

The Tech

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1972

MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FIVE CENTS



Photo by Krishna Gupta

Students win vote on appeal

By Mike McNamee

Approximately 70% of the students denied voter registration in campus registration drives were registered when their appeals came before the Board of Election Commissioners in recent hearings, it was announced last week.

In a recent story in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, Election Commissioner Francis Burns was quoted as saying that 70% of the 20 individuals who had appeared before the Board were granted registration. When contacted by *The Tech*, Burns denied having given any specific figures, but said that the report was basically correct. He added that many cases had been heard since the first report, and that over 200 of the 252 appeals had been heard. When asked if he knew how many of the 82 MIT students who had filed appeals after the October 4 registration session here had been registered, Burns said that figures were not available to answer that question.

John C. Reinstein, a lawyer on the staff of the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, offered his services to students who wished to appeal to the Board, and held meetings here and at Harvard to inform them of steps to take. When asked about the hearings, he said, "I would say that, out of approximately 200 cases heard so far, the Board has registered about two-thirds of them. I don't know why they refused the others." Reinstein

refused to comment on the Board's decisions, saying that he was still involved in several cases slated to appear this week.

Election Commissioner Edward J. Samp, who, as head of campus registration in Cambridge, was responsible for turning down many students, explained his position to *The Tech*: "There are four requirements for registering to vote: citizenship, age, residence in Massachusetts for 30 days, and domicile. Most of our problems have been because of confusion between residence and domicile. I interpreted the law as saying that someone who is just here as a student is not domiciled here, unless he has proof of his intention to make Cambridge his home." Samp said that he considered a change to Massachusetts

draft boards or drivers' license to be proof of domicile.

"The Board always tells its assistants in the field to refer cases to the full Board when there is reasonable doubt of the person's eligibility to vote," Samp said. "Basically, I was just following standard procedure. I would estimate that 30 to 50 of the MIT students who filed appeals did so without actually being refused registration," he added. Samp said that filing an appeal in no way prejudiced a person's case.

The final appeal cases will be heard this week; the Board has been sending second and even third notices to people whose cases have not been heard, according to Burns and Samp, to assure them of a chance to appeal.

Cambridge youth dies after arrest

The death of 17 year old Lawrence Largey after his arrest by Cambridge police triggered four nights of angry demonstrations last week by a cross section of the entire East Cambridge community. Parents as well as youths expressed their rage in the streets after the youth was found dead in his cell several hours after his arrest for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

The Cambridge medical examiner ruled after an autopsy that Largey died last Sunday (October 22) from an accidental overdose of drugs and alcohol. Witnesses to the arrest said that

after Largey and his friend Tommy Doyle were taken into custody, Doyle was thrown into a patrol wagon and Largey walked in after him. They were followed by Patrolman Peter DeLuca, who appeared to reach for his club as he entered the wagon. Soon afterward, another officer, Rudolph Carbone, entered and the wagon was rocking "like a roller coaster."

David O'Brien, a resident of the housing project, and a witness to the arrest, said, "I looked in and saw his face covered with blood."

Coop faces lawsuit; voting result disputed

By Jonathan Weker

Donald Steele a former director of the Harvard Cooperative Society, has filed a lawsuit against the Coop in the sixth Middlesex Superior Court requesting invalidation of last spring's election for Coop director.

The lawsuit is being filed on the grounds that, by changing elections to April from October, when they had been held in previous years, the Coop was disenfranchising the incoming freshman classes from voting for the board of directors that would serve during their freshman years.

Steele is also claiming that the petition he filed for the election did in reality contain enough valid signatures for him to be a candidate. He had been disqualified on the grounds that fewer than 100 signatures on his petition to run for director had been proven valid by Coop lawyers.

According to Louis Loss, professor of Law at Harvard Law School and legal counsel for the Coop, the reason the elections had been moved from October to April was to allow the incoming directors to take office at the beginning of the school year rather than in December, as had previously been the case.

Both Loss and Howard Davis, general manager of the Coop, would not comment on the case while a decision was still pending. The Cooperative Society

has not yet given the court a formal answer to the charges levelled against them.

The directors of the Coop are normally appointed by the ten stockholders of the Coop, five of whom are students. Other persons wishing to be directors must run for the position, which requires a petition with at least 100 signatures. Over forty signatures on Steele's petition were declared invalid by Coop lawyers for technical reasons, many because they contained no numbers or addresses to which the signers could be traced.

Loss stated that the Coop had been willing to finance a declaratory judgment by the court in June on the issues raised by Steele about the election. However, Loss said, he had been unable to locate Steele at that time, and in fact had no knowledge of Steele's whereabouts until the lawsuit was filed a few weeks ago.

According to the *Harvard Crimson*, Steele felt that the Coop had been extremely careful in examining signatures because he had vigorously opposed Coop hiring policies and pension changes and thus was doing the utmost to prevent his being elected to the board of directors.

It will be a while before the lawsuit case comes before the court, Loss feels. The suit might possibly be unresolved by the time the next director elections are held in April, at which time the whole issue would become academic.

Sex: What Reuben didn't say

By Rob Hunter

The Dean for Student Affairs' office is actively promoting the distribution of a little orange handbook titled, objectively, SEX. The book is a compilation of a number of facts about sex and related topics (i.e. VD, pregnancy, abortion) and, specifically for the MIT community, the truth about insurance coverage and medical benefits available to members of the MIT community.

The booklet includes nine separate headings, ranging from Anatomy and Reproduction to Rape, with commentaries on Sexual Activity, Contraception, Pregnancy (and Abortion), Infection, Infections, Homosexuality, Legal Liabilities, and a number of references where further information can be obtained. The overall theme is, when in doubt, ask."

Given that the book is not intended to be a 'How-To' sexual manual, it is clearly more relevant than David Reuben's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*. The problems it touches upon are common to many at MIT, and the solutions it offers are practical in nature. For example, the Medical Department may not be able to perform an abortion, but they are certainly a more reliable reference than most of the commercial abortion referral agencies.

The point of the book is summed up in the introductory paragraph: "Perhaps the most important conclusion not to draw from this book is that sex is the only important goal of human existence. We hear, all too often and all too loudly,

that 'If you're not getting any you're missing out on life.' Nothing could be farther from the truth; sex is a part of life, not the end towards which life is a means. Never let yourself be pressured into saying 'yes' just because 'yes' is what is expected of you. The right thing to do is what you feel is right for you, not for Hugh Hefner, Pope Paul the Sixth, Ti-Grace Atkinson, or anyone else. There are people who need no sexual experiences to remain perfectly happy and healthy, just as there are those who cannot bear celibacy. Trying to conform to someone else's standards, whatever they are, is a sure way of becoming miserable and frustrated. Your mind should be your own to make up. This book may give you knowledge, but your decisions are yours alone."

Police officials said a medical examination showed no marks on the youth except a bruise he received two weeks before in a fight. Officials believed "necessary force" was used in making the arrest and that Largey and his friend had subjected the police at the housing project to "harassment."

An inquest into the death is set for November 9 and a private individual will be appointed to investigate the case. The two arresting officers have taken voluntary leaves of absence without pay.

Nevertheless, feelings of the community were that the city should have suspended the officers, and that police officials influenced the result of the autopsy.

"Revenge Larry's Murder" read a spray-painted slogan on the wall of a building across from the housing project. As the week went on, people from East Cambridge and surrounding communities took their protest to the street.

Thursday night of last week, more than 1000 persons staged a one-mile protest march to Cambridge police headquarters preceding an emergency meeting of the City Council. They carried placards denouncing police brutality, and white crosses in memory of the dead youth. Frequent chanting echoed through the streets, "We want justice."

At the meeting, Mayor Barbara Ackermann first told the angry gathering which had swelled to 1500 about the status

of the officers. She also announced that the Largey family was having another autopsy conducted by a private physician.

But when two plainclothes officers tried to enter the building, the crowd shouted obscenities and booed them away. When a police sergeant took the stage to deliver a folder to a council member, some threw debris. At the height of calls to "get the pig out of here," a firecracker exploded just a few inches from the Mayor's head.

Speakers from the crowd claimed that indiscriminate police beatings were commonplace in Cambridge. "We finally have a chance to crack the practice of police beatings in the back room," said one man, who identified himself to the crowd as "someone who got the same treatment as Largey ten years ago but was luckier."

Councilman Frank Duehay said the council had agreed to make no individual statements at the meeting because it was feared that varying points of view might irritate the situation. "People have every right to be angry and suspicious when a boy dies at 3 am after spending a night in jail," he said.

Ackermann, whose appearance at one of the car burnings during the week helped quiet the disturbances, added that the important question was not so much "how the boy died, but was there any beating at all? I won't believe that no policeman ever used more force than necessary; but I won't believe that every policeman does either."

NOTES

* Meeting of the Corporation Joint Advisory Committee to discuss topics for this year's agenda. Emma Rogers Room (10-340), 7:30 pm, October 31, 1972.

* **POT LUCK COFFEEHOUSE** — Live entertainment every Friday and Saturday night, 8:30 pm to 12 m. Mezzanine Lounge of Student Center. Free coffee, cider and doughnuts. Performing this week: **FRIDAY:** Hobo Acoustic Band, **SATURDAY:** Diane McLean. No Admission Fee!

* The Student Center Committee presents **THE MIDNIGHT MOVIE SERIES**, every Friday night at 12 in the Sala de Puerto Rico. Admission **FREE!** MIT or Wellesley ID required. This week: Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe And Find True Happiness?

* Professor Francois Bucher, Department of Art and Art History, S.U.N.Y. at Binghamton, will lecture on "Methods of Medieval Architectural Design" on November 2, 5 pm in room 9-150. Open to the public.

* November 6 is the last day to file IAP listings to be included in the first IAP guide. Although a second guide will be issued, it is hoped that most offerings will be listed in the first one. Activities should be forwarded to Mr. Joel Orlen via your department IAP coordinator or may be sent directly to room 3-234.

* Anyone interested in an American Field Service get together at Harvard Radcliffe with other returnees and host brothers and sisters, please call Todd White, dl 0827.

* There will be a massive demonstration today to demand that the US sign the 9-point peace plan. The demonstration will assemble at 5:15 pm at Copley Square.

For more detailed information on UROP opportunities listed, MIT undergraduates should call or visit the Undergraduate Research Opportunities Program Office, 20C-231, x3-5049 or x3-4849. Undergraduates are also urged to check with the UROP bulletin board in the main corridor of the Institute.

Attention Students — The 1972 National Science Foundation Guidelines for the Student-Originated Studies Program have arrived. Check with your departmental UROP coordinator or the UROP office for the guidelines. The deadline date for proposals to NSF is November 30, 1972.

Class of 1970 — UROP Research Grants

The Class of 1970 has created as its class gift to the Institute a fund to support socially-oriented research projects undertaken by undergraduates. Funds will be awarded to cover research expenses by a Board on the basis of merit of proposals submitted by undergraduates. Check with the bulletin board and UROP for more details.

Other opportunities: Department of Transportation, Cambridge, MA; Environmental Protection Agency, Needham, MA; Massachusetts Audubon Society, Lincoln, MA; Prudential Insurance Company, Boston, MA.

Chess

By Daniel Reinharth

A well-played chess game is a study of dynamic equilibrium among three elements: space, time, and material. An uncompensated advantage in any of these areas is invariably sufficient, ideally speaking, to attain the ultimate goal of the game, checkmating the opponent.

How do these elements manifest themselves? The material aspect is obvious; he who has a preponderance of pieces or pawns is ahead in material. Time is intangible; it is often difficult to measure objectively which side is ahead in development. This is why good players rely upon their feel for the position to decide who is ahead in time.

Space lies between material and time in its tangibility. It is not easy to count, but simply looking at the board is usually enough to determine which side controls more squares.

Characteristic of this dynamic equilibrium is a barter system in which, for example, time is traded for material. One generally wins by accurately assessing early, unclear barter and then driving harder and harder bargains.

Because it is tangible, winning material is the most obvious way to obtain a winning advantage. Since chessplayers like to think of themselves as artists, however, a performance is more widely admired if the player transcends the obvious ploys and shows that in his game an intangible is more important than a tangible. One may perhaps state that the nineteenth century's contribution was that of demonstrating the importance of time, while the twentieth century's contribution was that of demonstrating the importance of space.

Today's game is an example of material vs. time. But let us also spend some time analyzing the opening, for it is fairly irregular — which means that the players had to rely upon their understanding, rather than their memories, to guide them. White: Spassky. Black: Osnos. XXXI

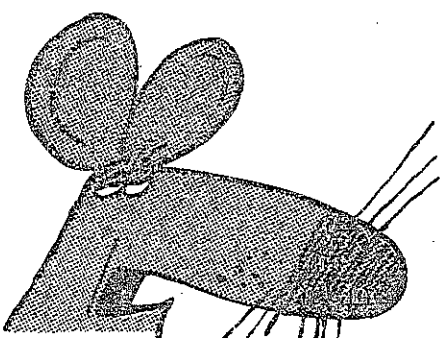
USSR Championship, 1964. 1P-Q4 This move liberates the queen and queen's bishop as well as assuming control of space (notably the squares K5 and Q5). 1... N-KB3. This move develops a piece towards the center and also takes advantage of the weaknesses incurred by playing P-Q4 — the squares K5 and Q4. It is important to understand that pawns are weak in front, behind, and to the sides of them. 2N-KB3, P-K3; 3B-N5 The battle for key squares is progressing. Each move applies pressure either directly or indirectly upon the central squares. 3... P-B4; 4P-K3, Q-N3. Black, after trying to attack White's central pawn from the side, simultaneously releases a pin and attacks White's QNP. 5QN-Q2 (the poisoned QNP!), QxP (show me); 6B-Q3, PxP; 7PxP, Q-B6; 8O-O, P-Q4; 9R-K1, B-K2; 10R-K3, Q-B2; 11N-K5, N-B3; 12P-QB3.

The opening is over. Who came out ahead? Well, Black is still a pawn ahead, but look how far ahead in time White is. By using veiled attacks on Black's queen he has not only developed all his pieces, but he has even begun advancing on Black's position. White has a strong initiative, and will soon force Black to make artificial, stopgap moves.

12... NxN; 13PxN, N-N1; 14N-B3, P-KR3; 15B-KB4. Why didn't White play 15BxB? — a move many beginners would have played instinctively. There are several reasons: (1) Black is cramped, and trading pieces would relieve him (and develop his knight), (2) as a general rule the attacking player likes to preserve as much material as possible, and (3) White's bishop is more effective than Black's, so why trade?

15... B-Q2; 16N-Q4, B-KN4; 17BxB, PxP; 18Q-N4, QxBP; 19N-N3, N-R3; 20QxNP, Q-N5; 21R-N3, Q-B1. Black is completely on the defensive. 22R-QB1, P-B3; 23Q-K3, P-B4; 24N-B5! This is a sacrifice. Why? Because it permits 24... P-B5, forking the queen and rook. So what is the point? 25B-N6ch. The Black pawn which had been blocking the bishop's path is now out of the way, and there is no satisfactory reply for Black. 25... K-K2; 26Q-R3! resigns. There is no good answer to the threat of NxNP mate.

As a final bit of instruction, study the final position. Look at how aggressively White's pieces are placed (including the pawn at K5), while Black's pieces are either not developed or poorly developed.



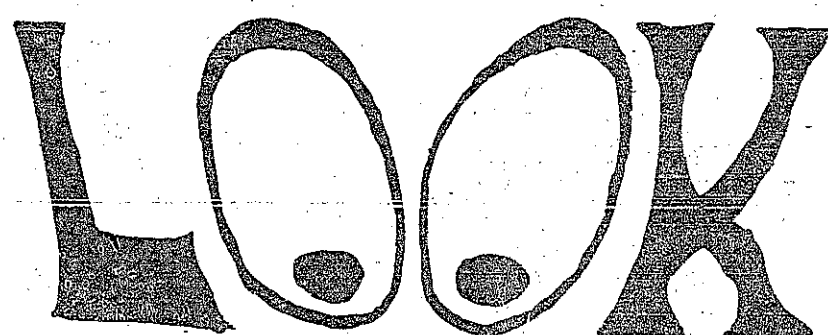
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OPENS NOVEMBER 1.

IM football season finished

By Rich Hartman

(The following is a commentary on this year's IM football season written by the manager.)

The IM football season has ended, and with it ended another campaign of spirited play on the "gridirons of MIT." The season was marked by a very light number of injuries. This can either be attributed to the better physical condition of the players, which I doubt, or the lessening of a "blood-and-guts" style of play. Even in the league there were fewer injuries than last year. All-in-all I felt that most people were pleased with play in 1972.

The major problem again this season was in finding referees. The number of people willing to officiate got smaller as the season went on. Next year, I propose that every A and B team provide a list of several potential referees so that the manager might have a pool to draw on if needed.

There has been some discussion of playing flag football next year, but I feel the present rules are superior. I feel that while flag football is good, it will also allow tackling of runners and a more physical brand of football. It will only be asking for more injuries.

As to the final standings, SAE won its seventh straight A league title and stretched its unbeaten streak to 30 wins. Although in the B2 league MacGregor 'B' and

DU had identical 4-1 slates, MacGregor was awarded the championship by virtue of its win over DU during the regular season. The same situation arose in C1 with SC getting the nod over SAE 'C'. PGD 'B' (B1), AEP (C3), and Burton Five (C5) all won league titles with undefeated seasons. A three-way tie could not be resolved in B3 - as opposed to C6 where MacGregor 'DA' and Cp double forfeited their head-to-head confrontation to force a tie for first.

The following are the final IM Football standings for the 1972-3 season.

A League	
*SAE	3-0
BSU	3-1
LCA 'A'	2-2
BTP	0-2
DTD	0-3
B 1 League	
*PGD 'B'	5-0
Ashdown	4-1
PDT 'B'	2-3
SAE 'B'	2-3
PLP	1-4
Systems DG	0-5
B 2 League	
*MacGregor 'B'	4-1
DU	4-1
SPE	3-2
ZBT	2-3
LCA 'B'	1-4
TC	1-4
B 3 League	
*East Campus 'B'	3-1
*ASPS	3-1

*Hydrodynamics	3-1
Chem E	1-3
PBE	0-4
C 1 League	
*SC	4-1
SAE 'C'	4-1
Burton Three	3-2
Bexley	3-2
TX	1-4
PGD 'C'	0-5
C 2 League	
*Senior House	4-1
SAM	4-1
Burton Two	3-2
MacGregor 'C'	2-3
DP	2-3
TC 'C'	0-5
C 3 League	
*AEP	5-0
Baker	4-1
PMD	3-2
Conner Three	2-3
DKE	1-4
PKT	0-5
C 4 League	
*PKS	4-1
TDC	3-2
KS	3-2
PSK	2-3
Student House	1-4
East Campus 'C'	1-4
C 5 League	
*Burton Five	4-0
Economics	3-1
East Campus 'D'	2-2
PDT 'D'	1-3
MacGregor 'DH'	0-4
C 6 League	
*MacGregor 'DA'	4-1
*CP	4-1
Math Dept.	3-2
ATO	1-3
PKA	1-3
SN	0-5

*Indicates league champion

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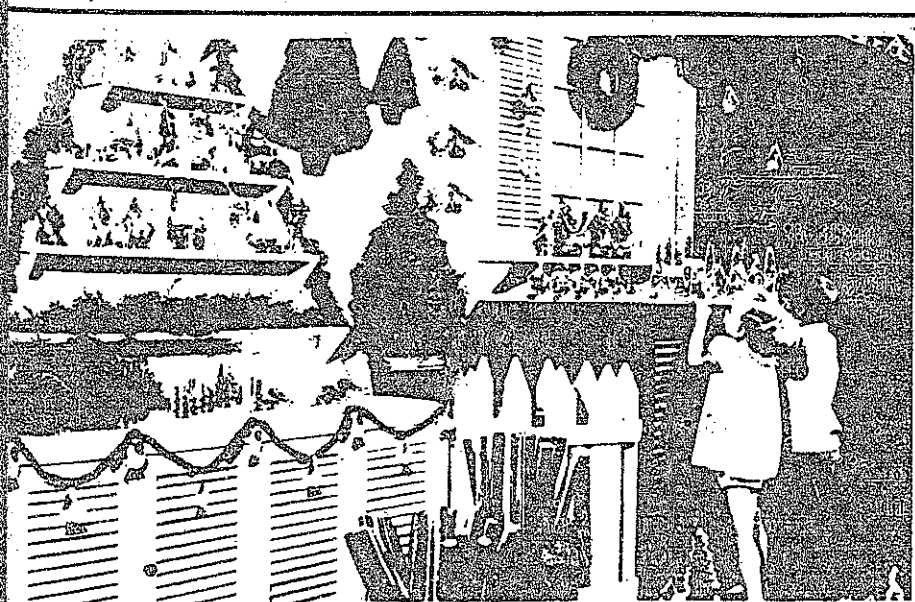
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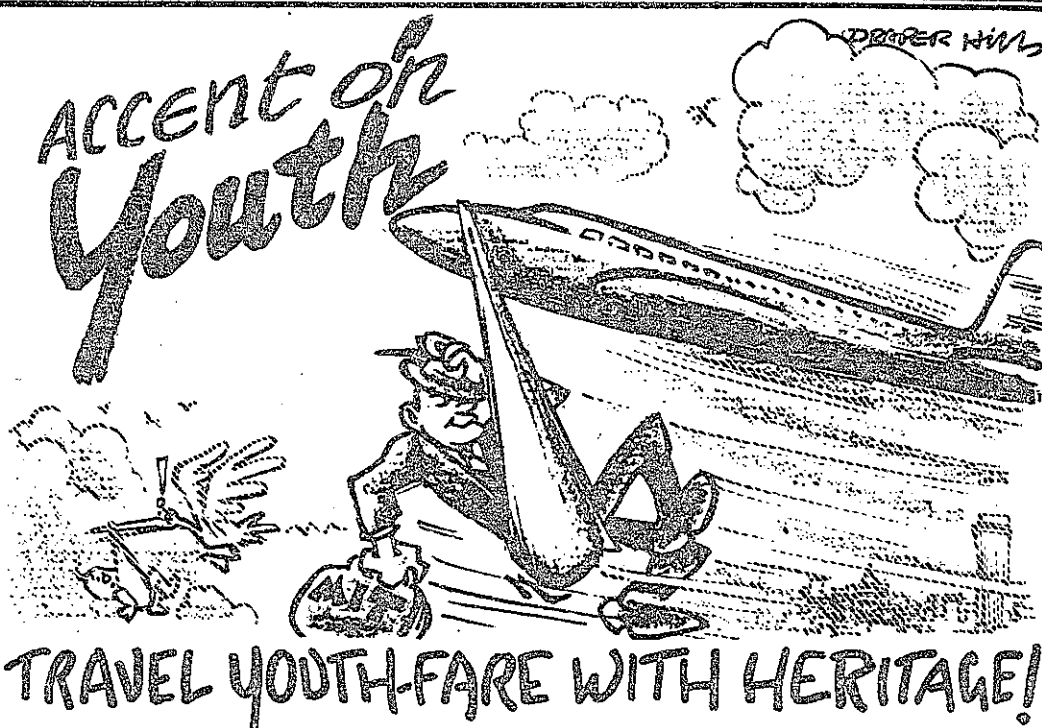
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MIT: community or corporation?

By Lee Giguere

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is an independent, coeducational, endowed institution committed by charter and plan to the extension of knowledge through teaching and research.
The MIT Catalogue, 72/73

Such is the definition of MIT to be found at the beginning of the MIT Catalogue. It is a statement so broad and so vague that it seems to offer endless possibilities for the subtler definition of what the Massachusetts Institute of Technology really is. For some, MIT is a "community of scholars," a fragile and almost ephemeral confluence of scholars held together — by what? There is little more to bind this institution together, in this view, than some sort of common belief in intellectual inquiry.

The unfortunate difficulty with the "community of scholars" concept is that it too is too vague to provide a really stable basis for an understanding of the university. Legally, for example, it is no definition at all since it fails to answer the questions of who owns the university — its property and endowment — and of who has the right to control the university. In reality, the first question is easily answered: the university is held in trust by some body of trustees — in MIT's case, the Corporation — according to the terms of its charter. But the question of who controls the university, or more importantly, who *should* control the university, is confused by a tangled web of real and honorary responsibilities. In most cases, it is the Corporation; the trustees, in other words, that has the final say — except in such matters as academic programs and degrees, when the faculty almost seems to

act with power. The role of the administration is no more clear: are they the agents of the trustees or officers of the faculty — in fact, they are both. Then comes the most confusing category of all: students. Are they real members of the community of scholars, junior partners, therefore, with the faculty, in the university; or is their status that of the consumer, of one who puts down his money for a product over which he has no control except the right of choosing to buy or not to buy.

The place of staff and employees in our so-called community is even more difficult to ascertain.

MIT, or any large, modern university, it would seem, is a community only in so far as a few people may consciously choose to think of it in those terms. The social reality of the institution, its association of groups with divergent, and often

conflicting, interests simply does not correspond to the notion of a community with its connotations of a complex of personal bonds and a confluence of interests.

The corporate alternative

One possible view of the university, little discussed in academic circles in spite of its congruence at many points with social reality, is the notion that the university is a sort of privately-owned corporation, with a paid staff and its own special "market." Such a view, to begin with, greatly simplifies the problem of questions of ownership and control.

First, it becomes clear that the university "belongs to" the trustees. They own it and they have complete and exclusive right to operate it as they see fit. The administration and the faculty become undifferentiated from other employees except in so far as the owners, the trustees, choose to recognize a distinction. Unpalatable, yes; but inconceivable, no. Under law, it would probably be very easy to set up such an institution; one suspects that legally this may well be how the university really is constituted.

The role of the administration, according to this concept, loses its former ambiguity. The president, chancellor, provost, the various vice-presidents and deans are, simply, the agents of the trustees, employed to direct the day-to-day opera-

Reporting or spite: a correction

By Sharon Zito

I never realized the power of the press until I had the chance to use it — exploit it. I am referring to my article in last Friday's *The Tech* (October 27, 1972), "Law enforcement or spite." This article was written from a very biased point of view: anyone reading it would have realized this immediately. But what I failed to do before taking such a stand was investigate both sides involved. As a result the article gives a very incorrect view of the situation.

Captain James Olivieri of the Campus Patrol, after reading the story, took time off from his duties to come see me personally and give me a more accurate view of the Campus Patrol based on obvious and available facts. Instead of getting uptight over my writing such an article and destroying the reputation of the Campus Patrol, he was more concerned with my feelings toward this organization.

The Campus Patrol at MIT is, to quote his words, "90% service to students and only 10% law and enforcement." For example, a girl needed to transport a large quantity of food from McCormick to another dorm for a party. A Campus Patrol officer gave her and her food a lift. Drivers with stalled cars can always get jumps from passing officers in their patrol cars. Would city policemen do this? Of course not. The most they would do is drive them to the nearest gas station to pay an attendant to help them.

Generally, the only time we ever see a Campus Patrol officer in any dorm is when a student (or dorm employee) who suspects an unidentified stranger as a would-be thief actually makes a direct request for assistance. If anyone living in the dorm will vouch for the stranger, the officer will immediately leave him alone with no hassles. The person can then continue his sleeping or anything he happens to be doing.

This policy is very reasonable, very just. It would be extremely unfair and somewhat terrifying to allow MIT to be an open place available to any passerby. If the Campus Patrol did not have this power to ask unidentified strangers to leave the campus MIT would become an attractive haven for run-aways and thieves. Now any sensible person can realize how harmful this could be to the MIT community.

Crime in the dorms has decreased from \$54,000 three years ago to the present \$7000. Amazing figures. And the fact that the Campus Patrol did not have to patrol each and every individual dorm but accomplished this feat with the

The Tech has received from the White House a gold-embossed, blue-bordered document, signed by the President himself, proclaiming the week just past as "American Education Week." The proclamation (which states, in part, that "a nation of free institutions depends for its greatness on the knowledge and understanding of its people...") beings thus:

"Daniel Webster said: 'On the diffusion of education among the people rest the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.'"

The President then goes on to say that "Webster was right." *The Tech* agrees wholeheartedly.

aid of student participation (the calling of the Campus Patrol when unaccountable strangers are roaming about) makes this figure even more amazing.

In the case of William Matthews, the antihero of my story, a very trivial incident was blown out of proportion, to a degree that Olivieri feels that it may have caused irreversible damage to the Campus Patrol and people's opinion of it.

Matthews was told by one of the "mildest" officers (to quote the Captain's words) that he could not sleep in Baker House (after the officer had received a call from someone at Baker informing him of a stranger sleeping there). If Matthews had simply given him the name of any one of his supposed friends in Baker and the friend confirmed that he knew him, the officer would have wished him a good night and left.

But Matthews did not want to get his friends involved and thus according to the policy, had to leave the campus. A theft had occurred in Baker House only a few weeks before — how could the officer possibly know which particular strangers are peaceful law-abiding persons and would never consider such temptations?

Williams did not re-enter MIT simply to get an innocent drink of water as he

claims. The officer, according to Olivieri, went about his business and 45 minutes later found him in another part of the campus. Again, Matthews was told to leave but again he was found on campus. How many times should an officer ask someone to leave before he takes some kind of action? After awhile, anyone who had been repeatedly told to leave would conclude the officer did not really mean it since he wasn't following up his request with real action and would continue lingering about on campus.

Olivieri swears that this incident is so trivial it will not result in a jail term for Matthews. Even if this were a second offense, the most Matthews would face is a fine — a \$5 fine and a warning. That is all.

It should be noted that Olivieri did not torture me into writing this article. He stated that he had no power to dictate what I or anyone wrote or did not write. By talking to me, he wanted me to see that the Campus Patrol is not what I inferred it to be. Anyone at MIT who has had dealings with it will confirm his opinion. Besides, any cops who allow a bunch of kids to push a piano off a building (physics experiment or not) have to be somewhat human.

Letters to The Tech

To the editor:

The October 20, 1972 issue of *The Tech* had an article on the FAC which said that the experimental programs for freshmen found little interest on the part of this year's incoming freshmen, that freshmen and their advisors knew little about these options, and that enrollment in these programs was low. We of the Experimental Study Group (ESG) were a bit surprised by this statement since this year we had our most favorable response. Over 150 freshmen replied to our Freshman Handbook entry and mailed-out flyer, more than 135 visited us during R/O week, and 40 freshmen registered with us in the week following Registration Day. Since then, four more have joined us. While we certainly cannot comment on people's knowledge of us, we did provide a substantial amount of information to advisors as well as students. We sent information about ESG to all freshmen advisors and spoke to housemasters, and we had a booth in the Student Center for the first four days of R/O week.

What we find disturbing about the article is the possible negative effect on our future. Now in our fourth year, we are gathering momentum and looking forward to a bright future. Towards this end, we try to supply complete information about ESG to all those who might be interested: faculty, students, advisors, anyone. We would very much welcome visits from anyone who wants to know more about the ESG. We live at 24-612, x3-7787, and there are always people here. Thanks.

Herb Lin, for ESG

To the editor:

I just heard (*Tech's* take a while to arrive and the one question is not here yet) that Professor Myers disavows all

connection with ROTC. If so, I apologize for making an unfounded charge.

However, I did recall him as a member of the (1969) ROTC Study Committee. Moreover, I asked Lee Giguere to check the accuracy of the assertion that Myers was on this ROTC committee, and not to print the assertion if it were untrue.

The letter referring to Myers was edited by *The Tech*, noticeably in deleting a reference to Professor Weizenbaum's opinion from the spring hearings. Possibly my request to check on Myers was not read, as it was written on the envelope, not in the letter. Or perhaps *The Tech* failed to check with Myers or its own ROTC file (which once contained a copy of the 1969 committee's report.)

In any case I would like to apologize for my part in this error, but at the same time state that 'Myers' remarks while chairing hearings still indicate bias. By contrast, Professor Weizenbaum's opinion *does* consider the context of the specific acts charged. Myers seemed to ignore context as a defense, and to prejudice cases for the "aggrieved."

Probably all this proves is that the MIT administration has no monopoly on making false charges, and be careful about letting *The Tech* check your facts for you.

Wells Eddleman

(Unfortunately, the envelope in which Mr. Eddleman's first letter arrived was discarded before his message was noticed. We remind our readers, however, that *The Tech* cannot be responsible for checking the facts in the letters we receive — that remains the writer's job. —Editor)

Continuous News Service

The Tech

Since 1881

Vol. XCII, No. 43 October 31, 1972

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the tech arts section

Savage Messiah— saving grace

It is usually after viewing a film like Ken Russell's *Savage Messiah* that a great hatred for the excesses of Hollywood public relations men boils to the surface. For it is they who have single-handedly deflated the meaning of such formerly powerful adjectives as "powerful" or "moving."

That leaves very few words with which one can describe the film and not come off sounding like a press release. In a way, MGM has created one of those films that cries out to be seen, because the only plot synopsis one can legitimately offer is theirs: it's about a French artist who was killed at age 23 during World War I.

A good film is one which portrays a piece of life realistically, while making a point. That is what *Savage Messiah* does. The life being portrayed is that of Henri Gaudier, a French artist who lived in London with a woman twice his age named Sophie Brzeska. The film examines their relationship, making points on that, while also taking on war, possessive parents, and divine decadence which, if you believe the film, came to London before it went to Berlin, *Cubaret* style).

The believability of the film is greatly enhanced by small but effective gestures and props, as well as nicely done color photography, and location sound recording that departs on occasion from that "dubbed in the studio" sound so prevalent today. In this film, people sweat, old ladies look old and worn, artists use chewed pencils, horny young men act horny, and beggars look like beggars.

The film deals with the stuff from which Art is made, emotions and commercial expediency. The struggling sculptor and sketch artist Gaudier meets the struggling and unsuccessful writer Brzeska in the Paris Library. In the film's brief moment of fantasy, mutual infatuation is instant, as the actor portraying Gaudier, Scott Antony (who does an excellent job here) drapes himself over various public statues and delivers a monologue on the nature of Art. It is most amusing.

Monologues, however, are the sole weakness of this film. For the most part, the picture is either dramatic or funny in

all but a few places. Where it bores and drags is where it lectures with words, instead of lecturing with pictures and situations. Debauchery is more completely described by the nightclub scene than by any speech; more is said about the remoteness of wars by its relegation to newspapers, marching bands, and brief mentions than by any sermon. Most of the worst parts of the film are stacked in the front, but it will be worth your while to bear with it.

After the couple are rejected by Gaudier's wealthy French landholder parents (after all, the woman is Polish and twice Henri's age) and move to Paris, the film takes off. Sophie is shown as a loving woman whose aversion to sex forces Gaudier into the arms of whores, while Gaudier is pictured as the tortured artistic soul trying to get along in this world.

Art dealers are put-down in this film as decadent idiots for the most part, following their nose and the latest fashion wherever it may lead them. If they do not act the part of simpering women or lisping homosexuals, they are bedecked with jewelry and bereft of human feeling.

The military is put down in the form of a major who sits on his horse whenever possible, who hires Gaudier because he is cheap and has slept with his daughter. Bemoaning what he sees as Britain's plight in the upcoming war, he asks, "What has happened to all the brave men of yesterday?" "They are dead," Gaudier replies.

The film's mixture of drama and humor, life and whimsy, is near perfect. It is not a great film, limited perhaps by its subject, but it is a very good film, and well worth watching. One story, told by Gaudier after he has painted himself into a corner with an art dealer is worth preserving in these pages:

A man saw a little bird, sitting in the road, unable to fly or walk. The man felt sorry for the bird. Nearby was a hot, steaming, fresh cow puddle. The man scooped out a small area in the center of the puddle and dropped the bird into it. The warmth made the bird relax and fall asleep. A little while later, a fox came along, took the bird out, and bit his head off. The moral of the story is that it is not always your enemies who put you in the shit, or your friends who take you out. But while you are in it, keep your mouth shut. *At the Cheri Complex*

~~~~~ P.E. Schindler, Jr. ~~~~~

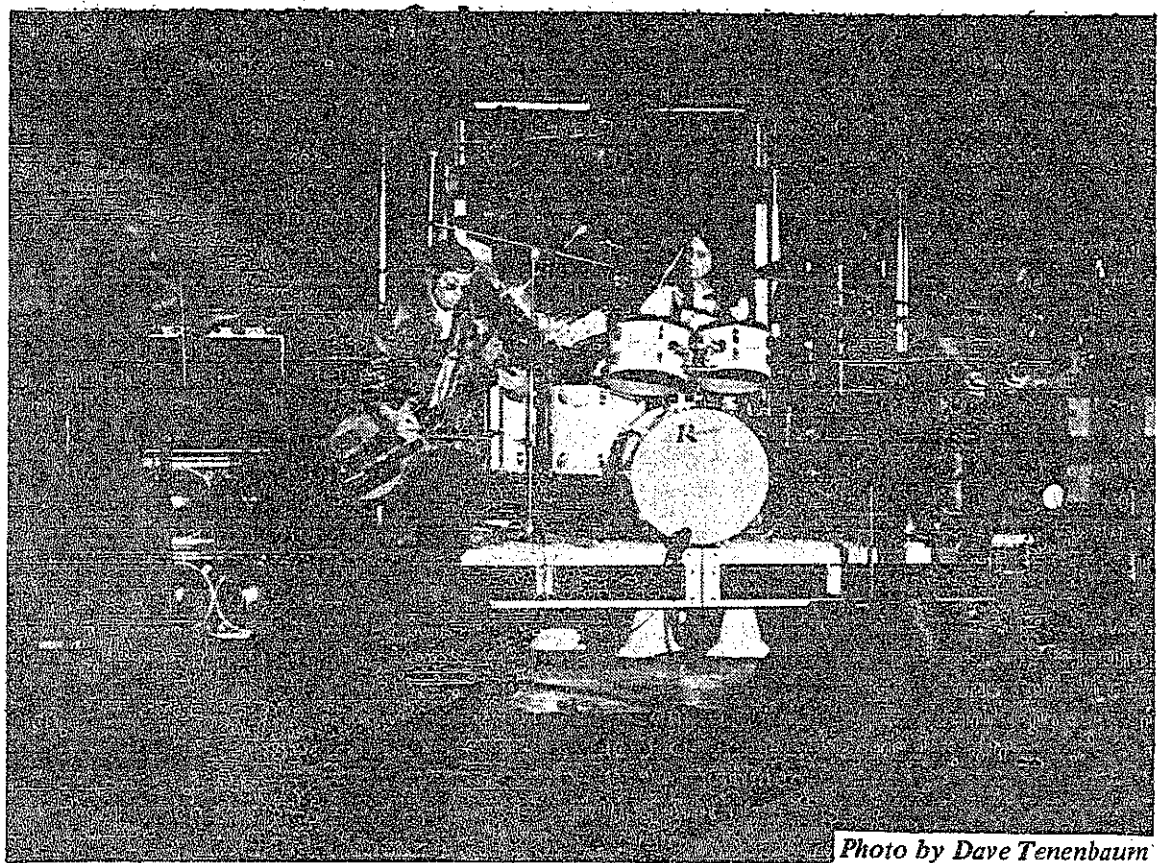


Photo by Dave Tenenbaum

### Hot Tuna

## Hot Tuna— lukewarm

It's too bad about the Airplane — Marty Balin gone, and Grace with her voice burned out, and half the time they're not playing together anyway. The fact that the Airplane's excellence was a result of a fine blending of talents was clearly shown by the concert given by Hot Tuna at the Music Hall on October 17.

The way the Airplane split up, with Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady going into Hot Tuna and Paul Kantner and Grace Slick off on their own dual ego trip, left the two best musicians in one faction and the two best songwriters in the other.

Hot Tuna did a good, professional job with material that varied from extremely high quality to mediocre. There is no challenging the talent of Kaukonen on guitar or the fact that Casady is the best bassist in rock music. Sammy Piazza provided competent if not spectacular accompaniment on drums.

The only flaw in the group technically is the violin-playing of Papa John Creach. Papa John seems to be content to play basically the same riff almost every time he takes a lead, with the possible exception of "John's Other." He also substitutes an ability to hit screeching high notes for real excellence on the instrument.

Hot Tuna gives a reasonably good show aesthetically. Papa John cavorts about the stage with a verve which makes him appear younger than he is, while Jorma, tall and thin with shoulder-length hair, stomps around the stage in time to the rhythm of the music, looking for all the world like a toy soldier of the revolution. Casady remains implacable while weaving his incredible bass riffs.

Those expecting to see a great deal of originality were disappointed; the group played only one new song, a number featuring Papa John, which was typical of him, that is to say mediocre. Other than that, the only halfway new material was two electric arrangements of songs from their superb acoustic album, "Uncle Sam Blues" and "New Song (For the Morning)." Mainly, the band played songs from their last two albums, opening with "True Religion," and including other familiar tunes as "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning," "Keep On Trucking," and "Feel So Good" from the *Bark* album. Many of the songs did come across better in concert than they did on the albums, particularly "Water Song" from *Burgers*.

Appearing with Hot Tuna were Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen. Cody and his group appear to be a rather obvious put-on of Elvis and other rock-and-rollers of that period. In fact, a

singer who calls himself Billy C. did a rather weak Presley imitation for a few songs, complete with tight pants and crotch-slung guitar.

Other than that, the Airmen did some good rock numbers, a few country songs, and a seemingly interminable stretch of truck driver songs. It seems the truck driver has replaced the cowboy as the lonesome crooner of the American West. And, of course, they did "Hot Rod Lincoln," their hit single, and the only song where Commander Cody did the vocals. I hesitate to say sang, because it was more of a talking rasp.

Musically, the highlight of the group's performance was the pedal steel work of Bobby Black. Andy Stein succeeded in playing both violin and saxophone, the general effect being amusing, but not particularly impressive.

~~~~~ Ken Davis ~~~~~



Jorma Kaukonen and friend; below, Jack Casady (left) and Sammy Piazza.

Photos by Dave Tenenbaum



Dorothy Tutin and Scott Anthony, on location in *Savage Messiah*

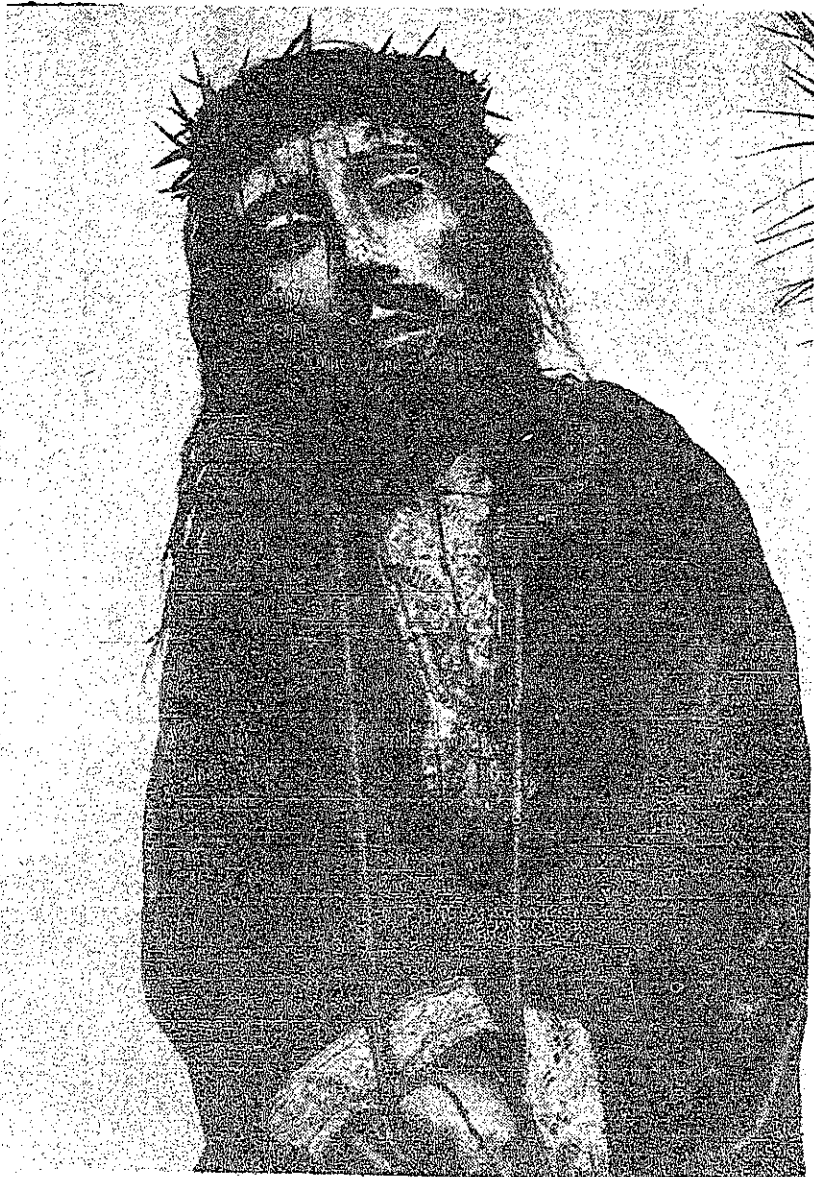


Photo by Paul Strand

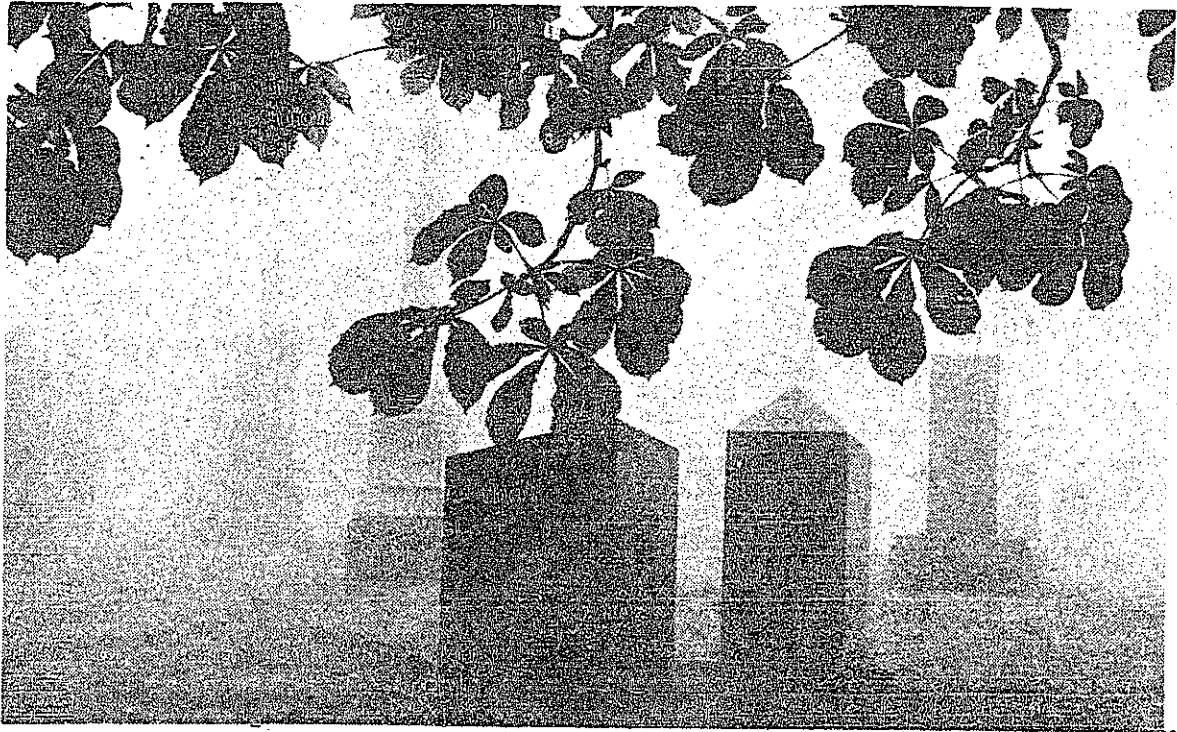


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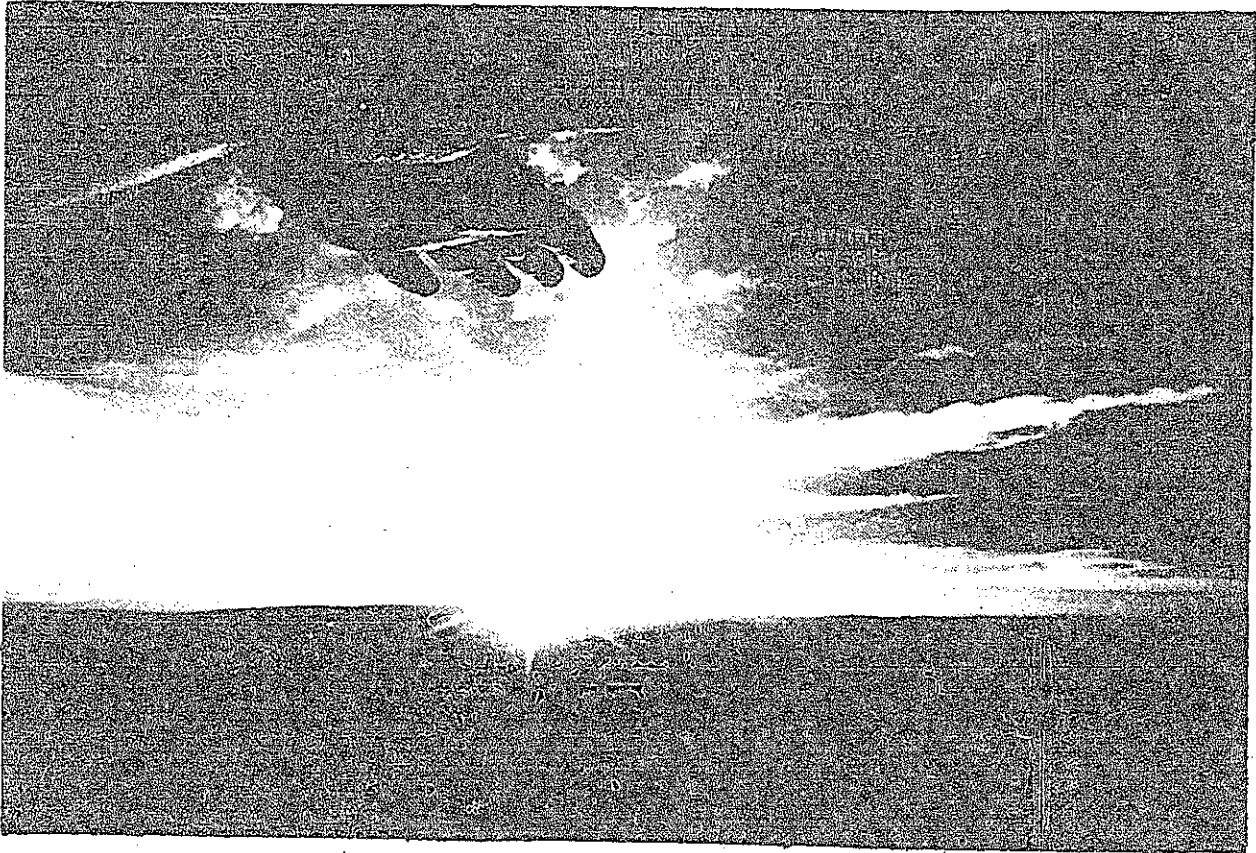


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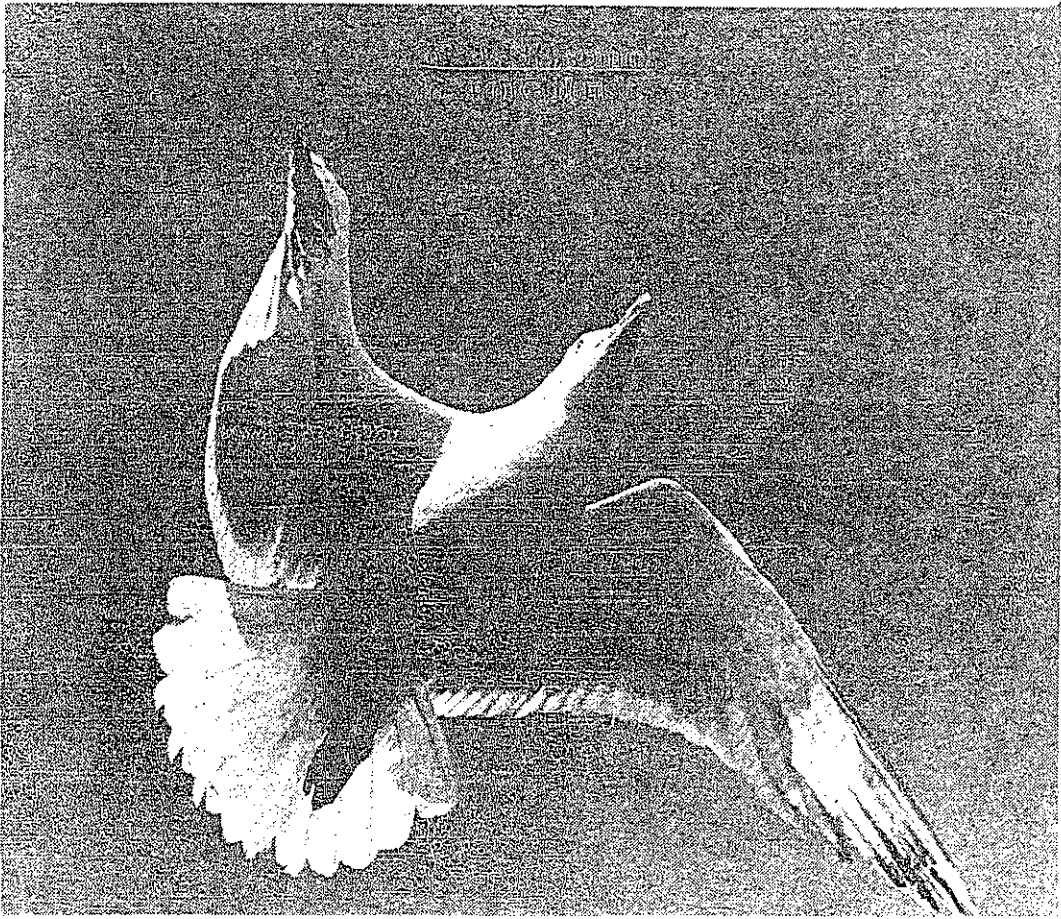


Photo by B.A. King

'Octave of Prayer'

Exhibition organized by Minor White
Hayden Gallery, October 27 — November 26



Photo by Fred Hill

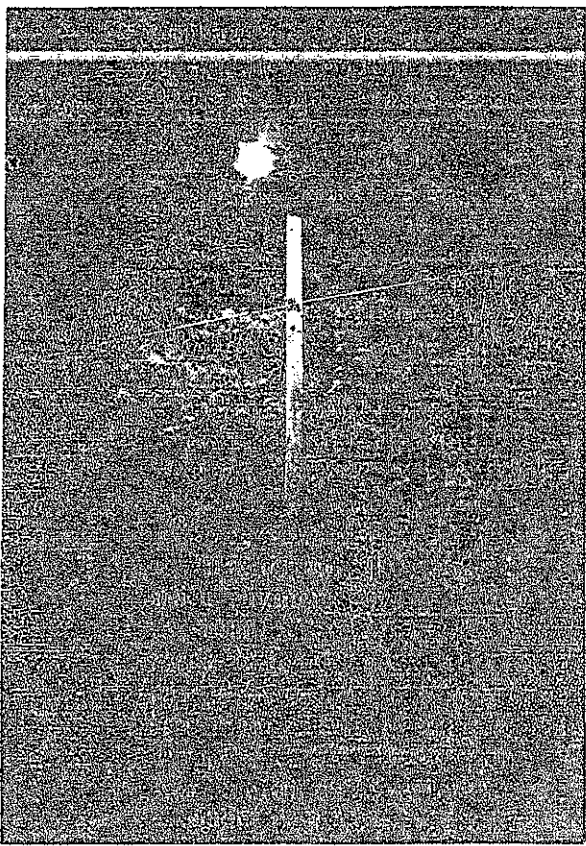


Photo by Richard Albertine

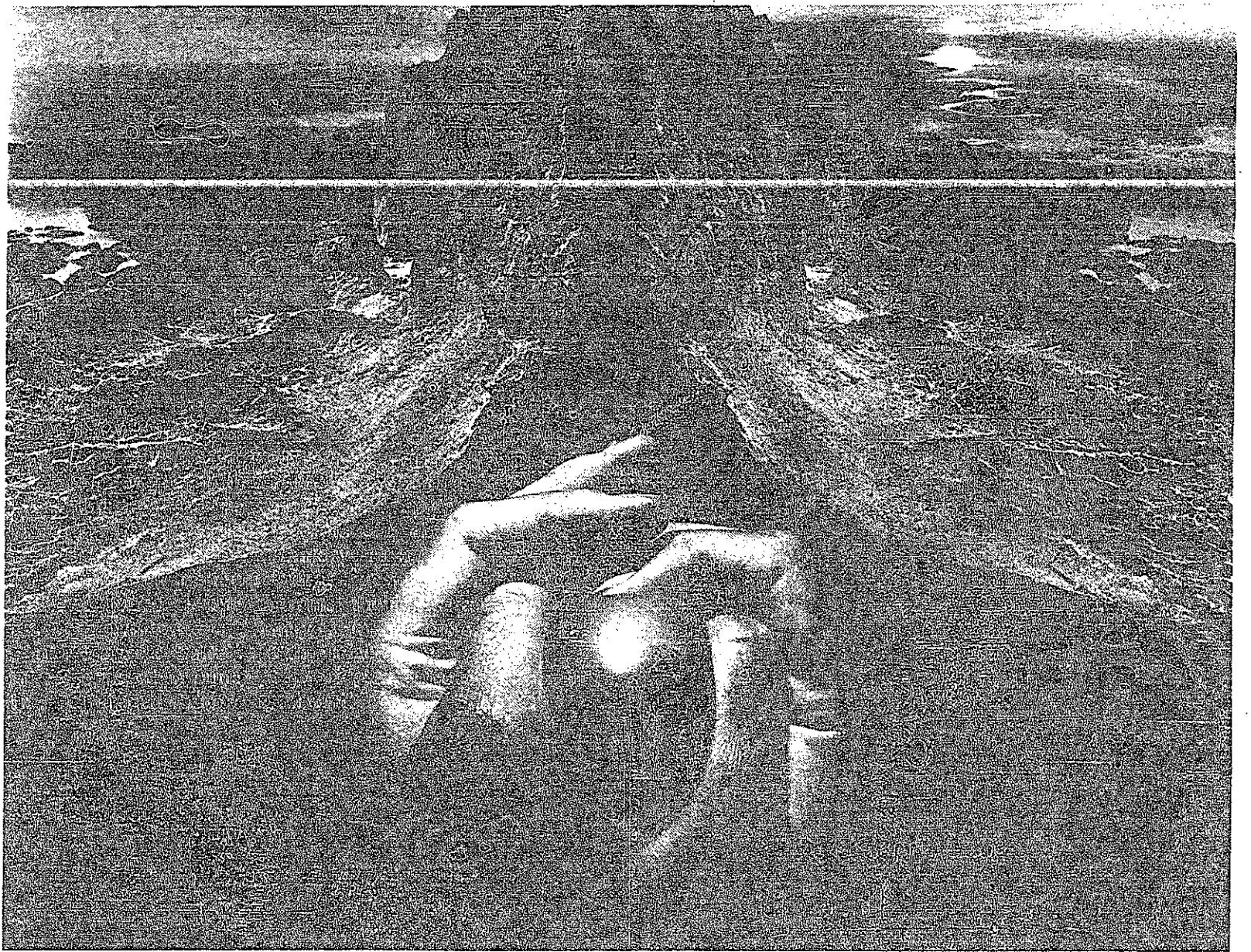


Photo by Jerry Uelsmann

A press luncheon was held in conjunction with the opening of Minor White's new photography showing *Octave of Prayer*. At that luncheon White talked about photography and photography exhibits, as well as humanities at MIT. Here is some of what he said:

Am I an artist? Other people call me an artist, but that's their business. I make photographs, and put together exhibitions. I let others characterize my work and usually assume that they're wrong.

In the Creative Audience course at MIT, we try to teach people how to look at a photograph or painting long enough to see what it really means. It might take as long as a half hour for someone to really understand a picture. But the under-30 generation is a very visually oriented generation. I experiment in this

course with having groups of people look at a photograph for twenty or thirty minutes then talk about it, sketch it, or dance to it for a couple of hours.

Communication in a museum is mostly illusion. It is impossible for the audience to understand precisely... a work can evoke feelings that are close to the original...

[Talking about feedback in the creative photography gallery] In '68 and '69, we got good communication from students who came to the gallery; worth-while criticism. Now in 1972, we get comments like "It's too hot in here"... Students at MIT have changed in the last few years. When I came in 1965 it was all science and technology. During the "revolutionary period" people abhorred any

kind of structure. Now they ask for more structure.

Veneration of me is crazy. I really enjoy teaching a beginning class where the students don't know who I am. I often forget to mention my name for a couple of weeks, and when I do it doesn't make any difference. I enjoy teaching students.

In some ways the audience is as important as the artist. There's a need for more knowledgeable audiences. People who don't just look at an image but know what to do with it.

[When asked how he puts an exhibit together] I work the concept of the show out verbally and send letters out asking for contributions. For this show 400

artists contributed some 2500 photographs... there are about 60 artists and 80 photographs in the show.

[When asked if friends or relatives ask to have their pictures taken] I have no relations and damn few friends.

Also present was Professor Wayne Anderson who contributed to what was characterized by the News Office as the "serious discussion of photography" several interesting highlights. "Painters don't call each other artists," he said, "they call each other painters... Beware of photographers who call themselves artists, they're usually mediocre." He also added, "The word 'artist' should be dropped from the language. Identification by the artist's medium is more realistic."

~~~~~P.E. Schindler, Jr.~~~~~



## music

## Memphis Slim — blues deluxe

*South Side Reunion* — Memphis Slim (Warner Brothers)

Recorded in Herouville, France, in September, 1970, *South Side Reunion* has been a long time coming. This album, however, was one well worth waiting for. Featuring Memphis Slim (Peter Chatman), assisted by such outstanding Chicago bluesmen as Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, A.C. Reed, Philip Guy, and Roosevelt Shaw, *South Side Reunion* is just that; a re-uniting of south-side Chicago-oriented musicians. The results are phenomenal: a tight, well-arranged, well-produced and well-executed record.

The most impressive facet of *South Side Reunion* is the arranging. Every song is meticulously put together and presented with just enough harmonica, just enough vocal work, just enough lead guitar and piano, complemented by horns and consistent rhythm guitar work. Instruments are successfully used to work for the songs and musicians and not against them. Memphis Slim, who now resides in Europe, is the central figure in the reunion. Besides having written all but two of the songs, Slim plays piano in his inimitable Chicago style — fast driving, then rolling, then tickling the piano keys. Slim also plays two numbers on harpsichord, "Ain't Nothing But a Texas Boogie On a Harpsichord" and "Ain't Nothing But a New Orleans Boogie On That Same Harpsichord." Both songs, although short, are effective and demonstrate Slim's abilities on keyboard instruments.

Slim's best performance on the album is "Roll and Tumble," a Muddy Waters composition. Slim's version is slower than most, but by slowing the tempo, Slim succeeds in making the song more bluesy, more pleading, more sorrowful. He makes the listener believe that, on the night his woman left him, he "rolled and tumbled, cried the whole night long."

Other highlights include "Good Time Charlie," which features outstanding harmonica work by Junior Wells, and "You Called Me At Last," which finds Slim on piano trading solo work with Buddy Guy on guitar. "No" also demonstrates Slim's piano abilities, complemented at first by gentle Wells harmonica, well in the background. Then, Wells' harmonica emerges into the foreground, with Buddy's guitar wailing behind it. The result is an effective expression of the blues.

The only weak song on *South Side Reunion* is "Help Me Some." This particular cut has a few rough spots in which the vocal work is lost behind the heavy instrumentation.

Despite this one weak point, however, *South Side Reunion* is the finest Chicago blues album that I have ever heard. Slim and Guy and Wells have combined to produce their music in a believable and effective manner. They are tight and sorrowful — and that is the blues.

Wanda Adams

## ELP — sheer brilliance

*Trilogy* — Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Cotillion)

*Trilogy* is the album that Emerson, Lake & Palmer have been threatening to put out. The levels of technical sophistication and full-blown imagination they attain leave even such admittedly progressive rock bands as Yes and King Crimson far behind. A rock band only by virtue of their origins, ELP have done three albums before this one, and to put it bluntly, they've bored me to tears: lengthy compositions of dubious classical temper, with a rock hangover. But *Trilogy* is finally the perfect melding, as is best demonstrated by the two longest cuts, "Trilogy" and "Endless Enigma." Both are intensely intricate, richly programmed electronic adventures, the futuristic roar of the Moog offset by the beautiful precision of Emerson's Steinway piano. Right, Keith Emerson's exciting keyboard work is what's at the heart of *Trilogy*'s success, whether it be piano, synthesizer, or Hammond Organ C3. Every cut is excellent. "From the Beginning" is Greg Lake's showpiece: he wrote it, and, at one point, triple-dubs bass, acoustic, and electric lead guitars, the only use of stringed instruments, save bass and piano, on the album. "Living Sin" is evil personified, a black, seething, lurid composition. "The Sheriff" finds ELP as story-tellers, in a tale of murder and revenge in the old Wild West.

But this review will be purposely short, for *Trilogy* is truly a record that must be heard to be believed. And appreciated. It goes beyond the boundaries of even the most contemporary and talented rock bands, combining classical ideas and rock energy into a masterpiece of power and complexity. Rock fans will be overwhelmed by its furious beauty and far-ranging creativity, while classical nuts will be surprised by what these hippie longhairs have been up to while their backs were turned. Few records have I ever recommended as strongly as I now do *Trilogy*. It's sheer brilliance.

Mark Astolfi

## Christopher Milk curdles

*Some People Will Drink Anything!* — Christopher Milk (Warner Bros.)

Most people know John Mendelsohn as a flip young Jewish rock critic, and America's leading Kinksophile, having written liner notes for two of their albums since 1969. Sure, he's one of your more, shall we say, precocious rock writers, and many a rock critic's writing style, mine included, has been spoiled by reading and enjoying too much of Mendelsohn. But beyond all that, our John has a dream; as revealed in an article which appeared about a half a year ago in *Rolling Stone*, his *Destiny* is Superstardom. The article was autobiographical (and long), and it showed that, lo and behold, John was a critic second, and a rock musician!! first, for it chronicled the groups which he founded, split from, and

drummed with, the groups whose records changed his life and made him grow his hair long, ending with a description of the origins and lineage of that band that, finally, was all he dreamed a band should be, the band that was going to ejaculate him into the upper stratosphere of pop-dom, the pasteurized, homogenized, quite possibly killer Christopher Milk.

And then, last spring, there it was. A half page ad in *Phonograph Record Magazine*, beckoning the reader to send for a free United Artists seven-inch Christopher Milk sampler. I did. It turned out to be one of the strangest, most refreshing records of the year, hinting that C. Milk might just be America's answer to Bonzo Dog Band, the Who, and damn near everybody else. The few songs it contained were already underground classics: "Hey, Heavyweight!," "Basket Case," "Just a Cop," and the super-destructo "There's A Broken Heart For Every Rock and Roll Star On Laurel Canyon Blvd." Insightfully touching lyrics, catchy, butt-slapping melodies, John's lead vocals as obnoxious and sublime as a Grand Funk Xmas album.

But nothing came of it. And now we have C. Milk's first honest-to-goodness album, *Some People Will Drink Anything!*, and it is a sorry disappointment. They're on Warner Bros. now, and it seems that John had to leave all the good songs behind with UA, for none appear here. The band has been mercilessly pruned, personnel-wise: gone is the ex-roadie goldenboy, invisible drummer Tres Feltman. Gone is the fearful Mr. Twister who didn't actually appear (occur?) on the UA sampler, since his only function with the band was, when they played a live gig, to do himself outrageously perverted bodily harm, throw microphones into the audience, and in general do the Iggy Stooze ultraviolence schtick without the unnecessary encumbrance of having to sing. Gone also is ace guitarist Donnie (Flashfinger Bazbo) Alvarado. The remaining C. Milk, drummer and rarefied beauty G. Whiz, bassist The Kiddo, and guitarist Surly Ralph Oswald (the John Lennon ringer), under the supervision of John Mendelsohn, stumble through two wretched sides, completely devoid of the pizzaz, the ephemeral effrontery, the misguided insanity of the UA disc. The only traces of that lost masterpiece that remain are in "A Second Hand Viola" and "The Tough Kids." The rest is pretty bad, as are the cover and liner notes. I had high hopes for Christopher Milk. With this album, they die, drowned in the curdled emulsion of a rock superbrain gone bazoomy.

Mendelsohn, you turkey.

Mark Astolfi

## film

## Romeo and Juliet in the red

A red mantle by any other name would smell the same, and the film *Red Mantle* is no exception.

Only people with the greatest tolerance both for Scandinavian scenery, dubbed dialogue, and great meaningful rehashes of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* will have any taste for seeing this film.

Its few good points might just as well be taken first. It was obviously filmed in a very pretty part of the world, (I am not at all certain it was Scandinavia; it may well have been Spain where everybody else shoots movies these days) with a cast whose native tongue was not English. If you are one for being swept away by your movies, go see Cinarama (remember Cinarama?); or, since there isn't any, go see this.

In addition to beautiful scenery, we are shown many beautiful people. Lithesome women, lean tanned men, lolling about in various states of total undress as they speak their piece at one another. Frontal nudity is not unheard of here, merely handled tastefully.

The dialogue and plot, such as they were, were thin and wooden, as was much of the acting. The violence often seemed contrived, even if it was made to look realistic by various special effects. Cut-off heads that look like real cut-off heads hold no great appeal to me. Neither do hangings or death by fire, which is how the two star-crossed lovers Hagbard and Signe do away with themselves at the end. Oh dear, I seem to have given away

the ending. I guess that means you won't have to see the film.

But then after the first 30 minutes of it, you would know the eventual outcome yourself. Starting with the boring sword-fight on horses at the start, we swoosh into the authentic looking village, where words are banded until the swords crash again. In the meantime, for no apparent reason other than straight out physical attraction, Hagbard falls into deep, undying love with Signe. What can I say? Marginal at best. *At the Kenmore Cinema* Gene Paul

## To Hail! with Nixon

*Hail!* is a new and thoroughly revolting film. Its biggest problem is that it's trying to make a farce out of a farce.

The film starts out in the lush appointments imagined by some writer for the National Security Council, plastic and glass are everywhere; so is the Presidential seal, and so are stupid or ugly politicians. These are the kind of politicians who are usually relegated to Dick Tracy or Steve Canyon. The ugliness is more than skin deep — it penetrates their souls. Of course, this is supposed to be a comedy, but even the "willing suspension of disbelief" which always takes place when you watch a film is not enough to overcome the broad strokes used to paint this picture.

The plot, such as it is, revolves around a Nixonian president, a Mitchellian attorney general, an asshole vice president, and a good guy Secretary of HEW. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? All the repression and evil which runs rampant in this film is supposed to remind us of the current administration in Washington. It does, in the same way that a banana reminds you of a phallus. The president in this film is insane, but that fact is revealed to us very gradually, as if to build up suspense. If the film makers knew what they were doing (and the credits seem to indicate that this is a film made by a committee) the suspense might have been there — but it isn't.

This film's greatest fault is its lack of narrative continuity. It moves from scene to scene with little effort made to connect them into a coherent whole. About the only thing that ties the film together is the fact that the same characters are used in different scenes. Their actions are not consistent, their motivations are never made clear. We are told, for example, that the president once saved the HEW secretary's wife during the war; we also find out that the secretary lost his leg in the same conflict. That's it. These two facts, mentioned time and again, never play any critical role in the film (in an assassination attempt, which both starts and ends the film, the bomb is hidden in the secretary's hollow leg).

No film is all bad. Most of the actors seem to believe in what they're doing, and there are rare moments of humor. Who wouldn't think it funny to watch the president of the United States drown rats; or to watch a squad of Secret Service police drop a briefcase into a bucket of water (thinking it contains a bomb) only to find papers, chewing gum and a comb rising to the surface? The film also takes satiric swipes at "White House preachers," hippies, old folks acting like hippies, and presidential bathrooms (near the beginning of the film, we see a Hollywood writers dream of a presidential men's room — it's miles long, each stall has a private sink, and each stall door has the presidential seal on it, as does every piece of toilet paper).

Women, when they are seen at all, are seen as naked or semi-clothed sex objects. They are often political wives or hippie hangers-on. We see so few of them, however, that it's difficult to tell whether the sample is sufficient to judge the writer's intention.

The secretary's plot to blow up the president, succeeds by the way, and I have now revealed to you the only mystery or excitement in the entire film. You're unsure of the outcome for all of ten minutes. There are no names mentioned in this review, either directorial or thespian; for much the same reason that no names are used in the commercials for this film, to avoid embarrassment of the principals. This film should be seen only by persons so involved in politics that any movie with Washington, D.C. in the title song appeals to them. *At the Abbey Cinema*

Paul St. John



Memphis Slim



## music

# kiss this

## mark astolfi

### neal vitale \*

It just may come down to being Dan Peek, Dewey Bunnell, and Gerry Beckley who started it all. When people look back at the music of the 70's, those three members of America will probably be looked on as the vanguards in the revival of country music and its subsequent move into pre-eminence in popular circles. By no means had it not been felt through bands like the Buffalo Springfield and the Byrds, then in off-shoots like Poco and the Flying Burrito Brothers. But it was America, thanks to the success of "Horse With No Name," who gave country-rock the pseudo-"legitimacy" that stems from, and then further extends, the realm of Teenybopper Top 40. Admittedly, the album that coincided with the single, *America*, may have shown some sparklings of musical soundness. But what would prove to be the most significant effect was the spawning by America of a whole series of Third Generation Country-Rock bands. In the process, some fine music also took shape, as did some blatantly commercial exercises. Two bands are representative of that better musical side — Pure Prairie League and Mason Proffit.

In a style mercifully untouched by Top 40 radio and groups like America is Pure Prairie League. Via two RCA albums, *Pure Prairie League* and *Bustin' Out*, that band out of Cincinnati has established a tight country sound, geared around Al Brisco's pedal steel and some Jesse Colin Young-style vocals, that is nothing short of a joy to listen to. *Bustin' Out* is a contrast to the first album, as it seems to have shifted to more an Eagles sound; i.e., slicker, less good-timey, more electric and harder. But Pure Prairie League in either form is a clear shot above a lot of what passes as good country music.

In a sort of hazy middleground falls Mason Proffit. They seem to tend more towards the rock 'n' roll facet of country, always including the token Jesus number, and all told, probably striking a balance between the extremes, though possibly enraging aficionados of each pole in the process.

But that possibility has not hampered Mason Proffit. For a long time they appeared to be just another band whose appropriate lodging place was in the \$1.99 cut-outs bin, with their main claim to fame being one member's resemblance to David Crosby. But *Rockfish Crossing* explodes that image. They start with a rollicking tune, "Jesse," and run through a suitably echoey version of Hank Williams' "You Win Again," to their excellent Jesus number, "Better Find Jesus," through love songs and protest/social commentary about My Lai and the death of freedom and wetbacks on to J.J. Cale's "Call Me The Breeze." The band never stumbles, proceeding along with skill and energy centered around the harp playing of Bruce "Creep" Kurnow. *Rockfish Crossing* is a very fine record in the country genre, indeed.

Yes, it seems country music had made a resurgence into the broad midsection of rock, and summarily brought with it both some very good and some just so-so songs and records. Perhaps the next move is just to go back to America and see what they have in store. Just having released a single, "Ventura Highway" that seems but more of the same, their forthcoming album may be little other than an instant replay of their first. But maybe they will again be forerunners in resuscitating a long-ignored region of music. And yet again, that may be hoping for too much.\*

### Plastic Ono Pachyderm Rock

#### Elephant's Memory (Apple)

The only thing that was consistently good on John Lennon's summer release *Some Time In New York City* was the solid backing he and Yoko got from the Bronx band called Elephant's Memory. Now, their latest has been released, called simply *Elephant's Memory*, and it is a pleasant surprise: an ear-boggling display of full-throttle, hot 'n' nasty rock, without frills or embellishments, just the way you always knew rock could sound. Although produced by John & Yoko, and despite John's occasional guitar, percussion, and backing vocals, it's Elephant's Memory holding down the fort, and nicely thank you. All the tunes are written by various members: guitarist Tex Gabriel, drummer Rick Frank, Adam Ippolito on keyboards, Gary Van Scyoc on bass, and sax-man Stan Bronstein, and while it's all good, side one is the stronger. "Liberation Special" sets the frenetic pace, a blazing rocker resembling Black Oak Arkansas' better moments, which, despite its title, has no real political axe to grind. Next comes "Baddest of the Mean," which starts out like it's gonna be Dr. John the Night Tripper singing a lament to androgyny, but ends up bubbling in a white-hot blue funk sax solo. Then comes "Cryin' Blacksheep Blues," a rousing fifties-flavored boogie, and "Chuck 'n' Bo," recounting the tale of Messers. Berry and Diddley's Summer '72 NYC concert, done in their inimitable styles. Side two is OK as well, save "Power Boogie," the only instance where Lennon's influence breaks the surface. But it is more than made up for by the cut that follows; called "Local Plastic Ono Band," it's a takeoff on "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (Reprise)" done in the style of a stoned-on-their-asses Puerto Rican street band, with lines like: "Give de Elephant his peanuts/or mucho war you'll see/ Coke-i-eena inna my nose/make Alabama free." The type of freewheeling humor that *STINYC* could've used to break up didactic miasma.

In short, *Elephant's Memory* is the tastiest tidbit to sport an Apple green apple label since *All Things Must Pass*, and one of the most unabashedly energetic rock expositions in a good long while, on any label. A winner.

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

A bargain at any price

The Lady's Not For Sale — Rita Coolidge (A&M)

The smooth Delta mood seeps into your mind and sets you right back in your chair. Everything is easy. Rita Coolidge is singing, whispering, comforting. *The Lady's Not For Sale* — let it in.

Rita Coolidge has been around for a while, singing with a lot of people like Marc Benno and his Oklahoma sidekick, Leon Russell. This is her third solo album, and plenty of friends have shown up to help her out — John Sebastian, Marc Benno, Al Kooper, and her husband Kris Kristofferson, who also penned the title cut. Nevertheless, it is Rita's invitingly smooth voice that makes you smile and brings to mind some of those Good Old Feelings.

Ms. Coolidge undoubtedly shows her mastery of the slow moody Southern blues with her softly haunting rendition of Leonard Cohen's "Bird on the Wire." She sings in her deeply convincing style about the pains and the rewards of being a woman experiencing the ambivalence of attachment to her dreams and her lovers. You're brought in during "A Woman Left Lonely" and led in different directions with the two best cuts on the album, "Whiskey Whiskey" and Kristofferson's "The Lady's Not For Sale." It's as if she's trying to really tell you something about herself, but in a way which tells you a little about your own self.

Unfortunately, there are two songs on the album that interrupt this message and don't seem to fit her style. "Donut Man" sounds like a typical Marc Benno-Leon Russell invention, but coming from Rita Coolidge it sounds like an attempt at a quick single aimed at your little sister and mine. "Inside of Me" is a little more listenable, but it's another long wanderer from Marc Benno although it does an appreciable job of rocking out that you might catch yourself tapping your fingers to.

Picking up on a couple of old tunes, the lady gives you a chance to sing along with "Fever" and Bob Dylan's classic proposition, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." The latter cut is just the break that is needed among the other songs on the album, with a piano that reminds you of Leon Russell and the unmistakable mark of John Sebastian blowing his heart out on the harmonica.

The Lady may not be for sale, but the fact that this fine album is should put you out on the street.

~~~~~Steve McDonald~~~~~

### Edwards — 2 Hits, No Errors

#### Honky Tonk Stardust Cowboy — Jonathan Edwards (Atco)

Less than a year ago, Jonathan Edwards produced a flawless album, called, oddly enough, *Jonathan Edwards*. With his latest record, *Honky Tonk Stardust Cowboy*, he has done it again; it is one of those rare albums that doesn't include a bad song.

Edwards had written about half of the songs on *Honky Tonk*. Perhaps to demonstrate his versatility (or perhaps to enjoy himself on record), Edwards includes a Jesse Colin Young song, "Sugar Babe," to which he adds his own special harmonica backup. The title song, "Honky Tonk Stardust Cowboy," was written by Darrell Statler of the Statler Brothers. It tells the story of a man with "his cowboy boots, rhinestone suits, and flashy guitar" who "sings the country tunes of bygone days: 'Faded Love,' 'San Anaton Rose,' and 'I Love You a Thousand Ways'." Edwards is backed up vocally and on lead guitar by Eric Lilljequist of Orphan. Edwards and Lilljequist, together with Bill Keith playing pedal steel guitar, give "Honky Tonk Stardust Cowboy" and appropriate country flavor.

Edwards, in fact, seems to favor country-style music on *Honky Tonk*. "Dues Day Bar" fits into that category, as does "Ballad of Upsy Daisy." But the beauty of *Honky Tonk* is that it seems to display all sides of Jonathan Edwards and his many talents. He offers a superb harmonica-backed version of a traditional piece, "Morning Train," on which he plays fine, driving guitar as well as harmonica. My personal favorite is a tune called "Give Us a Song," played in D-tuning, with Edwards' guitar and surprisingly complementary string arrangements for backup. Edwards is capable of writing gentle, thought-provoking material, and "Give Us a Song" is exemplary of this talent. His performance on *Honky Tonk* gives the cut a very personal, poignant touch.

Another cut worth mentioning is "Dream Song," which features delicate, almost ethereal piano work by Stuart Schulman. The remainder of *Honky Tonk Stardust Cowboy* is also quite palatable, although not as outstanding as the songs previously mentioned. Jonathan Edwards has a gentle yet forceful effect on his listeners. He is an extremely versatile performer, talented songwriter/arranger, and a fine all-around musician. But even with these attributes, it is somewhat incredible to think that Jonathan Edwards, who started out as a Boston folksinger several years ago, has come this far. For a first album to be excellent is one thing; for two superb recordings in a row, it's almost immoral that one man can have all that talent.

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

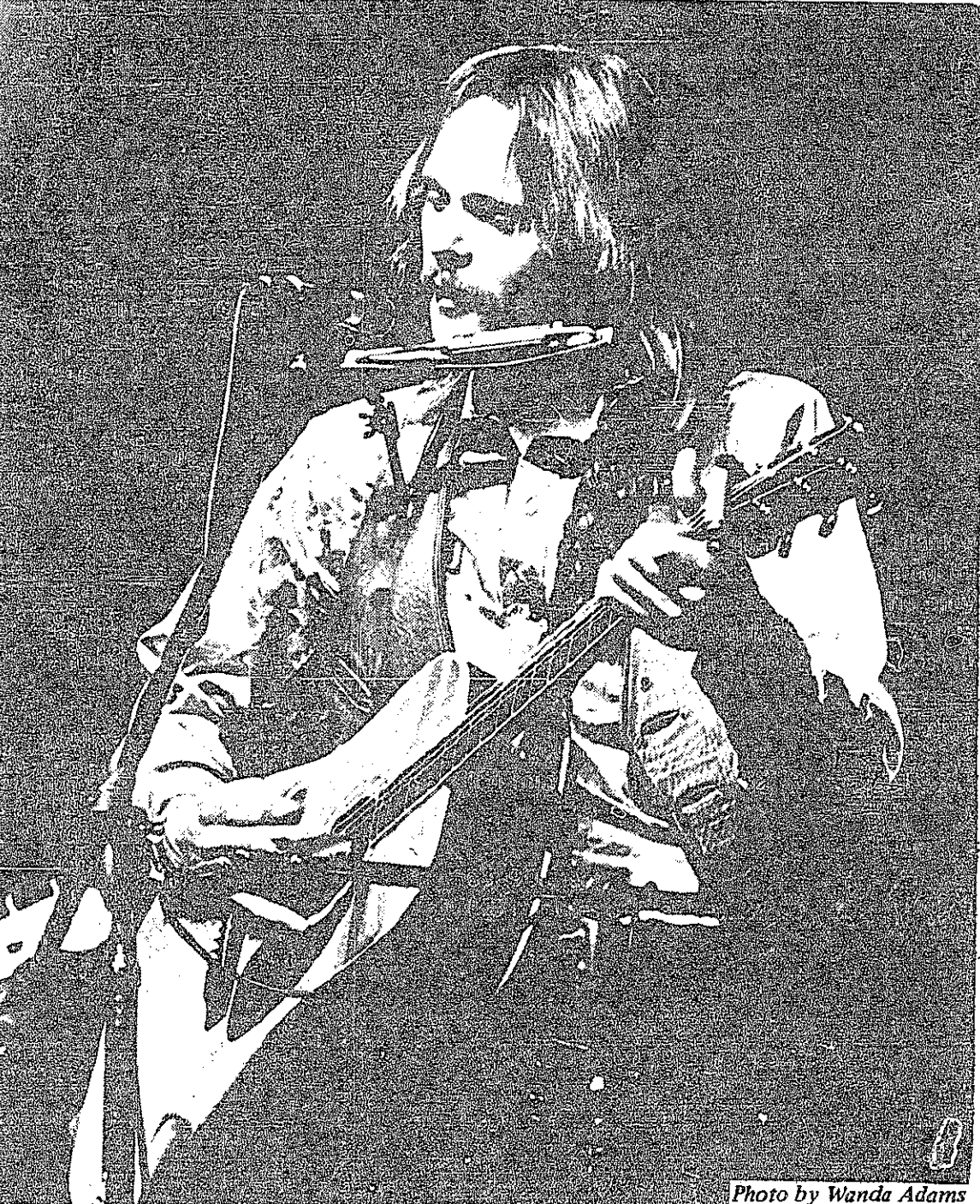
Sandy Denny vs. Lester Bangs

Rock On — The Bunch (A&M)

Such a disappointment! Anyone familiar with this group's leader of sorts, the most popular female singer in England, has virtually come to expect that anything touched by this lady's gorgeous vocalizing would be worth its weight in cocaine. Well, this here album is the exception. Beautifully tonsilled Sandy Denny graces *Rock On*, but the record is geared towards covers of old rock 'n' roll tunes, and more factors come into play than just Ms. Denny's voice combining to make this a sub-par release. Many a lead vocal is given over to Tyger Hutchings, Richard Thompson, or Linda Peters, none of whom rank with a Sandy Denny. And the arrangements themselves prove to be balls-less and wimpy. Rip-'em-up songs like Elvis' "Don't Be Cruel" and Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller" are waylaid as are three Buddy Holly numbers, "That'll Be The Day," "Love's Made A Fool of You," and "Learning The Game."

Nothing on *Rock On* really clicks and gets stomping fifties-ish; the excitement and sweat is missing. Maybe the very idea of the cool lovely voice of Sandy Denny being put in close quarters with rock 'n' roll is bad — at best, it's nothing better than boring. If you want to hear Sandy Denny at her finest, go elsewhere to old Fairport Convention or the single Fotheringay record, or even to her first solo effort, *The North Star Grassman and the Ravens*. If you're looking for rock 'n' roll, this batch of eunuch-rock is not for you. But then you probably couldn't care less about Sandy Denny, if you even know who she is; go read a Lester Bangs review instead.

~~~~~Neal Vitale~~~~~



Jonathan Edwards

Photo by Wanda Adams



## music

### Neither Rhyme nor Reason

*Rhymes and Reasons* — Carole King (A&M)

Carole King is back again, and that will probably be enough reason for a lot of people to go right out and buy this new set of songs. However, *Rhymes and Reasons* gives us a perfect opportunity to prove that you can't judge a new album on the basis of past successes. *Tapestry*, to be sure, was Carole King's crowning achievement — the beautiful mixture of public music and personal words. *Music* came along in the same vein, but fell a little short of the expectation of more Carole King magic. So now we have *Rhymes and Reasons*, which leaves us looking for both items referred to in the title.

Carole King has always written songs that exhibited her emotions on a personal level wrapped in her aggressive piano melodies. Well, she is still trying to do that, but she is getting a little too complex about it; her lyrics still stand by themselves, but they don't match her groping, wandering piano style. Her phrases are becoming too long and she has failed to hide this with intriguing musical accompaniment. Some songs seem to have no plan or pattern, as if each line has its own tune and length. Innovation may be the mark of artistry, but enjoyment is the proof of finely tuned music.

There are a few cuts which have merited airplay and a couple of others that may satisfy your craving for new Carole King products. "Come Down Easy," currently playing on AM, is probably the best offering on the album, and it is very reminiscent of some of her old songs. Gerry Goffin shows up again in co-writing "Ferguson Road," which gives the second side a bright moment.

There is one song which stands out on the album as far as subject matter is concerned. "I Think I Can Hear You" seems to be Carole King's answer to George Harrison and all the other people who have been recently engaged in serious song writing about their own ideas about God. This makes for a rather interesting song which, fortunately, is one of those draped in a fairly rolling melody.

I will agree with those who claim Carole King is still a first rate musician-composer, but she is just having a hard time shining through on this one. One curious thing is the lack of any of the old gang — James Taylor, Danny Kootch, etc. — performing on this album, a fact which I hope isn't of any significance. Anyway, we're still waiting for Carole King to get it right again.

Steve McDonald

### Guitar on seedless rye

*Guitar Man* — Bread (Elektra)

Bread is an extremely versatile band. Which is not the impression one gets when considering their long string of AM hits, all of which have been in the same syrupy vein (like "Make It With You," "If," "Diary"). Only two examples of

their rock and roll material have been released as singles, "Let Your Love Go" and "Mother Freedom," neither of which enjoyed much chart action. But both hinted that David Gates, Mike Botts, James Griffin, and Larry Knechtel had a lot more up their musical sleeves. And, like past albums, *Guitar Man* shows the many facets of this thoroughly professional band.

The jewel of the collection, of course, is the title cut, "The Guitar Man," one of the best tunes Bread has ever cooked up. You heard it all Summer long on the car radio, a melancholy yet moving song, with mucho tasteful guitar licks courtesy of James Griffin. The other 11 cuts are not outstanding, but quite pleasant to listen to, and, if you're in that down-at-the-mouth mood, downright tear-jerking. Like "Aubrey." But there are rockers like "Don't Tell Me No" and "Fancy Dancer," a Bayou voodoo piece called "Tecalote," a couple countryish cuts, and an especially fine Elton John imitation entitled "Let Me Go." Their new single, "Sweet Surrender," is a bit more up-tempo than most Bread 45's, but a fine tune none-the-less.

Bread is a complete band; the four members share writing chores and are all competent musicians. Their music employs no gimmicks, just solid, artful compositions and lyrics which are often anything but shallow. If you're like me, consciousness geared to the high-energy fireworks of bands like Alice Cooper, T.Rex, and the rest, *Guitar Man* is an album you have to surrender to. You have to let it get under your skin, and give the magic a chance to work.

Mark Astolfi

## local



Steve Nuding and Linda Milani will be co-starring as Arthur and Guinevere in the upcoming MIT Musical Theater Guild production of Lerner and Lowe's *Camelot* to be given at Kresge Auditorium November 3, 4, 10, and 11 at 8:30 pm. Nancy-Ellen Rainier, whose last show with the Guild was last year's *Pirates of Penzance*, directs *Camelot*; George R. Fulginiti is Musical Director. For advance reservations, tickets are available in Building 10 or call 253-6294 or 253-4720.

## Boeing is back.

Aside from informal visits, this fall will be the first time Boeing has been on your campus since 1969. A lot has happened since then. It was a tough period. One which saw the aerospace industry plagued with manpower reductions. It was a period of belt tightening, soul searching, and finally, accomplishment.

Now the airline industry has turned the corner and jetliner orders are coming faster than we ever predicted. Orders for the 727-200 have passed the 1,000 mark, and the sale of ten 707's to China represents a breakthrough which gained worldwide attention.

Boeing continues to pursue vigorously a number of major aerospace programs, including a short takeoff and landing (STOL) aircraft, helicopters, the Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS), and space vehicles and equipment, among others.

Boeing Computer Services, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary, is becoming recognized as a broad based company with services not only in consulting, training, computer system design, programming, and data processing, but also in management, operations research, and management of customer computer facilities.

While the major elements of our business continue to be commercial jet transportation and government defense and space requirements, we have begun activities outside these

traditional areas. Measured on the scale of total company operations, these diversification activities don't loom very large yet. But we believe they have potential for the future and could represent as much as 25 percent of total sales in a decade.

A few of these programs are: 1) people movers to unclog traffic conditions in our cities; 2) hydrofoils to move people and freight over water faster; 3) a 100,000-acre test site where we're growing crops in a desert that has been stabilized with garbage from a nearby city; 4) a pollution control process that has application in desalination and as a treatment of industrial waste; and 5) aerospace programs that can lead to a better understanding of how to use this planet's natural resources more efficiently.

The point is—today Boeing is a lean, ambitious, and very inventive company. A place where new ideas flourish. Where an attitude prevails that nothing we did before is good enough for tomorrow. An organization that's rebuilding. Strong. Healthy. And devoted to the development of new systems that can keep planet Earth on course and the people who live here healthy.

If this sounds like the kind of company you can grow with, let's get together. The place to start is with your Placement Office.

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# MIT: community or corporation?

(Continued from page 4)

tions of the university corporation and to advise the owners on long-range policy. Of course, as in any other corporation, these full-time executive officers exert far more power than they may seem to have according to the "official" rules. Because they are here full-time, and because they generally control the information that the trustees receive, they are able to control not just day-to-day operations but long-range planning as well. The trustees, the owners, step in only when something is grossly wrong, just as in a normal corporation they would intervene only in the case of a pitched battle between factions in management or when the corporation began losing money. (It shouldn't be that surprising that here, at least, there is a high degree of correspondence between our hypothesized view of the university and the reality of the modern university. Probably, the reason is that both private, and in some respects public, universities and private corporations are governed by the same laws.)

The faculty, in this university-as-corporation, lose many of their traditional prerogatives. No longer are they to be considered a source of independent authority within the university. Instead, they represent the professional staff levels of the corporation-university, hired by the trustees to provide certain services to the university's customers. Of course, these faculty are allowed to exercise a great deal of power within the university, although subject to the review of the owners. Through a system of policy and operating boards (faculty committees and councils), the trusted senior employees of the corporation are put to work at administrative and policy levels. The faculty become, at least technically, a group undifferentiated from the other employees of the institution, although some, of course, earn greater influence through personal diligence.

## The market

Having assembled this large, and rather expensive enterprise, the question remains: "What do you do with it? Who

are the customers of the university-as-corporation?

At this point, most people would probably jump up with the answer "students," but they would be only partly correct. For the university-as-corporation has a much wider marketplace in which to peddle its wares. For an institution like MIT, there is the growing market for advanced research and development. In addition, there is always, as many critics of contemporary education have pointed out, society itself as a consumer of education.

Students come to the university to buy what it has to sell: knowledge. They pay the university, under the guise of tuition, for a commodity, training. And, like any other business, the university charges what the market will bear; therefore tuition seldom covers the "entire cost" of a university education. No one would buy an education if the university were to charge the "true" price, one may suppose. One advantage to this view is that it clearly stakes out just where students fit into the so-called academic community: no longer is there any question about their membership in a hypothetical "community of scholars." Students come, money in hand, to buy an education — if the university does not offer what they want, they are free to go elsewhere. They have the rights of the consumer and no more: either to buy or not to buy; like any other business, the university retains complete control of its product, if it so chooses.

To make matters worse for the student, he is part of the smallest and least influential of the university's markets. He neither buys in bulk, nor commands really large amounts of money, as the other two groups do.

Commercial and governmental interests who want to buy information from the university form the second of the university's markets. Research is big business and the university-corporation has sunk its teeth into a big part of the business. (A look at MIT's budget will quickly show that research, not educa-

tion, is where the money comes from; for example, "Facts About MIT" reported that in the 1969 Treasurer's report, MIT's total operating expense of \$217,505,000, 81% or \$176,206,000 was devoted to "sponsored research," the other category being "educational and general" expenses.) Since the corporate consumer of knowledge has large amounts of money at his disposal, it is not surprising that he quickly comes to have a large influence on the university-corporation. Like any other business, the university caters to its biggest customers and forms close ties with them.

Finally, one can see society itself as the university-corporation's biggest customer. The society needs trained and socialized men to continue — the university is able to do an excellent job, some say, at training and socializing. (This is a strain that has been prominent in modern criticism of education in general, not just the university.) Society, too, is a very big customer, with vast resources, and it is no wonder that the small consumer, the student, may feel his needs are being subordinated to those of society (which often seem counter to the student's needs and desires in education).

## Fiction or fact?

The preceding discussion of how the university might be viewed has, quite honestly, been largely speculative — a sort of fictional essay. But like all good fiction, it is true in some sense and should serve as an aid in thinking about the university.

It is unlikely that very many people would hold the view of the university described above, and it is even more unlikely that anyone who held this view would be eager to discuss it and publicly argue in its favor. It is however, valuable for two reasons: 1) it corresponds with social reality at several points and so should aid in efforts to understand what the university is, and 2) it provides an alternative against which to examine other, more commonly held views of the university. In particular, it offers a con-

text in which some of the contradictions within our own institution can be resolved.

For example, the question of the rights of students in the modern university is one which now nags at nearly everyone here; some say students should have no formal say in the operation of the university, while others want to discuss a range of participation. None of those in power, however, seem to recognize the right of students, as scholars, to participate in the governance of the university although they may insist that the university is a "community of scholars." The university-as-corporation offers a very clear solution to this question, one which can be debated without being obscured by concepts which have been dragged out of the middle-ages.

The question of who has the right to run MIT, or any modern university, does not have a quick and simple answer. The development of the university from a medieval institution to a modern corporate body has involved the incorporation of countless anachronisms and contradictions, particularly concerning the role of faculty and students. The answer to the problem, it seems, must lie somewhere between presidential autocracy and complete democracy; but determination of the best, most fair, and most reasonable gradation of rights and responsibilities, the best "mix" of authority and responsibility at each level, deserves a more thorough and public debate than it has yet received. Students may not merit full control, but neither does any university administration have the right of authority without accountability to the rest of the university.

The system of administration of a university, at this point, seems hopelessly confused by traditional conceptions and modern realities. The institution needs to be examined and re-defined on the basis of the current social reality rather than centuries-old ideals concerning scholarship and academic freedom.

## Sports

### Springfield tops booters 4-0

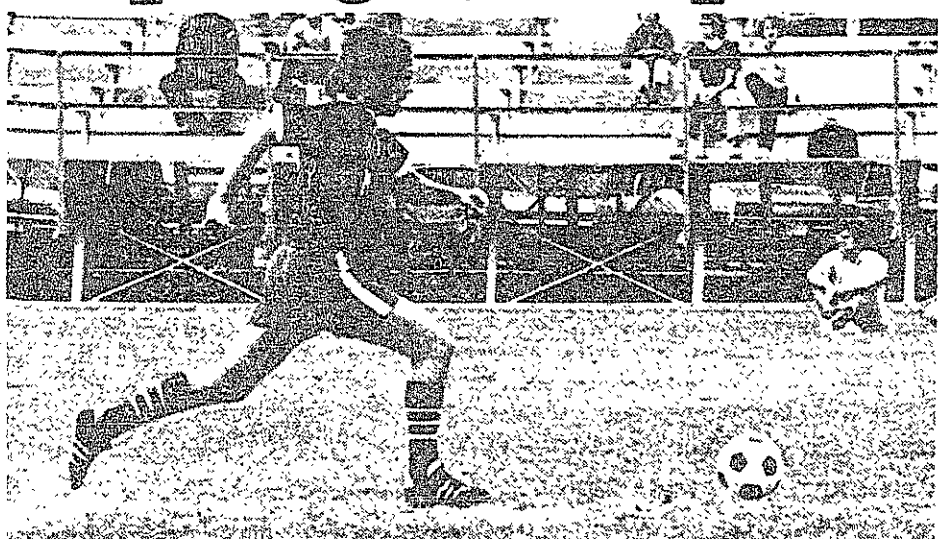


Photo by Roger Goldstein

By John Kavazanjian

An MIT soccer team hasn't beaten Springfield in over ten years and that record held true this weekend as the Tech booters lost to a superior Springfield team, 4-0. The loss, coupled with Wednesday's win over Boston College, extends the booters' season record to 5-4.

It looked as if MIT was going to get on the scoreboard first when standout freshman forward Shin Yoshida broke through the Springfield defense in the first minute of play and drilled a shot which hit the goalpost. The Techmen continued to press but Springfield carried the play for most of the first half. MIT was plagued by miskicks and some bad breaks, but was handcuffed by Springfield's hard running, hard shooting game. At around the 28 minute mark, with the Techmen pressing, the Springfield left inside, Peter Chandler, took a long clearing pass and, outrunning the Tech defense, scored on a hard low shot to the far corner.

Springfield dominated the rest of the half with the Techmen fighting back from time to time, but not being able to mount a sustained attack. Tech goalie Rich Straff '74, and the Tech defense, led by captain Eric Barklis '74, prevented the

powerful Springfield shooters from extending their margin.

At the beginning of the second half, MIT came out roaring. MIT played more aggressively than Springfield until ten minutes into the half, when Springfield forward Chandler passed to inside Tom Goodman, breaking on the left side. Goodman fired a low hard shot similar to the first Springfield goal, on

which goalie Straff did not have a chance.

Springfield Goals: First half 1; Second half 3.

Shots on Goal: First half: MIT 6, Springfield 13; Second half: MIT 7, Springfield 12.

Scoring: S — Chandler (Unassisted) 28:08; S — Goodman (Chandler) 54:54; S — Chandler (Sady) 72:52; S — Schmid (Tamllyn) 87:58.

## MITBC to sponsor Class Day regatta

By David I. Katz

The MIT Boat Club is sponsoring the Annual Class Day Regatta on Saturday, November 4. This is the day that oarsmen of all shapes and sizes have a chance to win rowing honors for his or her living group. There are two classes for men: Intermediate and Senior.

The Intermediate class allows no more than three experienced oarsmen in a boat ("experienced" means anyone who has rowed for a year or more). In the Senior division, anyone is allowed to row as long as he is a member of the living group or special interest (e.g. Tiddlywinks club) group. No boat of MIT Boat Club members from different living groups will be allowed.

This year there will also be a women's event. There are no restrictions on this event. There

will also be a mixed fours event. There must be two males and two females rowing. The cox may be of either sex.

There will be entry fees for each boat entered in each event. These are \$5 per four and \$10 per eight. Prizes will be awarded to all oarsmen in the winning boats of each event, and refreshments will be served to all participants.

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SPORTS

MIT third in New England

By Fred H. Hutchison

The MIT water polo squad took third place in the New England's by defeating Northeastern nine to six on Saturday.

The regional tournament, which was played at MIT's Alumni Pool on Friday and Saturday, started on a bad note, as two teams, Trinity and Southern Connecticut failed to show up and forfeited.

The first round saw Harvard pitted against Trinity, MIT against Exeter, Northeastern and Southern Connecticut, and Brown playing Bowdoin. Both Harvard and MIT won their first match (Harvard won theirs by forfeit), and so met each other in the fifth game on Friday night. Harvard clearly dominated the game from the start, as they jumped to a two-zero lead at the end of the first quarter. MIT, who just couldn't seem to put together a consistent offensive attack, was plagued by fouls, as three of MIT's starters fouled out before the end of the contest. The end of the match saw Harvard leading nine-three, with two of the three MIT goals coming on penalty shots by Dave Rose '73.

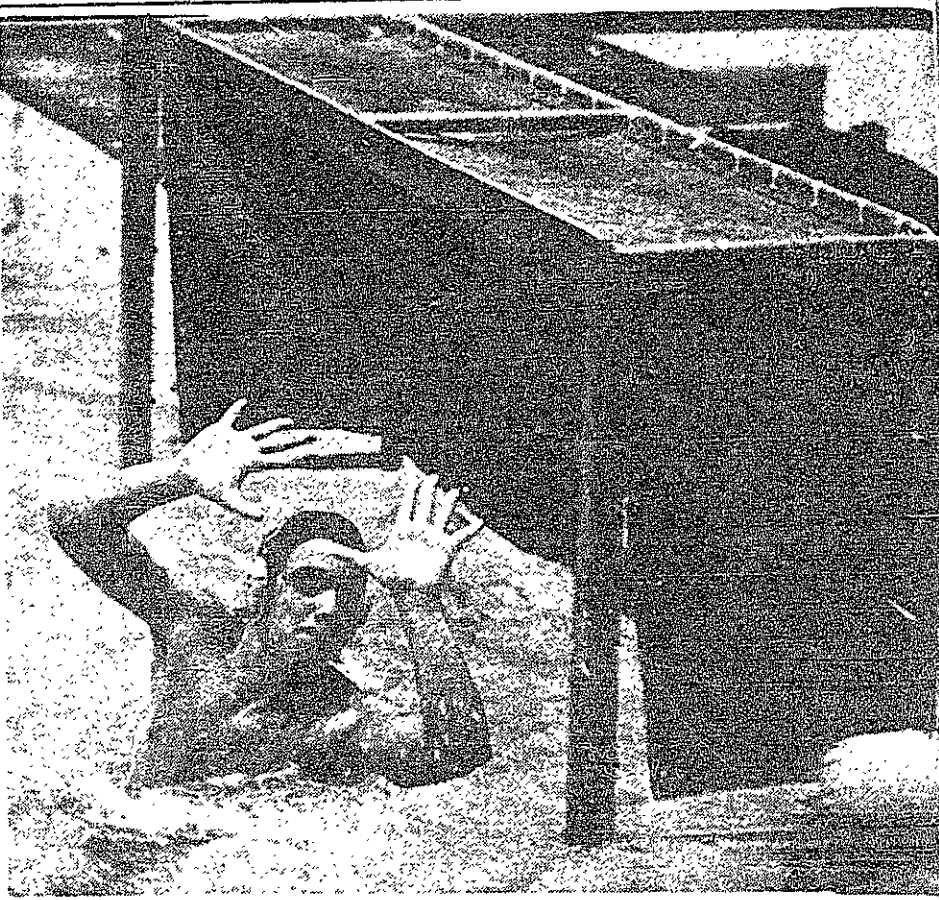
MIT then went on to meet Northeastern in the consolation bracket's top contest and Harvard defeated Brown five to two for the championship.

The first quarter of the MIT vs. Northeastern match was pretty much an even contest with both squads swimming hard and scoring two goals each. The second period saw the Tech squad hit the water with determination, which was quickly born out with two fast goals by Ken Epstein '74 and Rose. The third goal of the quarter was also scored by Rose, this time on a penalty shot. The last part of the second period was marked by many MIT shots on the Northeastern goal, quick swimming, hard hitting fouls, and several excellent saves by MIT's sophomore goalie Dan Bethencourt '75. The first half thus ended with the enthusiastic Tech squad on top five to two.

The start of the second half indicated that the MIT team

water polo

Photos on this page by Dave Tenenbaum



MIT's Dan Bethencourt '75 shown here making several of the extremely fine saves that helped the MIT water polo team win their game Sunday over Northeastern, amply illustrates the quick reflexes and great agility necessary to play goalie. By beating Northeastern, MIT finished in the top four in the New Englands, and thus qualified to go on to the Easterns this weekend at Yale.

would again be on the scoring end, and in fact most of the third period was played in front of the NU net. The Northeastern goalie, however, successfully parried most of the MIT shots-on-goal and MIT's first score of the period came as Rose again fired a penalty shot into a corner of the NU goal. The next minute again saw several quick MIT drives broken up in front of the Northeastern goal. Then the NU squad rebounded back and set up an offensive drive of their own. The drive was stopped in front of the Tech goal by a foul, but Northeastern went on to score on the penalty shot as Schien blasted the charity try past Bethencourt and into the net.

Rose, at the front of the MIT offensive attack most of the game, came right back and punched a quick shot into the

NU goal. The final score of the period came as Northeastern's Meehan caught Bethencourt and most of the crowd by surprise with a shot from midpool which skipped unnoticed across the water and into the MIT net.

The final quarter was pretty much a repetition of the third, with both teams on the offensive. Bethencourt continued his parrying of the NU shots-on-goal and then MIT stole the ball and Epstein fired a hard shot into the goal. It then appeared that Northeastern might regain their earlier advantage as they scored two quick goals in succession. The undaunted Engineer squad shot right back and Rose narrowly missed a goal as the ball careened off the top of the NU goal, and Bethencourt made another spectacular save on a hard thrown penalty try. With less than two minutes remaining in the game, Rose again led an MIT offensive attack into NU territory, took a quick pass from Ed Kavazanjian '73, faked, and then lobbed the ball over the head of the NU goalie and into the left corner of the net. After this final goal MIT substituted its complete second team and the game ended MIT 9, NU 6.

| MIT vs. Northeastern |           |       |           |
|----------------------|-----------|-------|-----------|
|                      | MIT       | Goals | NU        |
| 1st qtr.             | Rose      |       | O'Connell |
|                      | Schnieder |       | Hart      |
| 2nd qtr.             | Epstein   |       | 0         |
|                      | Rose (2)  |       |           |
| 3rd qtr.             | Rose (2)  |       | Schien    |
|                      |           |       | Meehan    |
| 4th qtr.             | Epstein   |       | Meehan    |
|                      | Rose      |       | Marcus    |

| MIT vs. Harvard |             |       |             |
|-----------------|-------------|-------|-------------|
|                 | MIT         | Goals | Harvard     |
| 1st qtr.        | 0           |       | Yonker      |
|                 |             |       | Hearsch     |
| 2nd qtr.        | Rose        |       | Kellogg     |
| 3rd qtr.        | Kavazanjian |       | Kellogg     |
|                 |             |       | Dayaz       |
|                 |             |       | Hearsch     |
| 4th qtr.        | Rose        |       | Kellogg (3) |

| MIT vs. Phillips Exeter Academy |             |       |          |
|---------------------------------|-------------|-------|----------|
|                                 | MIT         | Goals | Exeter   |
| 1st qtr.                        | 0           |       | 0        |
| 2nd qtr.                        | Efromson    |       | Foss (2) |
|                                 | Rose        |       |          |
| 3rd atr.                        | Epstien     |       | Foss (3) |
|                                 | Rose (2)    |       |          |
| 4th qtr.                        | Solberg     |       | Foss (2) |
|                                 | Epstien (2) |       | Claric   |
|                                 | Rose        |       |          |
|                                 | Solberg     |       |          |

FINAL RESULTS

| Friday    |                       | Saturday                        |
|-----------|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Harvard 1 | Trinity 0 (forfeit)   | Bowdoin 1 So. Conn. 0 (forfeit) |
| MIT 10    | Exeter 8              | Exeter 18 Andover 5             |
| NU 1      | So. Conn. 0 (forfeit) | Brown 9 NU 6                    |
| Brown 14  | Bowdoin 8             | Exeter 18 Bowdoin 4             |
| Harvard 9 | MIT 3                 | Andover 1 Trinity 0 (forfeit)   |
|           |                       | MIT 9 NU 6                      |
|           |                       | Harvard 5 Brown 2               |



MIT's chief penalty shooter, Dave Rose '74 (he was 2/2 in the game Friday against Harvard) aims at the goal past the head of a Northeastern defender.

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