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National forest lands to be studied as wilderness preservation sites

By PHILLIP FARRELL

Two weeks ago Agriculture Secretary Butz announced that 11 million acres of roadless National Forest land—235 areas—will be studied as possible additions to the National Wilderness Preservation System, starting in 1974.

Butz said that an environmental impact statement describing the 235 areas was delivered to the Council on Environmental Quality and will be subject to public comment and suggestion for 90 days, after which a final list of new study areas will be drawn up. The list included 61 areas covering 4.7 million acres which had been previously identified for study. The study areas are in 14 states and Puerto Rico.

Forest Service Chief John McGuire explained that the list was obtained from an inventory of 1,448 roadless areas covering 34.6 million acres nationwide through a process of elimination after public meetings. He said the Forest Service proposes to withhold each new study area from any actions that would adversely affect its wilderness characteristics and that all inventoried areas which are not finally selected for study will nonetheless be covered by NEPA impact statements before any development activities inconsistent with maintaining wilderness characteristics may take place on them.

At first glance, it would appear that the Forest Service decision to study 11 million acres of their lands, or approximately one third of the remaining undeveloped areas, for wilderness status is a generous gesture. However, a closer look at the selection procedure indicates that, in fact, wilderness values once again are being given less-than-adequate recognition by the Forest Service.

To begin with, many areas with high wilderness quality were not even included within the initial inventory of roadless, undeveloped areas because of inconsistent standards or because they were considered "unavailable"; i.e., timber sales or other developments had already been planned for the areas. The Forest Service refuses to give such areas any consideration for wilderness values, even though, at the time they were committed to development, in almost all cases no study or consideration of their possible wilderness value had been made.

Such practices occur in spite of intense public interest in preserving some areas. In at least one case, the Ranceria Creek Drainage contiguous to the High Sierra Primitive area in the Sierra National Forest here in California, the policy was followed in spite of a clear Congressional mandate that such area be given consideration for wilderness status. We find then that instead of 34.6 million acres of roadless areas, there actually exists close to 55 million acres.

Secondly, adequate opportunity for proper review of and public comment upon undeveloped areas was not granted. Although public notice of the selection process was given in November of 1971, with hearings to be held between March and May of 1972, in most cases, detailed information on the roadless areas was not available from the Forest Service until a few weeks before the hearings. Citizens were given a few months in the dead of winter to study and make meaningful comments upon the future of millions of acres of land—an impossible task. Forest Service personnel themselves had little additional time for study.

After this sham process of public review, the Forest Service proceeded to "eliminate" areas from further consideration. Preliminary information on their selection process indicates that heavy emphasis was given to "cost-effectiveness" ratios and commercial value of timber and other resources. In many cases, the final list just announced includes only the less-timbered portion of a study area.

For example, in the southern Sierra Nevada (south of Sequoia National Park), of an inventoried roadless area containing 261,000 acres, 131,000 acres with 706 million board feet (MMBF) of timber is being studied for wilderness, while the other half of the area, containing 1,135 MMBF of timber has been eliminated from further consideration. Yet both halves are part of a single topographic, ecologic, scenic, and wilderness unit. A thorough and impartial study would encompass the entire area, determining precise boundaries for preservation versus development only after detailed study, not before study had begun!

The final list itself is misleading and less than satisfactory. While purporting to be a list of new study areas, it in fact includes 4.7 million acres of land which



had previously been designated for study; in some cases, as far back as 1939. A closer analysis of the situation indicates then, that the Forest Service has not generously decided to consider one third of its remaining undeveloped lands for wilderness, but rather that it has reluctantly agreed to study only 6.3 million acres out of 50 million acres not previously identified for study, or only about 13% of such lands.

The situation here in California is especially critical. Out of an inventoried 3 million acres of undeveloped lands, the Forest Service had tentatively decided to study 750,000 acres for wilderness status last spring; this list has since been pared to 513,000 acres by excluding some of the most outstanding wilderness left in the state, such as the Carson-Iceberg area north of Yosemite or the west half of the southern Sierra Nevada area.

A few new areas have been added under intense public pressure; most notable is the North Fork of the San Joaquin River area in the central Sierra Nevada, finally proposed by the Forest Service for wilderness study after one fourth of the California Congressional delegation and Governor Reagan came out strongly for its preservation.

In an effort to "pad" the figures, the Forest Service also listed as "new study areas" lands contiguous to the Trinity Alps and High Sierra Primitive areas; lands which must be studied under the terms of the Wilderness Act of 1964 and on which, in fact, studies have already been completed.

During the next three months (until April 12) citizens may comment upon the selection procedure or recommend additional areas for study. It is important that the public demonstrate its interest in good land management and the protection of unique wilderness values and express its dissatisfaction with the Forest Service's continued emphasis upon "timber industry preservation" to the exclusion of wilderness and recreation values. Comments should be addressed to the Chief, U.S. Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., 20250.

A free report summarizing the study procedure, **Proposed New Wilderness Study Areas**, will be available after February 15 from the U.S. Forest Service (Division of I&E, 630 Sansome St., San Francisco, Ca., 94111). A copy of the yet-to-be-published environmental impact statement can be obtained for \$6.00 from the national Technical Information Service (Port Royal Road, Springfield, Va. 22151).

(The Conservation Group will have a copy of the draft environmental impact statement available in a few weeks. Students interested in finding out more about these new study areas can drop by—or leave a note at—the Conservation Group desk in the A.S.S.U. office in Tresidder Union, Mon-Wed-Fri 10-11 a.m.)



How people know about the bus service to and from Stanford remains a mystery. Evidently, certain people desire to keep it quiet — no bus stop sign or schedule is posted. Join the transportation underground — ride the mystery bus.

Glider freaks start winging it with California's newest kind of high

By DWIGHT JOHNSON

In case you haven't noticed, California is about to give birth to another crazy diversion, challenging surfing in popularity. The seventy-plus-year-old sport of Hang-Gliding is undergoing a booming revival due to the creative developments of several ex-surfers and other "nuts," many of whom live within 15 miles of Palo Alto (some within 15 feet!).

So, what's a hang-glider, anyway? Well, the man in the photo is a local manufacturer, flying one of his products. Last issue ran a photo of another regional supplier flying another type, with a flexible wing. Both pictures show a man who has just run downhill carrying his craft into about a ten mile per hour wind until it gained enough lift to begin carrying him. Their flight may last from 20 seconds to over an hour, depending on wind, topography, and skill. Then, they will probably have to carry their 40-60 lb. wings back up the hill. (What goes down must come up?)

So, what's so exciting about that? First there is considerable esthetic thrill you can only know by doing it, which is enough for most people. Then, the relatively unexplored frontier of unconventional low-speed flight coupled with the ready availability of strong, lightweight materials has given day-dreamers a chance to try to realize their flights of fancy (sorry).

Probably the critical point in the present revival was F.M. Rogallo's invention of the flexible, kite-like wing as a device for recovering returning space hardware. NASA has not used the idea, but the majority of hang-gliders have. Their main appeal is based on their ease of construction, portability and low cost (they also really fly).

I've seen one, made by some kids, of bamboo, plastic sheet and tape for about 25 bucks flying right along with the \$500 aluminum and dacron 'state of the art'. They are very easy and safe to fly and there are no licensing restrictions on construction or flying... yet.

The feeling is, however, that the flex-wing Rogallo is not nearly as promising as future developments of rigid wing planes such as Icarus, the swept wing biplane shown above. This plane has already flown for over two hours and attained an altitude of better than 1000 ft. with its designer Taras Kiceniuk hanging beneath suspended by his armpits. Kiceniuk, when he was 17 years old, made a beautiful and sophisticated variation on a theme that the Wright brothers (who?) worked on before they developed their powered Flyer.

Icarus is designed like and is reported to fly like modern free-flight model planes. It is very stable and can be banked and turned by the two small rudders. It flies about 20 mph, stalls at 18 mph, and has very quick stall recovery. For those of you who care, it has an eiffel reflex airfoil, staggered wings of different incidence, sweepback and washout to eliminate the need for dragging a heavy tail boom. It is made of foam,

highstrength aluminum tubing and either dacron or vinyl sheet. Its a big plane with more wing area than many light private planes, but it only weights 55 lbs. and can be folded up carried in your glove compartment or maybe on the roof of your car.

Kits and information are to be had from Ultralight Flying Machines, P.O. Box 59, Cupertino, Calif. 95014. (zip code moves the mail) For Rogallo type gliders contact Wings of Rogallo Soaring Club, 1137 Jamestown Dr., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94087, tel: 245-0146; or Dave Kilbourne 879 Miller Ave., San Jose, Calif. 95129, tel: 255-1848.

There are other planes available and if you want to see them all, be sure to go to the Hang-glider Exhibition at East Ridge Mall (everything happens at shopping centers in California) in San Jose, Feb. 15-18. It is going to be the biggest show in the History of Hang-gliding. All the designers, flyers and 'hot dogs' from all over will be there with their planes. The following weekend there will be a 'fly-in' (hang-in?) at Coyote Hills Regional Park, just on the other side of the Dumbarton Bridge. If you can't wait, you can see some flying at Coyote Hills on any week-end.

Movie preview review

Lemmon turns to serious role

There's nothing new about nostalgia; nothing shocking about, "Hey, mister, wanna ball?"; nothing unique about middle-aged depression, disillusionment or impotence; and you can't say much else about America that hasn't been said already in other films.

Yet, *Save The Tiger*, a new Jack Lemmon film to be released in February, develops the stereotype and explores the predictable to heights completely unimaginable. Rather than being redundant and trite, the film succeeds at saying new things—and old things—in an engrossing and entertaining way.

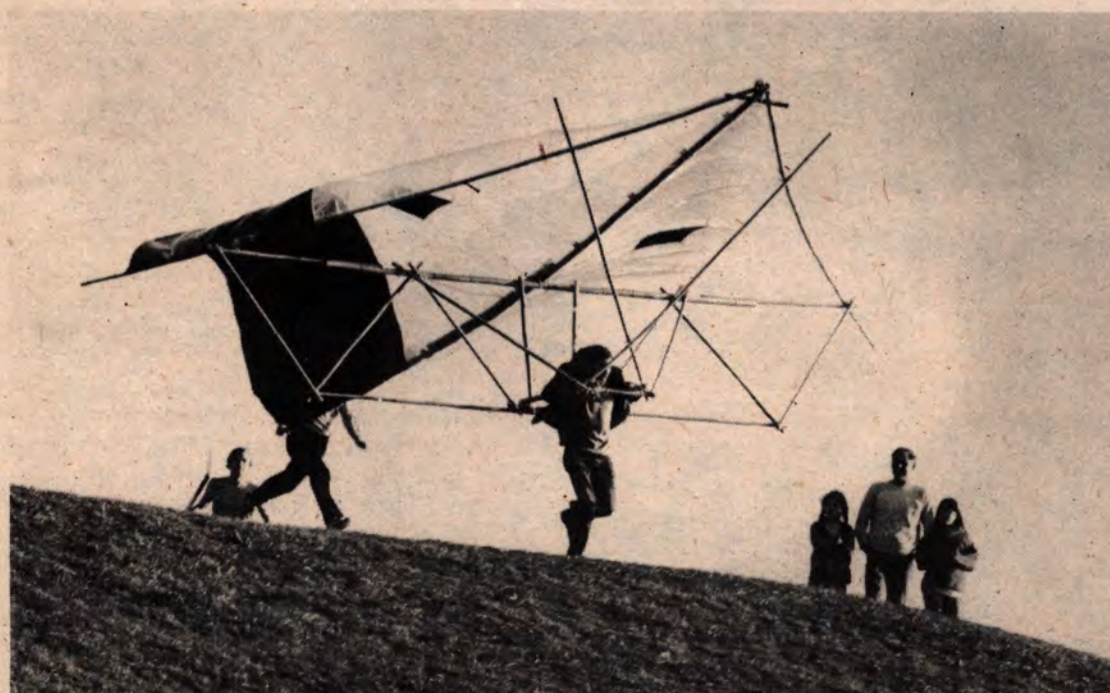
It is an extraordinary film experiment that is based on the hypothesis that American audiences will appreciate honest and serious drama in an otherwise abused and misused medium.

Save The Tiger stars Jack Lemmon and Jack Gilford as two business associates in Los Angeles who own and manage Capri Casuals, a ladies apparel manufacturer in the garment district. Lemmon plays the brains behind the firm; aggressive, outgoing, seemingly successful, and obviously very neurotic. Gilford, turns in a highly and surprisingly believable performance as the partner who tries to impose ethics and honesty on a corrupt vocation.

There is conflict between the two, and conflict within each, but these are only a few of the conflicts in a film filled with rage, tension, trauma and trial.



Named Icarus, Larry Mouro's hang-glider is a long way from the old wax-and-feathers model. Reportedly, Larry is making an attempt to escape from the mythical isle of Stanford.



Cleared for a run-off, one of the growing number of enthusiasts shows off the newest way to Berkeley. Don't laugh, someday skiing will be a thing of the past and weekend trips will be made to Tahoe for hang-gliding — want to see my new hanger jacket?

Harry Stoner (Jack Lemmon) lives in Beverly Hills and drives his Lincoln Continental, with a telephone inside, to work five days a week. He misses his daughter who is going to school in Switzerland to "get away from this crazy country," and he misses most of what made him Harry Stoner.

He remembers playing baseball as a kid; he can almost see Lew Burdette and Carl Hubbell warming up on the mound.

He tries to forget, but can't, the grim memories of the beach at Capri, where during World War II he saw his comrades killed and maimed, and where 20 years later he saw "bikinis lying on top of those men down under."

In the 36 hours that we live with Harry, 15 years of his life in Beverly Hills and Capri Casuals crumble to shattered cocktail glasses and bitter highs. Business is bad, and even worse—the possibility arises of a government audit which would expose book-juggling. He wants to have one of his plants set fire in order to profit from the insurance, but his associate would rather see the 100 employees continue working than Capri Casuals make a profit.

The film is so tight that few scenes stand out. What was outstanding was the director's flare for Los Angeles. All through the fifties and on into the sixties, Hollywood and L.A. were portrayed as action spots where promiscuity, tasteless styles, and "bikini-bingo" were "groovy."

This is the first time that the amorphous and evasive quality, or lack thereof, in L.A. was captured on the screen. In only glancing shots at L.A., tone, atmosphere, and mood are conveyed; we see the city and Harry's life smothered by smog. Scenes of the Sunset Strip, and Malibu Beach have been used numerous times before, but never more effectively.

It took courage to cast Gilford and Lemmon. Both are usually comedians on the stage and screen, and their credibility could have been impaired in serious roles. But Lemmon acts superbly, while Gilford portrays what seems to be himself, and the viewer leaves with the impression that no two actors could have been better.

Finally, the story. We're all Harry Stoners, I guess. Who doesn't long for the simpler times, who doesn't romanticize the past? The film seems real because the malady is real.

Audiences may be offended, but maybe they'll heed the warning of the film, and "save the tiger" before it's too late.

— LEONARD SCHAPIRA

IBM system dying of financial anemia at Medical Center

By TIM COBURN

The inter-office memo contained phrases like "had been studied and found to be unsound financially," "the sum of resources is not adequate," and finally "termination of ACME service and recommendation that users move their computing services." Ron Jamtgaard doing his job. Business as usual with everything proceeding in an orderly fashion. Even in death there is a form to follow. In academia the words are important, and the subject is treated objectively.

ACME, the Advanced Computer for Medical Research is dying. That's what the words really mean. The staff already knew and have been hustling new jobs for a month or more. Many of the users had been warned not to make a major investment in the present system. The aroma of terminal illness, not entirely foreign to the hospital, is clearly discernible—only this time it is hitting one of their own.

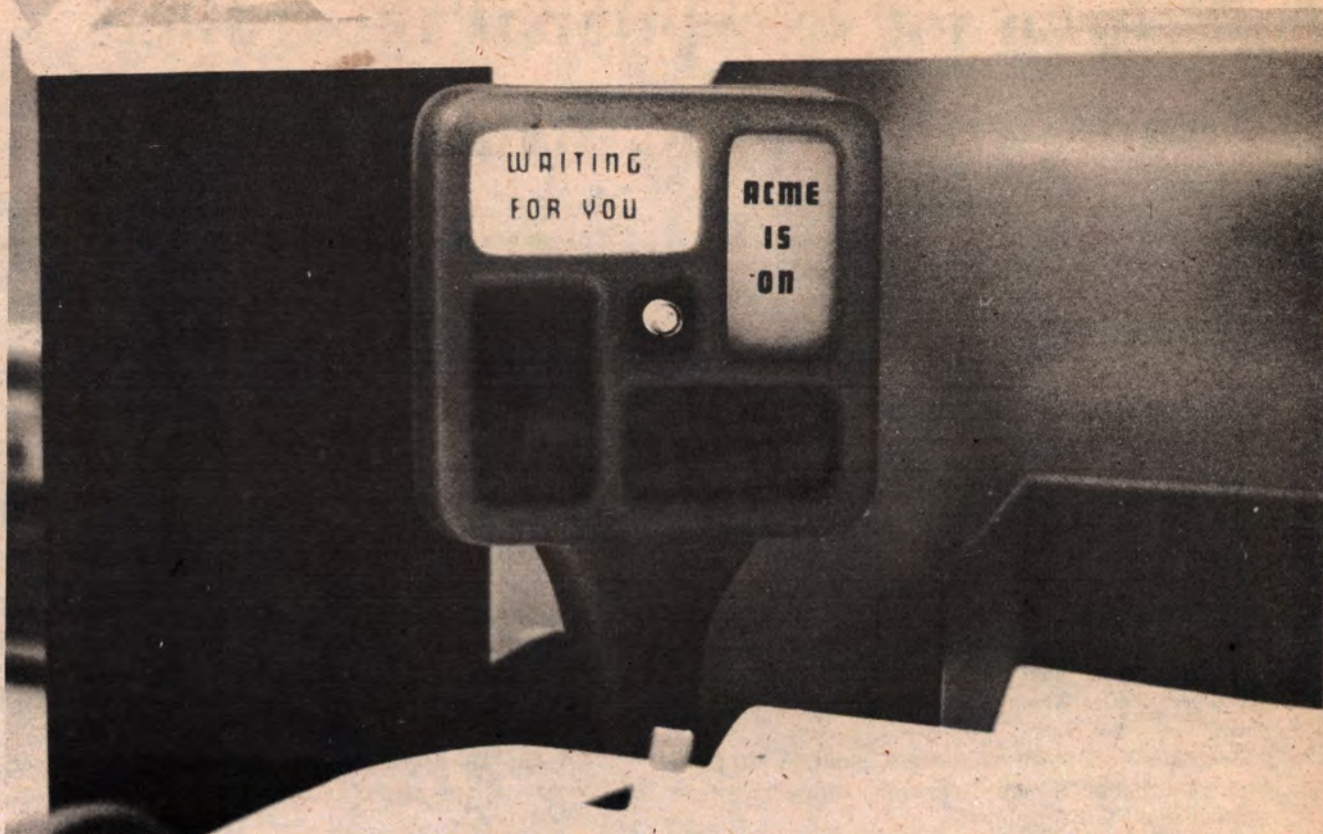
Computers, or more properly, computer systems don't often die. They are replaced with newer, more expensive, more versatile generations of computers. Each new one is to be the ultimate computer, the computer that will do everybody's job. Once I thought ACME would be like that. Back in 1966 anything seemed possible.

The problem is that ACME can't seem to pay for itself. It has received some three million dollars in direct support from NIH and thousands more from various grants and contracts. Now the support is dwindling and by the end of June will be shut off.

The glass cage, lit up 24 hours a day for the last six years, will be dark. The flashing console lights will no longer blink at me as I wander by the operators desk. The WAITING FOR YOU signal on the terminal, designed in a rare moment of consensus by a tall blond German and a continuously jabbering Frenchman, will lie peacefully in some storage room with loose wires dripping like neurons from their necks.

ACME was born midst all the excitement of the middle 1960's. I remember the first meeting of prospective users. It could have been the first anti-war protest of the medical school community. The large lecture hall was filled with faculty members, technicians, an assortment of students, and of course the salesmen from IBM with their shiny suits and briefcases. Nobody else carries a briefcase around the medical school. It's not part of the form.

Academia likes questionnaires and sure enough there was to be a questionnaire, and a committee to examine all the possible hardware and software systems, and hiring a director, submitting grant proposals, and timesharing, on-line data collection, an interactive system with hundreds of little fingers stretching into every cranny of the medical school. And then there was PL-1, a language anybody could use and understand.



Small computers were out, irrelevant. Walking across the field to throw a deck of cards into the 7090 hopper was inefficient. Stanford would have ACME, and IBM could do it all with their new equipment and extensive experience. The technological millenium had come.

Behind the scenes the birth was not so easy. I only heard the rumors. Lederberg wanted his own system. The comp center, Fisher, Miller et. al. wanted to have one giant system for the whole campus, or at worst to control ACME, and IBM was worried that ACME might commit the heresy of buying a brand-x computer. So they promised the moon.

The computer freaks were skeptical, but they had only a few years of experience under their belts. Their reservations were mere impediments to this magical new system. This was the big time with big money. You go with the proven winners. ACME went with IBM and Ed Feigenbaum. The former was wealthy and the latter had written a book on computer theory. The computation center, SLAC, the hospital administration, and the university business office also went with IBM. Coincidentally, IBM gave Stanford a million dollar grant for communications research involving automated retrieval and storage of information.

The development phase for ACME was a prolonged series of disasters. The first disaster was the "pie file," a magnetic storage device designed to handle millions of bytes of data. Lederberg doubted that there was that much useful information in the whole medical school. Nobody else had such a device. It was the prime reason for getting an IBM system.

Certainly the pie file was one of the mechanical marvels of the decade. I used to sit and watch the strips of tape get "picked" off their hangers, transferred to the reading rollers, and instantaneously speed around the head assembly. The rhythmic clinkety-clank of an automatic bottling machine added to the stark beauty of

this marvelous machine. Little children would stand awed by the scene.

But the IBM service men were less than awed. They were completely frustrated by their daily attempts to keep the device running. Recently, I ran across one of those gentlemen in the mountains back of Santa Cruz. Although bald on top he had very long hair and a beard. He was sitting yoga style facing the ocean, slowly shaking his head back and forth. I was tempted to sneak up beside him and whisper "clinkety-clack" in his ear, but it seemed unkind. He had suffered enough.

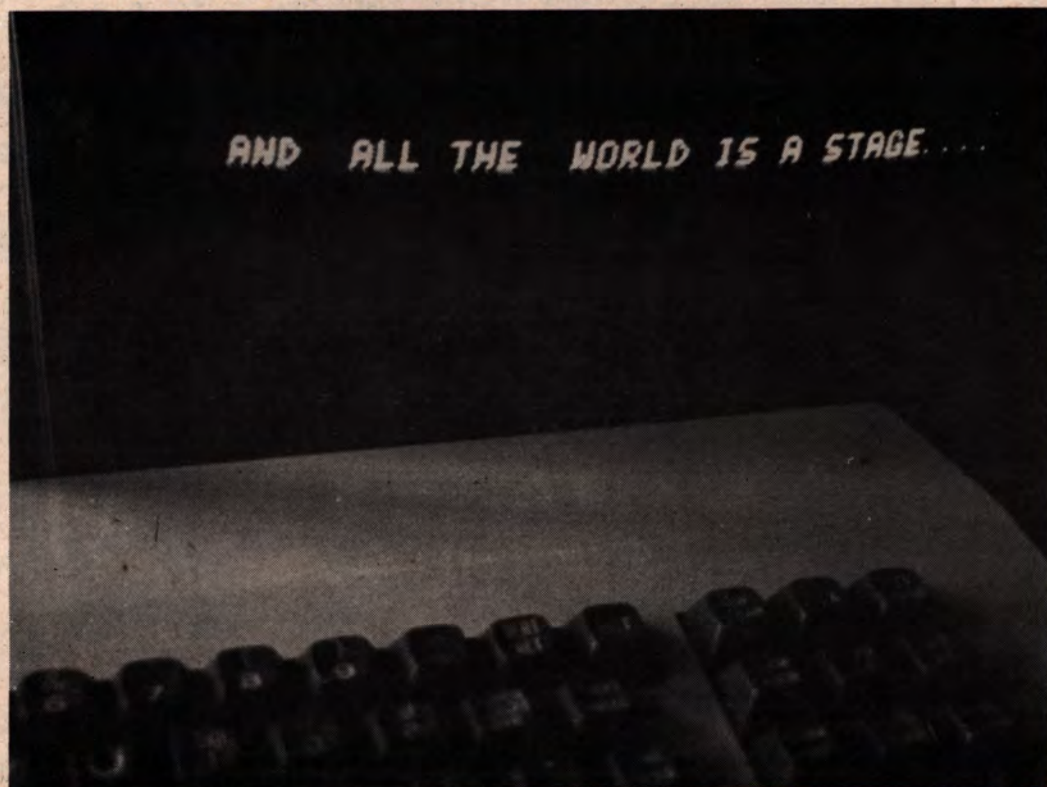
The pie file was just the beginning. Core problems, balky interfaces, unworkable or incomprehensible IBM software followed one after another with monotonous regularity. The summer of '68 had 75% down time.

I particularly remember the software problem. The timesharing software system was the second major reason for investing in a business machine in a scientific environment. It wasn't ready when the equipment was delivered of course. Well, that was understandable. Then it was delayed again after six months, and again, and again. Finally, it wasn't going to make the scene at all. So the staff, Gio Wiederhold, Gary Breitbart, Jerry Miller and many others, wrote their own. It wasn't bad. Gio had brought his own version of a timesharing PL-1 system from Berkeley where he had worked with Feigenbaum. Whether its implementation should have been charged to a medical center facility is another question. One of the more serious problems in writing your own system has just recently surfaced, however. PL-ACME is not compatible with other PL-1 systems. The conversion costs are high. But then compatibility seems mostly imaginary between any system.

ACME was not a total failure. Even I, one of its more persistent critics would point to its educational value as a major accomplishment. Both users and staff developed a considerable understanding of the problems in medical computation. They learned what things could be done easily and which problems were expensive. And they began to understand how difficult it is to define rigorously the type of problems that are most interesting. Perhaps this knowledge will be valuable in future systems. Currently the plans for a joint facility between the hospital administrative office and some limited PL-ACME service are in development. I suspect the users will be much more realistic in their expectations and requirements.

Who then will mourn ACME? A noble experiment? A step in the direction of future systems? A compromise between the possible and practicable? I guess I will be sad to see it go. It had a certain childlike appeal to it. It wasn't businesslike. It wasn't cold and impersonal and invariably correct. Its traumas were very down to earth. And certainly it wasn't ACME's fault that it was never allowed to be an Advanced Computer but only a converted accounting machine.

Built and owned by IBM, it will be returned to IBM. Its transistorized heart will be stopped—in spite of Norman Shumway—and its faceless cabinets will be packed up and carted off to some never-never land for technological remnants. Perhaps, I'll actually see it go, without even a whimper. "Here lies ACME, born 1966—died 1973. Economic and political requirements were not compatible with life. There are no survivors."



Search for exceptional recordings ends with Traffic, Kinks, Davies

By PITTLE SQUINTMIND

There have been as few quality recordings released in recent months as there have been exceptional films; they're as hard to find as the tiny red seeds in a freshly cut key. You won't hear them even on FM anymore; they don't sell quickly enough: the search demands uncompromising taste; an over-open mind'll get you diggin' Stevie Wonder, or Alice Cooper, or anything—lumber—logs—you'll get burned. These days, it seems, you'll only score a good deal from old friends.

Old friends—like Traffic.

Traffic's new album, *Shootout at the Fantasy Factory*, Island, was released as their tour album, and all five cuts were played in their fine show at Winterland last week. Again Traffic showed why they're at the top. Their stage work appeared very free and comfortable, demonstrated the great maturity of style which marks the 'great' groups which have evolved from the British waves.

Traffic is now Stevie Winwood, Jim Capaldi, Chris Wood, and Rebop Kwaku Baah, along with a bassist, an organist, and another drummer.

Stevie Winwood dominates the group. Since the departure of Dave Mason, Winwood is the sole guitarist, sings most of the vocals, and his piano work was the highlight of the show. One could conclude that Winwood would be equally fabulous as a solo performer—two of the five new cuts, *Evening Blue* and *Uninspired*, seem to be his work exclusively, and are ample examples of his vocal excellence.

Chris Wood's wa-wa woodwinds are weirder than ever. *Tragic Magic* is his own cut—bezerko sax solos.

The two remaining songs in *Shootout*, the title cut, and *Roll Right Stones*, are very reminiscent of their previous album, *Low Spark*... the style seems to be richer; the additional percussion instrumentation (Bebop is a super-flashy conga slapper-ponger) seems to be integrated better, similarly with the bass line bopping harmonies of Chris Wood's sax and the bass.

Another find is the Kink's new double, *Everybody's in Show Biz*, RCA. The Kinks have always been despised completely or idolized beyond reason. It depends upon your opinions on *The Limits of Funk*, and *Who-Cares-Ism*, and *The Possibilities for Silly Social Satire*, and *The Hoaxes and Hopes for Stupidity in Music*, and how sentimental you are.

This double album is Hollywood Kinks. Two sides are a live recording of highlighted songs of an American concert, featuring the best of recent Kinks: *Muswell Hillbillies*, *Alcohol*, *Skin and Bone*, *Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues*, *Holiday*, *Mr. Wonderful*... It captures a realistic impression of Ray Davies at his best, gayly flaming upon a stage. There's a Dixieland band with them, which adds just the perfect accompaniment of soap and corn and absurdity. The crowd yells alot, and participates rowdily and freely, giving the impression that they are drunk, too.

There are two sides of new Kinks material as well. Most of these new ditties are wide ranging in style:

country twangs, ballads, fantasies, quick jumpers, happy little tunes, as well as the usual unusual subconscious ramblings of the delightful, impenetrable Ray Davies.

You Don't Know My Name is different, a rare Dave (Death of A Clown) Davies work. It sounds like Faces all around, and a flute adds to its unusualness.

Celluloid Harpes is the prize inside. A sentimental epic about Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood stars, and *Everybody's a star*. The song is a perfected blend of sarcasm and sadness, a perfection of Kink's tongue-in-cheek romanticism. The lyrics are the best poetics Ray Davies has ever written, I believe.

You can see all the stars as you walk down Hollywood boulevard.

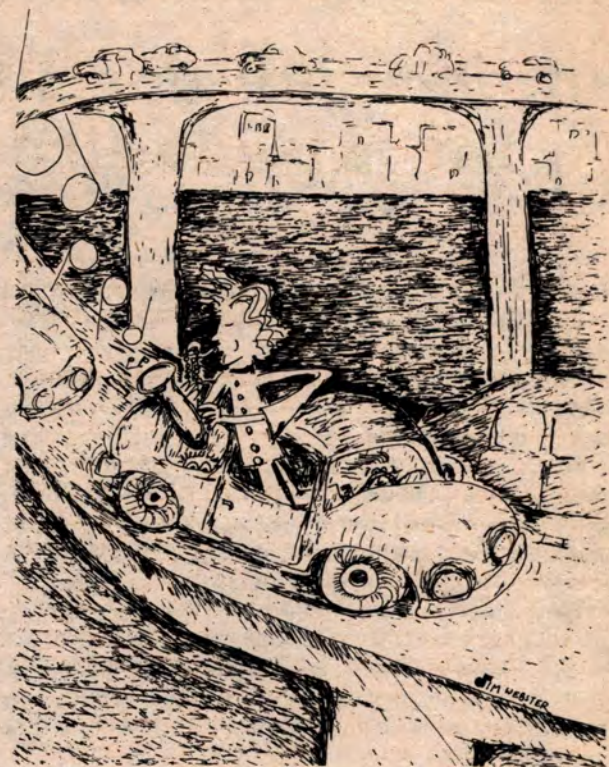
Some that you recognize, some that you hardly even heard of.

Some who suffered and struggled for fame.

Some who succeeded, some who suffered in vain.

Everybody's in Show biz, everybody's a star.

A few more words about this album: happy, light, naughty, nice, sad, old-fashioned, dreamy, touching, careless, laugh.



Rumor proves false

Photography program expands

By DALE BRODSKY

One of the latest rumors to circulate concerning University funds claims that plans exist to eliminate the art department's photography classes as a budgetary measure.

However, not only did this rumor prove unfounded, but also investigation revealed that the photography program, under the direction of Leo Holub and Robert Parker, has recently been expanded. Furthermore, funding is currently being sought to establish a permanent faculty post—both Holub and Parker are considered lecturers.

Like many successful creative projects at Stanford, such as the new observatory and print studio, the photography laboratory was conceived and developed outside direct institutional channels, and then—when success seemed inevitable—official financial university support was obtained.

Dr. Lorenz Eitner, chairman of the art department, described the evolution of the department in terms of its improvisational working philosophy. Until 1963, art classes were conducted in two classrooms near the present geology corner of the quad. By taking advantage of a timely encounter with Nathan Cummings, a wealthy Chicago businessman, Eitner was able to obtain matching funds from the university and a large amount of money from the federal government to construct new facilities for studios and classrooms. Had the first private

donation not been solicited, the other funds would not have been forthcoming.

Rather than being a product of general university expansion, the photography program is distinctly the creation of Leo Holub, known to his students as "Leo." Before he became a photography instructor in 1970, Holub was a senior planner in the planning office at Stanford, doing photography assignments for the art department the past ten years. Then, during winter quarter of 1970, he began teaching a senior colloquium in photography to a group of students at a home on Waverly Street in Palo Alto.

The first photography class within the curriculum of the art department was opened to students the next fall quarter, after Eitner had obtained equipment for a darkroom and Holub had built sinks and walls in an old sculpture studio with the help of several architecture students. The original 25 students learning photography in the darkroom located in the basement of the art gallery building has risen to 130, and the number of enlargers was recently increased from eight to 18 in the newly-expanded facilities.

Holub and Parker share responsibilities for instructing three basic classes, two intermediate classes, and one of students working on advanced individual projects. In addition, a course entitled "Photo Essay and Photo Silkscreen," begun by Parker last year, is designed to teach skills related to photographic journalism.

During the first seven weeks of the quarter, pictures from a selected corporation or organization are compiled into a coherent essay that conveys the sense of the institution without written copy. The last three weeks are spent learning creative silkscreening techniques.

For evidence of the growing interest in photography as an art form, Eitner points out that the Stanford Art Museum has added to its permanent collection a series of photographs and has sponsored the Muybridge and Ansel Adams shows during the past year. Holub accords the popularity of photography to a trend toward an increasingly visual-oriented society in which we live. "You become more aware of the visual thing than what is spoken. You can just listen to so much and then short out. Although there are more images than we can assimilate, there are enough good ones that we are impressed once in awhile."

The photography program and the art department in general seem to follow a course of action rather than expectation. Eitner considers the department to have strongly developed around people who excel as artists and scholars. Unintentionally, Holub substantiated this claim when he remarked that during the past three years of raising photography to its current level, he has had to neglect his own camera, but now that the laboratory is in operation, he can once again be a photographer.



Photograph by Neil MacDonald

"Beaux' Stratagem:" the best-laid scripts go off mishandled

"Anything worth doing," according to David Riesman, "is worth doing badly." While this statement cannot excuse the Drama Department's current production of "The Beaux' Stratagem," it may help to explain it.

"Stratagem," by George Farquhar, is a delicate, bright and gentle satire. It tells the story of four people for whom love conquers all.

That "all" is considerable. It starts with two fortune-hunters, masquerading as a lord and his servant, who court a married woman and her sister. The women appreciate their attention, but are socially obliged to keep fairly quiet about their feelings.

The married woman, Mrs. Sullen, is unhappy with her sottish spouse and has begun to entertain a count to inflame whatever there is of her husband's jealousy. The count is in cahoots with an Irish expatriate in the guise of a French priest who is himself enamored of the Sullens' maid—in direct competition with Scrub, the Sullen manservant, who seems willing to do almost anything for malt or money.

These situations and others too involved to deal with here are all neatly tied together in a final act which includes two attempted seductions, an attempted robbery, four near murders, a marriage ceremony begun three times and never completed, and even a few surprises along the way.

The script sparkles with the delicate wit characteristic of intricately plotted Restoration comedy, and ought to be executed accordingly. While the proper production of this sort of play requires the grace, delicacy, and light-footedness needed to perform a ballet on eggshells, director Kent Paul creates a mood more evocative of sleepwalkers in Stern Hall.

The key to successful staging of Restoration comedy is pacing. Care must be taken to keep things moving (at a speed appropriate to the play's development) at all times, and though rushing through scenes never works in any drama, allowing scenes in "Stratagem" to drag proves to be almost fatal to the Little Theatre's current offering.

Complexities of plot must be allowed to develop, but the audience should never feel overexposed. The best playwrights—and Farquhar was one—try to prevent monotony by having frequent changes of scene within the play. This, however, leads to other problems.

Faced with the dual necessity of switching sets frequently and maintaining audience interest constantly, a director has two basic choices: first, to either drop the curtain, cut the onstage lighting, or make all efforts to keep movement during the change as inconspicuous as possible; second, to keep some light, keep the curtain up, and allow the set-shift to evolve, as it were, before the eyes of the viewers.

Kent Paul chooses the latter approach, and for "The Beau' Stratagem" the choice is disastrous. The revolving



Archer (Eric Booth Miller) explains the stratagem to his gentleman friend Aimwell (Peter Moore) in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, now playing at the Little Theater.

flats and ascending or descending chandeliers have nothing to do with the story—which is complex enough and should be made interesting enough to keep an audience fully occupied—and the crew, their tasteful Restoration costumes notwithstanding, has no business displaying themselves on the same stage with the characters whom Farquhar leads us to know, and in most cases, love.

The young gentlemen are the characters Farquhar makes most lovable, and Archer (the seeming servant) is the more lovable of the pair. Archer is precisely as Eric Booth Miller portrays him—a man of humor, honor, gallantry, and a good scent for a profit-making adventure. His grace, lightness and charm should epitomize the play—here they are forced to carry the show almost without assistance, a gleaming hint of what might have been.

Archer flits airily about the stage, always sure of his purpose, every ready for a quick embrace or a tall tankard of ale. Though he pretends to be a servant, he reveals himself as a master of the art of getting into and out of remarkable predicaments. His companion in chicanery—and chief aide in animating this production—is Aimwell, well-portrayed by Peter Moore.

Aimwell, like Archer, is interested in high living and amorous adventures, but he seems less creative in his approach to keeping his head above water. Moore, like Miller, is a pleasure to watch. When these two virtuosi team up, a splendid time is guaranteed for all.

Sadly, these fine gentlemen do not have similarly gifted lady loves. Carol Bunker's Dorinda, the amour of Aimwell, is pleasant enough, but can only be sincere when playing her too-constantly fluttering heart.

This is considerably more appropriate—and more enjoyable—than Janis Lipman's Mrs. Sullen, who is but a pallid profile of Farquhar's fair filly. Instead of a young,

love-starved lady bursting with unused energy, we have an almost-dour drag on each scene she shares with Dorinda. Instead of a woman captivated by the notion of romance, we have a student actress so concerned with rounded vowels and "propah" diction that she loses most of her capacity for vocal expressiveness.

Question: Why does the Drama Department insist (here as in last quarter's "Ghosts") on devoting so much time to frills like elocution that pacing, sprightly scene-playing, and character development all show signs of malnutrition? I don't know the answer, but I'd like someone close to the source to provide one.

Despite these faults, "The Beaux' Stratagem" still affords an entertaining evening. As mentioned earlier, Farquhar was a fine writer. Even his minor characters provide ample opportunity for pleasure, and Glen Thompson's Scrub and John A. Caldwell's Mr. Sullen highlight a capable supporting cast. Mark Capri deserves special mention, as his few moments on stage are utterly sublime.

The play is sublime, too—but oh, how short this interpretation falls. I asked a friend what she thought of the play, and her response—"In a word, long"—is the harshest critique possible for a Restoration comedy. Really, it's a shame. "The Beaux' Stratagem" deserves Miller and Moore and still more of their caliber, and this production doesn't have it.

A talented director and company could sparkle all the way through this theatrical gem. Things being the way they are, though, there is little to do but echo Eric Bentley's lament:

*One always wants them rather tall and slender,
And what one's got is rather short and fat.*

—DON ALTSCHUL

Is that guy on the right the Chaparral business manager? No! It's Mark Lee, the Chaparral editor. In fact, he's looking for a business manager. The qualifications are not too well defined; if you think you'd like to try it come on by. It takes a few hours a week. Salary and commissions to be discussed. Call Mark at 328-6090 or stop in at the Chaparral office, 12:30 or 1 p.m. any weekday.



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Beer-can superstar: five thousand cans shine in his cellar

By DON ALTSCHUL

Have you ever seen your favorite actress smile at you from a beer can?

I have.

There she was, Diane Baker, on an old but still shiny can of Rheingold Extra Dry Lager. The can belongs to Joe Veselsky of Hicksville, Long Island. It is only a tiny part of what he calls "the world's largest collection of beer-related memorabilia," or, to use one of his favorite words, "breweriana."

Veselsky, a 59-year-old printer, started his collection in 1956. Vacationing in Niagara Falls, he bought a dozen or so different cans in a local supermarket. The variety of unfamiliar brews intrigued him, so he went back to the supermarket. He returned from his vacation "with half a trunkful of different cans."

Naturally, he invited some friends over to help him drink up his souvenirs. One neighbor suggested that the cans could make a nice display in Veselsky's basement, and Hicksville's Breweriana Museum was born.

The museum now has 350 different bottles ("not the new ones," Veselsky stresses, "the old, embossed kind"), 20 pounds of bottle caps, 500 different trays, 750 different draught tap knobs, 50,000 beer bottle labels, an assortment of beer signs and clocks, and 5,612 different empty beer cans. With a collection of this size, it's easy to understand the advice given to two California collectors who were travelling across country: "If you get to New York, you've got to look up Joe Veselsky. He and his collection represent the ultimate."

The source of that recommendation was Denver Wright, Jr., a founder of the Beer Can Collectors of America (BCCA). The BCCA is the definitive collectors' organization, and its membership has swollen from the seven 1969 charter members to the 609 collectors in the ranks as of its 1972 convention (that's right, convention).

In addition to holding the convention, the BCCA publishes and regularly updates its membership roster, and sends out a quarterly newsletter filled with information valuable to its members. This information covers a surprisingly wide range. There are lists galore, covering "THE 17 SCHMIDT SCENES," a list of domestic gallon cans, a list of suggested rules of trading etiquette, a rating scale for determining the trading value of cans, a full-page catalog listing all of the breweries operating in the U.S., and a guide to "Who's Who in the BCCA."

The newsletter also has appropriate filler items ("The director of Boston State Hospital Mental Health Centre discovered in his... hospital that for calming institutionalized mental patients, beer is better than tranquilizers"), reprinted news items about collectors and collecting, and assorted helpful hints.

These bits of advice usually fall into two categories: restoration ("insert a small firecracker into the



The solemn looking beer can above has just received news that he was rejected by the Beer Can Collectors Association of America. His dreams of joining the world famous Hicksville collection have - if you will - been crushed.

can... the combustion often removes every dent!) and preservation ("Rust CAN be removed! One of the best rust removers is Oxalic Acid which is available in most drug stores").

Opinions vary widely as to the best means of preserving cans, and Joe Veselsky has his own strong views on the subject. "You've got to take good care of your collection," he counsels, adding "I never use that so-called anti-rust acid or preserving spray or any of that shit, pardon the expression. A feather duster is all I use, and I dust my entire breweriana collection once a week."

That's no simple job. It means dusting every cone top, every tapknob, every porcelain can, every gallon can, all 36 of his Ballantine cans, and of course his specialty cans.

There are the "bastard cans, if you'll excuse the expression," such as the Budweiser Malt Liquor can with a Miller pull tab. There are the olive-drab cans from WW II, made not to reflect light when thrown out of the trenches. There are the one-of-a-kind items like the 1941 Krueger half-pint cone top—"nobody else has one like it."

Nobody else has a collection as extensive, either. Veselsky keeps a log book of all the visitors to his museum, and the signatures come from as far away as France and New Zealand—each one a testament to his status as number one.

He keeps that status by staying constantly on the alert for new finds—just last year he bought an entire collection from a New Zealander.

This vigilance requires him to devote an hour or more each weeknight to correspondence, and six to seven hours a day on weekends. With the volume of letters and cans he receives he could never manage with an ordinary mailbox, so he has improvised: he uses a keg.

He is totally committed to his breweriana. Numerous books about beer line his basement, along with annual directories of domestic and foreign breweries. "This isn't a hobby for me any more," he confesses. "The wife says it's an obsession."

Whatever you might want to call it, it has captured the imagination of hundreds of people from New Zealand to Canada, young and old alike. As BCCA Secretary Jerry Glader wrote in a recent newsletter, "There's No Generation Gap in BCCA."

Even though these people share an interest in beer cans, there is plenty of room for diversity.

BCCA member Bill Christensen wrote a newsletter article "In Defense of Specialization," saying that a narrow-scope collection was more challenging and more fun. Joe Veselsky, on the other hand, asserts; "If you want to enlarge your collection, you've got to diversify. Sometimes you can trade a tap knob for maybe four cans. Otherwise it'll run you into monies."

Not that diversification is inexpensive. Veselsky says that no one can become a serious collector without making an investment. A beginner has to "get the books and learn the history," and that costs.

With that done, the would-be collector has to start subscribing to journals like "Antique Trader," "Collectors' News," and the "Tri-State Trader to increase his stock of trays, tap knobs and bottles. Once you accumulate a few hundred cans, Veselsky advises, "you should join the BCCA or the ECBA."

The ECBA is the Eastern Coast Breweriana Association, which has attracted 160 members since Veselsky founded it in 1970.

Veselsky is concerned with the promoting of breweriana collection because he has no further plateaus to reach on his own. "I've already shot it to the sky," he explains, "Being number one."

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But don't forget, an educated corpse is no better than an uneducated one. It stinks just as much.

Perhaps \$5,000 isn't so much, after all. The enemy will spend \$7,100 to kill or maim you. And your own government will have to chip in \$7,542 to send you to war, plus about \$4.89 for a blanket, in case you happen to get killed and they have to bury what's left of you in a trench with your classmates and, possibly, a few horses.

In the last war, you had about a 50-50 chance of coming back intact. Next time the odds probably won't be so good.

Four thousand American undergraduates died in the World War, and a lot more fellows who should have been in college.

That war cost enough to send through high school every American child born from now until the year 2105 A.D.

The total cost of that war would build and endow a university twice the size of Stanford in every city of 1,000 or more population in the United States.

Maybe it seems cold-blooded to talk about these things in terms of money. There are a lot of things lost that can't be valued, such as brains and character and youth. And life itself can't be appraised. But those who want war seem to figure in dollars and cents.

In Memorial Hall are the names of Stanford men who died for an ideal. Though misled, their valor should inspire us to live for our ideal — peace. Maybe you, Frosh, will find the answer. You'll save a lot more than \$5,000, if you do.

(All facts contained herein have been secured from carefully verified statistics. CHAPARRAL invites reprint or imitation of this page.)



Chaparral
October, 1937



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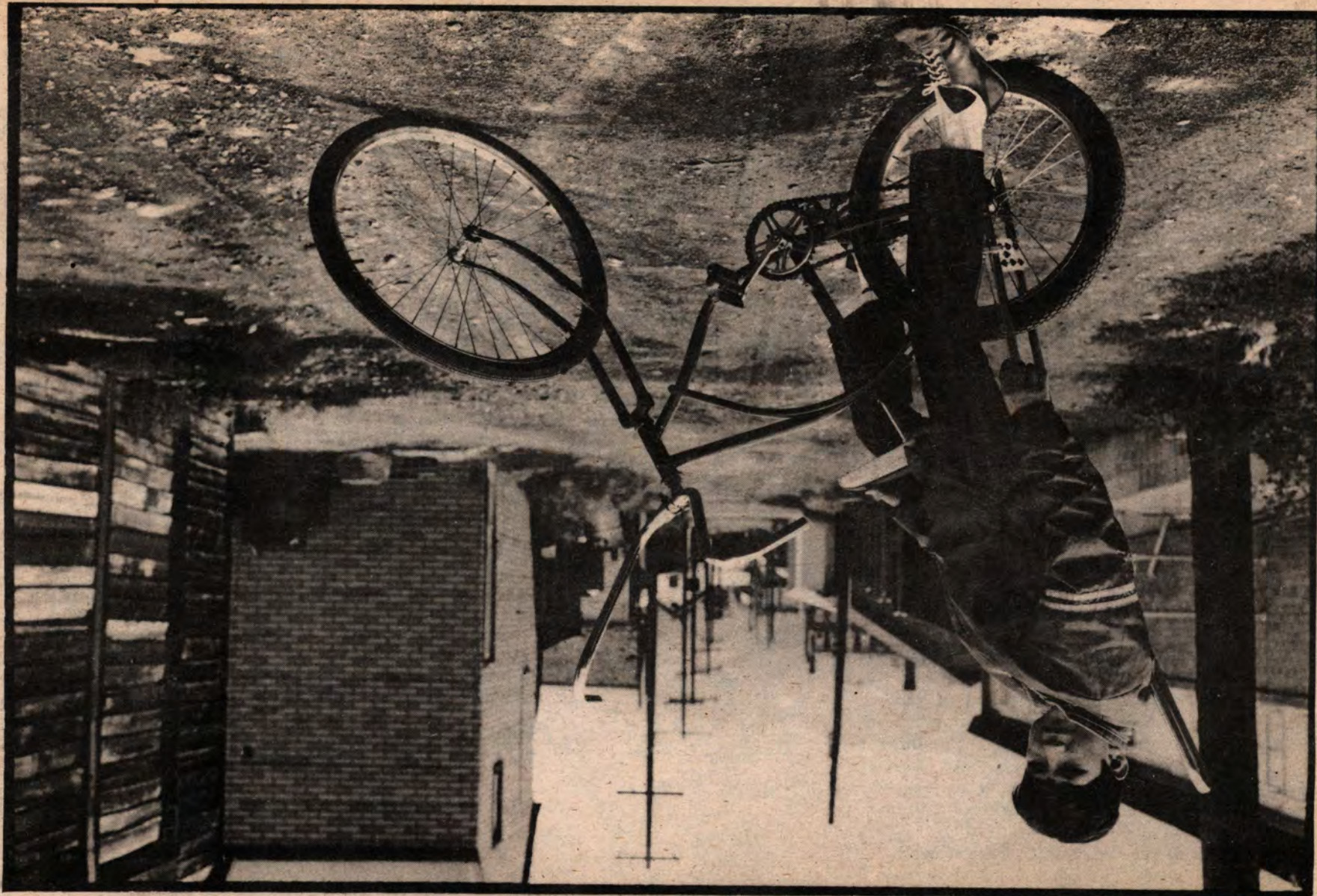
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february 1, 1973

ESTABLISHED 1899
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ORGANIZED 1906
APRIL 17

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

WENZEL 1916

HOW THAT

the war doesn't go on anymore, at least on paper, it seems appropriate to reprint an old Chaparral editorial. The original version, first printed in 1937, is located on page 7. It appeared again in 1960 midway between the Korean and Vietnam Wars.

We don't know the whole history of this piece. We have wondered and argued about it in the offices of the Chaparral. The \$5000 figure clearly refers to four years of tuition, room, and board. Now it will only buy a single year. Inflation, rising costs — an endless cycle.

And the war itself. Which war. Does it matter anymore. But the people who wrote this editorial in 1937 seemed so firmly opposed to throwing away their lives for the absurd promises of patriotic nationalism. We wonder what they are doing now and how they feel about moryrecent wars. We wonder whether their apparent failure to effect future events offers a lesson to those of us who would like to believe that this recent war is indeed over. History cannot be completely meaningless. Can it?

-T.C.

The Chaparral meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. in its spacious offices high above the Daily. For fun, frivolity, and fantasy as well as some serious flacking come up and join us. New members are always welcome. Phone 328-6090, or ext. 4638.