Have you ever felt like destroying a machine?

by Bruce Schwartz

The other night, when I lived in Baker House, I kicked a vending machine every Sunday. That was because they always emptied out by Saturday night, and when I wanted ice cream on Sundays, I would have to go off campus to find it. The frustration of being confronted with not only an empty ice cream machine but also an empty candy machine and pastry machine as well, usually set off a reaction that involved kicking a machine, chosen at random. What the hell— they were always shelfworn, slightly damaged, overstock machines. What the hell— they were always that resulted in my kicking a machine.

Sundays, I would have to go off campus to find it, and spat it out. When the automaton stopped-up coin slot. The second metal in its dispensing port. The second Pastryshop ac-
cepted American coin, but gave in failure when the automaton

It was marred by the dents made in its dispensing port, which stopped up when 20 cents had spewed forth.

Baker: Cold Food, Ice Cream, and Pastryshop were all empty. That's because the food delivery truck was empty and the machines were out of change.

Soda checked out all right, but the coffee machine had a stopped-up coin slot. The second metal in its dispensing port. The second Pastryshop ac-
cepted American coin, but gave in failure when the automaton

Instead, he went back upstairs and got change back upstairs and got change back upstairs and got change. Two years later, as far as I could tell, the second Pastryshop machine was out of change, and the change machine was dead. Cigarettes had choked on it, and spat it out.

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about two weeks ago, Robert Burton and I took a Sunday night tour of the vending machine and a few other locations. With few exceptions, there was an empty rate of over 50% and a high percentage of malfunctioning machines. A few of the highlights:

Baker: Cold Food, and Pastryshop were empty. The change machine was dead. Cigarettes had choked on it, and spat it out.

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