

The Tech.

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MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FIVE CENTS

Economic pressures stymie Simplex plans

By Robert Fourer

Prospects are becoming increasingly dim for development of the 20-acre MIT-owned Simplex factory site, purchased for \$12.75 million two and a half years ago.

Plans for a 1200-unit housing development on the site have been prepared by the Institute Planning Office, but a soft housing market, a sluggish economy, and rising construction costs and taxes may force indefinite postponement of financing and construction arrangements.

Development now would be an "expensive, perhaps hazardous undertaking," according to project director Dick Dover, who presented the plans at an open meeting of the Corporation Joint Advisory Committee (CJAC) last Thursday evening. He was accompanied by other Planning Office officials and Vice President Kenneth Wadleigh.

Average monthly rent for a two-bedroom, 1000-square-foot apartment would be \$438, according to projections made last spring on the basis of 80 unit/acre "quality" construction - at the level of Harvard's Peabody Terrace on Memorial Drive - and long-term, low-interest financing under a state program which requires one-fourth of the units to be subsidized for low-income tenants.

At such a high price it is expected that the 900 non-subsidized units would be especially difficult to fill. Planning Office surveys of MIT students, faculty and staff show that full tenancy under present

conditions could be assumed only with the help of a number of optimistic estimates.

Prospects for less costly and less risky housing for MIT people had seemed much better when the land was originally bought, Wadleigh admitted. He added that objectives set during this initial optimism - including the establishment of "quality" project standards and the pledge of full tax payment to the city - were in part responsible for the nearly prohibitive projected rentals.

The reasoning behind the \$438 figure is explained in a report prepared for CJAC and distributed to committee members at the meeting. It would cover the cost of financing design and construction of rental units, parking and "site amenities," while allowing MIT a 5% return on its land investment. The loss on the 300 subsidized units is also taken into account.

The cost may well be higher by the time the project is finished - at least five years from now. A 10% rise in construction costs would increase rents about \$30/month, as would a rise in taxes from 25% to 30% of net rental income.

A Planning Office survey of MIT students, faculty and staff showed, according to the report, 450 people or families willing to pay at least \$300/month for one of the projected units. This figure is increased to 675 on the assumption that many people could be attracted to the project who would not, at the time of the survey, have expressed a desire to live there. 225 people



Five "monumental" sculptures appeared on the MIT Campus late last week. On loan from Lippincott, Inc. and the Institute of Contemporary Arts, the works by American artists Louise Nevelson, Bernard Rosenthal, Alexander Liberman, George Sugarman and Clement Meadmore will be displayed here through the winter. Pictured above is

"Ascent" by Lieberman.

After being placed around the MIT campus early Friday morning, the sculptures confronted perplexed students who wondered where they might have come from. The general reaction of the undergraduates was less than favorable.

Photo by Sheldon Lowenthal

not MIT-affiliated are postulated to fill the remaining non-subsidized units. (MIT employees eligible for housing subsidies are expected to fill half of the 300 low-rent units.)

A closer look at the survey figures, however, discloses that over two-thirds of those willing to pay over \$300 were not willing to pay over \$400; less than 25, it appears, could be expected to consider paying \$440 for a two-bedroom apartment.

The possibility of building fewer units at first, with expansion (Please turn to page 2)

Nyhart reviews year, mails 'media sampler'

By Lee Giguere

Sometime this week, the Dean for Student Affairs Office will mail to freshmen parents a letter informing them of what's going on at the Institute this term. At the same time, it was announced that parents would be sent a "media sampler."

While containing nothing new to students, the letter will hopefully give the parents some information about Residence Orientation Week, the bombing of the Hermann building, "an apparently low level of drug usage," and the low level of politicization on campus this term. Nyhart said he wanted to give the parents a "general feel" for MIT events and to "transmit some of the excitement and challenges that MIT and our students offer each other."

Addressing the question of drug use, Nyhart reports that "drug use also appears to be markedly down from where it was two years ago." He admits, however, that marijuana is "fairly widely accepted by students as a social phenomenon." This year, he suggests, "appears to be the second in a row that, on the surface at least, seems 'quiet.'" He attributes "this mood to a combination of forces: the national economy's slow state, the national conservative political trend, and a redirection of the energy of student activists (greatly reduced in number) from the enervating and frequently futile attempts at instant reform that marked the late sixties to more basic, careful, and effective change efforts."

The letter also deals with MIT's view of its relationship with its students, and of the relationship between parent and student. In the case of the latter, Nyhart states: "We place great

importance on good communications between parent and student, but we do not seek to intrude." While MIT seeks to provide parents with information about campus activities (the letter specifically suggests subscriptions to campus media), Nyhart points out that "your son or daughter is your best continuing source of information about what MIT is all about."

On the first point, Nyhart re-states MIT policy: "We consider undergraduates to be young adults." He emphasizes the importance of independence saying it "fosters growth."

In addition to being sent to the parents of all MIT freshmen, Nyhart said that the letter would be sent to the students themselves. In the future, he hopes to send a regular series of letters to the parents of MIT students, possibly two or three times a year. The letter being sent to freshmen parents, he said, will be re-written and mailed to the parents of other MIT undergraduates.

The media sampler will contain copies of several campus publications, and information about others which are not sent, as well as subscription forms. *The Observer*, a new publication devised by Institute Information Services Director Bob Byers, will contain news clippings from both campus and off-campus media, including such nationally known publications as the *New York Times* and *The Washington Post*.

Nyhart emphasized that the cost of both the letter and the media packet would be very low, pointing out that there was already money set aside for communication of this sort with parents. *The Observer* in particular, he said, was very inexpensive.

Hollomon projects dilemma

By Paul Schindler

Herbert J. Hollomon told the MIT Club of Boston last Thursday that America faces a "Technological Dilemma." The dilemma is equally a problem of a supply-demand disparity in technological training, and of non-cooperation among people.

Hollomon began with several observations. He noted that US GNP surpassed that of the rest of the world at a time when all significant research and development was imported from Europe. The US R&D effort did not get a significant boost until the 50's, when it grew 25% per year under government impetus (the industrial R&D component was and is a small fraction of total R&D).

Yet in 1961, there were disturbing signs for the future, when the derivative of funding with respect to time peaked (increases continued, but at a smaller rate); by 1967, the derivative became zero, then negative.

Corn-hog cycle

Hollomon, who is consultant to the president and the provost, then discussed the upcoming shortage of technical and engineering students in terms of the corn-hog cycle. This is the cycle which results in alternating fluctuations of the price of each commodity, as a corn surplus



Herbert J. Hollomon

Photo by P.E. Schindler, Jr.

one year results in a hog surplus the year following.

As demand for engineers contracts, students look at the marketplace, and make very astute decisions concerning their future chances for employment. According to Hollomon, 1/2 of the MIT undergraduate student body is now outside of the science and engineering fields.

Hollomon blames the feast-famine phenomenon on the federal government, whose massive

monetary input perturbed free market distribution of skills. The good done by space and defense, he stated, does not balance their negative effects, which were mainly an inflation of the cost of engineering personnel relative to other industrial countries, and the skill-distribution perturbation.

Hollomon observed that many of America's current problems fit the model of the "commodity cycle" (Please turn to page 2)

Fiscal pinch stalls development

(Continued from page 1)
 sion contingent on future growth of the market, was discounted by officials at the CJAC meeting. The Simplex site, surrounded by a noisy trucking terminal, a candy factory, and numerous small auto body shops, is presently "a damned depressing area," as Wadleigh put it; a project of less than a certain critical size would be overwhelmed by its surroundings, destroying much of the appeal it might have for tenants who could afford it.

Several ways rents might be lowered were also discussed at the meeting. The simplest expedient would be cheaper construction — through a less costly design or greater density. Unfortunately, Wadleigh pointed out,

it does not appear that the number of people attracted by lower rents will greatly exceed the number repelled by lower quality. Rents could also be kept down if Cambridge granted lower taxes as an incentive, but MIT has already pledged not to request special tax treatment.

MIT might also forego the 5% return on its land investment for a number of years — in effect, subsidizing the project itself — on the theory that with "quality construction," at least, the buildings themselves would eventually turn a profit for many years. Land costs account for only \$30/unit/month, however.

One way out which has not yet been fully investigated is further government subsidy for student and faculty housing. A

combination of several state and federal programs might be employed, possibly along with the sale of some units as condominiums (giving their tenants a tax break).

The Institute would also like to develop part of the Simplex land for commercial tenants, in the manner of Harvard's Holyoke Center in Harvard Square. Competition for commercial tenants in Cambridge is already intense, however, so no action is likely in the near future unless a major tenant can be found.

If the land continues unused, MIT might give up the role of developer and sell it. A profit-making developer would benefit from tax breaks that MIT, which pays no taxes, could not claim. The Institute, of course, would

lose control over what would be built right next to it — this control was one of the stated reasons for buying Simplex — but according to a Planning Office official, the cost of the land would preclude almost anything but the high-quality construction MIT had in mind.

MIT's housing problems at

Hollomon challenges American technology

(Continued from page 1)

mon" problem of old: the city has a common upon which animals can be grazed. More and more animals are grazed, each farmer taking his profit, until the common is exhausted.

Simplex are similar to those of the city as a whole, which Antony Herrey of the MIT Real Estate Office explained briefly. The demand for housing is acute, yet many people can no longer afford even what there is. The situation is critical, but the trend is unclear.

Cooperation is the only thing which will save the world from some of the problems it faces, but whether individuals can really apply themselves to common problems is, in Hollomon's view, a moot point. "I don't know how to accomplish cooperation," without cost to individual rights, he added, but the lack of an easy answer does not mean that no attempt should be made.

During the question and answer period, Hollomon predicted that Nixon will announce a major non-science, non-defense technological effort in January.



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BU profs examine food co-op phenomenon

By Charlotte Cooper
 Food co-ops aren't a new concept. They've existed in this country many times before their most recent emergence involving suburbanites and blue-collar workers as well as students. Two BU College of Business Administration professors, interested in examining this pattern developing across economic classes, are carrying out a study from both a marketing and a sociological point of view. They encourage MIT students involved in co-ops to participate in their project, which requires no more

than a questionnaire and an interview.
 Ed Wertheim, who teaches human behavior and organizational theory, and Ron Curhan, a professor of marketing, organized a panel of co-op leaders last September to discover how various groups operated. Armed with an \$1100 grant from the Boston University Fund, they then developed a questionnaire distributed during the past month to 15 of each of the 20 participating groups. Says Wertheim: "Curhan is interested in discovering the co-op member's attitudes toward consumer behavior differ from those of the average shopper. I'm more involved with the interview side of the study which reveals how this type of voluntary organization is formed, how it's run, why people leave."

Permanent or transient, the food co-op is now flourishing in the Boston area. One Cambridge group has divided its 500 members into three subareas. BU boasts a membership of 800, although each week only about 200 members place orders. Wertheim has found that most groups follow a similar food-buying pattern. A list of the week's produce prices is distributed to members who then place their orders. Requests are collated and some decisions are made - "If only one person out of 50 wants artichokes, then you

don't buy artichokes because you have to buy in volume to get a low price." The actual shopping is generally done in Chelsea, the produce wholesalers for the Boston area. At their stalls, owners wheel and deal with representatives from supermarkets as well as private and co-op shoppers. Purchased co-op food is taken to a distribution point where members pick up their orders. Some groups are sufficiently organized to pack each order in a labelled carton.

Although each co-op member is theoretically required to donate services, Wertheim has found that most groups are held together by a dedicated core of workers who may look on the organization as a part of the new lifestyle of communal living, a means to breaking down barriers in a suburban community, or a step towards politically organizing the urban poor.

The professors intend to make all their findings available to participating groups; they may compile a catalogue describing the activities of all co-ops in the area. Information obtained from questionnaires is for statistical purposes only. "Most groups have been happy to participate. They want feedback concerning what other co-ops

are doing. They want to see how much everybody else is paying in Chelsea," says Wertheim who wonders if the co-op effort is actually decreasing supermarket profits. The movement, he feels, will have to grow much larger to affect big stores and with increased size will come the dangers of bureaucracy.

"By 'bureaucracy,'" he explains, "I mean a controlling structure." Already the larger groups have been forced to hire co-ordinators.

Wertheim has observed with interest how these groups based on the ideology of democratic, participatory management resolve the need for regulations which remove members from decision-making. Inevitably, it seems, bureaucracy wins out. "You want all members to participate but on the other hand, you've got to balance a check. And you can't have everybody signing checks to pay. That would be too chaotic, so you designate two people. You find that when a new member shops he spends more money because he doesn't know enough about Chelsea, so the experienced

shoppers compile a book that says 'so-and-so is a crook, but so-and-so sells great tomatoes.' You're setting up a structure and laying down rules that you need to operate, but you may be co-opting your ideology."

Wertheim plans to conduct a follow-up study to see which groups survive their expansion of interest. "Most groups," he says, "have been in existence no longer than a year. People come and go and we want to know why. When I receive a list of a co-op's members, I also call those whose names have been crossed off, to see what prompted them to leave and what they think of buying collectively."

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With this issue The Tech concludes publication for the fall term. There will be three issues over IAP - on Wednesdays, beginning January 12 - and regular semi-weekly publication will resume Friday, February 4.

In our Friday, Dec. 10 issue, Dan Greenberg was identified as the correspondent for Science. Mr. Greenberg is publisher of a newsletter, Science and Government Report.

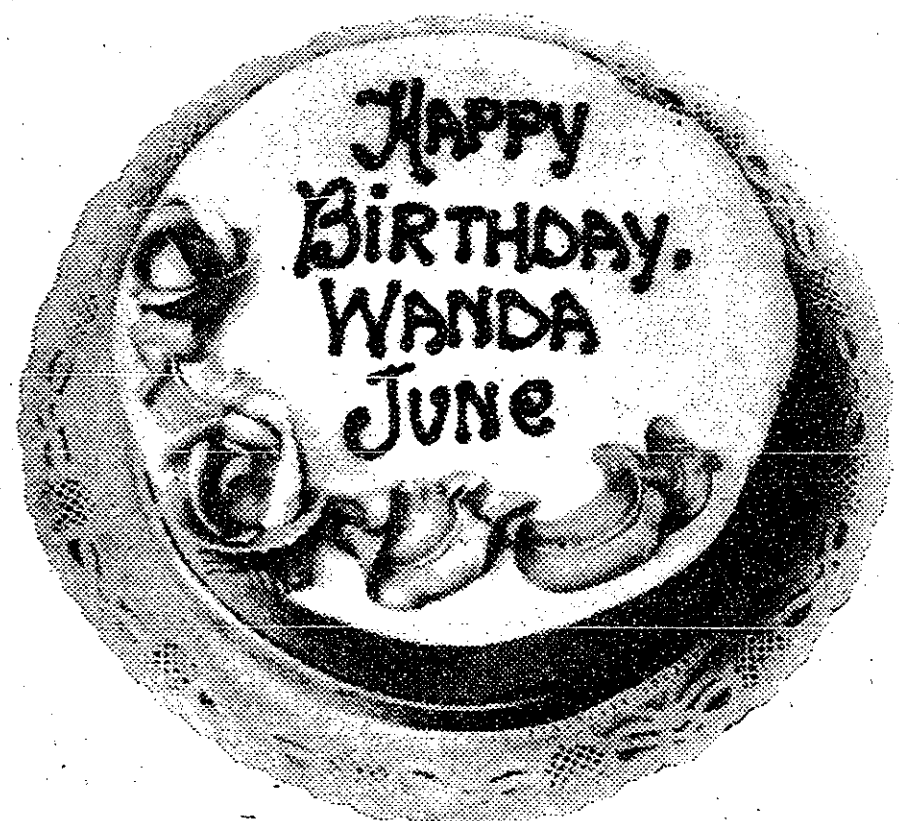
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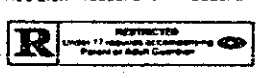
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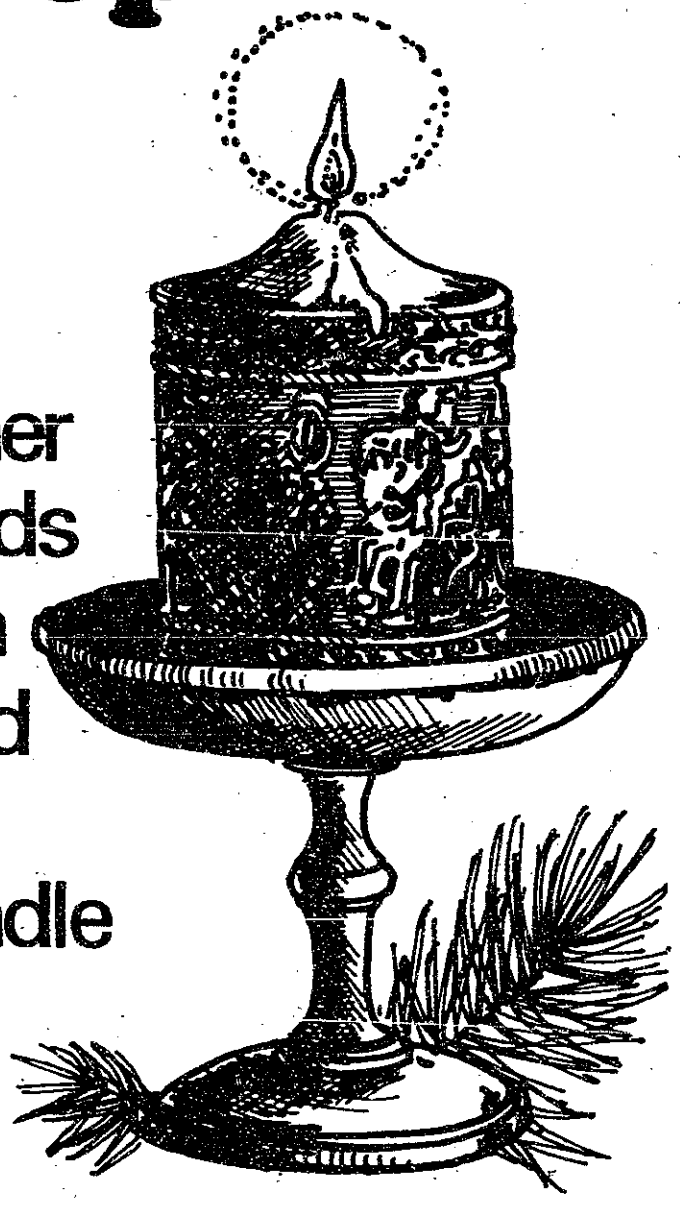
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Battering Ram - III

By Michael Feirtag
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MARV KESHNER WAS AWAKE early on Friday morning, putting up posters around the Institute publicizing the student meeting that he and two others had planned for that afternoon.

He arrived at the dean of the school of engineering's conference room—which had become known as the war room—a half hour before the scheduled start of the meeting of the augmented academic council—at 8:30 instead of 9:00.

Many members of the academic council—mostly academic deans—were drifting out of the room when he arrived. It appeared that the academic council had met earlier that morning, and the meeting had been unknown to FAG/SAG.

Keshner had been in the occupied offices earlier, and had given the occupiers a poster. Now, in the war room, he gave one to Simonides.

Simonides' face fell. He found Johnson and offered him the poster. Johnson became furious. For a long moment, he stared at the poster proffered by Simonides, then he turned to Keshner. There was a rather horrible silence. Johnson began to speak, then stopped. There was a long pause.

Here we have been consulting with you students, Johnson finally said. Why had the students gone off on their own and done something like this?

I hadn't thought of this until two in the morning, Keshner offered. I didn't think it would be important enough to wake you up over. The reply that the administration had never consulted with the student body before calling a faculty meeting never occurred to Keshner. Neither did he wonder why the administration thought it had any right whatever to participate in decisions to hold student body meetings. He did ask: why were the administrators upset?

Johnson repeated that he was disappointed that he had not been consulted.

Howard Johnson:

I'm not surprised I was opposed to it. I don't quite remember the specifics, but it is a fact that it was, and I suppose one could say it, practically impossible to have a student body meeting. We had a graduate student council, we had an undergraduate organization, and it is simply a reflection of experience that we get the size groups that were being talked of—if you have problems in terms of the faculty, very, very difficult to have discussion, very difficult to keep the meeting from becoming sort of organized by relatively few people. Unless as a cheering

group, I can't imagine what that meeting would have served. I think there was such a meeting. I'll leave it to you to judge it; I don't remember what happened. But I think it can be easily mobilized in that particular situation—could have been, and would seem then to the man on the street, who's looking at it simply, well, it looks as though there was consensus, when actually consensus didn't exist. And I would be no part of that kind of what I consider maneuvering.

and Constantine Simonides:

I felt very much put out at the time simply because I didn't know and we had nothing to do with any kind of planning of that, or not asked at all what our reactions were to that meeting. And to the extent that I felt that the meeting had been planned by people who had spent all the night, virtually, with us, in there—I said, "Well, why in the world didn't we talk about it at a meeting like that?" because my own instinct was very much against—the best advice I had gotten from the people who would talk to me, and certainly all who would speak for, who would say that they spoke for how it went inside, which was all unsolicited and therefore it could all be called hearsay, it could be discounted—but all that I had gave me an instinctive impression that the less we did after Thursday night, the more the chance was that this group would leave on its own, and that there would be avoided difficult confrontation or escalation of numbers of people here, and so on. So I felt that on Friday morning, the idea of a meeting in Kresge could only postpone, no matter what plans there were for leaving. And therefore I was against it. But it was presented to me on Friday morning—very early, too, at about 8:30 or 9:00—as a *fait accompli*, because what had happened is hundreds of signs had been sent all over the campus, and that's how I found out, when I first saw the sign . . .

I thought to myself, well, that may mean that things will flare up again if there is a mass meeting.

Johnson asked if the meeting could be called off.

No, Keshner did not think it could.

Keshner found himself guided by Simonides into a room in the complex of offices adjoining the war room. Simonides began speaking. Keshner suddenly thought he understood the anger. As Simonides spoke, it seemed to Keshner that Simonides was saying that he and another—seemingly Gray—had convinced the academic council to continue to wait, and not take any precipitate action. Apparently, there had been considerable sentiment in the academic council to take action on the occupation, and it had only been assurances that it seemed very possible that the demonstrators were losing support and would be leaving of their own volition reasonably soon that had pacified the council for the present.

If the radicals could attend a meeting in the afternoon with hopes of proselytizing the student body, there would be no inclination to leave the occupied offices before the end of that meeting.

And if they succeeded at the meeting in galvanizing student support . . .

A second exchange with Johnson and Simonides

occurred minutes later. How well had the meeting been publicized, they wanted to know now, as they eased toward asking again if the meeting could be called off. It now seemed to Keshner that the administration was seeking a path of least resistance out of this crisis, choosing a cosmetic method of dealing with immediate events without much, if any, thought to long-range problems, and without bothering at all with doing something about the matters that had precipitated the events, in particular a disciplinary system that had become abhorrent to most of the undergraduates. Keshner made no attempt to argue with the administrators' choice of short-term crisis management. He repeated that he did not think he could call off the meeting.

Simonides left the room. Keshner had work to do in preparation for the student meeting. He decided to leave, and return if he could for whatever part of the meeting he could find time for.

Suddenly, Keshner noticed that Kenneth Wadleigh was in the room, speaking on the telephone. As Keshner listened, he realized that Wadleigh was speaking with the Institute's legal counsel. It seemed he was conferring on the progress of an attempt to obtain a temporary restraining order, an injunction. Keshner looked up. "Is that—"

Welcome to the big time, Wadleigh drawled.

Wells Eddleman had been awake all night.

Eddleman had returned to the occupied offices after the interminable FAG/SAG meeting. Everyone was sleeping. One person was sitting up in the secretarial area, looking at the door from Johnson's office to the occupied area; that was the extent of its protection. The floor was almost completely covered with sleepers, from the socialist realist painting into Killian's office.

One campus patrolman stood in the corridor, two in Johnson's office.

Eddleman returned to Baker. He began cramming 8.04, Principles of Quantum Physics, having borrowed someone's lecture notes—Keshner's, as it happened. He had slept perhaps three hours in the past 72.

When he was not staring at the xeroxed sheets crawling with scrawled equations, he paced. At 4 am, he was back in the office, having ingested quantum physics for about three hours. The quiz was to be at 10 that morning.

He remained at the offices until about 6:30. At one point he spoke for about half an hour with a campus patrolman who stood in the corridor. A few people he knew were in the purple-carpeted second floor lounge around the building seven lobby; he spoke with them.

At 6:30 he was back in Baker for an eventual breakfast. In his room, he took two sixteen ounce bottles of Coca Cola from his refrigerator, imbibed them, and waited for them to take effect. Shortly, his heart beat quickened, and he sensed his drowsiness

dissipating. After a while, fully awake, he ate breakfast. At 7:45, Eddleman was back at the offices.

At 8 am, Paul Gray appeared, trailed by Nyhart. He moved from door to door—Johnson's door, the official teakwood door, Killian's door. At each entrance he paused to read a statement through a bullhorn: that he is Paul E. Gray, Associate Provost, and is authorized to be in those offices, but that those in the offices are not authorized to be in the offices, and are liable to prosecution for criminal trespass, and internal disciplinary action. Many hundred copies of this statement were left behind; it had been offset printed by MIT graphic arts service the night before. Gray made the rounds of the doors a second time.

People started to gather outside in the corridor as the day began; more campus patrol, a few faculty members.

Shortly before 9 am, Eddleman was told by an emissary from the occupied area that those in Killian's office wanted to see him. He went in. The occupiers were having another lengthy meeting. Eddleman recalls: "Somebody asked me, what did the faculty think about all this? And I said, 'You know, the faculty is really upset. They think if you can take over this office you can take their lab.' And everybody says 'Right on!' And I'm sitting there stunned. [Chuckles.] I didn't expect that."

Eddleman gave his opinion of the administration, which was somewhat uncomplimentary.

And Eddleman gave tactical advice. Asked whether he guessed that the occupation could get support from the student body, whether the number of persons in the occupied offices might be increased, Eddleman's thought processes shifted into a curious mode. Eddleman, once a remark in a conversation set him to thinking about some tactical problem—what landmarks the Russians would use should they wish to drop their atomic warheads from bombers, and whether Kresge Auditorium or the Great Dome would be one; or how the refugees from Pakistan were costing India so much to support that the cost of having a war with Pakistan was negligible, and might kill off refugees and potential refugees, with an enormous saving to India resulting, so that India might as well have a war—any tactical remark would start Eddleman on a train of amoral tactical speculations, in the manner of a Herman Kahn of the counterculture.

Did the occupiers now have, or could they get, massive support from the student body? Eddleman did not think so. And if they sat there without support, eventually they would get clobbered.

Eddleman slipped into a seat in the war room at 9:15, tardy by fifteen minutes. In the disorientation of arriving late at a meeting, he gathered that the conversation was on the possibility of obtaining an injunction. His mind was now on the 8.04 quiz which he would take in 45 minutes; he could not concentrate on what was being said at the meeting.

Soon, he realized what was happening to him—he was becoming inattentive because he was becoming drowsy. His mind was fogging. Hell. The effects of the Coca Cola were wearing off. He understood that he must find a Coke machine before the quiz or he was doomed. It was already 9:40. He had twenty minutes. He left the meeting and descended to the basement, where clusters of vending machines sat throughout the maze of buildings.

Eddleman managed to arrive at the third floor of Walker Memorial early, having rapidly located twelve ounces of the life-giving liquid. Dutifully collecting student opinion like a good student politician, he talked for a while with those around him, who were waiting for the quiz to begin and had abandoned any efforts at last minute cramming. They were remarkably indifferent; the contrast to the emotional stances of some faculty members was striking. These students simply were not interested in the takeover, though they tended to agree with the demands, albeit rather dispassionately. The use of police under any circumstances, however, was totally abhorrent to them.

The room fell silent. Test papers were being distributed. A proctor stood at the front of the room "You will have one hour to take this examination," he said.

The students' eyes drifted from the proctor to their desks, where examinations now rested face down on the pastel-tinted formica surfaces. The proctor, and his droning standard instructions, faded from consciousness as the students tried to make out the lines of xeroxed typewritten words, tantalizingly indecipherable though the translucent paper. Everyone tensed for the moment when the exam would begin, when at each desk, the exam would be flipped over like some loathsome serpent handled rapidly for fear of its poison sting, and either a moan or a chortle of elation would be involuntarily uttered by each test taker . . .

And it was at this tense moment that the proctor at the front of the room, now completely forgotten,

whipped out a starter's pistol, raised it at the ceiling, and fired.

BANG!

The synapses in Eddleman's brain, containing the secrets of the universe that he had stared at for three hours the previous night, shattered. For an instant, his mind was engulfed in a torrent of Coca Cola. The flood subsided. The equations of quantum physics had been washed away.

For a moment, Eddleman sat in his chair, numb. A search was taking place through the downed memory banks of his mind for the remains of 8.04. Suddenly, there was calm. A picture was forming in Eddleman's mind, a dim picture that suddenly became very distinct, of one of the pages of the 8.04 lecture notes. More pages followed, until Eddleman could literally see every page of the lecture notes he had crammed the night before, could read off any equation written on any page. He felt now a quiet elation.

For he knew, suddenly, that he was completely attuned to the expectations of those who had taught the course and prepared the quiz; for each question, he knew as well as if he could read their minds exactly what it was they wanted the student to answer; he saw every hidden nuance in every question, and every question seemed to include in coded form its own answer, seemed to be saying, "this is what you should reply." And he could supply from his vision of the lecture notes any equation that he might need.

He was completely attuned to the "hidden curriculum" that years of research had given Dean Snyder an inkling of; he knew suddenly that he was Going To Do All Right.

Keshner returned to the joint meeting of the faculty council and FAG/SAG at 10:30.

Gary Gut, a SAG member, was walking around the room, shouting. The object of his venom appeared to be the chairman of the faculty, William Ted Martin. Apparently, the meeting had turned to a discussion of the request by members of SAG that the General Assembly resolution be read to the faculty by Martin. Martin had not felt that that would be appropriate.

Martin does not remember the incident:

This all blurs in my mind now, so I can't confirm or deny that. . . Unfortunately, I don't recall that, but that wouldn't be contrary—that is, I would suspect that if such a thing came, I would talk it over with the faculty advisory group. And the mere reading of something by the chairman of the faculty might tend to put some stamp of approval on it. . . .

Also, I'm not at all sure that that's the—I mean, first of all, I would disapprove of that request and secondly I don't know that the statements of the General Assembly—there were two ways for the General Assembly—they might get their speaking through some faculty member . . . or the dean for student affairs, but I never looked upon the chairman of the faculty as spokesman for the General Assembly. The chairman of the faculty is supposed to represent the faculty . . .

Gut would walk a few steps around the perimeter of the crowded conference table, stop, furiously spit out a few words, and resume stalking round the table.

Martin sat at the table impassively.

Finally Gut simply stopped and sat down. He had not finished in any sense; he had turned off. It had been Gut's argument, it seemed, that everyone in this room was relying heavily on their belief that the group in occupancy in the president's and chairman's suite of offices was not representative of, or supported by, the undergraduates, and some had made pious statements on this lack of support. But it was then perfectly correct, and in fact necessary, that the faculty agree to hear the opinions of the group that was representative of student opinion: the General Assembly. And, as a mark of acknowledgement that the faculty recognized the representative stature of the GA, it was appropriate that the chairman of the faculty read the resolution.

No, repeated Martin, it was not appropriate that he do that.

Ted, said Howard Johnson, of course you'll do this. (Johnson cannot remember the incident either.)

For a third time Martin repeated that he did not wish to read the resolution of a student group.

Apparently, Wiesner made some effort to convince Martin as well, though this is uncertain. Martin's mind was unaltered.

Nyhart volunteered to read the statement.

As it turned out, there were no further faculty meetings during the crisis.

Eddleman finished the examination with two minutes to spare. He did not feel any typical student desire to feverishly look over his answers; what he felt was not confidence, but rather the quiet knowledge that he had successfully given the replies the test questions had whispered to him. He began to pull on his coat, thinking that he would turn in his paper and leave early.

There was an explosion. The proctor lowered the pistol.

Again, Eddleman was shattered.

He went to the basement of building two, where he

found a collection of several vending machines. At one of them, he inserted coins and purchased—a half pint container of milk. He then returned to the war room meeting.

There was only one empty seat, in the middle of one side of the table—one empty chair among all the costly swivel chairs and massive wooden seats—which Eddleman took.

A seat next to Eddleman was occupied by Professor Gyftopoulos. Shortly after Eddleman had seated himself, Gyftopoulos leaned over to ask where he had gone. It was perhaps considered unusual behavior for Eddleman to come and go at a meeting with the presumed importance of this one, although administrators slipped in and out of the meeting frequently. They, though, were understood to have important duties. (Gray, for example, was present at relatively few meetings after the offices were taken over. He stayed in the buffer zone of Johnson's office, "essentially the whole time. And I was around [there] with the explicit purpose of trying to identify as many people as I could.")

Eddleman replied that he had been taking an 8.04 final. Hmm, said Gyftopoulos.

Perhaps five minutes later there was a lull in the conversation. Gyftopoulos rose. He said that some of the people around the table may have noticed that Wells Eddleman had been absent from the meeting for a while, and he had been absent because he had gone to take his 8.04 final.

The meeting—FAG, SAG, the deans, the vice presidents, the provost, the president—gave Eddleman an ovation.

After all, here was an uplifting example, in the midst of this challenge to the rationality and good works of the Institute—how could anybody doubt the essential goodness of this open university—in the midst of this challenge from a band of ultimatum-presenting, office-occupying radicals, an example of how students and faculty could go forward, unimpeded by these malcontents, with the important work of educating the men and women who must go forth from the university to guide the society, to create the future of the human race, and so on.

Actually, Eddleman was an example of how students could do well on tests because they understood not the subject matter so much as how to take tests. He was an example of how students could cram for exams despite a radical challenge. And it was obvious enough how that could be done: the challenges consisted of no more than the takeover of an administrative office in a symbolic act, as a response to the expulsion of Albert—which seemed to some to be itself a symbolic act.

Eddleman was applauded. In less than a half hour, he would be resented—perhaps, in the wave of immediate anger over what he would do, even hated.

Johnson prodded the discussion. He had someone—either Wynne or Wadleigh—discuss the mechanism of obtaining an injunction, and what it would mean, and the alternative of simply bringing the police on campus to arrest trespassers.

Johnson then wanted opinions. And, shortly thereafter, he asked for a vote. Johnson offered two alternatives: bringing in the police, or obtaining an injunction.

The mechanics of obtaining an injunction were as follows:

MIT's lawyers would draft a temporary restraining order, which they would then attempt to get the judge then sitting in a Superior Court to issue. If issued, the order would enjoin those named—in this case, presumably simply all the John Does and Jane Does in the occupied offices—from being in those offices.

If the order was not obeyed, it would be the plaintiff who could return to the court and inform the judge. It would then become the judge's business to see that his order was obeyed.

An injunction, then, represented a legal step that could be taken before recourse to civil authorities, in effect, an ominous last warning to get out or the police would be brought in.

And it would be a judge, rather than MIT, that would make the decision to bring in the police. By emphasizing this when it was all over, the administration would be in an excellent position to insist to students and liberal faculty members that the course it had pursued in the crisis had been measured and moderate; after all, we didn't call in the police; control passed out of our hands to the court.

But during the crisis it could be argued that the Institute would not lose control, since it was MIT that would decide when to report back to the court if the injunction itself did not convince the occupiers to leave.

John Wynne considered that point recently:

Now whether the court would, on its own initiative, if the petitioner didn't come back and report to him—whether the court on its own initiative would call up and say "what

happened?" or would seek to enforce it themselves—I think that's very unlikely.

In some places I think the judicial processes have been abused by getting an injunction or temporary restraining order, waving it around, but never seeking its enforcement. I'd say in the climate in which we were in January of two years ago, to ask for a temporary restraining order, meant that, in the long run—time is elastic—you would be almost duty bound to return to the court and to report that the order had not been obeyed. The judge then decides what to do, and "what to do" may and probably will involve invoking police action to enforce the order. . . . In that sense, control is out of your hands.

Apparently, it was understood by all present that the option of obtaining an injunction meant that if that injunction itself did not induce the occupiers to vacate, MIT would return to the court fairly rapidly. It was also understood that the probability was that a judge who had been told that his injunction had not been obeyed would not be sluggish about sending police to the campus. This, though, was guesswork.

The other option offered by Johnson was a direct appeal to police to remove trespassers.

Again, John Wynne:

All the occupants of the office, persons who went to the office, people who might have considered going to the office, were warned as frequently and as best as we could warn them that presence in those offices, that is, where they were erecting a barrier to presence, was an act of trespass, and would subject the violators of that order to prosecution for trespass. You can all the police and ask them to arrest and remove trespassers from the premises. That's what Harvard did at University Hall. It was as simple an action—I'm not talking about its overtones, I'm talking about its legality—the occupants were declared trespassers, and the police were called to enforce that order. . . .

I want to pursue a little bit further the question of whether you are in or out of control. You can declare somebody a trespasser, or warn them that they are a trespasser, but it is up to you whether you ask for the enforcement of that, and when you ask for the enforcement of it. On the other hand if you get an injunction and serve it, then you set in motion a series of events, which you can't be absolutely certain what the timing, what the outcome is.

The question of what control, if any, MIT might have in the courts or with the police is probably undecidable; at any rate, no hard evidence exists to judge the matter. But it would be naive to believe that the judicial system would not be swayed by MIT's status as a prestigious university, or, more important, as a taxpayer, even if, contrary to radical beliefs, a judge could remain uninfluenced by the Institute's status as a defense contractor. And it would be similarly naive to believe that in general MIT would have no ability to influence the nature of a police action on campus.

Wynne, who, as will be seen, spent that afternoon in conference with the chief of police of Cambridge (but cannot remember anything concrete about the bust that they planned as a contingency), asserts:

If the police were to come to the campus, and were in effect asked to come to deal with a specific situation, the range of our control would be quite limited. We'd try to work out in advance, for example, opportunities to have observers from the faculty, for example, or the student body, present to see what going on, but the city manager and chief of police of Cambridge, and the mayor, if he wanted to get himself involved, would essentially be making the decisions as to how to deal with the situation. If, again speculating, the police had been asked to come to the campus to clear out the occupiers of the president's office, in the final analysis, they would have—once they had been asked to do so—would have decided how they would go about doing that. We're again speculating—they wouldn't know what they were contending with, they wouldn't know, and we don't know, whether doors would be barricaded, we don't know what the response, or they don't know what the response would be from those who are on the inside, whether they'd try to fight. They have no way of knowing if they are armed. And all the rest of it. So that they have to assume the responsibility themselves.

The vote was taken. About 18 or 20 in the crowded room were in favor of an immediate bust. Perhaps 34 favored the alternative of obtaining an injunction.

Johnson had not offered a vote on what would be done *immediately*. The decision on what would be done had apparently been meant by Johnson to be a decision on what would be done at some unstated time in the future, when it would be decided that MIT could wait no longer for the occupation to die. And it was Johnson who would decide when that time had come.

Yet there was some ambiguity. Eddleman, as will be seen, was convinced that the injunction would be served as soon as possible; that the vote had determined an immediate course of action. It seems possible that others were similarly convinced; in fact, it seems possibly that this effect was intended, that in not expressly indicating that he reserved the decision on timing to himself, Johnson pacified the conservative elements at the meeting. He gave them a vote on some *action*. At very least, it would seem to conservatives that, sometime shortly after 11 on Friday, 23 hours after the takeover of the offices, the president had abandoned thoughts of attempting to wait it out, no matter how long it might take. Either of the two possibilities Johnson had offered would lead, sooner or later (should the occupation continue), to the use of police.

Almost everybody had voted in favor of one or the other alternative.

Johnson asked: Are there any who agree with neither alternative?

Eddleman raised his hand, as did, apparently, three others—the other student present, and two members of FAG.

It looks, said Johnson, like we should go for the injunction.

Kenneth Wadleigh had called the Institute's lawyers, who were already drafting the text of an injunction, at about 9 am, two hours before this vote.

Eddleman decided that he was hungry, and that he would be doing better to be satisfying his hunger than he was doing here. He left.

He visited the occupied offices before going to Baker for his commons lunch. Johnson's office contained fewer people than it had recently. Now, only six or perhaps eight campus patrolmen were present, and a few faculty members.

Eddleman entered the occupied area and wandered into Killian's office, where the interminable radical meeting was continuing. Someone asked him what was happening outside the offices. The deans and vice presidents voted that they want an injunction, said Eddleman, giving the figures of the vote, and it seems that is the path Johnson will follow. And, having slipped into his Herman Kahn mode, he continued: everybody realized at the meeting that getting an injunction means bringing in the police; apparently, you will be busted. At minimum, it requires, say, five hours to get the injunction, and another five to return to the court, and for the court to get the police here. The earliest possible bust would then be sometime after 8 at night, Friday. But it seems appealing to have a bust at 2 in the morning or some time like that; there may be fewer people in these offices overnight, and there certainly will be fewer witnesses of the bust, and little possibility of the student body, or a sizeable portion of it, finding out about the arrival of police and themselves showing up at that hour.

Eddleman also considered traffic, the fact that exam week at the end of the term was approaching, the desire the administration must have to end the takeover before the weekend, when support could increase, especially support from persons not associated with MIT, which especially frightened administrators—outsiders could not be dealt with by the discipline committee, of course, and outsiders, they somehow felt, would be less inclined to maintain any standards of civilization than MIT radicals. Eddleman also thought of police overtime salaries, the cost of the bust. . . .

Eddleman left to eat lunch before the student meeting. It was shortly before noon.

In the war room, the meeting continued.

The discussion of the injunction was tapering off. Johnson requested that the people present at this meeting keep the matter of the injunction a secret for the time being.

And it was at that moment, as if in response to a stage-direction in a contrived soap opera, that Daniel Creasey entered hurriedly. He had tried to be as helpful to administrators as he could during November Actions, having at that time set up an elaborate telephone system that could reroute calls to administrators' office phones to a command center in building nine. In fact, he had earned himself the nickname "Greasy Creasey" among SAG members. And students had tapped his elaborate phone hookup.

Now, apparently in the employ of John Wynne, he seemed to be part of a "spy network" (which also, according to a former SAG member, included draft counselor Amy Metcalfe, who masqueraded as a coed to enter the occupied offices and look around).

Wells Eddleman, Creasey announced, has just told the radicals in the occupied offices that they are definitely going to be busted.

Johnson was smoking a cigar. He looked up, perhaps through Creasey for a moment, his face bearing the blank, almost dumbfounded expression that it assumed in rare moments of extreme exasperation. His eyes flicked to Simonides, then across the surface of the desk; he drew on the cigar, exhaling slowly.

Perhaps he was making the following calculation:

There would come a time when, if the occupation had not ended, an injunction would have to be served; an injunction, instead of an unqualified bust, because the injunction was another step, another chance for the demonstrators to leave before police came on campus, before the "MIT Community" was torn apart. Though radicals had elsewhere achieved their aim of crippling the university by forcing administrators to call in police, though radicals who seemed to be losing support might welcome the bust as a polarizing influence, the fear of police, of arrest, of incarceration, might win out. They might obey the injunction.

The injunction was a game of chicken between the MIT administration and the office occupiers. But Johnson had reserved to himself the decision on when the game would start.

And now a student had made the decision for him. The game of chicken had begun. And at other universities, radicals had stayed and willingly been busted, and those universities had collapsed.

IT WAS SOME TIME during the day on Friday that Steve Krasner, one of the builders of the battering ram, met a friend somewhere in the corridors of MIT. His friend had just left the occupied offices, which Krasner, who was on court probation from another case the previous fall, was staying away from.

The walls of the offices, the friend reported, were being covered with slogans scrawled in magic marker, mostly by the juveniles. The friend was upset; MIT would use such damage to the offices as propaganda in an emotional smear of the occupiers and as a diversion from any discussion of the reasons for, or demands of, the occupation.

Krasner agreed that the slogans should be effaced.

He returned to 4-133, the welding lab, where Anthony Zona caught him taking a wash bottle containing acetone. You have gotten me in trouble, Zona told him; Zona had apparently realized the use to which Krasner's rather unaesthetic piece of sculpture had been put.

Krasner told him not to worry.

The wash bottle was taken into occupied territory, where the acetone was used to remove fingerprints from the battering ram as well as to scrub slogans off the walls. Although the ram's wielders had worn gloves, anybody's fingerprints on the metal might be dangerous; for none could have touched the ram, a district attorney might reason, but an office-occupying radical.

And though the ram was in the possession of the occupiers, MIT surrounded them; one might as well be careful.

A MEETING OF the student body began at noon on Friday. Kresge Auditorium was full—perhaps 1300 persons, of whom only some 40 or 50 were faculty or administrators, the faculty members largely FAG members who had come from the war room.

(Johnson had spoken of the impending student meeting sometime during the war room meeting, indicating that he wanted a vote by the student body condemning the office takeover. Although he had not told administrators that they should speak at the student meeting, many of them had suddenly had the feeling that that was what they were expected to do.)

The three students who chaired the meeting, Keshner, Wheatley, and McLellan, attempted to prevent a vote to support the office takeover. It seemed to them that such a vote would fail; that while the takeover's demands were largely endorsed by the student body, the takeover was not. Three attempts were made from the floor to have such a vote taken, apparently two of them attempts by radicals, who must have thought the vote would go differently.

Those who chaired the meeting, and tried to guide the discussion away from the immediate situation, did so for the usual student politician's reason. There was no vote on support of the occupation because, as Keshner recalled recently, "I thought it was inappropriate to the meeting. The purpose of the meeting was to talk about some of the issues . . . and not pass judgement on whether the people had done a good thing or not." And, from a practical point of view, "if a vote such as that had happened, it might have defused the meeting to the point of it going away. At the time, I felt that to keep the meeting going was important, and not suddenly pass judgement on whether the people belonged in the office."

There was a plausible reason why, even if student sentiment were against the takeover itself, students should not have wanted a vote against the occupation taken—a reason that, as it happened, never occurred to those who chaired the meeting. A vote deploring the takeover would have made an administrative decision to call in police easier to defend, and hence, despite all talk of principles and denials of worry over constituency pressures, more likely to be made as pressure mounted from alumni and perhaps faculty, certainly high-placed faculty.

Wells Eddleman entered Kresge Auditorium and moved to a row containing a few adjacent empty seats that caught his eye. He had settled into a chair when he sensed someone sitting down next to him—Gary Gut. Gut leaned over and whispered to Eddleman.

"Johnson's out for your ass."

Lines were forming at each of the microphones placed in the aisles. Those who waited to speak were in the majority sympathetic to the radical viewpoint; their views seemed to meet a favorable reception in general, though pleas for support of the takeover—pleas that people enter the occupied office—had little effect. A few administrators stood in the lines, waiting to say that they feared that students had heard only one half of the story, and were being prejudiced by propaganda. The necessity that they wait to speak behind as many as twenty "hippie types" with abhorrent ideals seemed unpleasant to at least two administrators: some at the meeting remember that Nyhart and Snyder looked visibly annoyed as they stood in line.

Whispering to Eddleman, Gut finished his explanation of what had happened at the war room meeting after Eddleman's departure for the occupied offices to tell the trespassers that they were to be busted.

Eddleman had decided that there was nothing he could do until the bust seemed imminent, when he would return to the war room and attempt to speak with administrators, to be present at any police action. Now, he decided he would attempt to speak to Johnson.

Constantine Simonides, sitting elsewhere in Kresge, was beginning to feel better about the meeting:

Considering how unprepared, and, I thought, unthinkingly, it had been planned—that doesn't mean it was unthinkingly planned, but I thought so in the morning—I thought it was amazing that there was not much more polarization. And I remember having a fairly good feeling about the opportunity for people to talk,—in retrospect.

Simonides left the meeting with a strengthened conviction that the occupation and its support were petering out.

Others left profoundly depressed—these mostly FAG members. Perhaps it was that in having continually insisted to SAG that essentially noble principles had guided the discipline committee, as they guided the Institute, they had refused to believe SAG's assertions that the majority of undergraduates did not agree. Now, they believed.

But perhaps the melancholia went deeper.

Enough had been said about the "Ivory Tower," the isolation of the university from the society, that such matters had become clichés. But the cliché of the irrelevant intellectual had become in the late sixties an icy perception by many students of the illusion of the university: the lie that the student is free for four years to pursue truth, the pretense that the professor is anything other than a farmer raising fodder for American society to digest. Those of the students who played the game exceptionally well would be given the chance to flee from the society, to join a faculty, provided they were willing to send others to work in the society, provided that *somebody's* research would prove very useful indeed.

And in the secret slaughterhouse that was the American university, these privileged men, the faculty, were allowed by long and noble tradition to clothe themselves in the humanistic dignity of the thinker, to create the myth of an asymptotic approach to utopia, the myth of as close an approach to perfection as a microcosmic society can be that cannot sever all its connections with the outside: among them, the connection of war research, of weapons development, of perversion of science brought brazenly right to the campus, protected in this better world by the cry of "freedom of intellectual inquiry." Nor could the reality of the university as a breeding place where fugitives from society prepared substitute victims be hidden by pious pronouncements on the holy mission of MIT: the Institute no longer trained the leaders of technological industry, it trained the leaders of the technocracy.

But this game of humanistic dignity required masses of idealistic youth, anxious to learn from these wise men in this 120 acres of illusory peace. Where had the audience gone?

The audience was in Kresge Auditorium, voting (in the only vote that would be taken at the meeting) overwhelmingly against the MIRV, while the administration and some faculty insisted that the issue of research in the Instrumentation Labs was a complex one that would take time to consider rationally, which meant that time was needed to make financial calculations, and keep the labs operating. The audience was seemingly sympathetic to the demand that the discipline committee be abolished, and thus did not accept Lamson's "behavior norms of this or any other community."

Had the game ended? Would it ever resume?

LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Eddleman returned to the dean of engineering's conference room to attempt to speak to Johnson. He walked in to find himself facing Snyder and Simonides, both amazed and exasperated at what Eddleman had done. No, they answered, he could not see Johnson. Johnson was furious. Write him a note.

Eddleman returned to Baker House and wrote a note. He was sorry that he had divulged Johnson's secrets, but he had not been told the injunction vote was confidential. He would not divulge Johnson's secrets any more.

No matter. No administrator would deal with Eddleman again. It would be Steve Ehrmann who would finally read the GA resolution on the expulsion of Mike Albert to the faculty at a meeting some two weeks in the future.

And three months after the office takeover, Wells Eddleman, whom no administrator would deal with, would be elected UAP.

WHEN KESHNER RETURNED to the war room after the student meeting, Johnson was not present. He and other administrators had apparently moved into another office in the dean of engineering's suite.

While they had sat at the interminable FAG/SAG meeting of Thursday night and at the augmented academic council meeting that Friday morning, there had come moments when it had suddenly seemed clear to Keshner and others on SAG why they had been brought in. Their refusing to compromise their position that under no circumstances should police be used was actually useful to Johnson: it made it appear that Johnson was following a moderate course. No conservative could be infuriated that Johnson was more liberal than anyone else in the meeting.

Then had come the undiscussed decision by three students to hold a student meeting. And then Eddleman had blabbed to the radicals.

Keshner, in the war room late Friday afternoon, suddenly knew that the administrators in another office down the hall did not want him there any longer. The pretense that students assisted in the decision making process had been purchased too dearly. Perhaps all it had bought Johnson (besides an appearance to conservatives that he was middle-of-the road rather than liberal) was some indication, through these students' reactions, how the student body might react to some decision.

Now, Johnson had decided he could no longer afford it.

THE EXTENT OF the administration's planning on Friday afternoon will perhaps never be known.

It is certain, though, that on Friday the administration obtained an injunction and conferred at length with the Cambridge chief of police.

Vice President John Wynne:

You recognize that it was inescapable that we would consider the possibility that the occupants of the office would not leave voluntarily. Mr. Johnson, Dr. Wiesner, Dr. Gray, others of us, were quite unwilling to attempt to regain the use of the president's office through force, but we recognized the possibility that sooner or later we might decide that it was necessary. And so there was a fair amount of contingency discussion—I'm sure that Walter Milne was a participant in it, as was I, and as was Oliveri, or Sidney—with the Cambridge chief of police.

Unfortunately, Wynne, who generally handles tactical matters for MIT (even recently, he conducted a briefing of student "leaders" following the bomb explosion at the CIS) has no concrete memories of what happened at the meeting.

He asserts, though, that the meeting was largely for the purpose of providing the police with enough information so that they could plan a contingency bust intelligently. Though Wynne can recall nothing of the actual tactical discussion, he thinks he remembers that the police made no big fuss over the positioning of the

vehicles that would carry off the arrested trespassers, nor did they, or MIT, devote much thought to what might ensue if undergraduates, finding out that the bust was occurring, rushed to its scene.

On considering how one would bust in that area, it seems evident that Teakwood Row would be cordoned off, and those arrested marched down the staircase past Killian's office, then to the Great Court to waiting paddy wagons or buses. To a Herman Kahn of the counter culture, that seems to be the way to do it.

Gray and Simonides had been the strongest advocates of the belief that the occupation would end by its own attrition. Accordingly, both tend to remember the administration planning as being very much the "measured approach, with low level of action" that the January 15 faculty meeting gives as Johnson's stance.

Simonides cannot even remember for certain that there was an injunction obtained. . . . I don't know that for a fact, but I do know that there was discussion with the lawyers about how it would be obtained, and what it would be. . . . But Simonides was then assistant to the president, and the president released a statement on Sunday, January 18, 1970, stating that "Late on Friday we sought and obtained from the Middlesex Superior Court a temporary restraining order enjoining the occupation." "Late on Friday" may be tardy by several hours. MIT may have had the injunction as early as Friday afternoon.

And Gray recalled:

Faced with . . . waiting a decent time and hoping it will end, after which you proceed through whatever due process mechanism you want to use, to try and obtain recourse on those who were involved—faced with that alternative, or all the uncertainty and the possibility of violence that goes with a bust—you take the first one.

We're not in a very good location to try and bust. The big door in there was blockaded. We knew that; you could see the blockade from occasional glimpses you could get through here [Johnson's office]. There are only two doors in: this door [the one that was broken down] and Killian's back door. There were windows onto the Great Court here: you had visions of people jumping out of windows, or trying to slide down ropes, or whatever. There wasn't very good access for police to come in. It could have been a wild, wild scene.

. . . at some point, had they decided not to leave, there would have been, with about six hours' notice, a bust.

It didn't get to the point where there was an agreed-upon timetable because before we got to the point where we were going to be specific about a timetable—my recollection on that was about midnight Friday that we would have begun then to be specific about a timetable—

But there *had* been a timetable. Dean Nyhart recently confirmed that, had the demonstrators still been in the office early Saturday morning, they would have been busted.

There is no way of knowing if MIT would have followed its alleged intention of serving the injunction and beginning the game of chicken, or if administrators would have decided to simply call in the police and retain at least control of the bust's timing and, perhaps, in light of the Friday meeting with police, a great deal more control than that.

THE OCCUPATION ENDED at 10 pm Friday, after 34 hours.

In front of Benson Snyder's office, Simonides had been told at about 9 pm that it seemed the occupation would end—told, presumably, by student spies. He had kept away from the area, though, on the belief that his presence would somehow disturb any preparations to depart.

At 10, there came the sound of chanting echoing through the halls. Simonides rushed to Teakwood Row. The occupation had ended.

A line of perhaps 60 persons was leaving the offices while several photographers shot pictures, among them the photographer MIT had hired. Near the line's end was one person who recognized Simonides. Now are you going to do us in? he asked.

Simonides stared at him. Then he walked into the offices and ordered the campus patrol to close off all entrances. He recalls saying that nobody was to get in, absolutely nobody; if the radicals could secure the offices, Simonides and the campus patrol certainly could.

There was immense concern that the occupiers had left some explosive device behind in the offices. The campus patrol began an intensive search.

They found a wash bottle containing acetone.

Suddenly Simonides realized that the search had failed to produce an object he had expected to find in

the offices. He had seen the radicals leave; they had not taken it with them.

The battering ram was gone.

The demonstrators moved to the student center, after which, having passed a few dormitories, and augmented their numbers to about 100, they moved to the president's house at 111 Memorial Drive, where the president had not lived in some time.

There a small but unruly scene developed. According to Johnson's statement of January 18, "one of the demonstrators climbed up to a first floor window and kicked in the face one of the campus patrolmen who attempted to remove him." Apparently the demonstrators, in attempting to post a list of demands on the house's door, pushed and shoved a while.

The group then moved on to adjoining Senior House where, as Steve Carhart's perhaps unintentionally slapstick account in *The Tech* phrased it,

The reaction was mixed, but predominantly hostile or indifferent. One student attempted to drop a water bomb on them, but hit Wadleigh instead. A rock was thrown toward Wadleigh, but it missed him and went through a window instead.

Simonides had driven to Johnson's house in time to witness the events there. He then returned to the president's office.

Those members of FAG/SAG who were readily locatable had been allowed in to inspect the occupied area; faculty chairman Martin had been telephoned. He was now wandering about the offices; God, he said to a student on SAG, isn't it awful, referring to the damage, whose extent, according to Johnson's statement of January 18, was considerable. (Simonides has declined to release the photographs MIT had taken after the occupation's end.)

The SAG member could think of a lot of things in the world that were just awful.

FAG/SAG members and Simonides were in the offices when the occupiers returned from their east campus trip. They came chanting down Teakwood Row, and stopped to pound on the corridor walls of the presidential suite. Katsiaticas shouted: We're gonna win, because we're the people; you're gonna lose, HoJo, because you're a pig. The group moved off. Simonides recalls that he was somewhat disconcerted at the reappearance of the occupiers; Martin that he never gave a thought to any possible attempt to retake the office, and calmly continued telling people how awful it all was.

The pounding on the walls was heard within; Katsiaticas' remark was not. Johnson (referred to in Katsiaticas' shout by the nickname HoJo) was not present; he had trotted down Teakwood Row to take a rapid look at the offices, and now he was gone.

THROUGHOUT THE WEEKEND following the takeover, MIT administrators met to determine the manner in which to proceed with prosecution in the courts. A list was compiled of about 60 persons who could be identified by at least one administrator. Thirty-one persons could be identified by two; MIT's legal counsel had advised that only those 31 could be prosecuted with a reasonable chance of conviction, and this advice was announced to FAG/SAG at a Sunday meeting. The administration seemed interested only in obtaining some indication of what student and faculty reaction would be. The matter was presented to FAG/SAG as a course of action already decided upon.

Some time Saturday, Johnson was seen speaking with his public relations consultant, Jim Nichols. Do you think I should call another faculty meeting, Johnson asked him—apparently a faculty meeting to discuss what actions MIT would take against those who had taken over the offices. Why do you want the faculty yelling at each other and you, Nichols replied. Why increase the pressure on you.

There was no meeting.

ON MONDAY, January 19, MIT applied in the Third District Court of Eastern Middlesex for the issuance of complaints against 31 persons: 16 students,

13 non-students and former students, and two faculty members.

Two of the 31 were charged with disruption of classes as well. They had entered the class of Professor Edwin Bransome to attempt to speak to students; asked to leave, they had.

Earlier, they had not fared as well at John Wulff's 3.091 lecture. Wulff was concluding the term, and was in the middle of his inspiring "Putting It All Together" oration—he was a former Shakespearian actor—when the two disruptors had entered. Wulff, enraged, shouted for assistance from his audience in removing the two; his speech becoming somewhat garbled when, in his passion, he lost his dentures.

Several of the larger conservatives in the metallurgy subject had duly removed the disruptors.

The maximum fine for class disruption was \$50 and thirty days; for trespass, each count (one for each day in the occupied office) could result in as much as \$100 and thirty days.

On January 21, Judge Harold E. Magnuson issued 29 complaints for trespass; two cases had been thrown out on grounds of insufficient evidence. MIT administrators, who had expected the issuance of complaints to be a routine matter, found themselves obliged to indicate not only that in each case they had two positive identifications, but that each person could be shown to have been warned of his culpability.

At 2 pm Monday, February 9, 1970, Steve Krasner was arrested by state police on Massachusetts Avenue near the MIT armory. Taken to the Third District Court in Cambridge, he was booked and released on \$1000 personal recognizance on the charge of "manufacture of a larcenous or burglarious instrument." A hearing was set for the following day.

On Saturday, MIT administrators had spoken with District Attorney John J. Dronney, who was interested in the battering ram. Perhaps it was Dronney's office that had unearthed the 1853 law under which Krasner could be charged.

Perhaps not. Some MIT administrators, notably Associate Provost Rosenblith, had been especially outraged by the violence done to Johnson's door, and the four unknown persons who had done it. MIT had cooperated wholeheartedly, said an anonymous Institute source at the time, with a Grand Jury considering the chances of charging persons involved in the office takeover with one crime or another.

On Tuesday, February 10, Krasner pleaded not guilty. His attorney requested 20 days to prepare a special plea. The trial was set for 20 days thereafter.

Eleven of the 29 defendants went to court on Wednesday, February 11, to plead not guilty. The trial was continued until March 10, despite pleas by MIT attorney Robert Sullivan for a more immediate trial.

During the last week in February, charges were readied to bring eleven students before the disciplinary committee. Dean Nyhart, who would under the disciplinary system of the time prepare and transmit charges to the committee; stated that the charges would be something like "deliberate interference with the function of the Institute." ("We intend to deal with these incidents decisively so that we can go forward with the serious business of this institution," said Johnson in the January 18 statement.)

Professor Lamson stated that the charges would not be heard until after the civil trial. He was aware, he added, that the committee was not entirely trusted, and he said that the committee was preparing a paper on judicial reforms. Such a paper, including a flow chart of new, improved justice at MIT, would indeed appear shortly thereafter.

The trial of 28 persons (one of the 29 complaints had unaccountably disappeared) began and ended on Tuesday, March 10. Judge Haven Parker made a written record that "the evidence was sufficient to warrant a finding of guilty." If 24 of the defendants stayed on good behavior for an eight-month period, the charges were to be dismissed—all this over the objections of Sullivan. One of the remaining defendants had the flu, one was "under emotional strain," one's case would be continued separately, and one defendant had disappeared.

"This decision was entirely the court's," said Judge Parker, "and the court assumes full responsibility for its actions."

Said MIT's counsel Sullivan:

... the Institute feels that the cases before the Court do not represent the run-of-the-mill criminal trespassing case. The Institute regards the forcible entry and occupation of the Office of the President as a direct threat to the integrity of the

institution and as a derisive challenge to the principles of openness and rational discourse and orderly process that are fundamental to any academic environment.

Judge Parker seemed to have more luck handling the raucous behavior of spectators than Lamson had had during disciplinary committee hearings. He never threatened to clear the court or cite persons for contempt. When presented with a piece of birthday cake (it was one of the defendants' birthdays), he calmly consumed it, and the trial continued. Bobby Seale's birthday cake had not fared as well.

On Thursday, March 26, Dean Nyhart announced he had transmitted charges against eleven students to the discipline committee earlier that day. That afternoon Lamson notified those charged, who then had, under new regulations adopted by the faculty at a meeting on March 18, ten days to reply to the charges. The committee would then meet to decide if hearings should be held.

On April 30, a defense motion that charges against Steve Krasner be dropped was granted by Judge Cornelius J. Moynihan, on grounds that no burglary was intended, and that there was no way to determine that the battering ram was a burglarious instrument.

The disciplinary committee hearings were to have begun on May 6, 1970. At the beginning of May, President Richard Nixon decided that American forces would invade Cambodia.

The hearings were held in the middle of May. Expulsion of seven students resulted.

On Thursday, May 21, the two disruptors of classes lost their appeal of an April 13 conviction on two counts. Judge George Johnson of Middlesex Superior Court now sentenced them to two months in the Billerica Correctional Institution and fined them \$50. When the mother of one became hysterical, the judge castigated her for "not bringing up her son properly" and gave her ten days in the Charles Street Jail.

A law passed a month before Steve Krasner had been acquitted in 1970 required an automatic appeal by the District Attorney to the Massachusetts State Supreme Court. The case was reinstated, 4-1.

On Tuesday, April 6, 1971, Krasner was found guilty of manufacturing a burglarious instrument.

He appealed. In the first week of October, 1971, he lost, and was taken to the Billerica Correctional Institute to begin a one-year sentence.

AT NO TIME during the office occupation had the door from Chairman Killian's office, which opened directly on the corridor, been guarded by campus patrolmen. It was through this door that a party, having collected some thirty or forty dollars, had been sent to McDonald's for hamburgers.

And, some time the first night of the occupation, it was through this door that the battering ram had been removed from the offices.

For some reason, its fate is a matter of rumor. Those who do not know for certain what became of it do not wish to know, just as those radicals who do not know the identity of the four persons who smashed in the door of the president's office do not wish to know; and if there are any who do know, they do not communicate so much as the fact that they do know.

All rumors agree that the ram was placed in the basement of Bexley Hall, where it rested for some unknown length of time.

The rumors do not agree on the manner in which the ram disappeared forever. One story contends that the metal was somehow sheared into unrecognizable fragments. It seems more likely, though, that the battering ram was cast into the Charles River. There is a place along the bank not far from the MIT crew pavillion where pipes enter the Charles bearing hot water that has cooled the enormous coils at the Francis Bitter National Magnet Laboratory, and the temperature of the river near the pipe is raised sufficiently that ice never forms.

But there are some who remember that in January of 1970, the river was not frozen over at all. Winter was mild that year.

(This is the final section of a three part series.)

ARTS

Chekhov's Sea Gull

By Nakir Minazian

Russians should write novels, not plays. It seems that whenever a Russian play is produced, it suffers from plodding prose, undeveloped relationships, and dead-end sub-plots. However, *The Sea Gull* by Chekhov is one of the better Russian attempts at the play form and a competent production by the MIT Community Players helps it succeed.

The story is classical: a mother who is a great and famous actress, and her son, a young playwright, live in a world where they try to find substitutes for their missing mother-son love. She substitutes for the unsuccessful young writer-son, whom she cannot control, a successful young novelist, whom she can control. He substitutes for the absent actress-mother a young girl who wishes to be an actress. Her love for him is not there; she acts in his play but does not understand him.

The son, Treplev, is well-played by Lee Barton, who ably catches the early idealism and later disillusionment of the character. His part suffers from the common difficulty of trying to display a tragic character with expressions and motions which seemingly do not match the translated dialogue. His mother, Arkadina, does not seem to have this air of tragedy. Sara Colleton plays Arkadina well, seemingly insensitive to the tragic realities, a model of an image-conscious actress. Between them there is no communication. The other characters are vehicles for them, helping them to avoid con-

fronting each other.

These other characters are all unfulfilled and underdeveloped. They make up a Peyton Place of a town centered around Sorin (Triplev's uncle, Arkadina's brother), and the people around his estate. Sorin is brilliantly played by Lewis Morton, and although his mannerisms and manner of speaking wear a little thin at the end, his reason and lightness show out in the group. Dorn, a doctor, played by Mark Watts, is also refreshing, but his hinted-at and seemingly irrelevant entanglement with the wife of Sorin's steward only serves to further complicate the situation and put a load on the part.

The play loses a lot of its potential impact also due to the weakness of the parts of Trigorin, the novelist, and his youthful love Zarechnaya, the young aspiring actress. Brian Smiar lends whatever he can to the character of Trigorin, but his dialogue is not much to work with, and he is poorly developed. Gisele Oelbaum as Zarechnaya is required to convince us that she is a poor young actress, suppressed by her wealthy family; while not having great dialogue, still she is unconvincing, delivering her lines with Russian-like formality, not with ease.

The direction and production are a good effort doing Chekhov perhaps more justice than he deserves. It's too bad that they cannot undo the ending. All of those hanging characters could have been developed in a good novel.

Funk & Zep: sincerely loud

E Pluribus Funk—Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol) New Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)

Well, I know you don't, but there are a hell of a lot of people who like Led Zeppelin and Grand Funk Railroad. Their records sell millions without the benefit of much radio play. Their concerts sell out without publicity.

But you don't like these groups: You have heard a random song or two by Grand Funk that grossed you out and you stopped listening to Led Zeppelin after the second album. If the conversation turns to either of them, you produce the most ingenious, descriptive jargon you can muster, knowing full well that you've got most of your friends, the rock press, and countless rock music polls behind you in your opinion. The group's popularity you attribute to mass bad taste.

But there has to be a better reason than that. There are actually two. The first one is very obviously volume. There is still a very large following for groups that can tear the ceiling and shake the seats at a concert. And at home with the headphones on, the ears still ring for an hour after the record is finished. All the music needs is a beat, and at that volume, the power of the rhythm flows through and charges up the whole body.

Grand Funk Railroad is infinitely accessible to its fans. The lyrics are uncomplicated, (they're enclosed with the record so you can see) the kind you could have written yourself. You can't say that about Emerson, Lake and Palmer, for instance. The simplicity of the words and the feelings creates

a strong bond between the group and the audience. *E Pluribus Funk* can only strengthen that bond.

Musically, it's another story, however. Most loud groups on stage are not so excessive on disk. However, GFR and LZ are. This turns off a lot of potential listeners, especially in Led Zeppelin's case. Unfortunately, too, because, as much as you dislike them, you have to admit that Messrs. Page, Plant, Jones, and Bonham are good musicians.

Grand Funk has to try fairly hard to sound agile (their drummer really is offensive) but Zep oozes proficiency. They always have. And now that they're doing the rhythm stuff better on their new album, they're sounding more and more like a very loud Jethro Tull.

They've got Tull's best trick, the repetition, down pat. Ever since way back, JT has used a very complex rhythmic foundation which repeats endlessly while the melody and the flute dance on top. The repetition is hardly boring since the counterplay between the song and the foundation is usually so interesting. Well, now Led Zep is doing it, too, only louder. And it still sounds good, although it occasionally gets a bit muddy. Nonetheless, it is not to be dismissed without a few good listenings.

Now, Grand Funk can't do any of this. When they repeat a foundation, it matches the melody and the repetition is very noticeable and it drags. You'll swear you've heard every guitar lick somewhere else before you hear it here. This is not really to say the record is that bad, just sort of boring. And, of course, it

is loud.

The easiest song on the album for everybody to like is "Foot-stompin' Music" which is plain, old, anybody-can-do-it rock and roll. The comparative song (called, amazingly enough, "Rock and Roll") on the Led Zeppelin album might easily be the worst cut on that record. Draw your musical comparisons from that.

A couple of things about Zeppelin's vocals. The music is often good enough so that you can ignore Robert Plant's singing (if you don't like it), the same way many early Ian Anderson vocals can be forgotten (on any Tull album before *Aqualung*).

Also there are two extras featured. One of them is Sandy Denny, sounding fine on one song ("Battle of Evermore") and The Lowest Note Robert Plant Has Ever Hit on another ("Going to California"). Plant uses his voice like an instrument sometimes and really is a strong plus for the group, rather than having somebody be "appointed" singer because someone has to do the singing.

So, in total, Led Zeppelin's main drawback is that it tends to be a little noisy. If you can get past that, you might actually find yourself enjoying their new album. They haven't given up and neither should you. On the other hand, *E Pluribus Funk* is probably a typical record for Grand Funk—sincere feelings wrapped up in loud, non-professional sounding music, wrapped up in an arrogant-looking cover. Which may be just what you're looking for. It all depends on what you want in a record. But it's not as if Grand Funk had nothing to offer.

—Jay Pollack

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Robert Elkin, *The Tech's* new head man.

Photo by Sheldon Lowenthal.
Enhanced by Dave Searls
Instigated by Bill Roberts

Gaggle cops *Tech* Board

The leadership of *The Tech* has passed on to a new gaggle of editors, elected in a three-and-a-half hour, smoke-filled meeting in the newspaper's sagging Student Center inner office last Saturday. The marathon session was notable for a lack of the political infighting that had characterized certain more violent contests in the past.

Elected to the new board of editors, which will guide the collegiate tabloid through the year beginning February were (pictured, left), Robert Elkin '73 as Chairman; Lee Giguere '73,

Editor-in-chief; Sandra Cohen '72, Advertising Manager; and Leonard Tower (irregular), Business Manager; Paul "Wunderkindt" Schindler '74 and Walter Middlebrook '74, News Editors; Tim Kiorpes '72 and William Roberts '72, Night Editors; Bradley Billetdeaux '72, Sports Editor; David Searls '73, Arts Editor; Sheldon Lowenthal '74 and David Tenenbaum '74, Photography Editors; Alex Makowski

'72, Advertising Manager; and Joseph Kashi '72 and Michael Feirtag '72, Contributing Editors.

All ran unopposed, and most contests were without interest except for some sporadic, gratuitous sniping. Only those nominees who were not present could not be elected, under an obscure law in the newspaper's constitution.

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SPORTS

Gymnasts score two wins

The MIT Gymnastics team rolled up two early victories last week by outmanning New Hampshire and outclassing Lowell Tech. The two triumphs were by nearly identical margins: MIT 115.6 - UNH 103.2 and MIT 118.15 - LTI 105.3. As in their loss to Boston State, the Techers were missing the sharpness which has typified past MIT teams. Coach Bob Lilly theorized that it was due to the higher level of difficulty in this year's routines. Whatever the reason, it is disappointing since it takes a lot of the spark and excitement out of the team and the meets.

The New Hampshire meet was a little on the dull side. UNH has lost quite a few gymnasts for various reasons, so the meet was mostly an individual battle for first places. The fact that MIT got only two firsts, but won the meet by a wide margin shows the strength of the team in the second and third men. Dave Beck '72 on floor exercise and Dave Millman '72 on rings got the two firsts with scores of 7.75 and 6.4. Millman's score barely edged out sophomore Jarvis Middleton's 6.35 as the pair placed 1-2. Other second places in the meet were by Larry Bell '74, 7.35 on parallel bars, Neil Davies '74, 6.7 on high bar, and Paul Bayer '73 (shown at left), 6.2 on pommel horse. None of these men were close to the UNH men who took first, but they were backed up strongly by John Austin '74 on high bar and Dennis Dubro '73 on pommel horse with third places and Andy Rubel '74 with an excellent 6.85 on parallel bars. Danny Bocek '72 also did well with third places on both floor exercise and vaulting.

Looking at event margins, floor exercise continued winning by beating UNH by 4.15, and pommel horse rebounded from its dismal showing at the last meet to win by 3.0. The big surprise was the high bar with a margin of victory of an incredible 5.25.

Saturday brought MIT's first home meet and the strongest Lowell Tech team the gymnasts have ever met. Again there was a battle for firsts as the Techers,

sometimes by the skin of their teeth, grabbed at least a part of all of them. But also again, the MIT depth beat LTI on every event.

Captain Dave Beck took his fourth first out of four meets on floor exercise, as he led Bob Barret '74 and Bocek to a clean 1-2-3 sweep. Two others kept up four meet streaks as Dave "No. 1" Millman and Jarvis "No. 2" Middleton, the Hertz and Avis of the MIT ring team, extended their list of 1-2 finishes with 7.1 and 6.85. All around man and leading scorer Larry Bell was the other easy winner with 7.15 on parallel bars.

On the other events the first four places were extremely close. On pommel horse the fourth place finisher was only .1 out of first. Paul Bayer with 6.2 slipped into first over Dennis Dubro and an LTI man with 6.15 and another LTI man with

6.1. Vaulting Danny Bocek was only .15 behind in third place. John Austin won high bar by .3 over Davies, but Scott Foster '75 was in a tie for third only .05 behind Davies, and Donn Wahl was only .05 behind Foster.

With this last week of three meets in eight days and after practicing since the first days of classes in September, the gymnastics activity comes to a grinding halt. The team will take four weeks off for exams and Christmas before resuming practice in the middle of January. The first meet after vacation will bring perhaps the strongest team MIT has ever met. It surely is the most distant, as the gymnasts will host a triangular with Yale and the University of Chicago on January 29. Coach Lilly hopes that the vacation will rejuvenate the spark in the team for the second half of the season, since the hardest meets are still to come.



Photo by Bob Tycast

Loss to Trinity evens basketball mark at 2-2

By Mike Milner

MIT ended the first segment of the 1971-72 basketball season with an 80-75 loss to Trinity. The cagers, now 2-2, resume their schedule January 8 with four games in sunny Florida.

Trinity, entering the game with a 1-3 record, had lost to Tufts, MIT's first victim. Their opening man-to-man defense gave Jerry Hudson '73 and Harold Brown '72 several baskets early in the game but Trinity stayed close with acrobatic shooting by Keith Klevan. Later in the half Trinity dropped into a 2-3 zone which denied the lob passes into the front court. A last-second 30-footer by Trinity sent MIT to the locker room down 44-40.

Tech opened the second half with their traditional slow start, failing to score the first four times they had the ball. Brown finally got MIT rolling but not until the Engineers had been outscored 11-3 during the first

4½ minutes. Steals by Brown and Ray White '74 twice brought the Techmen close, but they chose to take long shots rather than work their offense, and Trinity stayed ahead. When Brown fouled out with 2:43 remaining, it was apparent that the game was lost.

A look at the book shows that despite strong rebounding by Hudson and Bill Godfrey '72, MIT was out-rebounded by the smaller Trinity team, 50-48. MIT shot a dismal 25-76 from the floor, largely as a result of the long shots taken in an attempt to break up the Trinity zone. Hopefully IAP will see the cagers demonstrating that they are a better team than their record indicated.

	FG	FT	RB	TP
White	3	1	3	7
Cleveland	5	4	2	14
Hudson	7	12	18	26
Brown	10	5	9	25
Godfrey	0	3	16	3

Pucksters down Tufts but lose to Wesleyan

By Rick Henning

The hockey team raised their record to 1-2 and then saw it drop to 1-3 as they defeated Tufts and then lost to Wesleyan in the second week of the season. Getting their offense untracked, they rolled over Tufts 6-0 and then faded in their contest with Wesleyan, losing 5-1.

MIT's early scoring drought was broken after two and one-half minutes of the first period against the Tufts club team as the first goal, credited to Frank Scarabino '72, went in after a skuffle around the Tufts net. A second goal added by Richard Casler '74 from John Kavazanjian '72 at 9:29 gave the Tech pucksters a 2-0 lead at the end of the first period.

The second period saw MIT mount several good rushes, but they were only able to score once, about four and a half minutes into the period, on a goal by George Kenny '74 on a pass from Bob Hunter '73. In the third period, Tech exploded for three goals. The first came at 2:03 of the period by Steve

Book '73, the second at 8:34 by Rich McLaughry '73, and the third, with four seconds left in the game, by Tony Luzzi '74, unassisted.

Goaltender Mike Schulman '73 had an easy, but rewarding, evening, as he posted a shutout.

The game against Wesleyan was a different story. The first period was close with Trinity breaking on top when sloppy defensive work gave Wesleyan a breakaway goal at 8:52. Tech tied the game at 15:04 on a goal by Kavazanjian on a rebound of a shot by Frank Scarabino.

In the second period, the roof fell in. Wesleyan scored three times, putting great pressure on the MIT defense and forcing them to pull in too far. In the third period the play was somewhat more even, as Wesleyan was held to only one goal, but the lack of offense and a second period defensive collapse spelled the Engineers' undoing.



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