

the russian view

Below is an interesting letter which was printed in the April issue of TECHNOLOGY REVIEW. It contains the views of one of the student editors who visited the MIT campus last May as a representative of the Soviet student press. The "Komsomol" is a student organization which is presumably political in nature; one of its publications, the KOMSOMOL PRAVDA, has a circulation reportedly over two million. Although the name of the editor who wrote the story is not given, THE TECH records show that only one of the visitors was from the Ukraine. His name is Vitali Voitka, editor of the Ukraine Komsomol publication and a member of the Communist Party. Ed.

FROM JAMES CRITCHLOW, '45:

I happened this morning to be looking through the pages of a monthly magazine published by the Ukrainian Komsomol in Kiev (U.S.S.R.). To my surprise, one of the articles proved to be devoted almost entirely to the Institute. The author of the article, one of the group of Soviet student editors who visited the United States in May, 1958, "describes" MIT and his impressions of it. Here are a few of his points:

1. MIT, a private institute, has 15,000 students. It is a kind of "corporation of education." To explain this, the author writes that "some corporations produce steel, copper, or electricity, but the Institute produces specialists with higher education."

2. The Institute is financed by "funds received from students in the form of tuition, by 'patronage' contributions from various 'national funds,' and also — in case of necessity — by issuance and sale of lotteries, shares, and so on."

3. The Institute has a newspaper called *The Tech* which "is possibly supported entirely by advertising, for the newspaper devotes no less than half of its pages to publication of advertisements." The writer adds that "the majority of this advertisement has nothing in common with student needs." Like the big newspapers, *The Tech*, he explains, "seeks sensations," which Americans love.

4. The Institute's dormitories are built through contributions from various patrons and fraternities.

5. "We tried to dispel the atmosphere of mistrust and apathy which for years the bourgeois press has been instilling in the American student." Nevertheless, the author reports that his group were subjected to various "provocations" during their visit to Tech.

These are just a few of the interesting "facts" about "Massachusetts 'kyi institut tekhnologii'" presented in the article's six pages of fine print.

My work here as manager of Radio Liberation's Central Research Department makes me a constant reader of Soviet publications.

Munich 27, Germany

letters

Clergyman on Communism

Dear Editor:

I am writing in regard to Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, Executive Director of the "Christian Anti-Communism Crusade," and to the letters published in *The Tech* concerning his visit here. Although I was unable to attend Dr. Schwarz's lecture, I have read his *News Letter* with great interest, and I feel that I must go on record in strong opposition to both the politics and the version of Christianity propounded by Dr. Schwarz.

As for Dr. Schwarz's politics, I detect the strong flavour of that paranoid self-righteousness which characterizes many such "Crusades"; such loaded catch-phrases as "the survival of Christian civilization from the advancing brutal barbarism of Atheistic Communism" surely do not make for clarity of political judgments and action. In fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised if this kind of hysterical approach to the cold war, by blinding us to the immense complexities of power politics, really plays into the enemy's hand. For example, Dr. Schwarz indicates that those who support the recognition of Red China are "the cowardly voices of surrender," and that such a position is anti-God: such crude hectoring simply obscures the complex issues involved in the whole question of the recognition of Red China, and thus tends to weaken our foreign policy.

As for Dr. Schwarz's version of the Christian faith, it must be tested against these standards: only God's transcendent justice is absolute and man's judgment, therefore, is always contingent and ambiguous, demanding of man a certain built-in humility in all his moral pronouncements, a certain loathness to identify my moral judgments absolutely with God's; the purpose of Christianity is not identified with any national self-interest, but rather is dedicated first, last, and always to the task of reconciliation, to the breaking down of the barriers of estrangement between man and God and man and man.

The Rev. Myron B. Bloy, Jr.
Episcopal Chaplain at MIT

Dear Editor,

The author of "On the Red Front" (*The Tech*, April 14, 1959) has displayed the usual weaknesses of the fervent anti-Communist position. On the one hand, he is completely blind to the tremendous accomplishments of Communism in alleviating poverty, misery and want in vast areas of the world. On the other hand, he assumes that the West is by definition superior to Communism, a stance from which he is unable to come to grips with the challenges that are made on us by the unprecedented economic and social revolution which is now reshaping the world.

For a fresh look at our responsibilities in international affairs I commend to Mr. Beach and the readers of *The Tech* an exciting article, "Foreign Policy and Christian Conscience," by George F. Kennan in the May, 1959 *Atlantic Monthly*. "We must," says Mr. Kennan, "concede the possibility that there might be some areas of conflict involved in the cold war which a Divine Power could contemplate only with a sense of pity and disgust for both parties and others in which He might even consider us to be wrong."

The Rev. Robert C. Hoitzapple, Jr.

jazz in a stable

At quarter to nine on a recent Thursday evening, we entered the Stable (Huntington Avenue at Copley Square), passed between the bar on the left, booths on the right, down the ramp, through the half-padded, half-glassed door to the Jazz Workshop — a pine-pannelled room (ninety seat capacity) filled with small, sturdy tables, red-padded kitchen-type chairs, a rumpus room-sized bar with some half-dozen stools, and a tiny bandstand jammed with music stands, a piano, a set of drums, a bass fiddle, and the sixteen musicians of the Herb Pomeroy Orchestra who twice weekly (Tuesday and Thursday) practice this version of Telephone Box Squash and play powerful and exciting big band jazz.

We found a table and sat down as Herb Pomeroy delivered a typical introduction, "a . . . arrangement of the . . . composition, . . . featuring . . . on . . .," turned and clapped and counted a slow, ballad tempo, which the band, looking frighteningly disorderly until the last instant possible, picked up and carried as effortlessly as if they were in the middle of a number they had been playing for some time. The beat fell easily, like water dripping from a faucet; saxophonist Dave Chapman floated on a calm sea of reeds and brass which now and then surged and subsided like a huge wave, leaving the soloist drifting as calmly as before. Alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano followed with another ballad, *My Old Flame*, arranged by ex-Pomeroy trumpeter Everett Longstreth who had arrived between numbers: Mariano, half-bent over, his horn pushed back between his legs, played in his paradoxically halting and swinging style, his high-pitched, biting, voice crying out in the night.

The set's closer was Tadd Dameron's *Our Delight* which began with a galloping, pounding piano solo by Ray Santisi; the ensemble, sparked by drummer Jimmy Zitano, caught the furious pace, building crescendos which suddenly disappeared, leaving the soloists like football halfbacks, who after running into a tangle of blockers and tacklers suddenly find themselves with an open field. The set ended with the by-then capacity audience applauding appreciatively.

During the intermission we spoke with Herb in a booth upramp, mostly about the current economics of the band; these musicians have other jobs (music teachers, dentist, bank teller, salesman, etc.) simply because two nights at the Stable (tenor saxophonist Varty Haroutunian, Pomeroy, Mariano, Santisi, Cherico, Zitano are the Jazz Workshop Sextet in residence the other nights of the week) and one or two outside gigs (engagements) weekly does not support a family in the manner in which it would like to become accustomed. We talked for a while about the upcoming gigs, the band is now playing concerts and dances, and the new album, *Band in Boston* (United Artists).

It was nine-thirty when we stepped out into the rain, and as I thought about this group, that four years ago was just a dream, and today, after working Birdland, Newport, the Apollo Theatre, and the New England college circuit, and taking fifth place in the Down Beat Reader's Poll, was swinging like mad and shouting to be heard, I hoped that whoever was sending the rain down would throw a little more luck (a hit single of *That Lunceford Touch* might do it) its way.

The Tech

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THE MANY LOVES OF THORWALD DOCKSTADER

When Thorwald Dockstader—sophomore, epicure, and sportsman—first took up smoking, he did not simply choose the first brand of cigarettes that came to hand. He did what any sophomore, epicure, and sportsman would do: he sampled several brands and then picked the mildest, tastiest, pleasingest of all—Philip Morris, of corris!

Similarly, when Thorwald took up girls, he did not simply select the first one who came along. He sampled. First he took out an English literature major named Elizabeth Barrett Grisht, a wisp of a girl with luminous eyes and a soul that shimmered with a pale, unearthly beauty. Trippingly, trippingly, she walked with Thorwald upon the beach and sat with him behind a windward dune and listened to a sea shell and sighed sweetly and took out a little gold pencil and a little morocco notebook and wrote a little poem:

*I will lie upon the shore,
I will be a dreamer.
I will feel the sea once more
Pounding on my femur.*

Thorwald's second date was with a physical education major named Peaches Glendower, a broth of a girl with a ready smile and a size 18 neck. She took Thorwald down to the cinder track where they jogged around 50 times to open the pores. Then they played four games of squash, six sets of tennis, 36 holes of golf, nine innings of one old cat, six chukkers of lacrosse, and a mile and a quarter of leap frog. Then they went ten rounds with eight-ounce gloves and then they had heaping bowls of bran and whey and exchanged a manly handshake and went home to their respective whirlpool baths.



"I think I'll stick with PHILIP MORRIS" he said

Thorwald's final date was with a golden-haired, creamy-browed, green-eyed, red-lipped, full-calved girl named Totsi Sigafos. Totsi was not majoring in anything. As she often said, "Gee whillikers, what's college for anyhow—to fill your head full of icky old facts, or to discover the shining essence that is YOU?"

Totsi started the evening with Thorwald at a luxurious restaurant where she consumed her own weight in Cornish rock hen. From there they went to a de luxe movie palace where Totsi had popcorn with butter. Then she had a bag of chocolate covered raisins—also with butter. Then they went to a costly ballroom and cha-cha'd till dawn, tipping the hand every eight bars. Then they went to a Chinese restaurant where Totsi, unable to decipher the large and baffling menu, found a simple way out of her dilemma: she ordered one of everything. Then Thorwald took her to the women's dorm, boosted her in the window, and went downtown to wait for the employment office to open.

While waiting, Thorwald thought over all of his girls and came to a sensible decision. "I think," he said to himself, "that I will stick with Philip Morris. I am not rich enough for girls."

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