

The Daily Reamer

VOLUME 69 NUMBER 22

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1972

MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS WORTHLESS

Howard Hughes buys Institute

Lead story on left hand side 'tag to pen HRH bio

By Mistake

MIT Corporation Chairman Howard Weasley Johnson stunned a secret press conference yesterday afternoon in 9-150 when he dropped a bombshell of unprecedented proportions.

Survivors claim that the Chairman announced the sale of MIT to the Hughes Tool Company of Houston, Texas. Sources close to the reclusive billionaire refused comment, but it is widely known that he left his British Columbia headquarters late yesterday, and was last seen departing the Vancouver airport in a private plane headed east. A man fitting Hughes description was then spotted by a crowd of reporters at 77 Massachusetts Avenue.

Informed observers believe that the indiscriminate gassing of West Campus by members of Cambridge's finest (and a number of policemen) may have been the cause of the overwhelming apathy with which students greeted the announcement.

Administrative comment was also restrained, but for different reasons; with the exception of assistant dean for tenements Ken Blueing, all senior administrative officers of the Institute have been blocking the entrance to the Herman building for the last three days. A haggard, worn Constantine Slimonides (the on-duty administrator, who could barely be heard over shouts of "Off the Pigs," and "Where's my raincoat!") issued a brusque but informative "no comment" when informed of the announcement by a *Daily Reamer* reporter.

Blueing joined with Bob Beholden, the acknowledged dean of student affairs, in welcoming this change of hands at the corporate helm. "We welcome this change of hands at the corporate helm," the statement read.

Bob Bought of the MIT News office first denied, then admitted knowing of the consummated purchase. Final confirmation came in a press release from his office which also mentioned Bought's imminent departure for Houston, where he will handle MIT policy in the future.

The tight-lipped crew of Hughes associates (also known as the Mormon Mafia) which arrived at MIT late in the afternoon quickly set up consultations with all available members of the administration. Both of them later told reporters that the new owners were "reasonable to a fault." Blueing has been made administrative officer, while Beholden has become a vice-president of Hughes Tool, with official responsibility for the new Massachusetts Profit Center.

During discussion of likely candidates, the name Slimonides has surfaced again and again, like a five day old cadaver in the Charles. Informed sources could not be found, but usually reliable speculation and rumor award him the job on the basis

of past public statements.

Uninformed officials told the *Reamer* that several undesirable parts of the Institute will be spun-off, "in order to reduce friction with unneeded elements of the community." Planned sales, if a buyer can be found, include undergraduate education, the Herman building, Building 14, Baker House, and Burton-Conner. So far, interest has been expressed in the Herman Building by an unidentified foreign spy agency

of the US government, and in Baker House by the New England Telephone Company.

One of Beholden's first official acts was to file papers with the Commissioner of Corporations for a change of the name of the MIT Corporation to the Massachusetts Tool or Die Corporation. "A lot of the Hughes people have been through MIT as students, and they thought the name more appropriate," Beholden noted.

By Kuala Lampur

The MIT Press today revealed that it had paid an advance of \$800,000 to freelance writer Michael Feirtag for the "absolute, true, authentic, final autobiography of Howard Hughes," whose recent purchase of MIT had been announced only hours earlier. According to officials, the autobiography will also be serialized, in abridged form, in the MIT News Office publication, *Tick Tock*.

Feirtag asserted that he had met with Hughes on several occasions in the Bahamas. At one point, the billionaire industrialist offered the unknown writer an organic fig.

The validity of the manuscript has been brought into question by Mr. Hughes' statements at an informal press conference which he held on the steps of building 7 when he came to take possession of MIT. At that time, in response to a reporter's question, Hughes said "Who's Michael Feirtag." The answer was considered unusual, as the reporter had asked Hughes what he thought of Boston weather.

Questions were raised at the highest level as to why Hughes would pick an unknown like Feirtag to write his autobiography, when so many less competent writers would do (The allegations rose in a statement issued by a former MIT chairman speaking from the top of Eastgate.)

In response, the author noted that his job application to *New Yorker* has been mis-uevered to Hughes. The eccentric billionaire was impressed, and agreed after a lengthy correspondence, to allow his autobiography to be written.

In support of his contention, Feirtag offered for inspection a series of 10 letters, which he claimed Hughes had written. All the letters were triple spaced of yellow paper; prominent typewriter repairmen assert that the letters were written on the same type of typewriter Hughes used to fill out his 1948 driver's license application.

Feirtag, whose motto has long been "never say in six inches what you can say in 60" has written the concise work in 36 volumes which, MIT Press officials have revealed, will be sold in supermarkets around the country at the rate of one volume per week.



Howard Hughes answers reporters' questions on steps of building 7

Bogus bozo finks on shrinks

A parcel containing fifty-seven volumes exposing the existence and activities of the heretofore top secret Child Psychological Development Labs came into the hands of *The Daily Reamer* early Monday morning. The parcel was delivered to the *Reamer* office by an individual described as "about five foot eight, possibly mute, very light complexion, partially balding but with long stiff red hair growing straight out of the side of his head for several inches. He was wearing a loose-fitting white and red polka-dotted garment and white sneakers. The alleged person arrived at the *Reamer* offices at 3:18 am, deposited a crate containing the 57 volumes, produced a 45-caliber automatic and a large placard which read "NO PICTURES," bound and gagged the entire staff, and was gone. There is some speculation that the messenger did not wish his or her identity to be revealed.

The CPD Labs are located in Building E10, and have been engaged in a wide spectrum of psychological inquiry since 1947. The existence of the labs accounts in large measure for the rapid growth of the MIT physiological psychology department. As one researcher puts it in volume 12, "Why should I mess around with monkeys and rabbits at Harvard when I can mess around with the real thing at Tech?" The labs were originally founded to allow

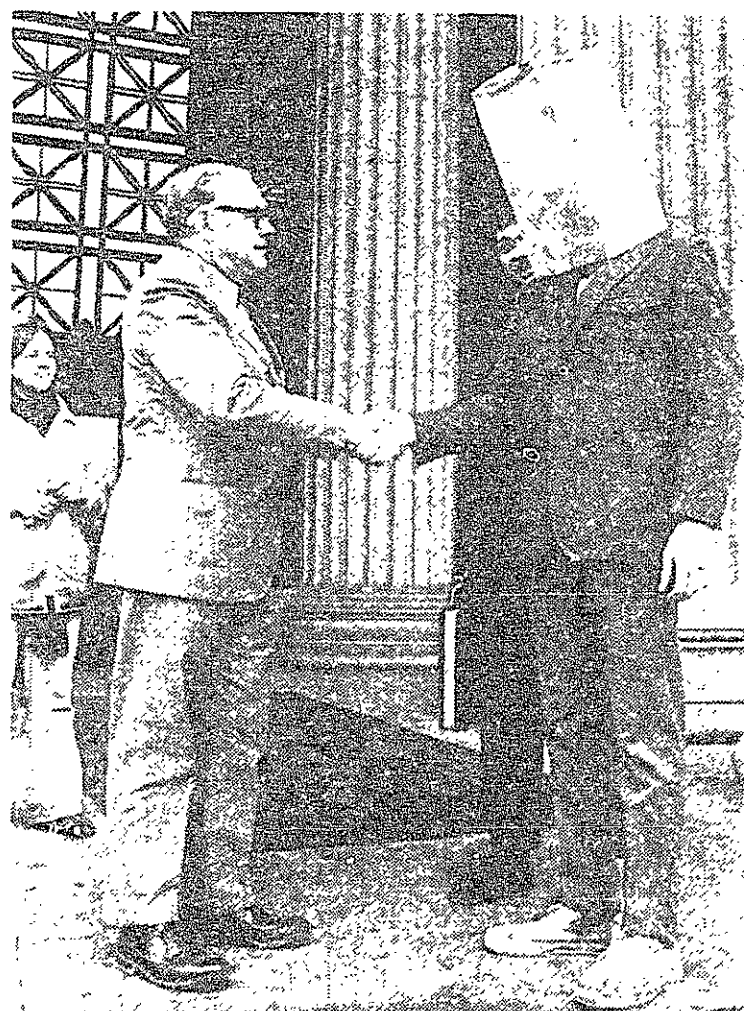
scientists to pursue their experimentation in an atmosphere "free from the recriminations of a public lacking the insight provided by higher education, who might fail to rationally weigh the benefits of scientific achievement against the lives of a few nameless children." (according to the introduction to volume one) This atmosphere has allowed the labs to make unprecedented progress in many previously unexplored fields, such as brain transplant, amputation, castration, and the effects of amphetamines, LSD, and heroin on infant development.

H.L. Torpor, Course IX department head, was unavailable for comment. But his secretary, upon overhearing speculation by *Reamer* reporters concerning certain unsolved infant kidnappings in the Cambridge area, blurted out, "Oh, pooh. We get every last one from the white slaver."

The last of the volumes dealt with the development of the controversial SGS or Student Guidance System, an ingenious electronic device scheduled to be implanted in the brain of each incoming frosh as part of orientation routine next year. "Without the research done by the CDP Labs," writes Charles Stick Drooper, who is responsible for implementation, "the project would have been held back for years. You just

can't tell a frog to go study his calculus."

Volume 57 mentions a high frequency of "system crashes" in the early stages of SGS research. What became of these crashed "systems" is open to speculation. However, it is felt that this information may shed some light on just why the E10 dumpster has been under armed guard for the past eight years.



Bob Beholden, new MIT leader, greets Hughes



VOLUME LXIX NUMBER 22
TUESDAY MAY 23, 1972

- Bored of Directors**
 Blob Milkem, *Squirt*
 Luigi Padini, *Jiggler*
 Sandy Colon, *Mangling Editor*
 Len Toad, *Money Grubber*
 Ken Torpid, *Come On*
 Daneene Fry, *Society Editor*
 Walt Creek, *Copy Scrounger*
 Reginald Stuart-Smythe,
Ugly Duckling
 Blad Dilldeaux, *Jock Filler*
 Rabid Churl, *Wimp*
 Sheldon Lowerdrawer,
Fixer
 Oh Tannenbaum, *Smile*
 Sherry Globstein,
Ever Present Companion
 Mitchell Tiredfag, *Also Ran*
 Nakir Minazian, *Wise Jock Emeritus*
 Slo Krasher, *Holyoke Bureau*
 Martin Schiz, *Square Peg*
 Falax Makrupskvi, *Mass. Ave.*
 Carnal McGuile, *Of an Evening*
 Neal Vitalis, *Goat Grease*
 Pecker Petarsky, *Blehh*
 Sheila Kline, *Body Beautiful*
- Production Staff:**
nameless and unfounded
News staff:
 ?
Olds staff:

I am curious: grey

There's never any information in the newspapers, which is why this is being written. Dr. Weasel says there's no use trying to stop MIT. It's all fake anyway, and if that is revealed, the government might get wise to the ripoff. Fortunately, Weasel has committed one brigade of heavy-duty deans and a battalion of engineers to stop them from finding anything out. These veterans have reportedly served well in denying knowledge to the students, but I know nothing of this.

Meanwhile, MIT's Lock-on Labs have received a contract to develop an automated penis to continue to genocidal fucking-over of the Asian peoples. Weasel says he didn't know anything about this; I believe him. You wouldn't know anything either if you took twenty Valiums a day.

Weasel is also a director of Canin-Abel, a small electronics contractor which is reportedly developing visual countermeasures devices which will interfere with normal sight by making the entire universe turn a silver-pearl shade of gray. I tried to locate Paul "Institute" Grey to ask him about this project, but I couldn't find him.

Down at the Center for International Capitalism, those notorious criminals against humanity, Professors Ithiel D. Supertool and E. Lucidate Pi were reported preparing updated versions of the deadly psychological warfare projects 18.02, 5.42, 6.01, 24.11, and 17.02.

These vicious projects were designed to break the spirits of those who are exposed to them, converting the victims into willing servants of the ruling classes. Attempts to disrupt these classes have been met by the even more powerful attacks of 6.03, 6.04, 18.075, and other mental defoliants developed by the Department of Death (XIII-C) at the Institute.

In a related development, MIT announced its greatest profits ever today. Paul Grey congratulated the Dropper Labs for their outstanding guidance through recent financial problems, adding that while the 370-145 had yet to add up all the profits, he was busy confusing them with indirect costs.

Faculty members voiced strong support of the Administration's action. Members of the architecture department announced that they would sacrifice a pig on the steps leading to Weasel's office, in symbolic greeting to the Institute's profit. Campus patrolmen rescued Vice President Slimonides before the sacrifice could take place however.

Naturally, these faculty members know which side their palms are greased on. Dean Swineheat announced that MIT was making a concerted effort to hire more woman professors. "In order to maintain our long-standing position of non-discriminatory intellectual prostitution." Students who attacked this remark as sexist were told that the institute encourages prostitution of

intellect, regardless of sex, race, greed, or national priorities.

The National Maggot Laboratory is doing secret research on electronic sensors. Reports reaching us tell of plans to electronically scan and reprogram all TV, radio, and newspaper communications. Later application to human thoughts is hinted, though a voice in my head telling me that this is impossible.

Clearly, failure to put a stop to MIT's genocidal orientation in the past has given me an opportunity to vent my spleen at Weasel and his gang, and not go out and perform productive work to support our society. Therefore, as a solution to my unemployment problem, I demand that Weasel establish a Protest Corps of fulltime agitators and auxiliaries to intensify the protest against MIT's war activities.

The only way to make a successful revolution is to make it attractive to the bourgeois peoples, who constitute the majority of people in the US and at MIT. Dr. Weasel believes his thesis is correct, so we are presenting a program of national socialism which will pay anyone to protest full-time. Thank you my fellow tools, and goodnite.

Mr. Addleman gave the following address while making love to a chicken in the penthouse of McCormick. The observers, mostly curious tools and co-eds, applauded one or the other of his performances after completion.

Letters

Into every Reamer a little seriousness must creep. There are some members of the staff of another campus publication similar to this one who honestly could not stomach the thought of facing their friends after this comes out. They could not abide the idea of anyone connecting them with this edition, which they consider an abomination, and a drag.

Therefore, let it be known that the following people have asked to be completely disassociated with this paper:

Robert Elkin, Lee Giguere, Sandra Cohen, William Roberts, Tim Kiorpes, Michael Feirtag, Bruce Weinberg, Norm Sandler, Peter Peckarsky, Joe Kashi, Bruce Schwartz.

The exclusion of any name from this list does not mean that the person approves of the publication of this newspaper; it merely means he has not told the editor personally of his desire to be disassociated. This Reamer is the work of only 4 people, and mainly of one man, who is not ashamed to put his name on it.
Paul Schindler, Editor

To his majesty:

I noted in your latest laughable imitation of a newspaper that you published Mr. Tiedfag's letter concerning my qualifications for the board. This was done, you claim, in an effort to present all views on controversial subjects. I believe that almost any of the cretins on your staff (if any of them can read any more than you can) could read to you the dictionary definition of libel, into which your pitiable efforts must surely fall. After checking several dictionaries, I am assured of your complete, malicious intent to destroy me. Look here little man, it misrepresents the facts, slanders me, and closes with a threat. It occurs to me that publication of such a letter can hardly be considered responsible, even by a nitwit like you.

Bruce Marten '73

(On the basis of recent Supreme Court decisions, our lawyers will be in touch by return mail with our libel charges against you. The editor also asks, "Was the deer really alive?")

To his majesty:

As a freelance philosopher-biologist I was moved to write by the recent exchange of letters which have appeared in your pages concerning philosophy, as it is taught here at MIT. Some claim that one style or another is being encouraged to predominate. But years ago, at the feet of a master, I learned something which might put an end to the incessant chatter of letters concerning the tenure case of Professor Cadavers:

"That that is, is. That that is not, is not. Is not that it?"

Rabid Churl '78

(The editor replies: It is.)

To his majesty:

The letter published immediately above this one is an insult to philosophers everywhere. It belittles the intense, wide-ranging, careful and scientific methods we true philosophers apply in an effort to rigorously examine reality, and its relation to that which really is. It is not a matter of semantics, or playing with

words. It is a matter of language analysis and careful definition of terms. How can we examine the world around us; know what we see and what we know, unless we follow the rules? For indeed, it has often been said that rules are made to be broken, and this case is no different. It could even be said to be the same.
E. Manuel Can't '06

To his majesty:

Lee, isn't it a rather cheap way to fill the edit page? Making up letters, like the two before this one, and this one. No one could possibly respond to a letter not yet published, and I could not write this unless I were you. Besides, when you keep printing letters on the same topics week after week, people are bound to get a little suspicious. What's the matter, can't Petarsky grind out another 20 inches of BS? Or Feirtag another 300?

And by the way, stealing this whole concept from National Lampoon is almost as cheap as naming me after a typewriter.

Remington Rand Electric

FEBRUARY 2, 1970

INSTITUTE HURDLES TOWARDS APOCALYPSE; D-LABS MOVING WHILE RADICALS PROFLIGATE

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1970

NIXON ANNOUNCES INVASION

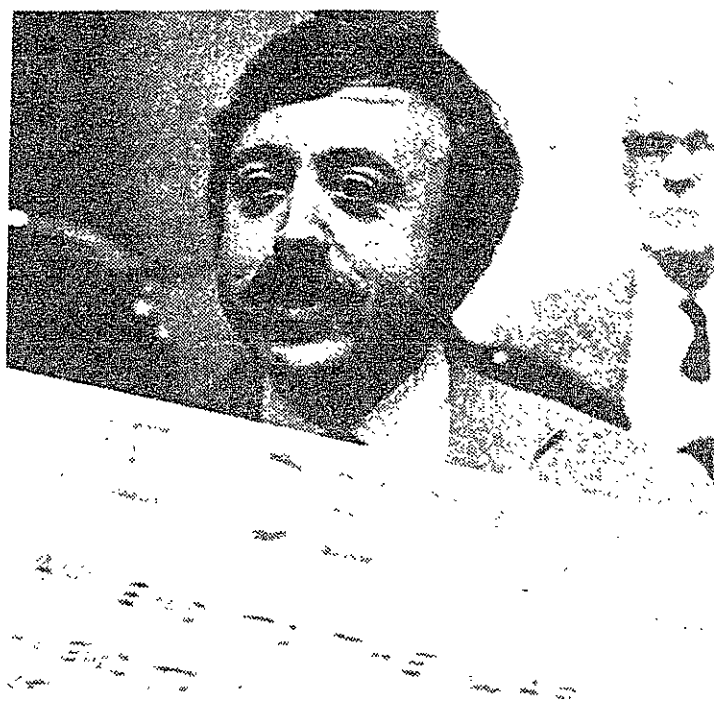
U.S. troops beseige Hanoi | Institute to close

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1971

Weasel to head Institute

THREE OUT OF THE LAST FOUR REAMERS HAVE BEEN RIGHT. MAYBE WE KNOW SOMETHING THAT YOU DON'T. READ THE DAILY REAMER AND SUNDAY GROSSOUT.

STRIKE



Administration strikes against MIT: Internal discipline sought.



Administration sits in, blocks CIS entrance; charges expected tomorrow.

Administrators have been seen all over campus during the recent strike actions. Some of them have been caught in the act by our Reaming Reporter.



"Yea, I say unto you; renounce your sinful ways and come with me across the waters."



"Now get it straight, Dan, that was three ham on rye and two more names."

JOCK

FARTS

Tech oars' maneuvers fail; cox catches crab

By Fonda Peters

Crew action on the Charles this weekend capped the end of a brilliant season for MIT oarsmen and oarswomen.

In the featured races, MIT lights shone brightly in finishing only third behind highly-touted Georgetown and Columbia, traditional patsy of the East. The 150-pound engineer boat (which had to cheat to make weight) tried to psyche-out the opponents by severely understroking through the body of the race, rowing at 19 strokes per minute as compared to Georgetown's 39 and Columbia's 34. However, the Techmen, stroked by Dieter Paid '73 and coxed by Sildon Tickle '72, fell too far behind after the start, and neither of their foes could see them to be psyched-out.

This was the last race of the season for the lightweight varsity, who have had a good season thus far, distinguished by devastating losses to Woopie Tech and Newton College of the Sacred Heart. Coached by former MIT crew nondescript Mac Snaley, the oarsmen tried something new this year — anaerobic training. That's where you row long stretches without breathing. This has the advantage in competitive rowing of not having to worry about inhaling when there is more important work to be done.

The really important crew news this year has been the vast improvement of the Tech heavyweight eights, coached by long-haired hippy freak Pete Dutch. Never rated a serious challenger in the past, MIT heavies were really out of it this year. Seeded 35th at the Eastern Sprints, they were refused a starting berth in their heat because the referee said they would slow the race down too much.

In their race last Saturday, the fatweights displayed a novel way of blowing a race already in the bag. Leading powerhouse Northwestern by a length just 20 strokes short of the finish line, stroke Jere Leftout decided he was hungry, so went fishing for crab. Number 7 man Andy Kernelhand didn't like that, so he hit Leftout in the back with his oar. Then cox Dave Burps '72 called for a sprint; the crew thought he said "Spirit" so they all cheered "Hip, hip, hooray." Northwestern went by them in a

flash, inspired by the Techmen's cheering.

Coach Dutch was unavailable for comment after the tough loss, as he was down in the workshop drinking it up with riggers Roy Toes and Joe Tonguetwist, and eating the crab Leftout caught.

In earlier races, frosh crew flamer Don Sour stated "My boys might not win, and they might not come close, but they do show up."

The MIT women's crew was disappointing, as the shell sunk when the coxswain, distracted by a male exhibitionist on the Harvard Bridge, steered it into a bridge abutment. Foundering in the Charles, MIT bow-woman Judy Uglychild '75 was heard to comment, "Oh well, it was no big thing."

No Headline...

In a move which brought police on campus in droves, the chemistry department announced that one of its professors has dissolved a body during a lecture in 26-100 last Tuesday afternoon.

Professor H. Bar performed the action in front of a crowd of nearly two dozen students, one of whom reported the incident to course five headquarters upon its completion.

"I really had to do it," Bar explained. "The dissolution of the body involved had become essential. If we don't have any more Lithuanian grad students in the department, there is no longer any need for a Lithuanian Grad Students in Chemistry Society." Bar declined further comment as the police lead him away.

There was a satirical article scheduled to appear in this space. The target of the article decided, without informing anyone connected with the management, that he was offended by it. He threw the article away; the loss was not discovered until it was too late to replace the article.

The editor wishes to thank Mr. Fiertag for his unstinting efforts on behalf of keeping this paper from coming out.



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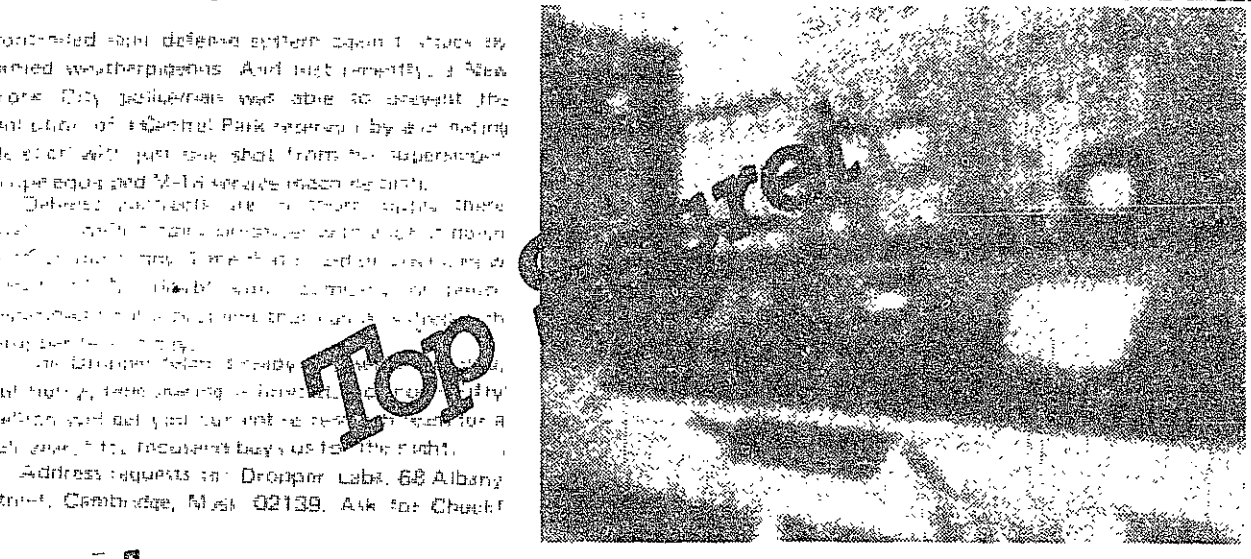
Grease

Greasy Maneuver

The *Daily Reamer* has learned that a greasy maneuver has been planned to bypass the stipulation of the MIT bylaws that all chairmen must be past or present presidents of the Institute. Hughes plans to appoint William Barton Rogers as chairman, in the hopes that Mr. Rogers will be unable to perform his duties. If this proves to be the case, some plicant administrator will be appointed as his assistant for corporate affairs.

Isn't she beautiful? Not the wife figure on the left. He's only our founder and chief executive, world famous guru Dr. Charles Stick Dropper. We're talking about the wife figure on the right. She's beautiful at the moment, but we can tell you that a lot of desire will be getting away with the appropriate items against nature and being to be no repeated when you purchase a pair of the *TOP* (Tough Outer Protection) socks. Making them today's fashion statement.

Now, know, you can't afford to wear a pair of *TOP* socks until you've got a pair of *TOP* socks. We're talking about the wife figure on the right. She's beautiful at the moment, but we can tell you that a lot of desire will be getting away with the appropriate items against nature and being to be no repeated when you purchase a pair of the *TOP* (Tough Outer Protection) socks. Making them today's fashion statement.



We at Dropper have created and patented our ability to make a perfect product. Our *TOP* (Tough Outer Protection) Socks (TOPS) has proved so effective in reducing discomfort and over the past two years that the Army has been able to use all of its Mark XXV (B) Quartermaster Shirts and T-Shirts, which have all benefited the durability of their uniforms.

Wouldn't you like to know?
As our president and founder has often said: "What you don't know will probably hurt someone else."

ROPPER LABS, LTD.

A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

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19 appeal trespass cases

By Curtis Reeves

Nineteen of the 31 people against whom charges were brought for participation in the May 12 occupation of the Building 20 ROTC offices have been found guilty of trespass. According to the records of the Third District Court of Middlesex County, punishment ranged from fines of \$100 apiece for sixteen people to two 30-day jail sentences and one sentence of both the fine and the jail term. All 19 people involved have appealed.

Most of those charged were MIT students, although some MIT employees were involved as well.

According to Assistant to the Chancellor J. Daniel Nyhart, then Dean for Student Affairs, who was present at the ROTC offices during the occupation, internal discipline hearings have been held only for those students who were degree candidates in June and wished to know the outcome of the proceedings against them before graduation. Nyhart would not comment on the decisions of the Committee on Discipline, citing that group's reluctance to disclose its findings to the community, particularly before the ending of its deliberations about a case, and Nyhart's own lack of contact with Committee chairman Professor Elias Gyftopoulos, as his reasons for failing to comment.

Gyftopoulos was unavailable for comment.

The occupation followed a sit-in in front of the office of MIT President Jerome Wiesner, which had in turn been preceded by a rally on Kresge Plaza protesting the mining of



The occupation of MIT's ROTC offices ended with a voluntary evacuation on mid-morning Saturday, May 14, less than 24 hours after the protest had begun. Photo by David Tenenbaum

harbors in North Vietnam by President Richard Nixon.

Associate Dean for Student Affairs Richard Sorenson explained why charges were brought in this situation and what aspects of this case made it different from the incidents earlier this year at the Center for International Studies, noting that at no time during the earlier episodes had administrators actually said, "You are trespassing. You will be disciplined." Prior incidents had brought only warnings of proceedings.

Sorenson further noted that the administration did not go

into Building 20 with the intention of pressing charges. "It was tense," he said, "but a situation we could have lived with for a considerable length of time." The determining factors in the decision to press charges, according to Nyhart and Sorenson, were the breaking down of doors and the "human wave" move. (Please turn to page 13)

Youths star in Miami halls

By Norman D. Sandler

MIAMI BEACH — Well, it's all over — the Democrats have chosen George McGovern, the mild-mannered, outspoken Senator from the state of South Dakota, who in February of this year was pulling 4% in the popularity polls, to carry the ball against Richard Nixon's Republican team in the political Super Bowl the first week of November.

The nomination went rather smoothly, with McGovern having it all sewn up well before the actual balloting began Wednesday night, July 12, as millions of Americans watched Walter Cronkite, John Chancellor, or Harry Reasoner report the results from their booths thirty feet above the action on the floor.

However, there was more to the convention than that; more than the presence of some five to ten thousand "non-delegates" who camped in at Miami Beach's Flamingo Park, and more to it than the 2500 National Guardsmen who slept in Miami Beach Senior High School for a week to insure that the aforementioned non-delegates in Flamingo Park remained peaceful.

There was an entirely different air to this year's political three-ring circus in hot Miami Beach, and the most interesting item was the make-up of the people who were there to do the nominating, and not those being nominated.

This year's delegate break-

D-Lab divestment set at \$5M 1st year cost

By Paul Schindler

The Tech has learned that it will cost MIT five million dollars next year to divest the Charles Stark Draper Laboratories on June 30, 1973. The figure was developed after lengthy negotiations between the Lab and the Institute over the inter-relationship of the two after separation.

The Lab, which began its existence as a special laboratory of MIT in 1935, was part of the Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics (the department name was different at that time) and thus an integral part of the Institute. This meant that administrative functions and library service (among other things) were joint undertakings; now, such ties will have to be broken.

The date for divestment still contains some uncertainties, as there are details which remain unresolved concerning the final relationship of the two organizations. One source close to the process noted that "we don't want to make any more promises we can't keep."

The divestment figures used here have been developed at the staff level, and in negotiations with the Naval Materials Command, which negotiated for the government. An official letter

containing explanation and details is forthcoming from the president's office.

Costs

With Draper Labs out of the picture, there will be an immediate loss of \$10 million in indirect cost payment; about one-quarter of the total indirect payments. (Indirect costs are paid on all research contracts to cover such things as physical plant, libraries, and personnel services.) Currently, it is expected that about five million of that total will be recouped from the labs directly for services provided. The rest will come from three major changes in indirect costing:

1) On campus research will be charged 58% (now 52%) for overhead; off-campus 28% (now 25.5%).

2) Lincoln Labs will be charged an additional \$900,000 in indirect costs, raising its total from \$6.6 to \$7.5 million.

3) \$2 million in unrestricted MIT funds will have to be used to make up the difference in indirect costs the first year. This amount is projected to drop to \$1 million after that.

There are several major changes which must be made before divestment can take place, and any of them, if uncompleted, could delay it. The labs must get their non-taxable (Please turn to page 13)

UA organizes fall drive for voter registration

By Lee Giguere

In spite of a dearth of workers, the MIT Undergraduate Association (UA) is organizing a two-week fall voter registration drive for the Institute community and perhaps for the surrounding areas of Cambridge.

According to UA President Curtis Reeves, who is doing most of the legwork for the drive himself, the biggest problem ahead will be converting the initial enthusiasm of students into a sustained effort.

The League of Women Voters, MassPax and members of the MIT administration have been contacted in working out the details of the drive, Reeves reported. He went on to say that the UA was exercising great care in its planning to avoid any disputes with the Internal Revenue Service over MIT's tax-exempt status. (In the past, the IRS has warned colleges about lending their facilities to politically-oriented campaigns.)

According to Cambridge City Hall, Reeves said, registration requirements in Massachusetts include a 30-day residency clause and require that registration be completed at least 30 days before the next election. This gives freshmen in Institute

housing less than a week in which to register if they wish to vote in Massachusetts. Some freshmen may have difficulty in proving their residency and, in the past, Cambridge has been reluctant to register students without proof of their domicile.

Reeves explained that there is also a possibility that the UA will be able to register students in their home towns, but said that this depends upon the laws in each state and may also hinge upon just when the drive is held.

To inform incoming students of the UA's plans, Reeves is sending letters both to freshmen and to transfer students; the Deans' Office, he noted, is assisting the UA in preparing these letters.

Over the summer, the UA has been sponsoring weekly luncheons with its officers and a few interested students. Reeves explained that he believes that the recent decline of student government was brought about by the abolition of Inscomm. (Inscomm, the Institute Committee, was abolished 3½ years ago; it was student government's top legislative body. Membership included the UAP, class presidents, the chairman of the Athletic

(Please turn to page 15)

down shows more women, more blacks, more youths, more "grassroots" people than any other past political nominating convention.

Along with the usual collection of full-time politicians, whose presence is expected, were the college students who had to take a week off from summer school, the high school students who were in the process of preparing for their first year of college and many other "under 30" delegates who were brought together at the delegate Youth Caucus on Monday, the

day of the first convention session.

Youth was represented. One of the platform reports ("The People and the Government") was even presented to the convention during the Tuesday night platform debate by one of the youth delegates, Chris Arterton, a graduate student in the MIT Political Science department and a McGovern delegate from Massachusetts.

The young delegates were not just the McGovern workers home from college for the sum-

(Please turn to page 15)

Richardson appointed director of admissions

Peter H. Richardson, associate director of admissions since 1964, will succeed Professor Roland B. Greeley as director of admissions when Greeley retires on August 31.

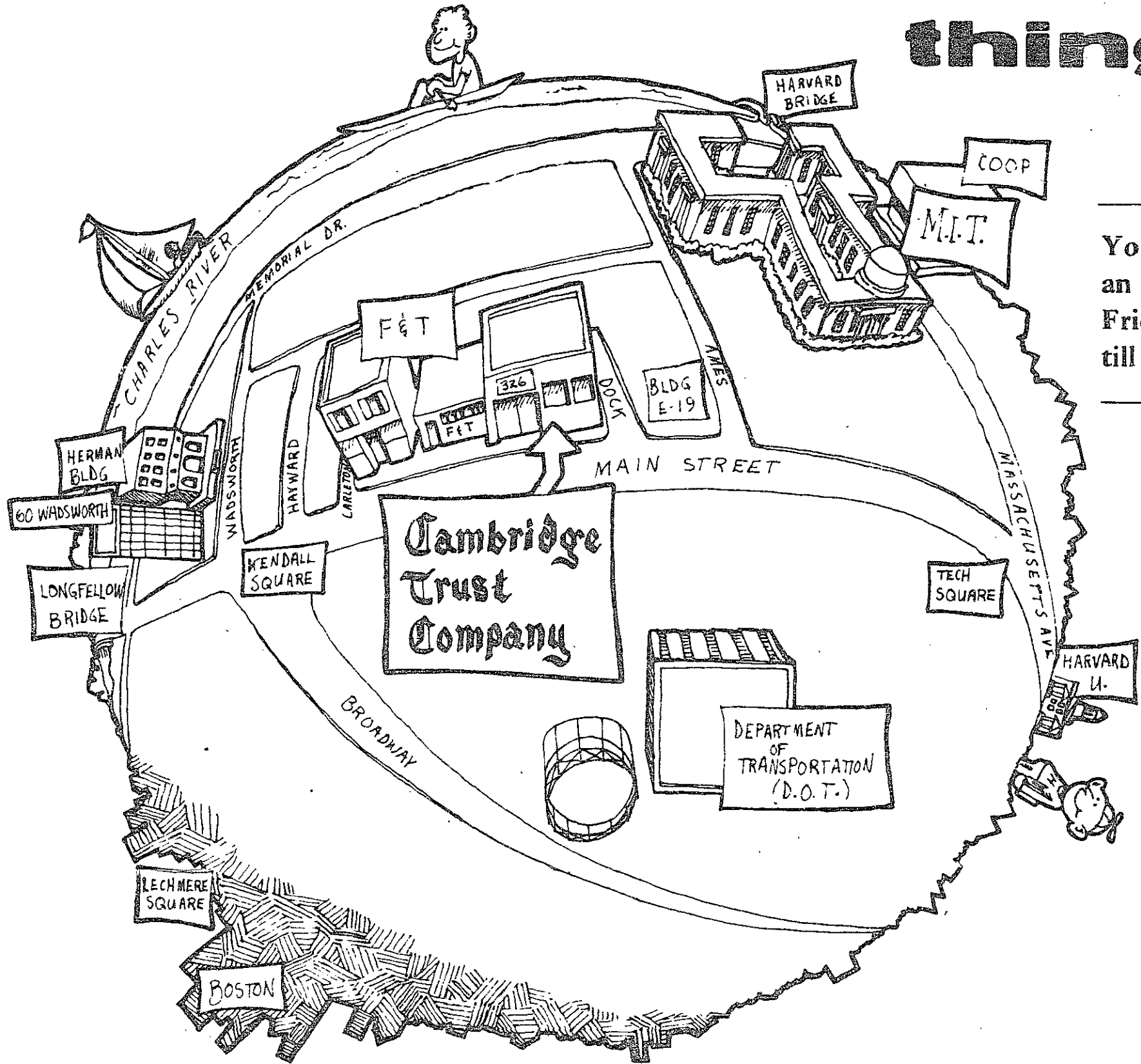
A teacher and counselor in secondary schools before coming to MIT, Richardson has traveled extensively while working for the admissions office. Besides interviewing applicants, his work has included "explaining" MIT to high school students around the country. In the last few years, he has been particularly concerned, as have other members of the office, with MIT's image in the face of a decline in the number of applicants.

Richardson has also been involved in efforts to bring MIT

undergraduates into the recruitment process, viewing them as a highly credible source of information about MIT for high school students.

Announcing his appointment, Chancellor Paul E. Gray emphasized the importance of the admissions office as the first point of contact with MIT for prospective students. "Peter Richardson's insight into the nature of the educational experience at MIT," Gray said, "will help him and his associates to convey to a new generation of prospective students the diversity of the Institute and the directions of change in all its branches in science and engineering, in the humanities (Please turn to page 15)

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Anti-war group asks 'Who MIT Serves'

By Lee Giguere

The spirit of SACC, the Science Action Coordinating Committee, once a serious and active anti-war, anti-war-research group on the MIT campus is "alive and well."

A new group, not calling itself SACC but carrying on that group's efforts to document MIT's alleged complicity with the military-industrial complex, has begun working this summer to compile data on who MIT serves, according to Associate Professor of Humanities William B. Watson. The group, composed of students from several different departments including Biology, Physics and Humanities, will direct its efforts to try to find out for whom the science and technology at MIT is being produced, who MIT students serve and what kind of industries recruit MIT graduates.

The ultimate goal of their work, Watson continued, is to publish, in either pamphlet or book form, a well-documented analysis of "Who MIT Serves."

Watson believes that the answer to this question will be different from the administration's usual claim that MIT serves many diverse constituencies. While he agrees that "MIT does serve a large number of interests," Watson feels that there is an "extraordinary concentration" of these interests in the defense area. The Department of Defense, he argued, is the primary beneficiary of basic research done at the Institute and depends on institutions like MIT for new weapons. Even outside the defense field, Watson stated, "the kind of things we work on seem to lead to high-technology solutions."

Ashe flees Cambridge; seeks fame, tranquility

In an unusual early morning awakening, Tuesday, July 19, Olen Reid Ashe, Jr. '70 departed MIT and Cambridge.

Ashe, former Managing Editor of *The Tech* and for the past year an Assistant Editor at *Technology Review*, plans to travel extensively in Central America, especially Mexico and Guatemala. While there he intends to try his hand at writing a book. Up until now his literary efforts have mainly been limited to news and feature stories for the two MIT publications and occasional assignments for *The Boston Globe* and *Newsweek* magazine.

Following his travels Ashe will return to his hometown of Charlotte, North Carolina where he has been offered a position on the *Charlotte Star-Observer*.

An avid wanderer, Ashe has often combined journalistic efforts with his travels. He has covered solar eclipses in Mexico and Canada and traveled with the Clean Air Car Race from Cambridge to California during the summer of 1970. Still, many of Ashe's most brilliant and best known pieces of writing have been generated while sitting at a typewriter or riding in a Student Center elevator.

Ashe's career in journalism at MIT did not start until his sophomore year when he was the historian for PBE fraternity. His writing efforts there so impressed *The Tech* News Editor Steve "Eggplant" Carhart that he recruited Ashe to write for the student newspaper. Though at first quite reticent to acknow-

At the moment the people involved in the effort are still in the process of gathering data and talking with people at MIT; nothing has been written so far, nor has there been any analysis of the data collected. For September, Watson projected a pamphlet which would give "some hint" of the group's work and would include some figures on research at MIT. He also stated that the group plans to

(Please turn to page 15)



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Centrex to begin August 12

By Paul Schindler

MIT will begin receiving Centrex service from New England Telephone on August 12. Institute Telecommunications officer Mort Berlan is "guardedly optimistic" that the conversion will work out well.

Berlan noted that "the gross cutover of service will certainly take place on the twelfth, without major problems." He added that there will be bugs in the system at first, but that he is certain that they will be worked out and that the extensive training program undertaken at MIT

will reduce problems with the system. Calling errors should also be reduced by the issuance of a new Centrex directory, which is scheduled to take place by August 4.

Thus, while 864-6900 will continue to be answered, callers will be referred to 253-1000, the new MIT number, or 258-1000, the new Draper Laboratories number. All MIT extensions will be available for direct inward dialing; extension xxxx may be reached by calling 253-xxxx.

The Dormitory Telephone System will continue to operate independently of service offered by NET, with private phones in each dorm room, interconnected to the Centrex system via a tieline; to reach an extension from a dormline, dial 80 followed by the five-digit extension 3-xxxx. Unlike the extensions, the number of digits in dormphone numbers will remain four, but a substantial section of telephones will be renumbered to facilitate service. These will be mainly in McCormick Hall.

It will still be possible to reach dormlines from extensions, by dialing 180 followed by the dormphone number, and from the main MIT number, either by dialing 253-1000 and asking for the dormphone number or by dialing 253-4759 for information and asking to be transferred.

In addition, the Dormphone system will offer a new service, beginning sometime this fall, in the form of a number by means of which dormphone users will be able to reach a NET toll operator directly. By dialing 0611, third number, collect and credit card calls may be placed directly from dormphones.

After the installation of Centrex, it will still be possible to

transfer calls, even though they have not gone through an operator. If a call is made from outside to a wrong extension, a single depression of the switch-hook will signal an operator who will then come on-line to handle the transfer. The party initiating the transfer will hear a ringing tone, telling him that the transfer notification has been made.

One new feature offered by Centrex may lead to problems. The call forwarding feature, on extensions equipped for the service, enables the user, by dialing 72 and a five-digit extension, to forward calls to another extension. Dialing 73 will cause the feature to stop functioning. Two problems appear likely:

The first is a technical and training problem. When the system was being planned, it was thought that a telephone from which calls were being forwarded would not operate if picked up; it would merely give off a high-pitched whine. This will not be the case, although many people were trained to tell others that. It will be impossible to determine, just by picking up a telephone, whether or not it is set up for call forwarding.

The other problem is a people problem — if someone using the call forwarding service forgets to follow good etiquette by calling ahead to warn that calls are being transferred, many false reports of wrong numbers may be given.

Berlan stated that conversion to Centrex will bring about improvement in telephone service at MIT, including improved allocation of costs, especially on local calls. The new system keeps track of message units used by each extension, and the units will be billed through MIT accounts.

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NOTES

* Last year, the Student Center Committee ran the Experimental Coffeehouse (the 24-hour coffeehouse in the Center Lounge) relying exclusively on volunteer labor. We would like to continue this program next year — beginning at the start of R/O Week. In order to keep the concept of having the coffeehouse manned 24-hours a day, we will, again, have to rely on large amounts of volunteer labor. If you think that it's a program worth continuing and you have a few hours to help out — please leave a message for Steven Wallman at x3-3913, W20-343. Thanks.

* FREE KUNDALINI — No, it's not something you find on an Italian menu — it's yoga. Free open air classes Monday-Thursday 10:30-12 on the Fenway near the Rose Garden. Sponsored by the Parker Hill-Fenway Summer League. Also, 3:30-5 in Harvard Yard across from the Fogg Museum. Instructed by David Lee, Student Teacher of Yogi Bhajan.

* Join *The Tech!* Staff meetings every Wednesday and Sunday night during the school year. Free pizza and 10 cent cokes. MIT Student Center, room W20-483.

"If med schools really want grades

By Lee Giguere

Five years ago, MIT began what must have seemed to many to be a very radical educational experiment - for four years MIT's freshmen were to receive only a single passing grade, with no distinction being made among students who successfully completed their course work. The Pass-Fail experiment was amazingly successful: incoming freshmen took to it well, and even the Institute's educationally conservative faculty grew to accept this step away from MIT's tradition of being a highly competitive, dog-eat-dog undergraduate institution.

In fact, as the four-year experiment drew to a close last year, the continuation of Freshman Pass-Fail seemed certain. The report of the Committee on Evaluation of Freshman Performance (CEFP) was highly favorable; it stated: "We conclude that it [Pass-Fail] should be regarded as a definite improvement to the freshman year." Not only did the committee recommend the continuation of Pass-Fail indefinitely, it recommended that a new two-year experiment be begun with a Pass-No Record system in the freshman year. Yet this summer, the future of Pass-Fail is not so certain.

On the eve of the CEFP's final report to the Faculty, a previously unforeseen difficulty threw into doubt the future of MIT's experiment. Members of the class of '72 (the first class to graduate with only pass-fail freshman grades on their transcript) were reported to be having some difficulty in applying to medical schools. (In retrospect the problem may not have been as severe as it at first seemed; this summer, Susan P. Haigh, Advisor on Pre-Professional Education, told *The Tech* that 77% of those in the class of '72 who applied to medical schools were accepted - a high ratio for any school - and further, she pointed out that this class also had a third term - the term of the 1970 strike - with a high

proportion of pass-fail grades.)

But the questions raised by the problem with the medical schools were more far-reaching and not so easily settled. It soon became clear that while MIT's freshman year was pass-fail as far as the Registrar's office was concerned, many instructors, and several departments, were keeping so-called "hidden grades." To some, this meant that the spirit of pass-fail was being violated; in spite of MIT's official "no grades" policy for the freshman year, grades were being kept and the competition for grades was still going on.

In addition, during the first few weeks of the discussion of the problem, no one quite seemed to know what the rules were. Did the Physics Department keep actual grades or only the old quizzes and exams? What was the procedure for the release of these "hidden grades?"

Presented in March with the CEFP's recommendation to continue Freshman Pass-Fail indefinitely, the Faculty balked and voted instead to continue the program for another year so that the medical school problem could be further discussed. At no time during this debate were the merits of pass-fail *per se* in question; rather, the discussion was limited to the difficulty pass-fail caused for medical school applicants.

At that time, Professor of Mathematics Hartley Rogers, Chairman of the Faculty, announced that he had appointed a special nine-member panel to examine the problem. In May, this panel presented its report to the Faculty recommending "that the faculty interpret their 'responsibility to provide each freshman student with meaningful evaluation of his or her work' to include the responsibility to identify and record outstanding work in terse concrete terms." While no one quite seems to want to say it, "terse, concrete terms" appears to mean ABCD-type grades. The faculty voted to accept the committee's recommendation 73-26.

(The MIT faculty totals over 700 members entitled to vote at its meetings; it is unusual for more than 100 to attend a regular faculty meeting.)

As the 71-72 school year drew to a close, this is what the status of Freshman Pass-Fail appeared to be: continued for the class of '76 and to be reviewed again sometime in the coming school year. While the issue seemed to have been resolved, the indefinite continuation of Pass-Fail no longer appears as certain as it did last July - in the course of the debates a great deal of unhappiness with the program among the faculty seems to have surfaced.

"grades... wiped off the record"

Freshman Pass-Fail at MIT has roots that go back at least six years: "In the fall of 1966, Dean Gray [now Chancellor Gray] addressed a joint meeting of the CEP [Committee on Educational Policy] and SCEP [Student Committee on Educational Policy] at which time he informally proposed that freshmen grades be wiped off the record." (*The Tech*, November 4, 1967) Since 1964, Caltech had had pass-fail in its freshman year and the idea had crossed the continent to MIT where it was picked up by Gray and other MIT educators.

In the fall of '67, the CEP was considering pass-fail formally. Three alternatives, *The Tech* reported, were being discussed:

1) "A freshman would be told by the instructor as to whether he had passed the course or not, and some form of written or oral feedback about his over-all performance would be communicated. It is doubtful whether so drastic a plan could attract the necessary support."

2) "Another proposal maintains the present quiz structure [weekly quizzes in each core subject] with scores as they are now. The difference would be at the end

of the term; the grade would be recorded only Pass or Fail, and again some special feedback would be given to the freshman."

3) "Still a third basic idea is to maintain the present system complete with grade reports (A, B, C, etc.) except that such grades would be known only to the student and not enter permanent record, the transcript recording only pass or fail. This is essentially the Caltech plan."

Two weeks later, *The Tech* reported that the CEP "has decided against implementing pass-fail grading for the freshman year."

The question of Freshman Pass-Fail resurfaced quickly, however. On April 5, 1968, *The Tech* revealed that the faculty would vote on freshman pass-fail at their regular April meeting: "The proposal would abolish all freshman subject grades for an experimental period of four years to evaluate both short and long range effects on student performance."

Student interest in the proposal, apparently, was important in its revival; SCEP had been working on the pass-fail proposals and lobbying in their behalf.

In an editorial on April 16 - the day before the faculty vote - *The Tech* presented its argument for pass-fail, raising for a final time before the decision many of the ideas that are now incorporated in MIT's Freshman Year:

"At the moment, freshmen are required to make course choices on what is, admittedly, insufficient information. Allowing them the freedom to pursue their interests by taking pass-fail courses will permit better course selection.

"The proposal as it stands includes a written evaluation of each student, to be discussed with his advisor and the professor involved. We feel that, in addition to permitting a more comprehensive evaluation of the student's work, this will also improve student-faculty relations and communications, something which is, for most students, sorely lacking under the present system.

"In conclusion, the plan will have the best of both systems; the instructor, when filling out the evaluation, will undoubtedly rate the student on the basis of a letter grade, along with other pertinent comments, while the student will be allowed the freedom to pursue his interests and think creatively about some of the problems presented in and out of the classroom. We strongly encourage every faculty member to vote in favor of the proposal."

On Thursday, April 18, *The Tech* announced in a special issue the faculty's decision to institute Freshman Pass-Fail on a trial basis. The vote was reported to be 105 to 33.

While not everyone was entirely satisfied with the new program (the Freshman Evaluation Forms in particular came in for some criticism), the reaction appeared to be generally favorable. After their first term on pass-fail, "no greater number of freshmen [members of the class of '72] failed core courses last term than failed them last year; no more freshmen were put on probation," according to reports in *The Tech* on March 11, 1969. Further, it was noted that "the evaluation forms

UA: Is it a symptom or the cure?

By Paul Schindler

Students arriving at MIT for academic year 1972-3 will not find the student government in the hands of a) the debate society, b) any particular fraternity, or c) a group of athletic types. At one time or another, these groups thought that student government was important enough to be worth controlling. They don't feel that way anymore.

The number of students who bother to vote in the election of the Undergraduate Association President (the only elective office) has declined. There are a number of reasons for this, but an important thing to note is that there are no longer any entrenched power groups in charge freezing out the young blood. The few traditional power trippers that are left have gone on to other places to ply their trade. Yet the young blood isn't flowing into the corpse of student self-rule, because that is how it is perceived: as a corpse.

Some people bemoan the loss, others cheer it, the vast majority has failed to notice it. It is easy to overlook the loss of student government; after all, it never was very important except to the people in it and to their friends. Its major function was the organization of social events and the overseeing of special interest clubs on campus. The concept of "arranged" social events is dead on this campus, and the Association of Student Activities is self-ruling. So what was left for the Undergraduate Association to do?

It might have served as a focus for pressure for change in the student environment, but it ran into the triple threat

which is emaciating most student governments: apathy, issues, and power.

Even discounting heavily for the "rose-colored glasses syndrome" (which always makes the-way-it-was-then better than the-way-it-is-now) it is obvious that MIT students as a group were less apathetic five or ten years ago than they are now. The most obvious explanation is that MIT was much more homogenous in years past than it is now. Once, the Institute was an enclave reserved strictly for super-serious engineers in white shirts and ties; mostly white, male, middle and upper middle class. The Institute now harbors an increasing number of women, blacks, and humanists, as well as people whose backgrounds do not reflect the polished sensibilities of "respectable" America. The changes were no accident: a decision was made that diversity was necessary for the continued growth and success of the university.

An unexpected side effect of the changes has been a noticeable decrease in community "spirit" and togetherness. Rather than turning towards one another, students are turning inwards, looking outside of the university, or consulting the psychiatric staff. (One former history professor noted, with some accuracy, that MIT's large psychiatric consulting staff is needed because the effect of a technological education on the human mind is similar to the effect of industry on the environment.) Students don't feel comfortable turning to the person down the hall if the two have no common roots. If the people who live in dorms and fraternities do not form close ties, then mutual

benefit is less important than individual benefit, and it is every man for himself. The result is apathy when it comes to most issues of community-wide concern.

The only functional governmental units at MIT are dormitory and fraternity self-governments. They are little more than tenants unions which attend to the functions needed to keep their living group members satisfied, but do little of wider concern.

What wider concern should there be? No one seems to know. There is a distinct lack of clear-cut issues which might activate student concern and galvanize some kind of Institute-wide action. Most students have not seen any pressing issue since the 1969-70 peak of radical anti-war action. The war (and its bastard child the draft) were immediate, tangible issues over which some emotion could be developed, even if they were remote from students' daily lives. Anti-war radical Mike Albert was responsible for the last spurt of student interest in an Undergraduate Association election, at a time when such issues as the ABM (which was opposed in congress by Jerry Wiesner), MIRV, and MIT war complicity were hot items.

The days of heated anti-war activity are gone, as shown by MIT's reaction this spring to the imminence of World War III; instead of a 1970-style strike, it was virtually business as usual. No one has been able to articulate any area of student discontent close enough to home to attract the attention of an undergraduate ruling body. In fact, the attempt to do so

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by Brant parker and Johnny hart

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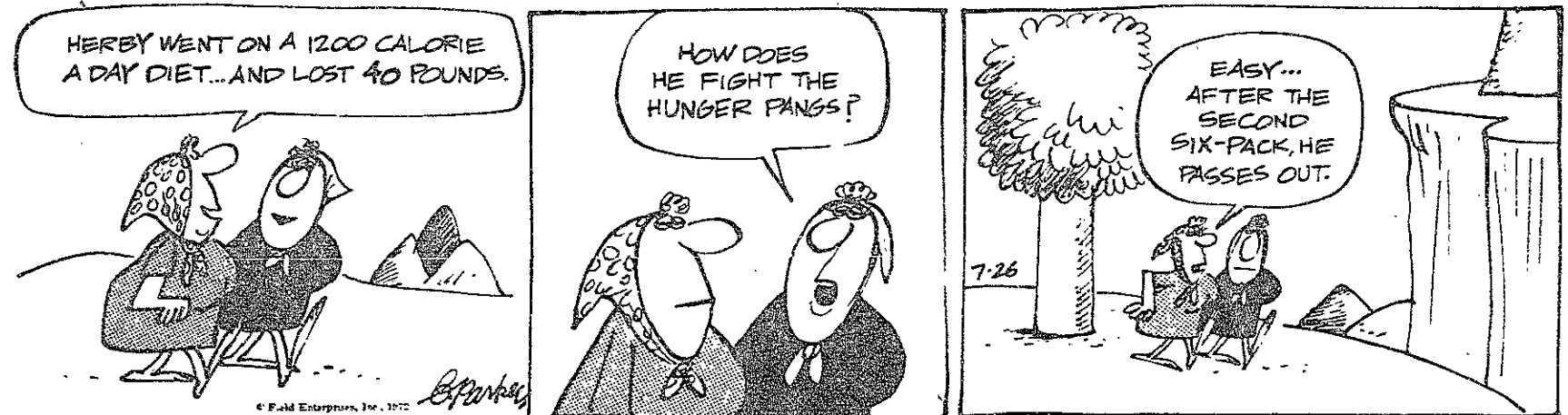
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we could just give all the frosh A's'

did appear to provide a somewhat more realistic basis for guidance and direction of the freshmen's efforts . . .

"Of all the factors which work against the success of pass-fail, the most frustrating is the effect of the attitude of upperclassmen, who tell the freshmen (and their advice is often followed) to 'tool hard' and forget about pass-fail. After all, the Institute is out to screw them, isn't it?"

A head-on clash

The future of Pass-Fail came up for open debate at the March 1972 meeting of the Faculty. Before that meeting, the problem of medical school admissions policies had been discussed within the CEFP and also the Pre-professional Advising Office. In addition, *The Tech* had devoted a great deal of space to discussion of the issue before the February meeting of the Faculty (when Pass-Fail was originally scheduled to be discussed). Opinions on the issue were diverse.

The Pre-professional Advising Office, concerned that some students might not be able to get into the medical school of their choice, was preparing a handbook which would advise students to "arrange for some kind of evaluation of your pass-fail." Their statement went on to say that "instructors' comments on the Freshman Evaluation Forms are often inadequate." The implication of the statement was that pre-med students should seek a letter grade from all their instructors.

At the same time, however, the CEFP had written into its final report a very strong condemnation of "hidden grades," specifically mentioning the requests of pre-med students, and labelling even this use of letter grades as a corruption of the Pass-Fail system. "We call the attention of the faculty to the fact that the transmission of unofficial grades to anyone for any purpose is contrary to the intention and spirit of the Pass/Fail system . . . We believe that even this limited assignment and use of letter grades for pre-med students corrupts the Pass/Fail or Pass/No Record system for all students who are not certain when they are freshmen that they will not later apply to medical school . . ."

During the time between the discovery of the medical school problem by the CEFP and the original date for the discussion of Pass-Fail by the Faculty, the two groups (the CEFP and the Pre-professional Advising Office) met head-on over the question. However, any resolution of the question seemed impossible until more information could be obtained.

When the proposal was brought up before the Faculty at its March meeting, Professor of Economics and Political Science Everett Hagen briefly discussed the problems with the medical schools, but asked the Faculty to approve Pass-Fail with the understanding that if the medical school problem proved to be serious, the decision could be changed. The proposal seemed headed for easy approval when no one responded to President Jerome B. Wiesner's call for discussion. Then Professor of Nutrition Emily Wick rose to voice her uneasiness and any chance of quick passage for the measure disappeared — as in any other large group of people, once someone had taken the initiative to speak first and break the calm, everyone else clamored to have his say.

After Wick spoke, Rogers, who had earlier given the motion the Committee on Educational Policy's support, announced that he had appointed a special committee to be chaired by Professor of Physics Robert Hulsizer and Associate Professor of Psychology Alan Hein to contact medical schools and collect information about admissions policies.

At the suggestion of Provost Walter Rosenblith, the motion was amended to extend Pass-Fail for only a single year, and it was in that form that the faculty passed the motion. (There was some sentiment in the meeting that Pass-Fail could not be allowed to die at the end of this year only to be revived later, and in some measure this was responsible for the acceptance of the amended motion.)

The issue then faded into a virtual limbo. The Hulsizer-Hein committee began its considerations rather slowly, and those members of the Pre-professional Advising Office who were primarily re-

sponsible for polling medical schools on a person-to-person basis were reluctant to discuss their findings as they first began. With such a dearth of information, public discussion quietly died, and as April wore on, the situation in Vietnam worsened and for many at MIT concern for the future of Pass-Fail was overshadowed by concern for the future of the world.

As the Hulsizer-Hein committee began their deliberations, Hein outlined for *The Tech* some of the possible courses MIT might follow: to retain Pass-Fail without any sort of grades; to provide "meaningful evaluations" of freshman performance more detailed than the present freshman evaluation forms; to have the departments retain grades (which would not be sent to the registrar) that would be made available to any school or employer that a student would designate, either in all courses or only those that a student requested; to urge students to take follow-up subjects in their sophomore or junior years; or to allow students who so desired to take a special exam in order to get a grade in a subject they took as a freshman.

To some members of the community, it seemed that MIT should take a "hard stand" — that it should refuse to send any grades to the medical schools — these people felt that the adverse effect this would have on the sizable minority of students who would go on to medical schools would not be so great as to override the benefit that they felt the majority of the freshman class would receive through Pass-Fail. Others felt that MIT should capitulate entirely; to them, a return to letter grades was what was called for. Of course, there were also many middle-of-the-road stands. It might be possible, some felt, to make the "meaningful evaluations" that the Pass-Fail program called for meaningful enough to suit the medical schools without actually being letter grades. The suggestion was even made, quite seriously, that the Institute simply throw a wrench into the whole process by awarding A's to all freshmen who successfully complete their subjects, thus subverting the medical schools' admissions process.

In May, Hulsizer presented the findings of his committee to the faculty. Apparently, he reported to them, the medical schools treat a "pass" as a "B" or a "C", and then use a weighted average of the grades and the Medical College Admission Tests to select among the applicants. A further complication, he noted, was that most MIT students complete their pre-med requirements during their freshman year.

The committee's "solution" seemed to hinge on a play of words: by interpreting the faculty responsibility to provide "meaningful evaluation" of a freshman's work to mean that that evaluation should be in "terse, concrete terms," the committee seemed to feel that the whole problem could be side-stepped. ("Terse concrete terms," it appeared, could easily be interpreted to mean a letter grade, but through this device, the committee seemed to feel it would violate the spirit of Pass-Fail less.) While the committee's solution did not meet with whole-hearted approval by the faculty — Provost Walter Rosenblith stated that he was "troubled by the philosophical implications" of the committee's proposal and suggested that "more imaginative" solutions might be devised, although he himself offered none — the proposal was passed 73-26.

Another cross . . .

The Humanities faculty, already plagued by antagonistic students who do only the most minimal work in the core freshman and sophomore course, saw this introduction of hidden grades as one more cross to bear. Their classes filled with students there only because they are forced to be, some humanities instructors feel that if their students believe they will be graded in their science courses but not in their humanities subjects, the students will simply neglect humanities even more. Their fear is certainly not unfounded.

Their reaction, however, seems to display some rather sloppy thinking. Many of these professors have very liberal views on education and often favor pass-fail philosophically. Faced with being disregarded by their students, however, they have turned to attack Pass-Fail if its "purity" is not safeguarded. This is in

spite of the fact that one of the supposed purposes of Pass-Fail is to allow students to work on what interests them; perhaps unfortunately, what interests most MIT students is science and technology, not the humanities.

The solution here seems obvious, although its implementation is obviously not so simple: if the humanities core subjects were interesting, students would work in them. (When Caltech introduced pass-fail eight years ago, its freshmen neglected the chemistry course. The course, reportedly, was subsequently revamped and interest in it revived.) MIT has been trying to improve its humanities offerings and make them more attractive for several years — the substitution of several options for the once-mandatory Western Tradition was one effort in this direction. Clearly there is no easy way to make the humanities core interesting and exciting, but if the humanities are as important a part of education as MIT claims they are, then it seems their supposed worth should provide some worthwhile and interesting material.

A vanished problem?

Discussions over the summer with Assistant Dean for Student Affairs Peter Buttner (Executive Officer of the Freshman Advisory Council — the man who does the organizational work for the freshman advisory system and the freshman year in general) and Haigh seemed to indicate that the problem with the medical schools, which at some moments last spring appeared nearly insurmountable, is not nearly so great as it seemed.

Haigh emphasized that in spite of the apparent difficulties encountered by members of the class of '72 (some applicants were asked for additional information about their work) 77% of the seniors who applied to medical schools were accepted. (Apparently, 77% is a good placement ratio in the highly competitive medical school market.) What the medical schools do when they see pass-fail grades on a transcript is still unclear; the schools, Haigh stated, do not want to be quoted on just what their admissions procedures are.

She indicated, however, that there was something less than 100% correspondence between the stated policy of the schools and the way their admissions procedures actually worked: "What they do and what they say are two different things." Some schools, she continued, do have a first cut, based either on an applicant's cum or on a combination of his cum and his Medical College Admissions Tests (MCAT) scores. She conjectured, however, that at most schools freshman pass-fail grades would not enter into this process at all. In fact, she explained to *The Tech* that a new standardized medical school application form, on which applicants are required to compute their averages, would allow MIT students to disregard their average-less freshman year when calculating their cum.

Buttner's inclination was to minimize the problem. Pre-med students who do well, and can prove it, he pointed out, are not at all handicapped by the present system. It is only the student who decides late in his undergraduate years to go on to medical school and who either hasn't done well, or can't prove it, who is likely to be hurt. In his opinion, the average freshman will not be affected: "pass-fail, *per se*, is still the predominant mode for most students." The only real problem, he said, are those students who "don't supply any back-up information" and he saw the real problem as "small."

Admitting that "some claim that this [the faculty's decision] re-introduces grades," Buttner argued that MIT faced the problem of trying to "reflect reality while trying to change it." He preferred this form of pass-fail to none at all. Further, Buttner argued that students "can't hide behind pass-fail."

A euphemistic solution

In spite of the Hulsizer-Hein committee's final "solution," Freshman Pass-Fail will still be up for re-evaluation this year, and there are some among the faculty who have reservations about the "solution."

Whether "meaningful evaluations" in "terse concrete terms" violates the spirit of Pass-Fail depends in large measure on one's definition of Pass-Fail. Addressing

the faculty in March, Chancellor Paul Gray (who played a major role in the initiation of the Pass-Fail experiment five years ago) said that the original intent of Pass-Fail had been to remove the "unnecessary and unproductive" pressure of recorded grades, but not to remove the pressure to adjust to a new environment. Further, he stated that the intent had been for the student to have more access to the kind of information that would allow him to assess his own program.

It is, of course, quite possible to argue that the "solution" adopted by the faculty preserves the original intent of Pass-Fail since no grades are recorded by the Registrar, and that since the intent had been to provide the student with more and better feedback about his performance, the call for "meaningful evaluations" in "terse concrete terms" is also in line with this original intent.

But to this reporter, at least, any grade that is transmitted to anyone besides the student or his advisor (such as the evaluations to be sent to the medical schools) might just as well be recorded by the Registrar as far as the intent of Pass-Fail is concerned. Once this grade is made public, it can easily become a goal in itself, and as such, something to strive for — and striving for grades was what Pass-Fail was meant to eliminate. (There is nothing wrong with using letter grades as one part of a multi-dimensional evaluation system for the student and his instructors and advisors; in this case they are part of a feedback system that is confidential, personal, and multi-faceted. Though the original intent of Pass-Fail to provide meaningful evaluations to the student might have meant to incorporate grades, it could only have been in this sort of non-public context.)

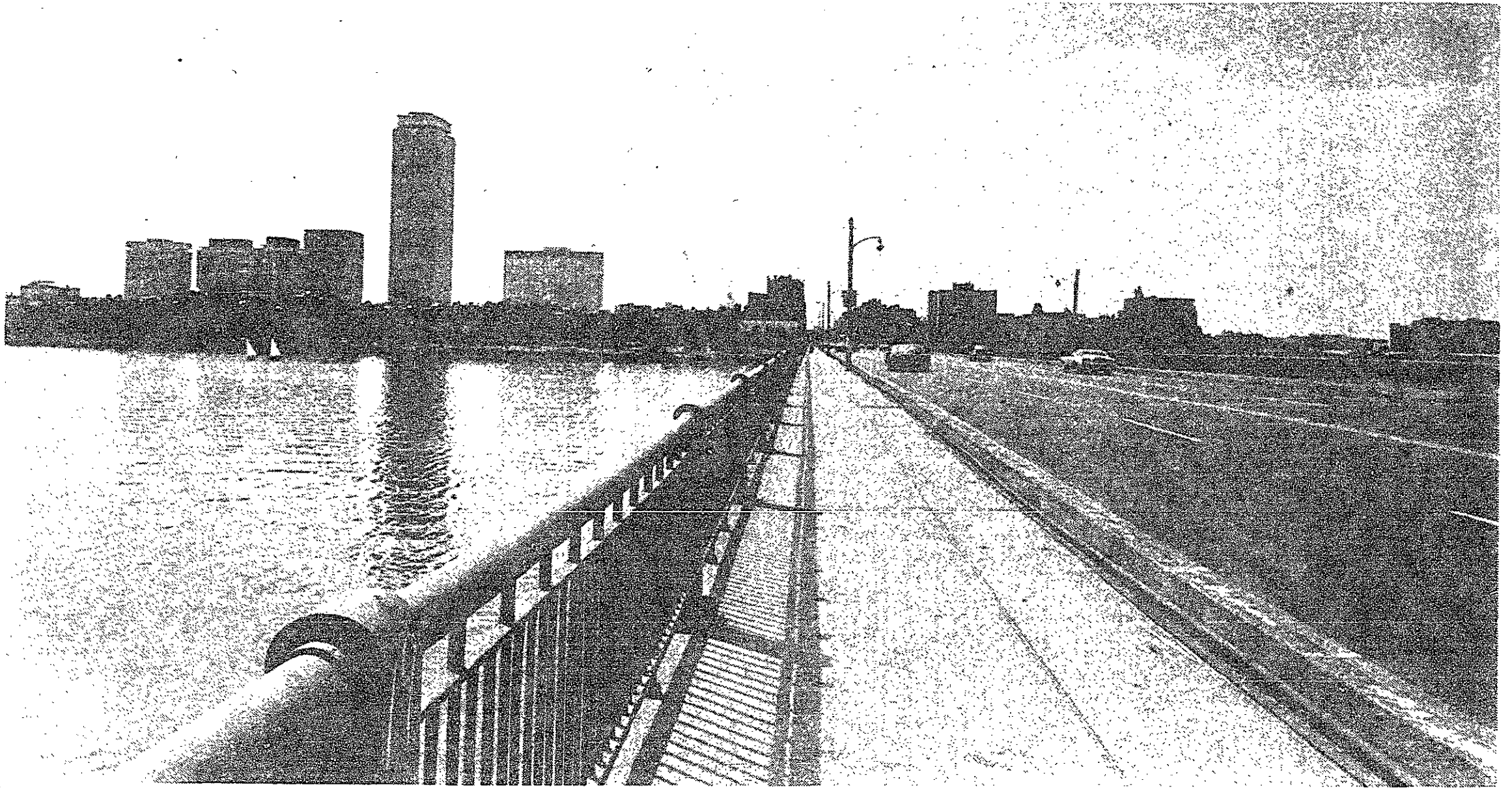
On the other hand, some of this concern over "hidden grades" represents an overly-sensitive reaction. As the Hulsizer-Hein report notes, in some subjects taken by freshmen, grades are being computed, anyway because significant numbers of upperclassmen are enrolled in these subjects. (In particular, this applies to the two subjects considered to be the most important of the pre-med requirements: General Biology [7.01] and organic chemistry [5.41].) In such subjects, the spirit of pass-fail is necessarily violated and, unless freshmen are denied the possibility of taking subjects with upperclassmen, will always be violated.

In the calculus, physics and humanities core subjects, however, the situation is very different. Only rarely do upperclassmen mix with freshmen in these subjects. 18.01, in particular, is taught and graded exclusively pass-fail: There are six exams. If a student passes them he passes the course — no distinction is made according to how well he does on the exams, or on how many times he may have had to take one of them to pass it. In these subjects, the computation of "hidden grades" is very likely to change the very spirit of the program. (It should be noted that both physics and calculus are pre-med requirements.)

Yet the system as it now stands appears to be the best possible solution for MIT in the short run. As Buttner put it, those students who do well are not hurt, and those who do not plan to go to medical school are apparently unaffected. (Even under Pass-Fail, concern to "do well" does not disappear, freshmen still compare their quiz scores anyway.) Those who believe that grades are unimportant can still ignore them during their freshman year, and for those who are "up-tight" about performance, and grades, some of the pressure, at least, is removed.

Over the long run, of course, there is a much better solution: MIT could make an effort to join with other reform-minded universities to improve a system of admissions which is based primarily on letter grades. MIT also could use its national influence (about which it likes to boast) to urge the country to take a more reasonable posture concerning medical education, where there are often 20 to 50 times more applicants than openings. Both these courses will take time and effort, and it seems best that MIT adapt itself to an unpleasant reality while trying to change. (Perhaps, too, the Institute should clean its own house first: what role do high school grades play in MIT's own admissions procedures?)

'Now that you've met the brothers...'



(During the course of the summer, prospective freshmen are inundated by a flood of mail describing Rush Week and touting MIT's 29 fraternities. The Tech could hardly resist the temptation to join in the outpouring and so presents this tale of a Rush Week past. —Editor)

By Rich Foster

"I remember my Rush Week."

This is one of the rare truths to be found at MIT — everybody remembers his rush week. Every undergraduate at MIT has had at least some contact with the fraternity system, whether receiving dozens of bids or throwing out a summer's worth of mail. It is impossible to avoid; if you don't go to it, brotherhood will come to you.

Rush ("Residence/Orientation," or "R/O") Week is the apotheosis of the system, and all who come recall it fondly. The mere mention of the words is sufficient to provoke a full-blown epic from all within hearing distance, whether the event itself was good or bad. The halt, the lame, and the blind all join in this pastime, and even those who slept through the whole thing have been known to devise copious memoirs.

I had devoured a summerful of literature, beginning with the mail informing me that I would receive more mail and ending but days before my departure for the Real Thing. I had scanned the rush booklets, barely distinguishable from one another. There were pictures of seniors from Skokie, Illinois majoring in management who played soccer and baseball and sang for the LogaRhythms. On the page in front was a friend he made at Tappa Kega Beer rappelling down the side of the house, a spacious Back Bay townhouse costing \$143 per month and achievement oriented.

The brochures are replete with pictures. Action athletics take their place across from members posing atop a New Hampshire promontory. Group photos of every description and promises of more than grinning faces backed up by shots of grinning faces, not to mention Studious John, are photographed within the splendor of the House.

Ah, parties — it is impossible to forget them. There are parties of every conceivable shape, and still more as yet unimaginable to virgin minds. There are Bedsheet Toga Parties, there are Wine and Cheese Parties, there are Casino Parties, and there are good old-fashioned Let's-see-how-smashed-I-can-get Parties.

Then there are those who say "We're-not-sending-a-rush-booklet." These fraternities recognize that rush booklets don't tell anyone anything and send letters proffering "a good place to live." Alas, they don't say anything either.

Finally there are the gimmicks. Pi Phelta Thi will stand out in your mind because of the life-size inflatable rubber elephant they sent you, which filled your

room and half of the hall for three weeks after arriving in mid-June. Posters come in mailing tubes into which they will never again fit.

By the end of the summer a semblance of order had been established. Those jock houses that could be unmasked from behind their screens of euphemisms rushed to fill the cylindrical files, seconds before the postcards saying that I would appear at Sigma Phi Nothing at 2 am Sunday, which I never did send in. (It would not have mattered if I had mailed my personal message to the Rush Chairman; it would have been forgotten in the hectic scramble for future fratres willing and able to rape Simmons College.) Minutes later the rest of my mail for the summer followed; I was about to be sucked into the abyss of the real thing.

Arrival in Boston and at MIT are discoveries of a New World for the beasts involved, as well as for Boston. At the airport it is hard not to distinguish the brand spanking new freshmen from the rest of the world. Many are decorated in coats and ties and drag an excess of overpriced luggage. They exhibit shiny-bright faces and relatively short, well-combed hair expressly for the purpose of telling the shuttle people who they are. Boston has not seen such weird-looking people since the September before.

Being picked off at the airport and introduced to rush-hour traffic (if it is not really rush hour a traffic jam can certainly be created for the occasion on demand) is an almost universal experience. On the ride the starch is ruffled and the dividing process begins. Some discover that it feels good to be liberated and, recognizing that they will not see many ironed shirts in the next four years, add a few tentative creases themselves.

These creases set a pattern that will be hard to break, not that anyone would want to. Many will help to discover new vices while at MIT, and some will perhaps begin the exploration and mapping of an eighth deadly sin. "I was always wondering what it would actually be like to go to classes at MIT. There was a party the night before the first day of classes. It was nice, and so was she," quoth a successful member of this group to a throng of admirers.

Next to him in the car is a more timid and restrained member of the Class of '75. His mouth is agape at the process underway next to him. He anxiously smooths every wrinkle almost before it is created. Once at MIT and the Student Center (under whatever disguise it has assumed for the occasion), he will quail at the very prospect of being separated from his valuable horde of luggage. For weeks afterward these "bright" freshmen will dress up every day, religiously attend every class and persist in asking questions that could be bred only in an American high school. "Will it be on the test?"

"How much is this worth?" "How will we be graded?"

As one upperclassman relates, "I was in this class with all freshmen except for me. The first day they were all arguing about how they were to be graded, and I was the only one for whom it mattered at all."

At the Student Center thousands of forms are filled out, thousands of manila envelopes distributed and a thousand or so freshmen put out to pasture until the Freshman Picnic at 5 pm. Huge stacks of sex education literature are piled near the entrance; they disappear rapidly.

Outside in the bright sun other processes are beginning. Those who have shelled out a dollar are leafing through the picture book for people they know. Future addicts are beginning their life's work by shouting "Fourth for bridge?" Others are standing, preparing for the long walk to temporary housing, alone in the world. They find others like themselves and on the spot decide to become friends.

The afternoon is spent waiting for dinner, paging through the folder, which features information on everything from Gay Lib to Boston restaurants, and learning a new language full of words like *random*, *tool*, *nurd* and others; all totally meaningless in more conventional lexicography. There is more meeting of other freshpeople and more asking, "Which part of New York do you come from?"

Finally the picnic arrives. Those who come on time have arrived too late, for the feeding and hand-stamping have already begun and lengthy foodlines reminiscent of the Depression (funny thing about that) have formed without them. Too soon the large amounts of food are consumed, and the proceedings move to the other end of the Great Court.

There barely audible speeches are delivered, those who have made friends continue talking, and those who have found companionship continue to make out. There are speeches saying that it is the last time until graduation when all of us will be together. There are speeches saying that we represent every state except Alaska and Nebraska, and there are speeches by eminent figureheads never to appear again on the face of the earth.

The endless proceedings are finally over, and we are told to turn around. At the other end are representatives of the fraternities, yelling and waving placards, beer cans, and enlarged replicas of the summer gimmickry. There is a mad rush to join them, and I am escorted off to House A.

House A is the official Unfraternity, an erstwhile House without a house. Their present environment is a slight improvement over those days when they conducted rush on a shoestring, without anyplace to put their newfound fratres. I am led inside, given a tour of the environ-

ment, and led back downstairs to where the members are waiting.

There are all kinds of theories on how you can really tell the houses apart — pledge program, throwing summer brochures against the wall and going to the ones that land face up, whether the house has ever been cleaned. One good way to find out is by what the tour is like. In this one I was shown cubbyhole doubles, the work they had been doing until I had interrupted, and how much the members enjoyed life at House A. Somewhere along the way my pocket is covered with a name tag, soon to become but a small portion of my collection.

Rush at House A is informal, to say the least. One of the members says, "Let's do this," the others ask their freshmen how that sounds, and if no one objects everyone will go do it. In this manner the evening proceeds pleasantly until about eleven, when I decide that it is important to see what the competition is like before casting my lot with A.

The Hotline buzzes, and I am soon greeted by a chauffeur from House B. House B is one of the local palaces. There are a few of them around, and during rush week they are all too pleased to give their guided tour absolutely free of charge. The whole house is softly lit, and all the members wear coats and ties.

The tour of the palace is an event of world-shaking importance to those giving it. Official certified tour directors had been examined and approved, and there is interplay between them as they decide among themselves who could relate the elegance of each particular chamber most favorably. The greatest discussion occurred in a room on the top floor containing a tiled fireplace imported from Belgium when Queen Victoria had originally presented the palace to an incestuous aunt.

"This room is occupied by seniors because... (I forget the exact reason)... This fireplace came from Belgium in 1867 and every tile in it is different."

"That's a really nice fireplace," chimes in the second guide.

"Girls really like fireplaces," returns the first.

Awed by this wisdom, we are led back down the stairs to the living room. Eventually a senior from Oakland majoring in electrical engineering is found who is willing to talk, and shortly thereafter the distinguished rush chairman himself.

One of the distinguishing features of House B is its heavy dependence on rushbook humor. Rushbook humor, far more evasive than even the notion of humor itself, is the series of chortles that separates one fraternity from another. "Brother Bill gets up at 5 every morning to manufacture acid in his lab, while Brother Fred arises at noon and goes back to bed with his girlfriend an hour later." (Ha ha ha.)

a disenchanté's Rush Week Lament

At House B this is very real. In the course of the evening there are more than a few "They all say that because I'm so short..."s. These are the property of what appear to be the mainstream of House B, probably those who had read the rushbook and know how they are supposed to behave.

Around quarter of twelve, fifteen minutes before midnight, while the night is still young, a terrible thing is happening. With lame excuses like, "You need to get ready for a big day tomorrow," my classmates are being led away like sheep and being put to bed. Put to bed! Even the thought was absurd. This was it, and they dare to talk of a big day tomorrow. (Benjamin Franklin to the contrary, I do not even consider thinking of going to bed at such an early hour. I flee into the night.)

The excuses are of course a cover for the summit meeting in which the assembled brethren decide who to bid. Some plead the "big day," others explain that the members are tired after all the work they put into the house, and some tell their future topics of conversation the truth. At any rate, getting put to bed at midnight is a drag.

At these meetings the "choice blend of selected fratres" doff their coats and ties and polite inquiries for the rough-and-tumble of trading in human flesh. This is not just a luxury in which only the most fortunate establishments indulge; even those doomed to become very well acquainted with their four freshmen (or was it six?) strive to maintain respectability. "If you ever sat in on one of those meetings you would never want to join a fraternity. What goes on is incredible: That guy is one of the worst assholes I ever saw. We can't bid him."

Saturday morning my promised ride to a free meal fails to arrive, leaving but one course of action: I call some of the competition and am soon seated before a luscious plate full of steak and eggs; not the Official Steak and Eggs Breakfast, but House C's Saturday breakfast.

The tour of House C has a distinctive flair, smelling strongly of last night's party and drunken freshmen. The house itself is quite nice, although most of the beds are filled with victims of John Barleycorn. The major rushing technique of House C seems to be to get all who enter so smashed out of their gourds that by the time they wake up it would be too late to stagger down the street to test the competition's Budweiser.

My meal is very well served, unlike the cattle feedings I am to encounter elsewhere. Only a small group has congregated and conversation is possible. Toward the middle of the morning I wander out for a while to meet my destiny and the high point of my rush week career.

The Tour of Two Rooms and the Door is a legendary event as old as fraternities themselves. Tales are told in each house of methods used in days of yore, and of the refinements resulting from advances in civilization. One house had picked its fill in a vintage year, so the stragglers who had not heard the news were given a special tour. They were led to the basement bathroom, where a Brother was seated on the john. He got up, shook everybody's hand, and sat down to resume his business. The tour went up the back stairs to the first floor bathroom. Inside the same fellow who had been in the basement got up, shook everyone's hand, and sat back down. The survivors were led upstairs, where the incident was repeated on every floor. (Times have changed and this method has been replaced by more humane tactics.)

Now the Unwanted is sent to talk to Jerry, who is playing pool in a room by himself. He has been known to speak twice in the two years he has been at Eta Pi. "What are you interested in?"

"Math."

"We don't have any math majors here." (Pool balls click.) "What sports do you play?"

"Basketball."

"That's too bad. We don't have any basketball players here." (More pool balls click.)

Silence.

I walk through the portals of House D. I am greeted by a Brother, who introduces himself. "Hi. I'll give you a tour of the house first. Come on upstairs. This is the living room (there are people talking inside). Here are the back stairs with a dumbwaiter. This room is a double. We have two seniors in it. (We go up the front stairs.) This room has two people in it. We laugh about the way it is painted. We call it the Boob Room." (Eventually I see the point. "Ha. Ha.")

I am led back down to ground level. "I am a senior deeply interested in rush, and I feel that freshmen should see as many houses as possible before making up their minds." I am led to a table, where there are two girls checking people in and out. They have no idea what is going on. Maybe I was a first.

"Where are you going?" asks one of them.

"Where are you going?" asks the senior deeply interested in rush.

"I don't know."

"Put down 'Boston'." The girls look puzzled. I am shown the front door, which is open. I am on the hot street again.

In a daze I walk down the street until I am accosted by a bright-looking freshman on the prowl for the outfit that did not feed me breakfast. It being almost time for lunch, I accept.

The tour is a large group, and the brightly-painted house reflected the efforts made to attract new members following a straight-vs-freaks battle. There are novel living arrangements and new and interesting ideas on all sorts of things.

As a result, the living room is overflowing. The bright freshman who had lured me is seated in a group of five or six talking to a member, one of the few to be found. Eventually I squeeze into a position at the left elbow of another, and am pacified until lunch is called.

Eating arrangements in House E are also rather novel. In the dining room are two tables with twenty-four places. Also in the dining room are twenty-four freshmen sitting at the twenty-four places. On my left is a freshman. On my right is another freshman. Across from me are freshmen. At a separate table in the far corner of the room are two members. I learn a lot about the house that lunch hour. They were serving hamburgers. After lunch they are taking people to a Red Sox game. I call for a chauffeur from House F.

House F is an institution I had been warned about earlier. "There is one house that is different from all the rest. You will know it when you come to it. I won't tell you which one it is, but its housebill is \$100 more expensive than anywhere else."

The tour is conducted by a coated-and-tied brandy sipper. We are shown every bedroom and the conveniences of each. In a room at the top the tour ends and the guide discusses finances and the like before pointing out the television and the stereo. At this point one muscular freshman chirps "You people must be really rich."

Back downstairs some are discussing how the jokes in the *New Yorker* are not funny. Others are considering forming a hockey team. For a while I attempt to converse with such of the members as are willing to be spoken to, six-course math majors and the like. Things are pretty barren until one member brings up the subject of how my rush week is faring. Gold mine! There is a party that night.

A few hours later I decide to go somewhere else for dinner. I mosey down the street to a house that looks like it is made entirely of plywood and was erected in one night sometime back in the early 60's. The tour does everything possible to confirm my suspicion, but there seems to be no danger of strong breezes, and I resolve to stay there for dinner.

At House G, known at other campuses as Thump-de-dump, I am bird-dogged by a member with whom I have absolutely nothing in common. It would have been difficult to find someone less compatible, but the venerable brethren of House G

have succeeded in the face of impossible odds. Perhaps there was a purpose to it. Maybe the idea is to cure latent male chauvinist pigs, but the house is definitely not coed, and there are few influences in the atmosphere other than the strong aroma normally following a basketball game.

At dinner I am in the first shift to eat (there were at least two), cleverly placed adjacent to my bird dog, who is once again attempting the impossible. He is not really a mismatch — the whole house is. What is on the table was something else again. Prominently displayed is Mateus Rose. Bird dog says, "They told us that if we have wine for dinner we can only have two beers tonight instead of three."

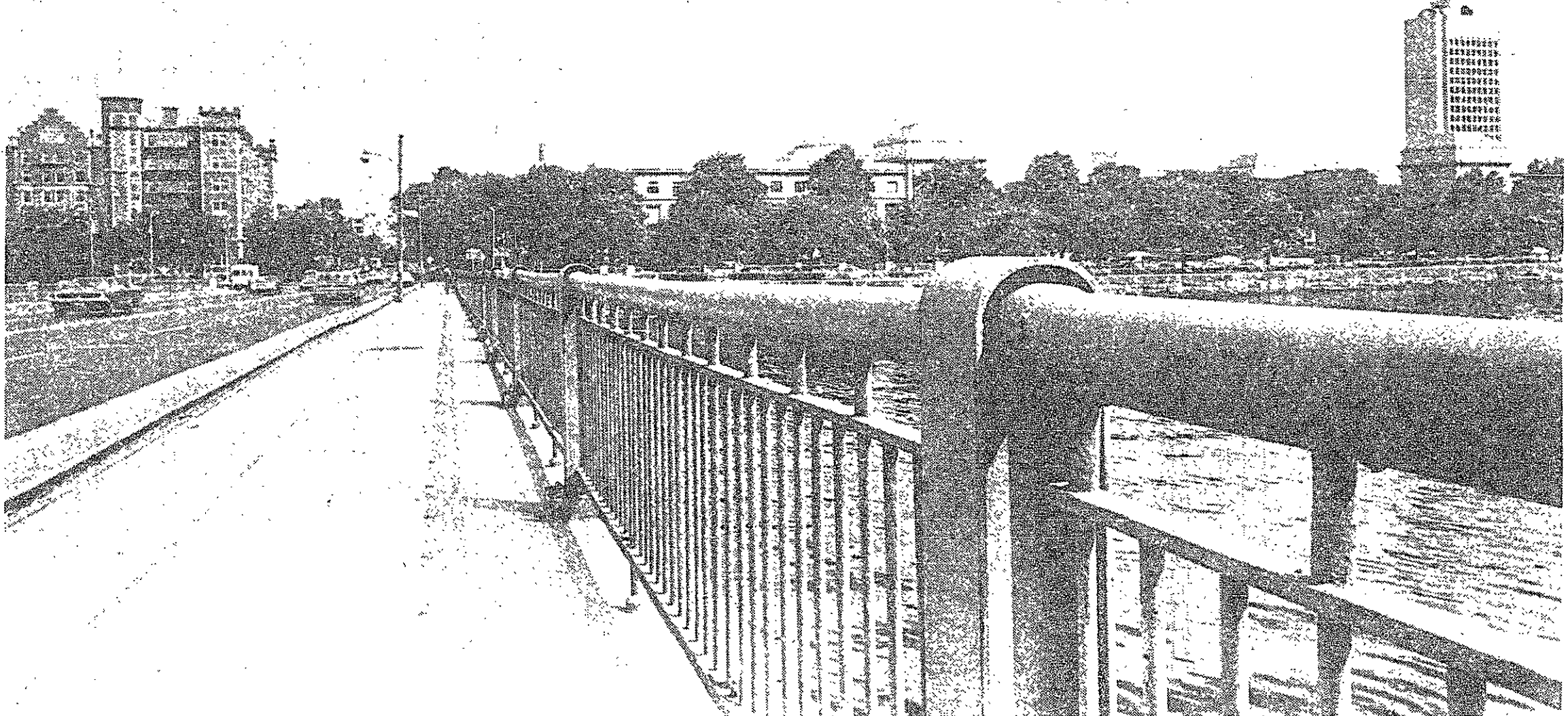
Mateus wine, yes sweet Mateus, once again I encounter thee. Mateus was the preference of the high school wino underground, and it had even made a few successful forays above-ground in English class skits. When the price of Mateus went up, a four-day period of mourning was declared, ending only when Friday night's excess of good cheer caused all to forget.

There is Mateus, worth one beer at a Saturday night party to the membership. Dinner is steak and potatoes. Such a steak I have never seen; this one, even tasting like plywood, provoked fond memories of breakfast as I dine in the plywood confines of House G. The food comes and keeps coming in overly generous amounts. I eat, and am hardly given time to recover before dessert fills my field of vision. I eat some more.

When the meal ends and the second shift storms the ramps, most head back to the living room whence they (and I) came. I stagger instead into a sitting room and sink into an overstuffed, upholstered chair, gazing vacantly at the basketball trophies on the mantle. I subside further into the chair. More stuffed than it is, I have a greater claim to anonymity. The world swims before my eyes as I await the taxidermist.

In bounces another member, carrying a list. He explains how difficult it is to be a member of a fraternity, and how he has a list of fifteen names from Saturday alone that he is trying to keep track of. We talk for a while, I being extremely amiable due to my tenuous grip on good health. As we part I am told, "There's a party tonight at eight."

I stumble to the door, fully aware of my situation and what is best for it. I stumble past ("There's a party at eight.") and out onto the street. Down Mass. Ave. I stride, faster than I deemed imaginable under the conditions. Past MIT, away from the glittering lights, far from HoJo's land of twenty-nine flavors of parties, I march onward into the night, advancing toward Harvard Square.



Photos by David Tenenbaum

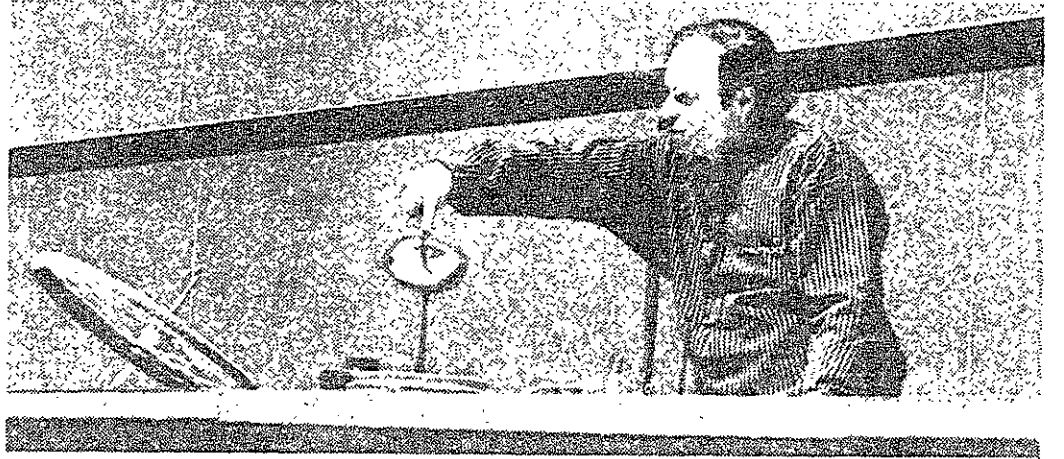
like to work for a newspaper?

Right: Philip Morrison in a physics lecture: what MIT is all about.

News reporters

As a *The Tech* staffer, you can find yourself covering just about anything, from a relatively calm faculty meeting to a full-fledged riot. If you like an ever-changing, challenging job; if you don't mind working under pressure; if you enjoy meeting and talking to people; then the newsroom is the place for you.

Below: A different MIT has been in the news during the past year. We were writing stories about Daniel Ellsberg long before the *New York Times* published his Pentagon papers.



Arts writers

The arts page is another weekly feature of *The Tech*. High on the list of attractions of working for our arts staff is the prospect of seeing your work in print; however, tickets to movies and shows and free review copies of books and records are also nice to have.

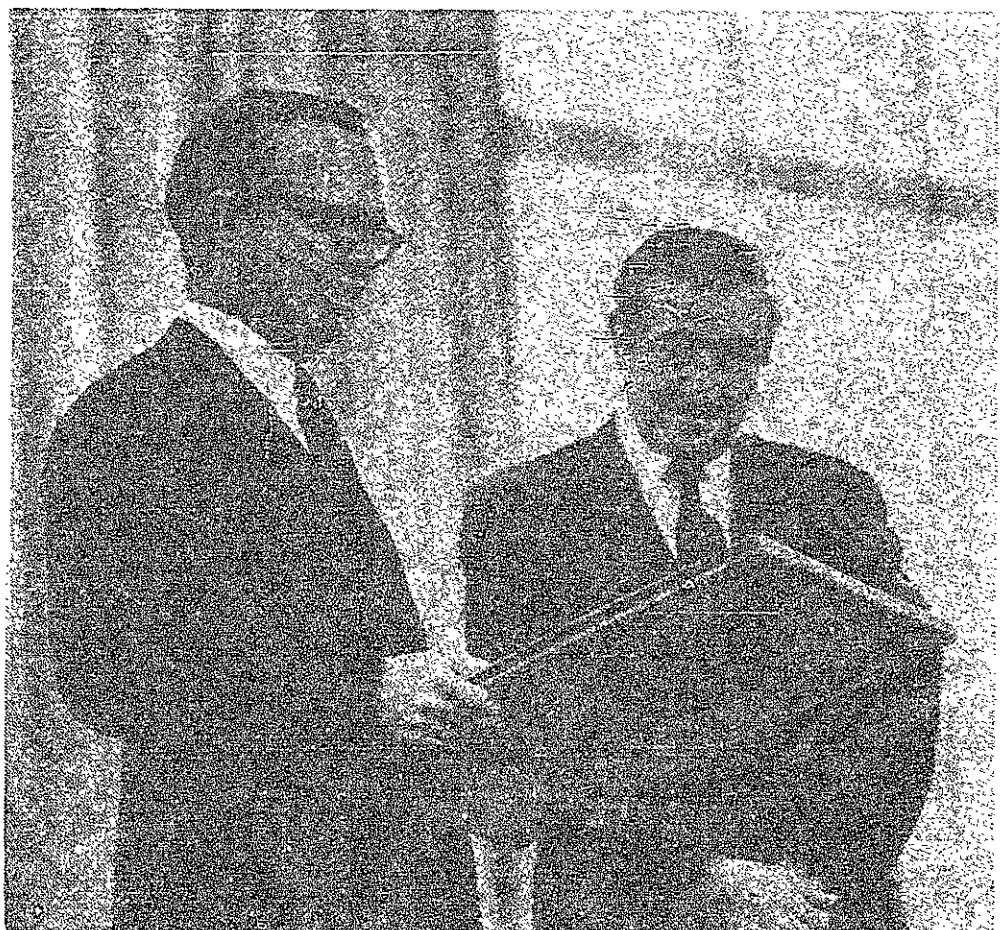
Features writers

Writing features for *The Tech* is somewhat different from writing straight news. Features are more detailed, more subjective than the purely objective news story. Features also cover a wide range of subjects — from MIT's financial policy to in-depth interviews to the Boston scene (the Boston Museum of Science liked our feature on them so well that they reprinted it for their own publicity folders). If you like getting really involved with a subject; if you enjoy a smoother writing style; if you prefer a little more leisure in your writing, writing features for *The Tech* may be for you.

Business staff

The Tech is not subsidized by MIT and depends upon advertising sales for its revenue. Those who undertake to sell this advertising space receive a commission on their sales.

Bookkeeping and management is a largely-hidden facet of the operation at *The Tech*. It's good training, we feel — our business department is responsible for about \$60,000 and 300,000 copies of *The Tech* per year.



Above: None of the commotion has shaken the steady hands at the helm. *The Tech* was on hand when former president Howard Johnson handed over the "keys to the campus" to current boss Jerome Wiesner.

The Tech

CONTINUOUS NEWS SERVICE SINCE 1881

Write to us this summer:

Box 29
MIT Branch
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Production staff

Production is the process by which all of the above items become physical reality. *The Tech* operates a production shop next to our office in the Student Center, equipped with an IBM MT/SC typesetting system. Besides production for *The Tech*, the shop also handles outside jobs and, since production is a never-ending, somewhat repetitive task, production staffers get first chance to earn money producing these outside jobs. If you like seeing something take shape under your hands and would like a chance to earn some money in your spare time, production work is right up your alley.

Layout designers

Somebody has to decide how all the masses of copy and advertising will fit into the newspaper. We haven't had a layout staff since Becky and Gail quit two years ago — the editors do all the layout and, frankly, could use some help. Also, many advertisements must be set up in our shop — layout and design are usually left up to our staff — which gives a chance to do graphics design and earn some money at the same time.

the tech arts section

Flicking Boston

There are two kinds of movie theatres in Boston: those that are owned by Ben Sack and those that are not. This fact is significant mainly because most of the modern movie theatres in town fall into the former category, making it a foregone conclusion that theatres here charge the same price for admission: usually three dollars. Not just Sack; everyone charges three dollars.

And you can forget about student discounts. First of all, there are nearly half a million students in the greater Boston area; second, they are far and away the most avid movie viewers. This hypothesizes the box office for youth-oriented movies that play Boston, but it is often the unfortunate case that it does so without a great deal of discrimination as to whether the film is worth seeing or not. You can be burned just as badly by an American International "cheapie" here in Boston as you can anywhere else.

You might have noticed the "here in Boston" reference; this in spite of the fact that MIT is located in Cambridge. The two cities are cheek and jowl, as are a whole lot of other cities in this part of Massachusetts, but 99% of the high class movie action occurs in a half dozen Sack theatres located in downtown Boston near what is known as the "combat zone."

Here is where "French Connection," "Fiddler on the Roof," or "The Godfather" will play. Chaplin festivals, avant-garde or message films such as "Johnny Got His Gun" play the hinterlands, in Cambridge itself, or, in the case of "Johnny" at the Abbey Cinema which is located next door to the Back Bay fraternity houses.

A word about the "combat zone" now may save you from some surprises later. The area is named for the sailors on leave who frequent it, and its reputation is unsavory (and well earned). It consists of street upon row of porno movie houses and bookstores, along with tattoo parlors and cheap pinball machines. It is something of a severe over-reaction to Boston's old image of prude city (it was only a dozen years ago that this town stopped banning books), and often surprises newcomers.

There is a thriving film community in the area, and if you are a devotee of Orson Welles (after whom a theatre is named), Charlie Chaplin, W.C. Fields, or Alfred Hitchcock, you can depend on many recurring chances to see their movies.

One other note of interest: if you would like to see the film "The King of Hearts" there is a theatre in Cambridge which has been showing it for over a year, and is still showing it, with no signs of stopping.

P.E. Schindler, Jr.

Alice Cooper - a pretty for you

School's Out - Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)

The other day, before the coming of *School's Out*, I was talking to a friend of my brother's, a high school dude named Ronnie. He was telling me how his rock and roll band was in the process of regrouping, the five-man aggregation formerly known as Slates & Stones, Electric Funeral, Machine Head, and now Death Trips Inc. Oh really, sez I, what kind of songs do you do? Oh, sez he, stuff by Grandfunk, Tenyearsafter, Alice Cooper. Oh, sez I, Alice Cooper? Yeah, sez he, they're really good. I got both their albums. Both, sez I, they got four out. Naaw, sez he, and we both proceed to argue the point a while until I lay on him my copies of *Pretties For You* and *Easy Action*. He was dumbfounded.



Alice Cooper

This was not an isolated case, however. With all the journalistic flap, favorable as it might be, concerning Alice's last two efforts, *Love It To Death* and *Killer*; their first two, the superbizarro-if-somewhat-awful *Pretties For You* and the totally incredible *Easy Action* (Rolling Stone hated it, *Fusion* hated it, *The Tech* hated it, yet I maintain it is one of the best American rock albums ever), have been unjustly ignored and, when discovered in the back of someone's record stash, unilaterally badmouthed.

There are two versions of *Pretties*, differing only in packaging: in the later edition, part of the girl in Ed Beardsley's cover illustration is censored out; earlier printings show it's merely a snatch of underclothing peeking out from under her robin egg turquoise dress, all of which is ironic considering *School's Out* comes wrapped in paper panties. Inside the first record, the material comes dangerously close to qualifying as music at numerous points and actually includes two fairly reasonable rock numbers, "Living" and "Reflected." The rest is very disharmonious and disjointed, in short, bizarre.

At the time, Frank Zappa had just discovered the Phoenix band and had hustled them forthwith into a recording studio without fully realizing quite what he had actually uncovered. The resulting record is poorly recorded and sounds half-finished, which may or may not have been intentional but is at least understandable. Even Zappa was grossed out, and he admitted it. He had great hopes for the band, not the least of which was his planned foray into avant-garde packaging, viz: releasing *Pretties* in the form of small discs, packed in tunafish tins. He decided not to.

Alice Cooper's follow-up, *Easy Action*, which came out in early 1970, was equally confused but this time hardly disharmonious; in fact, there's a lot of latent rock and roll energy simmering in them thar grooves. Here it crouches, soon it will strike in the guise of *Love It To Death*, then overextend itself on *Killer*. I recall reading the inner sleeves of Warner Bros.-Reprise records describing the grab-bag samplers available for a buck or two, and wondering what weird, wonder-

ful songs must be "Refrigerator Heaven" and "Return of the Spiders," the two A.C. selections quoted therein. Along with "Shoe Salesman," and "Mr. & Mrs. Misdemeanor," "Still No Air," and probably the best Alice Cooper high energy hard-rock parody of all, "Below Your Means," they comprise an album which is a pure, insane delight, with strange yet compelling lyrics, and truly unusual compositions.

Which brings us to Al's latest, *School's Out*. Those of you who have heard it and liked it would be well advised to pick up a copy of *Easy Action* (although *Pretties For You* should be left for only the most serious Alice Cooperphiles). There are inescapable similarities. Having lodged themselves firmly in the ears of critics and fans alike, having paid off all their musical dues with interest, the Coopers are now returning to explore sociological and musical areas which are of interest to them. Alice likes to consider his band the most Amerikan band in the world today, and what could be more Amerikan than the education scene, from grade school on up. The resulting album is a riotous success, with a good deal of sneering humor and such endearing lyrics as:

Me and Jimmie we ain't never gonna confess

We cheated at the math test

We carved some dirty words in our desk,

Well now it's time for recess...

But musically, $\frac{3}{4}$ of *School's Out* is a throwback to the early years, reviving the protorock texture of *Pretties* and *Easy Action*. For example, "Gutter Cat vs. the Jets" changes mood four times, harkening back to the constant, sometimes disconcerting changes on *Easy Action*, especially the cut "Still No Air," which coincidentally enough contains the first usage of the "when you're a Jet" lyric from *West Side Story* which figures so prominently in "Gutter Cat." "Public Animal No. 9" and "Luney Tune" would fit quite well on *Easy Action*, although they'd be the rockiest things on the album. "My Stars" resembles *Pretties* material, especially the piano work, the hiccupping guitar, and the cascading melody. And those of you who feel that the

orchestral instrumental "Grande Finale" isn't Alice Cooper's style ought to realize that the first cut on *Pretties* is the equally orchestral "Titanic Overture."

School's Out finds Alice and the band down on their hands and knees examining and elucidating their roots, both as red-blooded boys-will-be-boys Amerikanos punks, and as outrageous, innovative, and thoroughly aztec musicians. I haven't the slightest idea what their next album will be like. All I know is I goddamn can't wait!

Mark Astolfi

Crises of the Republic

Crises of the Republic - Hannah Arendt (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)

Hannah Arendt must be something like the lawyer in *To Kill a Mockingbird*: her writing betrays a concern for the Republic that transcends politics, much as that Southern lawyer's humanity transcended prejudice. Somehow, Arendt manages to write strongly without invective, to take strong stands without allying herself with one or another popular cause.

The most exciting thing about her work (and it is exciting in its own way, avoiding the bullshit that usually seems to permeate such scholarly political analysis) is the way she is able to cut through the myths of both the left and the right. In each of three main essays in the book she shatters commonly-held myths with her careful, thoughtful analysis.

In "Lying in Politics," Dr. Arendt discusses the issues of deception raised by the publication of the Pentagon Papers last year. While she follows the path already cleared by many other commentators and scores those responsible for the planning of the Vietnam war for their own self-deception, she digs a little deeper to seek a cause for their self-deception. She remarks that there is a connection between lying and acting - this connection is the faculty of imagination. Without imagination, Arendt argues, not only would man be unable to lie, he would be unable to act: without imagination, he would not be able to see the world as different than it is and so would not be motivated to change it. The war in Vietnam evolved the way it did because men with imagination were not forced to square their theories and hypotheses with reality.

Civil disobedience, most people believe, is an act of conscience, but Arendt, in the essay "Civil Disobedience," argues that in fact dissenters are members of "organized minorities." While she admits that disobedience may find its roots in privately-held beliefs, she goes on to argue that action springs not from these privately-held concerns, but from publicly shared convictions. Civil disobedience, she claims, is not the act of an individual but of an association.

Going further, she argues that dissent must have a place in free society. The concept of government by consent, her essay shows, is meaningless without the recognition of dissent. Unless the citizen knows he is free to disagree, there is no choice, there can be no freedom. Government by consent, she concludes, implies that the people have freely chosen consent over dissent.

Republished in this volume is her essay "On Violence," in which Dr. Arendt makes essential distinctions between power, strength, and violence. Power and violence, she argues, are distinct. Power rests on numbers, while violence depends on instruments (i.e. weapons). Only real power, she notes, can sustain a government; there has never been a government which maintained its power by means of violence. However, she continues her discussion by noting that when a government (or a part of society) loses power, it often turns to violence; in fact, she plots a sort of inverse relation between power and violence. Revolution,

(Continued on page 11)

music

Argent — not really all together now

All Together Now — Argent (Epic)

Well now, Argent has a hit single. And wouldn't you know, after two great albums, the hit comes from a record that is their weakest to date, but which will sell heavily due to the success of "Hold Your Head Up."

The first recording venture by this band after founder and keyboardist par excellence, Rod Argent, split the Zombies, along with bassist-turned-producer Chris White, was a superb disc called simply *Argent*. From that nucleus sprung songs like the original "Liar," "Like Honey," "Schoolgirl," and "Dance in the Smoke." *Ring of Hands* followed, showing a stretching-out of the forms laid down on the first record, a maturing, and a better meshing of instrumentation. But with those progressions came efforts that missed, unlike the amazingly even and high level maintained on *Argent*. The good songs were great — "Celebration," "Rejoice," "Chained," and "Where Are We Going Wrong" — while the weaker numbers were just that — "Lothlorien" and "Sweet Mary." After more than a year, *All Together Now* has now been released.

As expected, Rod Argent is as incredible as ever, furthering his credentials as a top keyboard player; along with Keith Emerson and Rick Wakeman, the third of a triumvirate of rock's best. In the classic mold of under-rated top-notch guitarists (which produced the likes of, among others, Trevor Veitch, Ron Wood, Robin Trower, and Steve Howe) falls Stratocaster-ist Russ Ballard, whose playing adds another dimension to the band's sound, despite his lack of recognition. Yet the overall quality of things has slipped, and now, the good songs are just good, and the lesser moments border on being terrible.

"Hold Your Head Up" is a simply great song, with its interweaving guitar and organ embroidered over that hypnotic bass/drum pattern; but it's the only cut off *All Together Now* that is of that caliber. "Tragedy" and "I Am The Dance of Ages" follow rather closely in quality, but "Keep on Rollin'," "Be My Lover, Be My Friend," and "He's A Dynamo" are little better than alright. Yet the most severe lapse occurs in the form of a thirteen-minute suite, "Pure Love." There are a few salvagable moments musically, but the horrendous drunken, raspy, "bloozy," overindulging vocals and the muddled juxtaposition of ill-fitting themes prevent the comments on the whole album from ranging past noncommittal, much less into the favorable region.

It's really too bad, after all this time of sticking by Argent and saying what a great unrecognized band they were that when they finally release a record that will get more than a modicum of attention, the disc just isn't that good. *All Together Now* winds up being a rather weak album, one that, unfortunately, will be the first exposure to many people of a group that can do better.

Neal Vitale

Resurrected Velvet Underground

The Velvet Underground Live at Max's Kansas City — Velvet Underground (Cotillion)

Who was it who once said, "The fate of the world hung in the balance, and was found wanting"? When hung in a similar balance, this new album is likewise found wanting. To illustrate, let us take a look at the good points, and the bad, of *The Velvet Underground Live at Max's Kansas City*.

Bad: 1) This record was recorded during the summer of 1970, when the VU played an extended gig at Max's KC, a New York City club. No, that's not bad, but it was recorded on a portable cassette snuck in by a friend of the Velvets, Brigid Polk, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the sound quality is only fair, despite what the liner notes might claim. Also, the record is mono.

2) Whether or not this was a "typical" night for the Velvets is something I can't

answer, never having seen them live. But this particular night couldn't have been one of their best, what with the garbled singing, crudely under-amplified backup, and the volley of missed notes, sloppy tempos, and off-key harmonies which send the listener running for cover. The liner notes also declare that this is the first "legitimate bootleg," and so far they're right.

3) But one of the joys of bootlegs is the occasional inclusion of tunes that, while live staple of the group in question, have not been recorded on any studio albums. No such luck with *Live at Max's*. With the exception of three songs off *Loaded*, "Sweet Jane," "New Age," and "Lonesome Cowboy Bill," the record is made up of cuts from older albums, three from *The Velvet Underground*, and four from *Velvet Underground and Nico*. Needless to say, none come even close to approximating the original versions. Or in the case of *Loaded*, the eventual versions, for had this record been released back in the fall of '70, it would have provided sneak previews of the yet-unreleased, last VU album. For example, "Sweet Jane" contains an extra little part that is absent on *Loaded*.

Good: 1) The record lists for only \$3.98.

2) The record is a documentary encapsulation of the Velvets at a particular time in their history as a group, and for this reason would no doubt be a treasure trove for the serious VU aficionados. John Cale had left, Nico was nowhere in sight, and Billy Yule was temporarily replacing Moe Tucker on drums. *Live at Max's* is certainly an accurate portrayal of what the band sounded like on its own turf; the problem is that there aren't that many people who care, and if you were never much of a Velvet Underground fan, this album is better passed by.

In closing, a strange bit of serendipity: while I was still in the process of collecting my thoughts to write this review, I took some time off to search through back-copies of *Fusion* magazine, looking for something pertaining to another group entirely. I was quite surprised to find, in the September 10, 1970 (No. 46) issue, a two-page article by Tom Mancuso concerning the Velvets' summer engagement at Max's. Apparently, Tom never bumped into Brigid, for he makes no mention of a projected live album. I mention this as a public service to hardcore VU archivists who just might find Nirvana reading the article while listening to the record. Have fun.

Mark Astolfi

Carney — an unfulfilled prophecy

Carney — Leon Russell (Shelter)

The pattern of deterioration begun on Leon Russell's second solo album is continued here on his third, *Carney*. Just as the rollicking, gospel-stomp brand of rocker on *Leon Russell* gave way to the slick, show-off, at times overproduced material on *Shelter People*, rave-up numbers have all but disappeared on *Carney*. The closest things, "Roller Derby" and maybe "Tight Rope" and "Out in the Woods," are merely shadows of "Delta Lady," "Roll Away the Stone," or "Of Thee I Sing."

The pervading feel on *Carney* is one of low-key melancholy, of subdued pensiveness; slow, relatively uncluttered reflections on life and rock superstardom. Many are deeply personal, a long recognized trait of Russell's music. But only "Me and Baby Jane," which was the flip side of a single off of *Shelter People*, is as good as Leon's best slow numbers, "Superstar," "Hummingbird," or "Hello Little Friend." Others on *Carney*, "Manhattan Island Serenade," "My Cricket" and "This Masquerade" in particular, are pretty but rather uneventful musically, and hence not characteristically Leon Russell, who ends up sounding like a hip Wayne Newton.

There are also other sore spots: "Cajun Love Song" is an expedition into Bayou swamp-rock country, and gets bogged down in short order. Then there is "Carney/Acid Annapolis": I would have thought that the days of the self-indulgent "Revolution No. 9"-type freak-out cut were long gone, but apparently not. This time it's done with voices instead of transistors, and is mercifully short, just under four minutes. Elsewhere, in places of incisive composing and keen arranging, Leon falls (stagger?) back on tired gimmicks like the jungle noises on



Leon Russell

"Out in the Woods" and the rainstorm on "Manhattan Island Serenade."

The brightest spot on the album is the countryish "If the Shoe Fits," an amusing indictment of the hangers-on and newgroupies who live by mooching off their rock magazine press credentials. While the melody is no great shakes, Leon's caustic humor, dormant since the Asylum Choir days, comes alive in the lyrics:

Can you get us in free, my girlfriend and me,

We like the songs but we hate to pay
Can I have your guitar, can I ride on your car

Can you give me a role to play?

Can I have an autograph, can I sit in your lap

Are you really into witchcraft like they say

Can I follow you home, can I use your telephone,

Can we crash here for just a few days?
We're from Rolling Stone so it's OK.

Carney is a quiet, listenable record, which is disappointing in that it is only one side of Leon Russell's incredible talent, and the weaker side to boot. Looking back on past Russell efforts, *Carney* stands as a prophecy unfulfilled.

Mark Astolfi

For the fifth time — Chicago

Chicago V — Chicago (Columbia)

What has Chicago been doing all this time? They haven't recorded any original material in 18 months, with the exception of "A Song For Richard And His Friends," an utterly forgettable song from an equally forgettable monstrosity of an album package, *Chicago at Carnegie Hall*. Sure, I was expecting a two-record set, but not because it had seemed to become their style to release double albums. It's just that they hadn't been in the studio since 1970. However, *Chicago V* is a single album. As I heard the last chord on side two, I was reminded of standing at the kitchen sink in agony, frantically swallowing gulps of water to wash out the taste left from that first teaspoonful of Vicks Formula 44. The same thought runs through my mind on both occasions — I'm afraid I realize how the second dose would be.

The main distaste I have for this album is that the horn section is taking a vacation, doing imaginative work on only a few cuts. "A Hit By Varese" features good brass solos and overall, this is the best cut on the album. In "All is Well," Pankow, Parazaid, and Loughane provide an adequate brass backup to an otherwise dull song, and "Now That You've Gone" contains a well-done sax solo and interesting music on trumpet and trombone. The rest of their blowing on this album is, on the whole, lackluster and lackadaisical, and disappointing if compared to their three previous efforts. (Am I forgetting something?)

"Dialogue," lyrically if not musically, is an interesting cut, and features Terry Kath, the activist, "debating" with Peter Cetera, the "apathist." By the end of the song, the ideas of the two have changed, they no longer hold extreme positions, and are closer to understanding each other. "Saturday in the Park" is the type

of song Three Dog Night could easily fit into their repertoire. But I do like this cute, simple song, and as an American Bandstand song critic would say, "It's gotta good beat and ya can dance to it." Yet this song suffers from too many instruments. The squeaking of guitar and the bleating of brass could be eliminated and wouldn't be sorely missed. Actually, this song would sound best cut down to the piano and vocal, but that would result in smaller paychecks for five members of the band (or six, depending on who's singing). "State of the Union" offers a good musical background and some amusing lyrics. Finally, I'm saying more than enough about the remaining three songs simply by making the allusion that they exist.

To complete this release, two more posters are included in the front sleeve, with which many Chicago freaks can probably finish wall-papering their rooms. On their next poster, I won't be surprised to see only four faces staring out at me, if *Chicago VI* is a continuation of *V*. Whether or not Chicago can function well without wind instruments is a question I can't answer. However, I do think that if the horn section would stop sitting on its collective brass, and play music more suited to their capabilities, we would hear songs which are closer in quality to two of their better efforts, "Beginnings" and "The Approaching Storm."

Jeff Palmer

Hookfoot a'comin'

Good Times A'Comin' — Hookfoot (A&M)

Caleb Quaye, Ian Duck, Roger Pope, Dave Glover. If these names sound familiar, it's because you've seen them on various Elton John records as back-up musicians. Their new album, *Good Times A'Comin'*, is listenable but in the end disappointing because only two of the ten cuts demonstrate the genius at which the other eight hint. Black guitar-man Caleb Quaye is the driving force behind the album, writing four of the tunes and co-writing five others, singing lead on many, and providing excellent guitar-work throughout. Technically, Hookfoot is a tight, experienced band. Harmonies are clean and full, even if they do at times resemble those of Hamilton, Joe Frank, and Reynolds, especially at the end of "Living in the City," where the music fades out leaving the voices to continue for a few bars more, quite an impressive technique.

But Hookfoot's weakness is their material, which tends to be quite bland and ordinary, except for two songs — "The Painter," featuring a churning Yes-like perpetual motion background of organ, piano, and guitar; and "Flying in the USA," a slower rocker with crisp, upfront vocals, postcard-to-home lyrics, and tasteful flowing chord changes. Yet the overall feel of the record is, sadly, one of limitation. That is, musically competent performers struggling with a limited foothold on the rock muse. Which means that *Good Times A'Comin'* fails to deliver, and is ultimately just another album. I sense it could have been otherwise. Their next album may be a pleasant surprise.

Mark Astolfi

books

(Continued from page 9)

in her schema, comes not through violence, but through the recognition of the power "lying in the streets" by some new group.

"Thoughts on Politics and Revolution" is an interview in which Arendt further discusses the ideas she presented in "On Violence" and in which she also comments on what she sees as a world-wide student movement.

Lee Giguere

film

F.T.A. —

Free (?) the Army

"Foxtrot, Tango, Alpha; Free The Army" is the cheer which Don Sutherland and Jane Fonda deliver frequently during the film *FTA* (Free The Army). The film is a collection of the skits which Jane Fonda has taken around the world to entertain our troops (for some reason, the show has never played on a base).

The *FTA* show established Fonda's anti-war credentials, and raised the ire of the US government, which tried to keep the show out of Japan where the American military presence was already causing trouble enough. This kind of background and the distribution of a film version at home probably won't make matters easier for Jane, who faces possible treason charges for her recent broadcasts from Hanoi which encouraged pilots to abandon their bombing missions.

The live show can be categorized as "revolutionary vaudeville" and the film can be categorized as a documentary, but designations tend to be slippery and this film is no exception.

First of all, although the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak here; being a good actor who opposes the war does not make a person into a worthy vaudevillian. The unknowns in the film are part of the show because they can handle their roles, while the stars are here for name value; thus they suffer by comparison. Fonda is just not a singing dancing performer, and Sutherland does not come across well in his bit parts. And both, in spite of earnest efforts to "rap" with the little people (and surely the film would show only the most successful efforts), come across as slightly nervous and insincere when they deal, person to person, with dissatisfied GI's.

Secondly, this is not a documentary as those of us in the TV generation have come to know it. There are no cuts of official America responding to the sometimes heavy-handed propagandizing about racism and sexism in the armed forces (one song is titled "I'm Tired of Having Bastards Fucking Over Me"); there is only one side presented, and it is presented forcefully and often, intercutting from performance to performance, press conference to press conference, rap session to rap session. Balance is really a pretty hollow concept, and one is treated to a much more honest portrayal at least of one side of the issue is that side is presented without interruption.

The producers and writers of the show are not without skill; the material is adapted to the audience being played to (a page taken from the book of Bob Hope, and every other entertainer who has cheered up our boys overseas), even including a name change to "Free the Navy" when it is appropriate. Much of it is very funny; the skits are tight and the songs are both melodic and lyrical, even if they are sometimes delivered off key.

Several examples of the show's content immediately come to mind. In one skit, we are treated to a technically accurate play by play description of a delta battle by two commentators who call each other "Red"; "Charlie coming on the field now... the lieutenant leads a charge but... a grenade has gone off, the lieutenant is gone, there are flags all over the field, and it looks like a fragging penalty." (In case you have been on a desert island the last few years, fragging is killing an over-eager officer with a fragmentation grenade.) There is a song

called "My Ass is Mine" which talks of drafts and drills and uniforms in a most amusing fashion. A black woman in the cast recites a very moving poem that stops the entire film, as she describes her man, and then his unwillingness to fight and die in a stupid war.

The film drags in places, but it is very much worth your while both to see it and to stay through the whole thing, because there are very worthy high points every once in a while which make the whole thing worth it. *At the Abbey Cinema*

P.E. Schindler, Jr.

Last of

the Red-Hot Lovers

Neil Simon is the toast of Broadway, renowned for a touch of gold that makes all of his creations for the stage financially rewarding for his angels. He has pulled off a feat virtually unparalleled in modern times: he had three non-musical shows running on the Great White Way simultaneously. In addition to all of this, he has written a screenplay adaptation of his hit *Last of the Red-Hot Lovers*.

The show on the stage in New York with Dom DeLuise was a funny, farcical, whimsical evening of theatre, as the lover settles in while his conquests get progressively kookier. All of the action takes place in one room: the fastidious living room belonging to the hero's mother, who gets back by five from her two-day shift at the hospital. On top of all the verbal Simon-style humor we are treated to, there is the continual subliminal threat of a) the mother's return and b) "contamination" of her perfectly clean apartment by drinks or cigarette butts.

But it must be noted that the film is not the play, nor should it be. And here, I will mention what every other review of "Lovers" seems obliged to mention: the "opening-up" of a play into a film. Simon has been unsatisfied with the opening-up done by other writers on his previous work. This time, he reserved the tampering privilege for himself, and resisted the mostly gratuitous scene-shifting which usually occurs during the "opening-up" process. The movie is very similar to the play, as the vast majority of its action is two talking heads in a single apartment. We do get to see the set up of each incident, including hilarious scenes in a New York fish market, in Central Park, and in a suburban kitchen, as hapless Alan Arkin stumbles from seduction to seduction.

There is only one thing which Arkin does not have to make the role come completely alive on the screen: he is not fat. It is not clear that Simon intended the red-hot lover should be fat, but the two men most closely identified with the Broadway role, James Coco and Dom DeLuise (both of whom, by the way, could easily have done the film, and one wonders why they did not) were fat, and they were masters in the role.

The performances of the three women in the film can be recommended without the slightest reservation. Sally Kellerman, as the worldly sleep-around New York City bitch-with-a-heart-of-ice puts the proper edge into her cutting comments as she takes Arkin apart bit by bit, with clock-watching, and such comments as "these have been the best two hours of my life." She is followed by Paula Prentiss as a hyper-active lunatic type prospective nightclub singer, with a Nazi dyke singing coach. She makes everyone in the theatre squirm with her bodily testimonial to excessive adrenalin, and she recounts sexual exploits that would make Hugh Hefner blush, and concludes by offering uptight Arkin a joint. As in the play, our hapless central character finally learns enough to be a passable lover, only to be presented with an opportunity which involves a philandering neighbor, who is possessed of as many hangups as can be easily imagined.

The film is honed to a Simon "laugh-a-minute" edge, which makes it thoroughly enjoyable. But, just as with the play, the laughs get spread out towards the end, as the message is snuck in.

Everything grows with the telling on the big screen, including a conclusion which assumes that our wandering seeker, after a "brief, meaningful relationship" will return to his loyal wonderful wife forever after. It seems a little out of character, and takes a bit of the film's

credence away. But the sermonizing is low key, and can be forgiven as the necessary ending of an afternoon of good clean fun.

Gene Paul

music

Daddy Who?

Daddy Cool!

Daddy Who? Daddy Cool! Teenage Heaven — Daddy Cool (Reprise)

Last fall, when mentioning to a couple of friends a few of the more interesting releases out of the voluminous number with which Warners/Reprise and friends had just glutted the market, I was surprised to find someone who had even heard of Daddy Cool, never mind one who thought they were terrific. It turned out that my friend was from Australia, as are all of the band; even so, it made me go back and check them out a bit. It seems that Daddy Cool is to Australia what the Beatles once were, and what Marc Bolan now is, to England and what no one since Elvis Presley has been to America. So, there must be something there past the glitter and camp and put-on that is so much a part of that bunch of Australians.



Daddy Cool

And it turned out there was. These dudes from Kangarooville managed to put down some neo-50's rock 'n' roll, along with versions of American classics like "Lollipop" and "School Days." It all bopped along pretty well on their first album, *Daddy Who? Daddy Cool!*, with their smash hit *Down Under*, "Eagle Rock," crowning it all.

Now we have their second go-around, and the boys are rocking and boogieing harder than ever, with all those old rock 'n' roll roots strong as ever. This time they do simply heart-rending covers of the tear-jerking "I'll Never Smile Again" and the soul-scratching "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box." But it's on their own songs, "Drive-In Movie," "Love In An F.J.," "Teenage Blues," and "Daddy Rocks Off," that Daddy Cool really gets off and shakes its collective ass.

Both of the band's albums have been uneven, as just about any records of this sort will be; but when they hit (and *Teenage Heaven* hits more often, of the two), they'll get you right between the eyes.

Neal Vitale

Santana & Miles —

more dead than alive

Carlos Santana & Buddy Miles! Live! (Columbia)

The bulk of this record is given over to the Latin/Black caterwauling and pandering that have become trademarks of Santana, Miles, and friends, with little being done to elevate those musical forms above street level. Carlos Santana does his best to keep things afloat with some good guitarwork, but when things turn into 25 minutes of "Free Form Funkside Filth," little can be done short of prayer.

But the inclusion of two songs provides a bit of redeeming social value, showing who are the real heroes of this recording. One tune is Buddy Miles' "Them Changes," first introduced on Hendrix's *Band of Gypsies*; the version on *Live!* provides, by comparison, a realization of just how good Jimi Hendrix was. And the opening track, "Marbles," is done just well enough to spark enough interest (hopefully) for people to seek out John McLaughlin's electrically churning original rendition, *off Devotion*. In either case, one finds out who are the real winners off *Carlos Santana & Buddy Miles! Live!* — two great guitarists, Messrs. Hendrix and McLaughlin.

Neal Vitale

The cyclical theory of Elton John

Honky Chateau — Elton John (Uni)

There are now five American-released Elton John albums, and the cyclical nature of those records is truly intriguing, as is the continuing excellence equally amazing. Each new disc since *Elton John* has marked a maturing, a progression, yet a return to one of the styles explored on that first record. *Tumbleweed Connection* sprang from "Take Me To The Pilot" and "No Shoestrings On Louise" as did *11-17-70*, in turn, develop from the expansions of that country/western/rock 'n' roll theme on *Tumbleweed. Madman Across The Water* picked up on the heavily orchestrated, lyric-centered efforts of "First Episode at Hinton" and "The King Must Die." And now, *Honky Chateau* marks yet another tangent from *Elton John*, while at the same time returning to that variegated quality of the nucleus that was the first record.

Musically, with the exception of the overblown "Honky Cat" and "Salvation," the sound has shifted back to early Elton John, sans Paul Buckmaster and his strangling strings. The band is a pretty straight rock conglomerate, with only violinist Jean-Luc Ponty and A.R.P.-man David Henschel providing bits of diversification. As piano-player/vocalist, John is still distinctive in both respects. Fine songs like "Amy" and "Susie (Dramas)" revive the style and feeling of "Your Song," "I Need You To Turn To," and "Sixty Years On" off the first album. "Hercules" is a snappy little tune in which Elton John starts sounding like John Kongos who used to sound like Elton John. "Rocket Man" is a great song, showing another side of Bernie Taupin's lyricism. But it is "I Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself" that is the classic from *Honky Chateau*. It's a tremendous 50's parody, musically and stylistically, with lyrics like:

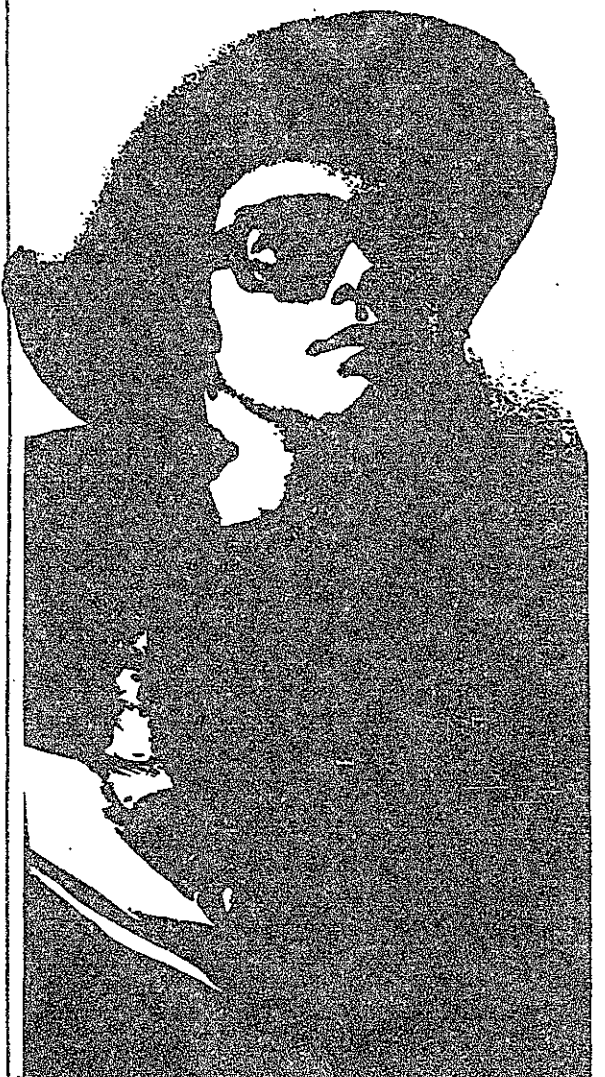
*Yea, I'm gonna kill myself,
Get a little headline news.
I'd like to see what the papers say
On the state of teenage blues.*

*A rift in the family,
I can't use the car.
I gotta be in by ten o'clock,
— who do they think they are?*

*I'd make an exception
If you want to save my life.
Brigitte Bardot gotta come
And see me every night.*

What with the combination of Elton John's returning to those directions pointed out on *Elton John*, and the revealing of other facets of his and Bernie Taupin's work, the result is nothing less than an unqualified success. The good songs are great, and the lesser efforts are still good; totally, *Honky Chateau* is another excellent album in a string of five for Elton John.

Neal Vitale



Elton John

music

John Lennon —
waiting for Harrison

Some Time in New York City — John & Yoko/Plastic Ono Band/Elephant's Memory (Apple)

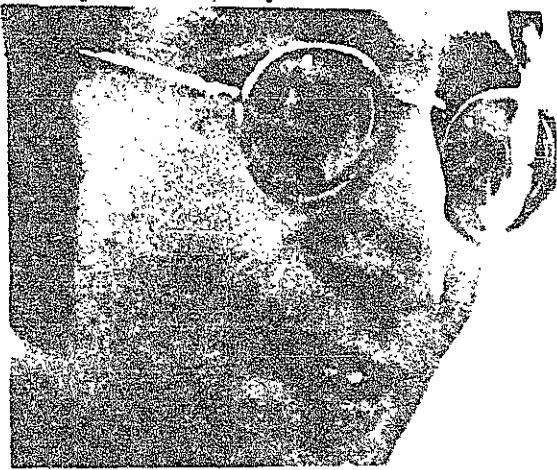
I can see it now. Twenty years from today, my kid comes home from school with Johnyoko Lennon's record album *Some Time in New York City* tucked under his arm. Seems it's required listening in his "Conflicts in Mid-20th Century Democracy" class. I suppose I wouldn't be too surprised, for a listening or two would give him a moderately interesting perspective on our troubled times, that perspective being: rich, young, dope-crazed, irreverent and irrelevant British rock musician and wife turned concerned, down-to-earth, just-average-Joes American revolutionaries. Like the album jacket says, "Ono news that's fit to print." But how about our present day eardrums and sensitive-yet-tolerant musical tastes hmmm?

To start with, *STINYC*, the latest offering from the Plastic Ono Crew of Apple Records contains five songs per side, ranging in quality from what you might label "sorta good if you're in the mood" to downright insulting. Actually, I think the Lennons have finally gotten their heads together, and I'm fighting the good fight to like this record. Here's a blow by blow account.

Side one opens with the controversial single "Woman Is the Nigger of the World." It is one of the better cuts on the album, and would probably be a sizeable hit were it not for the word "nigger" in the chorus, a word which even Archie Bunker, not to mention American media in general, shuns. The song has all the right touches: John's echoing voice, fine sax backing by Elephant's Memory's Stan Bronstein, and a lush organ and strings accompaniment thanks to Phil Spector.

"Sisters, O Sisters" is the first of Yoko's three tunes. The song seems to be some sort of early 60's chick singer satire with some bouncy guitar work and little else. Ms. Lennon is on key maybe 75% of the time, a marked improvement. Next comes "Attica State," which sounds like a cross between "For You Blue" and "Old Brown Shoe," followed by "Born In a Prison," more Yoko silliness which is saved by a hauntingly melodic chorus and more nice sax work.

The last song on the first side is by far the best on the album, and ranks with "Working Class Hero" as one of the better things John's done since The Great Split back in 1970. "New York City" takes up where "Ballad of John and Yoko" left off, being a musical diary of the Lennons arrival in Amerika, their meeting up with Dave Peel and Jerry Rubin, their playing the Fillmore, and etc. The song really rocks, being a bit more hectic than "Ballad," and with a more primitive fifties feel. It shows that John can still get it on when he wants to. The question is, why doesn't he?



John Lennon

If side one was tolerable, more or less, side two unfortunately is not. "Luck of the Irish" and "Angela" are slow, dreary pieces. "We're All Water" is the third Yoko song, with more fifties rumblings and typically inane lyrics, with a few patented Yoko screams and cackles thrown in for good measure. "John Sinclair" has nice bottlenecking and an amusing melody, but is spoiled by the repetition of the word "gotta" (as in "gotta set him free") 15 times in a row each time the chorus comes around.

On the whole then, *STINYC* is poorly (at times horrendously) recorded, slop-

pily conceived and executed, and probably wouldn't have made it past the demos had not you-know-who been doing it. But if it fails as music, then, does it succeed as something else? Isn't *STINYC* meant to wake up Amerika to its oppression of women, blacks, and its people in general? Isn't it the revolutionary manifesto of our times committed to shiny black vinyl?

I'm afraid I must conclude, no. In the Lennons' defense, they are singing songs about things that concern them, wrongs they feel (and I wholeheartedly agree) should be righted. They are taking more of a stand than many other influential rock limelighters. You have to admit their intentions are commendable. But who is *STINYC* addressed to? Whose conscience does it jog? Moms and Dads aren't going to buy the album, the kids are. These kids are the best-informed, most socially aware young minds in the history of mankind. If it happens tonight, they know about it while they're munching their Cheerios tomorrow morning. They know all about Attica, Northern Ireland, and Women's Lib. Maybe they care and they're doing something. Maybe they care and think that there's nothing they can do. Maybe they don't care.

The point, Plastic Onos, is that you're not telling anyone anything they don't already know, and, more importantly, you're not giving them any reasons why they should care. *STINYC* contains nothing constructive or instructive. It is a revolutionary playpen, its precocious naivety equalled only by its lack of true substance. While poor musicianship might under some circumstances be redeemed by the vital thought behind the music, in the case of *STINYC*, it just doesn't come off. This means that the record, despite its two or three good tracks and aura of social concern, is a poor investment.

By the way, I almost forgot. It's a double album, although it lists for only \$6.98. As advertised on the back cover, it includes a "free" jam disc, one side of which features the Onos' messings with Frank Zappa, the other side includes thousands of rock VIPs from Clayton to Hopkins and back. It shouldn't seem strange, in light of *Live Peace Toronto 1969* and the Lennons general musical attitude nowadays, that the bonus record is pretty miserable, as crudely recorded and musically uninspired as one could imagine (no pun intended). The package as a whole is discouraging. I suppose we'll just have to sit back and see what Harrison's got up his sleeve.

Mark Astolfi

Grave New World —
this year's sleeper?

Grave New World — Strawbs (A&M)

The Strawbs are a pretty amazing band. Very few groups could do what they've done over the years: The Strawbs were able successfully to restrain Rick Wakeman from showing off much of his prowess on keyboards; in fact, prevent him and the band from becoming known to much more than a mere handful of well-versed persons outside England. They ultimately managed to find an able replacement for Wakeman after he went to Yes, in the form of one Blue Weaver. They survived dismissal left and right as just another "pretentious English group" combined with a low-key style that proved rather somnolent for most. And, now, with *Grave New World*, they've created a work that is the nearest thing to a masterpiece without actually being one.

In their previous two American releases, the live *Just a Collection of Antiques and Curios* and *From the Withwood*, the Strawbs' style and orientation was clearly established. Apparently under David Cousins' guiding hand (as vocalist/guitarist/writer), the base in medieval music — very baroque, very folksy, very Celtic, very underwhelming — was soundly formulated. Nothing flashy, highly lyric-geared, using the music more as a counterpoint for imagery that rivalled the likes of John Renbourn and Bert Jansch; at times, even early Marc Bolan. The band was always quite competent and versatile, with most members adept at several instruments.

Yet the very type of music seemed to be just too decidedly forgettable. On *From the Withwood*, thanks to Wakeman's opening up a bit and John Ford's heady bass, there were moments when the Strawbs could almost be called a rock band, as on "Sheep." But they would quickly revert to fragile, acoustic interplay amidst guitars and harpsichord



The Strawbs, before Rick Wakeman's departure

topped by sparkling harmonies, as on the pristine "In Amongst the Roses." Yet the more delicate the music, the more glaring the weaknesses of the group.

Carrying their Celtic bent farther to natural up-dated culmination, the Strawbs came to *Grave New World* with frailties intact, and strengths altered only technically by the addition of Weaver to what had previously been a remarkably stable set-up (as most groups go nowadays). What they've now tackled is the situation in Ireland, centered thematically around three songs — bassist Ford's "Heavy Disguise," Cousins' "New World," and the Strawbs' collective "Tomorrow." What results is a tapestry of thoughts, emotions, and reflections on the strife, in both the present and the past tense, and dealing in specifics as well as generalities. What at first seems like just another album in the medieval ilk soon becomes a lingering, haunting achievement.

But it becomes glaringly evident that it has become increasingly difficult to sustain such lyric-keyed work, especially since the Strawbs really don't have a singer. Cousins, though the more distinctive compared with Ford's Paul Simon-ish voice or Hooper's nondescript vocals, clearly is not a very pleasant vocalizer to listen to. Production gets in the way at times, though it was more a problem on *From the Witchwood* with Tony Visconti at the helm. Lack of a strong, solid musical stance (which could overshadow any of the other troubles) does in the Strawbs. Where they stand is clear, but that position can't support what is being said. So *Grave New World* languishes in its low-key nature, and misses being a truly excellent album by just that much.

Yet even with its flaws, *Grave New World* is a progression for the Strawbs. It is the first effort of any scope to try to deal with the conflict in Ireland (discounting Paul McCartney's quickie) and it succeeds admirably in that regard. But only a band like the Strawbs could find a way to undercut themselves, as they've done on *Grave New World*, and prevent this album from being as good as it could have been. And it could have been great.

Neal Vitale

John Kongos revisited

Kongos — John Kongos (Elektra)

Early this year when *Kongos* was released, I listened to it a few times and then knocked off a quickie review, pretty well panning it. It never quite fit, or some such thing, but the review never ran in *The Tech Arts Section*. And now I'm glad it didn't.

Listening to that record now, having repeatedly heard two singles from *Kongos* receive characteristic AM radio overkill, the album comes through as a very strong one. Last summer, the pre-release single "He's Gonna Step On You Again" made a very small dent in the airwaves, but was a killer enough tune to create a few heads along the way. Yet the album came as an anti-climax, sounding very Elton John-ish, even using most of the same musicians, so that at first, it was simply sloughed off as a very derivative batch of tunes, having lost the excitement that marked the single.

Then Elektra issued "Tokoloshe Man," a cut from the torrid "Step On You" mold, and I began to reconsider a bit, but not really very much. "Jubilee Cloud" followed, making the rounds of the stations along with John Baldry's cover version. That song struck me as an incredibly powerful number, a break

from the form of the previous two singles, so I went back to *Kongos* and played it a few more times. Yup, I was wrong.

John Kongos is a strong singer, with a style that progressively becomes more and more distinctive. His writing is good, if not overly distinguished, and his band of musicians assure tight, competent music. Besides the three top-notch 45's, the moody, rollicking, synthesizer-laced "Try To Touch Just One" and the soft "Tomorrow I'll Go" (with Ralph McTell) are the best from the album. *Kongos* is a varied, potent record, albeit somewhat overly angelic, overly gospel-ish, and over-produced at points, and which admittedly takes several listenings to really appreciate. But a very good record, nonetheless, which deserves a lot more attention than it has received.

Neal Vitale

Carl and the Passions —
so poor

Carl and the Passions — So Tough/Pet Sounds — The Beach Boys (Warner Brothers)

If you are among those lucky enough to already possess a copy of *Pet Sounds* that has not yet succumbed to the brutalities of diamond against vinyl, then this re-releasing of that album along with the new *So Tough* should hold little interest for you. But if you've played your old *Pet Sounds* into the turntable mat, or you were never astute/fortunate/well-endowed/into the Beach Boys enough to pick it up back in 1966, then you face the dilemma of whether or not to shell out for it now, and get only a couple (at best) second-rate songs to boot at the inflated \$7.98 list.



Brian Wilson and Mike Love

So Tough is a colossal disappointment after *Sunflower* and *Surf's Up*; the departure of Bruce Johnston and subsequent arrival of Ricky Fataar and Blondie Chaplin now appears to have been much more damaging to the band than initially thought. The new record resides in some sort of pseudo-gospel-meditation limbo, scarred by abortive attempts at rock 'n' roll and Dennis Wilson's twice being buried alive in orchestral avalanches. Even the best songs, "She Come Down" and "All This Is That," are little better than out-takes from earlier discs. The record buyer is ultimately left to decide if *Pet Sounds* (a genuine classic) is worth the price of a two-record set where one record isn't worth the plastic on which it's pressed.

Neal Vitale

D-Lab divestment due; MIT's cost to be \$5M

(Continued from page 1)

status from IRS, and receive (from various sources) about \$1 million dollars as a "cushion fund" to tide the Lab over varying periods of demand for their services. In addition, since half of the Lab area is in space which is owned by MIT (the other half is leased commercial property) some arrangement for rent has to be made.

According to officials, the changes wrought by divestment will undoubtedly necessitate some additional reduction of services in both academic and support programs, and a continuation of the tortured budget cutting process which has been going on for the last few years. As one Institute officer noted, "The loss of this revenue will not brighten the picture for future tuition increases."

Background

On Wednesday, May 20, 1970, Howard Johnson announced to a Faculty meeting his unilateral decision: "I conclude that we cannot over the period of the next months and years continue to manage the Draper Laboratory..." His statement caused an uproar which has not yet died down in some quarters, over both the decision and the decision process.

In addition, Johnson's report on that date included the statement that complete separation of the Lab might take place in a year: "I think in terms of a year. Others, perhaps more aware of the complications, say it will take months longer, some say shorter." Since then, the major discernable movement towards divestment has been a change in the name of the Labs; from the MIT Instrumentation Labs to the Charles Stark Draper Labs.

The complications which Johnson spoke of did arise; they were mainly connected with drastic NASA and DoD cutbacks in research funding, along with the nosedive which the economy took at that time. Unable to find new sources of non-military funding, the labs were faced with destruction if MIT jettisoned them prematurely. Negotiations for divestment have been on-going during the entire time, but one Institute officer noted, "We had no incentive to hurry them along." Some people have accused the Department of Defense of dragging its feet, but the same official scoffed at that idea too, "the Labs are important to DoD, and will probably be more expensive after divestment. They didn't slow us down, but they didn't push us along."

The D-Labs have had the official status of an "Independent Division" since May of 1970, and have their own board, composed of the people Johnson suggested; "one Corporation member, faculty, and interested outside people." In addition, MIT treasurer Paul Cusick now serves as treasurer of D-Labs, while MIT Vice-President for Research Al Hill serves as chairman of the board of directors.

High MIT administration sources contend that when divestment is completed, the interlocking nature of the D-Lab board will be reduced, to minimize the appearance of Institute control. At the same time, it is

hoped that those educational ties which now exist between the Lab and MIT will continue. These include Course XVI professors and students doing research projects at the Lab; the employment of students as technicians; and the teaching of freshman seminars by Lab staff members.

Divestment was not the only avenue open two years ago, even though it was the one chosen. Many thought that the Labs should be kept under MIT control and converted to non-military, non-classified work in the civilian area. At that time Johnson said such conversion was not possible, or desirable, from the viewpoint of the Lab and its contractors.

The merits of these arguments are now moot; the decision will come to fruition, and barring unforeseen faculty or administrative action, the D-Labs will experience final separation from MIT on June 30, 1973.

Court finds 19 guilty for ROTC trespass

(Continued from page 1)

ment which was intended to force administrators out of the building. "It was a real shoving match," recalled Nyhart.

After these latter incidents, a ten-minute countdown was begun by administrators during which those present were repeatedly warned of the possible consequences of their staying in the building. "We were very aware of the time," Sorenson stated, pointing out the problems the administration encountered during the prosecution of those responsible for the occupation of the President's office in 1969 because of a lack of detail about exact times of specific incidents.

On May 18, Vice President Kenneth R. Wadleigh filed complaints against 31 of the approximately 70 people who allegedly took part in the trespass. Identification was made by deans and faculty members only, although some students were on the scene with the permission of the Deans' Office. Again according to Sorenson, when those faculty members and administrators present were starting to make identifications, "everyone was given the option to say no, and some did." Only those who could be positively identified by more than one person were charged.

Summonses were served starting on May 26, with hearings May 31 through June 2.

Of those charged, found not guilty were Robert Bickerton, Donald Koolish, Michael Krasner, Anthony Kroch, Thomas Ng and James Okun. According to Sorenson, anyone who denied his presence in the building at 3:35 pm (when those present were officially declared tres-

Interphase students here

By Lee Giguere

MIT is more than just calculus and physics for the first 23 members of the Class of '76 to arrive here — it's a maze of fascinating tunnels set in an interesting city, a school where the professors "know their stuff."

The 23 are participating in Project Interphase, a seven-week introduction to MIT designed, according to Assistant Dean for Student Affairs James J. Bishop, "to enable you to develop gradually your individual style, student habits and self-discipline that will lead you into the first year's mode of operation, expectations and quality and quantity of the workload."

The initial reactions of this advanced guard of MIT's newest freshman class were solidly favorable. Seven of the 23 were questioned by *The Tech* after their first week at MIT.

MIT's tunnel network is being probed by Albert Oliver of Philadelphia and Debra Johnson of Houston. Al was quick to compare Boston with his home: Phil-

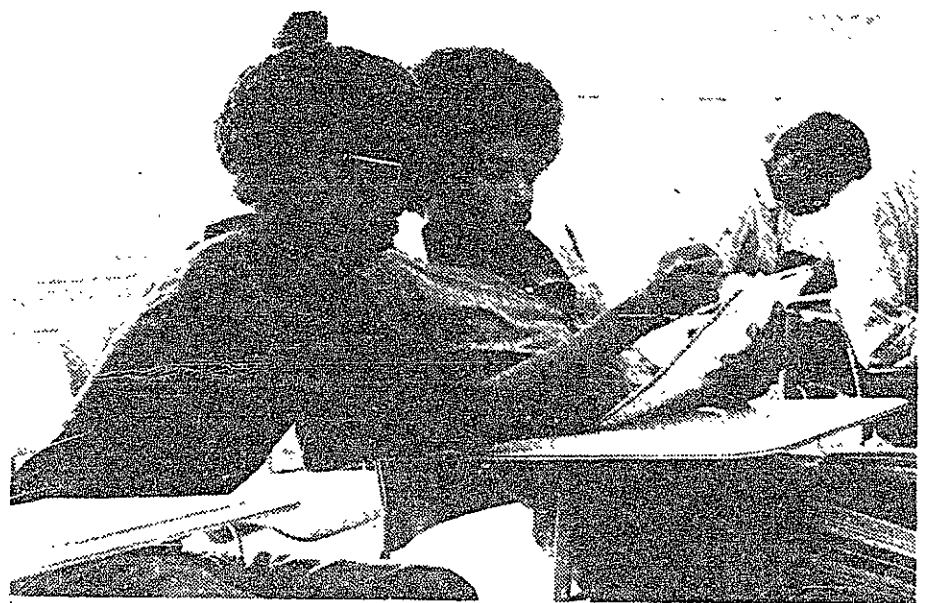


Photo by David Tenenbaum

adelphia is more organized than Boston, but the Boston subway system is "peaceful" compared to Philadelphia's. Al went on to say that he was "crazy about City Hall" and added that it was a "great feeling" to be at MIT. With Debra, the conversation turned to class work: like so many before her, she found the problem sets hard.

Most students dread the thought of summer school, but Pete Garcia, of El Paso, like several other Interphase participants, said, "I like it fine." The program, he said, has been good so far, and Pete expressed his fear that without it MIT "would have been hard in the fall." Unlike most newcomers to Boston, Pete found the city green compared to his home town.

Harold Caldwell of Flint felt that MIT had an "atmosphere of a lot of work" — "not easy but interesting." Jim Banks of Newport said the group was "up to our necks in work." Jim was another of those who don't mind summer school; in fact, he said he loved MIT.

For the past four years, according to Bishop, from 20 to 50 freshmen have participated in the summer program. This year's group of 23 (17 of them black students) are required to take calculus, physics and one of two humanities options. In addition, an optional chemistry course is being offered. For their work in the required courses, they will receive a block of 18 units of credit.

Bishop explained that all 23 of the freshmen invited to participate in Interphase were accepted unconditionally to MIT. However, they were chosen for the program because while the Admissions Office felt they could perform well and were "desireable personalities," there were either deficiencies in their academic backgrounds or they were felt to have a lower than normal chance of success at MIT.

Besides the "patching up" of these deficiencies, Bishop elaborated three other goals of Project

Interphase: 1) to give these freshmen a "graduated introduction to MIT," 2) to give them a chance to explore the recreational and cultural resources of MIT and Greater Boston, and 3) to give the Dean's Office staff and their advisors and instructors a chance to get to know them.

In the calculus course the Interphase students use the same text as that which will be used in 18.01 in the fall. Besides being able to take as many of the six 18.01 exams as they can, they will also review pre-calculus math, Bishop said. The physics course, he noted, serves as an introduction to physics as it is taught at MIT.

Photography and music workshops provide the two humanities options the freshmen must choose between. Bishop explained that more traditional humanities subjects had been offered in the first three years of the program, but interest in them had waned. In the summer program, Bishop said, the students are more concerned about their ability in MIT's scientific and technical subjects. The students, he continued, "wanted things that involved their talents and their hands."

The cost of the program is borne entirely by MIT, which pays the salaries of the staff, the students' room, board and travel expenses, and provides them with their books and a \$7/week allotment for incidentals. (Each student is also allowed \$5.35 per day for meals.) In addition, MIT, in its financial aid package, makes up an assumed \$500 in summer earnings.

Bishop admitted to one difficulty with the program. In the fall, he said, there is some let-down when the high student/faculty ratio of Interphase is diluted. The close-knit group that the Interphase freshmen found in the summer no longer exists, he said, and they don't have the built-in encouragements that being in such close contact with their instructors provide.

passers), whether or not he had been there earlier, was found not guilty.

Continued for a period of three to six weeks were the cases of Harold Eubank, Michael Federow, Stephen Gould, Joshua Klayman, Bruce Schwartz and Dean Solomon. According to Nyhart, everyone had the opportunity to have his case filed for continuance, and all were urged to do so by the District Attorney.

Sixteen people were fined \$100 each. They were: Janice Benson, Bonnie Buratti, Wayne Christian, Gregory Duane, Paula Elster, Neil Goldstein, David Heller, Edward Hendricks, Keith Hersch, Joseph Lubischer, Steven Mark, Deborah Sedgwick, Judy Sornberg, Aaron Tovish, Susan Volman and Anthony Willmer.

Given 30-day sentences in the Middlesex County House of Correction were Jeffrey Mermelstein and Paul Sedgwick.

Donald Wolman was sentenced to 30 days in the House of Correction and given a \$100 fine. According to Wolman, the judge attempted to give some \$200 fines until it was pointed out that this was not legal.

All of the defendants waived counsel. Those who are appealing will be heard before Superior Court at a date yet to be decided. Internal judicial hearings for those whose cases have not already been heard will be held in the fall.

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WHO SAYS THE ECONOMY IS BAD?



New politicians and the old politics

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By David H. Green,
Norman D. Sandler,
and David M. Tenenbaum

(The following are excerpts from a recent study funded by UROP and prepared by David H. Green, Norman D. Sandler, and David M. Tenenbaum, all staff members of The Tech, on the effectiveness of the McGovern Commission reforms implemented for the first time within the Democratic Party this year. The reforms called for more representation of minorities — particularly blacks, women, and youths, at the Democratic National Convention last month, and the Convention has been referred to as the most open political convention in history.)

Green, Sandler, and Tenenbaum, accredited as members of the press, ventured to Miami Beach to evaluate the reforms first-hand, and their preliminary findings are reprinted below. —Editor)

The 37th Quadrennial Democratic National Convention came to order on July 10, when Chairman Lawrence O'Brien sounded the gavel. However, the McGovern Commission guidelines were put to their first test of strength two weeks prior to the convention in Washington, DC, where the Democrats' Credentials Committee sat in session to determine who would be seated at the convention as delegates.

Throughout the spring delegate selection processes in all fifty states and four territories, challenges to the delegate slates had been mounting, charging violation of one and sometimes all six of the basic areas in which the Commission had set out reform guidelines. Challenges from special interest groups such as the women's political caucus were heard against states where women made up

"unreasonably small" proportions of the total delegate slates. Other challenges claimed that blacks, Latinos, or youths were unrepresented in the various state delegations, while some were brought for procedural, rather than delegate make-up, reasons. The Illinois delegation headed by Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley, himself an old party regular, received the ax by the credentials committee for non-compliance of not only the slatemaking, but also of the public notice requirements amidst testimony that local party leaders held secret meetings to prevent outsiders from infiltrating. Procedural matters were the cause in the challenge leveled against the California delegation by four of the presidential aspirants, who although receiving popular votes in that state, received no delegates, due to the "winner take all" nature of the primary. The credentials committee, in another embittered fight, unseated the 151 McGovern delegates, apportioning them to the other candidates. This was a key factor in McGovern's actual nomination, when the ruling was overturned on the floor of the convention.

The credentials committee hearings threatened to turn the convention into chaos, as a direct result of forced compliance of the Commission guidelines. Although specifically denouncing any type of quotas, the reforms were interpreted differently in many states, and in some locations, delegations with as few as 6% women were allowed to pass through the credentials committee fights and be seated at the convention, while others with as many as 45% women had to justify themselves before the committee. In many cases, approximate quotas were established for judgment of non-compliance, although a factor which was not immediately considered was that of "good faith" in attempting to recruit

enough minority members to form an acceptable delegate slate.

The guidelines, which had an overwhelming effect on the campaign through the primary season, later sparked the credentials committee fights and threatened to divide the party. Throughout the campaign the McGovern people, due to the South Dakota senator's authorship of those reforms, could manipulate the Commission rules to their advantage, while other candidates in many cases did not yet understand either the wording of the guidelines or the scope of their jurisdiction in the eventual seating of delegates.

The end-result was that McGovern had almost absolute control over the convention, encompassing not only the credentials committee vote, but also the moderation of the Party's platform to conform with his own political strategy.

The Platform

The shift in the power base of the Democratic party initiated by the McGovern Commission affected the recommendations of the Platform Committee. The party did not pledge itself to attain the traditional national priorities but rather focused on basic human needs such as "a personal life that makes us all feel that life is worth living... a social environment whose institutions are used for the good of all;... a physical environment whose resources are used for the good of all."

Specific topics of the platform report include jobs, rights and social justice; cities and the environment; education; law and justice; farming and rural life; foreign policy; and the people and the government — the Commission report was introduced by a resolution to end US involvement in Southeast Asia.

Although the platform is quite liberal,

the minority reports dealing with abortion and homosexuality were defeated. The former clearly was the victim of political pragmatism as the McGovern forces compromised their idealism to broaden their power base. The delegates had placed their nominee ahead of their values and so, by the second day, many of the "new politicians" had blended with the old.

In a section entitled "New Directions" the Commission said: "No political party, no president, no government can by itself restore a lost sense of faith... What we can do is to recognize the doubts of Americans... and to act to begin turning those doubts into hopes." Thus, after recognizing the cynicism and skepticism with which the American people regard the political process, the platform called for a shift in party priorities from increasing national prestige to increasing fulfillment of personal needs.

The Delegates

The actual breakdown of the delegates at the convention bore scant resemblance to the breakdown of the '68 Chicago convention, which was primarily dominated by party regulars.

The people who came to Miami Beach were not, by and large, the politicians represented at the previous nominating sessions, but rather a new breed of politicians (about 80% of the delegates had not attended a convention before). They were more representative of the American electorate, yet they represented a new form of political elite.

A survey by the *Washington Post* of this year's delegates revealed that they did not conform in at least two respects to the "grassroots" image which had been projected when the McGovern guidelines were first introduced.

According to the *Post* poll, 31% have annual family incomes over \$25,000, compared with 5% of the population. The poll also revealed a stunning discrepancy between average levels of education among the delegates and the national mean. 39% of the delegates polled hold post-graduate degrees, 20% more hold college degrees, and another 27% stated that they had attended some college. Thus, a total of 85% replied that they had continued their formal education beyond high school, while the national mean for formal education of 11.1 years.

Although being an elite by educational and economic standards, this year's delegate body had a far better profile in terms of identifiable minorities than was the case in '68. Women made up 38% of the total delegate body this year, as opposed to 13% in Chicago; 22% of the delegates to the '72 convention were black, as opposed to 5.5% in '68; there was a 200% increase in representation of Latinos; and youth increased its representation this year from 4% to 21%, though this was also influenced by the lowering of the voting age to 18.

The identifiable minorities were, however, the only ones to increase in representation from over 1,000 in Chicago to under 800 in Miami. Included in this category are many laborers and "blue collar workers," who were not intentionally excluded from representation, but because they do not comprise what can be termed an "identifiable minority," they were not as actively recruited for delegate slates.

Conclusion

The Commission on Party Reform and Delegate Selection to the Democratic National Committee formulated guidelines that yielded substantially better representation to youth, women, and blacks. The delegates as a body, however, formed what the *Washington Post* called the "American Elite" in that in terms of educational and economic status they were unrepresentative; in addition ethnic groups were more poorly represented in 1972 than in 1968.

The effect of the guidelines was also reflected by the outcome of the Convention; proof that working with a thorough understanding of the guidelines a campaign could yield both a presidential nominee and a reasonably united party. It is doubtful, however, that the party would have been as well preserved if the McGovern delegates had not been willing to compromise their ideals for their candidate, thereby minimizing alienation during credentials and platform disputes.

'A worthless appendage...'

(Continued from page 4)

has been virtually abandoned.

During the fall of 1970, some members of student government and a small minority of MIT students thought they had found an issue around which some constructive action could be galvanized: they discovered, in a direct confrontation with the administration, the true powerlessness of student government at MIT. The issue was a gay mixer at MIT.

The student politicians were asked by MIT's Student Homophile League (SHL) to overrule an administration veto of the mixer. Thinking that the cause was right, the UA passed a resolution giving the SHL permission to hold a mixer; former Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Nyhart vetoed the resolution. Students asked, "Do we or don't we control the student center?" Nyhart's response had a lot to do with possible psychological damage and various studies of impressionable youth, but it boiled down to "No, the administration has the ultimate veto over anything you decide."

That was the beginning of the end of any belief that remained in the effectiveness of the UA. The new UA president elected in the spring of 1971 violated the constitution blatantly; he called only one meeting of the UA. Outside of a few journalists, almost no one noticed.

In light of this, should there be a UA at all? Recent actions of the MIT administration make the answer an emphatic "Yes, and pretty damn quick." The people who run this institution have begun trying to turn some control over to the inmates, partly because of radical action, partly because of a belief in consensus politics as the most efficient way to run a diverse university without splitting it into small, inefficient pieces. Perhaps it is out of guilt over continuing annual tuition increases (which will probably boost 73-4 tuition over the magic \$3000 mark); more likely it is the sense of fairness of fair-minded men that has caused an increase of student control over student concerns. To date, such shared control has remained largely potential, or token, but the mechanisms are available.

The most prominent example of a student effect on administrative decision making had nothing to do with the UA. It was radicals in the street, bad national publicity, and eventually pressure from faculty and students that caused MIT President Howard Johnson to announce the divestiture of the Instrumentation Labs, then the Institute's major war-research arm. Johnson allowed in his plans for a "gradual" divestiture, which is still going on, but it is unlikely that MIT would have made even this small gesture towards cessation of war research had it not been for (normally placid) students in the streets.

A more illuminating example of student participation as it tends to be practiced at MIT is the selection of Nyhart to be Dean for Student Affairs. Johnson was a former dean of the School of Management, and as such spoke in terms of "inputs to the decision-making process."

As President, he tried to live up to his theories, at least in public. Students were on a committee which took part in a "search process" for the new dean. The discussions ranged far and wide and they were reported to Johnson. What no one on the committee knew until recently, when Johnson admitted it, was that he had already decided who the new Dean was to be before the committee began its work. Procedures are no insurance of an effective student voice.

Part of the problem was expressed recently by an MIT Vice-President, who pointed out that it is "damned difficult to find representative students" to serve on committees. He told me that "You can't very well represent the average MIT student." This is true; journalists are atypically non-engineering types, whose life revolves around the Student Center much more than around 26-100. However, the truth of the statement is no excuse for laxity in gaining realistic student opinion about decisions of central concern to students.

The occasion for the discussion was one such decision which reflected a lack of understanding of the student side of

the payment and billing process. The new MIT policy is to require payment before registration, or complete signed arrangement for payment. Since the Bursar's office was incapable of administering the old system (last term paid before this term's registration), it seems unlikely it will do well with the new system. Its effect on freshmen will be marginal: the pandemonium among upperclassmen can only be guessed at at this time. The point is that students were not part of the discussions which led to the new policy.

They could be. Students could seriously change many aspects of their own lives at MIT, including the environment in the halls, curriculum, the activities of the MIT Corporation, and even the selection of Presidents or the Institute's policy on real estate. There are many real issues involved, and people could represent themselves and a lot of others if they were willing to serve on the committees by which MIT does its work. Not enough people seem willing to do that.

As a result, some of the crucial committees go short-handed, and the decisions that determine the future of MIT continue to be made by the same small group of people who have always held the power over our lives. Student government could be a vehicle for expression of the views of the common man through debate and discussion and selection of representatives who would represent someone other than themselves. It also could continue to be what it is now: a worthless appendage which has outlived its usefulness.

The choice lies firmly in the hands of the newcomers, who have not yet been turned off by witnessing the impotent thrashings of a dying government, and in the hands of the students who are returning to another year of hard toiling, in whom there still burns a spark of hope for alleviation of some of the sub-human conditions which surround them. It's either that, or another year of reading "student government is dead" articles in the newspaper and shuffling down the hall to another stultifying class or marginal dorm room.

Youthful delegates spark Democratic hopes



Activity on the floor of this year's Democratic National Convention did not have all of the attention of the delegates on the business on the podium.

Photo by David Tenenbaum Courtesy Time-Life

Investigation to probe MIT war research

(Continued from page 3)

take part in this fall's freshman orientation program.

Discussing the group's work so far, Watson said that the work had been divided into "seven or eight" areas including: a look at the nature of basic research — "Who does basic research really serve?" — the kind of problems that are studied, its "institutional connections," and its funding; the connections between MIT and the military; career orientation among MIT undergraduate and graduate students; and MIT's "involvement and participation in policy decisions" — "What do most of its members do?" He also noted that the study would take in the problem of conversion including funding and institutional problems within MIT.

The MIT administration, Watson continued, has been very cooperative in furnishing the group with information, with aid coming from the Provost's Office. In particular, he reported that the group was given a tour of the Lincoln Laboratories by some of its top officers. Watson felt that they wanted to dispell notions that they were working on a laser "ray gun," and to show their interest in basic research. He explained, however, that the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency's definitions of its "strategic needs" is exactly what Lincoln Labs is doing.

Discussing the revival of SACC, Watson discounted the rebirth of that particular organization because to the people involved in it, it "represents a

particular movement, moment, experience." Instead, he expects that some sort of "science and technology for the people" group will be formed in the near future.

Coming: The Spirit of '76

Approximately one month from now the MIT Class of '76 will be arriving on campus for the beginning of Residence/Orientation Week and the start of their MIT career. The pictures below and right are to give them a preview of their first hours on the MIT campus.

RIGHT: Arrival at MIT means lugging around suitcases — from airport or car trunk to the Student Center to temporary dorm assignment. Early birds will be able to lounge around in the Student Center and watch others arrive to go through the initial proceedings and wait for the fun — and hectic — week to really start.

BELOW: The official start of R/O Week is the picnic in the Great Court (unless it rains). Here freshmen get to meet the members of their class, some faculty and administration members, and the few upperclassmen who are admitted for free food. After that it is out into the madhouse of what is still really fraternity Rush Week — five days to find a place to live for the coming year, or maybe four.

(Continued from page 1) mer, but also the Wallace backers (that's right) who contended that the Youth Caucus was an exercise in futility and motioned for adjournment. And there were the Muskie and Humphrey delegates who, being somewhat alienated by McGovern's views, were left in limbo in making their choices once the two candidates had withdrawn.

The young delegates were diverse. They were not, as originally had been suggested, all McGovern delegates, though a great many of them were — a result of the South Dakota senator's being the one who wrote the party reforms (the McGovern Commission guidelines) which helped draw most of the young voters into the political arena last spring during state conventions and primaries.

Although not showing a great deal of ideological solidarity behind specific platform issues brought up by the National Youth Caucus, the youth delegates were definitely noticeable at the convention, giving the event somewhat of a face-lifting. Gone were most of the smoke-filled rooms and the spectacular outbursts which at one time were common at political con-

ventions. One who witnessed the convention might go so far as to say that the actual nomination was somewhat anti-climactic, considering the build-up and political controversies which had developed throughout the primary campaigns, and later in the credentials and platform committee hearings two weeks prior to the convention.

The youth delegates were determined to make their presence known and to make good impressions, as they studied up on platform planks, rules committee proposals, and all the other issues on the floor, often sticking out the sessions longer than their older counterparts.

Most demonstrated undying enthusiasm toward the whole affair, dismissed by some older delegates as being due to the unique experience of attending their very first convention, but seen by others as being "a fresh future for the Democratic Party and American politics."

Many of these people were not entirely new to the political process, though many of them had experience "with the system" in a different sense. Ted Pillow, a McGovern delegate from Iowa, was one such delegate.

A student at Parsons College

in Fairfield, Iowa, he, as others, was at the 1968 Democratic convention. However, at that time he was on the outside of the Hall, watching as the police battled with demonstrators throughout the bloody four days of the convention which culminated in the nomination of Hubert Humphrey.

This time, Pillow was on the inside voting against the seating of the delegation from the Windy City, and casting his votes on many issues which led to the '68 riots.

Interestingly enough, the Miami Beach police and National Guard had drawn up contingency plans on what to do if McGovern had not been nominated, as rumor had it that the non-delegates were ready to "tear Miami apart" in the event of another Humphrey nomination.

There were, however, definite drawbacks to having all the youthful delegates at the convention. For example, the security precautions at the convention hall, although already extremely tight (this reporter was thoroughly inspected not less than ten times in one evening while going in and out of the convention complex's North Hall), were somewhat hampered at times when secret service and security personnel could not tell the delegates from the non-delegates or some of the media people (e.g. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin) from the demonstrators outside the gates.

Besides that rather trivial problem, the young delegates were very well-respected by almost all of the older delegates, including the old-time, hard-line pols, many of whom had not missed a convention since the early fifties, and the likes of whom many of the youths had attempted to unseat in the credentials fights.

Of the old-timers this reporter spoke with, most expressed feelings of enthusiasm for the party reforms and the influx of new faces. They were encouraged by the performance of the younger delegates at the convention, and saw in them a new hope for the Democratic Party.

Admissions gets new head

(Continued from page 1)

and social sciences, in architecture, urban studies and management. His background in secondary school education provides a sympathetic understanding of the dilemmas of choice for the young person considering college or university education and the wisdom to shape admissions advice to guide that choice soundly."

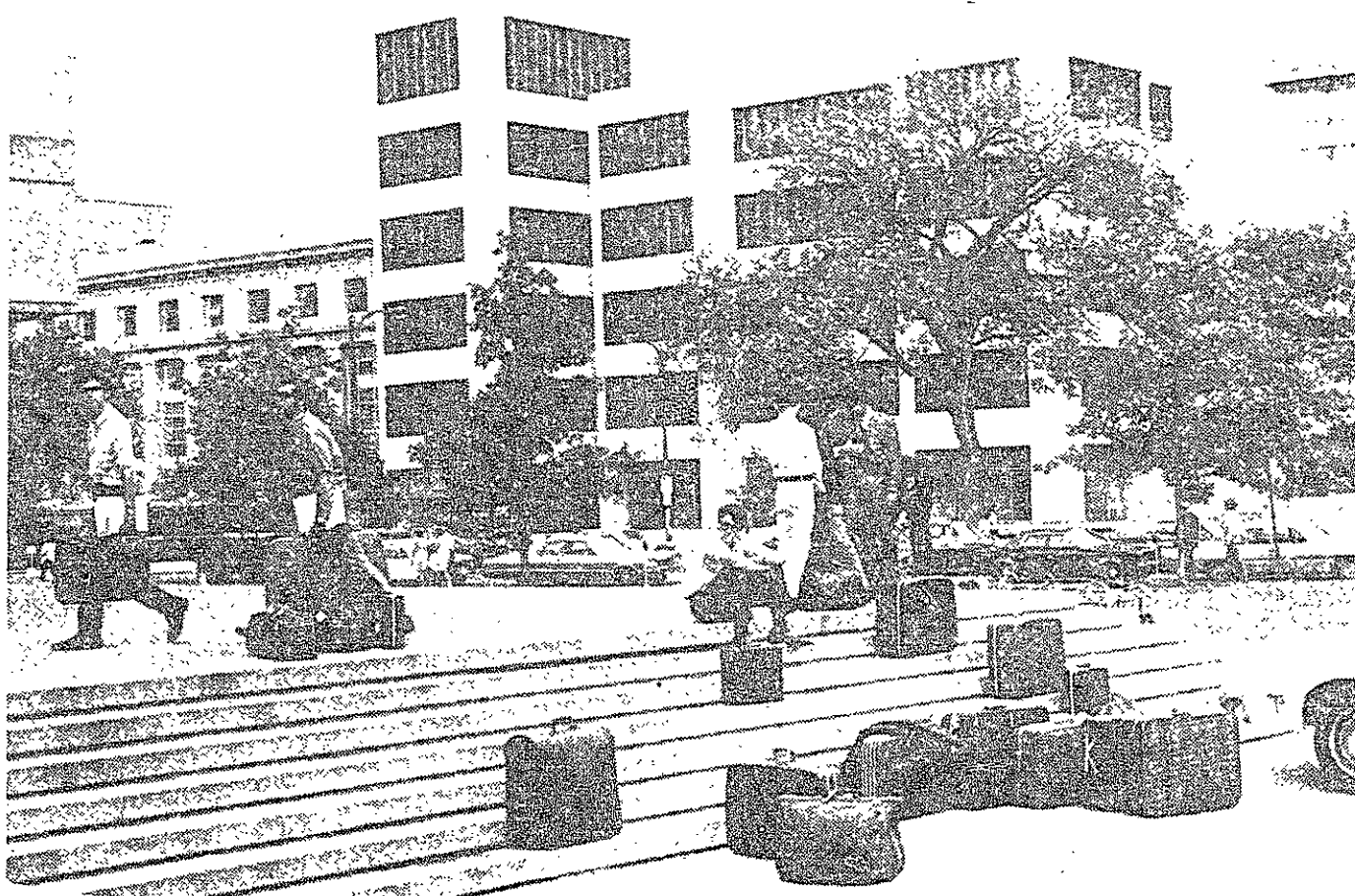
Gray added that he was particularly pleased that the new director had come from within the Admissions Office itself. "We wish to increase the career opportunities within the MIT administration for the many highly qualified men and women here, and Peter Richardson's advancement is in the spirit of that objective."

Richardson has worked closely with the Faculty Committee on Undergraduate Admissions and Financial Aid, which is responsible for admission policy at MIT. In addition, he has participated in the Institute for Education Management at Harvard University.

Born in Boston on May 28, 1924, Richardson received his S.B. in general engineering from MIT in 1948.



Photo by David Tenenbaum



Reeves views UA reforms

(Continued from page 1)

Association, the dormitory presidents, and IFC representatives.) Reeves admitted, however, that a return to Incomm is not the answer for the UA; some way must be found to encourage wider participation.

The UA, Reeves stated, is sponsoring the first major rock concert to be held at MIT in over 22 months. Spirit in Flesh, a Massachusetts group, will perform in Kresge Auditorium (pending negotiations with LSC) on September 22. Big-name concerts have long been absent from the MIT campus because of a series of financial disasters. The rules for on-campus concerts do not permit off-campus advertising, and it has proved impossible to attract a large-enough audience from within the community.

SPORTS

Is this the year for crew?

There's an air about the boat-house these days, an air saying that MIT's oarsmen are winding up for a big season. This could be the year for Tech crew.

It happens in all sports. They go through peaks and slumps. Usually only the coaches, not the athletes, can see this periodicity, but this time somehow everybody down at the boat-house can feel a peak coming on.

There are reasons to feel that the peak is there. There are facts to back it up. The varsity heavyweights have almost everyone returning. Gere Leffler, '73, who was a candidate for the Olympic eight is coming back to stroke. Pete Holland, head coach, is back as well. Last year's boat almost defeated Northeastern's EARC Championship eight. None of these facts point to a losing season.

The varsity lightweights have all begun their drive to a champi-

onship. Five out of eight returning from the first boat, and seven out of eight from the second boat are back, as well as a group of fine, well-coached frosh. Pete Billings '73 will be back at stroke; he's now commanding the National Team Lightweight eight in Europe, where they were winners at Munich in the pre-Olympic championships last week. Also returning are Mike Scott '73 and Bill DeCampi '73, who along with heavyweights Dusty Ordway '73 and Larry Esposito '73 were winners in the Intermediate Fours race at the American Henley Regatta. By August 7, the lights will be launching an eight, one month before most schools touch the water.

New training methods begun last year will be continued by all the crews. "Aerobic Training," designed to increase stamina, is used by international crews

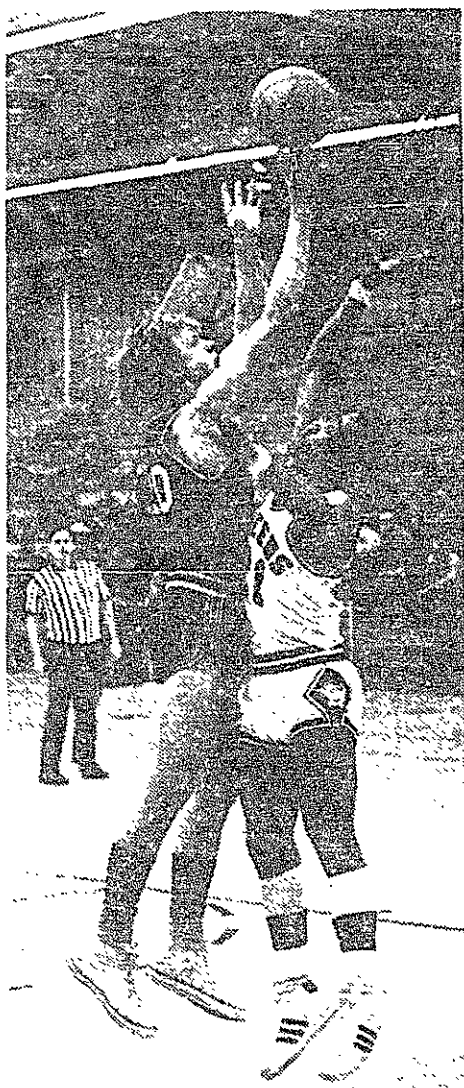
everywhere. The ergometer, often considered the secret to Harvard's and Northeastern's success, will be a part of every oarsman's training. Several coaching changes, not yet announced, should improve the performance of each crew.

It seems that one of the things that the boats will need this fall is to have the MIT Community believe that the crews here could very well be the best in the East. The Harvard Community can believe this about their crew based on their past records. But this year, Northeastern found it more exciting to break the Harvard trend than Harvard did to continue it. This year, MIT's crews are in Northeastern's position, and they expect the MIT Community to know this.

Traditionally, the crews will point, in the fall, for the Head of the Charles Regatta to be held on October 24. In the meantime, they'll probably take on Northeastern, Yale, some of the smaller schools, and maybe even Harvard. If there's an MIT team to watch this year, it's probably the crews. Everybody wants to win, and the facts seem to indicate that the crews can do just that.



Al Dopfel '72, MIT's standout pitcher, has made the starting rotation of the Shreveport Captains, the AA farm club of the California Angels. Despite the handicap of being knocked out by a ball thrown by his own first baseman, Dopfel has acquired a 2-1 record and a 1.40 earned run average. He has 22 strikeouts to his credit and has given up 16 hits and 15 walks over 25 innings. *Jetphoto*



Photos by Sheldon Lowenthal

More facilities for women

By Sandy Yulke

Faced for the first time with an athletic requirement for women, the Athletic Department has doubled the amount of locker space presently available to women at MIT.

The expansion, which is scheduled to begin on July 28 and finish by September 15 (in time for the first physical education classes) involves the conversion of the largest of the locker rooms in Briggs Field House. The room was originally the trainers room before they moved to duPont, and has recently been used for visiting teams.

Besides providing two more showers and simply more space, the plan's major benefit is that it will more than double the number of lockers for women, and for the first time, it will be possible for a woman using the athletic facilities to sign out and lock a locker on a yearly basis. This is a service that has been available to men in the past but not to women, due to the fact that the total number of lockers for women was only 49. The expansion, besides providing 56

new lockers, will also provide baskets for women to keep their belongings in. There have never been any baskets available to women before.

The addition of women to the previously for-men-only Field House will necessitate some major changes in the building externally as well as internally. The present entrance to the new locker room is through the other locker rooms in the building, and will be closed off. A new door will be made in the north side of the building and a passageway which will connect with the duPont lobby will be constructed so that it will not be necessary for women to go outdoors in order to get into the Athletic Center.

The construction, which will cost almost \$30,000, has been planned only as an interim solution. As part of a large overall study now being done by the Planning Office, which will design the Athletic facilities here at MIT through 1980, a further expansion of the present women's locker room, duPont center, is planned.

As well as lack of locker space, women have vociferously complained about the lack of a sauna for women. The present sauna is located in the men's locker room and several years ago was "liberated" by a group of women who thought that they had as much right to it as the men.

Prof. Ross H. Smith, Director of Athletics, said that the reason that they had not originally installed a sauna for women was that it had not been planned as a recreational facility and that the Athletic Department had not expected it to get so much use. "It was originally the idea of the Athletic Association Executive Committee. They wanted something that would help wrestlers and people in crew as well as other varsity athletes take off weight fast, and thought that it would be used only for those purposes. It then turned into a community facility."

In any case, as icing on the cake while renovations are taking place in the Field House, a sauna will be installed in the present women's locker room.


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