



D.C. protesters rally at Pentagon & Capitol

By Norman Sandler and Robert Hunter

WASHINGTON — Anti-war protesters attempted to organize a follow-up to the recent New York City march last week-end in Washington, where both the National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC) and Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) staged what were originally billed as massive demonstrations.

The actions were staged as the most recent protests against the increased US bombing of Southeast Asia, and from most observations, represented a lull in the fervor with which the Nixon Administration was being attacked two weeks ago.

NPAC

The NPAC rally drew some 400 persons to the Lincoln Memorial Saturday morning. The scene was a familiar one but with the rather insignificant turn out, not really reminiscent of the massive marches which in the past have made their way to the steps of the Memorial.

The demonstrators marched peacefully from the Memorial on across the Potomac to the Pentagon. The atmosphere was not as militant or even as emphatic as the demonstrations in Boston the week before; most of the demonstrators were enjoying the walk, chanting the usual slogans, and waving at passers-by.

The crowd was comprised of students as well as a number of adults, including NPAC national president Jerry Gordon, who was responsible for the attendance of reportedly 50,000 persons in New York exactly one week prior to this week-end's activity.

Upon reaching the Pentagon, Gordon told the crowd and newsmen that NPAC coordinators had not expected any more than the 400 people in attendance, and said that this particular march was a success. At a press conference last Wednesday, Gordon predicted a turn-out of at least several thousand persons.

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Group readies DC lobby

By Liz Wise

One outgrowth of last week's renewed activity against the war in Indochina is the formation of a group of students and faculty going to Washington May 7 to 9 to lobby for the Case-Church Amendment, which would end funds for the war December 31, 1972.

Originally planned for May 4 and 5, the trip was changed to Monday and Tuesday when it will be easier to get appointments with Congressmen. The symbolism of going on May 4, a national moratorium on the second anniversary of the Kent State killings, is lost, but so is the conflict with all the other people who will be in Washington for the moratorium.

With the faculty's defeat Friday of a motion to "suspend (or postpone) classes on the fourth of May and deter assignments and quizzes scheduled for the fifth of May so that members of the MIT community may participate in the Washington Lobby..." which was presented in accordance with a petition signed by over 1700 members of the MIT community, there is no

added convenience in being gone the fourth and fifth instead of the eighth and ninth. The group decided they would rather go when they can have the most effect; when they can see the most people.

The main activity in Washington will be talking to Senators who are on the fence about the Case-Church Amendment to the Foreign Relations Authorization Act, trying to convince them to support it. The amendment states that, "... none of the funds authorized or appropriated in this or any other Act may be expended or obligated after December 31, 1972, for the purpose of engaging United States forces, land, sea or air, in Indochina." There is a qualifying clause requiring an agreement for the release of prisoners of war and an accounting for all Americans missing in action who have been held by the North Vietnamese government. The Amendment is scheduled to come up on the Senate floor on Wednesday, May 10.

The group will also request implementation of the Drinan Resolution. Congressman Dri-

Northgate conflict arises over April rent increases

By Storm Kauffman

Northgate tenants-at-will who are affiliated with MIT and have not paid rent increases effective April 1 received letters announcing the termination of their tenancies as of June 1.

The notifications were delivered early last week to occupants of some sixty apartments. When questioned by *The Tech*, all parties concerned made it very clear that these were not evictions. Both the owner and the tenant have the right to terminate a tenancy-at-will on thirty days notice (the landlord must have sufficient grounds), and this is what the Northgate Community Corporation is presently doing. The process would only involve evictions if tenants refused to leave by the stated date. It would then be possible that Northgate would move to have them evicted.

Apartment or dorm?

There is a great deal of confusion inherent in the situation, primarily the question of the rights of the two groups. MIT obtained a letter from the former Cambridge rent administrator to the effect that Northgate facilities occupied by MIT-related people were in fact dormitories over which Cambridge had no statutory control.

This essentially leaves the tenants wide open to the whims of the Northgate Corp. *The Tech* called the Cambridge rent control authority and described the actions being taken by the landlord. We were informed that the owner must have grounds sufficient for eviction such as needing the apartment for himself or a relative, changing the nature of the building, or razing or making extensive repairs on the structure.

However, when told that the landlord was Northgate the rent control authority immediately pointed out that they had no jurisdiction and MIT was exempt from its regulations. The corpor-

ation would not have to file for eviction, stating reasons for the action, and the tenants would not get a hearing. *The Tech* was advised to consult a lawyer.

Tenants organization

The Northgate Tenants' Organization is doing just that. Presently, the group is attempting to convince the Cambridge Rent Control Board of five — which replaced the aforementioned administrator soon after his note to MIT — to reverse the decision.

Ronald J. Searles, head of the tenants organization, pointed out that the board has been mulling over the situation for more than six weeks, although they seemed to be essentially sympathetic at the outset. The tenants plan to put pressure on the board to make a ruling. Searles said that he was anxious to have something definitive done, saying "Any decision is better than none." If the board finds against the tenants, the tenants may sue the Corporation; if the board's ruling goes the other way, further action from Northgate may be expected.

Searles believed that the increases averaged 25%. Many of the tenants who are now subject to the termination action wished to sign leases last fall, but, Searles stated, the Corporation tried to push greatly altered

leases, including clauses against having a non-MIT room-mate. Under rent control jurisdiction, Searles noted, a landlord must offer to his tenants a lease substantially identical to the one they held previously. Northgate is apparently not subject to this restriction.

Further, Northgate claims that its property must be kept off rent control because it wishes to keep a certain number of units for MIT people. Also, Searles said that the Corporation wanted tenants to leave when they concluded their affiliation with MIT. Apparently, many of the residents were not aware of this at the time they moved in.

"We are willing to pay any justified increases," Searles said. However, the tenants want access to the financial statements of Northgate as they suspect mismanagement.

Searles said that City Councilwoman Sandra Graham, chairwoman of a commission on Cambridge land development, has been very helpful. She may be able to use the powers of her position to obtain a look at the Northgate books.

Many of the tenants would be willing to sign new leases without some of the restrictive clauses and including a provision for "just" increases. However, it

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Faculty condemns war; will investigate MIRV

By Lee Giguere

At a special meeting Friday, the MIT faculty voiced its condemnation of the war in Vietnam and recognized the need for flexibility with students who are opposed in conscience to the war. In addition, the faculty called on its special committee to investigate high-accuracy MIRV to report in May and set aside time in October to discuss the MIRV issue.

Defeated at the Wednesday meeting were motions to give students the option of pass/fail grades in any subject this term, to give students the option of electing not to receive a grade until October of next year, and to call for an end to MIT complicity in the Indochina war and in "wars of colonial type."

The faculty also vetoed a motion, calling for the suspension of classes on May 4 and the postponement of assignments and quizzes set for May 5 "so that members of the MIT community may participate in the Washington Lobby..."

Room 10-250 was filled by a standing-room-only crowd which included a large number of spectators, the largest attendance at a faculty meeting in the last couple of years.

The meeting, which was called at the request of twelve faculty members, first considered a motion, presented by Professor of Electrical Engineering Louis Smullin, which stated:

A majority of us at this meeting of the MIT Faculty hold that:

1) American military

operations in Southeast Asia for many years have been highly destructive of the people and land of Indochina, at great and irredeemable costs to the United States. Two years ago, this Faculty petitioned Congress to 'take all steps necessary to bring the war to a quick end.' Now it is even clearer to us that further destruction is a tragic waste, and we urgently repeat the call to our government to get out of this war as fast as possible.

2) The prolongation of this terrible war assaults the consciences of hundreds of our students, who now feel once again that they cannot continue business as usual. We ask all our colleagues to respect this feeling, to allow maximum flexibility of academic schedules during the current crisis, and not to penalize students academically for acts of conscience.

Introducing the motion, Smullin acknowledged that the special meeting was, "a disturbance of our daily lives," but argued that the disturbance was necessary. Smullin went on to admit that his motion raised the question of whether MIT should take stands on public issues but stated that this is "an issue of transcendent importance."

Professor of Electrical Engineering George Newton raised the possibility of separating the two parts of Smullin's motion, arguing that while some faculty "... feel we should give the maximum freedom to students ... some of us do not also feel

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NPAC, SDS hold Washington protests

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He went on to voice his opposition to the contention that anti-war activists should "get out of the streets and concentrate on the November elections." Gordon told the sympathetic crowd that, "The only way to lobby is to get hundreds of thousands of people out into the streets."

Other speakers at the Pentagon included students from universities participating in the march. Among them was a student from the University of Maryland, which has been on strike for nearly two weeks, following numerous confrontations between students and police and university administrators.

The NPAC action was incident-free, except for the unexpected appearance of a task force of police in riot gear, who kept the entrance to the Pentagon blocked to demonstrators.

While some of the demonstrators attempted to provoke the police into confrontation on the steps of the building, coordin-

ators present eventually dispersed the crowd, and the protest ended peacefully.

SDS

SDS and Progressive Labor combined forces for the May Day rally which marched through low-income housing districts in a winding path to the Capitol. The march, according to Marsha Monasterski of MITSDS, was "... against the government, and the war, and to further the causes of the Worker's Action Movement [WAM] and socialism."

The march began with a rally at a park at Sixth and Brentwood Parkway, some three miles from the Capitol. An hour of speeches by representatives of various PL and SDS groups defined their mutual objectives to be a co-ordinated nationwide strike of students and workers on May 4. The group of approximately 2500 then followed a 30-man police escort down side streets, to the accompaniment of slogans such as, "Thirty hours work for forty hours pay," and, "More jobs, higher welfare ... make the bosses pay."

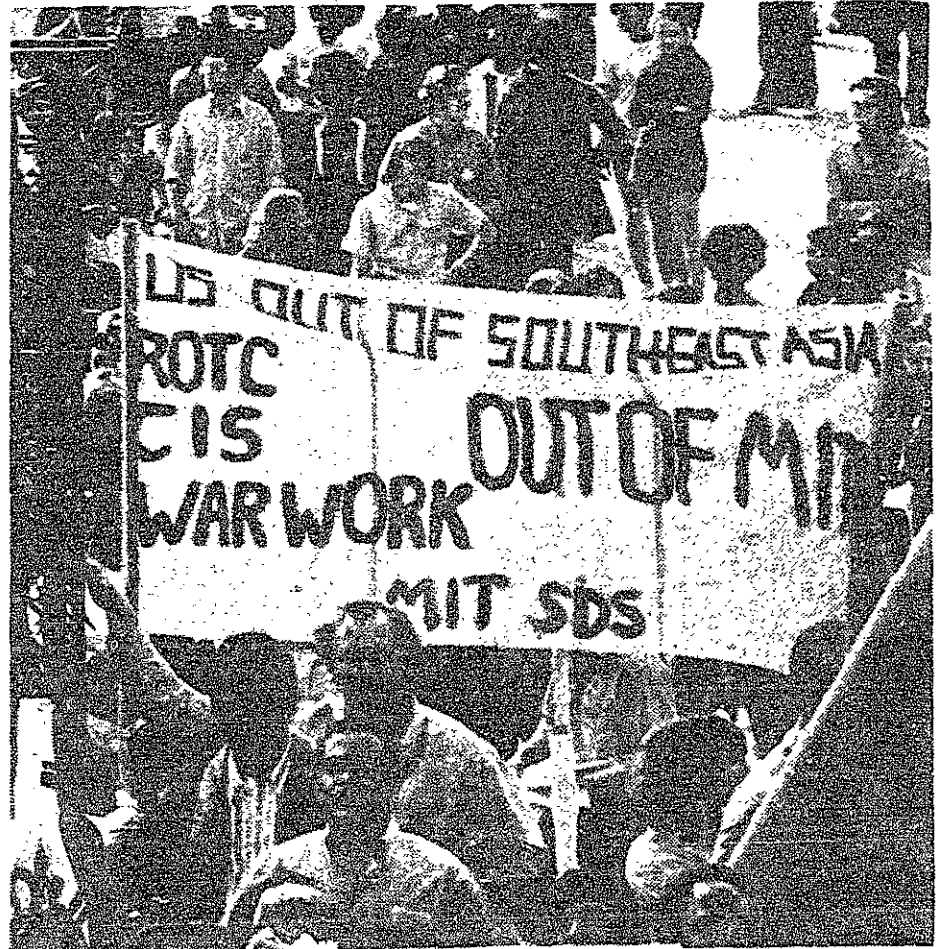
The march's route was planned with the intent of encouraging Washington's lower-income workers to join in the rally. Many residents turned out to watch the procession, and a significant number of spectators joined the demonstrators. By the time that the marchers reached the entry to the Capitol, their ranks had swelled to nearly

double the initial size. The most effective recruiting refrain used was, "Same enemy, same fight/Workers and students must unite." This slogan drew much more resident response than other, more politically-oriented choruses.

There was, of course, some negative reaction to the marchers' presence. Van Ard, a 23-year old black father of four, vocally expressed his dissatisfaction with the rally's objectives. When questioned as to his opinion of the march, Ard told *The Tech* that 30-for-40 is unrealistic; he had no time to march because he was more interested in being with his family, and he didn't appreciate their disruptions: "These here out-of-town people come here making noise and disturbances; it ain't right for them to come in here. If people here want increases, they should work for it themselves."

Police took a rather casual view of the day's proceedings. Noting that the marchers were clearly peaceful, one patrolman remarked, "We handle 'em all the time; it's an everyday thing by now." This sentiment was echoed throughout Washington. Police precautions at the Capitol building were minimal, and no riot police were evident.

The march was terminated on the front steps of the Capitol. A second series of speeches, reiterating the first set, closed out the rally. Most of the community supporters did not stay to hear



Several members of the MITSDS contingent carry a banner in last weekend's protest march in Washington.

Photos by David Tenenbaum

the speakers, who ranged from Marty Riefe, SDS National Secretary, to a labor leader from Chicago. By the conclusion of the rally, the audience had dwindled to approximately 1500.

Analysis

This week-end's anti-war actions in Washington were scheduled to coincide with the anniversary of the massive actions of last year's May Day protests, which resulted in some 11,000 demonstrators arrested and held by the police. They were also scheduled to fall close to the second anniversary of the killings at Kent State (May 4, 1970), which catalyzed the first student strike.

The enthusiasm was missing from Saturday's marches, however, though turnout at the SDS march was significant. Rallies of this genre, which at one time drew nationwide prime-time news coverage, were treated lightly by the national media, and afforded Washington

week-end tourists a chance to view the nation's "dissident youth."

NPAC's march from the capital was small, and therefore went nearly unnoticed by many people. Attendance was low enough so that the entire march from the Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon was conducted on the sidewalk, and traffic was not stopped once.

The SDS rally was much more impressive. It drew a great deal of support, much of it from residents of Northeast Washington's working districts. The rally took the form of a parade all the way to the Capitol, with floats, and a gathering of whites, blacks, chicanos, and other minorities.

However, the participants in the SDS rally were not mainly concerned with the Vietnam War, but rather with working conditions and discrimination, which directly affected many at the rally.

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Faculty deplores the war

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we should take action that would result in a petition to Congress." Smullin, saying he would not split his motion, explained that it was not introduced because of students but because "they are citizens, and so are we."

Professor of Mathematics Prescott Crout argued strongly against releasing students from their academic responsibilities, saying that MIT should not stop classes for any reason and that there should be no credit for work not done.

Following Crout's statements, the question was called, debate was ended, and the faculty approved Smullin's motion by a vote of 175-98, with 19 abstentions.

Associate Professor of Mathematics Richard Dudley then brought forward two motions: 1) to allow students to elect, before May 5, pass/fail grading in any subject, and 2) to allow students to postpone completion of a subject until October 2, 1972.

Professor of Mathematics Hartley Rogers, CEP Chairman, rose to explain the CEP's statement. The statement, he said, was made on the basis of the substantial flexibility which exists within the system. The statement, he continued, "... means that the term should be completed with the provisions of the normal process," including the assignment of incompletes. The special committee set up by the CEP, Rogers noted, will not act with power but rather will serve as a broker.

Associate Professor of Economics Duncan Foley pointed out that the motion would only establish pass/fail for students who request it; further he commented that the CEP guidelines would involve "a great deal of negotiating on the part of individual students." Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering Alvin Drake felt that pass/fail had done more harm than good two years ago.

Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Nyhart brought to the attention of the faculty a petition, signed by 210 people, requesting that "no student be prevented from nor interfered with attending classes."

The motion to provide a pass/fail option was defeated, 207-61. After brief discussion, the second part of Dudley's motion was also defeated (by a standing vote).

Professor of Mathematics Warren Ambrose presented a motion calling for "... an immediate end to US involvement in Indochina and to the MIT projects which have made the Institute complicit in the Indochina War." The motion specifically mentioned ROTC, military research, and the Center for International Studies.

The motion was defeated by a vote of 201-31. (An amendment to the motion, which would have deleted the mention of specific programs, was defeated by 77-62.)

Presenting President Jerome Wiesner with a petition, "signed by over 1700 students," Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering Louis Braida intro-

duced a motion to suspend classes on Thursday and release students from any assignments or quizzes on Friday. The student body, Braida noted, "now consists almost entirely of enfranchised citizens." Each faculty member, he continued, is allowed one day per week for "consulting and personal affairs," but students are denied this freedom. Students, he said, "have asked for your assistance" so they can lobby in Washington.

One faculty member argued that the motion "does not allow for those students who would prefer to have classes." That group, he thought, is in the majority.

The discussion was brief, and Braida's motion was defeated. However, Wiesner encouraged the faculty to "use flexibility in allowing students to go to Washington and lobby."

After tabling a motion calling for an end to alleged MIT complicity in "colonial type" wars, the faculty moved to consider a motion presented by Associate Professor of Humanities William Watson calling on the committee to investigate high-accuracy MIRV to report in May.

Professor of Physics Phillip Morrison stated his fear that "within the wording of the motion, the committee could avoid issues of substance." He proposed an amendment stating that if the committee failed to report on substantive issues, time be set aside at an October meeting of the faculty to discuss MIRV. In addition, the committee was instructed to "solicit adversary papers" on the issue.

Provost Walter Rosenblith reported that the Committee, chaired by Professor of Economics Robert Solow, feels it cannot come to agreement on a report.

Both the amendment and the motion were passed (98-55 and 92-66 respectively).

Northgate raises rents; tenants plan court battle

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is likely that they will refuse to do so until they obtain some idea of just how the Corporation is being run.

The Corporation has claimed that a majority of the tenants have agreed to the increases. However, Searles estimated that out of a total of some 270 units, 140 were affected and 85 have withheld. John Vincent of Vincent Realty Corp., which is the agent of Northgate, stated a figure of 62 holdouts. Searles estimated that Northgate suffers a 10% vacancy rate.

Searles pointed out that some of the buildings were in poor condition, naming some specific structures. Still, many of the present residents wish to remain.

Vincent Realty

The Tech also interviewed John Vincent. He pointed out that those who had received the termination notifications were MIT-affiliated tenants-at-will who had failed to pay the announced increase. Other tenants-at-will and residents with leases have not been affected.

As manager of the property, Vincent handles the major expenses, complaints, and taxes. However he said that he merely carried out policy decisions from above, such as whom to evict and that he was not sufficiently familiar with the overall records to estimate how far in the red the Corporation is running.

Vincent noted that the increases seem so large because rents have been essentially static for over two years. Rent control for some of the apartments went into effect about then and since that time Northgate has been losing money due to rising costs. Real estate taxes are up about 45%, fuel costs have as much as doubled because of anti-pollution regulations, and insurance and rubbish removal expenses have also increased.

Asked about the condition of the buildings, Vincent said that they were kept up as much as possible. Northgate ceased to do major renovating when the rent controls went into effect in

1970, but maintenance is being continued. Very few of the affected buildings are among those that Northgate has offered the Cambridge Housing Authority.

MIT real estate office

The other source which The Tech consulted was Dexter Kamilewicz, Assistant Project Manager in the MIT Real Estate Office. First, Kamilewicz strongly stressed that these were not evictions, but "... terminations of tenancies-at-will. We are merely exercising the right which both Northgate and the tenants have. These are not evictions in the legal sense."

Kamilewicz continued, explaining again who were being asked to leave. He pointed out that these increases were announced last July, and that those residents who did not wish to pay the raise have had ample time to move elsewhere.

Many have already paid the rent increase and it would not be fair to them to allow those who refuse to comply to remain. Also, Kamilewicz said that the Corporation needed the extra revenue from all of its units in order to break even, as the increases had been calculated on this basis. "It was prudent to take the necessary legal steps to get the tenants-at-will to pay," he said.

An interesting point, according to Kamilewicz, was that the residents had been enjoying a "rent holiday" since September because the announced increases did not go into effect until last month. The previous year was also something of a vacation from increases.

The Corporation has been incurring specific deficits since January 1971. It suffered when a rent control ruling rolled the prices back, first to 1970 and then to 1969 levels.

Kamilewicz also felt that Northgate had been fair. The Corporation could have increased the rents of the tenants-at-will by a much greater amount. He said that the fact that the increases are hefty had not been underestimated.

The outcome of this conflict will probably depend largely on the decision of the Cambridge rent board. If the delay continues, some tenants may be forced to vacate even though the decision may eventually be made in their favor.

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Nixon's speech: Who'd believe it?

By David Thomas

Richard Nixon has finally arrived: after all those long years as a stalwart Republican partisan, the six crises and the eight years in exile, Richard Nixon cleared the final hurdle last Wednesday night and reached the pinnacle of American politics — Credibility Gap.

How any supposedly intelligent, informed person could believe that the American people would place any credence in a speech such as the one the President delivered on April 26 is almost beyond comprehension. But therein lies the rub. The President is not informed of public opinion. In fact he is isolated by his advisors and palace guard to the point where he cannot accurately judge the public mood. It is to the President's credit that he managed to invoke the spirit of "the light at the end of the tunnel" without actually uttering those awe-inspiring words.

It is possible to separate the President's domestic audience into two classes: those who believed him and those who did not. If recent public opinion polls are to be believed, the vast majority of this country's citizens did not believe the President. Of this majority, some cared about the President's lack of credibility and others are beyond the point of caring about what our nation's leaders have to say. Of the former, many care because they are disheartened to see this ultimate degradation of the 35th successor to George Washington of apocryphal cherry tree fame. Others are dismayed because they or their loved ones gave of themselves mentally and physically in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam for what they believed to be fundamental American ideals — two of which are speaking truthfully and acting morally.

Apparently the President thinks he is acting morally for he said: "If the United States betrays the millions of people who have relied on us in Vietnam, the President of the United States, whoever he is, will not deserve nor receive the respect which is essential if the United States is to play the great role we are destined to play of helping to build a new structure of peace in the world. It would amount to a renunciation of our morality, an abdication of our leadership among nations, and an invitation for the mighty to prey upon the weak all around the world." (emphasis ours). The President is convinced that he, and every future President, must be treated with respect in order to achieve "peace for generations to come." This is a noble commitment to make and one which has not been achieved at any time in the history of this nation. Accordingly, the President, in response to the North Vietnamese offensive, "ordered attacks on enemy military targets in both North and South Vietnam by the air and naval forces of the United States." He stated

that "They [the air and naval strikes] have been directed *only* against military targets supporting the invasion of the South. They will not stop until that invasion stops" (emphasis ours). The Chief Executive also "flatly rejected the proposal that we stop the bombing of North Vietnam as a condition for returning to the negotiating table." Thus, the President expects to be treated with respect and acts in consonance with his image of a man of respect.

One is reminded of the passage in *The Godfather* in which the Mafia family chieftain Don Vito Corleone, a man of respect, made an offer to a businessman which the man could not refuse. The Don wished to purchase a certain contract for which he offered the holder \$10,000; the man refused. Thereupon the Godfather returned to his home and pondered the matter. When he returned to see the businessman a few days later he made him an offer he could not refuse. This time Don Corleone offered \$1,000 for the contract and placed a contract and pen on the man's desk and a cocked revolver next to his head. The Don then informed the man that either his signature or his brains would be on the paper in one minute; the man signed. From the tone of his speech, it seems clear that the President is of the opinion that he has made the North Vietnamese an offer they can't refuse.

The President has made a grave misestimation of what constitutes morality for most Americans. By Vietnamizing the war and "changing the color of the bodies," as former Senator Eugene McCarthy aptly phrased it, the Commander-in-Chief may have reduced domestic concern that Americans would be killed or maimed in the war. However, the decreasing American toll has been accompanied by an increasing number of Vietnamese and civilian deaths. Killing women and children just does not square with the prevalent American ethic.

The present occupant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue would have us believe that the attacks against North Vietnam, including the attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong, were directed only against military targets.

According to the *Manchester (England) Guardian*: "The bombs dropped [on Hanoi] seemed to be an equal mixture of high explosive and anti-personnel" weapons. This evaluation was made by Dr. Philip Harvey, a London physician who was in Hanoi at the time of the April 16 raid on the North Vietnamese capital by 60 United States bombers. The *Guardian's* account, which appeared on page 25 of *The Boston Globe* of April 30, stated: "Dr. Harvey said in London Wednesday that he visited one of the areas about a kilometer from his city center hotel and examined some of the dead and wounded. 'I saw the

body of one woman — she was pregnant — and she had been riddled with plastic pellets from an anti-personnel bomb. This is a new development. The pellets used to be metal but now that they are using plastic it is impossible to locate the pellets by normal X-rays. They can be found with the use of ultrasonic vibrations but the North Vietnamese do not have such equipment.' " Dr. Harvey also observed that the anti-personnel weapons had no effect on property or structures. He stated: "I dug some pellets out of the brickwork and they had only gone in about a quarter of an inch."

The statements made by Secretary of State William Rogers and Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird in their appearances before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and the briefings conducted by White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler and various Pentagon spokesmen propagated the idea that the military targets included objectives such as oil storage areas, radar sites, ammunition dumps, and railroad yards. In any case, it strains one's credibility to the breaking point to be informed that anti-personnel weapons were being used against steel and concrete targets when the weapons' projectiles could only penetrate a quarter inch of brick. The official Administration spokesmen spoke of military targets such as those mentioned above and "other military targets." Since when is a pregnant woman a military target? Did her death increase the security of the Americans remaining in South Vietnam or hasten the day when the American ground troop withdrawal will be complete? One can only wonder what Mr. Nixon's reaction would be if an anti-personnel weapon were to be dropped 1100 yards from the White House? His reaction to the invasion was that when you get hit, you've got to hit back. If he hits back does he really expect the North Vietnamese to do any less? Of course not.

The President, all his rhetoric notwithstanding, would be willing to negotiate one thing at the Paris talks: an unconditional North Vietnamese ceasefire and withdrawal. If he is extremely fortunate the North Vietnamese will withdraw and he will be able to continue with his secret plan to end the war for another four years and thus carry on in the great tradition of American Presidents who were unable to end American involvement in the conflict. If he is unlucky, he will have to explain to the country what happened to the 69,000 Americans remaining in South Vietnam when that country collapsed.

The President expects us to believe the report of the American commander in South Vietnam, General Creighton Abrams, that "if we continue to provide air and sea support the enemy will fail in its desperate gamble to impose a Communist regime on South Vietnam, and that the South Vietnamese will then have demonstrated their ability to defend themselves on the ground against future enemy attacks." Will they really have demonstrated that capability? Balderdash! If the South Vietnamese withstand this North Vietnamese offensive, and the reports from lower-ranking American military commanders are not at all encouraging, they will have demonstrated their ability to withstand the offensive with the aid of better than 30% of the United States Strategic Air Command's B-52 bombers, converted to tactical support, and over 200 smaller sea and land-based bombers and fighters, not to mention uncounted helicopters. The next time around (which could come within two years even if the current North Vietnamese Army is decimated in this battle), the massive American air support will not necessarily be available.

The leader of the Republican Party stated: "We can now see the day when no more Americans will be involved there [Vietnam] at all." If the President can see a decade ahead he can see the day. Excerpts from the 1969 National Security Study Memorandum No. 1 were published in *The Boston Globe* of April 27. In this study, the Central Intelligence Agency, which has had a very good record of predictions with respect to the Vietnam War, estimated that if the pacification program were maintained at 1967-68 effectiveness, South Vietnam

would be pacified by approximate 1982. The current offensive has set the pacification program back by at least two years in the view of unnamed officials quoted in news articles earlier this week. The President can no more see the day when his current policies will bring an end to American involvement in this war than he can find out what his secret peace plan is. The vaunted "secret" plan promised in 1968 is so secret even I does not know what it is.

Yes, it's back to those thrilling days yesteryear, back to the Credibility Gap. The only difference is that this Lone Ranger will retire to California instead of Texas.

Media Campaign Coverage

On or about January 20, 1973, the following article, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, will probably appear on the front page of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*:

"In sober pageantry, the 37th President of the United States was inaugurated yesterday by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Warren Burger. The ceremony on the East Front of the US Capitol was witnessed by the other members of the Supreme Court, the retiring President Richard Nixon, outgoing Vice-President Spiro Agnew, their wives and families, the incoming and outgoing Cabinet members, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a crowd of approximately 40,000, some of whom endured the bitter cold for hours in order to be present at the Inauguration.

"After the ceremony, the new President and Vice-President witnessed a three hour Inaugural parade which featured floats and bands from every state as well as bands from each of the military services . . .

The last paragraph of the story, we predict, will begin as follows:

"The new President, whose name incidentally is George S. McGovern . . .

Letters to The Tech

(The following letter was sent to The Tech. —Editor)

Dear Mr. Rosen,

Three statements in your April 25 letter to *The Tech* stood out in my reading:

1. "I... can't define 'analytic philosophy'."
2. "Analytic philosophy... is philosophy."
3. "... existentialism, phenomenology, Zen Buddhism [are] nonsense..."

And one more: "Analytic philosophers spend more time arguing for their positions than they do shouting and cursing at each other... They believe that philosophers should, by doing careful and precise analysis of assertions... deal with such questions as what presuppositions these assertions have and what count as evidence for them."

I missed your "analysis" — elucidation

Two years ago Thursday, May 4, four students at Kent State University were killed by Ohio National Guardsmen during a demonstration protesting the Nixon Administration's decision to invade Cambodia.

of presuppositions and evidence — for the three statements.

Huston Smith

To the editor:

As captain of the Women's Varsity Sailing Team, I appreciated the coverage that *The Tech* gives to our events. However, I do not appreciate being referred to by my last name. Because it would be extremely unnatural for anyone to refer to me as Bozzuto, I know that when Randy Young wrote the article he used my first name. I can't understand why you should go out of your way to change it just to pursue some ridiculous and asinine policy.

You don't seem to understand the inappropriateness of referring to girls by their last names only. I fully understand that MIT is a male-oriented society and I am willing to accept its challenges and benefits; however, I do feel that this small concession is in order. In future issues of *The Tech* I hope to see the skippers of the women's team referred to as Maria and Shelley and not Bozzuto and Bernstein.

Maria Bozzuto '73

(The Tech uses last names in its articles because that is a much more accurate way of identifying people, in either a male or female oriented society. —Editor)

Continuous News Service

The Tech

Since 1881

Vol. XCII, No. 22 May 2, 1972

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The Tech Arts Section

Doc & Merle Watson: they've been around

If you were to pass Doc and Merle Watson in the street, you might see Doc's chino pants and white socks and think that he were some backwoods person coming to the big city for the first time. But if you gave each of them a guitar and sat them down to play for you, you would soon discover that they indeed have been around.

Doc and Merle played at Harvard's Sanders Theatre recently, and, judging from the size of the lines that I had to wait in, the Watsons have quite a following in this area.

Doc Watson, who has been blind since birth, can play guitar with incredible speed. His basic style includes both flat-picking and fingerpicking, and he does both with skill and dexterity.

It is obvious that Doc has taught his son Merle how to play guitar. Their styles are almost identical and yet they complement each other because they often switch leads and rhythms successfully. Their guitar work is smooth and polished. They are true professionals.

Doc and Merle opened the Sanders concert with Jimmy Rodgers' "Peach Picking Time in Georgia" in which Doc did some rather thin yodeling but some rather nice flat picking.

Together the Watsons did flawless guitar work for the entire concert. Especially impressive was the instrumental version of "Sweet Georgia Brown" which appears on their *Southbound* album (Vanguard). Doc admitted that he worked for ten years with a country swing band and that he consequently knew all sorts of songs such as "Georgia Brown" from the country swing era. Doc fooled around a bit with a not-so-funny Elvis Presley/fifties imitation in which he deepened his voice, sang a few bars of "Blue Suede Shoes," and laughed a great deal. The audience sort of humored him while he was having a good time, but most of the people in the audience were anxious for him to be serious. He soon settled down into some nice contemporary and traditional country music.

The Watsons performed two Jimmy Driftwood songs, "Long Chain On" and "Tennessee Stud." Both songs were well done and polished, although Doc had a little bit of trouble with the words on "Tennessee Stud." "Long Chain On" was outstanding, and, as done by Doc Watson, certainly paid tribute to the men who refused to fight in the War Between the States.



Merle Watson

It is very difficult to classify or categorize the Watsons' music. At first glance, it is bluegrass and country music. But then, Doc will surprise you with a Tom Paxton song or a Mississippi John Hurt song, leaving you puzzled as to what type of music you're actually listening to. It is contemporary yet traditional, country yet popular, twangy yet not too twangy. On the whole, it is nice, pleasant, easy-to-listen-to material, enhanced by Watson guitar work and arranging. Poppy records seems to be trying to change the "image" of Doc Watson: they have recently released a single, "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad," for AM radio exposure.

The Watsons did not play one badly chosen or poorly executed song for the entire Sanders concert. The only possible exception was Doc's version of "Summertime," which had its vocally weak moments but which, again, was successful because of fine guitar work.



Doc Watson

Merle may have surprised some members of the audience with his competent banjo playing. Merle has been playing banjo for less than two years now. Already he plays as if he were a veteran of the instrument, and he is constantly improving. He effectively played lead to Doc's guitar on "Foggy Mountain Break-up."

The Watsons mixed country and contemporary music well at the Sanders concert. In addition to the contemporary music already mentioned, they did "Little Sadie," "Lost John," and "Winter's Night" for the traditionalists in the audience. Doc played a driving sort of harmonica to back-up "Lost John," which is a train song. Doc usually saves his harmonica playing for train songs to help him simulate the actual train sound.

Doc and Merle were called back for two encores. Doc seemed pleased with his Boston reception. For one encore, he did "Deep River Blues," saying that it took him ten years to play it satisfactorily after having heard Merle Travis' version. For his second encore, he did "Mama Don't Allow No Music Playing Around Here," to which he added sounds of the various instruments that mama don't allow no playin' of, such as harmonica and guitar.

In addition to the Watsons, the Sanders concert also featured the Cantabridgian Union. This group, composed of three regulars and a bass player they found in Boston, comes from Dublin, Ireland. The thought of native Irishmen playing bluegrass music was surprising, but not nearly as surprising as the fact that the Cantabridgians played bluegrass music well. One of their members is an outstanding 60-year-old fiddler whose talents would easily fool even backwoods people into thinking that he were an authentic Appalachian fiddler. Their banjo and guitar work were more than adequate, and they certainly sounded like polished bluegrass musicians.

Overall, it was a pleasant concert, a great way to get out of the rain on a Saturday night. My only complaint is with the promoters of the concert. The concert was disorganized and, at best, shoddily planned. No tickets were sold in advance, although the concert was heavily advertised. The lines were unnecessary — we weren't camping out to buy Bruins tickets, we were there to hear music. The music came close to completely compensating for standing in line for an hour and forty-five minutes, but the lines were still difficult to forget.

Now that "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad" is being exposed to AM radio audiences, the Watsons will undoubtedly become increasingly popular. I can't help but feel that Doc and Merle deserve success after having worked so long to achieve it. Both Doc and Merle are far more talented than some "successful" musicians. And these two seem to enjoy their work as evidenced by the expressions on their faces as they play. Doc might be middle-aged and blind, but his music isn't.

Wanda Adams

The belated return of Cliff Robertson

Three years ago, Cliff Robertson mumbled his way to cinematic prominence with his brilliant performance in the title role of *Charly*. His Academy Award (one of the few commendable decisions this erudite body of politicians has made) led to much critical speculation as to the nature and quality of his future productions; although he was not completely unknown prior to *Charly*, there had been little previous indication of his capabilities. Hollywood reserved judgement, waiting to see whether *Charly* was Cliff Robertson, or Cliff Robertson was *Charly*.

They were forced to wait a long time. J.W. Coop is Robertson's first role since *Charly*, and it is a strong indication that he really is capable of excellent acting performance. *Coop* is a story about rodeo people, a topic that is not of obvious public interest. Unlike the typically commercial sports documentary, however, Robertson really does focus upon the personalities of individuals rather than the action shots that permeate most cultural documentaries. It is this focus on the characters that makes the film more than just a "Day at the Rodeo" starring Larry Mahan, Dennis Reiners, Johnny Wilson, and a cast of thousands of cows.

The focus of a film, however, is not the job of the star to decide; all that is required of him is that he play his role in a convincing manner. So, it would be patently unfair to blame or credit a film on the merits of its star; contrary to popular belief, most of the responsibility for a film lies with the director and the screenplay. *J.W. Coop* is however one of an ever-increasing number of 'solo' films, wherein the direction, production, and lead role are done by the same person. Few of these efforts are successes — for example, Tony Anthony's "Blindman" was a disaster. It is rare that an actor is capable of separating the multiple perspectives involved; Robertson has done this, and done it well enough that the film does not suffer from over-focusing on any of his three functions.

The story line is interesting, if only because it is based on a problem of extreme social significance that few films have dealt with in the past. *J.W. Coop* is an ex-convict who is forced to adjust to the changes that have occurred during his 10-year sentence. His only skill is rodeo riding, and he attempts to make a comeback in a sport that has changed radically during his long absence. The situation has obvious analogies to the problems facing most beneficiaries of our 'rehabilitation' process. *Coop*, of course, succeeds where most others fail — but the problems he faces are not something that most of us will confront; as such, *Coop* is a valid social introspection.

The film is characterized by a refreshing lack of commercialism. According to Robertson, the majority of the actors were not professional people, but this does not detract from the quality of the movie. The lack of experience is not evident; this is certainly a credit to Robertson's directing abilities. There are several excellent performances, including an interesting cameo for Geraldine Page, who plays *Coop*'s aging, delusional mother. A second role worthy of note is amateur Son Hooker (yes, that is his real name) in a classic portrayal of the antithetical highway-patrolman. Hooker's 'scared rookie cop' is exactly the type of peace officer one never seems to find on T.V., but he is definitely more fun than Jack Webb could ever be.

The only performance which lacks credibility is that of Cristina Ferrare in the female lead. Ferrare is the counterpoint to Robertson's necessarily conservative role, and she does not play a liberated hippy type very realistically; this shortcoming displaces the possibilities for a clear conflict between the obvious dissimilarity of the two lead characterizations.

The film is being publicized heavily in Boston, but this is largely at the personal

initiative of Cliff Robertson. Columbia Pictures hasn't deserted the film, but it is probable that it will not be a big commercial attraction. This is by no means an indication of poor quality; the fact is that the setting is of questionable public appeal. In spite of this, it is enjoyable, unless you happen to have a personal dislike for rodeo, and the underlying questions are at least as important as the choice of setting. Robertson's portrayal of J.W. Coop is excellent, although it is by no means the same type of dramatic role he played in *Charly*. In fact, the only serious drawback to the film is a thoroughly obnoxious employee of Loew's Abby cinema who continually interrupted the screening with very vocal admonitions about the no smoking regulation in effect at "all Loew's theatres" and in doing so disrupted the performance of a fine movie.

Gayle C. Johnson

Silent Running just barely stays afloat

Only within the past decade has it become inescapably apparent that man's pace of technological progress might, with inadequate planning, continue only at the expense of nature. Indeed, a number of important environmentalists have warned that more technological progress, no matter how well planned, must inevitably lead to a decline in the place of nature on this planet.

The newly released film *Silent Running* extrapolates the progress and those warnings to a future where no more natural life exists on earth. Small samples of different species of flora and fauna have been preserved out in the asteroid belt, in a number of specially designed freighters. But the reprieve for nature is only temporary, and for some unstated reason (no doubt a budget cut) the order comes up from earth to destroy all the space greenhouses, and their cargoes, banishing from the solar system all trace of the natural beauty that once covered the earth.

The theme for the movie was brilliantly conceived. On the one hand you have nature in all her glory, from shaded, verdant woods to stark, naked deserts. On the other side is technology, not really evil, but brutally unkind of its effect on the non-mechanical world. Out in the vast reaches of space comes the final meeting of these two adversaries, the last chance for nature and her single human defender (a conservationist in the asteroid belt since the program's inception eight years earlier) to sidestep the forward drive of technology and preserve something of an alternative. A very poetic conception.

Continued on page 7

Jim Dawson plays the Passim Coffeehouse

Jim Dawson appeared last week at the Passim Coffeehouse. He said it was his first time in Cambridge or Boston, but you couldn't tell that from either the audience's exuberant appreciation or from the quality of the excellent performance.

After a fair warm-up act provided by solo performer Bob McCarthy, Dawson and his two sidemen walked onto the small riser. Dawson projected the charisma and mood that made me expect a night of beautiful music. I wasn't disappointed, neither was anyone else in the sell-out crowd. Dawson devoted his first set to his own songs. He gave magnificent renditions of "All I've Got Right Now," "Heather," "Gentle Woman," "It's Because" and others. These are some of his "sweet and quiet" songs. Dawson also did a few more lively: "Good Mornin' Mornin'," "Man in Question" and a sing-along-if-you'd-like version of "Little Help from My Friends." He closed the set with "Simple Song" — the third sing along of the night so far.

Continued on page 7

Music

New Riders of the Purple Sage in concert

When one reviews a record, one generally takes on the task of informing the reader whether, in the reviewer's humble opinion, he should shell out the bread necessary to add said record to his collection, or wait until the next time around. On the other hand, in the case of a concert all you can do is tell your readers what they missed. And if you missed the New Riders of the Purple Sage's show last Wednesday at the Music Hall, you missed a goodie. Well, for the most part, anyway. Let me start with the warm-up act.

Now the warm-up band is in a somewhat awkward (as the New Riders should know, having started out as friends and/or members of, who played ahead of, the Grateful Dead) existence: the audience didn't come to see *them*, and they can play their hearts out and get nary a whimper of response from the crowd if they're lucky; if unlucky, they might have to settle for "get the heck off the stage! Bring on AAAAAALICE!" Or worse. To add to their miseries, the warm-up band is usually a newer group who aren't yet very popular, or haven't quite hit what you might call their musical stride: i.e., they aren't too good. That's why they aren't headliners. In fact, I've heard rumors to the effect that some promoters think a lousy warm-up group makes the main attraction more attractive. Therefore, for a NRPS concert, you'd expect some minor league bunch of Flying Burrito Bros. ringers, who can't sing on key or even tune their dobros, to open up. Instead, we got an incredibly schizoid British pop band, with the deceptively limp name of Tranquility. They turned out to be the surprise of the evening. Dressed much as the Alice Cooper Group used to (in the days when they were the intergalactic drag queens from the planet Zappa), in slinky black leather pants, fluttering lace, blue lame, hair overflowing mutated shags (all except the bass player, who looked like he just stepped out of an Al Capone comic book), the entourage of six skinny anglo-andromorphs opened with two songs which sounded like the Cowsills backed by Buffalo Springfield, which doesn't sound possible, but believe me, is. Their vocals are really impressive; most of the time four of the boys are contributing to the "wall of voices" effect. Their third tune shifted gears: called "Dear Oh Dear," it was of the same school as Bonzo Dog's "Hello Mabel" or the Beatles' "Honey Pie." And so it went. They played a couple cuts from their recent Epic album, the best of which was "Black Currant Betty," another cutesy-pie ballroom ballad. Towards the end of their set, their ooohs and aaahs were laced with pretty mean guitar riffs; Tranquility showed they could sound like the Carpenters one minute, and turn around and stomp ass like Humble Pie the next. Why these crazies aren't blasting away on yer local AM top-40 radio station, I'll never know, as they are a perfect AM band. I guess maybe I just like British bands, but these guys are both cute and killer simultaneously; who could hate them?

I didn't have much time to peruse the crowd assembled as the New Rider roadies only took ten minutes setting up, and the band was tuned and ready to go in about 15. The place was maybe three-quarters full, and I didn't see that much dope or wine; basically a cigarette and popcorn crowd. I expected to see a few more cowboy hats and western shirts than I did, and came across only one NRPS T-shirt. Anyone who would have guessed that this would be a miniature Dead concert would have been sorely mistaken. For one thing, since their first album, Buddy Cage (last with Ian & Sylvia's Great Speckled Bird) has replaced Garcia on pedal steel. For another thing, several of the tunes they played from their new album *Powerglide* have more of a traditional C&W feel to them, suggesting that perhaps the Riders are becoming less of a countrified Grateful Dead band and more of a Poco-like group. Another swing in emphasis concerns the Riders' blossoming interest in



Capricorn artists Alex Taylor and the Allman Brothers came to Boston last month to display their new wares, *Dinnertime* and *Eat a Peach*, respectively. Following two shows at the Music Hall was a lavish watermelon and peach shortcake bash at the Orson Welles, where these shots were snapped of Alex and the remaining real Allman, Greg.

old 50's rock and roll (they did "Hello Mary Lou," "Boondocks," "Sweet Lovin' One," among others) which I have a feeling was always there just below the surface, waiting for a chance to get out. Not to mention their legendary ode to Bo Diddley, "Willie and the Hand Jive," which traces the adventures of a cat named Way-Out Willie, who could do the Stroll and the Suzie Q and do that crazy Hand Jive too, and his girl Rockin' Milly.

The band was pretty tight, although they didn't do as much close harmonizing as they usually do, and they did most of the biggies from their first LP, including "Glendale Train," "Henry," "Louisiana Lady," and "Portland Woman," but noticeably neglecting "Dirty Business." Buddy Cage's pedal steel impressed me greatly: he's no Rusty Young, but I'd take him over Garcia any day of the week. Dave Nelson wasn't exceeding sharp on lead Telecaster, looking a wee bit spaced. Any lack of enthusiasm was more than made up for by Spencer Dryden, who looked pleased as hell to be playing with someone, joyfully beating the crap out of his undersized drum kit.

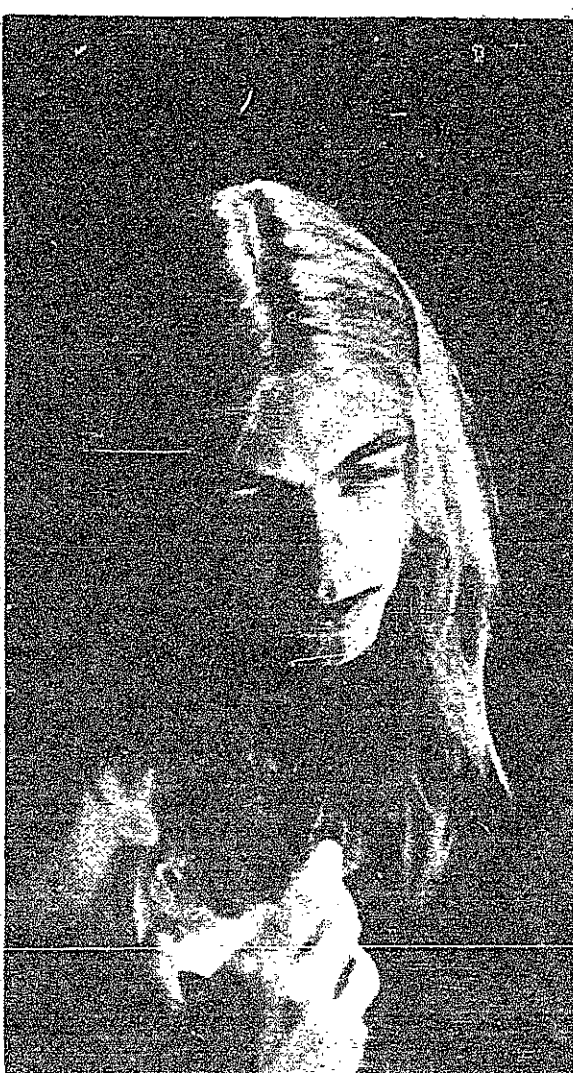
As the night wore on, however, I'm afraid to say that things got a little boring, leading to the conclusion that, although sparkling in the studio, Marmaduke and company *live* are better in short relief, i.e., as a warm-up band (like for the Dead, for instance). Playing 1½ hours as they did, things started getting pretty repetitious, to the point where I was getting the feeling that I could play some of those pedal steel riffs myself. I'd heard them so often. I don't know, maybe the boys realized this, for finishing with "Hand Jive" really woke the place up. The guy two seats down from me was taping the proceedings on a small cassette he had smuggled in, and he kept yelling "Lodi." Well, he got the next best thing, as the Riders' one encore was a rousing, totally unexpected edition of "Honky Tonk Women." I yelled for "More Stones!" but to no avail.

All in all, I can't say it wasn't an enjoyable evening. The New Riders unveiled most of their new album, including "California Day" with mellow vocals by bassman Dave Torbert, and another instant NRPS classic "Duncan and Brady." My one complaint is that I don't think the Riders are ready to be the stars of the show; they're working on it, but they're still closer to Dead roadies than bona fide superstars. But I give them an 85; you can bop to them.

Mark Astolfi

Hot Tuna: Burgers and better things

Hot Tuna started out as something for Jack Casady and Jorma Kaukonen to do when Jefferson Airplane wasn't playing. It has taken over most of their time lately and even the Jorma-penned cuts on *Bark*, the last Airplane album, sounded just like



Hot Tuna. But now there is some studio music from this band (their two previous records were recorded live), *Burgers* (Grunt/RCA). It is better than its predecessors, and although it still points up rather clearly some of Hot Tuna's weaknesses, it is a respectable effort.

The most important feature about *Burgers* is that the material is better than before (with a few exceptions). At least three or four of the tunes stand out as quite good, and nothing is really horrendous or long enough to be very boring. Some of the old blues numbers (which abound in Hot Tuna's repertoire) drag, largely due to the limited techniques used on them, which is most notably characterized by the slightly-too-slow, ever-present, thump-thump rhythm provided by Sammy Piazza, Spencer Dryden (former JA percussionist) is now with the New Riders of the Purple Sage; both Piazza and Airplane drummer Joey Covington are very sluggish in comparison, which hurts the sound tremendously — too much of the charge is lost.

This type of song sounds worse in a live performance (such as they gave at the Aquarius Theatre a few weeks back). On a record, Jorma can play both rhythm and lead guitars via overdubs. But on stage, he has to stick mostly with filling in the body of the band's sound (which he does by turning his amp up to deafening and sounding like a whole band by himself), which leaves little facility for lead guitar work. The result is that almost all the instrumental solos are left to Papa

John Creach (violin), who quickly revealed himself to be quite jarring (possibly on purpose) and repetitive (presumably *not* on purpose). Jorma took no more than two or three solos the whole evening, while Creach had his on every song.

However, the good songs make the concert tolerable and the album very good. Interestingly, Creach is missing from *Burgers*' two best cuts, "Sea Child" and "Water Song." Jorma is still a masterful guitarist (electric and acoustic) and Jack Casady remains unequalled as a rock and blues bassist. Creach is restrained just enough on the record to keep him from boring you, since he is good in small doses. This is unfortunately not the case in a live show. But with strong, well-structured songs like the two above, plus "Keep On Truckin'" and "True Religion," two snappy numbers, Hot Tuna can turn out interesting music that maintains a moderate pace and clunks through for a decent album's worth. Their best material which includes "Feel So Good" from *Bark* and "Been So Long" and "Candy Man" (from H.T.'s previous release) is enough to pick up their concert, but their sound would be greatly improved by an additional guitarist. Then Jorma wouldn't have so much of the load to carry and could play most of the leads, as he should be doing. He's wasting his talent playing the rhythm.

Somewhat, that's always been the story of Hot Tuna, misplaced talent. *Burgers* is a little bit closer to the clear sound than their first two albums, but you know that Jorma and Jack have a lot more creativity than they are letting us hear. We'll just have to keep waiting. Get *Burgers* anyway.

Jay Pollack

A Kink is a Kink is a Kink . . .

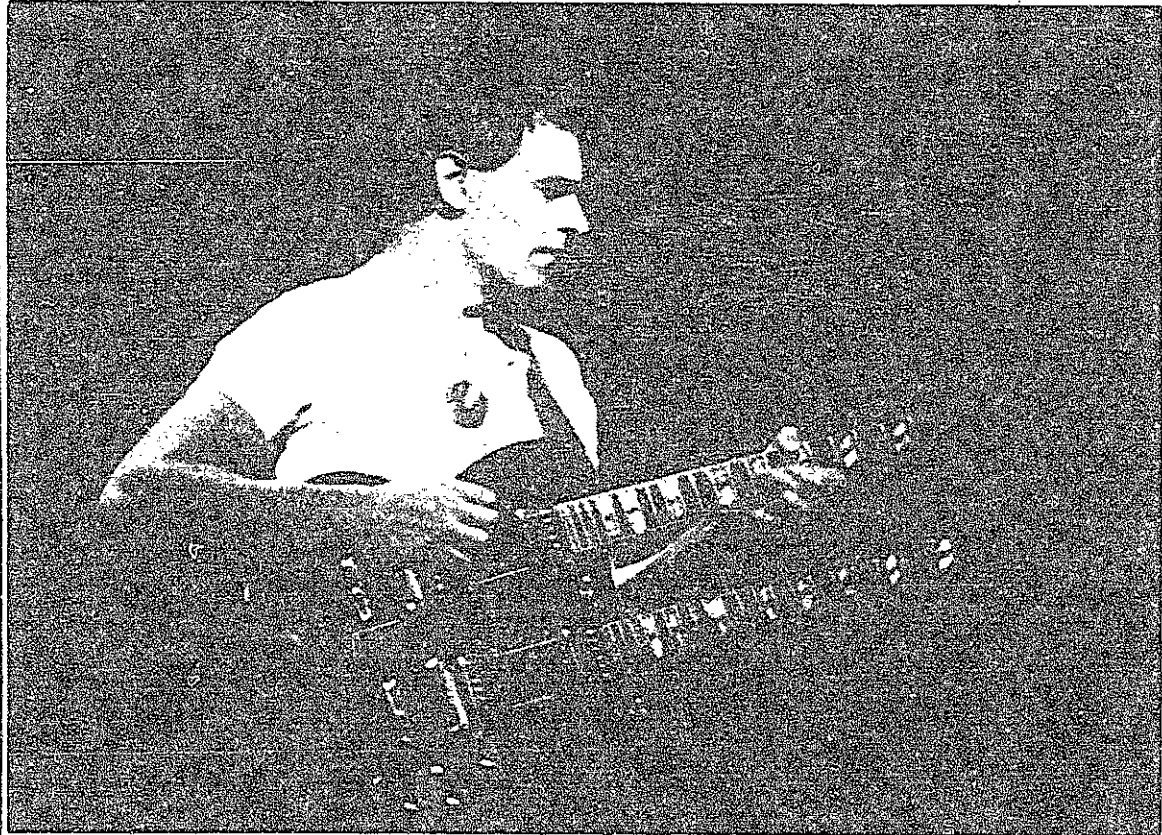
The Kink Kronikles — The Kinks (Reprise)

There are twenty-eight songs contained here, which should be enough for all but the most devoted Kinks Freaks (who will be missing up to maybe a half dozen of these tunes). This collection is a "greatest hits (and non-hits), volume two" and then some. If you are at all struck by the talents of Ray Davies, then this is for you.

What is there to say about the Kinks? Anything true about them at any one time will be true at all other times. Few groups have been around for such a long time, while maintaining such a consistent sound. *The Kink Kronikles* contains tracks from 1967 to 1971, yet there is no chronological progression — they are all ageless. They still seem comfortable doing "You Really Got Me" and they probably will for another seven years.

If you have nothing else by this rock & roll institution, you should get *The Kink Kronikles* (and their greatest hits album, too). Groups may come and go, but the Kinks are the Kinks are the Kinks are . . .

Jay Pollack



It's not easy for a jazz group to fill a large concert hall like the Aquarius Theatre, but the Mahavishnu Orchestra managed to do so last month. The group received only standing ovations throughout the evening, as fiercely intense and imaginative performances were provided by John McLaughlin on his dual-necked guitar, drummer Billy Cobham, keyboardist Jan Hammer and Jerry Goodman on electric violin. The interplay among the musicians was as inspiring as the solos as they blazed through a magnificent, lengthy set of their complex musical creations.

Cinema

Silent Running, from page 5

Unfortunately, the director and the actors were just a bit short of fulfilling the original writer's dream. On occasion there is a flicker of what might have been, a brief glimpse of capturing, as would only be possible in this medium, the full essence of the struggle. But through most of the movie the majesty and poignancy of this struggle is lost in a number of irrelevant scenes. Too often the movie slips into sequences that are, certainly, entertaining (even the little mechanical robots are endearing), but scenes that are nonetheless unrelated to the essence of the picture. Admittedly, there are spots where the simple story line itself imposes difficulties. After all, there are only so many different ways you can interest the audience in a grown man playing with his animals. But the movie could have been much more forceful had there been more constant attention to the theme.

Technically the execution is superb. The director for *Silent Running* handled the special effects for *2001*, and brings all his ability into creating here a truly realistic view of outer space. As in *2001*, all the trade names are familiar: the freighters bare the American Airlines label, fertilizers are charged with the crest of Dow Chemical, and the like. Shots of the cockpit instrumentation should satisfy any aero & astro student. The photography matches the special effects, with the same breath-taking shots of space Stanley Kubrick used in *2001*.

Since there are only four human parts in the movie, the quality of the acting fluctuates rather markedly. The only important role was the conservationist, played by Bruce Dern, and his performance can only be rated so-so. There are some surface comparisons with Jesus Christ, and indeed a Christ-like man is just what the theme needs, but Dern's acting is uneven.

Rating the movie overall is difficult. It's certainly entertaining — the novelty of space that *2001* introduced has yet to be dulled by repetition. If only the movie could have built on the theme captured so well during the first and last 60 seconds, it might have been brilliant. As it is, it can only be rated good. *At the Pi Alley*.

~~~~~ Alex Makowski ~~~~~

### Chabrol's Le Boucher is a latecomer

All too often, the year's best films receive little or no exposure. Occasionally, MGM or Universal releases a picture that is more than topical, but the majority of the real cinematic art is released by "foreigners," the French and the Italians who are perhaps the most notable film artists. The few foreign releases that do get screening often do so for the sole purpose of qualifying for the Academy Awards. Luckily, this is not the case with one of the more notable French releases, Claude Chabrol's *Le Boucher* (The Butcher), which was released last year but has required, regrettably, nearly a year to be given general screening in this country.

Chabrol is following in the steps of Alfred Hitchcock, who he considers to be his mentor, in producing sophisticated, well-filmed and -scored murder mysteries. Though the plot is not very long or twisted, it is very satisfying, and avoids being dragged out *ad infinitum*.

The characterization is a great deal

more than skin deep, especially in the case of the heroine, Helene, played by Stephane Audran (Mme. Chabrol). Despite the fact that her eye makeup doesn't run, when she cries, she is a remarkably real and many-faceted character, and in her reality lies a great deal of the success of the film.

In true Hitchcock style, the film's title is a pun. It refers to the protagonist, Paul, played by Jean Yanne, who, like his father and grandfather before him, is the town butcher. He is unlike his forbears, however, in that he hates his trade; it reminds him of his fifteen years in the army, to which he constantly refers and obviously cannot forget.

The film is also technically beautiful. Overall, the film is a short, beautifully constructed, intricate puzzle which acts as a marvelous showcase for Chabrol and all of his talented cohorts.

~~~~~ Sandy Yulke ~~~~~

Music

Jim Dawson, from page 5

We stayed for the second set, as did quite a few others. During the break between sets, while my friends discussed the earlier part of Dawson's career (his time with the Good Earth), I went out and ran through Harvard Square looking for Dawson's two LP's.

To call Jim Dawson and his music a combination of the best of James Taylor and Tom Rush is bad, but it's the best description I can make if you haven't heard him. His songs have tender, sensitive lyrics. The musicianship is just as tight. Between Dawson and his sidemen, they play a lot of string instruments and piano. The only phrase I can use is "beautiful music." Again, the phrase isn't good enough but it's the best I can do.

Dawson's second set had a different approach. A lot of the material was written by other people. But again, within ten minutes the audience was completely on his side. He did a couple of Everly Bros. songs, a Beatles tune, and excellent version of "There'll Never Be Another You" and some other I can't name. Then some more of the songs on his two records. This time the audience joined in spontaneously on a few songs. After his regular set, he came back for a long encore, responding to his excellent reception. Again he closed his set with "Simple Song" singalong style, and we were singing as loudly as we could. My friends and I never realized we harmonized so poorly.

Eventually it was all over. Even Passim's owner was happy. He keeps a few LP's of the current performer every week. He sold his entire stock of Dawson's *You'll Never Be Lonely With Me*.

~~~~~ Bob Klein ~~~~~

### Brinsley Schwarz: fantasy amidst the fantasy

*Silver Pistol* — Brinsley Schwarz (United Artists)

• Without warning the saloon doors swung wide open, and in he stalked. He was dressed from head to toe in dingy white leather, offset only by his black lace shirt and his cracked, sun-baked skin. An empty holster hung at his hip. He moved slowly toward the bar, sitting down beside Jed Grinner.

"What'll ya have, stranger," asked the barkeep.

"The usual," came the reply, grumbling deep from within the rough-hewn throat.

Jed and the barkeep exchanged glances. Jed grinned.

"I ain't seen you around these parts, stranger. Whatcha name?"

"Earl Stranger," came the terse reply.

"Well," chuckled Jed, "glad to know ya, Stranger. What brings you to Collier Bluffs, Wyomin'?"

"It's a long story."

Jed was, coincidentally enough, in the mood for a long story, and was about to prod the stranger on when the doors flew open and in marched the Olders Brothers Gang. Hollering and yelping they stampeded over to where the barmaid, Miss Lola LaVoid, was standing. The stranger's jaw twitched when he heard a shrill cry:

"Keep your mitts off my bodice, buster!!"

Then, suddenly, he stood, his dark face turning a ghastly, lurid white. "I have seen enough!" he bellowed. Jed wasn't grinning when he saw the beams of pure energy shooting out from the stranger's eyes, lifting the hollering, yelping Olders Brothers Gang until they touched the ceiling, then tossing them across the room and through the plate glass window and out into the street below. . . .

The point is, none of this would have happened had the alert bartender put a copy of Brinsley Schwarz's latest, *Silver Pistol*, on the gramophone at the outset. Y'see, Brinsley Schwarz is both a person and a group; the group consists of five British chaps who rank among the finest western (as opposed to country and western) bands in the known universe, at the present time. Their new release consists of 12 pleasant, if somewhat redundant, cactus cornball numbers, a good many of which might remind you of The Band, due mainly to Bob Andrews organ work. One song, "Range War" deserves individual attention, as it sums up, I think, BS's free 'n' easy sagebrush approach to music making. The chorus goes, in part:

"Range war is on the run

Grab your coat and getcher gun

Silver Surfer won't you come and help me"

The reason that Marvel Comics' Guardian of the Spaceways pops up in a song otherwise populated by stagecoaches and gunslingers is to remind us how important the element of fantasy is to the whole cowboy trip. Sure it's rootin' tootin' fun if you don't take it seriously. Try this experiment: watch Gunsmoke reruns some night with the sound off, and *Silver Pistol* on the stereo. I guarantee, you'll be a-grinnin' jest like ole Jed faster than you can say — "Yippie-tie-one-on!" Honest Injun.

~~~~~ Mark Astolfi ~~~~~

David Clayton-Thomas on his own

David Clayton-Thomas (Columbia)

This album may be a good sign. David Clayton-Thomas has left Blood, Sweat & Tears and recorded an album with other musicians. You can hardly tell the difference, though, which makes you wonder just how much of a backup band for its lead singer BS&T had become.

Now if you remember, the group's first album featured another singer, Al Kooper. Kooper also arranged and helped produce and it is still their best release so far. The next one was without Kooper but it was still interesting. The rhythm and blues mode still dominated, but it was slowly being overcome by a very slick, jazz-pop sound, which made the band much more popular (though to a very different audience). The third and

fourth records were well-played but essentially vacuous. Essentially, BS&T had forgotten its roots and had been led astray. It just seemed like a waste of talent, since several of the members are fairly creative players.

The sound of the last two albums has been brought over to this solo effort, and it will still be enjoyable to anyone who liked it before. The material Clayton-Thomas performs is strong, for the most part, and with the exception of a few strings and female background singers, it could easily have been a Blood, Sweat & Tears record. It was produced by BS&T's producer/drummer Bobby Colomby, who has captured the band's current sound well. Perhaps he should bottle it and sell it to others.

The point of all this is that if David Clayton-Thomas' influences were what made BS&T so bland and commercial, perhaps these forces are now separated from the talent of the rest of the group and future Blood, Sweat & Tears work will represent a sort of comeback to their older, more vital sound. That would certainly qualify as good news. And for those who like BS&T as they are now, *David Clayton-Thomas* will certainly be a highly pleasurable collection.

~~~~~ Jay Pollack ~~~~~

### Kathy Smith just doesn't quite make it

*Kathy Smith/2* — Kathy Smith (Stormy Forest/MGM)

Kathy Smith looks well in her album-jacket photograph, but it certainly is a shame that she doesn't sing nearly as well as she looks.

Ms. Smith's voice is nothing exceptional. It is pleasant enough when she stays within her limited range, but much too often she tries to reach notes outside her range. The result is a great deal of uncontrolled screaming.

For the most part, *Kathy Smith/2* is filled with songs that are composed of the most trite, contrived rhymes that I've heard since grammar school. "Rock and Roll Star" not only has trite lyrics, it also has music that doesn't fit with the lyrics. "Seven Virgins," another tiresome song, is filled with percussion and screaming and very little else.

There are however, two or three decent — although not outstanding — songs on this album. "Fly Off With the Wind," for example, has meaningful lyrics at times and has its musically redeeming moments. "For Emile" is a nice, slow song that seems to flow well. "Blessed Be the People" has potential, and the fact that it contains just simple piano accompaniment enhances this potential.

The remainder of the album is mediocre at best. "Willie" begins well with a harpsichord introduction but fails despite some interesting flute work by Jeremy Steig. Then, conversely, Steig gets somewhat carried away in "Travel in a Circle" and drowns Kathy's voice out. "It's Taking So Long" is the victim of choppy arranging and, again, mis-judgment of range on Kathy's part.

Kathy's main problem is one of imitation. Somehow, you can't help but think that you've heard traces of her before somewhere. She tries to add Judy Collinsesque and Joni Mitchell-ese touches to her songs, although she doesn't have nearly the range of either. She has a pleasant but not exceptional voice. Perhaps if she would try harder to be Kathy Smith, she would at least be listening material. Frankly, if this album is any indication of her "talents," I find it difficult to believe that she has one album, let alone two.

~~~~~ Wanda Adams ~~~~~

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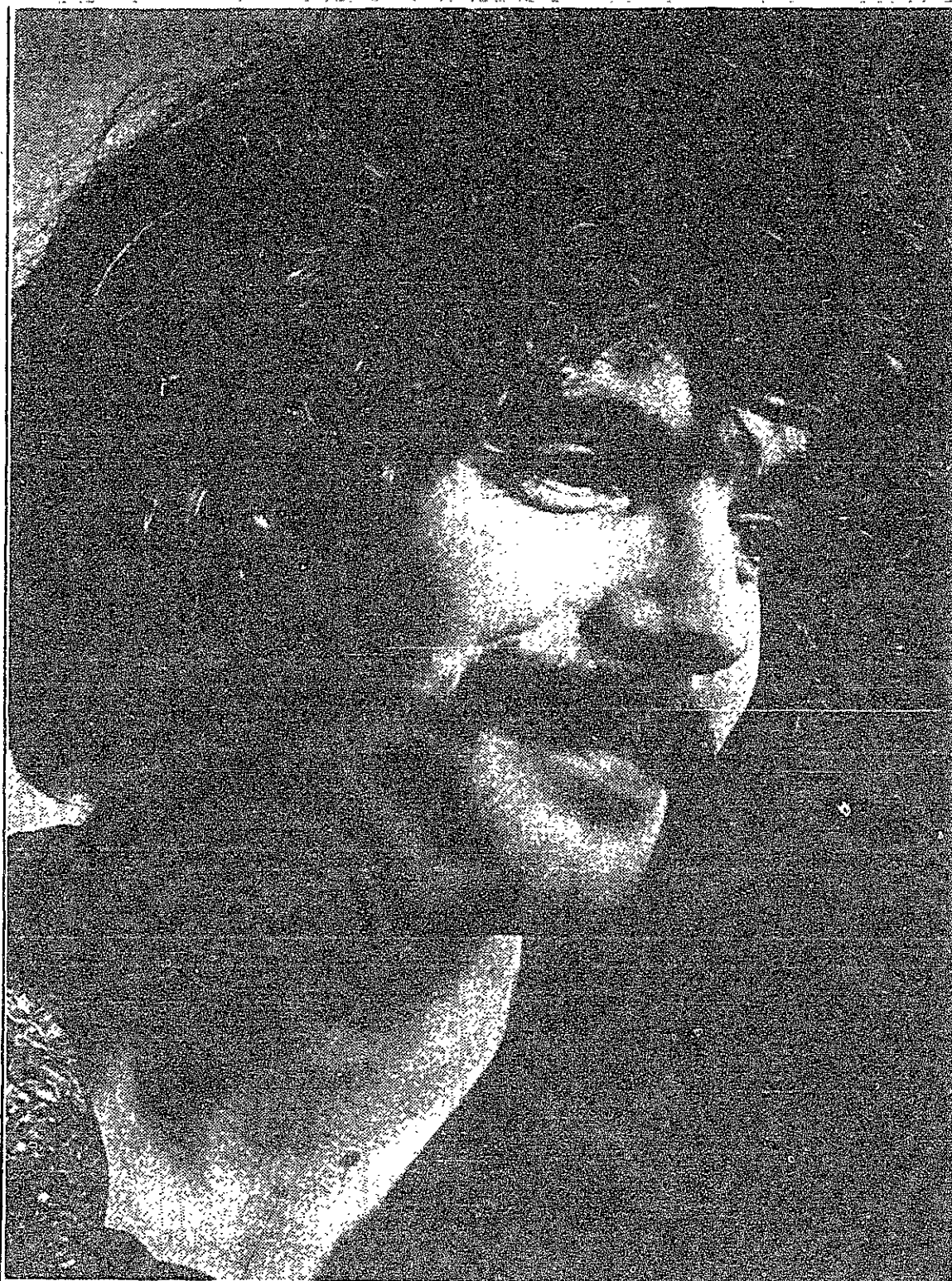
Tom Rush: good, but not up to expectations

Merrimack County — Tom Rush (Columbia)

It's interesting to note the way Tom Rush and his music have changed over the years. Back in the early-mid-sixties when the Beatles, the Dave Clark Five, Gerry and the Pacemakers, and the whole Liverpool sound were making their first appearance, Tom Rush was already a well-established fixture in and around Cambridge, hanging out with the likes of Jesse Colin Young at the Club 47 (now the Passim), and singing blues and ballads on Prestige records. From there, it was on into the heart of the folk era on Elektra, as Tom proceeded to build up the loyal following that made him the New England favorite he still is. Then a step to Columbia, and his conversion through his own doing, or the label's, to being a rock star.

Culminating with Tom Rush's latest, *Merrimack County*, his most rocking little record yet, ironically despite his self-imposed exile of the past year in New Hampshire to regain his "folk roots." The image of the star is obvious just from the cover, with Mr. Rush sitting there with his shoulder length blond hair, rose-colored shades, all amidst this psychedelic sort of background, looking cool and hipper-than-thou. And from his concert earlier in April, with little Tommy Rush fronting an electric band, he seems to have made that some jump that brought jeers and insults to Dylan one night at Newport, as he strode on stage with his electric Fender in hand. But perhaps people learned from that reactionary display in Rhode Island that a change was not necessarily for the worse. The new Dylan was ultimately accepted, even if by a different crowd in some respects. And so goes Tom Rush.

In a departure from the previous two Columbia albums, *Tom Rush* and *Wrong End of the Rainbow*, *Merrimack County* has more weak material; possibly this is due to the lack of good, unknown writers at the moment (either they've become known, or they sing their own songs), and Tom has been pressed into writing more himself. The only new name by two songs on this latest disc is Canadian Bob Carpenter's, on the haunting, dirge-like "Gypsy Boy" and weaker, more up-tempo "Roll Away the Grey." Jackson Browne has one contribution, which has come to be a very well-known tune, "Jamaica Say You Will" done in a style that is at first uneasy after the writer's own version but which develops a sensitivity of its own after a few listenings. The other non-Rush composition is Eric Kaz's "Mother Earth" originally written for and done by the band of the same name. It is clearly the catchy "hit" off the record, done in a loosely Latin-ish style, being the best of the "rock" material. The other six numbers are all written either solely by Tom Rush or in conjunc-



Tom Rush

tion with one of the underated lead guitarists around (particularly live), Trevor Veitch. Unfortunately, only about half of those make it; the others lose.

Also rather ironically, it is the rock 'n' roll numbers that fail. "Kids These Days" and "Mink Julip" start the disc off dismally, and "Gone Down River" ends it on a similar foot. But in between, there is one fine electric number, and two beautiful acoustic tunes. "Merrimack County" is simply a harder version than the excellent original on *Wrong End of the Rainbow*, and while the extra *k* doesn't add much, the changes make the song a very good bit of rock. But "Wind on the Water" and "Seems These Songs," both neglected live in favor of the rock'n'roll, are truly beautiful numbers, lyrically and musically.

Merrimack County is a top-notch album by any standards applied to most artists. But the high quality of Tom Rush's previous efforts make the latest almost second-class. Which by no means is an accurate statement, as the record is a very good total endeavor. The situation is just that in the case of Tom Rush, his work can only be discussed in levels of "goodness." Which, in the long run, is (kind of) the best review of Mr. Rush and his albums.

Neal Vitale

B. W. Stevenson is lonely

B.W. Stevenson (RCA)

On the album jacket to *B.W. Stevenson*, Stevenson himself claims that all he's done is "hitchhike, write songs and sing." However, it is apparent from his songs and those of others that he chooses to sing that he hasn't found too much satisfaction in hitching around and singing.

Stevenson has an unusual voice, although at times he sounds somewhat like a polished Alex Taylor. He writes pleasant songs, although the songs repeat again and again how lonely he is. In only one instance does he seem even mildly happy, and in that case ("Highway One"), the happiness is contingent on a women that he ask to ramble around with him.

On the whole, the album is a relief for the simple reason that it is well arranged and that Stevenson's voice is never smothered by overproduction. A few rough spots in production exist but they are sparse and barely noticeable.

Perhaps my favorite is "Texas Morning." It is perfect as far as arranging and nice touches are concerned. Mickey Raphael plays a haunting harmonica back-up in this song. Background vocals

are handled well by Kitty Appling and Ed Shook, but Stevenson is always in the center of the circle. His back-up people simply and effectively back-up his work.

Stevenson gives a fresh touch to Carole King's "Home Again." The mere fact that he chose this song, however, indicates to me that he is terribly lonely.

In "Say What I Feel," Stevenson yearns to "find a woman that's real" without playing "let's make a deal." The words are a bit forced in this case but the music redeems the song.

Stevenson comes through as a person on the album, but he's a dreamer and a lonely one at that. He seems to use his songs to tell the listeners something, and that is, that he needs to tough them with his songs. This is especially evident in "Wasted Too Much Time," "Lonesome Song," and "Long Way to Go." Again, in all three songs Mickey Raphael's harmonica wails to compliment the songs and make them that much more effective.

"Save a Little Time for Love" is Stevenson's plea for brotherhood. It is filled with religious overtones. Stevenson suggests that the listener enjoy the music and then he can perhaps believe the words.

Overall, the album was a pleasant surprise to me. I hadn't ever really sat down to listen to B.W. Stevenson before. The album is a fine first album, but I was disturbed to learn how alone this boy feels. He says it's funny that a blue-eyed girl can take his blues away. I certainly am glad that something can take his blues away — he seems to have them more often than not. And, from his writing and singing, he seems like too nice a human being to be constantly lonely.

Wanda Adams

Nazareth: still quite a ways to go

Nazareth — Nazareth (Warner Bros.)

No, Nazareth is not, I repeat not, a Jesus-rock band as the name might suggest. *Au contraire*, they're four dudes from Scotland who have decided to nest their collective musical eggs in the Led Zepplin-Faces-Mott the Hoople henhouse. The album starts out with a fast break, "Witchdoctor Woman," "Dear John," "Empty Arms, Empty Heart," three killer-rock smasheroos in a row. Sadly, the rest of the album is pretty poor. Dan McCafferty, lead singer, is the anticipated cross between Messers Stewart and Plant, and is often close to being drowned out by Manuel Charlton's flash-cat guitar work. Manuel plays a loose style of guitar; chords haven't slipped and slid up 'n' down the neck as much since Blue Cheer's *Vincebus Eruptum*. Perhaps if they had stuck with the rave-up studd for the whole album, it would have turned out pretty well, but some cuts are really ruined by gushes of obnoxious strings; and the rest is just filler. They do a version of "Morning Dew" which starts out different, but ends up pretty awful. Nazareth has been touring America with Deep Purple; I guess they do a pretty fair warm-up act. But on the strength of this album, I doubt that they steal the show too often. And when you can't steal the show from Deep Purple, Naz baby, you got a long, long way to go.

Mark Astolfi

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Various combinations and permutations of CSN&Y

Graham Nash/David Crosby (Atlantic)
Manassas — Stephen Stills (Atlantic)

Things have gotten to the point that anything released by a member or permutation of the Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young conglomerate will immediately earn a gold record and the critics' summary disapproval. Unfortunately, this all seems to be much too sharp a resolution of a matter whose very nature lies in unclear, shady textures and tones.

Graham Nash has always been the weakest link in that West Coast "band" and it has shown in his work. Particularly on his solo album, *Songs for Beginners*, his writing has never passed the excruciating moribund stage, replete with painfully forced rhyme; his voice is still as thin and shrill as in his days with the Hollies, and sounds best at singing harmonies; his simplistic piano- and guitar-playing haven't improved his reputation.

David Crosby, in marked contrast with his close friend, is probably more enigmatic than even Neil Young, due greatly to the combination of a humorist's personality with some deeply dark, cryptic, and intense writing. Unlike Nash's analogous effort, Crosby's *If I Could Only Remember My Name* was a superb disc. In both cases, the back-up of the usual Californian crew gave each a strong base from which to work; but ultimately it was the "solo" figure on the record that made or broke the disc. Crosby won, Nash didn't.

Now we have an album done jointly by the pair called by the intriguing monicker of *Graham Nash/David Crosby*, once again with the Kunkel-Ethridge-Garcia-Mason-Lesh-Kreutzman-Sklar-Reeves-Kootch-Barbata bunch on hand at various times. But it comes down to the fact that David Crosby creates the magical moments on this record; Graham Nash, for the most part, serves as filler on a Crosby disc. The latter has several fine songs — going from his echoic questionings in "Where Will I Be?" through variegated efforts on a Dead-like "Games," "Whole Cloth," "Page 43" right on to "The Wall Song." His lyricism is, for the most part, fascinating and simultaneously obscure; the music and musicianship is solid, blending well with the words; Crosby's voice melds excellently at times with Nash's for some very nice vocal effects.

But Graham Nash is listed first in the title, an ominous sign at best. And, in fact, the bulk of the record is devoted to his languishing boredom and banality, with only "Southbound Train" and "Immigration Man" salvaging any acclaim for "Willy."

All of which makes for a very motley record. *Graham Nash/David Crosby* is just that. Graham Nash is coming to be synonymous with musical weakness, but David Crosby tries his damndest to save this record, and, in the long, his work continues to reflect the talent that has carried through from the old Byrds days to the present.

Stephen Stills is yet another matter. Exactly what he has been going through and saying has been a bit too clear and obvious, especially in his imaginatively named solo records, *Stephen Stills* and

Stephen Stills II, and the result is simply a muddled mess. Despite what the likes of John Ned Mendelsohn and his vituperative multi-syllabic colleagues have had to say about Stills' work, it all really hasn't been that bad. The critics seem to down on Mr. Stills before he does anything simply on the basis of his reportedly "charming" personality (somewhat like an asp's) rather than his musical merits or lack of same. Admittedly, the excesses on *Stephen Stills II* involving the Memphis Horns might tend to support their claims. But, in the classical rhetorical style (i.e., of gross and lurid oversimplification) that shows just how good a politician Mr. Mendelsohn would be, the disc is immediately and totally dismissed as worthless. It just wasn't so. But all that was before the release of Stephen Stills' latest, a double-record-poster package, *Manassas*.

In the past few months, the band called *Manassas* has been put together and toured Europe. Old time Stills cohorts like Dallas Taylor, Paul Harris, and Fuzzy Samuels were in there, along with ex-Byrd, ex-Burrito Chris Hillman, and a couple of others, Joe Lala and Al Perkins. On vinyl, a few more were thrown in, most notably Bill Wyman (bassing away on a tune he co-authored with Stills). And the end result was the previously-mentioned set.

Side One of this extravaganza is called "The Raven: A Suite." The writing starts off on the wrong foot, and it becomes apparent that *Manassas* is going to be a hopeless morass of self-pity and self-pity. This side is the "oh-ain't-it-rough-being-a-rock-star" scene, with Stills mixing in his bleeding heart verbeage with "Cuban Bluegrass," cops from the Beatles' white album and from Steppenwolf, and what eventually turns out to be the bulk of the records' best music. "Both of Us (Bound to Lose)" turns out to be the best cut on *Manassas*, with Stills and Hillman singing a duet of sorts that is one of the albums' few successes. Other moments on the side approach being almost interesting, but generally bog down in musical clichés. And it gets worse, before it gets better.

On Side Two, the disintegration of Stills both as a singer and musician increases, and the result is one of the most incredibly hackneyed and plastic sounded escapades in county music yet to revolve on any turntable. Called, *in toto*, "The Wilderness" the side languishes in Stills' revelations about the joys and beauty of nature and all that. One song is called "Jesus Gave Love Away for Free." 'Nuff said.

A brief resurgence of taste appears on "Consider," the Third Side on this undertaking. But now Stills sounds like Leon Russell and he uses synthesizer at times, and really poor tunes like "Johnny's Garden" overwhelm the highlights.

Manassas ends with "Rock & Roll is Here to Stay" complete with "hip" little comments inserted amidst the hand-scrawled lyrics on the back of the poster and a jam-like song seemingly copped from the live version of "Carry On." It loses big. A relatively good number, "Blues Man" (a song dedicated to Hendrix, Wilson, and Allman) begins with some decent acoustic work, that rapidly devolves into over four minutes of anticlimactic boredom.

What *Manassas* seems to accomplish is

an utter devastation of Stills' reputation (or what the remains some considered to be all that was left of it) as well as rather tarnishing Mr. Hillman's name (sort of guilt by association). The lyricism is so incredibly pretentiousness, so unbelievable when you hear Stills singing about how terrible life is treating him from the stage of the Boston Garden, or saying that he's not a politician, and then launching into the spiel from "49 Bye-Byes/For What It's Worth." Stephen Stills can no longer write words worthy of including with a record, much less sing on that very peice of striated plastic; he's traded in his Christmas present of a few years back, a wah-wah pedal, for a slide to do a bit of bottlenecking which seems to only accentuate the tedium; what was once a distinctive vocal style has become mimicking of even worse singers. *Manassas* has about five minutes of music worth listening to more than once out of four full sides, and has to rate as one of the dullest things I've heard since Quicksilver was taken over by Dino Valenti. I guess the time is over when I make excuses for Stephen Stills; looks like I'll be joining Mr. Mendelsohn in calling him quite accurately "a second-rate musician."

Neal Vitale

Cat Mother: a whole new ball game

Cat Mother — Cat Mother (Polydor)

Sorry, guys. You don't have Cat Mother to kick around anymore, not since the release of their latest, *Cat Mother*. The band used to be known as Cat Mother & the All-Night Newsboys (gotta be one of the neatest handles ever, huh?) and gained national prominence back in 1969 with a rock and roll revival collage of old '50's tunes which was a moderate hit on the singles charts. I've been sitting here and I'm afraid I can't seem to remember the title, let alone how the fool song went. Anyhow, you can't make on gimmicks these days, and all the boys had to show for their efforts were a couple of blah albums floating around the discount bins at Woolworth's. Then came *Albion Doo Wab*, a backwoods, laid back album with a couple of nice moments, like the cowboys and cannabis classic "Strike a Match and Light Another." (Some people bought it just for that cut. Like me.) Well, they're at it once again, this time with a juggled

line-up, a shortened name, and an incredible album. It seems the major factor was the addition of Charlie Prichard, a truly tasteful guitarist, and the much improved piano and organ of CM vet Bob Smith, who also does most of the songwriting. There isn't a bad cut on the album, comprised of both folksy Joy of Cooking-like material and delightfully heavy rock and roll. A fun record from start to finish. Pick up on it.

Mark Astolfi

Creedence Clearwater slows down the pace

Mardi Gras — Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)

Creedence once churned out records at a fantastic rate. This is their first in more than a year, and it doesn't seem to have been the expanded production job that *Pendulum* was. The extra instruments have been kept to a minimum. There are no collage extravaganzas (a la "Rude Awakening No. 2"). Nothing fancy at all.

The big change in this album is the introduction of group democracy. Their first six albums were overwhelmingly dominated by John Fogerty as producer, writer, singer and instrumental soloist. *Mardi Gras* brings with it the debuts of Stu Cook (bass) and Doug Clifford (drums) as co-producers and writers and singers. The cooperative production effort seems not to have affected the overall sound very much, and most of Doug's and Stu's songs are at least OK. But the singing! John Fogerty's bellow was, more than anything else, Creedence's trademark. The new vocals sound pitifully weak in comparison. This is the album's major weakness.

One good thing about *Mardi Gras* is how much more relaxed the band seems than it did on *Pendulum*, which was quite stiff sounding in places. There are several good new songs here and a nice version of "Hello Mary Lou." With the exception of the singing, Creedence has maintained their consistency with little lost from the departure of rhythm guitarist Tom Fogerty. It is true that John Fogerty used to produce up to forty songs in a year and now he's down to three, which is a discouraging trend, to say the least. But Creedence Clearwater Revival can hardly be counted out at this point. *Mardi Gras* is by no means their strongest album, but it is loose and it'll grow on you.

Jay Pollack



Cat Mother

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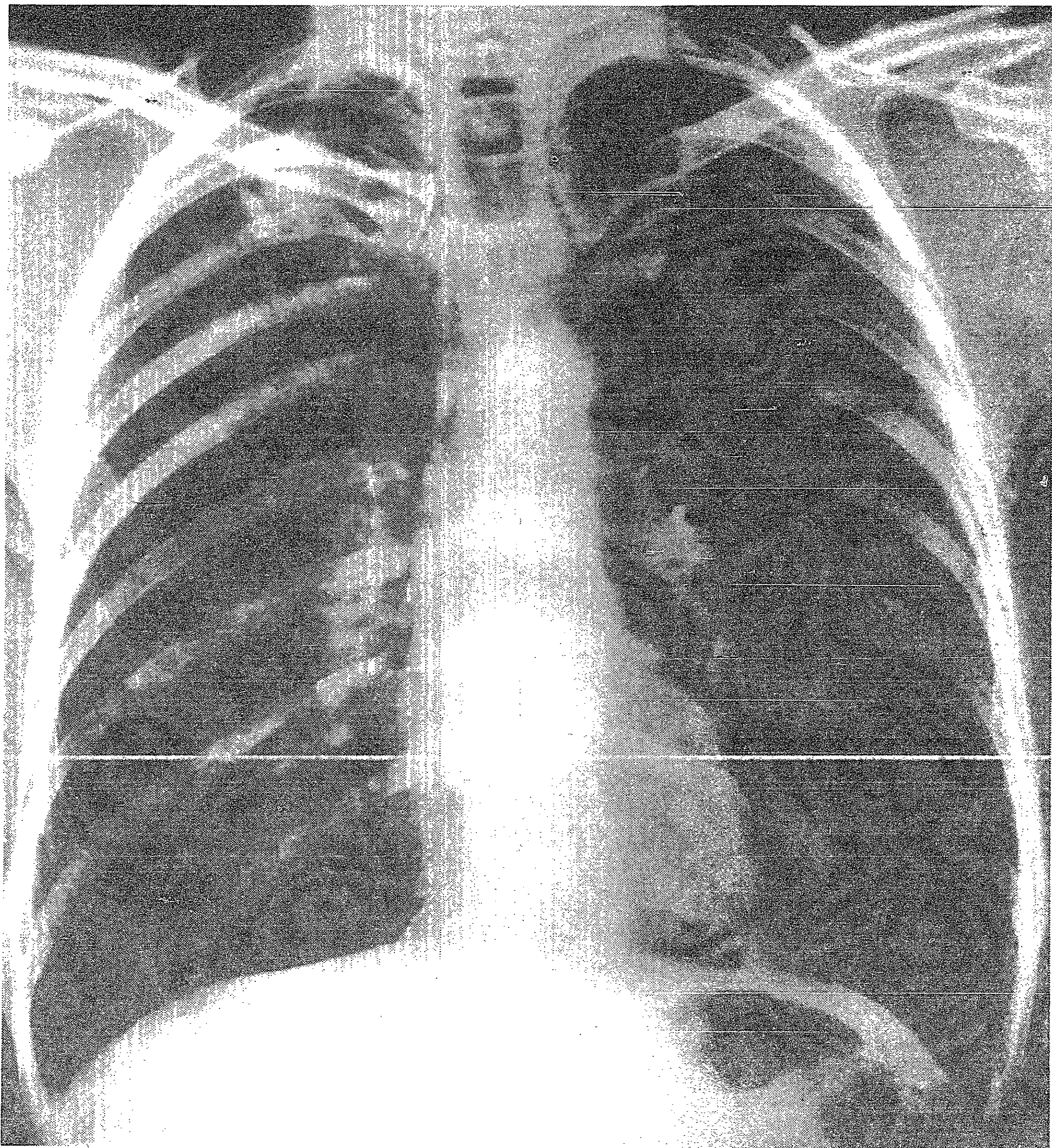
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More than a business.

Heavies show mettle by beating Princeton

By Brad Billedeaux

The varsity heavyweights proved that they are truly contenders this year by beating Princeton for the first time in seven years and pacing Harvard, possibly the top crew in the East, for 500 meters in the annual Compton Cup regatta held on the Charles Saturday.

After last week's disappointing loss to Northeastern in the final moments of the race, there was speculation that MIT had built itself a crew powerhouse in contrast to past years where wins were exceedingly scarce. Tech does have a potential winner (next Saturday's race against Dartmouth and Wisconsin will decide that) but isn't the best just yet. The heavies, in trouncing Princeton by 2½ lengths, were in turn beaten by Harvard by the same margin.

"Harvard out-meated us in the second 500 meters," explained varsity heavyweight stroke Jere Leffler '73. "I don't know if they weighed more than us, overall, but their stroke was a giant," added cox Dave Burns '72.

The varsity race was a close battle for the first 500 meters, as

both MIT and Harvard blasted away from the stake boats at a blazing 43 strokes per minute. Leaving Princeton and guest contender Kansas State in their wake, the two top-notch eights rowed stroke for stroke, jockeying back and forth, first MIT taking the lead, then Harvard taking it away from them. At the 500 m. post, the lead crews were even, with Princeton a length back followed closely by low-stroking Kansas State.

Almost as if the 500 m. mark were a signal for them, the Harvard oarsmen started to move away from MIT. Not visibly rowing any better, the Harvard boat sliced through the water on sheer power. At the halfway 1000 m. post, the Crimson had eight seats on the Engineers and the race was decided.

Kansas State dropped out of the race at the Harvard Bridge, as their number six man caught a huge crab and was flipped out of the shell.

Harvard increased their lead on MIT until the 1500 m. when the Techmen went into their sprint. They weren't effective in moving up on Harvard, but they did gain another length on Princeton.



MIT's varsity heavies (far boat) led a powerful Harvard crew for 500 meters in Saturday's Compton Cup regatta. The picture above was taken shortly after Harvard began to move out.

The Crimson triumphed by 2½ lengths. Tech was second, with the Tigers third. Kansas State failed to finish, as one of their oarsmen was thrown out of the boat in mid-course.

Photo by S. Hollinger

Javelin mark leads track

By David Wilson

Mike Charette '74 upped his own varsity javelin record to 202'3" Saturday as the track team beat Worcester Polytech at Worcester, 90-64.

Already leading the competition, Charette, on his fourth throw, became the first MIT javelin thrower ever to break 200'. Commenting on his performance, Charette said, "There's still plenty of room for improvement. I need a lot of work on speed." He first broke the varsity record last year as a freshman, hurling 197'3" against WPI.

The point scores were led by co-captain Brian Moore '73 and Scott Peck '73 with three wins each. Moore's wins came in the discus with a season's best 153'2", the shot put with a personal best and field record 51'6¼", and the hammer throw of 170'. Peck overcame a tough headwind and poor facilities to win the long jump 20'8¼", triple jump 43'8" and high jump 6'.

The only other sweep came in the pole vault with co-captain Dave Wilson '73, Paul Winsberg '73 and Kim Bierwert '72 going 1-2-3. The winning height broke the field record held by MIT's field coach Gordon Kelly. This rounded out a 53-19 romp in the field events.

Notable performances on the track came from New England champ Bob Tronnier '73 who won the high hurdles in a controversial decision and Gary Wilkes '73. Wilkes won the 220 in a blazing 21.8, placed second in the 100 and anchored the 440 relay team.

Hammer Throw: 1. Moore (MIT), 170'0"; 2. Pearson (MIT), 140'1"; 3. Hoag (MIT), 122'10". Discus: 1. Moore (MIT), 153'2"; 2. Dupuis (WPI), 141'10"; 3. Grasso

(MIT), 136'3¼".

Shot Put: 1. Moore (MIT), 51'6¼"; 2. Dupuis (WPI), 46'11".

Pole Vault: 1. Wilson (MIT), 14'0"; 2. Winsberg (MIT), 12'0"; 3. Bierwert (MIT) 11'0".

High Jump: 1. Peck (MIT), 6'0"; 2. Dunn (WPI), 5'10".

Long Jump: 1. Peck (MIT), 20'8¼"; 2. Donle (WPI), 20'4½".

Triple Jump: 1. Peck (MIT), 43'8"; 2. Novosielski (MIT), 40'2¼".

Javelin: 1. Charette (MIT), 202'3"; 2. Komm (WPI), 191'8"; 3. Tschyskow (MIT), 189'1½".

100 yd.: 1. Fieldsen (WPI), 10.3; 2. Wilkes (MIT), 10.4.

220 yd.: 1. Wilkes (MIT), 21.8; 2. Fieldsen (WPI), 22.2; 3. Leimkuhler (MIT), 22.6.

440 yd.: 1. Lutgen (WPI), 50.4; Leimkuhler (MIT), 50.8.

880 yd.: 1. Hansen (MIT), 1:59.6; 2. Kaufmann (MIT), 2:00.3.

1 Mile: 1. March (WPI), 4:16.4; 2. Kaufmann (MIT), 4:22.3; 3. Hill (MIT), 4:25.0.

2 Mile: 1. Lewis (MIT), 9:44.4; 2. Fowler (WPI), 9:46.2.

120 High Hurdles: 1. Tronnier (MIT), 14.5; 2. Eves (WPI), 15.8.

440 Intermediate Hurdles: 1. Weber (WPI), 56.3; 2. Tronnier (MIT), 56.9.

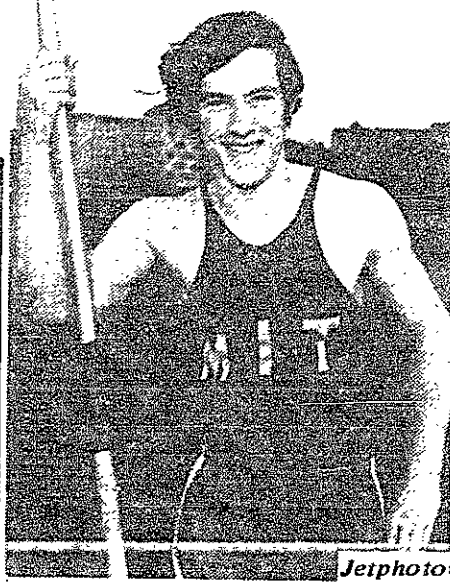
440 yd. Relay: 1. WPI, 43.8; 2. MIT (Ruf, Daniels, Wilson, Wilkes), 44.4.

1 Mile Relay: 1. WPI, 3:29.4; 2. MIT (Hester, Hansen, Puffe, Leimkuhler), 3:33.1.

Juniors Yearbook Pictures

Get your yearbook pictures taken all this week, 9 - 5, in the *Technique* office on the fourth floor of the Student Center. Come early in the week and avoid the rush.

No appointment necessary!



Mike Charette '74

THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO:

HELP THE VICTIMS OF THE AIR WAR!

We deplore the continued American bombing of Indochina. So long as the US government persists in waging this brutal war the following members of the MIT Community pledge to contribute funds to Medical Aid for Indochina as a demonstration of solidarity with the victims of American violence.

We invite you to join us by contributing to:

MEDICAL AID TO INDOCHINA, INC.
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The Medical Aid Committee for Indochina is collecting funds to purchase medical supplies for victims of American intervention in SE Asia. Official US medical relief programs are not reaching the people who have suffered from the continuing war. Instead, medicine and other supplies have been used for military purposes, including pacification and propaganda programs. Moreover, the few medical programs intended for civilians rarely benefit them because of administrative bureaucracy and corruption.

Therefore, all help sent by Medical Aid for Indochina is directed to those people living in areas not controlled by US supporting forces. We are utilizing all available channels to insure that medical supplies will be distributed to those areas of northern Vietnam, southern Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, according to need.

Funds will be utilized for purchase of 1) medical supplies (anti-malarial drugs, antibiotics, vitamins, etc.), 2) medical equipment as requested by hospitals, and 3) medical textbooks and journals.

| | | | |
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AD-HOC MEDICAL AID COMMITTEE
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E. Signer, Secretary
MIT, 14N-324
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Most of the funds contributed to the on-campus committee are forwarded directly to MEDICAL AID FOR INDOCHINA, INC.; a small fraction is retained to enable announcements such as this one to be made.

☐ I pledge to contribute funds to Medical Aid for Indochina.

☐ Please add my name to the list of contributing MIT Community members.

☐ I enclose a contribution to help the on-campus Ad-hoc Medical Aid Committee to continue its work.

Name

Department

| Name | Department | Name | Department |
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| | | E.M. Ritter | |

These signatures were gathered within the last few days. We regret that we were unable to include all those who may have wished to have been listed.

*MIT Faculty Member



Ken Weisshaar '72 (above) displays defensive prowess and Rich Roy '72 (above, right) streaks for the plate, as MIT swept a doubleheader from Coast Guard Saturday on Briggs Field, 5-3 and 13-6. Weisshaar, playing second base, charged the grounder, turned and flipped while off balance for the out. Shortstop Roy was a frequent visitor to home, scoring three runs in the day.

Photos by S. Hollinger

SPORTS



Tech nine sweeps dblhdr.

By S. Voorhees

MIT's varsity baseball team pushed its season record to 8-5-2 with a doubleheader sweep, 5-3 and 13-6, over the Coast Guard Academy on Briggs Field last Saturday.

In the first game, Tech backed starter Al Dopfel's ('72) four-hitter with some timely hitting and also received some help

from the Coast Guard's defense to pick up the 5-3 verdict. Herb Kummer '75 and Rick Charpie '73 led MIT's nine hit attack with two each.

The Engineers jumped out to an early 2-0 lead in the first frame. Dave Tirrell '74 stroked a one-out single and scored as the next hitter, Dopfel, smashed a home run off the tennis bubble in deep left.

However, it was the Coast Guard which next dented the plate. A walk, two singles, an MIT error, and a sacrifice bunt gave the Academy a 3-2 lead in the top of the fourth.

MIT was not to be denied, though, as three straight singles to left by Kummer, Joe DeAngelo '74, and Steve Reber '74 tied the contest in the bottom half of the frame.

A Coast Guard error with two gone in the MIT fifth put a runner on second, and Kevin Rowland '74 followed with a game-winning hit to center. Tech added an insurance tally in the sixth on a sacrifice fly by Ken Weisshaar '72, knocking in Charpie who had doubled.

Dopfel pitched well over the last three innings, picked up six on his twelve strikeouts, and nailed down the win.

The second game was highlighted by Dopfel's heroics at the plate. He knocked in seven of Tech's thirteen runs with a three or four effort including two more homers, one a grand slam. Of course, to knock in runs people have to be on base, and there were plenty of Engineers getting on in the second game. Weisshaar and Rich Roy '72 were the most frequent base-runners with two hits and a walk apiece.

After spotting the Academy a run in the first, Tech countered with five scores of its own. Singles by Weisshaar, Dopfel, Roy, and Kummer, a sacrifice by Charpie, and a Coast Guard error staked MIT to a big lead.

The Coast Guard chased starter Chuck Holcom '72 in the second and pulled to within a run. However, Dopfel's second homer of the day with Weisshaar, who had doubled, aboard stretched the Tech lead to three at 7-4.

A triple by Roy and Kevin Rowland's sacrifice fly produced a single run and an 8-4 lead in the fourth.

MIT iced the game in the fifth with a five-run outburst. A lead-off double by Charpie, singles by relief pitcher Dave Yauch and Tirrell, and a walk to Weisshaar scored Charpie and loaded the sacks for Dopfel's third homer of the day, this to center field.

Meanwhile, Yauch pitched five and a third innings of brilliant relief, allowing just two unearned runs and four base hits to preserve a well-earned sweep of the two game set.

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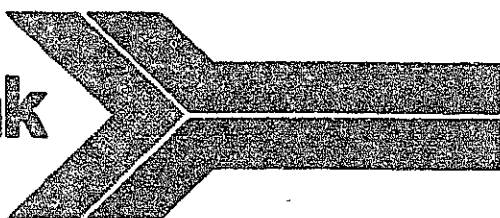
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