

Ted Kennedy urges freeze on weapons

By Dave Johnston

"The Administration is directly undermining SALT by pressing for immediate deployment of the Safeguard ABM system and MIRV... If the Administration will not act rationally, then the Congress must."

Thus, Senator Edward Kennedy urged a freeze of these weapons systems at a symposium on the arms race at Kresge Auditorium Friday afternoon before an overflow crowd. Kennedy also charged Secretary of Defense Laird with presenting "a distorted picture of the strategic balance which can only panic and mislead the American people into accepting an escalation of the arms race." Pointing out that the Polaris submarine force "is easily sufficient to destroy the fifty largest cities in the Soviet Union - twice," the Senator charged the Department of Defense with deliberately underestimating the nation's invulnerable missile strength.

Kennedy called the Safeguard "a dangerous and unnecessary weapons system," and the development of MIRV "a classic example of the lunacy of the arms race." Countering those who claim a Chinese threat makes the development of these systems necessary, he said, "It has also been suggested that the Chinese Communists are so irrational that the total destruction of their society would not serve as a deterrent. This is parochialism gone wild."

Senator Kennedy said that both sides will enter the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks seeking to improve their bargaining advantage and thus will begin another spiral of the arms race. He claimed that it is the United States that will initiate this by the deployment of MIRV in June. "The effect of the SALT negotiations will be to leave us worse off than if they had begun. . . . Both sides can lose."

The Senator suggested that our present arms policy might pressure the Soviet Union into deploying a "launch-on-warning system." He said that "to reestablish a situation where the world is in jeopardy of a programmed response to a blip on a radar-scope is the height of irresponsibility. It will have brought us to the final absurdity in which an automatic response by the machines created by man shall determine the end of man."

Senator Kennedy's speech, which was delayed forty-five minutes - he had been attending the funeral of Walter Reuther in Detroit - was received with a standing ovation. After his opening, Kennedy joined a panel of George Wald, Jerome Wiesner, Abram Chayes, Paul Doty, and George Rathjens for a question and answer period.

When questioned about the possibility of impeaching President Nixon, Kennedy stated that "a quicker way to end the war is to cut off funds" and that impeachment would not change policy. Wald cautioned the audience to "remember who is next in line."

The only time Kennedy disappointed the students was when he stated his opposition to liberalizing Massachusetts abor-

tion laws and expressed his concern for the rights of the fetus. George Wald countered Kennedy's remarks by saying "abortion is a necessary other means of birth control."

When asked if he would openly support a Vietnam Referendum such as proposed for Massachusetts this fall, Kennedy answered, "I would be glad to support a resolution of this kind." He reminded the audience, however, of the failure of a similar referendum in Cambridge two years ago and urged the supporters of this year's referendum to "do it right and do it well."

At one point in the question period, a student, collecting money to support a residence election in an area suffering from MIT's expansion, jumped on stage and approached the panelists. All gave generously. As the 90-minute meeting closed, Wiesner was asked his opinion of MIT's MIRV contracts. He replied, "Let's turn off the microphones and go home."



Senator Edward M. Kennedy
Photo by Alfred I. Anderson

CJAC group releases Simplex land proposal

By Alex Makowski

In a paper suggesting far-reaching possibilities for MIT's relations with Cambridge, CJAC's subcommittee on the Simplex property submitted yesterday a rough draft for a report to the MIT Corporation.

Both the report and CJAC members' comments continually emphasized the need to recognize the needs of Cambridge. Though opinion was split between advocates of an "enlightened self-interest" and those recommending an active program aimed at raising the city's real estate tax base and providing jobs and homes, no one disputed the value of "an advisory committee representative of the various groups who would live or work in the area."

The present draft has yet to be officially acted on by CJAC. Chairman Greg Smith promised a poll of the members before the term ends so an official statement could be made to the Corporation Executive Committee.

All CJAC members save UAP Wells Eddleman agreed that their views were well represented by the report. "I cannot subscribe," Eddleman argued, "to the idea of tackling the housing problem

Two discipline cases heard

By Harold Federow and John Kavazanjian

This past Thursday, the Faculty Committee on Discipline opened hearings on two of the eleven defendants charged in the January 15-16 occupation of the offices of the MIT Corporation.

While the closed hearings of David Krebs '72 and Tom Goreau '71 continued peacefully inside, fifty or so demonstrators gathered on the stairway outside the third floor room of building 24 with the intent of entering.

Krebs' hearing was scheduled for 7 pm. After it was announced that the hearing was to be on the first floor of building 24, a crowd of about 50 demonstrators marched to that building, chanting (among other things) "Ho, Ho, Ho-Ho-Ho; Jerry Weisner's first to go."

Arriving at building 24, they sat down outside room 24-115, in front of which Vice President for Organization Systems John Wynne and Professor James Roberge VI were standing. After about ten minutes someone ran in with the information that the hearing had been moved to the third floor. Most people went up the south stairway but three, including Charles Simmons '72, one of the eleven defendants, went up the north stairway. Both groups were met by forces of Campus Patrolmen; those on the north stairway by three patrolmen. According to one of the students, Simmons tried to go past the patrolmen and was thrown to the floor. His arm was wrenched by one of the patrolmen who said, "Will you leave [or] I'll break your arm. . . . If you don't leave I'll break both your arms." Simmons left unharmed.

The group convened on the south stairway with John Wynne and campus patrolmen guarding the doorway. At about 7:20, a

(Please turn to page 7)



Jon Wolf '71 (student facing camera) is pushed out of doorway after trying to get in to the disciplinary hearings. Captain Oliveri (at right of doorway) helps him to the door as UAP Wells Eddleman '71 (right) and Administration VP John Wynne (far left) look on.

Photo by Gary DeB. rdi

Johnson to announce fate of special labs tomorrow

By Robert Elkin

Recent speculation over the future of the special laboratories culminated with a report in last Sunday's *Boston Globe* that MIT has decided to retain its links with the Draper and Lincoln Laboratories for financial reasons.

President Johnson plans to announce his decision on the disposition of the labs at Wednesday's faculty meeting, ending a 7 month trial period testing the feasibility of implementing the Pounds Panel recommendations. The faculty is not empowered to vote on it, but considerable debate on its merits is expected.

The *Globe* article claimed that the MIT administration has decided to retain the laboratories because "financial penalties of any other decision are too high." Separation of the Poseidon project from the D-Labs was also rejected, according to the article, because the loss of its essential guidance personnel would destroy the

MIT refused to comment specifically on these assertions. Assistant to the President Constantine B. Simonedes stated Sunday night that the article and anything else that might come out before Wednesday would be "purely speculative." He admitted that the decision had been made, but claimed that no one in the administration had released any information to the *Globe*.

According to present plans, Johnson will announce the decision in a short statement to Wednesday's faculty meeting. A panel discussion including representatives of various segments of

This weekend the MIT pistol team won the National International-Style Pistol Championships becoming the first MIT National Champion since the Sailing team in 1961. See the story on page 8.

the community is tentatively planned for Thursday night in Kresge Auditorium.

In a related development, the Interim Report on the Operations of the Standing Committee on the Special Laboratories, released yesterday morning, states that the Committee has found it possible to review incoming contracts and proposals under the recommendations of the Pounds Panel and the statement of the Executive Committee of the Corporation.

COMMENCEMENT CHANGES TO BE DEBATED TODAY

The Senior Class Executive Committee and the Graduate Student Council are holding a noon meeting today in the Sala to discuss possible means for June graduates to depart from the traditional commencement ceremonies to express their concern about the Indochina war and other critical issues of the day.

The MIT Commencement Committee, in meetings held last week, agreed that there should definitely be a commencement ceremony as scheduled on June 12, but that the current national mood is such that deviations from the normal routine are certainly in order.

Planned changes include the addition of two student speakers (the Senior Class President and a graduate student), and a more somber procession. The senior class has disclosed plans for a series of workshops on the critical issues of the day for students and their parents the day before commencement.

Seniors who have opinions on these issues but are unable to attend this meeting are urged to contact Steve Carnhart (x2843), Bob Dennis (x3161), Laura Malin or Pam Whitman (x5961).

ROTC

After lying dormant for the better part of a year, the ROTC issue has, perhaps for the last time, once again found the spotlight.

Tomorrow the faculty will vote on the McGarry committee proposals (such procedural changes as stripping credit from courses taught by armed forces instructors); undoubtedly some professor will move that ROTC be booted off campus entirely.

The pros and cons of ROTC were well hashed over last spring, and Nixon's recent excesses in Southeast Asia add no qualitatively new factors. *The Tech* urges the faculty to approve the McGarry proposals and keep ROTC on campus.

Last spring opposition to ROTC boiled down to two basic arguments: 1.) ROTC programs, directed as they are by the Department of Defense, are inimicable to the academic interests of MIT; and 2.) by sanctioning ROTC, MIT helps prosecute an immoral Asian War.

The academic principles argument, though not resurrected by demonstrators this spring, has been fairly well resolved by the McGarry committee. For all practical purposes, ROTC will assume the status of a well-run extra-curricular activity. The Army will still get its officers, and MIT is freed from the embarrassment of sponsoring military

science courses.

So protestors have championed the second argument, sacrificing valuable long-term goals for the sake of nebulous short-term achievements. Should they succeed, the Army will still get its officers (somewhere), the war effort will continue (albeit a little less efficiently), and MIT and its leftists will have symbolically washed their hands of the War.

Only symbolically, of course, because few Americans can insist they do not contribute to the war effort. The simple act of paying taxes furthers the War more than a vote to keep ROTC on campus.

The long-term goals? No one can deny the value of maintaining a high percentage of civilian-trained officers in the Army. A leader corps generated entirely from military schools would only isolate the Army from the mainstream of American thought and morals.

The best way to extract ROTC officers from Vietnam is to end the War itself. Here is where effort should be channeled; where significant gains could be made. But MIT must not forego the intrinsic value of ROTC for some ineffective, symbolic protest.

Princeton Plan

There has been considerable discussion both here and on other campuses regarding the Princeton Plan. Essentially, it provides for a two-week interruption of classes immediately prior to the November Congressional elections; its purpose is to provide faculty and students an opportunity to campaign for candidates of their choice.

Here at MIT, any similar would probably entail shifting a week or two from the January Independent Activities Period to the fall term. While we recognize the educational and political value of involving students in the election process, *The Tech* urges the faculty to reject such a proposal. The month of independent study is a valid educational experience in its own right: we would hate to see it contaminated by the introduction of another issue.

As an alternative, we would suggest a moratorium, covering the two weeks before and the week after election day, on quizzes and papers due. Faculty could continue covering the normal content of their courses, perhaps providing departing students with an outline of the material. As with class reorganization this spring, the key word would be flexibility.

This proposal should be broad enough both to satisfy most people and provide the foundation for effective political action. Faculty need not struggle to pare away material from courses already condensed to fit the shortened term, while students are assured their grades need not suffer from their involvement. And the "January plan" will remain long enough to serve a truly experimental role.

Letters to The Tech

(Ed. Note: The following recent exchange of correspondence between Louis Kampf, recently promoted to full professor at MIT, and Robert L. Bishop, Dean of the School of Humanities and Social Science, is printed with Prof. Kampf's permission.)

Dear Louis:

On behalf of your colleagues who strongly supported your promotion, I offer you my congratulations.

As I think you know, a number of questions were raised during the review process as to the appropriateness of promoting you at this time. These questions became even sharper because of your alleged involvement in the occupation of the President's office last January. In particular, concern was expressed that your promotion might be interpreted either by you or by others as excusing or condoning behavior on your part that many members of the community regard as highly offensive to colleagues and destructive of the Institute.

In the end, the Academic Council decided to accept the recommendation of the Department of Humanities and our School Council that the decision as to your promotion be explicitly divorced from consideration of those aspects of your behaviour that may properly be the subject of judicial review. On this basis, the Academic Council was able to approve the promotion.

To avoid possible misunderstanding, it is my regrettable duty to have to apprise you of

these features of the case. Specifically, in approving your promotion, both the School Council and the Academic Council wanted to make sure that you understood this action to be wholly without prejudice to any judicial proceeding that may be brought against you for past actions.

Sincerely yours,
Robert L. Bishop
Dean, School of Humanities
and Social Science

Kampf's reply

Dear Bob:

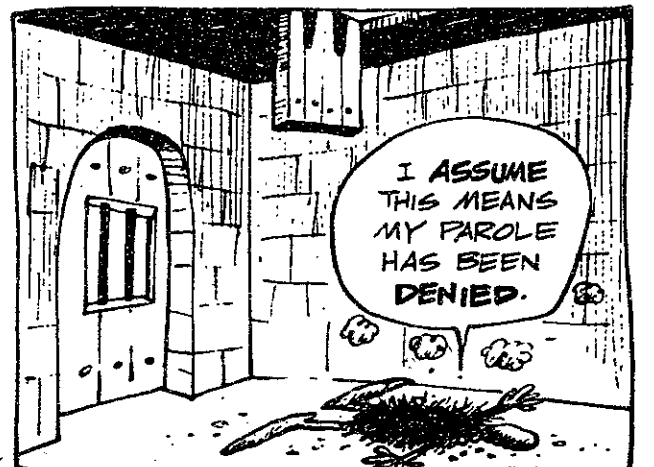
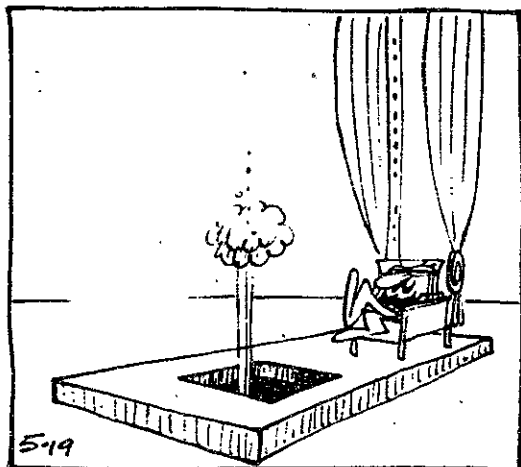
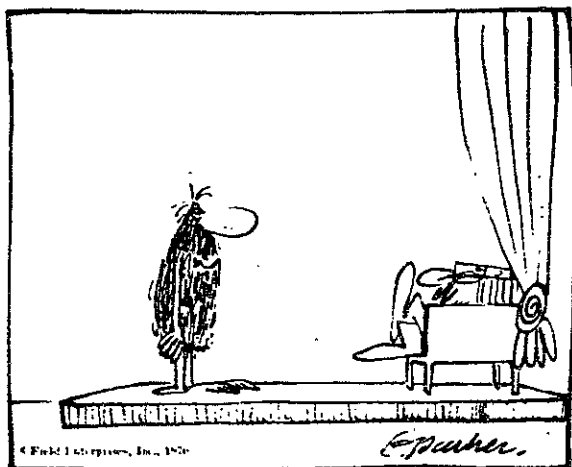
Thank you for informing me about my promotion. It was more interesting, however, to learn "that many members of the community regard [my behavior] as highly offensive to colleagues and destructive to the purposes of the Institute." If the purposes of the Institute are taken to include war-related research, then I can only hope that my activities have indeed been destructive, rather than mere symbolic acts.

It was kind of you to warn me that judicial proceedings might be brought against me by MIT. I wonder, however, whether you sent a similar letter to anyone else on the promotion list. That list includes the names of individuals who are "highly offensive" to some of their colleagues; indeed, many people consider them to be war criminals. It is quite conceivable that at a future date, some of them might have to account for their acts before Nuremberg type tribunals. Did you send them letters of warning concerning judicial procedures?

Thank you, again, for your kind letter. I hope that being a full professor will make me more effective in trying to make MIT a better place: one dedicated to serve all the people, rather than just those who rule. Surely you will want to join me and the many others who are working toward this end.

For a free university
in a free society,
Louis Kampf

THE WIZARD OF ID



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

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SCHIZEYED

by Bruce Schwartz

By Mindblown

Forget it. Knowing full well that the unenlightened cannot enlighten others, I have decided not to fake it this issue. The following item, from Liberation News Service, is probably as relevant as anything my mind in its present state could produce.

VANCOUVER, B.C. [LNS] — "in solidarity with the people of the Third World and with white youth, we make this symbolic invasion into the United States. Of course we won't thrust into the US more than 22 and 7/10 miles and will withdraw our forces by June 30."

In response to the opening of two new fronts in the war in Cambodia and Kent State, a group of Canadian revolutionaries opened a third front on the US-Canada border Saturday, May 9. The liberation army, which marched about a thousand strong past the border guards and into the US Saturday afternoon, was led by the Northern Lunatic Fringe (NLF) of the Youth International Party, the Vancouver Liberation Front, and the staff of Vancouver's new underground paper, the *Yellow Journal*.

Border guards made no attempt to repel the invasion, the first violation of the so-called undefended border since 1812. The army attacked Blaine, Wash., a small border town, running en masse down the main street, chanting "Power to the People!" "Seize the Time!" and various spontaneous slogans re-

lating to Cambodia, Kent State, and American imperialism in Canada.

Canada has the most US capital per capita of any country in the world. Symbol of such continental solidarity is the Blaine Peace Arch at Peace Arch Park, which straddles the US-Canada frontier. A set of symbolic gates are bolted open beneath the arch, which stands about 50 feet high. The inscription on the peace arch reads "May these gates never be closed."

A US flag flew in the small war memorial park beside a Howitzer cannon pointing out to sea. Presumably it was expected that any invasion would be coming from China, not Canada. The flag was destroyed by the invading force. Within two more blocks, another flag was ripped off.

The mayor of Blaine brandished a .38 calibre pistol at the invaders when he met them on the street, but he did not fire. The march proceeded down the main drag, with people waving from windows. Those who flashed "V" signs were saluted with fists. A small group of local right-wingers, later identified as members of the White Serviceman's League, hung on the edge of the crowd, occasionally shouting taunts to the demonstrators. Several fights broke out when the men attacked stragglers, but the protesters got together again.

US properties were chosen as
(Please turn to page 7)

by Brant Parker and Johnny Hart

centerfold

MAY 19, 1970 NO. 25

yearbook:

Technique 1970

By Phosphorous

"The profusion of off-color stories, gimmicks, and jokes repulsed many readers... this degeneration... has been regrettable... it can only be hoped that... *VooDoo*... will re-evaluate its goals..."

Technique, 1967

Every year, in the middle of an occasionally erudite but always thorough summary of the media at MIT, *Technique* put down *VooDoo*. Every year.

VooDoo is dead. We are all in hell, drinking beer and laughing.

Technique's degeneration is regrettable. It can only be hoped that *Technique* will reevaluate its goals.

*

What should a yearbook be at MIT? Certainly, this year, it should do what the other media might wish to do but cannot—survey from the leisurely standpoint that a yearbook offers (unnewspaperly lengths of time for preparation, lack of deadline pressures, adequate space) the year's developments. Events should be evaluated, trends perhaps subterranean or unnoticed should be brought out, MIT's development or degeneration as a vital, living organism should be discussed. At very least, there is need for a pictorial chronology—even that superficial level of analysis is sorely needed by the "MIT Community," which, despite protests of verbal fallout, is crippled by at best disjointed comprehension of the year's impact and import.

Technique instead fell back on the hackneyed theme of "The Search for Identity," and proceeded to stray from even that into utter (to use the favored MIT word) randomness. While the artiness (some might say artsy-fartsiness) of "The Search for Identity" is undeniable, the situation at MIT might be better analyzed by considering the inflexible identities so many of the well-known faculty members, administrators, and students have adapted and are posturing from.

A photographic ideal is harder to formulate. Photography, too often, is nothing more than a craft with pretention to art; really excellent photography becomes art by some undefinable but compelling visual quality which is unanalyzable but immediately recognizable. Photo essays likewise work when some equally unanalyzable binding force exists between separate photos.

This issue of *Technique* features the usual photographic competence; there is, however, nothing beyond competence, and even the competence is minimal at times. The photos are of the dark, contrasty, grainy genre, and, although this style can often be done with effect, its use is indiscriminate here. There is generally no concerted effort to interrelate photos, even at the thematic level, and deeper, more inexpressible photographic relationships do not exist at all. While some shots might have improved a newspaper, few are at all artistic.

*

Thus does *Technique 1970*

fail.

What then does it have?

—"Reflections on Identity," in which Provost Jerome Wiesner provides a written surrogate for his wistful smile, but, with all due respect, little else.

—"The Nerd," a thoroughly nurdly treatment of a species with which the author obviously has empathy.

—A two-page spread of graffiti as sterile as the urinals they adorn.

—"C.C.'s Own," philosophical juggling which has no place in a yearbook, although the philosophy might be brilliant (this is beyond the reviewer's scope). However, this is the only creative use of photographic unity in the volume.

—Two pages of the drug-user's instrumentation, accompanied by quotes from Kurbla [sic] Khan.

—Photographs of Mike Albert in varying stages of decrepitude. Albert's article provides a fascinating picture of the radicalization process. A totally unfair analogy occurs to this writer—a parody of the enlightenment of a Zen monk. The analogy is unjust; Albert gives an honest picture of radicalization as very serious and, in some ways, very painful.

—Two pages of mixer photographs, lacking enough pathos to satisfy mixer-haters, but without enough tits and ass to please chauvinists.

—"Round Peg, Square Hole," from Bruce Schwartz's blue period, although the printer snipped out the earthier phrases.

—"Dean Nyhart: A Commitment to Change," by Karen

Wattel. An escapee from "The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Ever Met" in *Readers' Digest*.

—On page 140, I am amazed to find a photograph of my room, totally out of place in an article on the travails of freshmen. Highlights of the photo, if I may say so, include a jar of Charles River (Ribbuh, ribbuh!) water (the mold, unfortunately, is not visible) and my begonia.



McCartney

McCartney — Paul McCartney (Apple)

This record's release makes the breakup of the Beatles sort of official. John Lennon has been putting out extra-Beatle material for more than a year, and now we see that Paul, too, has been busy. He not only wrote, sang and produced all thirteen songs but played all the instruments. The result is what everybody feared — the Beatles aren't as good by themselves as they are when together.

One thing very noticeable about the record is its pervasive

egotism. There are lots of pictures of Paul and his family (taken by his wife), sometimes in ridiculous poses (Paul with his finger in his nose). There are also various gimmicks thrown in, such as "Kreen-Akrore", which includes heavy breathing in time to the drum solo. There hardly seems to be a serious song on the entire album, giving the strong impression that Paul is just messing around — few of the songs are substantial. While many of the cuts are bouncy and catchy tunes, there's really nothing of the calibre of "Hey Jude" or "Let It Be."

The same thing holds true for the instrumentation. Paul plays everything adequately, but seldom much better. He's said he wanted to play the guitar and now that he is playing, he's not too bad. Of course, George Harrison and Ringo Starr would probably be better accompanists but Paul manages by himself. His little solos are nice but not exceptionally flashy or loud.

On the whole, then, the album is disappointing. The Beatles were always greater than their individual talents put together. Perhaps it was George Martin who made the difference. Perhaps it was just the four musicians there together that gave the Beatles' music the extra something. Separately, it isn't there. John Lennon's work with the Plastic Ono Band has been very uneven and doesn't approach his Beatles' material at all. George or Ringo alone can't do it either. Paul was the last hope. This mediocre record confirms our suspicions. The end is near.

—Jay Polack

Colosseum

The Grass is Greener—Colosseum (Dunhill)

Colosseum returns for a second album which, though not matching their first, is still among the few recent releases which rank as outstanding. With the addition of guitarist Dave Clempson, replacing James Litherland, the group has assumed a slightly different direction. Clempson plays a stronger guitar than Litherland and the result is a heavier sound — more bluesy and less jazz-influenced than before.

(Please turn to page 4)

theater: two by Kopit

yearbook: Technique 1970

recordings: deathrattle and roll

film: "Anne of 1000 Days," "Liberation of L.B. Jones"

theater:

Two by Kopit

By David J. Mauriello

Sense out of nonsense might be the summation of the Hub Theatre Centre's production of Arthur Kopit's one act plays "Chamber Music" and "The Day The Whores Came Out To Play Tennis" and although the author is heavy handed in his message, his characters and situations as interpreted by Director Rosann Weeks provide an evening full of smooth and entertaining thea-

tre.

"Chamber Music" opens with a potpourri of wild female characters, all members of the grievance committee of an insane asylum. With Isabella of Spain, Pearl White, and Susan B. Anthony, to name a few, running about you're bound to be visually entertained and Director Weeks and her cast make the most of it. Players remain alive in their roles, sustaining their characterizations, while others have the stage, with effective reaction and mobility.

When the viewer begins to tire of the superficial characters, the play picks up in substance. The inmates "sense" hostility about them and they feel they are about to be attacked by the men in the adjoining ward. They plan to attack first but this involves risks which they are reluctant to take. They decide, therefore, to prevent attack by giving evidence of their strength by depositing a corpse (one of their allies) at the enemy's door, and more and more corpses until the enemy finally realizes that the women mean business. In a wild scene in which the victim is selected, all the niceties of the passing of the buck game become evident. And finally in Kopit's well written closing speech, which is beautifully delivered by Bernie Duffy, the play goes beyond the too sharply etched allegory to a veiled suggestion of threat that provides a completeness of mood.

In "The Day The Whores Came Out To Play Tennis" we once again are placed in an absurd setting; the nursery of a ritzy country club inhabited by the club's Board of Directors who have obviously dressed hurriedly (pajamas under topcoat, unshaven, etc.) and are in a definite state of stress. The emergency is eventually detailed: eighteen women have invaded the tennis courts, their backsides obviously naked beneath their playing attire. Worse, when the men berate the women from the nursery sanctuary, the women not only turn the other cheek, they turn up their cheeks.

Mr. Kopit would have us think of the club as a rich haven where the President's only problem is to keep the people happy. The men are the sterile citizens of a too affluent and unnaturally motivated society and the women symbolize unrest and eventual revolution. The Hub's twin bill runs every Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8:30 pm through May 31st at the Old West Church, Cambridge St., Boston.

Due to the end of the world and the resulting exodus of tools from the temples of knowledge, LSC has reluctantly punted.

FRIDAY

Night of the Generals. A sadistic general murders prostitutes and otherwise asserts his personality.

SATURDAY

The Mouse that Roared. Peter Sellers plays three roles in a satire of power politics.

SUNDAY

There is Nothing Sunday. There is nothing Sunday.

All shows at 7:00 and 9:30 in 10-250.



film:

Anne of 1000 days

By Emanuel Goldman
(Syndicated by The Phoenix)

It is very easy to see the source of appeal in *Ann of the Thousand Days*. In a pandering way, the film plays upon an ugly but ubiquitous male fantasy, of an all-powerful king, able to possess any woman he wants. "Women give themselves to the king-like paying taxes," says Henry the Eighth. But physical possession is not enough for him; he wants to win their hearts, besides. And here, the film plays upon an ugly and ubiquitous female fantasy, of the power of sex as a means of controlling the men around them, of getting what they want. As Ann Boleyn is advised, "What his majesty is deprived of, he goes half-mad to get. What is

given freely, he despises."

Even though both of them pay for living these fantasies, somehow the film never makes it clear how sick it all is. The pageantry, the costumes, the sense of historical importance, and the heavy romanticism of the love story, all disguise what might have been an interesting study on fantasy fulfillment and guilt (along the lines of *Oedipus Rex*). Their ultimate suffering is linked more to tragic love and fate than to neurotic behavior. There is much that can be learned from the story of Ann Boleyn, but unfortunately, the only thing learned in *Ann of the Thousand Days* is that it just doesn't pay to mess around with kings. Or with historical pageants.

DUMP: PROC (GROOVES); film: Jones' Liberation

(Continued from page 3)

The songs used in this outing appear stronger than the choices for the last. "Jumping off the Sun" and "Rope Ladder to the Moon" each have a Cream-influenced sound which extends all the way to Heckstall-Smith's sax work. "Los Angeles" is a meandering blues piece with some nice sax and organ passages. "The Machine Demands a Sacrifice" is a short but effective piece of blues-work framed in an unusual rhythm. "Butty's Blues" evolves in a straight blues framework which is most notable for its Greenslade organ work, Heckstall-Smith sax passages, and unintruding big-band arrangement. The Greenslade vocals are competent but uninspiring throughout.

The outstanding aspect of the first Colosseum album was the instrumental cuts — especially the fifteen minute "Valentyn Suite." Though there is nothing on this album to compare with that masterful bit of work, the two instrumentals included are nonetheless notable. The title cut "The Grass is Greener..." is almost symphonic in its initial structure and fully utilizes the strengths of the group — the well-known organ and sax work and the surprising new guitar. It should be mentioned here that the steady bass of Tony Reeves and the continually driving drum of Jon Hiseman serve to keep the piece together as it becomes less and less structured, progressing through solo exchanges and mood changes from peaceful to frenzied. It is definitely an interesting bit of music. The other instrumental is, surprisingly enough, Ravel's "Bolero." The piece is carried off extremely smoothly with sax and organ variations on the basic melody appearing in the unique framework as the rendition surges toward its end. Few rock groups could carry this sort of thing off.

The most outstanding cut on the album, however, and possibly the finest short blues cut to appear in years, is the Litherland composition "Elegy." Litherland could not play guitar as well as Clempton but he could sing the hell out of the blues. This one cut where he sings is a masterpiece despite the inane lyrics. Blues lyrics are feel, not content. Framed in one of the most unusual rhythm patterns ever to be the base of a blues number, the cut opens with a wailing vocal which runs into a beautifully coarse sax solo by Heckstall-Smith, and then back to the vocal. It is a truly remarkable three and a half minutes.

Their first album established Colosseum as one of the most talented unknown groups on either side of the Atlantic. This one indicates a slight change in direction and the loss of a fine singer, but it's outstanding nonetheless. No hype, but brilliant music — a phenomenon of our time. And, a most welcome one.

—Jeff Gale

Southern Comfort

Southern Comfort (Columbia)
Southern Comfort is one of the graduate ensembles from what should probably be called the West Coast branch of the Butterfield Blues School. The album was produced by Nick Gravenites (Electric Flag) and John Kahn (Kooper-Bloomfield sets). Need any more be said?

The make-up of the group is strange in more than one way. Drummer-vocalist Bob Jones used to play guitar with We Five; Saxophonist-vocalist (and Rever-

end) Ron Stallings served with Mother Earth; Trumpeter John Wilmeth formerly played bass in the progressive jazz Fourth Way. The other three members, Steve Funk (Organ), Art Stavro (Bass), and Fred Olson (Guitar), are veterans of the Bloomfield-Gravenites-Goldberg-Mandel circuit.

As for their music, Southern Comfort plays the sort of loose funky blues with heavy reeds and brass that was the trademark of the Electric Flag. Surprisingly though, there are no Gravenites tunes in the set. The cuts are of an evenly high quality. Most were written by the group though two, "Love Got Me" by Arthur Conley and "Get Back" are notable exceptions. The first of these is the best cut, vocals and backgrounds blending perfectly; the latter's muzak instrumental version is the worst. All in all, however, this is a comfortable if not distinguished outing to listen to.

—Jeff Gale

Larry Norman

Upon this Rock—Larry Norman (Capitol)

We, the undersigned record reviewers, being of otherwise sound mind, do most solemnly attest that this album, a hirsute conglomeration of Tommy Roe, bubblegum, Herb Alpert, Billy Graham, the Fifth Dimension, and the humble piety of Constantine B. Simonides, is unquestionably the sublimest specimen yet seen of Jesus rock.

It is damned good.

Rex Begonia
Nakir Minazian

Blodwyn Pig

Getting to This—Blodwyn Pig (A&M)

In this, their second album, Blodwyn Pig establishes itself as a musical force with a unique identity as opposed to their previous Jethro Tullish sound. The primary reason for this change seems to be that Mick Abrahams, the group's founder and original guiding light, has given a significant share of the composing and arranging over to reed-man Jack Lancaster. The result is a subtle mixture of jazz and rock instead of the persistence of Abrahams' screeching guitar.

The quality of the cuts varies but the one which should be singled out is the four-part "San Francisco Sketches." This Lancaster piece captures the moods of various localities through a brilliant mixture of Latin, rock, and jazz influences. The guitar of Abrahams is for once subdued, and the sax work of Lancaster varies from mellow to raunchy but is always successful in creating the proper mood. Even the short vocal chorus tends toward harmonizing rather than wailing. The moods, music, and instrumental work are all subtle and perfect.

—Jeff Gale

Booker T.

McLemore Avenue—Booker T. and the M.G.'s (Stax)

This is a fine album. Its only material is *Abbey Road*—all of *Abbey Road*. These four instrumentalists manage to produce a work as long as the Beatles' original and keep it interesting throughout. Booker T., Steve Cropper, "Duck" Dunn, and Al Jackson are respected by audience and musician alike. This

album proves them to be as adept at interpretation as they are at composing. The Beatles have been given almost as large a compliment as is possible in pop music.

—Maurice LeBeau

Poco

Poco (Epic)

The second Poco album puts them in the same class as the Burritos. These two groups are the cream of the country crop. The Burritos are flashier but, as this album shows, Poco is a solid pretender to the empty throne of the Buffalo Springfield.

—Maurice LeBeau
(Ed. note: Maurice was drunk.)

On the 7th Day

On The Seventh Day (Mercury)

On The Seventh Day is an interesting and rather strange attempt at bringing social consciousness into the pop world. The method used by Alan Bernstein and Vic Millrose (writers of such goodies as Gary Puckett's "This Girl Is A Woman Now," who confided that they "... couldn't stand the shit" they were writing), who wrote and produced the effort, is to mix tapes of historical events with songs in a "social rock" fusion. It might have worked except for the cliché-ridden issues they took sight on. It's difficult to review such an album, comparisons with something the listener is familiar with are next to impossible. None of the songs themselves are particularly outstanding as music. Often the words are typical schlock-rock vintage. By far, the most effective cut is "They Call Me Gun" which works, not because of the subtle-as-a-sledgehammer lyrics, but due to the tapes of

(Please turn to page 5)

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By Robert Fourer

William Wyler is a veteran Hollywood film director, whose credits range from *Ben-Hur* to *The Best Years of Our Lives* to the recent *Funny Girl*. Sterling Silliphant is a Hollywood screenwriter whose most recent success was *In the Heat of the Night*.

The two have gotten together to create a film, *The Liberation of L.B. Jones* which, on the face of it, is an especially daring drama of race relations in the South today. At least, they've replaced the old one-dimensional black-and-white stereotypes with various shades of grey — righteous blacks, righteous but violent blacks, unrighteous blacks; good whites, good but racist whites, racist but good whites, bad (hopelessly racist) whites, and so on.

The movie's suspenseful plot is its greatest asset, so I won't spoil it; suffice it to say the action culminates in several violent acts of the sort most of the audience would wish to prevent. Unfortunately, the film's greatest deficit becomes apparent soon after the climax, when one's mind turns from

what the events have been to what they have proved. What's the message: that only force can win freedom, or that freedom is at hand for those sensible enough to take it? Is the villain the rich, impotent black man or the rich, impotent white? Is the law the way out, or is it irrevocably corrupted?

And so on. No amount of analysis can squeeze the slightest bit of unqualified conviction from the various goings-on. Wherever a character might have had one motivation, he might equally well have had another; whenever one turn of events makes a point, a dozen alternatives would have had no less effect. If one-dimensional stereotypes are gone, the two-dimensional ones that replace them aren't much more satisfying.

All art (and it shows up especially well in the cinema) projects a certain sense of inevitability; *The Liberation of L. B. Jones* leaves the impression that anything could be altered without ruining it. Many of its viewers may be deeply moved, but only in many different ways that just cancel out in the end.

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(Continued from page 4)

the assassinations of the sixties, which touch a raw nerve in almost everyone.

On *The Seventh Day* is an admittedly over-commercialized attempt at social comment. The Broadway production being squeezed from it may turn out to be a multi-media bust if it isn't handled right. Unless your curiosity is piqued by what I've said, I can't honestly recommend laying out bread for this one.

—Jeff Gale

Clifton Chenier

Clifton Chenier's Very Best
—(Blue Thumb)

Clifton Chenier plays his own special brand of blues which probably can be best described as Cajun. The unique sound is helped by the extraordinary effect of his accordion playing which often sounds like a miniature band. Most of the material on the album is instrumented with only accordion, drums, and a rubboard. This effect is especially prevalent on the three numbers which are sung in

French. No effort will be made to single out cuts because this entire album is a unique experience and, though it won't interest many, it is a valuable experience for any real blues fans.

—Jeff Gale

Electric Strings

Tapestry—The New York Electric String Ensemble (Columbia)

What can be said about a collection of electric guitars, bass, harpsichord, and drums which play variations on Bach and Henry Purcell? *Tapestry* is more of an experience than an album of music. It will quite possibly intrigue music buffs anywhere in the range between die-hard strict calssicists and hard-rock freaks.

The NYESE is an obviously talented collection with an obviously strange method of choosing material. Mixed with the Bach ("Allegro from the Sonata in G Minor") and the Purcell ("Pomposo and Presto from a Sonata in D Major") are original compositions and even "Spanish Harlem" — complete with a Bach quote in the middle. All

are competently performed; the Purcell pieces and a Spanish-flavored original "Tarantas" stand out. The Swingle Singers may make Bach groove more, but the NYESE are an education for the music listener.

—Jeff Gale

Adderley Quintet

Country Preacher—Cannonball Adderley Quintet (Capitol)

How many more of the same chugging, "soulful" Adderley songs ala "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" can the public digest? The only explanation for *Country Preacher* is that it is part of an experiment to find this out. The poor ghetto people who cheered this live concert (part of Operation Breadbasket) must be culturally deprived, for there is no other explanation of their liking it. Nat Adderley on cornet tries to save all but only "Oh Babe," a reasonable blues cut, is worth anything at all. But alas, even Nat cannot drown out the really poor bass and atrocious drums. Oh well, how many more...

—John Kavazanjian

Geoff & Maria

Pottery Pie—Geoff & Maria (Reprise)

Geoff Muldaur and Maria D'Amato, now married, are from the old Jim Kweskin Jug Band. Now out on their own, they re-display their talents on this album. Aided by supporting brass and Bill Keith on pedal steel guitar, they turn out good jobs on "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," "Georgia on My Mind" and several country-type blues numbers. Maria can fit her voice comfortably into slow, pretty numbers like "Trials, Troubles, Tribulations" or a funky version of "Me and My Chauffeur Blues." Amos Garrett and Geoff provide a backup with guitars that sound like they are swallowing at the end of each line, which adds to the down-home quality of the music.

This album also sports an amusing song called "Brazil," complete with whistling and a 1950's semi-Latin arrangement. Although a few of the songs tend to be a little monotonous, it seems clear that Geoff and Maria enjoyed making this album and they perform it all with spunk (and the Spunkettes).

—Jay Pollack

Leon Russell

Leon Russell (Shelter)

Leon Russell has gotten around. Years ago, he played for Phil Spector and Herb Alpert and arranged a lot of Gary Lewis records. Lately, he has been hanging around with the Delaney and Bonnie Bramlett-Eric Clapton-Joe Cocker-Rolling Stones-Merry Clayton-George Harrison crowd, playing piano and writing and producing such songs as "Delta Lady" for Joe Cocker. He has many of these people on this album with him and their influence shows through, though Russell is clearly the star.

Leon Russell sings and plays guitar, piano and percussion. He wrote and co-produced all of the songs (except a silly version of Bob Dylan's "Masters of War" sung to the tune of the national anthem). He does all of them with a lot of spirit and, apparently, a lot of enjoyment. Several of the cuts contain false starts and fooling around. There seems to be a lot of improvisation on the songs, especially on "Give Peace A Chance," which is a spirited, gospel-type number. Most of the songs are pickin' and grinnin' numbers performed to the good foot-stompin' beat of Ringo Starr, Charlie Watts or B. J. Wilson. The whole record has a bouncy, happy air to it. It is another in a series of good-time albums that have come out lately by all of these people and this doesn't seem like the end by any means.

—Jay Pollack

Flaming Youth

Ark 2—Flaming Youth (Uni)

The notes on the album are the most bloated hype this reviewer has seen in quite a while. *Ark 2* is a musical voyage, prompted, like Noah's, by the impending destruction of mankind. The Flaming Youth are to take off to the tune of "Guide Me, Orion," say goodbye to Earth with "Earthglow"—then "Weightless" and so on through "Pulsar," "Spacechild," and final redemption by love (knew it all along). The end of the album is to have the Flaming Youth

intrepidly traveling on through the void, without destination, but with hope and love. Hot stuff, hah?

Despite musical ability, lyrics that really aren't that bad at all, and good arrangements, most of the Ark is made of plastic. Yet, right in the middle of it all—amazing! What should be the worst of it—a section entitled "The Planets," a loosely connected series of seven short songs taking their titles, if nothing else, from Gustav Holst's huge orchestral composition—isn't bad. The lyrics are occasionally witty commentaries on love, radio, pot, war, organ transplants, psychoanalysis, and mysticism. "The Planets" is actually semi-clever.

—Phylum Chordata

Bee Gees

Cucumber Castie—The Bee Gees (Atco)

The Bee Gees haven't put out a new album since *Odessa*, more than a year ago (although three collections of old hits have been issued). Robin Gibb went out on his own. There is no bass or drums indicated on this album—only the two Gibb brothers. For all the time and changes, the Bee Gees still sound the same.

That's how the Bee Gees have always sounded—the same. They've been performing for almost ten years and have developed an unmistakable style with the help of Robert Stigwood and Bill Sheperd. The huge, fancy Phil Spector-ish arrangements have always been there for the nasal, quavering voices to become drowned in, and it is no different on the record. The songs themselves are of the usual good quality, although nothing stands out like any of their earlier hits.

This isn't a bad album, but if you want to get a Bee Gees record, get their first one (which also contains the song this album was named for) or *The Best of the Bee Gees*. You wouldn't want to get more than one.

—Jay Pollack

Shorts

Hard Meat (Warner Brothers)
It sounds like it tastes.

Flat Baroque And Beserk—Roy Harper (Harvest)

Except for a raunchy and fantastic "Hell's Angels" this is an album full of boring and pretentious folk music.

Alegria!—Bossa Rio (Blue Thumb)

This group is indistinguishable from Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66. This may be particularly attributable to the fact that this record was produced by Mr. Mendes at the A&M studios. All the arrangements sound alike, but if you like one you'll like them all.

John Randolph Marr (Warner Brothers)

What, oh what has Harry Nilsson found? Someone who can massacre music worse than Three Dog Night.

Savage Grace (Reprise)

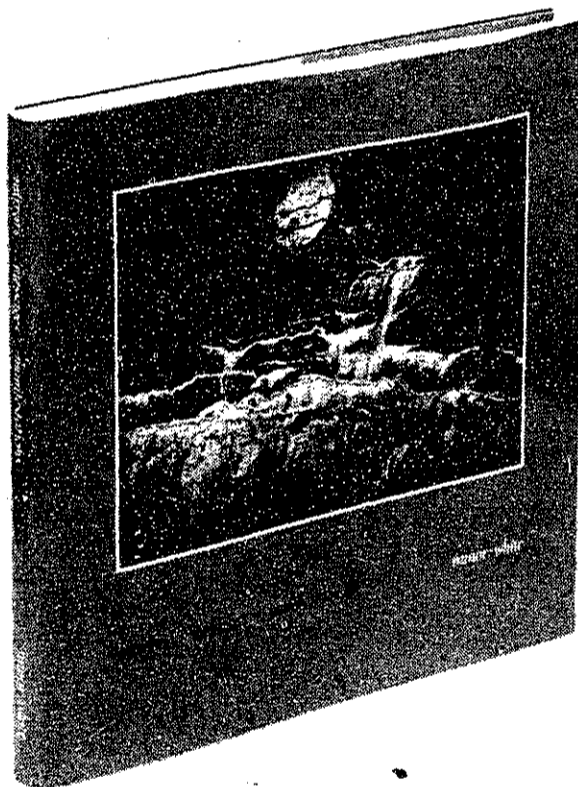
An album full of noise, featuring an atrocious version of "All Along The Watchtower." They don't even have savage grace.

(Please turn to page 6)

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(Continued from page 5)

Fresh Out of Borstal—Fresh (RCA)

Three ex-cons (Borstal Prison in England) sing Jaggeresque songs with naughty words like "ass" in them. If these boys are no longer criminals in the eyes of society, they still rate that way to upholders of musical taste.

Iron Butterfly Live (Atco)

They should have called it *Iron Butterfly Dead*. It features another version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" (stretched two minutes and speeded up so they could make the drum solo longer), much worse than the original.

Iron Butterfly has filled a place in rock music history. They have put out *The Seventeen Minute Song That Everyone Can Clap And Sing Along To*. Now why don't they stop reminding us of this and leave us alone?

Travellin'—Tommy James & the Shondells (Roulette)

The jacket shows a stage-coach robbery — lots of rough-and-tumble action. The group tries to sound just as rough and heavy on the record, but they don't make it. They are still Tommy James and the Shondells.

Get Down—Catfish (Epic)

This is a very uneven album. Some of the cuts are good country-feel blues, some are overly-long poor rock; the vocals are good blues, the instrumental work adequate. There are some good spots but maybe it's better to wait for a second album.

Thundertree (Roulette)

The light parts of this group's album are tolerable top-forty music. When they play as heavily as their name suggests, they are incompetent and offensive.

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Up and Down—Little John (Epic)

No real downs on this record, but no great ups either. The group plays acceptably but the record is nothing out of the ordinary.



Ambergris (Paramount)

This group plays in the BS&T-Chicago style, sounding like one or the other at times. They have a Latin flavor which maintains a driving beat, but they can play light or heavy music equally easily. Standout cuts are "Chocolate Pudding" and "Walking on the Water." The album was produced by Steve Cropper. While it is not terribly original, it is pretty good music.

Yours Forever More—Forever More (RCA)

Forever More is a new British group which tries to play everything from hard rock to jazz to CW. Their first album is adequate but seldom better. Only the eight minute long jazz-based "Good To Me," featuring some good sax, works.

Bonnie Dobson and Good Morning Rain (RCA)

Two by Miss Dobson, who makes the same mistake twice. Both albums are slick arrangements of barren songs. They might find a home in the hearts of pimply pubescent romantics.

Chained to a Memory—The Everly Brothers (Harmony)

A budget release from Columbia of some of the boys' old and less well known material. *Roots* (Reprise) demonstrated that the music of the Everlys isn't tied to the past. In the case of the Everly Brothers and Columbia, profits are chained to a memory.

Give Me Just a Little More Time—The Chairmen of the Board (Invictus)

This is one helluva lousy imitation Motown group.

The American Dream (Ampex)

The American Dream may be distinguished from other rock groups by three facts—they are on the Ampex label, they have a passable idea and talent at harmony, and they have a member who looks like Mike O'Conner. That's about all.

Somethin's Burning—Kenny Rogers and the First Edition (Reprise)

The popularity of the First Edition is amazing. This one spotlights the new single (same title as the album) and their rather sloppy harmonies. They were better in the New Christy Minstrels.

Quill (Cotillion)

The only thing Quill has ever been able to do well is to make the audience join in on percussion in the finale of their live performances. The flashy ending makes everybody forget how bad they otherwise are at writing, singing and playing. This album has obviously been brought out to remind everyone.

Fancy—Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)

Bobbie Gentry strains her voice through the title cut and the songs of Burt Bachrach, and Hal David, Leon Russell, James Taylor, Laura Nyro, and Harry Nilsson. Her fans will love it.

Earl of Ruston—The Salvation Company (Capitol)

This album is dedicated to the memory of Earl Woods of Ruston Louisiana who died on June 5, 1969. They should have buried it with him.

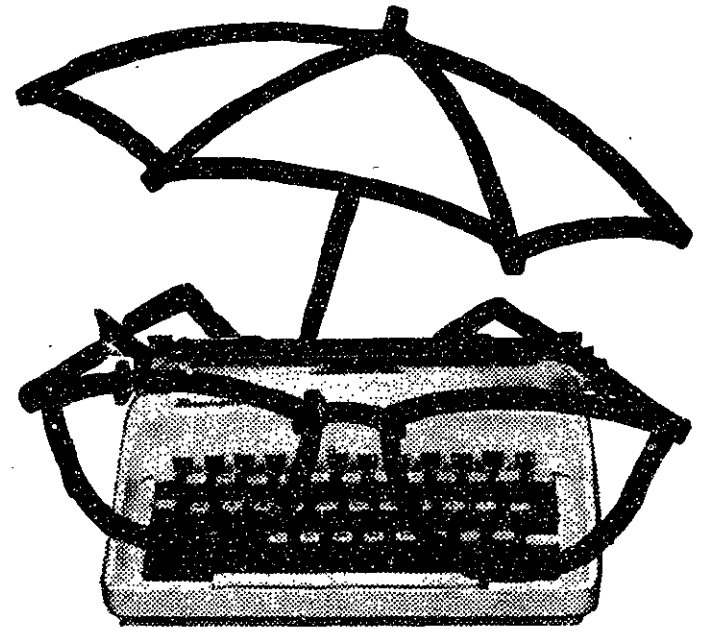
Bearings—Edward Bear (Capitol)

Except for a few flashes of light from the guitarist, this group is absolutely and unquestionably incompetent.

Mahogany (Epic)

They're not a bad blues group except when they try to smash your head in which happens on most of the cuts. Then they sound just like any other noisy fourth-rate group.

—Maurice LeBeau



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Krebs, Goreau cases heard

(Continued from page 1)

group of demonstrators ran up to the fourth and fifth floors and entered the elevator. Although it had been programmed not to stop at the third floor, that was easily changed. As the whole group got out on the third floor, they were swept by Campus Patrolmen to the door. A pushing and shoving match ensued but all were forced out and the scene returned to normal.

Intermittently during the hearing, fire hoses were turned on, causing the fire alarm to sound. The fire department appeared but in no case did anyone make a move to leave the building.

After some time, when it became evident that none of the demonstrators knew what should be done, they attempted to hold an organizational meeting. Returning to the stairway, they found that Vice President Kenneth R. Wadleigh had taken Wynne's place. Songs were sung and Wadleigh was buffeted with questions; the atmosphere was more that of a Yippie festival than of a demonstration.

When Krebs left and Goreau prepared to enter, there was another pushing and shoving match. Krebs and Goreau urged the crowd to give up their hopes for entering the hearing. "I don't

see fighting the Campus Patrol; they're just following orders," said Goreau. After Goreau entered the room, somebody said, "Ah, let's call it a victory and leave," and they left.

In contrast, the trials themselves seemed well-organized. Goreau's trial could not be heard because of audio difficulties and the audio for Krebs' was poor. Krebs had no lawyer, just someone to advise him, but he presented an impressively well-organized defense. "I consider this to be a political trial," he stated, and went on to say that the issue at stake was not whether or not he was present, but the political justification for acts.

Krebs stated that he thought that there had been little if any change in the disciplinary process. When questioned, he ex-

pressed a fear of the whole process: "This trial may be fair, but I'm afraid the others won't be." He also was asked his thoughts about the sit-in. "I regard the sit-in as an educational process for many people," but "[I] became disillusioned as it progressed."

Testimony for the administration was given by Associate Provost Paul Gray, Associate Dean for Student Affairs Richard Sorenson, and Wadleigh. In this and the subsequent testimony, some important points emerged: the process of picking those to be charged occurred immediately after the occupation ended, and only those positively identified by at least two persons were charged; all three agreed that Krebs did no damage inside the offices.

"Everybody's talking at me..."

By Lee Giguere

The buses left about an hour late and the youths began to read some of the contents of their lobbying packet, thoughtfully provided by the disorganized organizers. CCAS "fact sheets" are only half that, and are clearly slanted, yet that's all there was to go on.

The buses seemed incredibly uncomfortable, and the trip was long, with rest stops at ridiculously overpriced highway restaurants, but no much-needed sleep.

Arrival in Washington was three hours late, and no one seemed to know what to do. But everyone seemed anxious and ready to go, and in the American University student center began their morning ritual of preparation in whatever place they could find in a first floor wash-room.

"32-cent bus fares, exact change only." They must be kidding, 32 cents? If you get a transfer, it is possible to get to the front of the Senate office building (SOB). Washington doesn't really look like an American city, though; too many trees for one thing, too many traffic circles in the middle of the city, too many statues and the streets are all too wide. Yet the United States Capitol is in this seemingly un-American city. It's reminiscent of old Huntley-Brinkley reports from "Paris, France," or "Rome, Italy," with all those trees.

The office buildings are unbelievably huge. But people finally managed to find out where they were supposed to be and discovered a list of our appointments for the day. One appointment is with a congressman from Rhode Island. He isn't in but his legislative assistant is more than happy to see us. Yes, he's voted against the war every time, we learn, but perhaps he voted not against the war but against Nixon, since he's a Democrat.

A second appointment is with the other Rhode Island representative, and he too is anti-war. He spends most of the meeting giving advice to some guy from Georgetown Law on how he can be most effective and such. But he doesn't get very optimistic about our chances of influencing enough representatives to really be of any good. Instead he says that we must try to get a new Congress elected this fall.

From the legislative assistant of a Connecticut representative we learn that the congressman had voted "right" on all the issues, although no one ever quite mentioned what "right" was. It all sounded kind of

greasy. The LA was really trying to be helpful, though. He started telling us about all the Southern representatives no one ever comes to see, and suggested that we should go in there to clear the air a little. He also thought it would be nice if we could do something about Representative Philbin (revealed after a bit of prodding by a faculty member).

The time came for an appointment with the senior senator from Rhode Island, John Pastore. His office was kind of depressing since all his secretaries were pretty old, and somehow that didn't seem very encouraging. In fact, everyone in the office seemed pretty old, except us, and some girl who

poorly trained young men," live ammunition, he said. Not that it was right to throw rocks, either, but the guardsmen panicked, he implied, and they were not properly trained and should not have had weapons. His 60 nieces and nephews, he added, all between the ages of six and twenty-five all kissed him when they saw him. But then it was time to leave and he escorted us out of his office.

Next was Senator Pell, sure to be favorable to us. He has a reputation for being sympathetic towards young people, and cultivates an association with them. We had to wait to see him and so encamped ourselves in the hallway since his outer office was

control. No, the senator admonished us and scolded us and sent us off with "Goodby, boys and girls," as if to say, now go home be good children and tell your parents (who vote, unlike you) what a nice man I am.

Old John Pastore seems now a lot less of a villain than he used to. Pell may not be "afraid of young people" as one of his aides said, but then he thinks of them as children, not as real people, it appears. Pastore doesn't seem afraid of anyone, and is ready to overwhelm anyone with his rapid and devastating speech.

American University is very different from MIT. In the evening students just hang around

"Washington doesn't look like an American city... too many statues and the streets are too wide."

was also waiting to see the senator. She was reading a newspaper, and when she returned it to one of the senator's secretaries (he had about five in the office), she registered her displeasure with the girl's short skirt with a rather sour expression and a glance at another retainer. She looked rather nice to me, the girl that is; the secretary was kind of old.

Well, the senator bid us to enter his office. He's kind of short, in fact he's quite short, and he listens attentively. The girl was the first one to start, in fact she was almost the only one besides Pastore to talk. She started by saying how much she respected the senator and all that, and then she said but... That was a mistake. Old Senator Pastore proceeded to set her straight on his voting record and then told us how he was actually with us. Now, that was kind of surprising, because he's usually pretty conservative. But he said he supported the Church-Cooper amendment calling for the withdrawal of troops from Cambodia and that he was "favorably inclined" toward the McGovern-Hatfield amendment, although he didn't quite like the date it set. The date, he said, should be determined by the time needed to get troops out, and not set simply to coincide with the end of the fiscal year. He even suggested that it might just as well be April 31 or February 29 as June 30.

The Senator kept saying he was on our side and knew the discouragement young people felt. He had sons and daughters our age. It was a mistake to give the National Guard, "those

too small to hold us all. A large group of Rhode Island students, from many colleges, had gathered to see this man who we were sure would be a sympathizer with our cause. And while we were in the hall, a huge, high, long hall, which overwhelms the visitor on his first entrance, strange things were happening. First, a truck laden with liquor boxes wheeled by, for parts unknown. Later, carts with food for some sort of reception appeared. Although tempted to demand that they be liberated immediately, we were subdued by the nature of the place and our business there.

One of Senator Pell's secretaries was wearing a red armband, yet obviously she was not on strike. Perhaps it was just part of an effort to curry the sympathy of the many students wandering about Washington last week.

We gathered in the Senator's office and he told us all what a dove he was, but that he still wasn't sure how he'd vote on the McGovern-Hatfield amendment, even though he thought he might vote for it if it "came up tomorrow." He was, in a word, non-committal, and he lacked Pastore's force and vigor. He seemed unable or unwilling to take any sort of strong stand and began to talk of strange things.

He told us how he'd been a dove for a long time, and called us late joiners of the effort. "Where were you several years ago when we (the doves) needed you?" "In high school," was the answer he failed to hear or understand - we were in high school and under our parents'

the campus talking, something I've never really noticed here. Strike signs seem to be everywhere, but the place is different in some undefinable way.

Presidential advisor Henry Kissinger reportedly wanted to speak to some students from Harvard and MIT. No one knows why, but an appointment was set for noon, Thursday. Charlie Mann, who's been organizing the lobby, picks a group of six people who he thinks are sharp enough to be able to argue with Kissinger. So the group got ready, got some sleep, only to learn the following morning that Kissinger had to break the appointment "for a closed briefing" of some senators.

The organizers of the effort had had only six days to prepare everything and arrange appointments. Considering that they had to start from scratch, they did a fairly good job. But their return efforts will have to be much better organized. They will have to be selective in who they send lobbying. More information, more facts must be made available to the lobbyists, further in advance.

People tried radical arguments, borrowed, it seemed, from rally speakers, on congressmen. Those things just didn't work. The effort will have to begin slowly. We'll have to start by appearing to be on their side, by appearing as moderate as possible, perhaps even conservative. Then before the eyes of Congressmen we have gotten to know and who have gotten to know us, the slow, careful process of our own radicalization must begin.

Announcements

* There will be a General Assembly meeting on Tuesday, May 19, at 8:00 pm in the Sala de Puerto Rico.

* Found: A good slide-rule by Student Center. If you think it's yours, contact Pete Lindner X3161.

* Membership certificates from the Society of the Sigma Xi Headquarters for those initiated last year have now been received. Please contact Professor D. P. Garg (3-453A), Chapter Secretary or Miss Kathy Kerrigan (3-439) to collect your certificate.

Membership certificates for those initiated this year will be available next fall.

* The ASME is sponsoring a party for the Mechanical Engineering Department (faculty, secretaries, lab technicians, students, wives, families and friends) on Saturday, May 23, 1970. Cars will leave from the Kresge parking lot at 10:00 am. Bring swimming and softball equipment. Food is free.

* A study group now being formulated by the MIT Commission is looking for papers, poems, photos, of the experiences people have had at MIT, for a booklet to be distributed. They are looking for different perceptions of the MIT experience. Contributions should be arranged at x7566.



(Continued from page 2)

targets for the invaders. Police, dressed in riot hats and equipped with 3-foot clubs and Mace, Magnums on their hips and tear gas launchers in their hands, finally arrived to push people back towards the border, gaining a substantial hand from the angry local right-wingers.

When the Canadian forces returned to the peace arch, they tore the gates from the walls of the arch and tied them shut, declaring the border closed to American imperialism.

The inscription on the arch now reads:

"May these gates ever be closed."

The arch was splattered with paint, someone adding in red letters, "Amerika will fall." The floodlights on the US side of the arch were trashed, and then one of the lights on the Canadian side went. "Hey, that's our side!" shouted one demonstrator. "No, it isn't," returned a comrade, reading aloud the inscription on the giant bulb: "General Electric. Made in USA."

The police finally began using Mace to put an end to the rebellion. Finally, the last of the Canadian forces crossed back into Canada, trashing a trainload of American cars heading for the Canadian customs building. Canadian radio reports estimated the trashing to have cost \$50,000. US reports said \$100,000.

One Washington congressman has called for the Canadian government to pay the damages. A state senator has demanded an official apology from the Canadian government.

The attorney general of British Columbia has called for the levelling of charges against all those involved in the May 9 invasion.

The invaders replied to the call for an apology: "We've withdrawn our troops from the United States. We will apologize for our invasion when the US withdraws its troops from Cambodia, apologizes, and makes full restitution to the people of Southeast Asia."

Ruggers avenge fall loss to Mystic, 14-3

The MIT rugby club finished its season in spectacular fashion as both the A and B sides beat Mystic rugby club teams. The A team's victory was enhanced by the facts that Mystic was the only team to beat Tech in an otherwise unblemished fall season and that Mystic was runner-up in last week's New England championship tournament.

The team began slowly as the Mystic scrum was able to win most of the scrums and line-outs, keeping the ball away from Tech's feared backs. Tech still drew first blood as Ed Walker kicked a penalty goal, but the Mystic kicker soon duplicated the kick. The first period ended with the score 3-3.

Tech opened the second half with a key strategic move on the kick-off. Noticing a large gap, John Riley kicked to the weak side as the speedy Tech backs roared down upon their dumb-

founder Mystic opposites. A Mystic player recovered in time to grab the ball first, but he had no time to return a kick.

The play ended inside Mystic's ten yard line. Moments later Tech's scrum took the ball across for the try. Walker's conversion made the score 8-3.

From there on it was an MIT romp as the scrum began winning the ball and the backs began carving out consistent gains. Mystic made one serious threat near the end of the game, but the MIT defense shone as they stopped three Mystic backs three times from five yards. The final score was 14-3.

The second game was similar as Tech, led by Charlie Finn's kicking, wore down Mystic's old men in the second half to win 9-3. Again MIT scored first as Finn converted after a penalty, and again Mystic knotted the score on a try before the half ended. Early in the second half wing Bob Charles made a spectacular defensive play as he stole a Mystic pass and raced 50 yards for a try. Later, Finn gave Tech some breathing room with his second penalty kick to complete the scoring.

LACROSSE ENDS SEASON, RECORD IN LEAGUE 6-3

Varsity lacrosse ended last Saturday with a disappointing loss to the University of Massachusetts by a score of 18-8.

In a game marred by numerous penalties, UMass showed why they would once again hold the Northeast Division title. Goalie Marc Weinberg, playing his last game, put up a valiant effort in the three periods he played, recording twelve saves. However, this was not enough, as the UMass attackers fired more than fifty shots.

Some bright spots were the three goal performance of Dave Peterson and the continuation of Steve Cochi's goal streak to include all of this season's games. Other scorers were Ken Lord with one goal and two assists, Tony Reish, Stu Frost, and Bob Vegler with single goals, and John Vliet with an assist.

The team's final overall season record was 7-6, while its final Northeast Divisional record came to 6-3.

Marksmen college champs



THE 1970 NATIONAL COLLEGIATE CHAMPION INTERNATIONAL-PISTOL TEAM: (from left) Captain Dave Asbell '70; All American Daniel Flint '70; John Good '72; Alan Smith '71; and Coach Thomas McLennan. They brought home MIT's first National Title in almost a decade. JETphoto

MIT has a national champion team! The varsity pistol team squeezed out Southwest Missouri and outclassed the rest of the field to win the 1970 National Collegiate Championship in international-style pistol shooting and bring back the first national title for MIT since the sailing team turned the trick in 1961.

Unlike most college matches, the Championship Match requires pre-selection of the four men who will count for team score. With six veterans to pick from, Coach McLennan had no easy time making the decision, but it proved to be a sound choice. Dave Asbell, Dan Flint, John Good, and Al Smith combined for 1004 points, slightly less than the winning scores of recent years, but enough to beat Southwest Missouri's 997. The University of Alaska finished third with 978 while powerhouse Navy could muster only 975 for fourth place.

The effort was led by Captain Dave Asbell '70, who recorded a 255. Asbell, from Chamblee, Georgia, has been a mainstay on the varsity for three years and was the number two man this season.

One point above Asbell was

senior Dan Flint, who was recently named to the All-American First Team. The four-year veteran campaigner from Kezar Falls, Maine, was the team's most consistent and best shooter throughout the 1969-70 season.

The best effort of the day was a near-record 258 by John Good '72, from Rochester, N.Y. Good, who joined the team in November and has been shooting down everything in sight since, was the only member of the team to use a free pistol; everyone else used regular semi-automatics. Good has been a big asset to the team throughout the last half of this season, and should be one of the very best shooters in the country next season.

Rounding out the 1004 was Al Smith, '71, who foundered on his first two targets, but recovered after that to salvage a 235. A two-year veteran from Scarsdale, N.Y., Smith was somewhat erratic in performance this season, but could be the key man in next year's effort.

The other two veterans who carried the team through the season were Wayne Criswell '71, and Robert Gibson '72. Both were in slumps at the time of the championship match and finished in the 230's, as did sophomore Rich Waterloo, who will likely be a regular next season.

The Championship capped the best season in Tech's history which saw the trend of steady improvement over the past five years (since Coach McLennan came to MIT) continued, and virtually all significant records broken. Tech finished 10-3 in collegiate competition, losing only to the powerful service academies which used to completely dominate collegiate pistol, but from which MIT has now earned much respect.

Due to scheduling difficulties caused by the forced changes in school schedules, all inter-collegiate baseball games for the year have been cancelled.

Tech skippers sub-par in N.E. Single-Handeds

By John Kavazanjian

The New England Sailing Association season came to a close this Sunday with the completion of the single-handed championships. Qualifying for this event from MIT were Dave McComb '70, Pete Nesbada '71, and Tom Bergan '72; however, only McComb and Nesbada chose to sail.

The previous week had been a disappointment, with the Tech sailors failing to qualify for the nationals by finishing a dismal fifth behind URI, Yale, Coast Guard, and Harvard, respectively. This weekend was to be a happy ending for the season and hopefully a happy ending for the college sailing career of Dave McComb, co-captain of the team and Commodore of the MIT N.A. Fleet.

Saturday opened with the

favorites sailing well and opening up commanding leads. In division A McComb sailed as steady and as well as ever, often breaking outside of the pack in his smooth style, getting up to maximum speed while passing everyone. Cris Seaver of Coast Guard was second with the rest of the pack far behind. In division B, Nesbada was faced with tough competition in the form of Harvard's fine skipper, Robbie Doyle, winner of last year's competition. Nesbada also sailed well in the strong steady south by south-west winds coming in second to Doyle and well ahead of the third place finisher.

Sunday, though, was a disaster. At 9:30 when the first race started, there were 20-25 knot winds coming anywhere from south to west by south-west. The choppy water and unpredictable wind shifts made sailing difficult. "In this type of weather, there is no such thing as strategy," commented one observer on the dock, "only sailing clear and praying for luck." Needless to say, very few of the leaders had any luck. Twelve skippers sailed (top six from each division) and their performances Sunday bore no relation to how they had done Saturday.

One of the leaders though did come through. Robbie Doyle of Harvard again showed how fine sailing combined with the good fortune that he has been enjoying all spring, can win. He easily placed first with Tom Bernard of Coast Guard second. Plagued by bad luck, bad starts, and inability to put together the consistency that they are so noted for, Nesbada and McComb placed an unexpected seventh and tenth respectively.

Netmen lose but Weiss, McKinley go to Nat'ls

The Tech racquetmen lost a close match to Yale last Friday. Captain Manny Weiss put his big serve and net game to work in the team's sole singles victory, defeating Don Tansey (6-4, 5-7, 6-1), while Tech won two of three doubles matches.

Top ranking Bob McKinley met surprisingly stiff competition in his singles match, and went down (6-3, 8-6) to Pete Heydemaann in a thriller. Steve Cross was outlasted by Neal Allen (8-6, 6-1), and Joe Baron played another of his marathon matches, hitting as well as ever but failing to score a victory against Barry Srigals (6-2, 6-2). Meanwhile, Scudder Smith came out on the losing end of a rough-and-tumble match with Will Cleveland (6-2, 6-3), and Jim Bricker put on his season's most brilliant performance, only to bow to Peter Lawler in the third set (5-7, 6-1, 6-2).

In doubles, Manny and Bob were flawless as they finished their undefeated season by destroying Srigals-Tansey (12-6). The Tech duo will put in an appearance at the Collegiate Nationals in California the second week in June, and most local experts feel they have a good chance at turning the tables on the Westerners.

The second doubles featured Smith-Cross in their most significant victory of the season over Cleveland-Allen (12-3); however, Bricker-Baron were unsuccessful

against Osborne-McPartland (12-2) in third doubles.

Despite this unfortunate finale, the team paid tribute to Coach Crocker Sunday night at the banquet by awarding him a golf sweater in return for his guidance through an otherwise highly-successful season. The coach reciprocated by bestowing a few of his famed quips, mingled with a florid description of Jim Bricker's forehead, upon the audience.

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Petition on ROTC

We, the undersigned members of the Faculty of MIT, support the following resolution:

It is the sense of the Faculty of MIT that the MIT administration should terminate all contractual connections with the Reserve Officers Training Corps at the end of the current semester, and that any students currently receiving ROTC scholarships be given equivalent financial support at the termination of the ROTC program.

Any faculty member wishing to sign this petition should send it to Ken Hale, 20E-225. Also, please call x3228 before the faculty meeting on May 20 and leave your name and department.

Signature _____ Print _____ Department _____

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