The Axe Falls

If MIT, like its urban home, reeked of bookie joints whose presence precipitated lost bets on intercollegiate games, its machinery of the NSA could have cleaned up on Thursday night's decision which put the undergraduate body out of the clutches of the NSA.

Before the meeting, political speculators were predicting the usually conservative student group would stay within the NSA, but the Litchfield Lounge was graced by the presence of the current NSA president and one of his predecessors. They promised to be praised for the NSA purify list. It didn't work. NSA was booted 8-4.

Oddly enough, the four voters who stood up for the NSA were those who had been so blithely convinced with the spels given by the two national officers that they thought it unnecessary to voice their opinions in any way that the NSA would ever pay any mind. The NSA headquarters men spoke affably and effusively of their organization; every question from the floor was answered, every negative point summarized. Supposedly, when the answers and the counter blows could not change the convictions of the eight who opposed the organization, there were too many NSA, too much abject patriotism, too much responsibility to the world by the U. S. student. There was too little explication of these points; of how the views of such a heterogeneous group as the U. S. student body could be expressed, or even if such expression is possible. Most important to our point of view was the lack of any understanding that the meeting was intercollegiate, that the communication which involved MIT; communication which had been burdened down by the cumbersome, badly oiled machinery of the NSA.

The NSA, with its farcical national conventions, its ill-considered resolutions, which set forth the "opinion of the students" to have such a definite and definite local value, its cost to MIT ($1000 yearly), is now without our membership. We commend Incoercem for the action, strongly recommended on this page prior to the meeting.

letters

Van Doren Cherry Trees, etc.

To the Editor:

The story on which it was based can be found in any American scene, that Charles Van Doren had been coached and aided when he won $129,000 on a quiz show three years ago.

Yes, the abrupt end to the "deshating" was very important issues were raised.

Most interesting to me was some of the opinions expressed by my own friends. They echoed popular misconceptions which seem to indicate an alarming moral

First is the almost unanimous praise accorded Van Doren by the members of the investigation committee after he made an admission of his guilt. Only one member of the committee departed from the prevalent opinion that it was a courageous and noble action on Van Doren's part. To my way of thinking, it is a very brave and as a result of the conviction, is for, the public to be as powerful and impressive as Mr. McLeish's version.

The play is dangerous in as much as the compensations given to J.B. after the succession chapters he codifies are far from being satisfactory. For those who have a weak belief J.B. accomplishes the poising effect of expressing the nihilism and fatalism involved in strong fanaticism or, rather, in the blind acceptance of the precepts of the Church.

As in any play Evil is more attractive than Good; it is therefore frightening to receive such bitterness and cynicism without receiving more than a premise of a better tomorrow.

The distress of J.B.'s life are displayed in black and white in strongly appealing poetry, and the redemption or compensation is only suggested too quickly.

To me the most unanswerable question is, does man forget the evil once it has been made a public property. J.B. is also a word in art in the best sense of that rather vague expression: a touching and powerful poem, with the true largeness of a poet, and not the artificial or unnecessary show-off, but being a sort of a public E.T.C.; it is a striking power, it is a very good play. The story on which it was based can be found in any edition of the Bible under the heading Job, and to our own consideration, is as fitting as being powerful and impressive as Mr. McLeish's version.

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