura of what Greek tragedy must have been (although this seems to be enough to make the production somewhat sacrosanct with most reviewers). Edith Hamilton's translation from Euripides seems rather liberal — it vacillates between a rhythmic ritualism and anachronistic flippancies (such as when an Achaean cavalryman asks a comrade, "What's up?"). The part of the

chorus is often handled in clever ways, but it is always obvious that the director is struggling to modernize this uncomfortable aspect of the Greek form; he seems to fear the poetry and rhythm of the chorus, as if it were some kind of archaic cabalism, and so subverts its effect by quick cuts, pans, and other camera effects. This, perhaps, reveals the basic malaise of making movies of Greek tragedy: the medium of film demands closeups and camera motion, whereas Greek tragedy was intended to be viewed from one vantage; the roles, especially those of the chorus, were designed, in terms of poetry and dance, to be seen through a *boundaru* an interface between audience and players (who in fact wore heavy masks), and reality and drama. The prying eye of the camera must necessarily destroy this psychological basis for the Greek tragedy, in which the quality of *remoteness* seems to have been necessary,

*Continued on page 4*



## film

## Trojan Women, from page 3

perhaps to complement the mythological basis of the drama (for, with plots so familiar to the Athenian playgoers, the sight of familiar actors or their foibles would have detracted from the atmosphere — thus, the masked costumes and rigid choreography of the Greek theatre, which may be contrasted with the closeups and star vehicles in the film production). But perhaps more grievous than the staging of the play on film was the treatment of Euripides himself. Cacoyannis starts out on the wrong foot by essentially omitting the first hundred lines of the play, where Euripides had the gods Poseidon and Athene discuss the sacrilege performed on their temples by the Greeks and decide to ravage the Greek fleet on its way home across the Aegean. This serves a number of important functions in the play: it portrays the gods with human failings, full of rhetoric and bickering competition, and it works to hand an ironic sword of doom over the heads of the proud, conquering Greeks. The omission seems, again, to be for the sake of reality and modern relevance — the

producers probably reasoned that their portrayal would alienate film-goers from the ultimately human tragedy of *The Trojan Women* and compromise some of its modern political relevance (after all, the aren't our gods). But, again, what is compromised is the message of the tragedy.

Perhaps this is the result of an unconscious Christianizing of the tragedy; not only are the Greek gods essentially removed from the picture, but there is a strong sense of modern attitudes toward fate, God, etc. What crushes the Trojans in the film version is nothing more than the power of the Greeks, and their fall takes place in what appears to be a total vacuum of justice, if not morality. The brutality of the victors is well portrayed (although the apologetic Talthybius almost seems to hate his job a bit *too* much at times); the destruction of the Trojans is utter and complete to *them*, as it should be, but there is something missing. Perhaps it is, again, organic in the film medium's removal of the tragic remoteness that the audience should be removed from a realization of the ultimate retribution toward the Greeks, by the omitted gods. At any rate, this serves to upset the typically Greek balance of justice that dictates that *hubris* will be punished; it apotheosizes the Greek nobles themselves, who, with the exception of Menelaus (who is bequiled by Helen into sparing her life despite his original intentions), make decisions of life and death from afar and seemingly with impunity. This, in turn, makes the Trojan women themselves little more than cattle, herded about by automaton-efficient Achaean troops and deprived of any dignity inherent in the original play. What is meant to portray total collapse of a human order becomes little more than total subjugation to an animalistic fate. Euripides intended to show not only the oppression of man by man (more like by god in this film), but the *senselessness* of such *mutuel* oppression of humans in an ultimately common situation, as victims of vagarious gods (or, in a more universal interpretation, of their own frailties, compulsions, shortsightedness, and final helplessness). By ignoring this and the other aspects of "dynamic equilibrium" in human affairs, the film becomes essentially a protracted, pointless lamentation. It is interesting to watch, beautiful in places, and a marvelous vehicle for its consummate actresses, but it fails to pursue the question that it poses.

David Searls



Photo by Wanda Adams

## music

## Carol Hall at the Passim Coffeehouse

Carol Hall is a petite girl who has to sit on two telephone books so that she reaches the piano to accompany herself. But don't let her size fool you. For such a tiny girl she has an enormous, gutsy voice.

I actually did not know what to expect from Ms. Hall in her performance at the Passim coffeehouse last week, but when she was finished, I was pleasantly surprised.

Carol writes and sings her own material. Her lyrics are simple and yet intricate. She has a rare gift for choosing the right word when she needs it. Her basic problem appeared to be some coordination difficulties in getting the music to smoothly compliment the lyrics. With some polish, however, I believe that this problem will be eliminated.

Through her songs, Carol creates caricatures of people. She said that all her friends eventually become songs (what better tribute is there?) and that all her

songs are true stories. While singing, she sports a crooked little smile whenever she mentions a name to make the audience believe in the authenticity of her songs. It is almost as if she is reminiscing while singing. In one such instance, she tells of a fifteen-year-old lover named Sandy who used to tell her all his troubles and joys and she would set them to music. Then she told of the fact that, when Kristofferson heard her recording a song called "Carnival Man," he said, "I like that woman's attitude." In "Carnival Man," she tells of how she was taken by a rambler, a "sweet-talking, honey would not melt in his mouth... carnival man," and when he left, well, she had expected it, anyway, so she was able to accept it.

She also reveals her family life through her songs, including a character sketch of her grandmother (Carol asks if her grandmother was afraid of growing old and a story of her Uncle Malcolm's death (when Carol had to return home for the funeral and relate to her family who were just people with the same last name as hers). And then, with an impish grin, she told us of her friend "Crazy Miranda" from Boston who did strange things like leave flowers on your door and dance barefoot across your floor, and Carol confides, "She's a witch, I think." Her other songs that impressed me but to a somewhat lesser degree than those above included "If I Be your Lady," "Previously Married Ladies," and "Jennifer Rebecca." The remaining songs were no better than mediocre, especially when compared to those above.

Carol's main talent seems to lie in her song-writing, although she certainly sings her songs with the feeling and enthusiasm that tells her audience that she has lived the lyrics.

After having listened to her Elektra recording, her Passim performance was refreshing. The album, "Beads and Feathers," is a disappointment basically because it is overproduced as far as background music is concerned. Hearing Carol simply accompanying herself on the piano and being able to clearly hear the lyrics without having to work at deciphering them was much more enjoyable than listening to her album. The Elektra people have allowed her unique voice and lyrics to be buried many times on the album.

Carol needs a bit more polish for her live work, however, because she was too nervous at times for her audience to notice. Once she began singing, though, her music flowed considerably nicer than did her conversation. As soon as she defeats her discomfort on stages and realizes that, generally speaking, audiences are not composed of ogres, she will be even more pleasant to see and hear in person.

Carol ended her performance by telling the audience that the Passim is the nicest place that she had ever played both in terms of cleanliness and people. Maybe that means she'll come back.

Wanda Adams

## art

## Student Art, from page 3

demonstration was held during IAP, when a potter's wheel was set up in Building 7. It attracted people, who took time out from their everyday activities, if only briefly, to stop and admire handicraft.

When asked if MIT students present any particular problems or show any unusual aptitudes when it comes to art, Mimi said that their ability to think abstractly is very good for artistic endeavors, and that this is something that it is difficult for the average person to acquire. However, she added, they are rather inhibited when it comes to expressing themselves in a plastic medium, and are not very inventive or playful. She noted that a loosening-up process had taken place in some people, and that it was reflected in other aspects of their lives.

The SAA still has room in some of its classes, and they are always looking for some student participation; if you have a free moment, and feel the urge, take yourself over to the Student Center and try your hand at "throwing" a pot.

Sandy Yulke

## books

## Energy, from page 3

be no denying that there is much to be gained from familiarizing the public with a number of the technical issues involved.

Unfortunately, the book gets off to a bad start by completely ignoring the theory behind energy development. Some of the most important constraints on power production and power production efficiency follow from a few basic thermodynamic laws easily within the comprehension of any reader intelligent enough to grasp the other lines of argument in the book. A good bit of the book's audience may be technical people well versed in the appropriate theory, but if the book is to affect a wider circle of people it must present a few of the fundamentals.

And there is a further reason for delving into the theory. Perhaps in his explanation of the decades-old thermodynamic laws governing current processes our expert might suggest possible new methods completely divorced from present ones. For example, the second law of thermodynamics, according to the text for 5.60, Physical Chemistry, preaches "the impossibility of a system operating in a cycle and connected to a single heat reservoir to produce a positive amount of work in the surroundings." In other words, you can not just run a pipe into the atmosphere and use the heat there to run motors. But the justification presented for this theory is not some abstract line of reasoning, but rather that "experience has shown that it is not possible to build such a machine." Certainly a discussion of those theoretical efforts that are underway to transcend this experience would be in order.

Thermodynamic theory is not the only

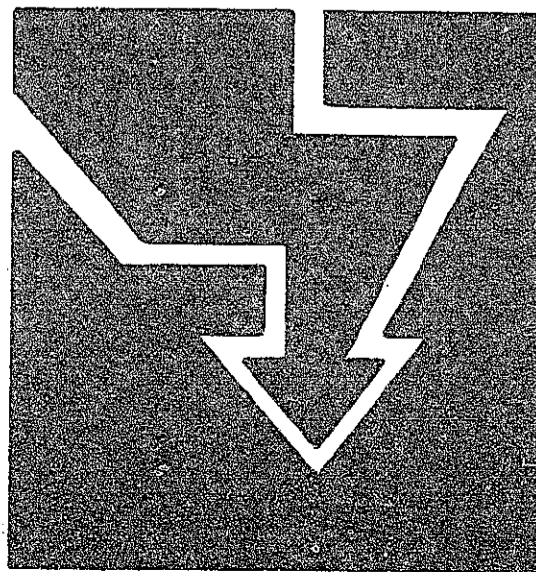
constraint placed on forms of energy supply. Another important factor is the structure of the demand, and three of the *Energy* articles provide an analysis. The historical picture shows an almost constantly rising demand; furthermore, the percentage annual growth during those years of rising demand has been about equal since 1850, and the rate of growth has been greater than the population increase. The only leveling-off period in energy demand lasted from 1910 through the late 1930's. These are the U.S. figures — as might be expected, it will be a while before the rest of the world draws even with the U.S. consumption rate. But world consumption is already growing faster than U.S. consumption; West Germany, Japan, and France are leading the increase.

The specialists have taken pains to point out that the exponential rate of growth represented by a constant percentage increase cannot long continue in a finite system, the dreams of governments notwithstanding. The growth must ultimately be slowed by either a lack of natural material for supply or the brake of environmental pressures. Just as an illustration, the world's energy production already totals about 1/6,000 of the total energy impinging on the earth from the sun. Should this ratio rise to 1%, there might be serious cause for alarm, and at a 3% annual growth rate that figure will be reached within 150 years. (Some people consider the 3% an underestimation of what the growth could be if underdeveloped countries insist on parity with U.S. industrialization). To give some idea of what the magnitude of this demand is, to meet it at the end of the century would mean

commissioning a plant capable of turning out 1,000 megawatts (the Boston Edison station on the Mystic river is half that size) more than once a week.

Besides the sheer size of the demand, the nature of it also influences the supply technology. For example, 25% of the demand is for transportation, and except for subways or streetcars feeding off bare electric wires, the vehicles need a mobile source of power. Another 25% goes to space conditioning and household uses, and it is this area that may prove itself most adaptable to power sources other than large fossil or nuclear fuel plants. Industry (30%) and electricity (25%) consume the rest of the power; they demand large volume and a certain degree of consistency. There may be some degree of flexibility to the industrial demand for power, some possibility for a selection among alternatives to handle the mechanization. (Ed. note — this is the first of 2 parts — part II will appear next week.)

Alex Makowski



## music

## The Kinks, Fairport Convention, Lindisfarne

America could never produce such groups as the Kinks or Fairport Convention or Lindisfarne. The concert at the Orpheum a week ago Sunday night consisted of very definitely British talent; each of the three groups has nothing close to a counterpart in this country.

Actually, Lindisfarne might qualify as one kind of exception, in that they do have three mandolin players in the group, for which the corresponding style in America would be bluegrass. There is also a harmonica which was given a long solo in neither of its two usual modes (country or blues). But even with all this strange instrumentation, Lindisfarne appear to be little more than a semi-sophisticated, folk-flavored, pop group, of which England has dozens and North America has several (the Guess Who, Three Dog Night, etc.). They came across not too badly at the concert, but paled in comparison to the others on the bill.

Fairport Convention came on and served up an hour's worth of the best electrified folk music ever heard. They have one of the most consistent sounds any band on either side of the ocean. Their material (nowadays) consists of old English/Irish/Scottish tunes and self-written songs which sound just as authentic as the others. On stage, they rattled off the instrumental medleys at lightning speed, often gaining momentum in the middle of a song. "Sloth," one of their best songs, was performed in an extended version which built up a terrific tension from the interplay among group members. "Matty Groves" contained four instrumental solos, where each man showed his ability to create his own music, always with the Fairport sound. They ended with another raucous foot-stomper which had almost a hundred people dancing in the aisles (at the screaming insistence of fiddler Dave Swarbrick). Despite some minor hindrances (one of their mandolins was broken, the vocals and violin were sometimes hard to distinguish), they proved to be as exciting as they have always been, in their years of being the

second act on the bill.

Even though they remain just about the tightest band, and one of the most easily identifiable, Fairport Convention is most notable for its constant change. This is due to continuous shifts in personnel. As of now, there is nobody left from the original group or from any of their first three albums. Their strong lead singer, Sandy Denny, left a while back, but the band has gotten used to having male vocals. Richard Thompson (writer and guitarist) has moved on but Fairport gets along with one guitar now. The first record without Thompson *Angel Delight* was not as strong as the previous one, *Full House*, (which still is their best) but recently *Babbacombe Lee*, sort of a folk-rock opera, has been an upturn as far as sheer creativity goes. It was produced by Simon Nicol (second guitar and last remaining of the original F.C.) and is almost all new material, as opposed to Fairport's previous practice of re-arranging several traditional numbers for each record. It is also the first time two Fairport Albums in a row contained the same personnel. But right after the record was released, Nicol quit (being replaced by Roger Hill).

This "new" band sounds good enough, at least for now. Hill has adapted well and showed on "Sloth" that he can work on his own, too. The new drummer, while he seems to be somewhat louder than Mattacks, does not affect the total sound that much. Swarbrick and Dave Pegg (bass) are still the cornerstones of the group as far as live playing goes. But as for future records, a lot is dependent on several things. For one, the band did almost all old stuff from *Full House* and *Liege and Lief* (four albums ago). This was by far their strongest period, and they can be relatively safe as long as everybody in the group can keep together, which they can. Swarbrick sang one new song, which sounded good, but it is not clear if he can carry the whole group with respect to the creative end. If Hill is a good writer, which remains to be seen, the Fairport Convention should be able to carry on for a long time more. But

at this point, it is not easy to tell. Let's hope for the best (and let's hope to hear a lot more from Thompson, Denny, Nicol and Mattacks), and for the day when Fairport will be the main attraction, as they deserve to be.

Fairport Convention may be a popular enough band, but by the end of the evening, it was all too obvious who was the main attraction. After an initial splash and a few years of relative obscurity, the Kinks have made it back to the "top of the pops." Most Kinks fans are rather fanatical about them and the number of these people is growing by great bounds. And, in some ways, the Kinks have changed a lot, too. But more than any other popular group, the Kinks' music sounds the same as it has for over seven years. They were one of the first English bands to make it big here after the Beatles. And their stiff, plain... well, *kinky* style is still with us, all the way through more than a dozen albums. They switched bass players a while back, and have recently added a keyboard player, but it is still straightforward thumping from Mick Avory on drums; short, never flashy, extremely tasteful guitar lines from Dave Davies, and the affected, bland, nasal voice of Raymond Douglas Davies which fit together to make just the right sound more often than common sense tells us they would. Ray has gotten more professional as a writer and a producer, but you can hardly notice any difference in the basic style from album to album.

Up until recently, unless you were a bonafide Kinks freak, you probably did not have the patience to sit through a live performance by the Kinks; the sheer repetition would have bored you stiff. But, as evidenced by the performance last week, all this has changed.

The new act might better be titled "Ray Davies and his Orchestra," since it is so reminiscent of your average night club performer. After a few opening numbers with just the Kinks, just as boredom was starting to set in, Dave Davies and John Dalton stepped back and the auxiliary section was introduced, consisting of a trumpet, a trombone and a clarinet. At this point it could be noticed

that Ray had about three-quarters of the stage area all to himself. He danced around the stage like a combination of Mick Jagger and Tiny Tim. He blew kisses to the audience. He performed several "oldies" including "You Are My Sunshine" and "The Banana Boat Song." He sang a song about "Demon Alcohol" and spilled beer onto the floor, into the audience, and down his throat. He was the most outrageous spectacle and the camp effect fit very well with more than a few of his songs. He was clearly enjoying himself and the audience. As soon as the crowd recognized the opening chords of the Kinks' current single, "20th Century Man" and began to applaud, Davies ended the song. He put on, in the best sense of the word, a show. The brass left after a while and the Kinks brought crowds of fans up to the foot of the stage with their biggest and earliest hits "You Really Got Me" and "All of the Day and All of the Night." The ovation as they left was thunderous. Even the most skeptical person had to enjoy the show. And such a show could probably not have been brought off by any group other than one which truly lives up to its name — the Kinks. Certainly, no American group has such a sense of showmanship. People like the Kinks and Fairport Convention are the ones who can keep Americans from getting so smug about their music.

Jay Pollack

## local

Four Korean musicians will present a concert of Korean music Friday, March 17, at 8:30 pm in Kresge Auditorium.

The program will include virtuoso instrumental solos, vocal performances by Mme. Kim So-hee, and group renditions of South Korean folk songs.

This concert promises to be a rare opportunity to hear a fascinating body of music, employing unique tone qualities and rhythmic patterns.

Tickets, available from the MIT Music Office, 14N-233B, x2444, are priced at \$3(reserved), \$2(general admission), and \$1(students).

## film

## Made for Each Other

*Made for Each Other* is too sad to be funny, and too comic to be effectively tragic. Consequently, it hangs in the limbo between and totally fails.

The film is the story of two born losers who get together and find a dubious brand of happiness. Pandora (Renee Taylor), an untalented but well-meaning night club performer, and Giggy (Joseph Bologna), a confused drifter with a history of dumping on women, meet at an emergency Christmas Eve session of a sensitivity group. Their relationship evolves into a tedious series of inane arguments and reconciliations. The conclusion of the film leaves Giggy and Pandora reconciled after yet another fight, with no real assurance that this truce is more permanent than any previous one.

Although as a whole the film is disjointed, it does contain a few worthwhile scenes. (The style, in fact, is reminiscent of Cassavetes, though in a glossier, and perhaps more contrived way.) The first few moments, shot in black and white depict the birth of Giggy in 1935, and then that of Pandora in 1936. Especially humorous are Giggy's mother, are Giggy's mother, a religious fanatic, and Pandora's mother, a ridiculously dedicated astrologist. In fact, the family scenes are the only ones that really

maintain their credibility throughout the film.

The problem with the rest of the movie is a lack of believability: the characters are relentlessly denied even a particle of dignity. Giggy and Pandora are failures as people, and although one perhaps sympathizes with them at first, this becomes less and less possible as the film continues. Giggy is as much the insensitive and irresponsible woman-dumper at the end as he was the beginning; yet the audience is asked to continue to laugh at his repeated foibles. By the end of the film, Pandora is an irretrievably pathetic figure. In a preview of her new night club act, she reveals herself to be tasteless, mindless, and even embarrassing to watch. Yet she continues to delude herself into believing that her act is "great" and that she will be famous. Although both Giggy and Pandora end up just as dejected as they began, one's empathy for them cannot survive the movie. It is simply impossible to simultaneously pity and laugh at the same things.

*Made for Each Other* has a good idea, but the idea cannot sustain itself for a two hour duration. As rapidly as the characters become less believable, they become boring. In the end, the film is worthwhile only for a few comic scenes.

Chris Kenrick

## Blindman

*Blindman* is the latest of the Italian-made "Spaghetti Westerns" to appear on the American film scene, and it is indicative of the downward trend in the quality of these movies. *Blindman* is a long way from the excitement generated by the *Fistful of Dollars* series that pushed the Italians into the western business. The movie lacks plot, color, and most of the other adjectives used to describe a good western; on the other hand, the performances of the main characters are too good to completely dismiss the film.

The sole responsibility for the film lies with the producer, writer, director and star, Tony Anthony. The plot he uses is rather weak, and at times seems to exist solely as a showcase for his considerable acting ability. Anthony plays the role of Blind Man Ciego, who for some unexplained reason had 50 women stolen by two bad Mexicans; apparently, great sums of money are involved, but it's never made clear that the money is the incentive. In fact, this is the major failing of the film: there really is no obvious conflict between the good guys and the bad guys. At one point, the beautiful heroine asks wonderingly, "Why are you doing all this?" There was an audible reaction by the audience to this well-put question.

In defence of the film, however, there are several redeeming virtues which future directors might do well to emulate. The fight scenes are refreshingly realistic, and the hero doesn't always win. Blood is *not* splashed around like buckets of water, and this too lends credibility. And most, welcome of all, Anthony uses sex only when it is necessary for the continuity of the film, refusing to succumb to the easiest cliché in film making. The script contains occasional flashes of humor, which successfully break up its basically violent nature.

Acting is competent throughout the film. The most interesting case in point is the performance of Ringo Starr in his first serious role. Starr plays the part of Candy, the brother of the leader of the Mexican bandits, and is cast as a brutal and self-centered man. The role bears little resemblance to the comic leads he has played in the past, and seems to indicate that he is taking a real interest in acting. Based on this performance, the interest is justified: Starr does a good job in a part that could easily have been overplayed.

On the whole, this is an average film. It has enjoyable moments, but is entirely predictable, and one leaves the theater in much the same state of mind as when entering it. Technically, it is excellent, but there are a few vital ingredients missing which make the movie hard to recommend *At the Savoy*.

Gayle Johnson

Vittorio De Sica's

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# music

## Heat-ed Heads and Hot Biscuit

*Historical Figures and Ancient Heads* - Canned Heat (United Artists)

*Gooduns* - King Biscuit Boy (Paramount)

*Historical Figures and Ancient Heads* is Canned Heat's first solo venture into the studios of the pressed plastic business in two years, and also the first since the death of Boston native Alan Wilson (the first and sometimes forgotten in the rash that saw the demise of Hendrix, Joplin, and Morrison). Bob "The Bear" Hite and Adolfo de la Parra are the only remaining members of the band that released *Future Blues*; Henry Vestine, an original member of the group, has returned after being capably replaced in the interim by Harvey Mandel. Antonio de la Barra has filled the hole left by by bassist Larry Taylor's departure, and Joel Scott Hill has followed Wilson into his post as second guitarist.

Canned Heat's sound has changed in a couple of ways, the most noticeable being the disappearance of Wilson's distinctive vocals that marked all the group's "hits." But Hill's addition adds another singer to go along with the Bear, and the possibility of dual leads fills out the sound. Combined with assorted guests, Heat has put out a varied album in *Historical Figures and Ancient Heads*.

The band ranges from blues to the solid boogie style that has become their live trademark. While both types are executed well, the lack of anything distinctive makes them sound like countless others, without a John Lee Hooker singing.

But there are moments that make the record more than a rehash of past cliches. Little Richard lives in for a duet with Hite on "Rockin' with the King," which does just that without Mr. Penniman's obnoxious personality glinting through. Charles Lloyd's there as well, believe it or not, on his own "I Don't Care What You Tell Me," which is a fine version, but which seems somehow foreign to Canned Heat. Also, Vestine's lead work is quite good, as he manages to single-handedly save many of the cuts from sinking in mediocrity.

All told, Canned Heat's latest has its points, but the weak material (which might come off better in a live setting) sandwiched around them makes me go back to early Savoy Brown or Fleetwood Mac, the Allmans, or J. Geils for cooking white blues, rock'n'roll, and boogie.

Perhaps someone to join the ranks of those mentioned above is the King Biscuit Boy (alias Richard Newell) out of the wilds of Canada, easily the best thing I've heard come out of the northlands. With an unlikely assemblage of people like Seatrain's drummer Larry Atamanuik, pianist Rick Bell from Janis' Full Tilt Boogie Band, and characters from the fine group Crowbar, he has created an amazing record - *Gooduns*.

King Biscuit Boy and friends put down some of the best, low-down, funky blues,

raunchy rock, and great thumping boogie-woogie to come out in many a proverbial moon. Newell himself blows harp as well as any white musician around today, save possibly J. Geils' Magic Dick; he writes, chooses and adapts excellent material; has a fine blues voice, and plays innumerable overdubbed guitars. The music is simply great, exciting, and performed with a mastery of a style that incorporates bits of Glenn Miller, Dr. John, Willie Dixon, and Little Walter, among others. *Gooduns* and King Biscuit Boy are fantastic; Canned Heat might do well to give them a listen to hear how it's done.

Neal Vitale

## New old Cream

*Live Cream Vol. II* - Cream (Atco)

Well folks, more live Cream has struck, brought to us from some unidentified concert. It should please the scores of lingering fans of the first super-group; the model for countless trios. Ginger Baker is constrained from his terribly tedious ego trips, to the disappointment of masochists everywhere. Jack Bruce is inaudible generally; proficient, in particular spots, and Eric Clapton shows the basis for so many considering him the best rock guitarist. His playing is tasteful and more than adept, rather than the garbage he and his guitar have spewed forth on his work with Delaney and Bonnie, and on his solo album.

The songs themselves are nothing new, save for Freddie King and Sonny Thompson's "Hideaway," a flashy boogie number that gives Clapton plenty of room to show what he can do (and which is quite good). Off *Disraeli Gears* comes an incredibly massive "Tales of Brave Ulysses" that somehow retains the subtlety that made the original one of Cream's all-time best, and a long "Sunshine of Your Love" that is equally strong, heavy, and good. "White Room," with slight changes, and "Deserted Cities of the Heart" come off *Wheels of Fire* and inexcusably there is yet another rendering of "Politician."

The album is all of what you'd expect from a live Cream disc; perhaps a bit more. Not much new, but definitely a good, as well as important, record. In the historical sense, it is invaluable in tracing the life and times of Cream; defining a sharper pattern and clarifying some of the grey areas - going back to where so much of today's rock began.

Neal Vitale

## The "Spacey" Earth Band

*Manfred Mann's Earth Band* (Polydor)

You all remember Manfred Mann. He had a moderately big record a few years back, doing Bob Dylan's "The Mighty Quinn," and, if you can remember that far, he had a hit with "Do Wah Diddy" back in late 1964. He's been around the whole time but he received little attention between his big singles. He now has another single which has been receiving some attention, Randy Newman's "Living Without You." This is Manfred Mann's third

band (the previous one, Chapter Three, did release one album) and it looks like he has a good chance to regain the fame he captured with "Quinn" on a lasting basis this time.

Manfred Mann's Earth Band really sounds like it should have been called Manfred Mann's Space Band. While it is capable of creating a good, powerful, earthy type of energy, the presence of Mann's synthesizer gives almost every cut a (you should pardon the expression) "spacey" feel. Mick Rogers plays his guitar along these same lines while the bass and drums create an ever-present, sturdy rhythm. Mann doesn't really use the synthesizer for many special effects (other than one instrumental track called "Tribute" which sounds like a soundtrack from an outer space movie, and which is one of the better cuts) but he is really inventive as just its keyboard player, as he also is on the organ on this record. The whole album is full of big-sounding arrangements, often with a chorus added. The last two songs are strange exceptions, where the echoes are gone and the treble is very strong and the synthesizer sounds like an accordion, but even these two are still well-written and well-performed.

A lot of the material is other peoples', but it hardly seems to matter. There is, among others, some Bob Dylan ("Please Mrs. Henry"), some Dr. John the Night Tripper, and the afore-mentioned Randy Newman. The Newman song is a funny thing because the most joyous, high-spirited arrangement, including some neat vocal harmonies, has been matched up here with one of the most depressing, despondent sets of lyrics ever written (compare this version to Randy's own, on his live album). It might make you wonder about how such a combination could have been made, but the version is so catchy that it almost doesn't matter. You can argue that it completely subverts the original feeling of the song and you will probably be right, but nevertheless, it still ranks very high on the scale of just plain enjoyability, which is something almost impossible to argue with.

The whole record is just like that, a real pleasure to listen to, from start to finish. That is more than enough to recommend it.

Jay Pollack

## Heilbound Train derails

*Hellbound Train* - Savoy Brown (Parrot)

Savoy Brown has followed their last fine, rocking, bluesy album *Street Corner Talking* with *Hellbound Train*; remarkably Kim Simmonds has kept the latest band together for two records.

Starting way back with *Getting to the Point* and progressing through *Blue Matter*, *A Step Further*, and *Raw Sienna*, the band established itself as one of the finest English blues-boogie groups. After many personnel changes, an atrocious concert at the Music Hall a year ago February (when they were second-billed to the Faces), and an interim album, *Looking In*, the new Savoy Brown premiered in Boston's Summerthing last August, as the warm-up for Procol Harum. They put on a fine, fine rock 'n' roll gig that harbingered well for *Street Corner Talking*, released the day of the concert. Expectations were fulfilled, and hopes were up for the next

album. Unfortunately, *Hellbound Train* has not lived up to the high standard of the previous disc.

Vocalist Dave Walker seems to have been listening to too much Creedence Clearwater, and has developed into a poor copy of John Fogerty. Kim Simmonds' excellent lead work has vanished almost totally; when it appears, it is deeply buried by Paul Raymond's undistinguished keyboards. The result is a bunch of songs that kind of begin nebulously, ramble around, and eventually go away. The only noteworthy song is the title cut, in which Simmonds finally breaks through, and which builds strongly and dramatically to a very nice, abrupt ending. Yet, all told, Savoy Brown seems to have derailed with *Hellbound Train*.

Neal Vitale

## In the beginning...

*Recall the Beginning... A Journey from Eden* - Steve Miller Band (Capitol)

I hate to speak in terms of pretentiousness, as that's such a vague word in itself, but this album is just so fantastically "tacky," it's impossible to talk differently. This disc manages to combine the haughtiest title to strike in quite some time, a very talented musician who has incredible pretentiousness potential (due to the fact that he comes on kind of raunchy and greasy, then does some tender and delicate love songs), and some pretty banal music.

It's hard to tell whether Steve Miller's attempts on this album to become a Motown artist are serious or not. But establishing motives doesn't improve a record on which only "Fandango" even approaches his work on *Brave New World* and *Number 5*. Even his previous release, the quite weak *Rock Love* looks like a gem compared to *Recall the Beginning...* Perhaps the departure of the core of his old band over the last four of five albums could be responsible for the drastic lapse in quality; whatever, Steve Miller better start looking around to find what's wrong before he puts out another record as bad as *Recall the Beginning... A Journey from Eden* and his reputation is tarnished irreparably.

Neal Vitale

## Single - 1, Album - 0

*Rockin'* - Guess Who (RCA)

As is the case with virtually all of the Guess Who's albums (except on *Best of the Guess Who*), the group is trying to break away from their title of being strictly a "singles band." But what happens is, as usual, the best cut is the single, in this case, "Heartbroken Bopper," a screaming, rocking song. The rest of the album is pretty weak. "Guns, Guns, Guns" isn't a bad song; "Back to the City" is a rollicking fifties-type tune, and a fairly decent version of the old number "Running Bear" has been dredged up from who knows where. Yet the lyrics are generally either pompous or trite, Burton Cummings doesn't sound as good as he usually is, and the band tries to show its "hip" side by dabbling around in the studio and doing bits of social commentary. *Rockin'* is a misnomer as regards the album; one would be well advised to buy the 45 instead.

Neal Vitale

# MORE THAN ONCE UPON A TIME



ONCE, A DRAGON OFFERED A BALD SHEEPE TO A KNIGHT FOR THE PRICE OF A 6-PACK OF SCHAEFER BEERE...



AND WHEN THE KNIGHT LOOKETH ASKANCE AT SUCH A CREATURE, THE DRAGON SAYETH 'TIS A MAGIC SHEEPE, SIRE, FOR IT GROWETH GOLDEN FLEECE, AND WILL MAKE THEE RICH...



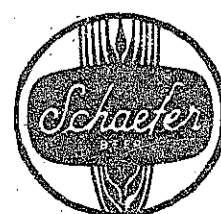
WHENCE IN A BURST OF GREEDE THE KNIGHT CRIETH 'DONE!', THINKING HE HAD AT LAST BESTED HIS FOE...



BEARING OUT THE ANCIENT GREEK ADAGE 'TOPTOT SOUJLAKITA' OR, 'HE WHO BUYS A BALD, MAGIC SHEEPE IS CERTAIN TO BE FLEECEED.'

# WHEN YOU'RE HAVING MORE THAN ONE

Schaefer Breweries, New York and Albany, N.Y., Baltimore, Md., Lehigh Valley, Pa.



# IFC gives Traver top post

(Continued from page 1)  
 Tech). About one and a half years ago, Thrasher related, after a meeting of IFC officers and house presidents at Talbot House, it was decided that the purpose of the IFC should be to act as an extension of the fraternities and not as a quasi-independent entity. Basically, it was decided to focus the Conference's energies into four areas: rush, the PMC, "lobbying" with the Institute, and information dispersal.

Last year's rush, Thrasher told the IFC, attracted a record

number of freshmen (406) and resulted in a better distribution of men among the houses than had previous years. He explained to *The Tech* that last year "nothing revolutionary" had been done, but that things had been refined from previous years.

The biggest innovation of the last year had been the so-called "small presidents' meetings" — informal gatherings of half a dozen or so house presidents for dinner and discussion. Thrasher expressed some disappointment with the program because the

presidents changed so often (and at different times) that they never got to know each other well.

Looking to the future, Thrasher discussed with *The Tech* some of the problems he sees confronting the IFC next year.

In the area of rush, Thrasher stated that the IFC would "have to deal with the Dormitory Council [Dormcon]." The dorms, he said, "want to attract people" and "have as much right as anyone else" to try to do that, however, he commented that "there's no way we can coordinate rush rules with the dorms." The situation, according to Thrasher, is "going to get worse and worse," especially as Physical Plant improvements in the dormitories and decay in the fraternities make the situation more competitive.

On the issue of manpower, Thrasher emphasized that, while a year ago, "it was hard to get any officers, this year we got seven at one meeting." He was adamant about not paying people, and said, "If you have to pay, then it's just not worth it." Rather, he said, "people can work in the IFC to help their own house and so help all the houses."

# Boulding says peace never society's goal

(Continued from page 1)

The international system is dominated by threats. A threatened party can do four things — submit, flee, defy the threat, or counter-threaten. Submission is "some kind of peace," but not "high-quality peace."

Defiance threatens the credibility of the threat. Sometimes the threatener goes away, and sometimes he elects to carry out the threat. Unfortunately, this is often at least as costly to the threatener as it is to the threatened (e.g., Vietnam).

Counter-threats are deterrents. They lead to an unstable situation, though, because, in order to be effective, there must be a nonzero probability of their use. Nuclear weapons are not very credible deterrents because nobody really believes they are ever likely to be used.

"In spite of all this, stable peace does occur in certain segments of the international community," said Boulding. He cited Scandinavia, North America, and possibly the socialist camp. Here "the threat system exists, but is buried under a pile of papers."

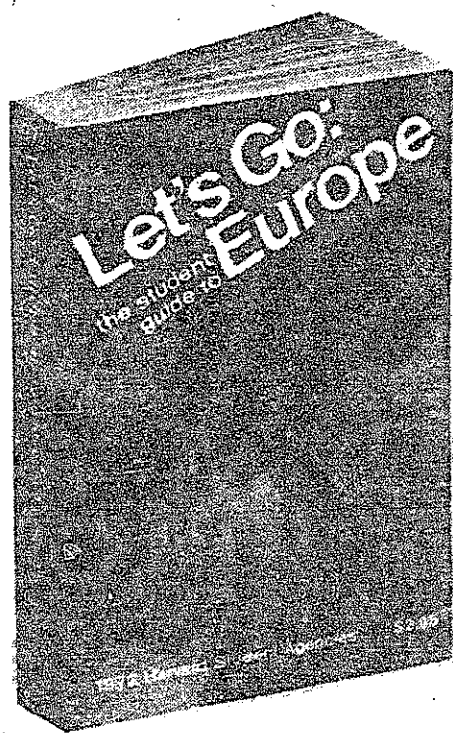
Boulding suggested that peace would involve several "changes in the parameters of the system." Integrative forces such as tourism and economic ties must be strengthened so as to overlay the threat system, which will then wither away. The international information system must be vastly improved.

"Quite frankly," Boulding concluded, "I don't think there is going to be a third world war, unless we are very unlucky."

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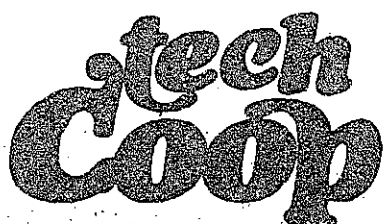
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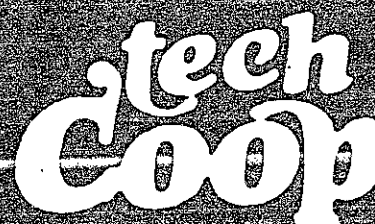
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# Mount Snow: Disneyland or Aspen?

By Norman Sandler

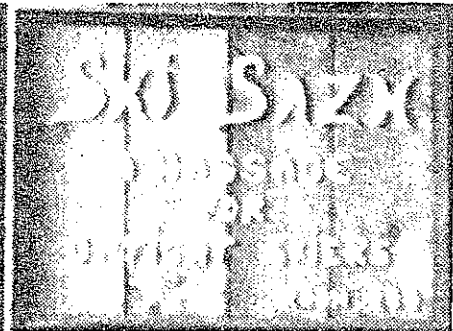
When given the choice of staying at the Institute and attending classes or splitting for two days of free skiing at one of the most luxurious ski resorts in New England, I would speculate that most would undoubtedly choose the latter.

Such was the case when *The Tech* was offered the opportunity to send an editor to Mount Snow, Vermont, for two days of living in luxury. This included having unlimited access to all ski and recreational facilities at the large resort area, some 2½ hours from Boston.

Boasting the world's largest ski area, Mount Snow is located along Route 100 in southern Vermont. It has over 80 miles of trails and slopes (ranging from beginners' to the expert north slopes), 15 lifts, and three hotels, ranging from the dormitory-style \$14 per day Ski Barn to the \$27 per day per person suites of the luxurious Snow Lake Lodge. It's complete with heated indoor and outdoor pools, as well as being linked with the ski slopes through the exclusive "Air Car" cable car service.

## First impressions

Leaving Boston at 6:30 in the morning and arriving at Snow at approximately 10, we were immediately awed by the size and



design of the base lodge, as well as the large ice sculpture outside. The first impression one forms of the resort is of a "winter Disneyland."

The buildings are all large and brightly colored, and with the lifts, the air car travelling over Snow Lake, and the snowmobile rentals, the area takes on the appearance of a huge carnival reserved for chic members of the leisure class.

This, the instantaneous first impression, quickly diminishes as one walks through the four-story base lodge. There are all types of ski enthusiasts assembled, from the ski bunnies to the serious skiers of Mount Snow's challenging north slopes. With the current promotional emphasis being placed on 5½-day ski weeks, most of the peo-

ple during the week had been at Snow since Sunday and would remain through Friday, with unlimited skiing, daily lessons, food, lodging, and use of all recreational facilities.

Having received the grand tour of the area, as well as comparing notes with Snow's busy News Bureau and Public Relations Office, we secured lift tickets and equipment and headed for the slopes, trying to keep in mind that we were there to evaluate the skiing and nothing more. It was a rather difficult task.

Weather and conditions were great the first day, with the slopes for the most part in very good to excellent shape. Towards the upper portions of the mountain, which incidentally is a National Forest Area leased to Snow by the National Park Service, the slopes were mostly powder, although temperatures that day approached the mid-30's.

Towards the lower parts of the mountain, where this particular reporter decided to spend the day skiing, most of the slopes were packed from excessive use by the many people who surprisingly seem to congregate on the lower slopes.

The weather was perfect, with a clear blue sky and warm temperatures which made it seem like spring skiing.

Mount Snow's 44 slopes are well-divided to suit skiers with all degrees of experience, from the 700 foot Mixing Bowl run for beginners to the expert slopes of the north face, with names like "Jaws of Death."

All slopes are adequately served by Snow's 15 lifts, which include two rope tows, seven double chairlifts and two unique "skis-on" gondolas, reportedly the only ones in the world, which run 8,000 feet to the summit of the mountain. These serve slopes of all degrees, as well as one cross-country trail located at the top. Cross-country is integrated with downhill skiing at Mount Snow; there are marked trails leading throughout the forest surrounding the area, and cross-country rental equipment is available at one of the base lodges at comparatively low prices.

## After skiing...

The *apres-ski* atmosphere at Snow is similar in many respects to what would expect at any other resort area on a large scale. There are numerous cocktail lounges and bars throughout the



Yes, I'm a skier - why do you ask?

resort, including a sandwich-cocktail lounge (the "Keg") at the main base lodge and a wine and cheese shop at the second of the two base lodges.

The atmosphere is very informal as well as crowded with skiers who relate their various experiences from that day on the slopes, and prepare for the evening's activities. These include gourmet meals at one of the various hotel dining rooms, and later the prospects of spending the remainder of the evening taking advantage of the nightly entertainment, the well-stocked cocktail lounges, dips in the heated indoor Japanese dream pools, or as was the case with one ski week customer, a combination of the latter two, while providing comic relief for others at the lodge.

## Back to the slopes

It was up at 7:30 the next morning, thanks to an impatient skier-photographer, for an early start to breakfast at the hotel and then on to the slopes.

Unfortunately, weather conditions had worsened overnight; from the looks of the clouds engulfing the mountain, anything was possible. There was a trace of snow from the night before, although temperatures had remained relatively high and the effect of the fresh-fallen snow was negligible.

Upon making it to the main base lodge and securing lift tickets and equipment for yet another day's skiing, we headed for the gondola to the top of the mountain, an action which I must attribute to the fast talking of my photographer (an accomplished skier, of course), as well as an insane pledge which I had made, something of the form "anything for good journalism."

Ski conditions were "excellent" at the top of the slope. The photographer truly enjoyed himself in the wind and low visibility. However, I found myself in a state of psychosomatic semi-paralysis.

## A long way down

After numerous dramatic spills and demonstration of a total lack of coordination the photographer decided that he had had enough laughter for the day, and decided to make it down the slope to do some serious skiing. I thought I'd concern myself with getting down the slope, and soon found myself on a slope which I later discovered was labelled for expert skiers.

The slopes were unfortunately suffering from one of the consequences of warm-weather skiing which occurs even at areas like Snow, namely sloppy, wet slopes.

The steeper slopes at Snow hold up to these conditions well. They were not affected as badly as some of the novice slopes, which contained some fairly flat sections impossible to ski in the wet state they were in.

## The restraining factor

One of the most basic items one must consider before going on any type of ski excursion whatsoever is that of costs - skis, lift tickets, food, etc.

Although this is one worry with which we did not need to concern ourselves while at Snow, an inspection revealed that all ski-related expenses are either lower than or competitive with



"Comic relief" - The Tech editor exhibits skiing prowess.

other areas in Vermont. In many cases the costs are substantially lower than for comparative items at other areas.

Downhill equipment rents for the usual \$6-10 dollars which you would find almost anywhere for skis (Blizzard), poles, and boots. Cross-country equipment, though, rents at Mount Snow for an amazingly low \$5 per day, which is very competitive for any area.

Lift tickets are also rather expensive. Costs range from \$6 for novice tickets to \$8 for "all area lift tickets," good on any of the 15 lifts at Snow.

Decent food is usually very difficult to find at most ski areas, as concessionaries enjoy a "captive audience." However, we did notice that the food at Snow, although running approximately the same price as at other areas, was definitely of better quality, from the two cafeteria cattle-car-crowded establishments at the main base lodge to the wine and cheese place and fine restaurants located throughout the area. Unfortunately, due to problems with the Park Service, Snow has not been able to place a restaurant at the top of the mountain, although one is planned for the future.

## Ski area or Disneyland?

All types of people are to be found at Mount Snow, and although there are a great many people who come for the week-long luxury living and socializing, the area is full of students from the Northeast. Some of those who go there go just to ski; some of them go for the resort atmosphere; many go for both reasons.

With a number of very inexpensive lodges within the general vicinity, students can get by for as little as \$3 per night lodging, and, with the drinking age being eighteen in Vermont, there is usually a certain amount of night life close by.

In describing the expansive Mount Snow resort area, we have to agree with the Director of Public Relations at Snow, Gene McMasters, who stated that "the place isn't just a Disneyland... there's a lot of skiing behind all that plastic."

## BENCHWARMER

By Dan Gantt and Rick Henning

At a meeting of IM softball umpires held last Thursday, a number of controversial rules changes were announced by softball manager Mike Cucchissi '75. While a few of the innovations were good, we feel that in the better interests of IM softball some of these changes should not be made.

Foremost on the list is a rule limiting all games to seventy minutes. When the seventy-minute mark is reached, the inning currently in progress is to be declared the final inning. The rule was proposed in deference to umpires working overtime, yet there was no great sympathy for it at the meeting. Furthermore, the rule will allow games to end in ties. At a time when people are complaining about baseball becoming outdated, it seems most strange that we should want to adopt the most archaic practice of football and hockey. Even IM football incorporated a device this past season to eliminate tie games.

Perhaps equally injurious to IM softball is the demotion of the B leagues to a status equalling that of C leagues. Among the changes instituted are rules eliminating base-stealing and advancing on wild pitches and a rule wherein a batter fouling off a pitch with two strikes is declared out. The latter totally prevents a batter from protecting himself with a two-strike count. To top all of this, manager Cucchissi's plans currently call for exclusion of B league teams from championship contention.

We feel that while Cucchissi's intentions are good, some of his ideas are not in the best interest of the IM softball player. Therefore, we urge all in attendance at tonight's IM Council meeting to vote against these rules changes.

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