

Hanham gets nod as Humanities dean

By Lee Giguere and Paul Schindler

Professor of History Harold Hanham of Harvard received the approval of the Executive Committee of the Corporation Friday as the Dean-designate of the School of Humanities and Social Science. He must still be approved by the full corporation at its next meeting on October 6.

Hanham will succeed Dean Robert Bishop, who is leaving the post he has held for eight years to return to research and teaching in the field of economics.

Bishop, however, will stay on the job until the spring, when Hanham will return from a Guggenheim Traveling Fellowship.

"The feeling of having been on the job for eight years", Bishop told *The Tech*, coupled with problems in the Department of Humanities which he felt he as a social scientist had "neither the understanding nor the interest" to deal with led him to his decision to leave the Dean's post.

A native of Auckland, New Zealand, where he lived until he was 22, Hanham comes to MIT by way of the University of Manchester, England, and Harvard University. Although he

was interested in science while in high school, Hanham received his college degrees in History, and also has a strong background in English and French.

Questioned about the problems in the School of Humanities and Social Science (which includes the Departments of Economics, Foreign Literatures and Linguistics, Humanities, Philosophy, Political Science and Psychology), Hanham put them in perspective by pointing out that the difficulties of what he termed a "small liberal arts college at MIT" are "nothing compared to [the problems] small liberal arts colleges have."

Hanham told *The Tech* that he had been briefed on MIT's tight money problem, and that he expected to be able to live within his budget; but that he might try to take some advantage of the traditional "honeymoon" period which a new dean usually experiences. He has been examining his prerogatives for the last few months, while working out of Provost Walter Rosenblith's office in preparation for his new job.

Hanham expressed his view that it would be easier to start new programs and new initiatives on a shoestring rather than look for the money to keep them going. "Times are not good for a substantial increase in our endowment," he noted, so not much effort will be spent looking for that kind of money. High priority will be attached to fund raising (a function of his office



Photo by Dave Tenenbaum

which Hanham feels he is qualified for) for specific programs. "I might not even respond to a general appeal myself."

Hanham was asked if Dr. Wiesner's well known humanistic tendencies might get his school special treatment by the central administration. "I almost hope not," said the new dean. "I do not want to start out on a special favor basis."

Turning to problems within the Department of Humanities itself, Hanham pointed out the process of widening the freshmen offerings has already begun. As far as further changes were concerned, he noted that his tendency in approaching problems is to work on them piecemeal. He went on to explain that in order to attract student interest, "you've got to demonstrate

that you've got something to give them that they actually want." Further, Hanham argued that "students have to go away with the idea that they have learned something," simply offering gut courses is no solution, he implied. "If you make the courses easier, people lose what little respect they had. The process tends to become a vicious circle."

Hanham also had other ideas on how to make required courses palatable, prefaced by remark that, in general "conscripts cause trouble." He noted that better courses, perhaps even rare and unusual instructors might be the answer. "One solution is that rare man, really a mythical figure almost, who can teach a course that everyone likes and from which everyone learns." Asked if he knew of or could attract such a professor to the Institute, the new dean was noncommittal, but said, "It would be nice to do so."

Hanham was generally optimistic about overcoming the alleged antipathy of MIT students to the humanities; he explained that in ten years of teaching at the University of Manchester, where "a large proportion of the students behaved as if they were being educated against their will," he had learned to overcome such antagonism on the part of his own students.

Another sort of antipathy that Hanham commented on is the disapproval by much of the community of any student who becomes disenchanted with science or engineering and goes into the humanities or social sciences. He noted that a switch to liberal arts from science and engineering is very common. (Hanham himself specialized in science in high school, but was unable to progress in mathematics and so became a liberal arts student in college.) At Harvard, for example, about 25% of the students who begin in science and engineering end up in humanities. Hanham asserted that MIT humanities students should not be looked upon as "second-class citizens."

On the issue of minority students (primarily blacks and women), Hanham commented that he felt it would be wiser for blacks "to go to a predominantly liberal arts school" if that was where their interest lay. He saw the situation for women as being quite different, however. Hanham said that MIT's School of Humanities and Social Science would be "better for more women." In particular,

he suggested that they would help develop the humanistic side of the Institute.

Hanham predicted that the addition of graduate students would be a natural direction for the Department of Humanities to grow. (The Department remains the only one in the School without a graduate program.) However, he noted that the present situation at MIT and the country at large is "a long way from the optimal conditions" for the initiation of a new graduate program. There is, he continued, no demand for Ph.D.'s in the humanities. At the outset, Hanham mentioned the possibility of developing a program in the history of technology, a "natural" for MIT; he suggested that such a program might start with post-doctoral students rather than graduate and post-graduate students.

When asked about the issue of whether MIT's liberal arts staff should move in the direction of increased professionalization, Hanham replied that from his vantage point as a relative outsider it is "peculiar that there hasn't been more professionalization." He went on to note that the Department of Humanities lacks a coherent core.

Hanham was extremely reluctant to let the question of professionalization be reduced to a simple matter of scholarly research versus teaching. He commented that it's not normally true that people can teach without also having other [research] interest. Faculty, he continued, should combine a commitment to teaching with a special interest. In fact, Hanham stated, in a first-rate academic institution people need to be both scholars and teachers. The development of a really professional department does not have to go in the direction of "fossilization" Hanham maintained.

On the specific issue of the case of Assistant Professor of Philosophy John Graves, Hanham, again referring to himself as an outsider, saw two principles "meeting head-on": 1) that the department should only have people in it whom the philosophers consider good and 2) that it should have people who are good teachers and have a commitment to the institution. Hanham noted that the new Department of Philosophy has a good reputation outside MIT, and commented that when a university sets up a new department, it should give the department a chance to develop. He set the time required for a new

(Please turn to page 2)

In the issue of September 12, 1972, David Green's credit line was inadvertently omitted from the R/O Week photo essay. Chris Cullen's credit was left off last Friday's page one picture of the Killian award presentation.

Faculty hears budget plans

By Drew Jaglom

At a faculty meeting attended by about 75 people last Wednesday, Chancellor Paul Gray painted a picture that has not been seen around MIT for several years: that of an optimistic financial forecast.

Gray stated that the total demand for unrestricted funds, or "operating deficit," for fiscal year 1972, which originally had been predicted as \$6.4 million, was actually only \$2.9 million. The 1971 figure, for comparison, was \$5.4 million; the budgeted 1973 figure is \$2.9 million. It should be noted that these figures are not actual deficits, but a demand for unrestricted funds; there was sufficient operating income to cover the operating deficit.

Last May the operating deficit was projected as \$4.6 million, and a reduction to \$4 million could be seen. The additional \$1.1 million reduction was attributable to two major factors. First, the amount of unexpended funds, or money budgeted but not spent, was up substantially, from an expected \$5 million to \$1.5 million. Of that additional \$1 million, \$600,000 benefits MIT, and \$400,000 goes to the federal government for recovery of overhead.

The second major factor was a "one-time windfall" due to the completion of negotiations with the federal government for the recovery of overhead for the three budget years through 1971. Usually the process takes much longer, and in this case the negotiations resulted in a more

favorable settlement than had been expected, thus providing the other major component of the operating deficit reduction.

In addition, the Institute's unrestricted income was up at year's end due to four large bequests from the estates of alumni. Part of this money will be used for the renovation of Ashdown House, and part to set up several endowment funds of \$750,000 each.

Gray did, however, have some bad financial news to report. The impact of the divestment of the Draper Labs, which President Jerome Wiesner had earlier stated would be complete by July 1, 1973, would be about \$2 million in 1974, although it is hoped that this would drop to \$1 million in the following few years. Gray also cited the inflationary rises of expenses as contributing to the "bad news" side of the financial picture.

Gray then gave a progress report on MIT's Equal Opportunity Program. He stated that a plan was being prepared for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for October. Giving the current statistics on the program, Gray said that there were currently twelve black professors on the faculty with ranks of assistant professor or above, out of a targeted thirty-two. The total academic staff includes twenty-two blacks and fifty-two women. In addition, all departments are required to have made a satisfactory search for minority and women candidates before approval of appointments is

granted.

Earlier in the meeting Wiesner had given the current undergraduate enrollment figures. The freshman class had increased in size by 50 to about 1050, 25 more than the admissions office had expected. The sophomore class was up 28 to 1075, and the junior class up two to 950. Only the senior class has dropped in size, and the decrease was significant: down 167 to 975. Wiesner speculated that this might be due to a change in draft laws.

Dean of the Graduate School Irwin Sizer gave the graduate enrollment statistics. The total graduate enrollment was down 50 to 3200, 950 of whom are new students. The decrease is less than the average drop of 8% at the top 20 universities. Of the 3200, 100 are minority students, 300 are women, and 850 are foreign students from about 70 different countries.

Sizer suggested that the drop in enrollment could be due to a sharp decrease in federal support; the number of federal fellowships has dropped from 700 to less than 300 in the last four years.

Progress is being made on the fraternities collaborative and on the design of a new chemical engineering building, Wiesner continued, and the Institute is seeking financial support for the construction of new dormitories.

The meeting completed its scheduled business at 4:10 pm, less than an hour after it started, and adjourned shortly thereafter, due to a lack of new business.

Hanham humanities dean

(Continued from page 1)

department to prove itself at five years, and added his own prediction that given that much time MIT would get a "high-grade department" in philosophy.

As Dean of Humanities and Social Science, Hanham will be presiding over those departments that most rely on library material for their research. Questioned about the adequacy of source libraries at MIT, Hanham opened his comments by noting that the Boston area already has one major research library - the Widener Library at Harvard. He added that he wasn't sure if it was financially possible for all the colleges in the area to have

really good libraries and suggested instead that they turn to cooperation to ease their book acquisition and storage problems. No school in the area, he noted, "not even Harvard," has the money to keep its libraries up to date. Instead, Hanham raised the possibility of Boston area schools pooling their resources by means of a system of specialization, making each school responsible for exhaustive acquisitions in only certain areas rather than having all the colleges in the area duplicating each others' efforts.

Hanham was also asked if he thought he might be able to attract new talent to MIT. He

was uncertain of his personal drawing ability, but did add that he hoped to change MIT's current image, which he described as one where "most of the humanities people who are any good leave."

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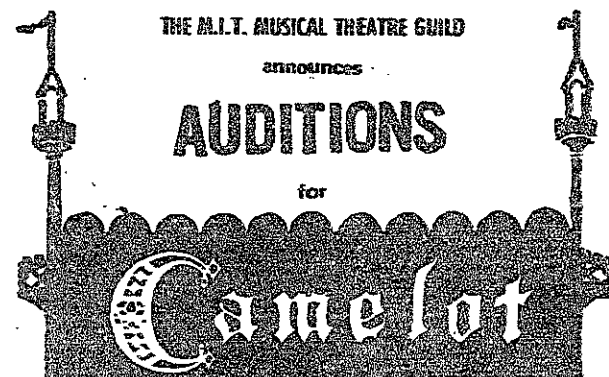
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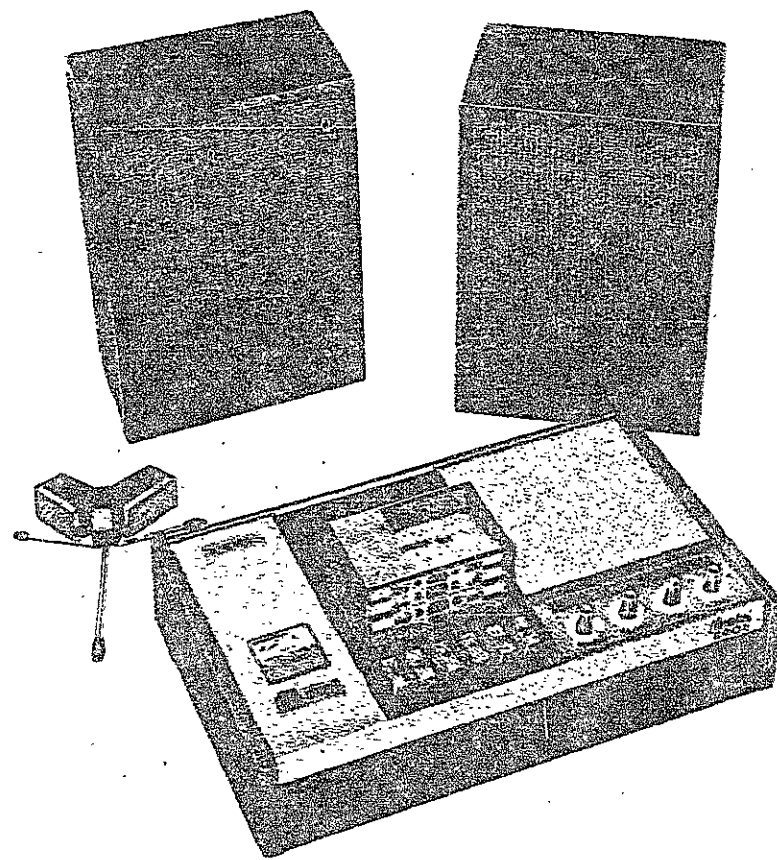
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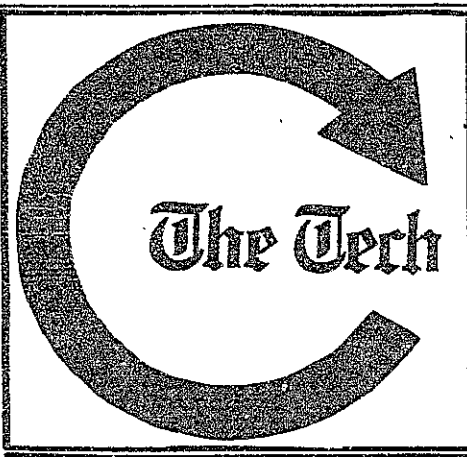
MIT sought woman dean

By Lee Giguere
 MIT, while looking for a new dean for the School of Humanities and Social Science, sought female candidates and offered the job to at least one MIT faculty member before settling on Harvard Professor of History Harold Hanham as the new dean. According to Professor of Foreign Literature Morris Halle, chairman of the School's search committee, both President Jerome B. Wiesner and Provost Walter A. Rosenblith wanted a woman for the job, but Halle explained that no woman with enough experience could be found who was willing to take on the job, although several qualified female candidates were located. (MIT's eagerness to appoint a woman to the post may be tied to pressure from the

Department of Health, Education and Welfare to hire more women.)
 The same dearth of qualified, interested candidates among black scholars also stymied the committee, although Halle admitted that efforts in that direction were not as strenuous as they had been in the search for a woman.
 Rosenblith told *The Tech* that the dean's post was offered to someone within MIT, but declined to say whom. Reportedly, this person was Professor of Economics Robert M. Solow.
 The search committee, which first met last December and continued to work until the beginning of the summer, never set up any formal procedures for its work, according to Halle. The

names of possible candidates were generally received from friends of the committee members, Halle noted. No formal requirements were set for the job, although Halle reported that the committee had two general guidelines: 1) the new dean should be a person who had stature as a scholar in his own field, and 2) he should have experience as a teacher.
 Questioned about the comparative weights given to research and teaching, Halle stated that scholarship was considered a necessary, but not sufficient qualification. He noted that the committee "spent a lot of time discussing ideas about undergraduate education with the candidates." He also said that people from schools that are primarily undergraduate institu-

tions were considered for the post, adding that it was only a coincident that a Harvard professor was chosen.
 Likely candidates, according to Halle, were invited to come to MIT, where meetings with faculty and students were arranged. Halle noted that there was an effort to have the candidates meet "non-establishment types."
 Questioned about the lack of publicity of the search, Halle replied that he neither made the search secret nor announced it. Inquiries about charges that the search was conducted rather sloppily were answered by Halle with the claim that the committee did a reasonable job and came up with a reasonable candidate. In short, Halle argued that a more thorough canvass of possible candidates would have been extremely difficult, and in all likelihood would have missed some good people anyway.



Tropical Fish?

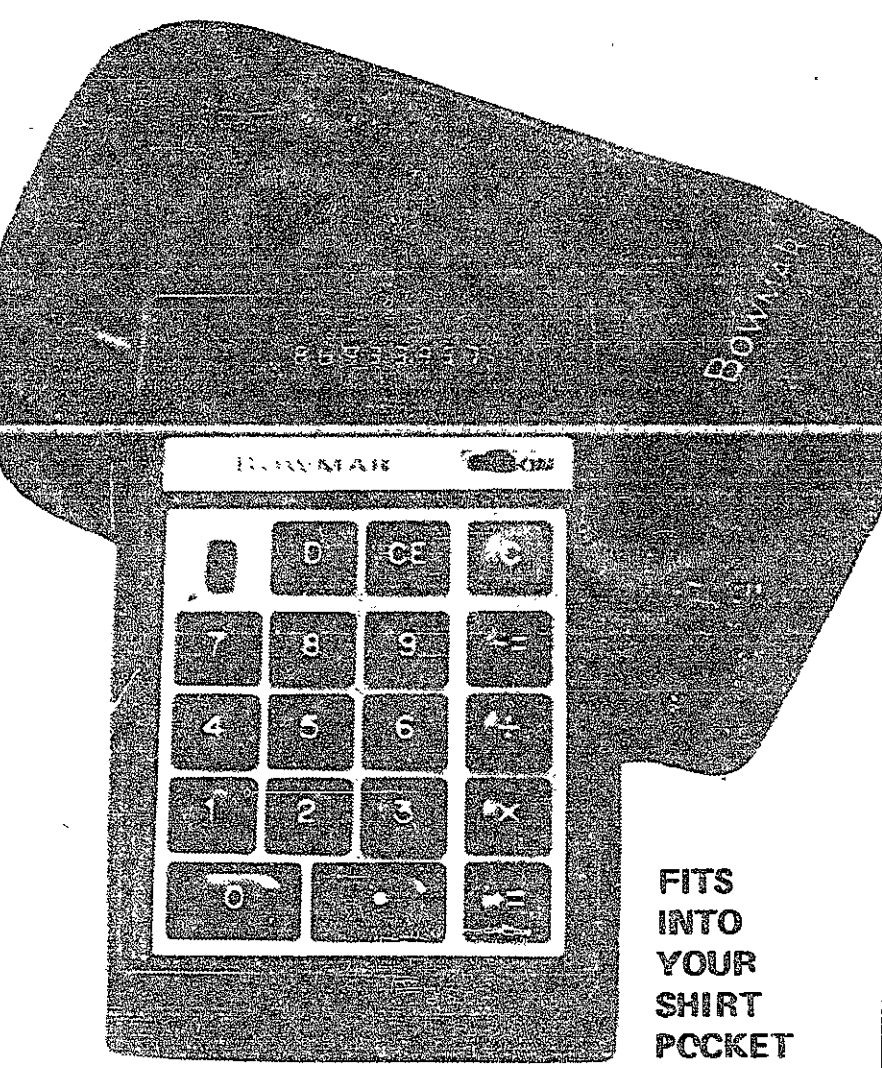
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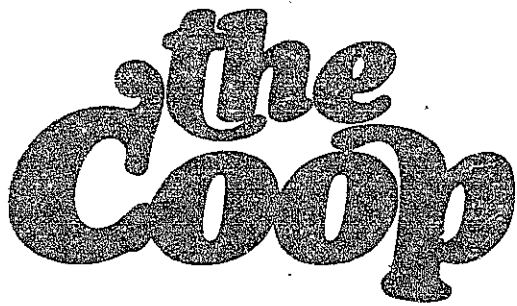
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Openness or secrecy: whose decision

By Lee Giguere

Optimistic and enthusiastic, the new Dean-designate of the School of Humanities and Social Science, Harold Hanham, appears to be the sort of man who will be likely to leave his mark on the School. However, it is much too early to say more than this about Hanham's prospects of success or failure at MIT; it is not too early, though, to discuss the process through which Hanham was selected for the job.

According to Dean Robert Bishop, whose decision to return to research and teaching in his chosen field of economics was something of an open secret at MIT last year, the search for a new dean was quickly turned over to a search committee headed by Professor of Foreign Literature Morris Halle. Halle, along with Professor of Philosophy James Thomson, Professor of History Richard Douglas, Professor of Economics Robert Solow and Assistant Professor of Political Science Suzanne Berger, apparently conducted the search in a very informal manner. No formal announcement was ever made that the School was seeking a new Dean, and no attempt was made to thoroughly canvass the School's faculty, at least as far as Halle indicated in an interview with *The Tech*.

Instead, the committee received "suggestions from friends," and proceeded to weed through the list (numbering several dozen) using rather intuitive criteria: Halle implied that the committee was simply looking for someone it felt would be good for the job. The only "rule" that appears to have been formulated by the group was that they "wanted someone who people would feel comfortable appointing as a professor."

Whenever a prospective candidate was invited to MIT for an interview, Halle explained, a meeting was set up between the candidate and a group of faculty and students from the School. How were these people, people who formed the microcosm in which prospective deans would be tested, chosen? Each member of the search committee, Halle explained, would simply invite faculty and students of his acquaintance in the department to whatever sort of meeting had been arranged. Apparently, whoever happened to

be around at the right moment got the nod to meet the candidate.

In spite of the assertions of both Halle and Provost Walter A. Rosenblith that the search was not conducted in secret, a number of students in the Department of Humanities, including literature students who were involved in efforts to gain a voice in that section's hiring process, knew nothing about the search for a new dean and had never, to their knowledge, met with a candidate. Apparently, they weren't hanging around the right offices.

When pressed to comment on the thoroughness of the search, Halle responded that he felt the committee had done a reasonable job. Further, he argued that, at any rate, a truly thoroughgoing search would have been impossible. He likened the search to the process of accepting graduate students: Of a given number of applicants, some proportion can be rejected outright - they simply lack the qualifications for admittance. For the remainder, however, the task of weeding is not so simple; they may all be qualified for acceptance. Choosing among these people is a difficult task, Halle implied, and in fact, it may make little difference what is done to sort among the qualified applicants - some good candidates are sure to be rejected.

The most striking fact about the search though, was that it was conducted in relative obscurity. Someone, at some point in the process, chose not to announce the departure of Dean Bishop, and not to open up the search for his successor to the Institute community in general.

This is not to say that the name of every candidate should have been announced to the Institute community for public discussion, or that every candidate should have been subjected to a public grilling before the community. The selection of an academic dean certainly should be, if it is not already, a far more subtle process. But the majority of the MIT faculty should have been given the chance, which it seems they were not, of bringing to the attention of the committee the names of possible candidates.

(In response to questions about the openness of the selection process, Rosen-

blith noted that in general the faculty didn't have many suggestions. Conversation with Halle, however, seems to indicate that most faculty members were never asked to make a suggestion to the committee. Of course, one can argue that they were never told not to either.)

Whose decision was it to conduct the search in such a relatively closed manner? Halle asserts that he never made a decision to keep the search a secret or to announce it - he simply conducted the process without any effort to make its existence known to the wider MIT community. The decision to announce the search, he seemed to think, was the business of the President or Provost's office.

Rosenblith, of course, denies any effort to keep anything about the search secret. He too simply chose not to announce anything. Claiming that the resignation of Bishop was public knowledge, he made no effort to publicize it. (In fact, the "publicness" of Bishop's resignation is disputable - this writer attended nearly all of last term's faculty meetings and was in contact with faculty, but never heard mention of Bishop's departure until very late in the term. Of the search for a new dean, nothing was heard.)

It would be simple to dismiss this apparent lack of public notice by saying that the student press, for example, simply missed the story because of its own shortcomings. Perhaps this is true, but there are other factors which suggest that the Wiesner-Gray administration eschews public announcements and public discussions of its deliberations, preferring more secretive, informal processes.

The first and most obvious example of the administration's secretive nature was the selection and appointment of Dr. Carola Eisenberg as Dean for Student Affairs. While the grapevine filled with wild rumors about certain factions seeking Dean J. Daniel Nyhart's ouster, the administration sat tight, finally announcing Eisenberg's appointment without any forewarning at all.

It might be possible to make a case against any large scale involvement of students in the selection of an academic dean, but in the case of the Dean for

Student Affairs, such an exclusion seems quite another matter. If indeed the Dean is to serve as a go-between for students and the administration, her appointment should be more of a joint effort. The fact of the matter was, though, that the administration saw otherwise, and chose to make its decision in relative seclusion.

A second case, and one whose applicability is less certain, is the supposedly ongoing search for a Dean for the Undergraduate Program. Since the faculty "approved" the post last spring, little mention has been made of possible candidates and no effort appears to have been made by the administration to obtain the assistance and participation of most of the community. (Even the request for faculty approval of the new post seemed a formal gesture - President Jerome Wiesner admitted to the faculty that if they failed to approve the creation of the post, the job would be filled anyway - only the title would be different.)

The evidence, then, points in the direction of increasing (or would it be more accurate to say continued?) secretiveness on the part of the top administration in its decision making. To say that there is no difference between determined secrecy and the simple decision not to announce important proposed changes in the administration is a patent lie - one that has been exposed countless times by modern political commentators. The sort of informal process described by Halle - a matter of friends talking with friends - may once have been an acceptable way of administering an academic community. But that is no longer true. MIT is too large for such informal methods to be effective and at the same time fair to all members of the MIT community.

Letters to *The Tech*

Financial Aid

To the editor:

Paul Schindler's article on financial aid (Friday, Sept. 8) points out very clearly what those of us who have worked in financial aid realize, namely, that the whole subject is complex and not easily comprehended in its entirety. Complicating the issue is the fact that aid practice is built on a variety of often-conflicting societal and institutional values which change over time. The apparently contradictory attitudes toward student independence and parental financial support are but two examples of the multiple themes running through the history of financial aid.

Paul closed his article with several questions which may be the relevant ones, but I would suggest some others that are at least prerequisite: Who should pay the cost of private higher education (e.g., parents, students, taxpayers, private industry, etc.)? In what proportion (as a function of status, earnings, type of work, etc.)? When (pay-as-you-go, pay-as-you-earn, etc.)? How (through the student, the institution, at the government's discretion, etc.)? What does equal opportunity really mean? These are some of the hard questions that financial aid officers and many others inside and outside of educational institutions are continually

THE WIZARD OF ID

trying to answer, so far without lasting consensus.

It is also unfortunate that Paul has mistakenly confused the attitudes of the Financial Aid Staff with the complexity and sometime obtuseness of the basic issues. Were he to invest more time in getting to know the individuals and in trying to cope with the variety of problems faced by that office I predict that his perceptions of a "system of bitterness and animosity" would quickly be dispelled.

Peter Buttner
Asst. Dean for Student Affairs
Financial Aid

To the editor:

No doubt your information on voter registration and absentee voting procedures was useful to many people. However, your information seems somewhat dated; you omit registration and voting information for residents of the District of Columbia. Residents of the District have had a limited franchise for several years and should be provided with the same type of information as residents of states.

Perhaps your omission is due to the fact that Clark MacGregor has already conceded Washington to the Democrats and that you and the College National

Republican Committee (the source of your voter information) feel that since the Democrats are fairly sure to take Washington that it is not important for all Washingtonians to vote.

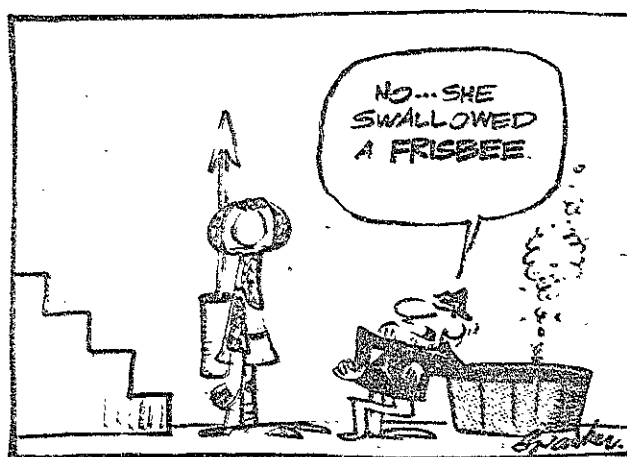
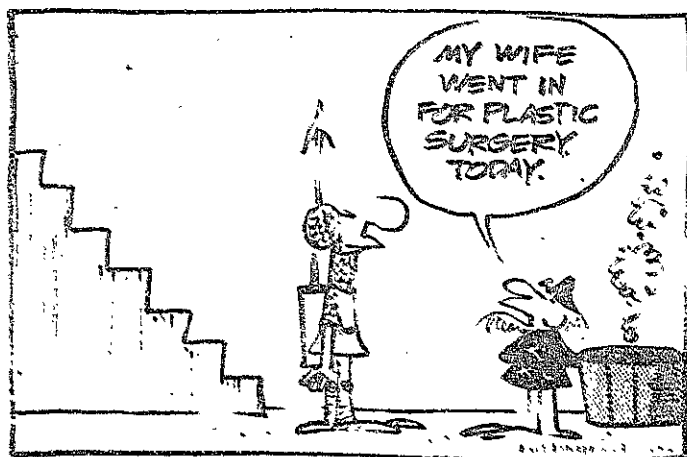
Everyone has something at stake in the upcoming election. Since the President appoints the mayor and the city council of Washington it is not unreasonable to say that Washingtonians have more at stake than many people. It is only by voting in the Presidential election every four years that Washingtonians can say how they want their city run. Of course, the President doesn't have to listen to the people of Washington but the people do have the right to speak out at the polls and it is not for you or the College National Republican Committee to arbitrarily deprive Washingtonians of the relevant election information.

I hope that in a future issue of *The Tech* you will provide the necessary voting information for residents of the District of Columbia.

Mary-Louise Kean

(According to the Student Vote, residents of the District of Columbia can register by mail before October 6, and can apply for absentee ballots by writing to the District of Columbia Board of Elections by October 24. - Editor)

By Brant Parker and Johnny Hart



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the tech arts section

See
it was like this when
we waltz into this place
a couple of Papish cats
is doing an Aztec Two-Step

A barrage of barrooms, taverns, and pool halls assault a stranger on Thames Street. Neon proclaims the supremacy of Budweiser and Schlitz; the smell of the sea mingles with the early evening's drinking. Girls rejected from a level of existence higher than one of prowling to find a sailor with whom to spend the night walk the street; a brawl always seems in the offing for one who stares a little too intently, whose hair is a bit too long. Yet walking a block back towards the heart of Newport transforms a haven for transients and the bored into the once-elegant resort mecca of the East — the home of the music festivals, the millionaires, the America Cup races — all in just the length of a short side street. But even that decayed regality is somehow strangely displaced, strangely incongruous in the remnants of a city that has been left behind by an era that has not been kind. Even as the twilight fades, few cars move, with occupants transfixed by a distance that draws them from the shores of Rhode Island.

Darkness engulfs the area in a menacing shroud, and the gaudy lights and noise of Thames Street offer the only companionship and thin sheltering to be had by a wanderer. In darkness, the drinking has increased, and only a few move to or from one of the refuges for this Thursday evening. The Salt Tavern seems just one bar of all those crammed five, six to a block. But those sitting in what appears a little cleaner, a little neater, a little friendlier tavern barely seem to notice a difference — yet Salt has attempted a change, an adaptation that the others have not. In the midst of recorded Top 40 imitation rock, broken only by an occasional poor, live band, there is this barroom featuring live folk music: a distinct softness, a sensitivity

uncommon in an area recognizable for its callousness, in an area not known for its friendliness to guitar-picking, softly harmonizing types — like a couple of dudes going under that bit of a Lawrence Ferlinghetti poem, calling themselves Aztec Two-Step.

Rex Fowler sits sipping one of what is to be an endless string of wine coolers (which are to take their toll by night's end) off in a corner by the door, appearing more like a male Mona Lisa framed by Marc Bolanesque corkscrew hair than like Maine's only rock 'n' roll star, the patched old jeans and work shirt seeming less appropriate than if on a Harvard Square panhandler. And nervous, bearded, New Yorker Neal Schulman the second Step of the two, peers uneasily out onto Thames Street, mumbles an occasional word to Rex before they both venture out for another night's three sets at what they vow will be their last bar gig, believing anyone with an album out deserves more than an obscure street number in Newport. But that is a shift to future tense, and not their concern for tonight. The PA system is pretty snitty, there well may be an exec from Elektra out there, and a typical night of customers always poses the potential for a shouting match between artist and audience, innumerable spilled drinks, and anything else that would make it rough for anyone to play. It's just a bit more than disconcerting to have to face drunken catcalls when a mike goes dead, and it's worse for someone just starting out.

But tonight would not be just a typical night. Aztec Two-Step began their first set and people kept drinking and spilling and talking, but as the music weaved about, spinning a magically entrancing web, people began to turn and listen



Neal Schulman and Rex Fowler

instead of ignoring the pair on the diminutive stage. Rex's singing lead in his fuzzy voice and playing an acoustic rhythm to Neal's crystalline runs on his Martin and high, tight harmonies hushed that bit of Thames Street, and the talent the two possess shone through that evening's haze of sea air and beer and cigarette smoke and neon light, cutting a swath through Newport's residual noise, and setting off Aztec Two-Step as the best new act to surface on the music scene in one hell of a long time.

Called simply *Aztec Two-Step*, their Elektra disc is a beautiful mixture of Fowler's cryptic lyricism, Schulman's guitarwork, and the assistance of people like Jerry Yester and John Sebastian, Doug Dillard, and Spanky McFarlane producing a simply excellent record. All the songs show the perfect match of Rex and Neal, musically and mentally, as each complements the other. In Newport, as they played through the album without any backing musicians, adding songs by Neil Young and Loudon Wainwright, as well as a few unrecorded originals, the synergism became all the more evident. In either environment, the effect knocks one out.

The best songs seemingly spring from Rex Fowler — his imagery, in fact his whole style, in word and music, shows heavy influences from Neil Young. At least two tunes borrow almost directly, with overtones infiltrating several others. Neal Schulman wrote two of the numbers on *Aztec Two-Step*, but especially in comparison to Fowler's writing, they pale, resembling watercress alongside a sirloin steak. The record opens with the one really commercial concession, a bouncing, coyly male chauvinist tune, "Baking," that seemingly everyone would have rather left off. But it's short, and "Killing Me" soon picks things up. A pristine song, with some excellent acoustic lead work, that traces a crumbling relationship, between lovers who realize too late that they really don't even know each other. The epic of the album, "The Persecution & Restoration of Dean Moriarty (On The Road)" follows with its ultimate observation on society's treatment of those a little different —

One look in his eyes and you know he's unsound

There's no way to faze him cause he's nobody's clown

He's as deep as the sea and equally free That's why I fear him and hate him and wish he were down

It's an all-encompassing narrative, pos-

sibly the *piece de resistance* off *Aztec Two-Step* —

He learned from the road how humanity cries

How society lies, he sees with more than his eyes

Probably my favorite, "The Infidel" paints a picture in surreal images of a man in need of a lover and a friend, but who is tempted and ultimately succumbs to the possibilities of visceral pleasure, only to wind up living a life of hollowness, all of which layered over a dense building background, cut by sparkling guitar runs. The first of Schulman's songs, "So Easy," presents a diversion, driven along by John Sebastian's harmonica, before launching into the classically gorgeous "Prisoner." Beautiful harmonies, words dealing more with an honest eroticism than Atticus, and a speeded-up country-ish ending, complete the first side.

Fowler's cynical and conceding view of aging and the passage of time in "Strangers" opens side two, progressing to mortal combat between Doug Dillard and Jerry Yester on 5- and 6-string banjos in "Almost Apocalypse." In the latter, there appears to be the heaviest references to Neil Young, particularly his "Don't Let It Bring You Down," as Fowler explores the causes of today's brand of omnipresent paranoia. A brief respite in Schulman's "Dancers All," then on to "Cockroach Cacophony." You've got to be good to get away with a song title like that, and Aztec Two-Step pull it off perfectly through Fowler's convoluted tale of desolation, being trapped in a meaningless existence, perhaps from the point of view of a prisoner dreaming and hoping for the outside world, reminiscing on his past. A story of leaving, without a lover who's waiting behind, but heading towards the eventual reuniting is "Highway Song," bringing a superb record to a suitable close.

But just telling of Aztec Two-Step in glowing phrases still doesn't do them justice; what would be a fine album by anyone's standards and a memorable night of music in Newport make me feel that Rex Fowler and Neal Schulman have combined in a musical merger that leaves us all a bit richer. Put away the dreariness of 90% of the new albums and listen to *Aztec Two-Step* — beautiful guitarwork, lyrics that are, for the most part, fine poetry, vocals and harmonies that sound the way so many others *should* sound, and remarkably tasteful production. It is an achievement rare in the barren wasteland that is American folk and rock.

Neal Vitale



Aztec Two-Step

music

The Rolling Stones

Exile on Main Street - The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)

Since *Exile on Main Street* was released over two months ago, I've been watching the reviews. At first they were all pans, pointing out how the better part of the double album was listless, uninspired, repetitious, dismally mixed, slipshod in conception and execution, in short, well below what the public has come to expect from the Stones.

Then, once critics and reviewers had a chance to think about it a while, articles became more favorable. The trick was to dismiss all the record's shortcomings by showing how rich young musicians could beat a meaningful path back to "the roots," get down to the jukeboxes and truckstops, the grime and tears and disillusion, yes, maybe even the fear and hatred out of which the need to sing and jump and boogie up the wall springs eternal. Since I can't read minds, however, I will eschew socio-musical analysis, and treat *Exile* like just another record, which after all, it only is. The Stones might be the most popular band in the world, but they are certainly no longer trendsetters.

The first time I listened to *Exile on Main Street* I was disappointed. My impression was a combination of "So what else is new?" and "My God, that has got to last me till the next Stones album, which could be as far as a year away?" My initial reaction was to write a scathing *caveat emptor* review. The reason was probably the fact that the release is a double album set, and there is barely enough quality material on it for one record, let alone two. Much of *Exile* has the flavor (I use that term advisedly) of *Jamming With Edward*, to wit: monotonous diddling around, where the clear intent is just to have some fun wasting a little time. Whosever idea it was to release the *Edward* tapes, albeit at a \$3.98 list so that most stores could sell it for just over two bucks, must have thought that anything with Mick Jagger's mug on the cover would sell millions, and that fans, in light of the Stones' past triumphs, would overlook a ripoff which would help fatten up the new Rolling Stone label's finances.

The problem, of course, is that whoever he was, he was right; especially in this area, where *Edward* went to number one within weeks. Anyhow, the bulk of *Exile* does emulate the lack of direction and apathetic musicianship that was *Jamming With Edward*. The Stones have become, perhaps only temporarily (but then again you never know these days when "group" is such a loosely conformed-to ideal), a big band a la Traffic, with Bobby Keys, Jim Price, and Nicky Hopkins joining the ranks. About Price: the Stones need a brass section like a fish needs a bicycle, and it seems that wherever there's a blank space, obnoxious horns take over in place of Mick Taylor's searing guitar licks. For example, the album's second single release could have used a double shot of guitar line to bolster its sagging constitution; instead, "Happy's" limp horn riff, after a couple of listenings, renders the song plainly offensive.

Another reason I was so disappointed with *Exile* was a notion which I along with most other Stones fans have which, although false, is the fault of the Stones themselves. That is the notion that the band is going to top themselves each and every time they do a new album. I blame the Stones because that's basically what they've been doing from, say, *Aftermath* on, reaching their peak with *Let It Bleed* and the single that preceded it, "Honky Tonk Women." After that came *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out*, a predictably bad live outing. Then *Sticky Fingers*, a great album but nowhere near the terrible energy and fierce drive of *Let It Bleed*. *Sticky Fingers* was saved by a handful of exceptional songs, saved by the aztec cover, saved by the name "Rolling Stones" on the label. But there's no reason to expect that the Stones, or any band for that matter, can continue in one direction forever, getting better and better. The Stones have stopped doing it, for they seem, on *Exile*, to be content to run the last of the old riffs and ideas solidly into the ground. The record is permeated by a certain

sameness that, after four sides and 20-odd cuts, becomes unbearable. Contrast with *Beggar's Banquet*, which is almost eclectic in its variety of moods and styles. This sameness can be traced to many things, like the simplistic repetition of composition and arrangements, like the loose, relatively unmanipulated performances. *Exile* sounds more like a live album than a studio effort, and while that might be good for some bands, like the Dead or Allman Bros., the Stones live have never compared with the Stones in a recording studio, at least not on record. For example, compare "Sympathy for the Devil" as it first appeared on *Beggar's Banquet* and as it is done on the live *Ya-Ya's*, where the latter has clearly been stripped of the searing beauty and demonic rage of the former.

Apart from redundancy and sloppiness, another discouraging aspect of *Exile* is the blatant lack of country material. Side two is devoted to acoustic pieces, and of the three countryish cuts, only "Sweet Virginia" offers anything very interesting. It would have made a nice single release were it not for the line "Gotta scrape the shit right off your shoes" in the chorus: delightful, but not yet Top 40. But "Sweet Virginia," along with "Loving Cup" and "Torn & Frayed," pales when contrasted with the sassy hillbilly satire of "Dear Doctor," the sardonic rockabilly of "Dead Flowers," of the technical excellence of "Wild Horses," which is hardly distinguishable from the Flying Burrito Bros. version, out long before *Sticky Fingers*.

But, few and far between as they might seem, there are some bright spots on *Exile*. "Turd on the Run" and "Rip This Joint" are marvelous Bill Haley and the Comets take-offs done at break-neck speed, both with Bill Plummer on upright bass. "Rip This Joint" is especially good: Bobby Keys' sax work is perfect, and the lyrics must be something else if they're all like the few that escape through the murky mix:

*Gonna raise hell at the Union Hall
Drive myself right over the wall,
Rip this joint, gonna save your soul
Round and round and round we go*

Unadulterated rock and roll hoochie koo.

Then there's "Rocks Off" and "Soul Survivor," classic Stones stompers in the "Brown Sugar"/"Can't You Hear Me Knocking" tradition; two guaranteed show-stoppers. "All Down the Line" has the faint Chuck Berry sound of which the Stones are so fond, and "Shine a Light" is a washed-out but listenable cop off "You Can't Always Get What you Want." But the jewel of the whole package is "Tumbling Dice," a laid-back rocker with suitably evil lyrics and an uncomplicated yet compelling melody, like one gigantic riff.

All in all, *Exile On Main Street* is an album worth having, for the Rolling Stones can't, it would seem, put out a dud without a couple of tunes succeeding. What makes the album a frightening one is that, if this is any indication, the greatest rock and roll band in the history of rock and roll bands may be, at long long last, running out of gas. Perhaps the current US tour will give Jagger & Co. a chance to refuel. At least let's hope so.

Mark Astolfi

Three Dog Night

Seven Separate Fools - Three Dog Night (Dunhill)

Does it bother you that America's top AM radio group makes most of its hits from other people's songs that should have been hits by the original artists? Does it bother you that 1971's most popular record was a mindless song about a bullfrog named Jeremiah? Does it bother you that even though you only hear Three Dog Night's songs on your car radio, you sometimes find yourself tapping your foot, singing along, even (God forbid!) enjoying their stuff?

I can't imagine why. Face it, Three Dog Night have always used the highest quality of material to record (albeit often by unknown or underknown writers), have four capable musicians who get too little of the credit, have an able producer, have whatever is needed to create popular single after popular single, many of which appeal to quite a wide audience (including you!). Through their immense popularity, TDN have done their songwriters favors by exposing the tunes (and indirectly the artists themselves) to

the public. And while they are sometimes a bit simplistic ("Joy to the World" is the best example of this), they don't ever really pretend to be deep.

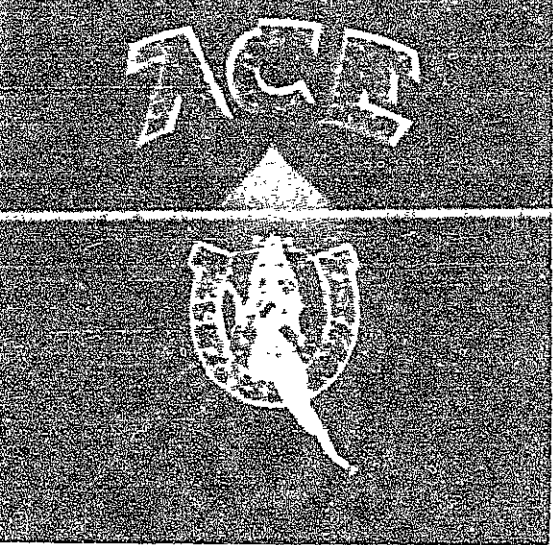
Each of TDN's five previous releases (excluding the live one) has spawned three singles which were at least moderately successful. I see no reason why *Seven Separate Fools* should fail to match this record. And while there are weak cuts, the overall picture of the album is a good one. So if I can recommend this album to you with a straight face (which I hereby do), then the least you can do is, before you dismiss it as just a garbage record, to hear it once or twice (especially the second side). You'll be hearing parts of it eventually on the radio, anyway. Why wait?

Jay Pollack

Bob Weir

Ace - Bob Weir (Warner Bros.)

Bob Weir's first solo album, *Ace*, doesn't exactly knock me on my ass, but it is a sight more satisfying than anything Garcia's put together on his own, and it does include four worthy songs: the version of "Playing in the Band" on *Ace* compares favorably to the Dead version; "Mexicali Blues," an ace song to begin with, is egged on towards perfection by the typical "Ring of Fire" brass licks; "Greatest Story Ever Told" is another energetic rave-up number; and "Looks Like Rain" has a melancholy cowboy-crying-lonesome-tears-into-his-buffalo-chips-fire feel, and nice Garcia pedal steel backing. Although most of the rest of the Dead get to play at one point or another, it's Weir's show all the way, writing or co-writing all the songs, and doing all the singing and guitar chords. The cuts that are on the unimpressive side are made up for somewhat by the good ones, not to mention the inspired cheesecake cover



art. *Ace* ought to tide you over until the next Greatful Dead, I mean *authentic* Greatful Dead, release, but as for me, I think I'll wait.

Mark Astolfi

Nilsson

Son of Schmilsson - Nilsson (RCA)

When "Without You" became such a monster hit earlier in the year, there was the fear that Harry would go under a wave of pop commercialism and be carried off to the Sea of Unmitigated Schlockery. With *Son of Schmilsson* these fears are happily banished, for Harry proves to be as comically self-indulgent and irrepressively creative as ever. However, the capricious cuteness of past albums has evolved into, on the one hand, mischievous lampooning, and on the other, a sardonically stinging wit. Harry wrote all the tunes on the album, and in my estimation the score is: hits 10, misses 1. The lone cut that fails is "At My Front Door," an old 50's rocker done to the background of a cheering crowd. It's kind of sloppy and just doesn't cut the ole musical mustard. But the rest of the album is a pure joy. For instance, "Joy," a great C&W spoof in the same vein as the Turtles' "Too Much Heartsick Feeling". In fact, "Joy" has been released as a 45 to country stations, Nilsson utilizing the *nom de disc*, Buck Earl. "Spaceman", the first regular single release off the album, is an American answer to Elton John's "Rocket Man", and is almost as pretty. "I'd Rather Be Dead (Than Wet My Bed)" finds Harry singing, along with the "senior citizens of the Stoney & Pinner Choir-Club No. 6 London England", about the joys of senility. It seems at first a bit macabre but soon settles down to just a gentle goof. "The Lottery Song", my favorite cut, is catchy in best Nilsson round tradition, and "Ambush" is

a thoughtful blues parody. Then there's "You're Breakin' My Heart", my sentimentally unrealistic choice for single release, which starts off like a little kid running naked down the street after a bath -

*You're breakin' my heart
You're tearin' it apart
So fuck you.*

One might imagine the disconcerted record exec trying to convince Nilsson to cool the hip vulgarity - C'mon, Harry, I mean you can't sing stuff like that! Look at this: "You stepped on my ass, you're breakin' my glasses too." Harry, think of all the little kids who buy your records! I mean, Eddie's father would never say that to anyone, would he? Nice people don't say stuff like that. Jeez, Harry... (phone rings) Hello? Arlene? Yeah, Yeah, What? You're goin' out with that bum?? Yeah, well fuck you.... But fear not - there's a censored version of the song, which also might be some manner of a McCartney spoof, fluttering about the nation's airways. *Son of Schmilsson* ends with the suitably awful "Most Beautiful World in the World", with a surprise ending I won't reveal here.

Musically, the album boasts such sidemen as George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Klaus Voorman, Peter Frampton, Nicky Hopkins, Jim Price, and pedal-steelman Red Rhodes. You get a Nilsson Von Dracula poster/lyrics sheet, plus a few other little audio surprises but most of all, Harry Nilsson at his best, artfully giddy, ultimately loveable if a bit jaded. Well, I never did like songs about puppies anyway...

Mark Astolfi

Grassroots

Move Along - Grassroots (Dunhill)

AM radio staples since the middle sixties, the Grassroots haven't had an album of new material in over two years, although in that time they've put out five fine singles and two albums of the greatest hits variety.

I doubt whether there has ever been a group who's music has been better suited to the car-radio format of AM Top 40 than the Grassroots. No preaching, no fancy guitar fireworks, just three minutes of danceable, humable, bubblegum blues. Ever since their biggest hit, "Midnight Confessions," virtually all GR singles have been built on the same formula, consisting of a subdued, minor key build up, climaxed by an infectious, rave-up chorus, which is usually the title of the song, during which the horns and strings come in full force. In fact, one of their few flops was the beautiful "Walking Through the Country," which ignored the winning formula.

Grassroot albums, however, have never been very interesting affairs, usually built around one or two hit singles. That it is genuinely difficult to get just the right combination of sophistication and naivety necessary to appeal to the twelve-year-olds as well as the over-20 set (yes, there are a lot more GR fans out there in collegeland that you might imagine) is evidenced by the fact that GR albums were always so vapid. I'm happy to be able to announce, therefore, that GR's latest, *Move Along*, is their greatest album effort yet.

Surprisingly, the group sounds the same despite the exit of three members - Denny Provisor, Rick Coonce, and guest guitarist Terry Furlong who has formed his own band, Blue Rose (which is truly horrible, but that's another review). In their place are Joel Larson, Reed Kailing, and Virgil Weber. The reasons this album succeeds where others have failed are two: the first is the material. Besides the last three GR singles, including my all-time favorite "Glory Bound," there are at least four other cuts which are of single quality, of which the best is "Runnin' Just To Get Her Home Again," followed closely by "Monday Love." Dunhill is crazy if at least one of these doesn't get released.

The second reason is that original GR members Warren Entner and Rob Grill (sans moustache) lend Steve Barri a hand with the production chores. It shows. There is much less need to fall back on classic GR wimpy love-song filler to flesh out the album. And so, the long wait is over for Grassroots freaks everywhere, who will soon be seen running wild in the streets boogeying to the sweet strains of "The Runway is the one way to get back to you..." And I suppose I'll be with 'em. Yup.

Mark Astolfi

Michael Murphey

Geronimo's Cadillac - Michael Murphey(A&M)

In a summer fraught with seemingly relentless backsliding on the part of more than a few "name" rock acts, Mike Murphey's *Geronimo's Cadillac* album comes as an unexpected and joyous surprise. Mike has been playing and writing for a while (he co-wrote Kenny Rogers' *Calico* album) but this is his first recorded material. He wrote or co-wrote all but one of the tunes, including the title cut, which best exemplifies the simplicity and power of Mike's music. "Geronimo's Cadillac" is a stirring balad which uses the Cadillac as a metaphor for the empty promises and token treaties which the white man used to deceive the red. The whooping guitar breaks add to the sadness, the desperation, and, yes, the last-ditch exhilaration of the song. Nothing else on the album is as good, but nothing needs to be. Mike has won your attention and goes on to weave his tales and sing his songs with a vitality and a freshness that seems almost impossible to imagine in today's jaded and overhyped music scene. Every song is excellent, and fine side musicians (including Kenny Buttrey and Karl Himmel) never upstage Mike's strong, heartfelt vocals and competent guitar work. Mike leaves Neil Young and the likes far behind, making them appear shallow hayseed poseurs in comparison. Really, it's that good an album. A grand debut release, an exciting collection of ballads, countrified rockers, and just plain amiable tunes. Mike Murphey's dues-payin' days seem just about over, and I'm warnin' ya, miss this one and you'll be kickin' yerself from here to Nashville and back.

Mark Astolfi

Herbie Mann

Mississippi Gambler - Herbie Mann (Atlantic)

After giving a new Herbie Mann album a few enthusiastic listens, it usually becomes lost in my record collection, then sought only for mood music during finals or for drowning out Three Dog Night blaring from the room below. However, Mann's latest effort may not meet such a fate of neglect.

The reason why *Mississippi Gambler* is a slice above his past few albums is because the only part of the production which Mr. Mann monopolizes is the smug

pictures of him plastered over the album jacket. The band receives more attention and David Newman shares the limelight on tenor sax and flute, which gives the band stronger instrumental interplay. After countless personnel changes, Mann has finally found a band with which he should be satisfied.

Side one opens with the traditional "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which begins with Mann and Newman trading phrases of the melody, playing flute and tenor sax, respectively. Bobby Wood backs them with a, dare I say, funky piano rhythm; there's a good guitar solo by Reggie Young, and a finer version of this song I haven't heard. The title cut is a showcase for extended flute, sax, and guitar pieces, with a simple but steady rhythm section. "Dippermouth" also features solos by Mann, Newman and Young, and ends with some nice simultaneous flute work by Mann and Newman.

Side two doesn't fare as well. He has chosen better material of others to perform, as evident in his past renditions of "New Orleans," "Soul Man," and "Never Can Say Goodbye." Instead, "Respect Yourself," with the exception of short solos by Mann and Young, is note-for-note the "big hit" we all know and love by the Staple Singers. "I've Been Loving You Too Long" never should have been stolen from the hands of Otis Redding and Joe Cocker. "Satisfaction" never excited me much in 1965, and Mann does what he can with it, but it's not particularly impressive. Altogether, though, this side sounds better than "Joy to the World" and "Olf Fashioned Love Song" from the floor below.

In *Mississippi Gambler*, Herbie Mann has made a welcome change by sitting down and letting the band do more of the work. The group has a tighter sound and for Mann to pull himself away from center stage may be a push-push in the right direction.

Jeff Palmer

Tom Paxton

Peace Will Come - Tom Paxton (Reprise)

A few years back, Tom Paxton couldn't help but wonder where he was bound. Now I can't help but wonder if he likes where he is. If *Peace Will Come* is any indication of his current self-respect, Paxton still has a long way to go.

Peace Will Come contains a few cuts that are passable songs and even two that are very good, but on the whole it lacks the masterpiece feeling of Paxton's earlier albums. There isn't an outstanding song

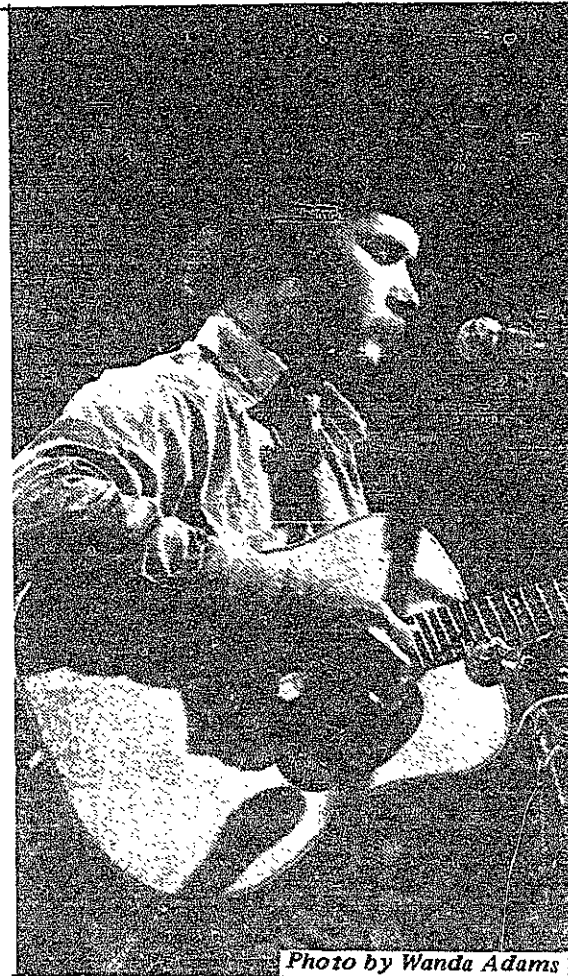


Photo by Wanda Adams

Tom Paxton

on the album, but the closest that he comes is with a pleasant little number called "You Came Throwing Colors." The lyrics are happy and congenial, and the music fits with the words. However, this song is sometimes buried by a huge string arrangement that just does not belong.

Another good song is "The Hostage," a story told in the first person about the Attica riots and what it was like to be a guard there. Paxton's social commentary has always been a strongpoint, and "The Hostage" is no exception.

Paxton was once an expert satirist. He is still trying to be effective in that area but now he is failing. In "Jesus Christ, S.R.O." and "I Lost My Heart on a 747," he attempts to poke some fun at a few American institutions. But we've all heard it before and it's beginning to sound trite.

The only other song worth mentioning is one called "Dance in the Shadows." Paxton succeeds in giving this song a mysterious but yet joyful tone by merely using minor chords and simple bass runs on his guitar.

One of the main problems of this album is that it is loose and falling apart at the edges. For example, "California" has nice words but a mis-matched jazz-oriented tune. "What a Special Friend You Are" has lyrics that are nothing new - Carole King wrote similar ones a while back.

One positive aspect of *Peace Will Come* is that it is Paxton's first sensibly produced record in quite some time. The arrangements are at least palatable.

Tom Paxton was once able to produce outstanding yet simple albums with a great deal of innovative material on them. *Peace Will Come* is by no means such an effort. He seems to be trying so hard to be his younger self that he succeeds only in being redundant. Perhaps his genius has cooled off or he is becoming lazy; or perhaps, like so many others, he is tired of protesting and satirizing and simply waiting for peace to come.

Wanda Adams

Eric Andersen

Blue River - Eric Andersen (Columbia)

On a cold January night in 1965, I stood outside of the now defunct Club 47 in Cambridge and froze for three hours waiting to see Eric Andersen. After that, I contended that he should stick to writing songs and leave the performing to others. *Blue River* changed my mind somewhat, but I still think that Andersen's talents as a writer should be his mainstay.

Perhaps the three best songs off *Blue River* are on side one. "Is It Really Love At All" is nicely arranged and has pleasant backup vocals from Deborah Green Andersen. The song has a haunting, floating melody accentuated by a reasonable string arrangement. "Wind and Sand" is a song about a father-to-be and his thoughts preceding the birth of his first child. The lyrics are poignant and meaningful. Andersen plays his own piano backup for the song and tends to lean towards the gentleness and pensiveness of the situation.

"Blue River" is another haunting tune highlighted by backup vocals. This time, though, Joni Mitchell does the work with a high almost piercing vocal quality.

One last highlight is David Bromberg's dobro playing on "More Often Than Not," although sometimes the dobro is lost behind heavy electric guitar and drums. The remainder of the album is just there, almost as if Andersen needed fillers to make up an entire record.

On the whole, *Blue River* is an average album with nothing spectacular about it. I get the feeling that Eric Andersen felt he was due for a record and put this one together. His arrangements and actual songs are tight, but I can't imagine anyone with his thin, reedy vocal "ability" doing anything but writing. There are enough good singers around who would gladly perform his works.

Wanda Adams

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music

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With names like *Long John Silver* and *Full Circle*, what else could they be but the new Jefferson Airplane and Doors albums, respectively. Just what we need, right? No, listen, these two albums are really a lot of fun to play with, for both are packaged with punch-out, fold-over, super-constructo gimmickry. The Doors' comes complete with a put-together "Zoetrope" — you sit it on your turntable, turn it on, illuminate from above, and get a gimpy sort of primitive animation, a peepshow view of the life of man, from infant to old age and back. The Airplane's cover turns into a cigar box, which is actually, when you open it up and look inside, an oh-so-hip uh... well, buy the album and find out what's inside. (What do you think?) Anyway, while the Zoetrope (which, incidentally, I couldn't get to work as I put it together inside out) separates from the rest of the normal packaging, the whole cover of the Airplane's record is needed to make the box, leaving you with only a more-substantial-than-most-but-still-quite-flimsy inner sleeve within which to store your Dynaflex disc. Consequently, I'm keeping mine in an Elektra August Releases jacket, which was yellow and white, and took nicely to the blue magic marker embellishment describing *Long John Silver* I doodled one evening while watching the Olympics. Elektra's August Releases were no great shakes, so that album is doubling up with Peter Allen's *Tenterfield Saddler*, both given somewhat temporary reprieves from the trash chute.

Playing with your stash box and spinning your Zoetrope, you might forget that there are also records included in the fancy packages. They are both let-downs. *Long John Silver* is typically Jefferson Airplane, more rocked-up and straight-ahead than was *Bark*, but totally devoid of any new ideas, plumbing new depths of inspired boredom. Ex-Turtle John Barbata is their new drummer. Papa John's fiddle is occasionally audible. "Eat Starch Mom" is probably the best cut, ranking not a few karmas below "We Can Be Together," "Crown of Creation," and countless other great Airplane tunes. As for the Doors, well, what can you say. No one thought that the transition from back-up band to full-fledged superstars was gonna be easy, especially getting off on the wrong knee with the first Lizard-Kingless Doors LP *Other Voices*. Although they looked pretty sharp when they did the Cavett show a few weeks back, *Full Circle* is a pretty insipid album, the material pinballing between neo-fifties riffs, bossa-nova ramblings, jazz solo breaks, and cheesy, stillborn rock. Ray Manzarek's singing has gotten a little better. And anyone who owns even one old Doors album knows that Ray, John and Robby are better than average rock musicians, so perhaps better things are on the way in an album or two. I certainly hope so.

In the meantime, add the Zoetrope and stash-box to the collection — the Alice Cooper desk 'n' panties set, the Three Dog Night mutated playing cards, and all the rest, and brace yourself for coming attractions on the musical horizons — a new Alice Cooper 45 called "Elected," a remake of a song "Reflected," off their first album, primed for momentary release; new albums from the Who and Mott the Hoople due shortly; David Bowie's visit to Boston in the beginning of October; the Nilsson-Starkey-Frampton-Voorman-Bonham supergroup; the Marc Bolan movie; and lots more.

Van Morrison

St. Dominic's Preview — Van Morrison (Warner Brothers)

Van Morrison is one of the more lasting rock performers around today. Starting out with Them in 1963, he led one of the better "British invasion" groups, when it seemed that every youth from the Isles who had his hair touching his ears was forming a band. Them had two U.S. hits, "Gloria" and "Here Comes The Night," then broke up in 1966. Van hit the charts again with "Brown-Eyed Girl," but the follow-up disc, fashionably titled *Blowin' Your Mind!*, did little to live up to expectations. He disappeared from sight for a couple of years, until the excellent *Astral Weeks* album was released in early 1969. The record won deserved critical acclaim, and, as Van has become involved in varied musical styles on each progressing album, he has never been disappointing. *St. Dominic's Preview* is no exception.

"Jackie Wilson Said (I'm In Heaven When You Smile)" gives the album a bouncy, rocking start, as "Domino" and "Wild Night" worked for Van's past two records. This tune is even better, however, containing talented sax playing, and a few catchy breaks in the music, where only the brushing of the guitar strings is heard. Van's "do-da-do-do's" and "bop-sh-wop's" sound perfect, and his handling of these syllables can always be imitated but never equalled. "Gypsy" is a wonderful song, as pleasing lyrics are sung to a relaxed musical setting in triple meter, which easily transforms into a fast peasant dance between verses. Again, the complementary brass playing is excellent, and a jingling tambourine completes the mood. "I Will Be There" has a jazzy feel



Van Morrison

to it which reaches back to the days of "Moondance," and contains expert piano tinkling by Tom Salisbury. "St. Dominic's Preview" has interesting lyrics as Van relates his life of interviews and concerts with thoughts of the turmoil in his homeland of Northern Ireland. "Listen To The Lion" and "Almost Independence Day" are two extended excursions through his mind and music, the style of which hasn't been tapped since *Astral Weeks*, and these songs are welcome surprises. "Almost Independence Day" is Van's first attempt with a Moog, and it is tastefully used in a low-key manner, as his music is not suited for the electronic antics of Emerson, Lake and Palmer or Yes. "Redwood Tree" is a refreshing, easy listening tune, strategically placed to offer a rest between two songs ("St. Dominic's Preview" and "Almost Independence Day") which should require more concentration.

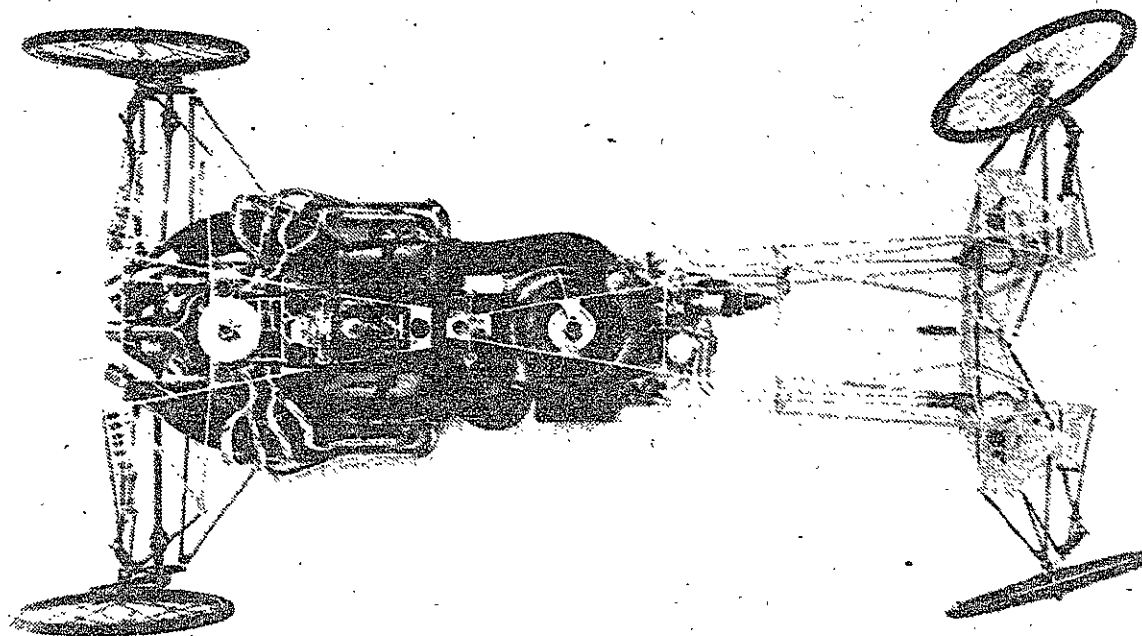
It's been a year since Van Morrison's last record, the countryish and beautiful *Tupelo Honey*. It may well be another year before his next album, but the recorded results make one sure the wait will again be well worth it.

~~~~~Jeff Palmer~~~~~

Guess Who

Live at the Paramount — Guess Who (RCA)

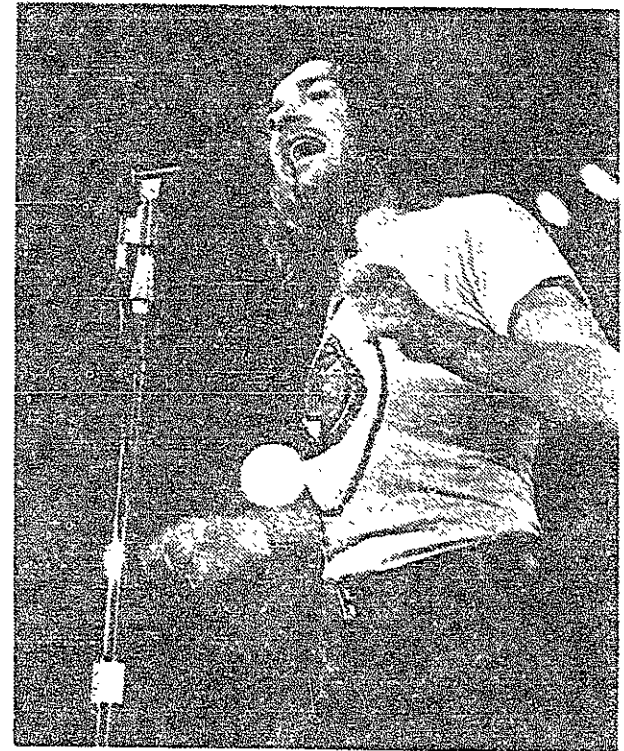
Unless you're an ardent Guess Who fanatic, this live set recorded in Seattle last May has little to offer. Side one contains two high spots: one is the rollicking good-timey number "Albert Flasher", a single not previously available



Pictured is "The Master Chassis," one of the four interrelated parts which make up "My First Car," an automobile sculpture designed and built by Californian Don Potts. "The Master Chassis" is radio controlled and powered by a McCulloch 4 cylinder, 2 cycle, air cooled, horizontally opposed engine. The 75.4" long and 27.5" wide steel frame rests 1.5" off the ground, and is referred to by Potts as a biomorphic/mechanical object. "My First Car" will be exhibited at the Hayden Gallery from September 30 through October 22.



Records are due shortly from, above, Jethro Tull and Joe Cocker. Ian Anderson and friends have gathered together a collection of "greatest hits" into an album, *Living in the Past*. A lavish hard covered book/two-record set in its currently available import form, most of the songs have never been released in America, including a live side recorded in New York. Reprise has scheduled the disc for sometime in October. Joe Cocker, teamed with Chris Stainton and a few other ex-Mad Dogs, just released an excellent cover version of The Allman Brothers Band's "Midnight Rider," on A&M. His first effort on vinyl since last year's "High Time We Went," a full album by Mr. Cocker should be seen by year's end.



on any LP. Burton Cummings' piano work is exceptional. The other is a six-minute song called "Pain Train", which is both one of the prettiest and one of the heaviest tunes GW has ever performed. The rest on the side is puzzling: tunes which are neither safe bet GW standards, nor very exciting new tunes. Some pleasant jamming, I suppose, but nothing earth-shattering here. If the Guess Who can manage to be palpable in short bursts, however, they fall apart over the long haul, as side two demonstrates:

16 minutes plus of "American Woman", followed by seven minutes of something called "Truckin' Off Across the Sky", some sort of "monkey wrench inside your head" anti-drug pitch. And you're ready to climb walls. Burton Cummings' true pseudo-hip underside comes into painfully clear view with the embarrassingly amateurish things he does with "American Woman", and you'd be called exceedingly generous if you labelled this album "uneven". Amen.

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

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