**The Daily Reamer**

**VOLUME 69 NUMBER 21**  
**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1972**  
**MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS**  
**WORTHLESS**

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**Simonomides coup climaxes late evening indiscretion**

*By Red Batter*

Jerome Weasel was ousted as President of MIT in a lightning coup early this morning. Vice-President Constantine Simonomides has been elected to the throne by the porters, who were partisans of former MIT strongman Howard Weyland John- son. At his coronation tomorrow, Simonomides will assume the title of King Constantine.

Weasel has been sent under- guard as radar officer of the North Andover ARM site.

The coup was apparently precip- itated by Weasel's insinuating dismissal of Simonomides, who was Apriling secret documents to the New York Times in a second-floor men's room. Simonomides, a power behind the old Johnson regime, was blowing the whistle on Weasel's plan to place a Drooper Line Student Gover- nance System (SGS) remote control unit in the brain of each entering freshman.

A revolutionary junta was to have been established until John- son's son was straight enough to assume the regency. However, in a characteristic move, Simonomides has exiled the entire Johnson family to Miami, where Howard Sr. will manage a chain of pool halls.

But it was only beginning during a typi- cally murky Boston dawn as New Wrong Coalition students blew the bolt of the Student Center. Only the Harvard Bridge remained intact, since the spans are still aloft atop the Charles. The fete Eastern liberal estab- lishment roused in reinforce- ments but it was already too late.

Flying squads under the com- mand of Campus Patrol Captain Jimmy Olave already had occu- pied radio station WTBS. Shells rick- eted around the clock, while Dean Dan Swinehart announced the regime's new entertainment policy would include "a girl in every bed and some pot in every chalk." When reminded that MIT, now enrollment women, Stuart-Smithart said, "My policy re- mains unchanged."

Sporadic resistance only was encountered by just a few to the January IAP. Isolated pockets of opposition in the Humanities Building were stomped out when Campus Patrol arrived with surplus Mark XXXVB quadraped Shitkickers, borrowed from the Dorms of the Future.

Utilizing the confusion engen- dered by the coup, the Cam- bridge Narcotics Squad burst every MIT dormitory, arresting in excess of 7,000 students in pinpoint raids. The Reamer is at present unable to assess the ex- tent of the arrests due to a sudden shortage of staff.

The first news of the coup was released by the MIT news- paper piece Tick Tock. The specuals, which had been prepared far in advance, scooped the other MIT pa- per's to announce MIT's new order. MIT propaganda czar Bob Bought charted gleefully as he headed the surprised Weasel his first notice of the coup.

Bought then announced that the new regime would assume control of all MIT newspapers so that "MIT can finally get unini- mous reporting. As an off- official action, Weasel returned MIT's document shredders to the RAND Corporation, claim- ing that they were obviously defecating.

One casualty was incurred when the takeover of WTBS, where Gene Paul '74 was shot in the back while resisting arrest when he refused to relinquish control of the WTBS transmis- ser. Reportedly, Simonomides has been determined to drive the cope- n Coal through the Center in- button, thereby delaying Simono- mides' plans and creating a new harbor on the Charles for the nearby MIT sailing team.

Student's exercise has reached his jaded position aside.

*(Please turn to page 3)*

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**Fled News Ed. found dead**

*By Demeone Frye*

The body of Stuart-Smythe ‘74, who disappeared Friday evening, was found yes- terday afternoon when Campus Patrol officers noticed a new criminal activity at one of the dormitories.

The body was recovered by a team of Campus Patrolmen who spent several hours dragging the most around Kresge Chapel in response to an anonymous tele- phone call. The body was identi- fied as the body of an unidentified campus publication, the Tech, where Stuart-Smythe worked as an editor.

According to staff members of The Daily Reamer who were present, the body had been crut- cally hacked and sliced, appar- ently with an X-Acato knife. One such knife was found embedded in the corpse's head.

Blue-pencil markings were found around the corpse's mouth. Informed sources con- cluded that the tragedy might have been an attempt of suicide.

The Reamer, which had been un- able to discover a motive for the crime, according to co-workers at the Tech, Stuart-Smithart was quiet, unassuming, and beloved of his fellows. Newly-elected editor-in-chief Luigi Pierre said, "He was a really big man," and his mourners felt. "I never called that, He was always ready to extend his hand... I'm not sure just how we'll get along without him."

According to Campus Patrol, rumors which linked Stuart- Smythe with Leech Perman ‘73 as partners in an illegal enterprise could not be substantiated. The reamer has not been able to confirm any factitious false and malicious.

The Tech Board Chairman Bob Miss-kenned announced that Stuart-Smithart's remains will be enclosed in plastic and placed in the newspaper's office along with momentous of the dead man's collection to serve as an example to future generations of newspapermen.

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**The Daily Reamer**

**Constantine I**  
Ex Hojas Gratia Rex Mers et Manxa

**Vator grabs editor, presumed consumed**

By Paul St. John

Disconcerting rumors have reached The Daily Reamer in recent weeks that its former mangling editor, Ken Torpid, was abducted in broad daylight last Sunday night.

The following details were obtained through usually reliable garbage chutes of the MIT Sterid by:

At 10 pm Thursday after- noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, blond hair, age 21, short, about 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, noon, Mr. Torpid, white male, 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Editor elopes with chimp

By Damene Fry
Society Editor
The Daily Reamer is pleased to announce the marriage of its arts editor, Rabid Churl '73, to Miss Pan Troglodyte, the noted actress formerly resident in the Bronx Zoo.
Mr. Churl had been missing since last week, giving rise to speculation that he had met with an accident, but these fears were confirmed when he appeared in The Daily Reamer's offices hand-in-tail with his stunning brunette bride. Characteristically modest, the new Mr. Churl said little, leaving his husband's side only to swing from the ceiling net fixtures.

Asked why they had chosen elopement over a more formal ceremony, Mr. Churl answered, "Her parents were very Neanderthal about it. I was to be married in June and they wanted us to wait until Christmas. We were simply ape over each other and couldn't stand to wait that long."

Miss Troglodyte, sitting on Mr. Churl's shoulder, wrapped her tail around his neck in agreement.

The ceremony was a simple one. Mr. Churl said, as "Bishop Wilberforce officiated: our vows, exchanged bananas, and that was that." After the ceremony the bride, attired for traveling in a beautiful fur coat, accompanied the groom to a honeymoon hideaway in the Student Center Library.

Miss Troglodyte, before her marriage, was active in both motion pictures and television. She starred in several Walt Disney and National Geographic films before becoming a regular on the WTRS-TV series, "The Ape and I."

According to Miss Troglodyte, she was originally attracted to Mr. Churl because of his strong resemblance to her grandfather, leader of a band of African gorilla fighters who attempted to liberate Portland from the Portuguese in the early 1900's.

Miss Troglodyte will continue to appear on "The Ape and I." When asked how she planned to support a family while remaining a full-time student, Mr. Churl replied, "Trivial. I work for peanuts at The Tech."

The couple will reside at 410 Memorial Drive in Cambridge.

Get Eaton at the Coop

BEVAR'S PROFILES
(Pronounced Bee-va's "Liberal Patina")

GENE PAUL
Aliases: Reginald Stuart-Smythe, Poor Shitter, Eugene Oregon, Paul St. John, P.E. Schindler Jr.
Home: Varis.
Age: Under.
Hobbies: Bestiality, Feasting, Tortoises, Graft and Corruption, Occasional Noctophilia.
Last Book Read: "Any Woman Can."
Last Accomplishment: Successfully bred with primates of different species.
Quote: "May I call you Dr. Johnson, Hollo?"
Profile: Gusty, Stupid, Disarmingly Ugly. His sometimes infantile manner makes him a definite asset to any organization.
Education: Bevar's "Liberal Patina."

The Daily Reamer
The Coup in words and pictures ...

Continued from page 1.

Mother Institute only through an arduous process of opportu-nism and compromising. Before the ink was dry on Weasel's exile order, Slimonides was on the phone to Washington. As a re-sult, long-dormant files on student activities have been laid pro-strate before an avuncular Justice Department and a formal liaison has been established be-tween the Campus Patrol and the FBI.

500 students have been given work-study jobs as 15-hour per week CIA informers, while another five hundred have been hired by the FBI to watch the CIA people. Bell Telephone has announced that it too will hire MIT students. While Ma Bell won't reveal the nature of the jobs so as not to compromise her upright position, The Reamer has learned that the students will develop undetectable telephone bugs and advanced models of the Student Pacification System. According to a report in this morning's Boston Herald Trou-dity, the Nixon administration has granted diplomatic recogni-tion to Constantine I's new MIT regime. Vice-President Spiro Ag-new will make a state visit to attend the coronation of King Con-santine and to offer MIT several-hundred million dollars in economic aid, primarily in new missile contracts for the Dropper Labs.

SOURCES WITHIN THE STATE DE-PARTMENT have suggested that Nixon covertly offered MIT a small arsenal of "defensive" nu-clear weapons; however, the junta declined the offer telling Nixon "What do you think we've been doing at our reactor? Cooking bagels?"

Assistant in his office at an unfinished letter scoring Presi-dent Nixon's economic policy. He would never com-plete it.

As his men greased and readied the ram, General LeMning explained his mission. Weasel, he explained, simply allowed proper and instantaneous injection of the chemical into the delicate arterial patch surrounding the prostate gland, after which the subject would require periodic doses of a tobacco additive, without which he would experience hideous symptoms of withdrawal. Weasel would receive subsequent supplies of this drug through his toboacologist.

Adledman returned with Weasel. Swinehart gave him the Coke; he groveled in the corner, sucking at the precious liquid. The four men in flak suits quickly bent Weasel over the table; the ram found its mark, and it was all over.

Weasel spoke one sentence: Edward Teller was right, and snoopied. It was three a.m. The halls of the Institute were filled with stomed students and little cigar butts. The administrators slipped away unnoticed, rinsing their mouths with praise before leaving the men's room.

ONE WEEK LATER, Weasel endorsed Richard Nixon for re-election.

AT NO TIME during the occupation had the door from the men's room, which opened directly on the corridor, been guarded by a campus patrolman. It was through this door that the buggering ram, Weasel, Adledman and the conference table were removed sometime during the following afternoon. The rumors do not agree on the manner in which he was returned to his duties. One story contends that he was released on the Harvard Bridge and, since it was October 15, marched all the way to Boston Common before realizing that it was 1971, not 1969. It seems more likely, though, that he was found by Campus Patrolmen searching for a fourteen-year-old runaway.

MIT Campus Patrolmen under the direction of Captain Jimmy Olive (facing camera) secure the area near Walker Memorial during the early hours of the Slimonides coup. Note bullet holes in the East Campus building at left. Moments after this picture was taken, the Campus Patrolmen seized the left-wing hippie at right, questioned him under torture for several minutes, and executed him.

In the picture at the top right, members of the Slimonides public relations staff pose for The Daily Reamer. They are, from left, Bob Bought, head of the new MIT Propaganda Office, Jean Grinder, editor of the house organ Tick Tock, and the Wicked Witch, of IAP. The picture above right depicts King Con-stantine I caught in the act of passing secret documents to The Daily Reamer. Note Jerome Wessel's pipe at the left side of the picture. Constantine's secretary, shocked and shamed at being caught in such a compromising situation, is attempting to escape. She did not get far.

Bugging Ram

On his desk lay an unfinished letter scoring Presi-dent Nixon's economic policy. He would never com-plete it.

U.S. Army Mark III-B
Prostate-Sensitive
Neurotoxin
"Bugging Ram"

Injection needle
Bonded silicone surface
Electric vibration mechanism
Plunger handles
Rheervoir containing prostrate-sensitive neurotoxin
Recessed until insertion

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I understand that there is some possibility that one certain Bruce Martin, former Technology Review editor for your publication, has some chance of being reinstated to an editorial position at some time in the near future. If this is true, I am writing to apprise you of Mr. Martin's character, lest you unwittingly place this foul man in a position of trust on the summer staff. I know for a fact that a few months ago, while driving a borrowed car to Wellesley - he often went there, ostensibly to audition for roles in amusements dramatic productions - by some freak accident ran over a deer that had wandered across a road just outside that bucolic campus.

He stopped the car - really, he couldn't control his vehicle, so he drove the mangy deer entangled in the grillwork - and stepped out to examine his work. He appeared to be the part of the family that remained on the campus, for he left his car, he pulled apart his hind legs, and suddenly, giving an expletive, unzipped his blue jeans, and, pulling out his enormous member, commenced violating the weakened corpse. All this took place in the second stall. You now, had my hand to slip down the pleasant curve:

The fact of the matter is that he had heard arrive. It proved to be a campus patrol van, in the front seat of which were two Wellesley patrolmen. Again a struggle got on in years, and was somewhat delicate in disposition, and it was only the sight of Mr. Martin ripping apart the heart's brass with its teeth - he had no hands to help him - that caused him to leave. The girl's breasts - and swallowing it raw, streets of gore decorating his black leather jacket - it was Mr. Martin, this sight which caused the campus patrolman to lose control, sending the van into a tree.

Mr. Martin giggled with delight, and, rushing to the van, valiantly pulled the two, limp, protrusion's bodies out of the wreckage, and proceeded to violate both, still giggling, he steered the car to Wellesley, which had been caught to start. Yeu know1, had my hand to slip down the pleasant curve:

At this moment the vehicle whose sound he had heard arrived. He stiffened: I'm sorry I have to run. I'm doing a story for The Tech, - Bob Byers, MIT PR, emerging angrily from the next room; Oh, don't you go bonyard epithet yourself, Kabish?

AD: Johnson views Institute future

The following article, detailing how MIT Corporation Chairman Howard W. Johnson would react to interviews by several The Tech staffers, was found in a basket in front of our office door one morning.

By Pecker Petarsky

My work takes me to many far-off corners of the campus, and while I'm sitting in plush chairs in the outer offices of lower-echelon administrators, I can unfailingly find myself picking up a copy of the latest Reader's Digest and reading it. You know, in my busy life, full of long interviews and speculations on international matters far above my competence, I often find myself through the thought: 'Well, I wonder what's happening in the States,' looking for those little pieces of inspiration that so often are the making of my pieces: The little soapnote that makes the difference between a snappy irrelevant 50-center and a disconcerting, incomprehensible, 80 or even 120 inches of unwanted copy.

Once, two years, and years ago, I found a copy of The New York Time in a puddle near Harvard Square, which the wind had blown open to the editorial page. Boy, a person must be real smart to be able to comprehend very many words, without any pictures, and nobody in the world allowed to abridge it. It must be real neat to be somebody like James Reston.

In your Shoe

By Pecker Petarsky

Whatever heroic insignity he was about to perpetrate on the unfortunate girl, he was interrupted by the sound of a knocking, approaching, automobile. Dropping the girl (her companion was, by now, unconscious) he stepped over the deer, and, pulling its flesh in his bare hands, he soon tore away enough of the meat to reveal the still-fetally-pregnant heart, which he tore out and calmly ate. At this Mr. Martin shrieked:

"Relax," said Paul in a soothing voice, "the amazing facts I own cost me your job, and, playfully checking the secretary under her chin, he allowed me to go. I can't say, out of the corner of her back.

"You're not, you're moving a little too fast," quavered the secretary. "Perhaps you should think things over a bit more.

"Nonsense!" the dynamic young editor replied. "Why, when I find out a fact, I don't trouble to investigate reporting. . ." He stiffened for the description. "I had a found a button . . ."

(Ther fifth in a series of articles on the MIT deficit will appear in our next issue.)

Op-Ed page Deficit IV

By Lee Jagler

The Tech is a twice-weekly tabloid, oblivious of the ongoing concerns of the MIT Community. It is an established medium, widely scanned in search of its coverage. But we have wondered how to provide a service for your readers who can't write. We plan in February to inaugurate an op-ed page, and begin soliciting for copy from outsiders.

During the recent "Crisis in Faith," we might have been able to contribute to the problem by perhaps asking some prominent members of the community to write for us about their religious beliefs, and our printing of these tracts, so no more than two thousand words on the subject, where one word is believed around here to be a string of five characters of the well-known, commonly found on typewriters, might have served to bring out the ethical, political, and racial divides of our community, but bring out viewpoints which might not ordinarily be tendered.

Instead, I would much prefer to tell many stories myself.

In discussing homosexual campus on campus, campus, I would much prefer to tell many stories myself.

In discussing homosexual campus on campus, I will now tell you about the incident when I was in the outer offices of lower-echelon administrators, I can unfailingly find myself picking up a copy of the latest Reader's Digest and reading it. You know, in my busy life, full of long interviews and speculations on international matters far above my competence, I often find myself thinking: 'Well, I wonder what's happening in the States,' looking for those little pieces of inspiration that so often are the making of my pieces: The little soapnote that makes the difference between a snappy irrelevant 50-center and a disconcerting, incomprehensible, 80 or even 120 inches of unwanted copy.

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...Views Institute future

By Paul Schnieder

The Tech: May I call you Hojo, Dr. Johnson?

Dr. Johnson: Uh, no, I think you'd better call me Dr. Johnson.

The Tech: Well, I know, you've been under tremendous pressure, I CIS, which destroyed a textbook I'd left in the second stall. Yeu know1, had my hand to slip down the pleasant curve:

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Bugging Ram: The Occupation of the President's Orifice, October 15, 1971 — XIV

By Mitchell Tidwell
Reprinted 1972 by Michael Feirtag

SHORTLY after noon Friday, October 15, 1971, a demonstration began in the lobby of Building Ten of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A drift of sorts was being displayed, including a clip in which a Midwestern university athlete, clad in a jumpsuit, illustrated the vigor implied by the amputating of a particular brand of little cigars. Several cardboard boxes carried “Free Sample” signs, as did a young woman costumed as Miss America and labelled “king of a particular brand of little cigars.” Several offices. They had not been seen. It was 12:15.

Well Addledman, a Midwestern university athlete, clad in a jumpsuit, had groaned Addledman.

The table contained a selection of wares from Copulation Hackling Associates of North Carolina. There were no active files in either President HoJo’s or the outgoing Corporation Chairman, Jim Killagain.

THE FACULTY knew nothing, as usual, even if they had it would have made no difference. At 2:30 PM the delegation carrying the pipe-like object ceased the hall to the men’s room. They were not observed. Inside the room their leader, a corpulent ex-vice presidential running mate of George Wallace who had once received the following placcatory letter from HoJo:

L had been an uncertain morning on Teakwood Row. HoJo’s gelastic principal pseudopod, Constantine Slimonides, had beard cackling laughter emanating from the men’s room opposite the office of the outgoing Corporation Chairman, Jim Killagain. Investigating, he discovered Dean for Student Affairs John D. Swinehart, Associate Provost Institute Gray, Faculty Chairman P.T. Martin and others, clustered around a conference table. HoJo, who presided, explained to the latecomers Slimonides that the meeting was taking place in the men’s room because the President’s office had been hijacked. Coke, deposited by rampaging hippies during the January occupation a year previous had rendered the room unbearable.

The quality of life, he confided to Addledman, was an elusive factor. Only bit by bit, he said, could feeling do that. He had no need to relieve himself. Swinehart volunteered to summon Weasel. He was about to leave when Addledman snorted. The force of the blast blew out the grating, and Addledman rolled out of the duct, fell to the floor, and collapsed in a heap, croaking, “Coke. Coke.”

“Coke,” Slimonides’ face fell. HoJo sat in it. There was a rather horrid silence. HoJo began to speak, then stopped. There was a long pause.

Rosenblatter, a few feet down the table, watched a journalist friend who would buy him Coke.

THE GRIM MEN around the hastily erected table in the john did not know it, but they were being observed through a grating high up in the wall of the men’s room. The sight previous, former UAPig Well Addledman (aka The Purple Pimpernel), his mind at last destroyed by years of addiction to Coca-Cola and greedy student politics, had crawled into one of the Institute’s massive ventilating ducts, hoping to there perish in the superheated exhaust from the executive suite. By chance, good or bad, he instead gropped his way toward the men’s room, where he fell asleep, only to be awakened by the polysyllables of bureaucrats resonating in his tortured eardrums.

Swinehart volunteered to summon Weasel. He was about to leave when Addledman snorted. The force of the blast blew out the grating, and Addledman rolled out of the duct, fell to the floor, and collapsed in a heap, croaking, “Coke. Coke.”

There had been a lot going with you students, HoJo finally said. Why have you gone off on your own and done something like this?

Coke, groaned Addledman.

Swinehart was sent off to locate twelve ounces of the life-giving liquid. Before giving it to Addledman the bureaucrats demanded he carry the message to Weasel, whose liberal politics would surely not ignore a request tendered by a student. Addledman gulped. Welcome to the big time, Wadddley drewled.

H O J O explained the purpose. Weasel, he said, had been given rein long enough. The Corporation wanted him under control. A delegation from the top management (for HoJo himself was, in a way, a figurehead) was soon to arrive. A diversion — the demonstration — had been arranged. No one would observe the team’s arrival. The only problem would be getting Weasel into the meeting. HoJo had decided to appeal to Weasel’s liberal passions; he wanted to dispatch P.T. Martin to Weasel’s office with a message summoning the newly-inaugurated president to a caucus that would endorse George McGovern for President of the United States. On the way, Martin would claim the need to relieve himself, and enter the men’s room, with Weasel in his wake.

P.T., said HoJo, of course you’ll do this. (HoJo cannot remember the incident)

No, replied Martin, it was not appropriate that he do that. He had no need to relieve himself.

THE FACULTY knew nothing, as usual, even if they had it would have made no difference. At 2:30 PM the delegation carrying the pipe-like object ceased the hall to the men’s room. They were not observed. Inside the room their leader, a corpulent ex-vice presidential running mate of George Wallace who had once received the following placcatory letter from HoJo:

I am of course deeply sorry that you have come to the conclusions you have expressed in your recent letter to me. I think that you would find that the loyalty of MIT amateurs and faculty to this country is at the same high level it has always been. You should be aware that the level of research and support of US government aims carried on

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**Arts heads: banal repetitive?**

By F. St. John

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. And I think it was Barnes in the Sunday Times that said: "What a fine music industry we've got, and I think he could have said it no better than that.

Seldom have I ever seen a movie. Which moved me more than the names of the artists, my line of sight? One can't be sure, but in a theater this size, every thing that distracts from the boredom on the screen is helpful.

The soundtrack (originally 44 min. with a B-side) is specifically adapted to shoot color film and most synchronous sound) was, as is usual for me, good enough for me. The editor's marks (which should have left on the film, and the incidental piece of countdown leader did not detract from the plot. But then, one cannot be too pickle about these small faults. Especially if one wishes to continue to get free tickets to films in this town. At a loss, the New England Ripoff on this film could be put to better use igniting old copies of The Daily Reamer and Thursday Green-our. Films like this, as the old say, should let sleeping dogs lie.

This refers mainly to the former, and it is that track goes anywhere. With a steady hand this reviewer. It might be interesting to follow the trial of the man who, upon seeing the opening night premiere of this film, did the shooting. I for one, do not care to dwell on personal matters of the mind, in any case, a nut is a nut.

This bomb, this turkeys, this unmitigated insult to the celluloid which was wasted in its shooting, may set the motion picture industry back 100 years. A director of taste and perception would burn the negative and every print. (As a matter of fact, unless it was merely an art film, it is an uncom- 
celous attempt was made to burn up the print being shown in Boston.) As it is, the only thing which gets burned is the audi-

On the other hand, this movie did have some redeeming fea-
tures. It is being shown in a very nice theatre, and some of the performances are outstanding. Most of the cast managed the rare and difficult feat of simulta-
neously irritating a tree while speaking in a monotone for a total of 90 minutes. This moved the audience to the unbend-locked feel of simultaneous revol. But I would strongly recommend that all of you see this film. It might be one of the ten best of 1972, and is certainly the best movie around now.

**belles lettres: Tiredflag: written out?**

By Rabbi Churl

Mr. Tiredflag's latest letter (apparently works with an almost preternatural (albeit mos-
dal) sense of the ultimate abolition of the human organism. This is not to say that it is not a film. For it might have been, into the dark, the laboratories and aesthetically unmitigated soundtracks that comprise the col-
lective mental martial of Middle America; to the contrary, it is (and I say this unreliably) forming a mythopoeic, sensual, gnostic flora that would have the Dave to inhibit the intestinal track of a large lone latter-day Pygmalion who, in Matisse, Tiredflag becomes mythography, represents the Orig-
inal Sin of statutory rape.

The sensitive reader will have no doubt fail to overlook the con-
voluted passages midway in the foresees of metaphorical yarn that he weaves to conceal him-
self. Yet there is nothing but slime and smelly pubic hair on our Faire Earthes. Perhaps this is inarticulate that Mother Institute should spew him forth in one of her periodic exces-
ses knows euphemistically as "graduation." Perhaps it was his fault, for not divining this rite. In the least, he was responsible for the landscape gas, and is greatly to be missed.

**Revolution: Woodstock**

Revolution Simoidmes and the Blankets (MIT Press).

Along with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Simoidmes probably holds the record for the most ex-
tensive and devastating personnel changes. HoJo has long since departed to run pool halls in Minneapolis; that old gang of his have each gone off in a corner to form their own groups and commit unnatural acts.

Some of these acts will be appearing in Boston soon, and if they come up with free tickets, we'll blow them . . . .

Simoidmes seems to be on the right musical track this time, what with his recent series of high points of the late 1960's. From "Foolin' around, this mythogeny, represents the Origi-

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**Shaft**

By J. R. Allen

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### Headline

**Count: still short**

**By Guy Laird**

Professorial Assistant Coach Martin Benjamin retired today after twenty-three years as head coach of the varsity hockey and lacrosse teams. Although his lacrosse teams were generally successful, the hockey teams have yet to meet with success, Benjamins claimed. "Well, maybe I'll finally have a chance to learn how to use these things," Of course, he was kidding in his inimitable fashion; as everyone knows, he already knows how to sell tell time.

Benjamin then went into a short three-hour monologue about his favorite moments of coaching at MIT, punctuating his comments with an occasional hiccup. He then disclosed plans for a forthcoming book, to be called, "Hit 'em At the Blue Line," or, alternately, "Coach, I Tried." Receipts will be used to finance several lawsuits still pending from the unfortunate accident of the 1970 season, in which three players suffered facial burns resulting from an explosion which allegedly occurred when Coach Benjamin lit a cigarette in a confined area, and the fumes ignited.

In recent years, the quality of MIT sports, and hockey in particular, has decreased notably. A decade ago, MIT was scheduling teams like Harvard and BU; only two weeks ago, the varsity lost a 9–0 decision to the Connecticut School for the Blind. Apparently the lack of vision helped the blind pucksters as half of their passes went to the intended receiver and half went to the opposing Beaver wings. All of MIT's passes found their way directly onto the sticks of the other team.

Coach Benjamin has been drilling the team on basics like not checking teammates, shooting the puck past the other goalies, batting with the stick in one's hands instead of wedged into some other part of one's anatomy, and tying lace skates. These efforts have borne fruit as was evidenced during recent games.

Against Nickels Academy, the team allowed only one goal in the process of changing on the fly. Only nine of the players coming on the ice had properly laced their skates while the third had not. He tripped.

Next week, the team will begin practice on checking opponents instead of teammates.

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### Things your mother wouldn't tell you...

**By Mitchell Tinfoil**

It is probably The Daily Reamer that popularized the use of ridiculous pseudonyms, or unassuming, poorly written titles written by one staff member about another. All of which has nothing to do with the release of A Factulte Deilt of MIT, a mammoth collection of thinly veiled administration lies, gathered together too late to be of use to the MIT Commission, under whose aegis it was conceived. Now it is possible to judge oneself on MIT's vital statistics for the first time. The following is a sampling from the Deilt.

Since 1960, the division of professional staff between 50% competent, 50% incompetent, and 9% unable to find 26–100 has remained about constant. Before 1960, the percentage of students learning anything declined, as did MIT's commitment to undergraduate education (in inverse proportion to the tuition charged). The fall was at the expense of the students, who only provided 20.2% of the income at that time anyway. Through the 28 years since 1948 (the era of MIT's imperial expansion) the ratio of state interest remained almost constant at 90% research, 10% money and 5% teaching. Almost all professors taught at the 5% level.

The Deilt's numbers show that only the Chemistry Department takes its teaching responsibilities seriously; full Chemistry professors spend 74% more of their time teaching chemistry than do professors in any other department. Such departments as XVIII and VIII devote a constant proportion of professors to teaching, no matter how ranked. As of spring, 1970, 494% of all MIT professors were given the first degree by the Institute. Only 5% recovered.

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### Nothing a paper bag wouldn't fix

**By Seldom Careatall**

We at Dropper have already demonstrated our ability to tackle domestic projects. Our Civil Disturbance Control System (CDCS) has proved so effective in reducing demonstrations over the past two years that the Army has been able to lease all of its Mark X/XXVII-D Quadraped Shitkickers to HUD, where they are hastening the demolition of urban slum areas.

Defense contracts are in short supply these days, so we're finding ourselves with a lot of down time on our hands. Time that could be yours. How about it? No doubt your company or police department has a problem that can be solved with Dropper technology.

The Dropper team is ready to research for you, but hurry, time-sharing is limited. Act now! Fifty million will get you our entire research team for a full year; fifty thousand buys us for the night.

Address requests to: Dropper Labs, 68 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Ask for Chuck!
Minazian scores thrice!!!

By Wasserman, Loveletter

The butt trick – three scores in one night by one person – is an extreme rarity in the annals of MIT sport, where three scores per night is a respectable team effort. Thus there was good cause for jubilation Sunday morning at the DU house when Nakr Minazian '72 limped into port after a triumphant night on the Boston-Cambridge cruising circuit.

Minazian began his rally late Friday afternoon in the office of the Dean for Student Affairs, where he received several affairs from Dean Dick Sorry-on. After fortifying himself with a nourishing Twenty Chimenys "training table" dinner of high-carbohydrate french fries and singed raw hamburger, washed down with copious draughts of Gatorade, Minazian proceeded 'tion's refusal to divert funds, off Stuart Street, hung over and down with copious draughts of piece scoring the administration. He awoke at dawn in an alley singed raw hamburger, washed -- He began, writing a critical score of the night.

Fortifying himself with a nour- tor of

Twenty Chimneys, down at a typewriter to corn- and a fortune-telling establish---I

where he received several affairs out, and returned briefly to MIT. On the steam. Citting a blazing

burden of another student's tuition.

do the deed in the privacy of

Brass Rat Abortino

Nocturnal Aviation announces its new enterprise

Brass Rat Abortion

Referral Service

Now there is no need to make that journey to NYC – have our well-trained staff of Course XX majors do the deed in the privacy of your own bedroom. In addition to the expected "education" you get the satisfaction of knowing that you've helped ease the crushing burden of another student's tuition.

"Run by Tech tools for Tech fools"

Call 886-6900 extension 4969 and ask Gene Paul for details.

By T.L. Brown

Pie See '74, MIT's highly-touted sophomore trivet, lost a rear phalange in an accident during a practice session Monday. The mishap occurred when teammate Don Izy '72 attempted to assist Seez in sliding onto the table. "It" caused Seez to come to an exact anng that he landed with a severe impact. The joint caused a complete separa- tion of the joint. Despite the injury Seez has not missed a play this year. According to coach Byron Grunch, the only evidence of the injury is a broad scar, though Seez still lacks "a green around the gilt." This is expected to disappear soon. Seez now plays with only two of his original four phalanges, as this is his second dismember- ment. A childhood exposure to an overdose of rhetoric caused the first incident. Attempts to restore the appendage resulted in seriously weakening it, and it gave out under the pressure of the full spaces.

"Many in the MIT sports world had, at the time, doubted that Seez could make it with only three phalanges, and he has amazed his performance so far, Grunch says he is holding up very well under the heat and pressure and there has been no noticeable decline in his performance. Next scores, how- ever, note that Seez has not yet been called upon to handle any of the big plays. They feel that the loss of range and dexterity he has suffered will keep him from developing into one of the all-time greats.

Before his accident, many people were calling him the best trivet at MIT since the great Az Grunch; the only one of the all-time greats. A childhood exposure to an overdose of rhetoric caused the first incident. Attempts to restore the appendage resulted in seriously weakening it, and it gave out under the pressure of the full spaces.

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