Editorial

Library should serve, reserve

The Student Center Library will no longer maintain reserve materials, depriving students of a vital resource for subjects with reserve readings. And hardbound textbooks, whose purchase costs students too little consultation with students too late. The MIT Libraries habitually justify the reserve readings from the Student Center Library was 'made at the convenience of the library administration rather than the convenience of students. MIT's libraries basically justify the reduced hours and unmanned collection in their scattered branches by pointing to the Student Center Library, a 24-hour, multi-service facility.

The description of the Student Center Library in the Guide to the MIT Libraries does not mention books, describing the facility instead as an "open-stack, non-circulating collection of reserve materials, which generally duplicates the regularly reserved collection in divisions and branch libraries." The Guide concentrates its description of the Student Center Library on its auxiliary collections: "current issues of selected popular periodicals, foreign and domestic newspapers."" Special" services, such as conference rooms, computer terminals, language laboratory satellite stations, and a receiver for the MIT cable television system.

Certainly the essence of a library is not merely the presence of a book collection. It is the presence of a book collection easily accessible for business and research, available for browsing and sampling, and nurturing a sense of involvement and commitment between people and the written word.

The Student Center Library fails on all three counts. Its coursebook collection is incomplete. Its meager leisure-reading collection consists largely of foreign-language books and periodicals, a disorderly stack of decommisioned humanities books, and some neglected shelves of books-by-the-yard "The Tubby Rogers Collection." The fifth floor of the Student Center Center, with its fabled semi-permanent residents and poor library services, hardly deserves to be termed a library. This latest policy change reinforces the unfortunate situation.

MIT closes its myriad libraries and reading rooms at 11:30 pm, even during the end-of-term periods of peak use. It routinely slashes weekend and holiday hours — and such services as access to closed-stack materials. The Student Center Library fails to compensate for the needed, but unavailable, resources of other MIT libraries.

Libraries Director Jay K. Lucker said the decision to cut reserve readings from the Student Center Library was made at the recommendation of an ad hoc library task force over the summer. A meeting — planned for later this semester — between the Student Center Committee and that task force represents too little consultation with students too late. The MIT Libraries must take immediate steps to include student needs, opinions and suggestions in the policy-making process, and must reconsider the shortsighted and unfortunate decision not to maintain the Student Center Library's reserve collection.

Robert E. Malchman

Inheritors of the high-sex age

"America's new illiterates are those who speak and read and write only English or one of the world's other human-to-human languages," said Wetter. "Yes, you know, editors getting too much sex, or doing up lots of amyls. The old bunnies off themselves, too. You know Hef personally — how shall I say — I try out each bunny once a year, at least, just to see if she still has it. Some of the ones who get fired because they're sexy or something, they just can't take it. Several years ago, Hef had to close off the roof of the Playboy mansion, because too many people were just taking headers off of it.

Not everyone who joins Playboy commits suicide, however; by the time they do become editors, the combination of the sex load and the pressure to do up stories has usually put a certain cynicism into their outlook. "The ambitions of most editors around here," said Wetter, "can be summed up in five gears: Get it, up; get it, in; get it, out; get some amyls; get some more. They live in a bubble," Wetter continued. "And they're a pretty pathetic crowd. Most of the people I knew didn't even read the magazine and didn't even have any real idea of what's going on in the world.

"You don't really need a watch around them," Wetter continued. "If the parade of playmates is going toward Hef's office, it's five minutes before the hour. If it's coming back, it's five minutes after. You know, they say there are more miles of bunnies than anywhere but the Pentagon." That's not the only connection between Playboy and the Defense Department. Well over half the bunnies are in secret training at The Charles Stark Naked Laboratory. The Playboy press kit description of the work they do at Naked makes it sound as if its main business is the exploration of space and deep caverns. The truth, however, is symbolized by the steel pole in the lawn out front. The plan is that if the Soviets ever invade the United States, the bunnies will seduce the Communists, rendering them ineffective as a fighting force. Though some people see their "sparm warfare" repugnant, the

Editor's note: Robert E. Malchman spent hours reading last month's issue of Playboyresearching this piece.

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Playboy, Sept. 1983

1 i was watching corporate softball on ESPN last month. The home team, a group of beautiful but talentless women, was losing to a group of men from Dow Chemical by a score of 4-3. In the midst of the debacle, a series chart arose from behind the home bench. It was a crude yell, the kind that makes both the most sexist redneck and the most radical feminist sweat uncontrollably, though for different reasons. It went like this: "T-A-H- E-F-O-Y... P-L-A-Y-B-O-Y-V..."

The truth of it, of course, was that these jigglng, giggling, inept women getting napalmed by Dow Chemical by a score of 4-3. In the midst of the debacle, a series chart arose from behind the home bench. It was a crude yell, the kind that makes both the most sexist redneck and the most radical feminist sweat uncontrollably, though for different reasons. It went like this: "T-A-H- E-F-O-Y... P-L-A-Y-B-O-Y-V..."

What kind of man writes for Playboy? It's not easy. Not easy to get in (you need to be OK'd personally by Hef, not easy to do the work (sometimes as much as three hours of research for any given article), and not easy to cope with the other 190 million men who want to sleep with a playwright. To find out what really goes on at Playboy, I spoke at some length to Craig Wetter, a former janitor who used to clean bathroon in Playboy's Chicago headquarters, on the floor just below Hef's office. "We get a few suicides every year, it seems like," Wetter said. "You know, editors getting too much sex, or doing up lots of amyls. The old bunnies off themselves, too. You know Hef personally — how shall I say — I try out each bunny once a year, at least, just to see if she still has it. Some of the ones who get fired because they're sexy or something, they just can't take it. Several years ago, Hef had to close off the roof of the Playboy mansion, because too many people were just taking headers off of it. Not everyone who joins Playboy commits suicide, however, by the time they do become editors, the combination of the sex load and the pressure to do up stories has usually put a certain cynicism into their outlook. "The ambitions of most editors around here," said Wetter, "can be summed up in five gears: Get it, up; get it, in; get it, out; get some amyls; get some more. They live in a bubble," Wetter continued. "And they're a pretty pathetic crowd. Most of the people I knew didn't even read the magazine and didn't even have any real idea of what's going on in the world.

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