



## CACR raises hopes for low-pollution cars

By Bruce Schwartz

(Ed. note: Bruce Schwartz accompanied the Clean Air Car Race to California as an official observer, one of 44 who rode with the entry vehicles, logging information for the race coordinating committee. In this capacity he also spent a week prior to the race assisting the committee in the conducting of tests on the vehicles. The duration and complexity of the CACR means that what follows is at best a cursory examination of the events of those weeks. A longer article will appear in the November Technology Review.)

As scheduled, the transcontinental 1970 Clean Air Car Race began here at MIT before dawn on Monday, August 24. Most of the competing entries crossed the finish line at the Pasadena campus of the California Institute of Technology, one week later: Sunday, August 31. Two of the cars came in under their own power the following Tuesday, the survivors of the field of battery-powered electric vehicles. They had been delayed by their 60 mile range and 90-minute recharging periods.

The next evening, at a banquet attended by such luminaries as Lt. Governor Edwin Reinecke of California, Race Committee Chairman Bob MacGregor G announced the winners. For the benefit of the newsmen hidden behind the glare of TV floods MacGregor

carefully explained that the winners would each receive as their prizes \$5000 testing contracts from the National Air Pollution Control Administration (NAPCA), a principal backer of the race.

### Seven winners

He announced seven victors. Six had been selected by a mathematical formula which included scores on emissions tests, performance trials, fuel economy

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## Good rush eases crowding

By Duff McRoberts

Crowding in MIT dormitories once again will plague students in several Houses this year, but a record-breaking fraternity rush has taken some strain off the system.

Many freshmen who stay in their present Houses will find their crowded conditions alleviated by mid-year, or sooner or later, due to the fact that some upperclassmen will leave during the year. As there still is (as of this writing) some room left in Hamilton House in Boston, students who elect to move there may be uncrowded sooner.

As of late yesterday morning, 404 freshmen had joined fraternities, 27 more than in any

previous Rush Week; Kenneth Browning of the Housing Office credited the good rush with helping to relieve the crowding of freshmen in the Institute Houses.

### Burton-in-exile

The dormitory system's major dislocation at present is the renovation of Burton House, which resulted in the placement of Burton-in-exile in brand-new MacGregor House and Hamilton House, a motel which MIT has leased for the duration of the Burton renovations. Burton House should be ready for occupancy again by next fall, after which Hamilton House will no longer be used.

## Rush Week sets record

By Lee Giguere

This Rush Week broke previous records with 404 freshmen pledging fraternities.

According to Tom Mikus '70, IFC Rush Chairman, only three houses were seriously under-filled; Phi Mu Delta, the Commonwealth, and Phi Kappa Theta.

The President of Phi Mu Delta, John Ford '71, said that his house was short by four men for its freshman class. The house, he said, "definitely needed freshmen" and was seriously considering an in-term rush for the first time in several years. The Commonwealth and Phi Kappa Theta were unavailable for comment.

### Coed rush

The Number Six Cluq (Delta Psi) and Sigma Nu, which became coed for the first time this year, had difficulty rushing freshman coeds because the girls' parents were reluctant to allow

them to join a coed living group.

According to David Sheldon '71, President of Number Six, the house has no freshman coeds, but is now rushing transfer students. Three spaces there have been kept open for coeds. Sigma Nu has two freshman women in its new class, but was also faced with parental problems during Rush Week, according to its president, Jerry Green '71. Sigma Nu filled all its open spaces and will also have several of its men living with neighbors. Green said that SN is planning a spring rush aimed primarily at coeds.

When questioned about rush rule violations, Mikus explained that in retrospect there were no major violations. Houses are allowed to submit formal complaints until midnight tomorrow, but as of Sunday night, none had been submitted.

### Dorms uncooperative

Mikus noted that there had

been some trouble with the dorms this year, saying that there hadn't been a lot of cooperation. One difficulty was the lack of phones in MacGregor.

The IFC is holding a meeting tonight for house presidents and any other interested people to discuss in-term rush. Mikus said that a "get together" was being planned for Sunday to help freshmen and fraternity men who were still looking for new members to meet. He also spoke of setting up a reference system of people still interested in joining houses. In-term rush will be a definite possibility this year.

Phi Kappa Theta has been putting up signs around the Institute to attract new members.

During Rush Week, the IFC kept track of houses needing new rushees by using overnight figures and pledging figures and kept other houses informed of this list.

## Structural changes likely

By Joe Kashi

Major restructuring of the President's office is likely in the wake of President Howard Johnson's resignation.

The presidential search committee recently appointed by the MIT Corporation was charged with a concurrent re-evaluation of the functions and duties that should be directly attributable to the president.

In addition, Johnson, in his letter of resignation to the Corporation, said that both he and James Killian, present Chairman of the MIT Corporation, would devote considerable time to examining how the present administrative structure might be decentralized. Johnson said that most of the decisions now made by the president could be effectively dealt with on a departmental level. He said that it might be advantageous to fill the office with more than one person.

One authoritative voice within the administration suggested that this might be an ideal time to examine the entire governing structure; Johnson's resignation might prove an ideal catalyst for a broader overhaul than suggested. "The Corporation has to change. It's attitudes and methods have to be updated for MIT to make the changes it must

make if it is to resolve the underlying educational problems facing major institutions throughout the world. The range of structural changes open are related to a Corporation that understands the nature of the problems now facing us."

### "Basic Problems Unresolved"

He went on to say that some of the more difficult and important problems facing MIT included resolving conflicts between enhancing creativity and professional competence, restructuring student-faculty contacts into a more rewarding and informal relationship, and changing the reward systems by which academic achievement is motivated. Johnson's post as Chairman will aid this restructuring, he continued, because Johnson will provide continuity and has the insight and experience to effect further meaningful change. "However, the ultimate responsibility for change rests with the Corporation, which hasn't delegated it properly."

Johnson, in an earlier interview, said that the president has two main functions: decision and communication. "The decision making process is in a reasonably healthy state at MIT; all viewpoints are taken into account. The fundamental edu-



President Howard Johnson

ational decisions can be made at the department and school levels. Communication," he went on, "is becoming increasingly important. The problem is finding more input and output channels."

It is likely that several administrators will share the functions presently dealt with by the President. "The job," said Killian, a former president, "is a 24 hour one." In his letter of resignation, which had cited personal reasons, Johnson maintained that the President should be more concerned with long-range development of the Institute rather than day-to-day administration. "At this time," he remarked, "the long-range is often next Monday."

### Corporation search

The only presidential search committee named so far consists of 8 members of the Corporation. The Corporation will make the final appointment decision. Members of the committee include James Fisk, '23, Chairman, Vannevar Bush, '16, Honorary Chairman of the Corporation,

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## Shift toward Humanities alters admission pattern

By Drew Jaglom

A four percent drop in student yield forced the MIT admissions office to dip heavily into its waiting list this year.

The yield is defined as the percentage of admissions accepted. At such prestige schools as MIT, the yield generally ranges around 60%.

Among several other factors, a national trend toward greater interest in the social sciences and the humanities and better financial aid treatment elsewhere seemed responsible for the decrease.

Despite the smaller percentage of students accepting MIT's offers of admission, Professor Roland B. Greeley, Director of Admissions, did not see a need to change MIT's image as a purely technological institution in order to attract more students.

Greeley listed four causes for the lower yield. First, the trend toward social sciences drew people to liberal arts schools. It is significant that MIT's losses to other technological institutions remained unchanged, while losses to large liberal arts schools, such as the Ivy League colleges, were slightly higher than previously, as was the variety of schools to which MIT lost students. A large number went to state universities, reflecting the growing acceptance of state institutions as prestige schools.

Second, though only a few students were upset by the tuition increase, it played a role in driving students away. Third, a small number of students were scared away by radical activism on campus last year.

The fourth reason is related to the second. MIT's financial aid program is different from that of other schools in that it has a higher equity level. Whereas other schools have cut-off points for aid based on academic performance, MIT tries to meet the students' need fully. Thus though other schools may have lower self-help thresholds (usually on the order of \$600—MIT's is \$1200 in a job-loan option), aid is cut for those of a lower academic quality. Thus MIT's program is weaker for the individual, since a good student can get a larger scholarship grant elsewhere, but it is stronger overall, since all needs are met either through scholarships, loans or jobs.

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# Rush unaffected by FRC

By Lee Giguere

The Fraternity Radical Caucus' proposals for the abolition of phone tapping and the admission of freshmen into houses on an equal basis appeared to have little effect on Rush Week.

According to Tom Mikus '70, IFC Rush Chairman, "the things [phone tapping, hard flushing] that the FRC is talking about are on the way out."

Howie Siegal '71 of SPE, a member of the caucus, felt that their major influence was probably that houses made changes that went "much further than they had, in the past" in liberalizing their rules.

Siegal noted that the FRC might have helped progressive houses this year by raising the issues in the minds of freshmen and by encouraging some radical frosh who might not have attended Rush Week to visit fraternities. Mikus however, pointed out that in general "liberal houses did more poorly," while "conservative houses did well."

#### No investigations

When questioned about checking for phone taps, Chris Brewster, IFC Judicial Committee Chairman, explained that it was almost impossible for his committee to discover a tap themselves. He added that the role of the committee as it is constituted is to investigate complaints and not to initiate its own investigations.

Brewster said that he had instructed workers in the clearinghouse to forward any complaints to him and that the freshmen had been encouraged to bring forth any complaints. No complaints, however, were received by the judicial committee.

The FRC began organizing

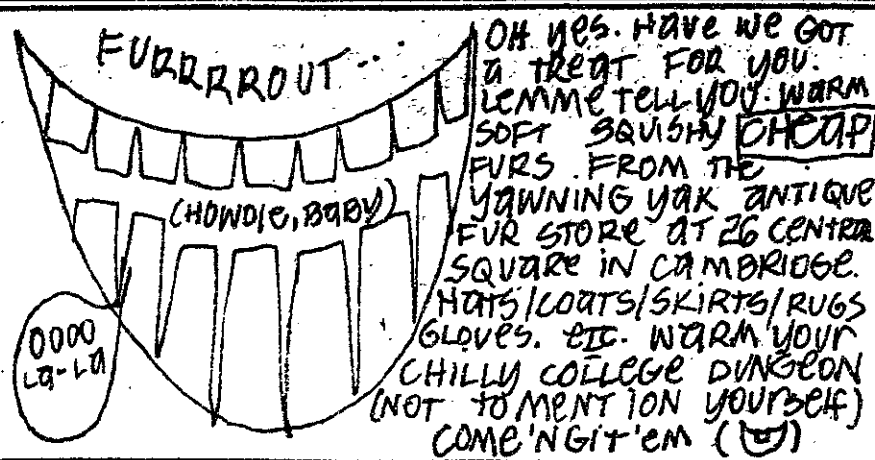
before Rush Week with a pamphlet it distributed to all fraternities. The principle issue it tried to raise was that freshmen should enter houses as equal members. The pamphlet pointed out that the FRC would stress to freshmen that they had power during Rush Week because the houses needed them. Also mentioned in the leaflet was a second handout to be given to freshmen at the beginning of Rush Week which would indicate how each house had voted on the two FRC proposals (full membership to freshmen and the abolition of phone tapping). However, the second leaflet

never appeared.

#### Canvassing

Siegal said that in the next few weeks, FRC members would begin canvassing in the houses, especially among freshmen. In particular, the canvassers would try to discuss "things that change after Rush Week," such as the freshmen duties which the new class begins to take on.

Neither Siegal nor Brewster nor Mikus felt that there had been much friction between the IFC and the FRC. Siegal felt the Caucus' ideas were "well accepted" by fraternities although some houses disliked the idea of the FRC as an outside influence.



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The Sixth MIT Tuition Riot will occur spontaneously at 7:00 pm, Tuesday, September 15, 1970, at the Great Sail.

## Announcements

- \* New Course Listings:
  - 1.101 Issues of Survival
  - 21.286 The Sexual Order
  - 21.34 Literature and Propaganda
  - 21.577 History and Politics of the Modern Middle East
  - 21.981 Seminar on Labor, Power, and Social Change
  - 21.993 Culture and Society: Theories of Revolution

For information about the above courses, please contact the department involved.

- \* Committee openings - undergraduates needed for the following committees:
  - 1.) Committee on MIT-Harvard Medical School (Course VII or XX preferred)
  - 2.) Committee on Visual Arts (3 openings)
  - 3.) Committee on Selective Service (2 openings)
  - 4.) Committee on Use of Humans as Experimental Subjects (2 openings - VII preferred)
  - 5.) Libraries Executive Board (2 openings)
  - 6.) Wellesley-MIT Committee (2 openings)
  - 7.) Congress and Campus Disorders Committee
 Please contact Evelyn Reiser (W20-401, x3680, x2696).

\* There will be a wrestling rally for freshmen and varsity wrestlers Thursday, September 17, in the wrestling room at 5:30 pm. Come one, come all - we need your help.

\* The Commonwealth still has room for several more people. Call 536-2570 and ask for Steve.

\* An Activity Council meeting to elect a new chairman will be held Wednesday, September 16, at 8:30 pm in the Student Center, Room 400.

\* The Law School Admission Test will be given on Saturday, October 17, 1970. Closing date of registration for the Fall test is September 25, 1970. A Bulletin of Information on the Law School Test and Registration Form is available in Room E52-443B.

\* *The Tech* regarding Announcements:  
Only those announcements of interest to the MIT community will be published. In general, they must come from within the MIT community. Announcements of events for which there is an admission charge will not be considered.

Announcements must be short, approximately 50 words or less. The deadlines for receipt of announcements are 5 pm Sunday for a Tuesday edition and 5 pm Wednesday for a Friday edition and will not be relaxed.

Since announcements are published free of charge, *The Tech* reserves the right to edit, postpone, or refuse any announcement.

## CACR prizes awarded for six varied classes

(Continued from page 1)

measured during the race and scores in the race (actually a rally, with normalized driving times for each of the seven legs) itself. The emissions score received the heaviest weight in this formula, and all the winners had to surpass the 1975 Federal standards for automobile emissions: 0.5 g/mile hydrocarbons, 11 g/mile CO, 0.9 g/mile oxides of nitrogen.

These six were winners of the classes into which the entered vehicles had been divided. They were:

Class I: Internal Combustion (ICE) burning gaseous fuel—Worcester Polytechnic Institute (WPI) Propane Gasser, one of four WPI entries that finished the race.

Class II: ICE burning liquid fuel—Stanford's methanol-powered Gremlin.

Class III: Turbine—MIT. Mike Bennett '71 led the team that built and drove this overpowered monster, which was actually a turbine-electric utilizing a surplus jet-fueled gas turbine to drive an alternator, and a (potentially) 600 hp motor to drive the wheels.

Class IV: Electric—pure variety. Cornell University. The winner was actually built by Electric Fuel Propulsion Co. of Detroit,

and was subsequently delivered to Arthur Godfrey, who had purchased it.

Class V: Hybrid Electric—WPI and University of Toronto had scores within 10 percentage points; as previously ruled by the committee, this meant a tie.

### Overall winner

The overall winner was not declared on the basis of scores. It was chosen by a panel of five experts in the automobile and pollution fields: David Ragone, chairman of Dartmouth's School of Engineering; S.W. Gouse of the President's Office of Science & Technology; Harry Barr, President of the Society of Automotive Engineers; John Brogan of NAPCA; and John Maga, executive officer of the California Air Resources Board.

They chose as the best car Wayne State's entry, a modified Capri built by a team of Ford engineers taking night courses at WSU. (The initiative and ideas were theirs; the money was Ford's.) The overall winner was chosen not only for purity and performance but also for practicality as a prototype for mass production in the reasonably near future. The Wayne State car burned unleaded gasoline, hence was viewed as most practical in the short run since propane or

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# Primary elections



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Many of the faculty and staff of MIT live in the Third and Ninth Congressional Districts of Massachusetts. For those who aren't sure of their districts, the Ninth Congressional is composed of most of the wards of Boston, and the Third of the cities and towns west of and including Newton, and east of Gardner. It is in these two districts that the only important Congressional races in Massachusetts are being fought. The primary election is today, September 15, and we urge all faculty and staff, who are registered as Democrats or Independents, to vote.

In the Third Congressional District, we would like to stress the importance of voting, even more so than in the Ninth District. There, Father Robert Drinan, Dean of the Boston College Law School and a Jesuit priest, has a real chance to oust 28-year veteran of Congress, Philip Philbin, a militaristic supporter of Administration war policies. As Vice Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Philbin has been most notable for the lack of scrutiny he has given military appropriations bills. He enthusiastically endorsed the military build-up in Viet Nam and refused to withdraw support of Lyndon Johnson, even when Democratic support of that President dwindled to an all-time low. He says he is now committed to gradual withdrawal *a la* Nixon, but clearly this is only because it is the most right-wing position he can safely take without risking deep voter alienation.

In 1968, Philbin was opposed by two liberals, Joseph Bradley and Thomas Boylston Adams. Between them, their vote total topped that of Philbin, but because they split the anti-war vote, Philbin came out on top. This year, there is no such split. Father Drinan favors immediate and unconditional withdrawal from Viet Nam. He favors a massive drug reform and rehabilitation program for the young. He supports increased mental health appropriations on a national scale. He would guarantee every citizen a decent place to live. He favors tax reform, national health

insurance, and environmental protection legislation. Father Drinan needs your vote.

The Ninth Congressional District primary figures to be a runaway for Louise Day Hicks. This is the seat formerly occupied by Speaker of the House John McCormack, who recently announced his resignation after 42 years in Congress. The district has a 25% black population, yet black people there are substantially underrepresented, and hence will not be represented in that proportion in the election. Thus David Nelson of Roxbury, the candidate *The Tech* endorses, has only a very small chance of winning. He has tried to attract white voters to his campaign, through slogans such as "Not just for some. But for everyone." Nevertheless, Nelson's campaign, hindered by lack of funds, has moved slowly. The picture is further complicated by the presence in the election of State Senator Joseph Moakley. Moakley really is not a bad fellow, and, in head to head debates with Nelson, has fared rather well. Nonetheless, because Moakley's views are so similar to those of Nelson, they figure only to take votes away from each other, and make it even easier for every little breeze to whisper Louise.

Mrs. Hicks, for the uninitiated, is a former member of the Boston School Committee and a current Boston City Councilwoman. She was an unsuccessful candidate for mayor of Boston, losing to Kevin White a few years ago. She opposes bussing of children to integrate schools, has a love affair with the Police Department, wants to "get tough" on "crime in the streets," and is working to repeal state legislation against racial imbalance in the schools. Her campaign slogan is "You know where I stand," and she has refused to publicly debate either of her opponents.

Mrs. Hicks will probably win, yet every vote for David Nelson will cut her margin, and increase his chances for victory. Consequently we urge all Boston voters who can, to vote for David Nelson for Congress from the Ninth Congressional District.

## The Last Summer

By Harvey Baker

I met Hank early in June at a beach on Cape Cod, flirting with a girl I faintly recognized as an old high school friend. Though it was late in the afternoon and I wanted to start back to Boston to avoid the traffic, the urge to at least say hello to the girl temporarily prevailed. I weighed carefully the advantages of forcing my way into territory he had apparently staked out for himself, but decided that my motives were innocent enough and would not be construed as competition if I quickly identified my reason for coming.

I plastered a smile on my face, strode slowly toward the couple, and then just as her face caught mine, gave it the big hello, how are you, routine, while the boy she introduced to me as Hank looked sorrowfully on. After a couple of minutes of conversation I decided the decent thing to do was to leave, and after making my apologies, began to wend my way back up the beach. Hank resumed his carefully prepared monologue, and, satisfied that I was gone for good, began to move in for the kill.

From the hill at the top of the beach, I paused and looked back. From my distance, Hank looked like any ordinary fellow, his pimply face and skinny legs not being too evident. Though the temperature was in the nineties, he had kept his long-sleeved jersey on, not wishing to be "exposed" as he put it, and had even brought with him a hat to keep the sun from beating at his brow. (It was becoming cloudy.)

I wondered a bit about him. He seemed to be alone, without any companions in sight. Mine was the only car in the vicinity, save for that of a friend of the girl he was wooing, and there were no private homes nearby. Why he would have bothered to come to this stretch of beach was a bit of a mystery, and stayed that way. I made a deliberate attempt to keep my mind off what was surely his won business, and was about to start the car when he came running up the beach, hailed me, and asked if I had any "spare change." I had been approached by scores of panhandlers before, but never quite in this fashion. I was about to tell him that I didn't really feel like giving him any money, when I saw the look of badly concealed (perhaps deliberately so?) desperation on his face. Customarily I detest subjecting the poor to the indignity

of asking what they want money for, but in this case, with absolutely nothing in sight to spend it on, I found myself asking that very question. He replied with a stammer that he needed it for transportation back to Boston. Straightaway I offered him a ride.

He looked longingly at the sweetly smiling girl; I answered with a stare that said ride or nothing, and he begged off a moment to say good-bye to his new found love. She looked up moderately displeased on hearing the news, but my Judeo-Christian ethic responded inside of me that she ought to be glad that I was taking this beggar-gigolo out of her life. He returned, hat in hand, and we drove off.

On the way back, Hank freely admitted to me that was only trying to pal up the girl to see if he could "cop some bread" off her. This caught me somewhat by surprise, as I had assumed that his actions sprung more out of sexual desire than anything else. If possible, I disliked the wiry kid even more for this than I had originally.

At seventeen, Hank was a gaunt, haggard runaway. His cut-off jeans were torn and his shirt faded. His curly hair made him look rather handsome, however, and his tired, drawn smile belied his age, making him look much older than he really was. He told me he had come from the plush Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights about six months ago, because his parents didn't "understand" him. When I asked him what it was, specifically, that they didn't understand, he shot me a look of total disbelief which said, "I know you're pretty square, but you can't be that much out of it." When I asked what he'd been doing the last six months, he answered, "Living." Fair enough.

I stopped at a gas station in Plymouth to get gas, and check the oil (it was low), and as I got my change from the attendant, Hank asked to borrow a dime to make an "important" phone call. Already I was beginning to tire of this young man, but having committed myself to take him to Boston, I could not easily ditch him. I gave him the dime, told him to hurry it up, and went back to letting my J-C ethic be disgusted by him. Funny how the initials of Jesus Christ are the same as that of the ethic supposedly derived from his ideas. (In fact, if Christ were living today, The Ethic would hate him. Hell, he was a beggar's beggar.)

Impatiently checking the phone booth for my companion, I allowed my self-righteousness to overcome my decency, and started to walk toward the booth. Just then, he came out smiling and bade us leave. I noticed him slip the dime I had given him into his rear right pocket. He hadn't called anyone.

All of a sudden I started to worry about my reluctant companion. I almost care about what happened. Despite my regarding  
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# Letters to The Tech

## ANOTHER HIPPIE COLLEGE

To the Editor:

I would like to communicate to the student body my recent assessment of MIT. I attended the 1970 Alumni Day mainly to impress my children with the school's greatness and hoping by their visit that they would be inspired to someday attend their father's alma mater.

It didn't take me very long to conclude that this was not the great school I once knew, and certainly not the place to which I would consider sending my children.

It was pathetic that the beautiful buildings and facilities were contaminated by so-called students who had every appearance of being animals rather than civilized educated young men. The so-called students were a conglomeration of long-haired hippies, kooks, freaks, and fairies of all sorts. The famed "Bowery Bums" command more respect that the assortment of animals that we saw littering the beautiful MIT campus.

Our contacts with some students and displays indicated that MIT is infested with a lot of left-wing radicals. A dialogue with some of these students led me to believe that they are ill-informed, do not know any history, and do not possess the ability to debate intelligently. What we saw were symptoms and manifestations of a "sick" generation of students who appeared to have no goals in life.

In contrast to the above depressing situation, we were privileged to have had sitting at our puffed table Mr. Thomas Desmond '09, member of the MIT Corporation. My children were inspired by listening to Mr. Desmond describe America's and MIT's heritage. It was Americans like Mr. Desmond who made this country great. It is ironic that he is the symbol of the type of man these student radicals want to destroy.

It is unfortunate that most of today's students cannot comprehend the struggles of past generations. Perhaps it is because they have never experienced anything but affluence. I am

indeed grateful that I grew up during that period because it enabled me to appreciate the value of an education. My reward was to see my illiterate, foreign-born parents shed tears of joy as they watched their son receive a degree from MIT.

How sad, that after 19 years I returned, embarrassed to tell my children that this was not the great school I knew but, as my children labeled it, just another hippie college.

Saverio G. Greco '51

## PICKING A PRESIDENT BLUES

To the Editor:

The MIT Corporation/Administration, in their usual secrecy, have shifted Howard Johnson to be Chairman. A Corporation committee, whose membership reads like a Who's Who in the Military-Industrial-University Elite, is going to pick a new President and "re-evaluate" the functions performed by the President. They have kindly allowed  
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## THE WIZARD OF ID

by Brant Parker and Johnny Hart



The Wizard of Id appears daily and Sunday in the Boston Herald Traveler

# OVERKILL

By Michael Feirtag

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## I

"I am at a loss—" Duyck began.  
When it became evident that this was his  
whole message, the enthusiasm knew no bounds.  
PAUL GOODMAN The Empire City

In the midst of the white hallways of Building Nine of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a stairwell. Mouted in the concrete wall of the stairwell's top story is a ladder which can be climbed to a trap door through which one passes to the roof of the Institute. From that point on the roof, an easy walk of a few hundred feet leads to the Building Seven dome, overlooking Massachusetts Avenue. The dome can be climbed with ease. The excursion is one which has often been accomplished by MIT students; one apocryphal story has it that somebody once made the trip with a woman and a bed. Probably it never happened.

The top of the dome is a flat circle with a fifteen foot radius, much of whose surface is glass tiled, a skylight. Sitting in the center of the circle, one has the illusion of sitting on a disc floating above Cambridge. To the west, the land fades to a green rippled blur. Toward Harvard Square and central Cambridge there is the semblance of cosmopolis: red and green smears of light, traffic signals reflecting on black asphalt; slithering, hissing automotive noises at a distance. East Cambridge industry smokestacks blot the sky. Over Boston the sun is rising, the sky around it tinged with transparent green at the horizon, a vulgar, impossible orange above.

In the night or at dawn, the quiet drone of the machineries of the sleeping is audible, or rather perceivable, for it is felt rather than heard: the composite of minute electrical discharges, molecular rearrangements, movements of muscle fiber—the machineries of self-servicing, semi-autonomous beings, mostly asleep, whose collected whispers, not masked at these hours by the sounds of waking man, are sensed here at the top of the dome. The air vibrates with possibilities, chances of individual components of the machine complementing each other, producing some aggregate result. . . Whirr and a nearly inaudible click and Nixon is President. Vox populi vox Dei. Whirr click and Harvard Square is a sea of glistening shards of glass. Whirr click and ant-like, police swarm around their mound in Central Square. Whirr click. . .

A slow, silent wind blows steadily from the sea. As it passes over the bodies at the top of the dome, it gently dissects away the skin, layer upon layer peeling until the human form is transparent. There is a feeling of detachment, of existence without memory or aspiration or desire, in eternal present. The machineries of the living below, the curious forms of the obscure distant landscape, all have an unnameable significance.

I sat apart from six or seven people who had been atop the dome before I arrived. They formed a circle, and were passing a pipe. They were smoking dope. It was early June, 1970. MIT was empty. About everything was a feeling of emptiness, finality.

## II

—History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from  
which I am trying to awake.

JAMES JOYCE Ulysses

Several hundred years ago, in a previous existence, I appeared in Boston, my suits packed with wash-and-wear clothes, my wallet packed with wash-and-wear dollar bills. I was, in a word, a freshman.

The taxi that brought me to the Grey-Walled Citadel of Knowledge and Repository of the Secrets of the Universe in Cambridge was driven by a middle-aged gentleman whose head resembled an ancient tarnished brass doorknob. Observing the youthful, innocent

expression that adorned my face in those long-departed days, the cabbie decided to introduce me to the fun-loving collegiate life.

"All along the river," he cackled as we drove down Memorial Drive, "all along the river, they park there all night. . . college kids. . . fucking."

He turned toward me.

Situations such as this are not covered in Amy Vanderbilt. I could guffaw and ask the cabbie for details. I could give the cabbie a dirty look, but that might be dangerous, and was at any rate impolite. After all, he was trying to be helpful. On the other hand, if I didn't look fascinated at this juicy tidbit of erotic local tradition, what would the lecherous doorknob think?

I settled for a noncommittal grunt. At most of the crises in my life, I have settled for a noncommittal grunt.

Amazingly it worked. Deciding not to waste any more revelations on so unappreciative a disciple as myself, he maintained silence until our arrival at the Fortress of Truth and Beauty, where he opened his mouth only long enough to charge me double the correct fare.

Oh well, I thought as I entered the Mausoleum of Technological Man, I suppose he gets his jollies cruising along Memorial Drive looking into the steamy windows of parked cars.

I was wrong.

The police got their jollies in those ancient times cruising along Memorial Drive looking into the steamy windows of parked cars. Perhaps the "college kids" got their jollies letting the police watch.

The United States in the 1950's was the most prosperous disaster the world had yet seen, the most awesome in the progression of insane societies whose genes and dissolutions constitute history. Its middle class was rapidly gaining the leisure time it didn't know how to use, earning ever more of the lucre that would not make it content. Its sex life was decimated by the wriggling of the communist under the bed. The United States was maturing into the *reductio ad absurdum* of materialism—the morality and aesthetics of a well-oiled machine.

And the nation, dedicated to hiding from itself its colossal human failure, somehow gave birth to a generation that hated it.

Perhaps it was the incredible rapidity of change in American technocratic society, possibly it was simply the natural revulsion of a child to the unnatural demands of Western culture, which denied pleasure, denied play, whose philosophy denied the existence of any reality beyond its rules of logical deduction—denied, in fact, all the activities which a human child knows by experience of them to be good.

The beatnik was born, or rather the myth of the beatnik, for whatever the sleazy reality may have been, it is the myth that is significant. America gave birth, then, to the mythical figure of the beatnik: a mystic in a materialistic society, a hedonist in a puritanical land, an artist among conformists.

America looked at the beatnik myth. America feared old age and death, as do all people who have not learned to live; the beatnik flaunted his youth. America feared itself, the fact that *homo sapiens* is an animal and part of nature; the beatnik flaunted his mighty orgasms and, according to the myth, his animal odor and facial hair. America looked at the beatnik, and America tried to laugh.

More important than the beatnik myth itself was the concept of revolution central to the existence of the myth: for the first time in civilized history, the tired concept of classical revolution *a la* Marx was replaced with an anarchistic vision of *cultural* change—joyous ad libbing to create whatever social organization (preferably small, tribal) might seem appropriate to satisfy the urge of the human being to reunite himself with his own nature; the direct and simple technique of breaking

away from the *totentanz* of Western life and trying to learn how man should live.

By the mid 1960's, even if relatively few were bona fide "hippies" (transmuted beatniks), most were leaning in that direction, apolitically. America's children, with no cultural heritage to be learned from their parents, were forming their own around music, the drug experience, mysticism, sexual desires, feelings of community.

Music especially blossomed, new primitive music, whose roots went back no further than the 1950's and a vague notion of African rhythms. Of classical music, or, strangely enough, jazz, the new musicians were, and largely still are, abysmally ignorant. The newness and simplicity were looked upon as virtuous, if not essential. Highly significant also was the *electric* nature of music, the turning of technology to aesthetic uses—a strange analogue to the sterile kinetic art of contemporary artists, many of whom thrive at MIT.

Highly significant also was the *nature of music, the turning of technology to aesthetic uses—a strange analogue to the sterile kinetic art of contemporary artists, many of whom work at MIT.*

Now in the 1960's the civil rights movement was in its integrationist stage, and some middle class whites felt drawn to this sort of "political action" as opposed to what they saw as the cop-out of an alternate life style and apolitical cultural revolution.

A middle class white youth knew the empirical fact that his life was unsatisfactory, yet was unable to determine *why* he felt oppressed. He saw the subjugation of blacks: an obvious, physical symptom of an evil society, as opposed to his own nebulous spiritual oppression. This corroboration of his own malaise catalyzed his political involvement, his sense of outrage at the oppression of blacks, and produced the birth of a feeling of solidarity with blacks.

Many of these civil rights activists would mature into "radicals" and "revolutionaries" as the black movement developed its "black nationalist" and "class warfare" proponents.

Some white middle class young people would arrive ideologically at old left Marxism, drawn by the need to intellectualize and rationalize the insanity they saw around them, the unsureness within themselves. Marxism provided a simple, logical explanation of man's oppression of man, and there is much comfort for the confused mind in logical explanations of madness.

American youth, then, toward the close of the Sixties, formed three groups: the first, the unaligned and conservatives, trying, with increasing ill-ease, to marry, to play student, to work, to follow in their parents' cultural lead; the second group, feeling an increasing nausea at the prospect of American middle class life, gravitating toward an alternate culture and/or drugs; the third group, espousing radical political action, sometimes in the Marxist tradition.

The "college kids" in the cars along Memorial Drive were a dying breed. They went to college merely to gain four more years of the pursuit of happiness before big business, free enterprise, or the armed forces swallowed them and their silly idealism, their silly hope. They were the first group, the unaligned, and it was rapidly becoming impossible to be unaligned.

The second and third groups were beginning in the late Sixties to cross-pollinate.

"...There is a sense in which ideology is a thing of the past among politically involved dissenters," wrote Theodore Roszak in *The Making of a Counter Culture*. "By and large, most New Left groups have refused to allow doctrinal logic to obscure or displace an irreducible element of human tenderness in their politicking. What has distinguished SDS, at least in its early years, from old-line radical youth groups (as still represented, say, by the Progressive Labor Movement) is



the unwillingness of the former to reify doctrine of the extent of granting it more importance than the flesh and blood."

Abbie Hoffman, writing in *The Realist*, explained the utility of going to Chicago for the Democratic Convention of 1968: Chicago, wrote Hoffman, "can serve to open up a dialogue between political radicals and those who might be considered hippies. The radical will say to the hippie: 'Get together and fight, you are getting the shit kicked out of you.' The hippie will say to the radical: 'Your protest is so narrow, your rhetoric so boring, your ideological power plays so old-fashioned!'"

"It is not our wish," Hoffman wrote in the same article, published just before the convention, "to take on superior armed troops who outnumber us on unfamiliar territory. It is not their wish to have a Democrat nominated amidst a major bloodbath."

But America, to use Norman Mailer's metaphor, was a drunken man on a skateboard careening madly downhill, who, in his wild gyrations toward a certain crack-up, executes some amazing maneuvers—

In 1968 Johnson withdrew. McCarthy ran. Bobby Kennedy reconsidered and decided to run. The Yippies (Hoffman was a Yippie) decided that they couldn't compete with the charismatic Bobby and called off a planned "Life Festival" at the Democratic Convention, deciding instead to concentrate on developing communities on the Lower East Side in New York, Free City in San Francisco.

Then Bobby was killed. America kills charismatic liberals. America was crazy; the Yippies were sane. America was freaking out; the Yippies were stagnating.

So the Yippies decided to go to Chicago for a Death Festival and celebrate the Death of Yippie.

The police beat them. Good boys and girls who were Clean for Gene were in Chicago, and the police beat them too, while inside the convention hall, the Democrats were giving birth to the Politics of Joy.

The Politics of Joy. . . As Hubert Humphrey travelled through the land displaying his puffed koala bear countenance and a mouth containing more teeth than any human being had any right to possess to any who would listen, as Richard Nixon, looking, as the BBC's Goon Show put it years ago, like a skull and crossbones when he crossed his arms, unveiled his new image, the nature of the youth movement was showing signs of change.

Roszak was "bleakly aware that an ideological shift toward righteous violence is on the increase among the young, particularly under the influence of the extremist Black Powerites and a romanticized conception of guerrilla warfare. . . 'confrontation politics' and cheers for the fiction of the 'peoples' war' are becoming more prominent in the United States. . . as frustration with the brutality and sleazy deception of the establishment grows."

The demonstration of the "brutality and sleazy deception of the establishment" in Chicago would be dramatic.

And the danger of the transformation of protest from anarchistic or neo-Marxian humanism to "the age-old politics of hatred, vindictiveness, and windy indignation". . .

But hold. We have much to speak of, and much of the history of the Menopausal Institute of Technology (as Timothy Leary calls it) to tell. For the moment, it is yet 1968. We will have much to despair of in years that have yet to come.

### III

*Have fun while you can.*  
T BONE WALKER

In 1968, MIT hosted the thirteenth of a rash of "Sanctuaries," festive occasions on which several hundred students harbored an AWOL soldier, and nonviolently obstructed the police and Federal agents who generally appeared in three or four days to take the soldier away to a stockade.

These were innocent days when the slogan "Girls Say Yes to Boys Who Say No" seemed to make sense, and Viet Nam was only a tragic mistake. True, there had been the Democratic Convention. . .

Mike O'Connor, MIT's fugitive GI, was properly angelic. A television station brought in cameras, a ROTC student to debate O'Connor, and a moderator who looked like a shaven, sterilized grey worm in his beautifully tailored suit. An inane half-hour discussion was taped, but that was all right, because everybody sang "We Shall Overcome" afterward, and many people cried, and many MIT students felt that the Sanctuary was the

first human experience they had had at the Institute.

The Sanctuary continued for two weeks, and this was odd, because police had broken up Boston University's Sanctuary (which took place in a chapel) in a few days. Great is the power of Technology.

After two weeks, the remains of the Sanctuary were moved elsewhere, to make room for a prom, or a weekend, or a mixer, or some such ritual. And early one morning, with almost no one around to see it, three or four feds hustled O'Connor into a car and drove off into the sunrise.

### IV

*Yet when I looked for good, there came evil;  
And when I waited for light there came darkness.*  
JOB xxx

In October of 1969, the usual march to Boston Common occurred. 100,000 participated. It was a pleasant afternoon. Optimism hovered over the masses like a nimbus cloud of marijuana smoke, which also hovered over the masses. A plane made a peace sign in the sky. George McGovern spoke. Many stayed, listened; and were bored for their trouble.

### V

*It is better to curse the darkness than to light  
one single little candle.*

BROTHER MARSH

It was common knowledge in the fall of 1969 that something important would happen in November. Time had passed, things were worse; calls from politicians for "rational debate" were just insidious forms of repression; "meaningful dialogue" was laughable. Other campuses were making headlines, and it was time for the Bastion of Technology to erupt.

The November Action Coalition (NAC) began meeting sometime in advance of November, and an action was determined: the obstructive picketing of one of the Instrumentation Laboratories (IL's; they have since become the Draper Labs).

The I-Labs developed inertial guidance systems, with typical scientific detachment, for lunar vehicles and nuclear warhead delivery systems alike.

By the week of November 4, 1969, several hundred people had made their homes on the floor of the MIT Student Center's Sala de Puerto Rico. This gathering's members were unlike the well-groomed liberals who dominated peace demonstrations of a few years ago; appearing for the first time en masse were militant women in kerchiefs and shapeless clothes, and the chauvinist's utopia of "groovy chicks" putting out for draft resisters seemed very far away.

Singing and dancing were gaining popularity, with "Power to the People," a dirge-like song of revolutionary joy, in the number one spot.

Eighty percent of the assembled radicals came from off campus, MIT officials would be fond of pointing out in press releases when it was all over. For now, they declared that the new residents of the Student Center would not be interfered with, so long as they did not interfere with "the normal functioning of the Institute."

On the first day, perhaps 700 people assembled in Building Seven, under the dome. Leaving an occupying force of a few dozen, a few of whom could play the soprano recorder miserably, the majority marched across campus to the political science department's Center for International Studies (CIS).

The CIS was established with CIA funding after World War II to enable scientists to investigate sociological phenomena with typical scientific detachment, which was to be utilized in Washington to stop the communist menace. Its recent activities, according to radicals, include investigations into relocating peasants in Asia, defusing revolutionary movements, and developing computer capabilities to aid the isolation of domestic trouble makers.

The administration had closed CIS.

The demonstrators indulged in guerrilla theater and returned to Building Seven.

The lobby of Building Seven is a three-tiered sepulchral arena. One expects to find in it the tomb of a pope, if not an MIT president. Outside Building Seven, mounted atop the Institute's edifice, were two big-brotherish speaker horns, placed there to inform radicals if necessary that their actions were naughty and illegal.

The 700 jammed the lobby and held a disjointed meeting. The ownership of a megaphone—far more

puissant than Piggy's conch shell—meant power. Jonny Kabat of the Science Action Coordinating Committee (SACC) made an effective speech, arguing against any unthought-out action that day; a takeover of MIT administration offices had been proposed. A vote was taken, and the decision was made, apparently by majority rule (although that was argued later) to march to IL 5 and return immediately thereafter to the Student Center.

SACC is grudgingly respected by MIT administrators, perhaps since many MIT brass may have felt that Kabat saved the Institute from disaster that day.

Kabat is one of the very few convincing speakers in MIT's movement. He is idealistic and guardedly hopeful about the future. Last May he was taken into a police station and beaten by police after leafletting at a high school.

The demonstrators ended their impromptu meeting and poured out of Building Seven's doors. Singing and chanting, they spilled down the steps like some lavish production number from a Busby Berkeley musical and oozed onto Massachusetts Avenue, fouling traffic, happily breaking all sorts of laws, no doubt. The mass of traffic obstruction moved up Massachusetts Avenue toward Albany Street and IL 5.

So began a walking tour of Cambridge. In front of a large Viet Cong flag which headed the march, in the very vanguard of the movement as it were, were a few score newsmen who trotted along, turned to take pictures, called greetings to one another, and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

The demonstration, leaderless and purposeless, wandered the back streets, following the VC flag, chanting, singing. A parade without a permit. . . Ho Ho Ho. . . obstructing traffic. . . power to the people. . . until they found their way back to the Student Center and met for several hours to analyze and plan, and went to sleep on the inhospitable floor.

There were about twenty Weathermen in NAC and they were annoyed. They met on the fourth floor of the Student Center in a separate caucus and discussed their frustration that the rest of NAC didn't want violence save in self defense. The Weatherpeople's desire was to break into groups of four or five street-fighters to attack isolated police. The Weathermen wondered how they could communicate to NAC the revolutionary joy they felt now that they had dropped out of school and had realized the necessity to begin a violent struggle immediately. They spoke in quiet monotonous.

The next day at IL 5, they respected the wishes of the rest of NAC. There was no violence.

In fact, there is little to tell of the second day, and the picketing.

At 6 am on a grey Wednesday, perhaps 400 left the Student Center and walked silently and rapidly through a cold steely drizzle to IL 5. Moving to each of five entrances, they set up their picket lines.

By midmorning a small crowd had gathered across Albany Street—some students, some professors, some of the employees of IL 5, who had been told not to report for work or attempt to enter the building. Dr. Charles Stark Draper, the Labs' director, stood on the roof of IL 1 next door.

300 police—six busloads—arrived and dispersed the demonstrators. The police were armed with clubs and dogs. There were a few injuries.

NAC regrouped in the Student Center and called it a victory. They sang, "Power to the People."

On the third day, NAC obstructed the corridor on the second floor of Building Three, the location of the offices of many MIT administrators. After a few hours, NAC returned to the Student Center.

The floor of the Sala de Puerto Rico was empty that night. It was all over, except for the disciplinary hearings. . .

### VI

*MIT assumes that all students come to the  
Institute for a serious purpose. . .*

MIT Catalog, Vol. 106, No. 1

Polish freedom fighter Joseph Mlot-Mroz is a dedicated anti-communist crusader who can be seen counter-demonstrating at peace rallies and radical actions. On the third day of the November Actions, NAC and SACC had met in MIT's Kresge Auditorium prior to the obstructive sit-in in Building Three. Mlot-Mroz had been there, marching outside. The Campus Patrol had decided that his presence might provoke a confrontation with radicals, and had requested that Cambridge Police remove him from the campus. This had been done.

The incident would lead to a Discipline Committee hearing two months later. But we are missing some history:

In October of 1969, radicals disrupted a General Electric recruiter who had come on campus during the GE strike. In January of 1970, M.T expelled Mike Albert.

Albert had been elected student body president on his campaign pledge to make trouble. His face and surrounding Medusa coils of hair have been uncharitably described as a monkey looking out of a tree. He is a blunt, sardonic, sometimes earthy speaker with an incredibly fast mind. When expelled, he had nearly enough credits for a mathematics degree, and a perfect 5.0 average.

Mike Albert was expelled for participating in the GE demonstration, for disrupting one thing or another, and for using naughty language to MIT big cheeses. There was speculation that had Albert not so openly showed his contempt for MIT's disciplinary apparatus and MIT's dignitaries he might have been let off with admonishment or suspension rather than expulsion. As some saw it, MIT, in a spirit of vindictive pomposity, threw out Albert to save face.

In January of 1970, the Discipline Committee heard testimony relating to the alleged interference by George Katsiaticas with police attempting to remove Joseph Mlot-Mroz, the Polish freedom fighter, from Kresge Auditorium during the November Actions.

George Katsiaticas had been an eminently respectable greasy student politician, fraternity member, and management major. His radicalization had amazed many, and perhaps scared those who thought that filthy hippies came out of the woodwork rather than the Sloan School. As a member of Rosa Luxembourg SDS (as was Albert) Kats had participated in the November Actions. While at the Kresge meeting, he had seen plainclothesmen approaching Mlot-Mroz and had, in the spirit of freedom of speech, tried to stop the freedom fighter's abduction.

Leaflets advertised guerrilla theater before Kats' hearing, and in fact, there was a short depiction of the trial of Mike Albert. But the Disciplinary Committee was to provide the day's main entertainment.

Literature Professor Roy Lamson, looking like some hybrid between a teddy bear and Peter Lorre, and tastefully attired in grey, hosted the proceedings. He fumbled with a microphone for a while, finally obtaining satisfaction and making himself heard. The audience encouraged his efforts. "I'm glad you like my golden voice," he ad libbed, to show that he was All Right.

Assistant Dean for Student Affairs Richard Sorenson established that Mlot-Mroz was standing outside the November meeting singing "George Wallace Was Right" to the tune of "We Shall Overcome." Kats testified later that he thought that singing was nice. Campus Patrol Lieutenant Driscoll testified that Mlot-Mroz had a fine voice.

Driscoll gave his version of the incident. As he told it, Kats finished up in front of the prowl car that was trying to pull away from the curb of Massachusetts Avenue with the freedom fighter inside. Kats was "hollering in a screeching voice 'Arrest me! Arrest me!' which we, of course, refused to do."

"Have you ever lied in your life?" Kats asked the witness.

Driscoll was silent.

Lamson: "Mr. Katsiaticas, questions should be relevant."

Kats: "The defense contends that half of what the witness said was a lie."

Lamson: "Then ask directly."

Kats: "Did you lie?"

Professor Osborne wanted to know about the history of violence on campus. He questioned Driscoll on campus incidents of the past, seeking to know if violence had ever been necessary to stop students.

"There are times," answered Driscoll, "when people have to be restrained. They go berserk or something."

Why?

"People under the influence of something or other..." muttered the Lieutenant.

"College!" came the shout from the audience.

Campus Patrolman Cox testified that he had grabbed Kats and asked him to "leave the officers alone." Cox had been tripped from behind and knocked down by person or persons unknown.

Campus Patrolman Blado testified that he had grabbed Kats by the arm and hurled him halfway across the street, thus removing him from the path of the police car.

"Why aren't you wearing your uniforms today?" Kats asked Blado as an afterthought.

Blado: "We're off duty. We're here on our own time."

Kats: "I think you should be paid."

Blado: "We are being paid."

And lo! The defense called Mike O'Connor.

The angelic AWOL GI of the Sanctuary—angelic no more. A filthy hippie he, long and mangy of hair, bearded, a cigaret dangling provocatively from his lips, with a drawling, friendly voice:

"I better not say fuck," he announced, "because Albert got kicked out of school for saying fuck. I'll say shit."

O'Connor hinted that he might have been the one who tripped Campus Patrolman Cox.

Steve Shalom entered stage left, fully dressed in overcoat, scarf, and a red cap, all of which he carefully removed and piled on the conference table. Having found the microphone under the heap of clothes, he gave his evidence: he "saw everything that happened, and it was the capitalist system that was to blame."

There were no questions from the Discipline Committee.

Shalom dressed.

Lamson: "Sorry you had to take so much time taking your wraps off."

The sounds of tambourine and drum are heard offstage.

Lamson: "Let's have no accompaniment."

Hippies, pig press, and an MIT student from East Campus who dressed in campy dark glasses and white trench coat and was rumored to be in the employ of the FBI, had been creeping onstage throughout the afternoon, causing Lamson to periodically halt the proceedings. "Off the stage!" the audience had shouted, anxious to get on with the show.

Finally, the stage was offed. Two or three stink-bombs struck the platform, partially obscuring the conference table with volumes of yellowish sulphur smoke. Lamson found his way to a microphone. He could be glimpsed through the fog adjourning the hearing.

The writer would like to be able to provide the reader with the verdict of the hearing, and deeply regrets being unable to do so. The legal proceedings against political activists have become so numerous and so labyrinthine that one hardly knows any longer for which incident a prolific radical is being condemned, expelled, imprisoned, or, occasionally, exonerated.

## VII

*Bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronnto-  
nnerronntoonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooh-  
oohoodenenthurnuk!*

JAMES JOYCE Finnegans Wake

At the end of January of 1970, four persons, clad in white lab coats and ski masks, battered down the door of the office of the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and entered into temporary possession thereof. Perhaps 300 were in occupancy at one time or another during the two day stay.

President Howard Wesley Johnson's office is a simple room whose obscenely white walls are adorned by nautical paintings. In the drawer of a sturdy, unimposing desk are usually a handful of mediocre cigars.

A corridor from Johnson's office runs past secretaries' quarters and an extraordinary socialist-realist painting of MIT's ancestor, Boston Tech, terminating at the office of the Chairman of the MIT Corporation, James Killian, a grey-haired grandfather figure who takes every opportunity to speak of the wonders of educational television, which he pioneered. Killian's office is the impressive one—walnut panelled walls, expensively bound books, square yards of desk space.

The occupying forces overrap Killian's office and all the subordinate offices, leaving Johnson's office to concerned liberals, MIT administrators, and the press.

An angry faculty met in room 10-250. They were pacified by Howard Johnson.

As we shall not have occasion to deal with Johnson in person again, we should here take advantage of the opportunity of essaying a description while the Great Man stands before us.

MIT President Howard Wesley Johnson (HoJo) is part of the shift in power at the Institute from electrical engineering to management. He is the sort of man whose grey suit seems to be an extension of his personality. Master of the smile electric and the inoffensive tension reducing witticism, he can be seen in his natural setting at faculty meetings, which he chairs. One wonders how many spineless professors secretly detest the offhand, genial manner in which he imposes Golden Reason on the faculty, damping the more reactionary views of the Institute's colorful fossils (who have been known to

throw students down flights of stairs at faculty meetings) as well as the harrangues of humanities department irregulars. Johnson knows most talkative faculty members by name.

Johnson has reassured conservative alumni that MIT will continue to do its patriotic duty. He has divested the Instrumentation Labs. He has come out against the Viet Nam war, more or less. He detests violence and coercion and worships moderation and reason. He never misses a tuition riot. He believes that the answer to science is more science. He comes equipped with his own PR man and a sinister ball of jello, Constantine Simonides, formerly a Presidential Assistant, now additionally Vice President. If Simonides knows to whom Johnson has sold his soul, he isn't telling.

Whatever it is Johnson does, he is good at it. *Fortune* trusts him, having published "Come Squeeze or Bust, in HoJo We Trust," an article whose title suggests that Johnson's only difficulty is with pimples.

Johnson convinced the faculty to sit tight and not summon the police. He promised legal action.

Meanwhile, the occupiers were admitting any sympathetic looking young person who would promise not to identify those inside in court. The mood inside the offices was one of relaxed revolutionary boredom.

Several adolescents who had been having a water gun fight found an IBM machine used by secretaries to produce error-free letters. Thinking to use the machine to produce error-free leaflets, they began experimenting. Provost Jerome Wiesner swept into the office, hurdled a desk, and executed a daring rescue of the IBM machine.

Wiesner had eyed the hardwood floor of the Sanctuary and wished that he'd been younger. Strongly believing in science serving man, he has long worked for the application of his discipline of electrical engineering to medicine.

Wiesner was Kennedy's science advisor.

Wiesner is caught between the immorality that hides behind the apolitical-search-for-truth lie of science, and the hatred of all science that pervades the lie's opposition. He is unwilling to join the technocracy's opposition, but working alone, despite his writing and Senate testimony against the ABM, despite even his writing for *Playboy*, he is politically impotent.

And his temple of reason, MIT, is collapsing. Wiesner's usual facial expression is a wistful smile, but angry outbursts against activists are becoming more frequent.

After two days, the occupiers, perhaps 75 strong, left. MIT took photographs. MIT administrators met to compile a list of occupiers whom at least two administrators could positively identify in court. 31 would be charged.

Howard Johnson returned to the faculty and called it a victory. Howard Johnson told the faculty that the radicals had entered the offices with non-negotiable demands and had left with nothing. The faculty applauded.

The occupation had protested the disciplinary hearings, the expulsion of Albert. Moderate and liberal students, very possibly a majority of the undergraduates, had been passing resolutions demanding Albert's reinstatement before the radicals had entered the offices.

The student body had little sympathy for the takeover.

After the occupation, there was no further talk by the student body of demanding Albert's reinstatement.

In retrospect, many students, indeed many radicals, would be at a loss to understand the necessity for the takeover. Afterwards, some would justify it as "educational."

## VIII

*"What impertinence!" said the Pudding. "I wonder how you'd like it, if I were to cut a slice out of you, you creature!"*

*... Alice hadn't a word to say in reply; she could only sit and look at it and gasp.*

*"Make a remark," said the Red Queen: "it's ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!"*

LEWIS CARROLL Through the Looking-Glass

In early April of 1970, the November Action Coalition met in the Sala de Puerto Rico to plan their contribution to the Spring Maratorium.

Moratoria are generally fairly dull affairs at which, as we have mentioned, liberals speak to 100,000 students. A few of the 100,000 smoke dope. Many assuage guilt feelings. Quite a few are on the make. Somehow, most liberal gatherings wind up as mixers.

NAC and friends were interested in providing an



alternative to listening to politicians and ogling Boston University coeds, and hoped to provide an opportunity for more energetic protesters to protest in a more energetic way.

Perhaps 200 sat in the Sala. As usual, the most important participants in the meeting would be the microphones, of which there were two.

The first was a hand mike clutched tightly in the hand of a woman who moderated.

The woman performed a curious dance with her microphone, shuffling nervously, pivoting on her heels, swaying forward, mike at arm's length arcing around her, reminding the writer (who confesses to the bad mental habit of irrelevant free-associating) of the dance of the cock-of-the-rock as once depicted in color in *National Geographic*. The bird dances to signify its desire to mate.

Being discussed at the moment was the feasibility of going en masse to Cambridge City Hall to take out gun permits. The idea was discarded on learning of the high cost of the right to bear arms. Gun permits are expensive.

The discussion turned to the elaboration of a general plan to trash something. Somebody wanted to know the productivity of heaving rocks through the windows of "every fucking milk store between here and Harvard Square," as she put it. Others proposed banks. Some doubted the value of trashing, some doubted the value of trashing indiscriminately, some just wanted to heave rocks. The moderator continued her dance, angrily silencing speakers when she determined that their time was up, or the meeting shouted them down.

Hollering, cursing, and the like had gone on for two hours when a man who claimed to be a member of the Black Panther Party stepped up to the second microphone.

The second microphone had a stand. It stood at an inappropriate height, but defied adjustment, until finally the possibly-Panther bent down and almost swallowed the mike, looking like a little boy petulantly sucking a lollypop. He began to speak.

*Grzzzzzak!!*

The microphone emitted a loud angry overloaded protest of its own. The voice of the possibly-Panther, amplified and distorted beyond any possible recognition, blasted from the sound system.

Members of the audience suggested that he might move the microphone a few inches from his mouth and speak lower.

The possibly-Panther would have nothing of this repression of his right to speak, and bent down and swallowed the microphone again.

*Krrgaaccckzarrgk!!*

His point, when after several minutes he was convinced to use the microphone properly, was that three days ago he had personally written a leaflet informing all who would read it that windows would break and if I have decided what you are going to do why do you waste my time with two hours of debating and goddammit you fools better quit jiving and get your shit together and trash 'cause if you don't when the revolution comes we may have to come and get—  
"SHUT UP, MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!"

There are sounds that the human throat can give utterance to under times of extreme tension, sounds that make their unfortunate listener feel that one hundred harpies are slowly slitting the skin with a hundred gleaming razors.

Every person but one turned involuntarily toward the source of the cry. It was a young woman. She slumped in her chair, her chest heaving vehemently, her face contorted horribly with anger. The males seated on either side of her were typical sorts—blue jeans tight in the crotch, moustache, corona of shaggy hair. Both looked extremely uncomfortable. One was hesitantly begging her to take it easy.

He needn't have bothered. The only person who hadn't heard her was the possibly-Panther, who had continued his osculation with the microphone uninterrupted. He was suggesting that those people who were seriously interested in action rather than talk meet at the other end of the room. A few moved in that direction, but most had given up the evening as lost, and had left.

Most had been reluctant to talk back to a black who claimed to be a Panther; perhaps many had disagreed with his putdown of debate yet kept silent.

Or had they really disagreed? The silence may have been tacit concurrence with the belief that there had been talk enough—what matter that no group strategy had been determined. On April 15, they would ad lib.

On the third floor of the Student Center are the offices of Assistant Dean for Student Affairs Jay Hammerness, an energetic little man whose responsibilities for scheduling auditoriums and Student Center keep him away from other administrators, but in close

proximity to many students, who are unanimous in their dislike of Assistant Dean for Student Affairs Jay Hammerness.

While the shouting and cursing in the Sala de Puerto Rico was occurring one floor below, the high potentates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were gathering in Dean Hammerness' office behind a locked door and the girth of a Campus Patrolman, who occasionally muttered under his breath some comment about "kids playing revolution downstairs." He would have been angrier, but he was being paid.

Prominent among the high potentates was Vice President Without Portfolio Kenneth R. Wadleigh.

Wadleigh is an MIT archetype. Once a jolly MIT undergrad who welded an MBTA trolley to its tracks, he is famous as Dean for Student Affairs for his announcement to a variety of malfeasants that if they are here in five minutes, they won't be here tomorrow.

"Fuck you, Wadleigh," Mike Albert once told the Dean, "I've had enough of your ridiculous blatherings." Albert wasn't gone the next day, but he was expelled from the Garden of Technology not long afterwards. He is currently earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, as a construction worker.

Wadleigh is currently Vice President Without Portfolio. Someday the Powers That Be may give him a portfolio, but it seems doubtful that the MIT archetype will rise further in the hierarchy.

Wadleigh was dressed this evening in worn-out trousers and a red flannel shirt. He looked like he had been leaning over an upright piano singing "She'll be Comin' 'Round the Mountain When She Comes" in a straining tenor when the telephone had interrupted to tell him that the filthy hippies were at it again. He was angry.

The administrators decided to throw out NAC, contending that it was not an MIT student group, which was, in fact, generally true. There were, however, two more immediate reasons for the decision to eject NAC.

The first was the deterioration of relations between Cambridge government and MIT. The Institute, ever anxious to avoid politically inspired drug raids by Cambridge narcs, and perhaps thinking of future expansion into Cambridge, didn't want to anger the City Council by allowing a group to meet on campus to plan the trashing of the city.

The second reason was emotional. The administrators had come to look upon MIT as their fiefdom, their immaculate prestressed concrete Shangri-La, where reason and scientific detachment ruled.

And those degenerates who called for revolution so loudly that they could be heard in City Hall. . . Out with them. They aren't MIT students. They're outsiders. They're trespassers.

The decision had been made, but it hadn't been carried out. The student body's greasy politicians had been meeting elsewhere in the building when Mike Albert had appeared. "Sorry to interrupt," he told the greasy politicians, "but your friendly deans are fucking off again."

Most greasy politicians moved their meeting to the Sala.

If the MIT administration interfered with the commingling of radicalism and grease, it would be seen as a disruption of student government. The illusion of student self-government is one the administration, thus far, is desirous of maintaining.

The administration went home. The radical meeting had disintegrated by itself anyway.

A few of us reporter-types were loitering near Hammerness' office when the administrators exited. Wadleigh strode past us, then returned. "I'm disgusted with MIT undergraduate government," he hissed. He walked off. "And you can quote me on that," he hurled over his shoulder. "Forwards or backwards." And was gone.

Silence and darkness reigned over the prestressed concrete Shangri-La.

## IX

*The Revolution came and went  
And unrest was replaced by discontent  
PETER WEISS Marat/Sade*

April 15, 1970. The traditional demonstration on Boston Common seemed pointless. Abbie Hoffman spoke. After making fun of the alleged sexual backwardness of certain SDS factions, he got to the point.

"Boston was the cradle of liberty," said Hoffman. "How many hands are gonna rock the cradle? How many hands are gonna cradle a rock?"

Generally speaking, the rally broke up in three ways.

The first, and largest, group, the liberals, wandered off to wait for the next mixer, the next peace candidate, and Godot. A small group of degenerates chanting "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh; We Want Mescaline" flew over the Longfellow Bridge at low altitude and was not seen again. The third group, perhaps 2,000 strong, marched to Harvard Square, arriving that evening.

At police headquarters off Central Square, a holiday atmosphere prevailed as peace officers from various communities assembled. Central Square resembled the 1984 Automobile Show—all styles of paddy wagon on display, as well as an impressive showing of riot helmets and other fashions.

Displayed this evening for the first time was the police strategy that would be used in the future. The paddy wagons would carry police to Central Square, where MBTA busses would be loaded with sniffling cops, gossiping, tapping nightsticks impatiently.

The nightsticks are overgrown mutants, perhaps two feet long and two inches wide, made of hard wood. One imagines a bat-boy inside the station—the usual, officer? 36-ounce 'Berkeley Slugger'... Remember have the grain on top when you swing. . . Go on there and knock them outta the park. . ."

The busses would make their way through East Cambridge to Harvard Square, where the police would form lines to the north of the Square, and, in repeated sweeping operations (with optional side trips into the subway and such) clear the degenerates out. The police would then form lines across all arteries to protect the now empty Square and wait for the demonstrators to go home.

This strategy had one disadvantage. The demonstrators were home. Many, if not most, lived near the Square. Many others who were not demonstrators would wander out to see what was happening to their fellow freaks. Still others would be willing to offer shelter, sanctuary.

And the radicals' strategy? Most young people are not activists, but sympathize with many radical goals. When police enter their neighborhoods, chase *anybody present* around with rather horrifying clubs, occasionally damaging people, and liberally dose the area with tear gas, people sometimes decide to do more than sympathize. Perhaps even some conservatives are partially converted.

The radicals' plan had one disadvantage: the radicals, some of whom amused themselves by throwing rocks through windows and setting fires in a newsstand and a bank.

There were perhaps 2,000 people in or near the Square. This alone is misleading; most people were observers who wandered as near to the Square as they could get, which generally meant within thirty feet of lines of police across Massachusetts Avenue with their clubs at parade rest.

At the front, street people and assorted degenerates formed a ragged line and gawked at police, until the police, a blue-helmeted mass, hands clutching clubs like some uniformed octopus, would chase the street people a few hundred feet down the block. After this the police would regroup and the degenerates would return. After all, this was home.

Although very few threw rocks, anybody who stood around and gawked at the blue-tentacled octopus became known as a "rioter" in the papers the next day, a process similar to calling the upstanding citizens who invariably turn out to watch a fire " arsonists."

It was a moderately relaxed riot, at least on the part of the rioters.

Yet it must be noted that there were a few hundred injuries, some serious. One woman miscarried when beaten by police.

I spent the evening wandering up and down the stretch of Massachusetts Avenue between Central and Harvard Squares. I recall a little old lady who had been out taking a nightly walk, unaware of the evening's entertainment. She was, of course, totally acclimatized to the dope smoking, unbathed hippies wandering the streets of a spring evening, but the presence of police in these numbers was somewhat novel at the time.

The little old lady was telling us all in a loud voice what she would do to the blue meanies if she had a shotgun. Her entertaining narrative was interrupted by a charge by those gentlemen. We adjourned the meeting a few hundred feet away from Harvard Square.

The fellow standing next to me picked up a piece of vacuum cleaner which happened to be lying in the street minding its own business. He chucked it at a plate glass window which shattered impressively. We adjourned further down Massachusetts Avenue.

Towards 11 pm, some of the police withdrew from Harvard Square, entered their busses, and returned to



Central Square, where, on leaving the busses, they marched around the corner in military drill formation, climbed into their paddy wagons, called farewell to each other, and went home to the suburbs. The few people watching were amazed. They hadn't known that their police force could do tricks like marching in drill formation.

In Harvard Square, the crowd detumesced. Suddenly there was the realization that the evening's fun and games were over. Some police guarded the Square, of course, and some people hung around.

Until the curfew was announced.

A mile from Harvard Square, a mile down Massachusetts Avenue, MIT waited for a plague of cops and hippies that never came.

Under the dome facing Massachusetts Avenue, on the steps of Building Seven, before the main entrance to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, stood two solitary silhouetted figures, guarding five miles of corridors and acres beyond measure of grey walls. Vice President Without Portfolio Kenneth R. Wadleigh, in a grey suit, stood staring down Massachusetts Avenue toward Harvard Square. The street was empty. Campus Patrol Chief James Olivieri was speaking tersely into a walkie-talkie, doing a passable Broderick Crawford imitation.

It was almost funny.

Workmen spent most of the next day installing glass. Krackerjacks, a high priced boutique, perhaps the phoniest enterprise in all of pseudo-hippie money-grubbing, was hit hard, as was the Coop, Harvard's Holyoke Center, and banks. Also trashed was the message board of an Episcopal Church and the window of Goodwill Industries, a second-hand clothing shop.

Many people wandered about the Square silently, their heads bowed, their eyes attracted by the gleam of glass shards in the gutter.

## X

*A Philosopher, seeing a fool beating his donkey, said:*

*"Abstain, my son, abstain, I implore. Those who resort to violence shall suffer from violence."*

*"That," said the Fool, diligently belaboring the animal, "is what I'm trying to teach this beast—which has kicked me."*

AMBROSE BIERCE

The Weathermen held a convention last year in Chicago, a city which seems to hold some attraction for hogs, democrats, and crazies. On one wall of their meeting hall, reported Liberation News Service, hung a large banner praising the Sharon Tate killings, which murders the Weathermen appreciated almost as much as the *New York Daily News*, which published cheesecake photos of the dead actress on the front page for four days.

The Weatherman philosophy is fairly simple and to the point. Weathermen have come to understand that their previous existences have been lousy, blame it on the system, and are fighting back. The only possible method they see of alleviating their condition is violent revolution. The only possible revolution will be made when angry students fight. Weathermen form a vanguard group, carrying on a guerrilla war not dissimilar from the one taking place in outwardly calm Saigon, waiting for the others to give up their silliness and join the fight. To this end, it is ideal to trash and bring down police repression, and perhaps force the society to give birth to a premature police state, as this encourages students to give up their silliness.

This simple, logical, level-headed philosophy of cleansing by violence is one of the mainstays of human culture, and can perhaps claim pre-eminence in having brought man to his present glorious condition.

The Weathermen are a small group. The mass media refer to them as a "branch of SDS" when they wish to hint that all activists espouse aggressive violence, and as a "dissident faction" when they try to reassure their audience that the movement is fragmented.

In April, a few hundred frustrated radicals, fed up with liberal demonstrations and fascist governments alike, would trash Harvard Square. The act was deplored by many, who argued that the act of damaging a store was pointless; that many workers and students were turned off; that many, given this evidence of degeneracy, would look benignly in the future on police repression of street people et al.

A Weatherman or person of not dissimilar outlook might argue that recent history has shown that

non-violence fails, that it will fail in the future; that every time the police react violently to provocation, the ranks of the struggle are swelled; that what appears to be a few provocateurs attempting to force violence on many non-violent demonstrators is really an earnest effort to awaken people to a disagreeable reality that they would have had to face eventually.

Are they wrong?

The panel that the United States government picked to study ghetto uprisings determined that the cause of civil rights had been served by violence. The United States government corroborated the findings by ignoring the report.

Those in power are working for violent revolt. Those in power are doing their utmost to make cleansing by violence seem desirable, if not necessary.

The very fact that numbers of people see no alternative to violence says quite a bit about their government. The presence of madmen says quite a bit about the "sane."

The property damage in Harvard Square on April 15 was not violence. Even such an act as the burning of the Bank of America Isle Vista, California branch is a non-violent event, and, since even John Kenneth Galbraith recognizes that business is the government, an action that an anti-government movement would consider appropriate.

But let us turn from property damage to violence.

As of the time of writing (September, 1970), some police have been killed by snipers; there have been a handful of casualties resulting from many hundreds of bombings. A violent revolution of miniscule proportions has begun.

Yet violence carries with it a curse on those who resort to it:

"Wherever non-human elements—whether revolutionary doctrine or material goods—assume greater importance than human life and well-being, we have the alienation of man from man," wrote Theodore Roszak in the previously quoted *Making of a Counter Culture*, "and the way is open to the self-righteous use of others as mere objects. In this respect revolutionary terrorism is only the mirror image of capitalist exploitation."

Further, those who advocate violence characterize their enemies as personifications of evil—pigs and bums—and "we had better dispense with the personification of evil," wrote Konrad Lorentz in *On Aggression*, "because it leads, all too easily, to the most dangerous kind of war: religious war."

Those who advocate violence are given to considering expenditures of certain numbers of human lives as "worth it." Calculations of numbers of deaths are mad; the idea of acceptable numbers of deaths for the revolution, of martyrdom for the peoples' struggle, as insane as the joyous news from Washington that casualties in Viet Nam are down from last week.

"When there is a war," wrote Paul Goodman in *The Empire City* "both sides are far more essentially in agreement than they differ, being in agreement to have a war."

Peter Weiss in *Marat/Sade*:

"Once and for all  
the idea of glorious victories  
won by the glorious army  
must be wiped out.

Neither side is glorious

On either side they're just frightened men messing their pants."

Neither the United States government nor most radicals choose to consider the implications of violence. Those radicals who do will inform you that violence can be dispensed with after the revolution.

It can't be done. Never in this world will hatred be stilled by hatred—this is the law eternal: Buddha.

The United States government lives by violence. The United States government's opposition has yet, with a few exceptions, to embrace violence.

Yet violent revolution seems inevitable. And violent revolution is no revolution at all.

It is the continuation of 10,000 years of civilized human insanity.

10,000 years of human beings as things.

Revolution:

Movement in a circle. . .

And mere property damage?

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.

In Harvard Square on April 15, 1970, many hands cradled rocks.

## XI

—This is no movie. This is real.

—Which reel?

—The last reel. . .

FIRESIGN THEATER

In April of 1970, Richard Nixon saw a war movie and invaded Cambodia.

On May 4, 1970, the National Guard killed four students at Kent State University in Ohio.

The Guard had run out of tear gas. They claim to have been advanced upon by a mob of students shouting "Kill the pigs!" A few Guardsmen opened fire.

Perhaps the young Guardsmen were scared. Perhaps the old "lifers" were angry. Perhaps they had achieved the human communion of shared danger a quarter century ago, and thought of World War II as the good old days. Perhaps World War II had taught them that there is much to be said in favor of fighting one's enemy. Perhaps they wondered why young people aren't enjoying Viet Nam.

Perhaps they were shooting their accusers, the evidence of the emptiness of their own lives. . .

Officers, shocked, yelled for cease fire. Some later reported having to strike their men to get them to stop shooting. Some Guardsmen threw down their rifles and began to cry.

In Washington, Richard Nixon spoke to the nation. Displaying a lawyer's attention to careful wording that would be strangely missing when he would discuss the Charles Manson trial, he only hinted that the Kent State students got what they deserved.

In Jackson state, blacks were killed. Kent would remain more prominent in students' minds, which was understandable, death acquiring meaning with personal identification with the white middle class liberal victims.

On Monday, May 4, 1300 MIT students meeting in Kresge Auditorium went on strike.

The meeting stressed the need for cooperation. Mike Albert spoke of the need for radicals, liberals, faculty, and even Howard Johnson to work together non-violently to make "fucking Richard Nixon scared shitless."

On Monday night, perhaps 50 dope smoking hippies trucked out of MIT's dorms and liberally spray-painted the two-thirds of an MBTA bus which serves as a bus stop on Massachusetts Avenue across the street from the main entrance to the Institute.

3 am Tuesday, May 5: From across the river came strained shouts of "One two three four; We don't want your fucking war!" and the sounds of the enthusiasm of a small crowd—a few cheers, a few sirens, silence.

Someone had tripped while trying to fire-bomb the Boston University administration offices. He would be arrested for "possession of an infernal weapon."

On Tuesday afternoon, Boston University gave up. Beset by scores of false alarms and bomb threats, the administration aborted the spring term and gave students 48 hours to leave.

At the MIT Student Center, liberal strikers who had spent the day canvassing milled about. A few crazies were present: Someone had been distributing a small piece of paper bearing a map of MIT with ROTC headquarters, administration offices, and labs marked by the symbol of a small lit match; someone else had burst into the Student Center with the enthusiastic suggestion that everybody get stoned and head over to Boston University.

The rumor was that angry BU students would be burning buildings.

Boston was quiet. BU students, numb from days of tension, days of false alarms and bomb scares, oozed glassy-eyed from their homes to watch the fire engines come and go without purpose.

BU recanted its 48 hour time limit the next day.

During the week, liberals canvassed.

On Friday, 100,000 students rallied at Soldiers' Field. Mr. Softie trucks beat police helicopters six to three. A woman from Kent State tried to describe, in halting, broken, cliché-ridden sentences, the collapse of her world.

People leaving the demonstration and arriving at Harvard Square found that police had blocked off traffic. The Square was empty. The expanse of empty asphalt begged to be occupied.

By 9 pm, Harvard Square had been trashed again. A few hundred people, mostly what would have been described a few years ago as juvenile delinquents, stood in the Square, war-whooping.

Many, many student-types begged them to clear the Square. This was not April 15. The student strike was out to win middle and working class support; these few hundred punks were ruining everything.

Many people in or near the Square were Harvard freshmen who couldn't go home, that benign university

having padlocked Harvard Yard and the freshman housing within.

The police had been sitting in their busses, and had learned the subtleties of psychological warfare in the Square: the interiors of the busses were dark, menacing, the only sound coming from within the sound of clubs tapping on walls, floor.

At 10 pm the police cleared the Square. Nixon was on the radio: "No, I have not been surprised by the intensity of the protestors. . ."

## XII

*But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.*

ISAIAH lxiv

The rising sun is sending long shadows slashing across Kresge plaza. It is early June, 1970, atop the dome.

The efforts of liberals resulting from the galvanization of the May Strike will come to nothing. The efforts of liberals to elect politicians they favor in November of 1970 will come to nothing. All this can be seen from atop the dome.

Harvard Square will be trashed twice more during the summer, once to commemorate the anniversary of the Cuban Revolution, once to celebrate the release of Huey Newton from prison. This will mean nothing.

Howard Johnson will resign from the Presidency of the Menopausal Institute of Technology, ending "the best years of my life. . . the ferment and pace have made them difficult years. But this is the price of responsibility for any institution that is not content to stand still."

"For a variety of reasons, including some good ones, the presidents of colleges and universities. . . are the most expendable part of the process. . . that seeks answers. . . I have no complaints on this score."

"Now is the time for a new perspective on the presidency. . . I have agreed to accept the chairmanship of the Corporation. . ."

Now is the time for a new perspective on life. I have agreed to accept the position of god. No matter.

It is summer on Cambridge Common. Several hundred people roast in their own sweat, basted under the heavenly heating element. Goethe noted that there are less than 36 tragic plots. Surely there are less than 36 varieties of homo sapiens on Cambridge Common. With several tons of clay and 36 templates, the creator could have sculpted the multitudes.

Beneath the statue of the noted patriot, somebody or other, freshly daubed with messages of social significance in red spray-paint, the Rock And Roll Band stands, plugged in and feeding back. "This is the first time we've played outside," explains the lead guitar, looking suspiciously at the sun, "but we'll get it all together soon. Give us a few minutes."

About half of the people assembled on the Common look curiously like ten year old heads incongruously joined to twenty year old bodies. Many are runaways; the strange expression on their faces—childlike, paradoxically detached, far away, yet intense—might come from the trauma of leaving home. Or it might be the trauma of being home.

If a crystal is grown in a barely supersaturated solution, molecules will move slowly to equilibrium positions, the crystal will form slowly and perfectly. If the crystal is grown too rapidly, it deforms—crystalline cancer.

The people on the Common had to grow up too rapidly.

The aggressive instinct in animals, Lorentz has shown, is a life-affirming force which helps to maintain species-wide homeostasis of a sort, to curb overpopulation and overcrowding.

Man has two brains: a primitive brain, which controls his emotive behavior, and a modern brain, the cortex, placed above it. The cortex is intellective. The two brains are badly out of contact with each other. Man is the victim of an evolutionary defect.

Arthur Koestler suggests that human beings are motivated by desires to affirm themselves as individuals, and by desires to transcend themselves in community. Human societies teach their children to suppress self-affirming aggressive urges. The aggression has to surface elsewhere. And horribly, it does.

Koestler, in *The Ghost in the Machine*:

"... I think most historians would agree that the part played by impulses of selfish, individual aggression in the holocausts of history was small; first and foremost, the slaughter was meant as an offering to the gods, to king and country, or the future happiness of mankind. . . The number of victims of robbers, highwaymen, rapers, gangsters, and other criminals at any period of history is negligible compared to the massive numbers of those cheerfully slain in the name of the true religion, just policy, or correct ideology. . ."

Man is learning to use the new brain, the cortex. The old animal brain inhibits the learning process, and the history of the acquisition of knowledge is irregular, and at times regressive—the Middle Ages.

Man acquires consciousness of his existence and his death in the cortex. The ancient, emotive brain cannot comprehend consciousness, death.

Man as an animal has neither claws nor fangs, and is not given strong violence inhibiting instincts. As an animal he can do little damage. Then man's cortex invents weapons.

The old and new brains are badly out of contact with each other.

Man as an animal has a strong desire to form communities and a tendency to dispute with other colonies.

The easiest way to create a community and satisfy man's self-transcending urges is to provide a group of people with a common enemy.

Then man's cortex invents language, and language quantifies and sophisticates perception. Koestler: "In the rat it is the smell which decides who is friend or foe. In man, there is a terrifyingly wide range of criteria, from territorial possessions through ethnic, cultural, religious, ideological differences, which decide who stinks and who does not."

Dispute the explanation—it is theoretical, though based on neuroanatomical fact.

The conclusion is the inescapable tragic lesson of history: Man tries to achieve community, friendship, love—by killing.

And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

The people on the Common could not stomach their parents' culture and so they created their own. Increasingly, the culture is a symbol of membership, a means of acquiring a collective identity:

A few hundred will participate in a radical action.

A hundred thousand will attend a well publicized liberal rally.

Four hundred thousand will congregate in rain and mud in upstate New York to live with each other for a few days of communal bliss. Four hundred thousand products of less than 36 templates; four hundred thousand compulsive conformists who like the same music, who speak the same phrases, who wear the same style of clothes. And this is the hope for the future. . .

The easiest way to create a community is to provide a common enemy.

If Richard Nixon is willing to exterminate every black, every student, every dissident, to stay in power, he will do it comforted by the intellectual belief that he is saving humanity, and by the emotional inability to understand that bums are human beings. If a revolutionary is willing to die or willing to kill, he is comforted by the belief that he is saving humanity, and by the emotional inability to understand that pigs are human beings.

It's pigs *versus* bums.

What is stupider than the death of a human being for an idea, for the future? What is greater insanity than the pitiful attempts of mankind to build a good world on a foundation of rotting corpses?

The triumph of the belief that violence cleanses is the atom bomb. The atom bomb is the embodiment of the desire of mankind to perish in anonymous mass death rather than face the need to learn to live a fully conscious life, to die a fully conscious death. The man who will kill and the man who will die for a cause have not learned to live.

Many believe that there is little time left, that by the year 2000 three billions must die horribly to allow the rest of us to live out the remainders of unnatural, pitiful existences. Some believe that it is already too late.

What matter if the United States makes of this world a technocratic horror, reducing man to desparately fighting to control nature, to prolong a meaningless life and hide an ignoble death? What matter if China succeeds in imposing on man the social stability of insects, making life meaningful only because your work keeps others alive physically and little more?

What difference if there is a continuation of 10,000 years of butchery in the name of love, freedom, community?

The time is not distant when evolution, which sooner

or later catches up with all its mistakes, will catch up with this one.

## XIII

*... for they say that one is not yet an adult so long as he looks forward to the time when everything will be different because he'll know the secrets; but he is an adult when he comes to realize that there is no secret at all. . .*

PAUL GOODMAN The Empire City

The sun has risen.

One of the circle of six or seven people who had been atop the dome before I arrived wanted mescaline, and asked one of the others if he had any to sell.

He did.

As the capsule was handed over, it slipped and dropped to the glass-tiled skylight. It broke. Psychedelic fairy dust was carried out over Cambridge by a slow, silent wind which blew steadily from the sea.

Teach us to fly, begged Wendy, so we can fly to Never-Never Land and never grow up. Very well, replied Peter, sprinkling them with fairy dust. Just close your eyes and think only of lovely things.

They giggled goodbye to me and commenced the perilous descent of the dome, faces blanching in half-feigned terror-laughter as they slid down the hump. Their sandals clattered on the pebble-strewn surface of the roof as they made their slow way to the trap door.

Each in turn hung suspended in space above the stairwell for an instant before each dropped through the trap into the midst of the white hallways of Building Nine of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Cambridge, Massachusetts  
September, 1970



# Killian views MIT future

By Joe Kashi

(Ed. note: The Tech spoke recently with Dr. James Killian, retiring Chairman of the MIT Corporation, to explore his views on possible structural changes in the MIT administration and on the relationship of the University to society and to its students.)

**The Tech:** Dr. Killian, President Johnson cited the need to reassess the role of the President in the governing of the Institute in his resignation. What areas do you think might be examined, and how might the office of the new President be restructured to provide more opportunity for long-range planning?

**Killian:** Howard Johnson is only changing posts. The dual set-up of Corporation Chairman and President at MIT has been very effective. It provides continuity and shares the burden of administration through a division of areas of interest. Some schools are seriously considering changing to this form of administration.

Structural change at MIT can arrange for more people to share the definite responsibilities associated with the President's office, but we still need an executive officer. But the burden must be shared as the University grows more in size and complexity. It is increasingly clear that some change in this office should occur. The job is a 24 hour one.

**The Tech:** What types of input will be utilized in the selection of the next President?

**Killian:** We must seek and seriously consider counsel from all segments of the University. CJAC should get into the problem deeply, and through this mechanism, the students can be most directly involved.

**The Tech:** Does CJAC still have much credibility after its report on the GM issue was overruled?

**Killian:** I think that CJAC still has credibility after the GM incident. That the Corporation turned to CJAC to give the issue detailed study is proof, I believe, of the importance of the Corporation attaches to CJAC.

**The Tech:** What do you think will be the Corporation's role in the future governance of MIT?

**Killian:** The Corporation will probably take a more active role in the governing of MIT. It must gain more intimate contact with the community, and must further explore ways to be in contact with opinion. The Executive Committee of the Corporation may have an even heavier responsibility in the future governing of the Institute. The Corporation has steadily diversified its membership and is attempting to get very young, qualified alumni to obtain a better view of student ideas and

opinions.

**The Tech:** How would you define the role of Corporation Chairman, and what duties does the post entail?

**Killian:** The Chairman aids in the making of policy. The President is the chief executive officer, and is primarily concerned with internal Institute affairs. The Chairman is responsible for the external relations of the Institute, raising funds, and acting as a bridge between the Corporation and alumni on the one hand and the internal mechanisms of MIT on the other.

**The Tech:** Dr. Killian, what do you think will be the future role of MIT in society?

**Killian:** MIT will become steadily more involved with problems impinging upon American life. MIT has often been a bellwether for university changes. We have expanded greatly in all fields. We have become a new kind of technological institution since the war, though still centered around science and engineering. We have a responsibility to expand and develop multidisciplinary roles to deal with the more complex problems facing society and the engineer in particular. The engineer, since he is often the bridge between science and society,

must have a greater knowledge of the social sciences in order to understand the effects of technological innovation upon society. The problem is how to expand this approach.

**The Tech:** Dr. Killian, what educational changes do you think might be useful at MIT in the future?

**Killian:** It is vital that the Institute be deeply devoted to learning and scholarship and give the best possible opportunity to people to develop themselves.

(Please turn to page 12)

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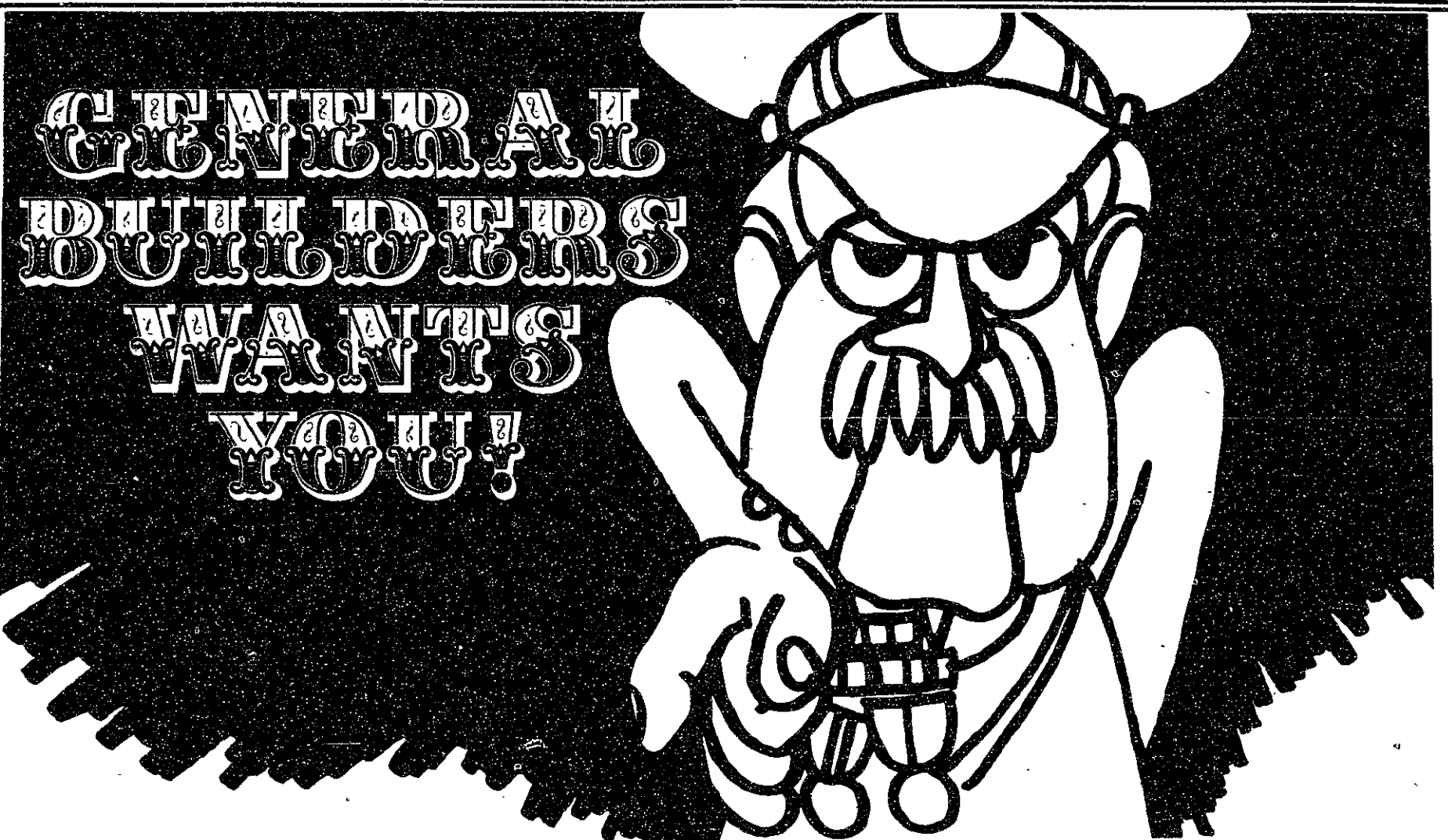
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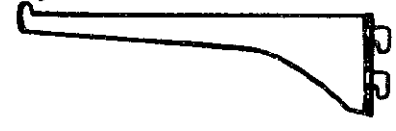
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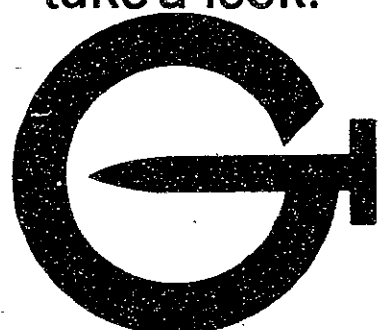


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# MacGregor stalled; phones still missing

By Bruce Peetz

Several years ago the campus housing service forecast that "MacGregor House will be completed and ready for use by fall, 1968."

MacGregor is certainly open, but whether or not it is ready for use is a topic of lively discussion for the hapless students now living there.

### No phones

MacGregor is a fine place to live without disturbance from professors, activities, friends or girls. For the two to five weeks until even dorm lines are put in, MacGregor residents will be completely isolated. The extensions and payphones will be longer in coming as the original phone cable was found to be several feet short.

The electric power was nearly absent from MacGregor's list of luxuries. A month ago some sprinklers flooded the basement (which still had water in it for freshman orientation) and the tunnel under Briggs Field. Workman finished replanting the sod there Saturday.

### No chimney (almost)

Although MacGregor was originally designed to be a dorm full of singles, at least six residents were spared being alone. The architects who designed the low rise didn't realize that the presence of a fireplace in the housemaster's suite required a chimney through the rooms above. Since a single becomes

too small to fit into with a chimney, the room adjoining them were combined to produce a small double.

### No alarm clocks

Alarm clocks are not necessary in MacGregor. Workman are more than happy to rouse the entire house with the sound of jackhammers at 7:30 am. One student found himself staring at workman hanging outside his window at 8:00 one morning, and was greeted by, "It's late, so get up." Any pounding that sounds as though its next door may very well be there.

The ceilings are the same form as Twenty Chimenys, a sort of waffle design. There are some rooms that don't quite match, however, and people living next to each other in these rooms will be able to wave over their brick wall through a waffle.

The finest part of MacGregor are their bathrooms. Anyone attempting to shower will find no shower curtains, and a lack of drains anywhere on the rest of the bathroom floor forces the runoff from showers into the suite hall.

There will be somewhat more privacy when stalls for heads are put in; in the meantime residents must be content that the Institute has allowed a change from the Springfield Oval. It is especially chummy for the suite without lights in their bathrooms, where the residents take turns holding flashlights to shave,

# Killian has optimism for MIT leadership

(Continued from page 11)

We must readapt our curriculum to recognize the fact that the engineer is in a unique position to act as a bridge between science and education and also between the social sciences and everyday life. At the ERC under Professor [Jerold] Zacharias [VIII], we have a number of experiments in closer, more effective teaching. Some are being carried out through the Edwin Land fund for educational experimentation. For example, we will try to give a broadly-based, non-research Ph. D. degree to provide college teachers of high standing who are not engaged in research. We are also considering the establishment of an autonomous experimental college within MIT that would have its own staff and would be patterned somewhat like the Oxford or Cambridge residential colleges. We are also exploring the feasibility of electronic teaching within MIT, whether it can provide effective learning experiences, and whether a closed-circuit TV set-up serving the MIT community might prove useful.

I am optimistic about MIT being a path-finding institution. There has been a great amount of innovation here, a preoccupation with understanding.

The Tech: Do you think that MIT should move on to another

field once the pioneering work has been completed and an area of knowledge moves into the development stage?

Killian: In many fields, development work of high caliber is necessary. Social good requires the application of scientific breakthroughs.

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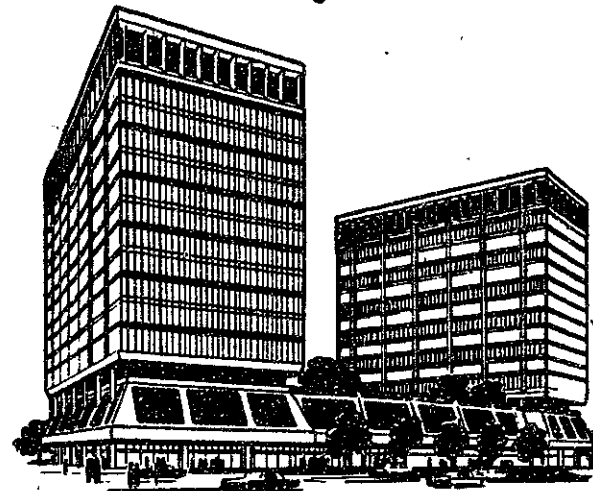
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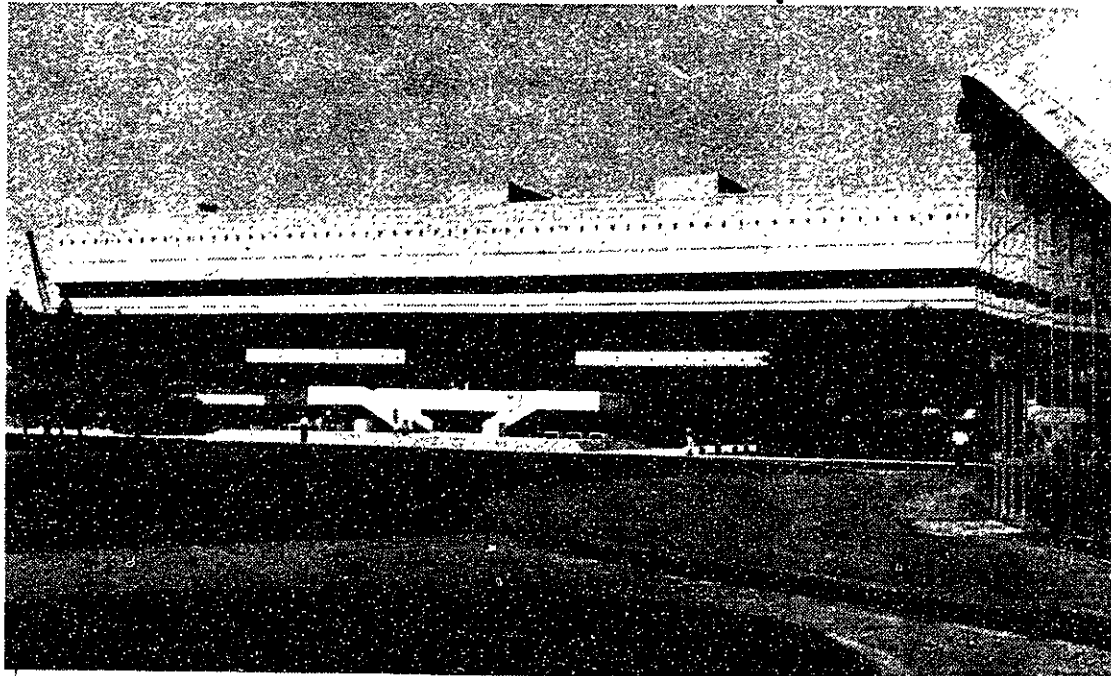
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# CACR - Publicity stunt

(Continued from page 3)

natural gas burning cars would require the establishment of a national distribution system and their mass introduction would seriously disrupt the oil industry and the economy as a whole. Wayne State had failed to win its class because of the team's faulty setting of a manual choke when the car underwent the critical emissions tests in Detroit. But a retest at Caltech convinced the judges that it was a clean car after all.

Following the announcement of the winners, the press moved in to interview and film. Earlier in the day the cars had paraded to Pasadena City Hall; the mayor had declared it to be "Clean Air Day", but it was the eye-irritating smog that better underlined the purposes of the race.

CACR's objectives were set back last winter when it was first organized. It was an outgrowth of the MIT-Caltech Electric Car Race of 1968. Although two committees of students, one at each school, originally set out to arrange the event, most of the work fell by default to the MIT end, where McGregor, coordinator Craig Lentz, and several others recruited their wives and relatives to help with a task that grew to near-unmanageable size as interest snowballed and industry, sensing the public relations possibilities inherent in a Car Race of this sort, rushed to jump on the bandwagon.

**44 starters**  
At one point there were 92 preliminary entries, though by August that had dropped to 52, and 44 actually showed up to start.) CACR's goals were fourfold: to assess the state of vehicle technology, to determine pollution emission characteristics for different types of propulsion systems, to publish technical reports and "to create public awareness of . . . current progress in vehicle technological development and dispel any public misconceptions as to science's capabilities."

The race itself was more a publicity hack than anything else; the technology could have been worked out entirely in the laboratory and on the test track. Committee members admitted as much. But nothing else could have attracted the publicity CACR received—coverage in newspapers nationwide, stories in all the newsmagazines, TV spots, etc. The racers made overnight stops in six cities en route: Toronto, Ann Arbor, Champaign (Ill.), Oklahoma City, Odessa (Tex.), and Tucson (Ariz.). The race's passage invariably made a big splash in the local papers, though coverage often distorted many aspects of the race and was usually slanted toward local entries.

**Banquet circuit**  
Four of the cities welcomed the CACR entourage (including entries, trail cars, committee vehicles and their drivers, plus observers, a caravan of over 150 vehicles and 350 people) with Chamber of Commerce sponsored bar-b-ques, reception with the mayor, keys to the city, etc. But all this was so much frosting on the cake.

The race results seem to indicate that Clean Air Cars are hard to build, or at least to keep clean. Only 6 beat the 1975 standards in Detroit. Of course, several failed to make standards because of mechanical difficulties, and one might reasonably expect professionals to do

better than students. In this respect, then, CACR made its point: it is possible to at least meet the 1975 standards.

Fuel economy was measured in terms of thermal efficiency to provide a basis of comparison between the different classes; measurements were taken over a 1000-mile stretch of the race.

Most of the entry vehicles were ICE's modified to either burn other fuels or equipped with special emission control devices. These all finished the race on schedule.

**Problems for electrics**

The electrics were another story. All fell far behind the pack the first day due to their recharging habits: Iona College dropped out the first day and was towed to Pasadena; Georgia Tech's trail vehicle with its recharger so slowed them they came in too late to qualify; BU likewise came in too late; and only Cornell and Stevens made it in time — and then only after the committee extended the deadline so some electrics could qualify. Clearly the electric auto is not ready for cross-country travel.

Nor did the steam make a showing. UC at San Diego got started, but broke down the first day and was towed to California. WPI's car was slow and leaked choking fumes into its passenger compartment; they drove off the starting line and back to Worcester. Steam cars, of course, are a neglected technology — it is understandable that students working without massive support

could not get it together in time.

Many of the ICE cars, by contrast, had impressive backing. Makers of emission control devices lent units in return for the obvious free publicity. The propane and natural gas companies especially were in evidence. At least five of the entries were entirely industrial projects, ringers with student drivers. These included Ethyl's attempt to demonstrate that leaded gasoline can burn clean. Ethyl makes all the lead additives in American gasolines:

**Slick publicity stunt?**

Despite press agency that left even Bob Byers, MIT's veteran assistant PR man, somewhat stunned (Byers and Ty Rabe, CACR's PR man, set up a Race Information Center in Chicago to feed news to the press) the Race did accomplish its purposes in the opinion of its organizers. The next steps are up to the government and the motor and oil industries, and if they do not respond to CACR's lead and thrust, then the Race will have to be dismissed as what it so often appeared to be during those long days on the road and nights at the impounds (meeting the people, eating the barbeques, drinking with the press and the businessmen, etc.): a slick publicity stunt, something to lull the public into the belief that something is being done about air pollution, but, like the oil companies' current advertising campaign, a lot of hot (and dirty) air.

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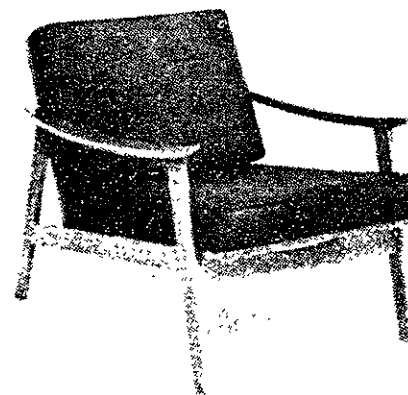
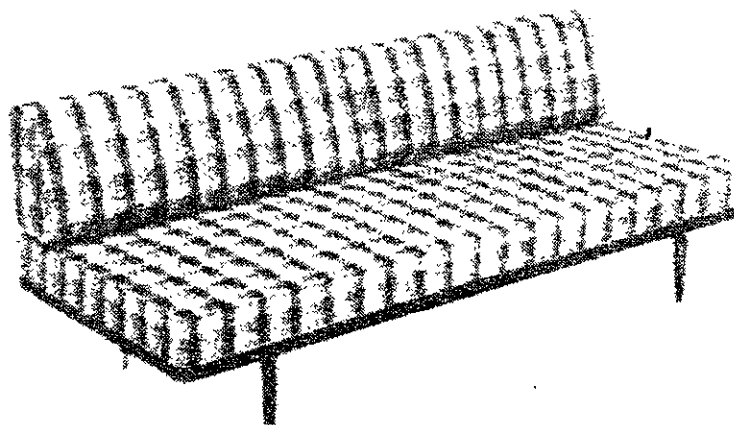


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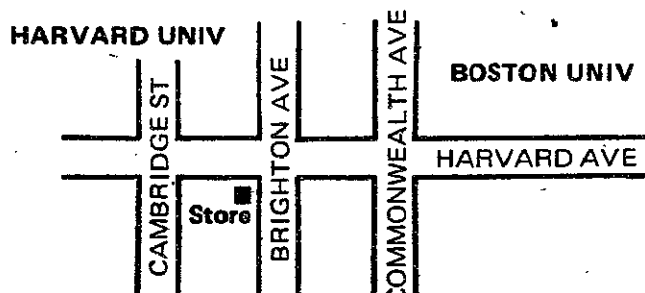
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# Letters to The Tech

(Continued from page 4)

a faculty committee and CJAC (representing students through its 1/3 student membership?) to "advise" them of selection of a President and redefinition of the job.

This elitist process demonstrates how MIT runs itself, and what types of interests really count in the present system of MIT government. More important, it affords us at MIT, and in the surrounding community an opportunity to assert ourselves.

The power structure of MIT, as exemplified by the Presidency, has more power than it can use creatively. Meanwhile, many other people are hamstrung by the need for approval from Higher Authority. Meaningful reevaluation of the Presidency means re-evaluation of the way MIT works. The MIT Commission has not as yet done this, although it may in its forthcoming report.

In any case, the selection process is moving along; the Corporation's picking of a President may precede any real re-definition of the job. They know what they want - a corporation president for MIT, preferably with some knowledge of education. Real study of the functioning of the Institute is difficult and requires much work; it cannot be done so rapidly.

Right now, we in the community should assert to the Corporation our legitimate interest in restructuring the way this place is run; our right to help pick the people who do run it; the power to have them accountable to us. To this end, I have made the following general proposal to the Corporation:

That the Corporation Committee on the Presidency, which now represents alumni and Corporation, add to itself faculty, students, employees, staff, and members of the local community, selected by those groups. This augmented committee would then hear a "job description" for a "President" (or whatever; it's not clear we should have a President). This job description would be prepared by CJAC (or a similar group representative of the community) while the new members of the Committee on the Presidency were being picked.

The augmented Committee on the Presidency would entertain nominations for "President." All candidates or groups wishing to take the "job" described by CJAC would have to write platforms for presentation to the community. An "election" would be held in which people could vote preferentially for candidates acceptable to them. To be eligible to become "President," a group or candidate would have to show acceptability by appearing on the ballots of 75% of the voters voting, and placing in (say) the top three preferentially.

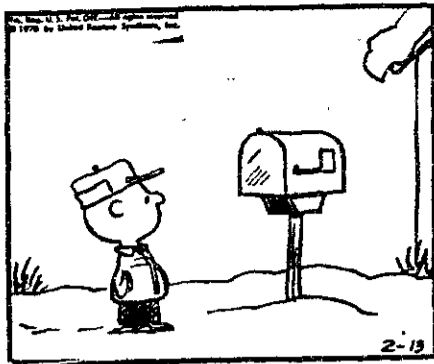
Final selection of the "President" could then be made by many processes: community vote, consensus of the Corporation, faculty, students, employees, alumni, community (say, four of these groups agreeing to the same candidate; a group could agree to more than one candidate if they wished); or any other process agreeable to the community of MIT. Probably the Committee on the Presidency would define the final selection process.

This is a very political proposal, because the running of MIT, and the selection of people to run it, are very political things. To pretend otherwise is to deny the voice of the people of MIT in the way it works. The Corporation's "Advisory" struc-

ture will not do this satisfactorily. The suggestions made here are only one way to change that structure to a better one; there are many other improvements that could be made. But we should realize that we cannot reform MIT overnight.

The General Assembly will be asked to set up a Committee on MIT Responsibility to help reform MIT in the context of presidential selection and beyond. It's our university, not the Corporation's. They are running MIT as a corporation, and they will continue to do this, if we let them. If you want a voice in the running of MIT, assert yourself. There is very little powerless people can lose by speaking out.

Wells Eddleman, '71



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# 75-80% of frosh class gets first choice dorm

choices; there was less demand this year among freshmen for spaces in Random and Bexley, and some students were placed there on their second or third choice.

(Continued from page 1)

The effects of the good Rush Week were felt most at Hamilton House, which was not immediately filled. On the other end of the scale are East Campus and Senior House, which are crowded almost to their capacity. Baker House is moderately crowded; Bexley and Random, with space available exceeding freshman requests, are about at their normal quotas. McCormick Hall should be filled to capacity when some graduate women are

assigned there.

Browning noted that between 75 and 80 per cent of the freshmen were assigned to their first choice House in the dormitory system, a figure comparable with last year's.

Spaces for freshmen at MacGregor and Baker Houses were filled entirely with freshmen who had name the respective House as their first choice. East Campus and Senior House were filled almost completely on first

### Transfer students placed

The good Rush Week also made it possible for some transfer students from other schools to be placed in the Institute House system (in Hamilton House); this has not been possible in previous years.

In remarking on the success of Rush Week, Browning praised the Clearinghouse and the living group governments for their cooperation and efficient operation.

# Financial aid figures in below normal yield

(Continued from page 1)

The financial aid office knew that the total amount awarded in scholarships would be lower this year, since the tuition increase resulted in higher need. Though more money was available, it was not sufficient to offset the need rise. This was the cause of the uniform \$1200 self-help program now in effect.

the financial aid office predicted a drop in yield of about 3% due to the new program. This figure was reasonably accurate, but apparently not for the correct reasons; there was an 8-9% drop in yield for non-aid applicants and only a 2% drop (to 62.8%) for aid applicants. The reasons for the drop in

non-aid applicants must be found elsewhere, probably in the trend towards a liberal arts education and a greater breadth of course offerings elsewhere.

MIT's yield (now 61%) compares favorably with that of most other schools with which it shares applicants.

Nevertheless, MIT will have to work to bring up its yield. Professor Greeley denies the likelihood of MIT's expansion into less technical fields. Instead he believes that the largest single factor in raising the yield is the attitude of students toward the Institute. Contact between MIT undergraduates and applicants and the image of MIT carried to high school students is very important in the decision

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# MUSIC HALL

## The Last Summer

(Continued from page 4)

him outwardly as a faker, deep down I figured he was more scared than anything else. My questions about where in Boston he lived and with who fell on deaf ears, even though I cloaked them by claiming to want to know only where to drop him off. His only reply was that he was with "some of the grooviest people ever," and he was "fixed just fine."

Since he hadn't given me an exact address, I offered to drop him off at Boston Police Headquarters. He swore at me nervously, continuing to stammer, even though he knew I was joking. The joke was compounded as a police cruiser sped past us in the right lane. Hank sank down low in the seat as it went by. I felt like a driver of a get-away car after a hold-up. We smiled at each other as he gave the police car the finger as it sped off up the Southeast Expressway. The stench of Boston hit us, and I started to talk about pollution. He wasn't interested. For that matter, neither was I.

I let him off in Kenmore Square, gave him a dollar, and told him to be nice to somebody and not panhandle for a day or so. His reaction was a combination of surprise, gratitude, and smugness at having coaxed some more money out of me. We were almost friends now, and though he couldn't give me his address (he knew I'd "understand"), he did give me a telephone number where he could be reached. After waiting what I figured was a respectable amount of time, I called it a few days later. It was dial-a-prayer.

Two months later, I was walking through downtown Boston on my way to work, and saw a dishevelled, unkempt, young man being wheeled into an ambulance. Hank. Since I'd seen him, he'd lost 20 pounds that he couldn't ever spare, and looked ghostly pale. I found out the hospital he was being taken to (they shouldn't have told me), and resolved to visit him later.

Hank was a speed freak, and had started shooting speed only a few days before I had met him. That was why he wore the long sleeve shirt, that's why he needed every cent he could get, that's why he couldn't even risk giving me his phone number, never mind his address. It turned out his name wasn't even Hank. There were many things I would have liked to have said to him, if only I'd known. I never got the chance. He died that afternoon.

There is no moral in this story, no attempt at the senseless repetition of SPEED KILLS, not even any hidden implication not to speed. Frankly, I don't blame Hank at all. Maybe he died happier than he would have been living. What is sad, though, are the conditions which brought about his running away, turning to speed, and dying. Sadder still is that these conditions still exist, everywhere in America; more Hanks are leaving the damning middle class society every day. The polarization between the counter-clutres is spreading wider, and people on both sides are more and more bitter. Hanks are everywhere. How many more will die? That is up to Middle America and the Silent Majority. They alone will decide.

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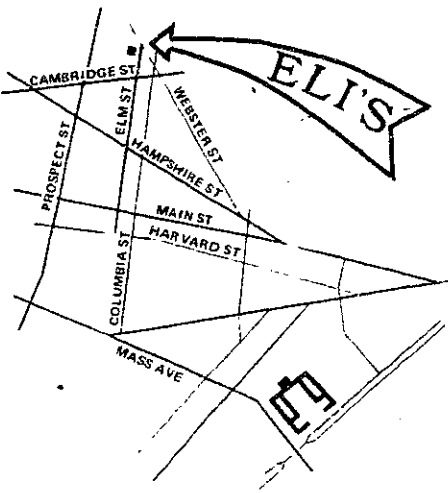
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## JOHNSON VIEWS TWO ROLES FOR MIT PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 1)

Paul Keyser Jr., '29, Carl Meuller, '41, Julius Stratton, '23, a past President of MIT, George Thorn, Jephtha Wade, '45, and Uncas Whitaker, '23.

Both Johnson and Killian emphasized that CJAC would be extensively consulted in the search process. They considered this the most direct channel now available for student input on the decision. Two members of CJAC, Jephtha Wade and Paul Keyser, are included on the search committee. In addition, the Undergraduate Assembly is considering the creation of a student search group to report to CJAC on the vacancy. Johnson asked that any students submit their written recommendations to CJAC, promising that they would be given serious consideration.

### Shift for continuity

Johnson will become Chairman of the Corporation upon his resignation, effective June 30, 1970, as president. He was elected to the post at the regular meeting of the MIT Corporation on September 9, 1970. He will succeed Dr. James Killian, who will retire to write several books now in an intermediate state. In announcing Johnson's appointment, viewed as a part-time post, the Corporation emphasized the continuity of leadership which this promotion would engender.

Johnson was elected President of MIT, in December 1965, to succeed President Julius Stratton, who had retired. He came to MIT in 1955 as an Associate Professor of Industrial Management, and became President of the Sloan School of Management in 1959.

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