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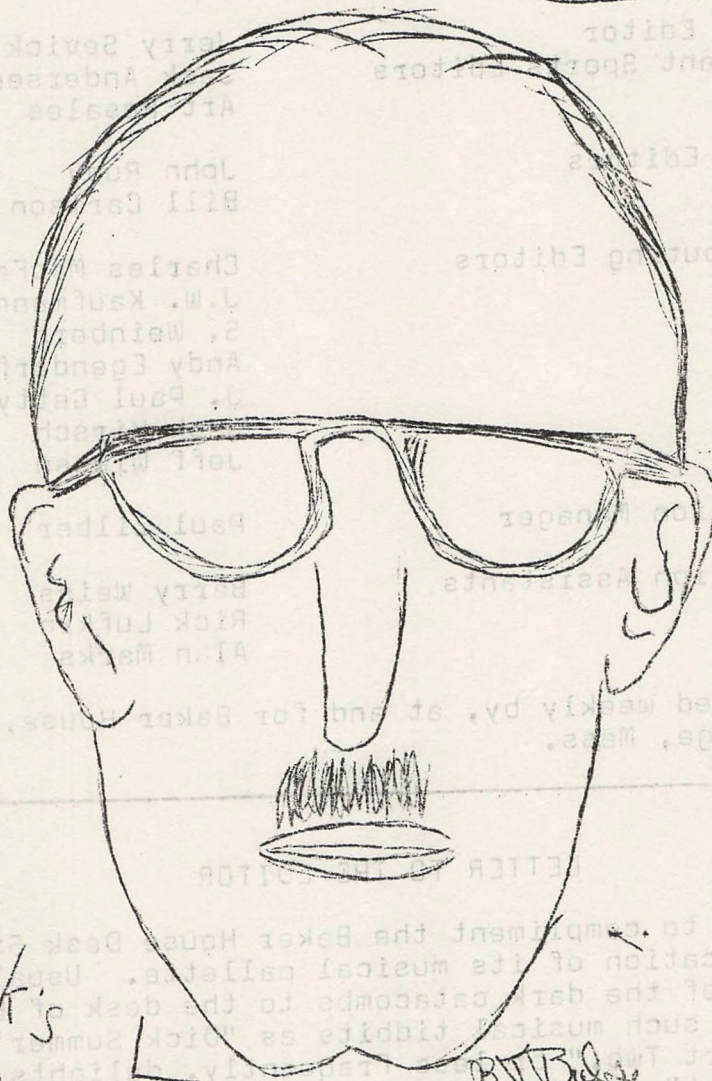
Look inside for exciting stuff (1)

JAN. 12, 1967

GO THE

BOSTON
TEA
PARTY

January 20-21
every
weekend
thereafter



Jack's
CORNER

B.T.B.



DEAD
TREE

E. D. Wilkerson (speaks?)

"Atmos-cosmos equals atmosphere of space minus earth's acceleration and minus vegetation produced oxygen. . . Natural Acceleration equals any force that prohibits inert mass its inherent urge to a position of absolute rest. . . Absolute rest equals the exact core of the earth or the weightless 17,500 mph satellite. . . Active inertia equals free fall-gravity-weight as a consequence of acceleration. Passive inertia equals mass at absolute rest--weightless. . . Satellite launch force equals deceleration; Re-entry force equals acceleration."

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BAKER LETTER

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Cambridge, Mass.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I would like to compliment the Baker House Desk Staff for an apparent sophistication of its musical palette. Usually, when one ventures out of the dark catacombs to the desk of Baker House, one is greeted by such musical tidbits as "Dick Summer's Pap Quiz" and "Night Owl Part Two," or less frequently, delights such as "Commuter's Concert" and "Music for Your Dingy Pleasure."

However, be it known that at 9:45 p.m. on December 23, the Baker Desk Staff was playing nothing other than the Concerto for Orchestra of Bela Bartok, Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

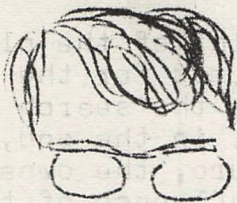
Bravo!!! And keep it up.

S. Weinberg
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JOCK'S CORNER

Due to the proximity of finals, nothing of interest is reportable.

J. Sevick (237)
A. Rosales (504)
J. Anderson (220)



FOR LACK
OF A BETTER
TITLE

by Martin Cangelosi



THE PSYCHEDELIC SCENE

To those of you who expressed the feeling, after Thanksgiving, that you weren't interesting in my lousy vacation: skip this article.

THE SCENE AT MACDOUGAL AND BLEEKER

Being an account of a torturous voyage to the edge of the realm of mortals, yea, even unto the very heart of Greenwich Village.

AND OTHER PSYCHEDELIC OCCURRENCES

Or, How a Tea Party Spoiled My Intention to Study January Second and Third.

The main reason I left this place about five days early in December was that I had made a date with my Girl Back Home to see a play in New York (actually the date was the payoff on a bet I had made with her last year about whether or not I would join a fraternity--I had said I would, and lost), and the only day for which I could get tickets was Sunday the eighteenth.

So off we went, that Sunday, the the Greatest City in the World, New York, and to its very center, Greenwich Village. The play we were to see was "eh?", a pure comedy about an eccentric mod in search of psychedelic mushroom seeds in the boiler room of a dye works. The Circle in the Square Theatre is at 159 Bleeker Street, in an area where the few remaining bastions of the true, original Greenwich Village are located. A few doors away are the Bitter End, where Peter, Paul, and Mary, among others, got their start, and the Village Gate, where Dick Gregory appears. On the same block are located most of the Village's better bars and restaurants.

On to the play. The audience is seated on three sides of the stage, which is dominated by a frighteningly imposing peice of boiler equipment, and further contains a bunk bed, and a control panel with pretty flashing lights and a phone. While waiting for the play to start, we were entertained by the man at the refreshment stand in the lobby, who shouted, "Coca-Cola, Refreshing Coke-- Delicious Hot Coffee!" continuously for fifteen minutes in a Slavic accent. The play which followed this preliminary was more or less in the same vein--one hundred and fifty minutes of pure, beautiful nonsense, and some beautiful lines, one of which,--BIM-BOM-BAM on the brainpan--perfectly describes the play.

It would be difficult to narrate to you the plot of the play, but its theme is the search of the afore-mentioned mod for the afore-mentioned psychedelic mushroom seeds. During the search a number of rather hilarious situations occur, and, in the end, after the mushrooms suddenly begin to grow and mature, the owner of the dye works and the local priest, under the influence of the seeds, stumble off the stage chasing a practically sexless secretary, while the hero (or non-hero, technically, for "eh?" is a non-play) sits down with an Indian co-worker and begins to tell him the entire story. Although the play is totally devoid of meaning, the story and the lines are funny, and the acting is great.

After the play we made a circuit of the village seeking an interesting restaurant, and ended up in O'Henry's Steak House, a not-so-interesting but cozy joint, with a Sirloin Steak for Two and a bottle of Chateau-Neuf-du-Pape,

We meandered back through the Village to MacDougal Street, the home of the most of what New York calls coffeehouses. The street is practically impassable for motor traffic, for hundreds of teenyboppers are concentrated in two blocks. There are quite a number of coffeehouses, most of which serve anything but coffee, and all of which seem to have some special quality they advertise, such as "oldest," "biggest," "most controversial," and so forth. Between these, novelty shops are sprouting, such as sell "Folk You" buttons and sweatshirts and other groovy things. We ventured into the Cafe Wha?, reputedly the most half-decent of the coffeehouses. Appearing there was a Dylonesque folk-rocker by the name of Chris Wilson proclaiming in word and song that God is alive. Among a lot of rather uninspired melodies there was one good song, entitled "All the joy," which he has recorded and which could be released by the end of this month.

I returned to the banks of the river a few days early in order to catch up on my studying. However, about five minutes after having arrived, I ran into Mr. Covert, who had done likewise, and who told me about an encounter he and Scanlan had with a fellow by the name of Dave Hahn, an MIT physics graduate whose last job was running a bus line in British Honduras and who is now planning to open Boston's first psychedelic discotheque, the Boston Tea Party, for which you may have seen posters around the institute.

January second we boarded the MTA in search of number 53 Berkeley Street, the location of this discotheque, and after following a number of right and wrong directions, which took us through a number of interesting sections of Boston, we arrived at an ancient-looking building, the first floor of which is occupied by a Goodwill bookshop and a Film Lab. We swung open a pair of red and green double doors, and ascended a flight of stairs, picking our way through mounds of garbage. The stairs led into a tremendous auditorium. Colored lights were blinking in random sequence on one wall, a few girls were mopping the floor, and a number of long-haired mod fellows were installing a screen on the ceiling. We asked for Hahn, and were directed to his office, which held an unbelievable assortment of electronic equipment, which he was assembling to produce various psychedelic effects. He gave us a tour of the building, disclosing that during the past forty-four year it had been, among other things, a synagogue, a theatre, an Alcoholics Anonymous headquarters, and a coffeehouse. He told us of his plans for the discotheque, which sound very impressive.

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There will be, of course, the usual flashing lights; there will be stroboscopes, slides projected through a water lens, projected moire patterns, and a new type of light organ which plays chords instead of individual notes (or colors).

Thus my chance to study was shot--the next day, the last day before classes, we went back there and worked most of the day giving some of the woodwork a fresh coat of paint.

We are quite confident Hahn's perfect will be successful, and will be a very groovy place to go--The Boston Tea Party. Contrary to what the posters say, it will open on January 20, and be open every Friday and Saturday evening thereafter. During the week there will be a thing called Filmmakers Cinematique, which shows experimental films. This discotheque is one you shouldn't miss. Try Tea and See.

On the subject of Tea, some of you may have seen in the coop a little book put out by the MIT Press entitled Grooks by Piet Hein. It's a beautiful little book by a Dane who invented the superellipse. Grooks are short, concise, rhythmic, rhiming, and supremely meaningful poems. Samples:

LILAC TIME

The lilacs are flowering, sweet and sublime
with a perfume that goes to the head;
and lovers meander, in prose and rhyme,
trying to say--
for the thousandth time--
what easier done that said.

CIRCUMSCRIPTURE or the Holy Navigator

As Pastor X steps out of bed,
he slips a neat disguise on:
that halo round his priestly head
is really his horizon.

Grooks are fiendishly difficult to write--one first has to find a significant thought to express, and then, express it poetically, that is, with rhyme and rhythm, but without any of the embellishments of poetry such as similes and metaphors, after which the result must still have some esthetic appeal. It is for this reason that G Grooks is a significant achievement. Hahn's English version, done with the help of Jens Arup, seems to have lost no beauty or meaning in the translation.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Men who do not forgive women their little faults
will never enjoy their great virtues.

--Gibran

SOCIAL COMMITTEE SPEAKS

1/12/67

Thursday, January 19th, at 10:00 pm Social Committee will sponsor a BEER BLAST in the Dining Room. Cups will be provided by Social Committee. There will be music and, so we are warned, some live entertainment. No one will be allowed on the balcony. There will be some soft drinks for those who do not want beer.

February 18th is the date of the final Rudy-Carlson Social Extravaganza.-- A Bowery Party. If anyone doesn't know what the Bowery is, ask a friend from New York.

There will be a Diner dispensing food, silent movies upstairs, five types of refreshments, and a good band. There will also be many of the other things that make the Bowery famous, such as park benches, mops, trash cans, door stoops, etc. Cost is \$2.50 per couple and dress is informal. Since there will be a prize for the best dressed bum -- think. Fix-ups are available; see Bill, Room 225.

Baker House will be having a Mixer on February 11th, see the Social Pole for details.

Good Luck on finals

J & B

Well, it seems that more people read the 'Christmas Issue' than have read any previous letter; I received 42 answers to the 5 questions I posed in that issue. The correct answers are:

1. A. Louis Nye - Madison Avenue's Gordon Hathaway
B. Tom Coston - Forgetful feeb
C. Don Knotts - Nervous Nerd
2. Only one person need be invited if the relationships below are followed.
M 1. M 2.-3. F 4. M M. =male
F 5.-6. M M 7.-8. F M 9.-10 F F=Female
"- " =marriage bond
1 and 4; 6 and 7 are brothers
9 and 8 are brother and sister
4 and 9; 2 and 6 are father and son
1 and 5; 4 and 8 are father and daughter
#4 is the guest, #6 is the math. major. The cost is thus 4 ¢
3.
$$\frac{*}{A} / \frac{*}{B} = \frac{*}{C} \quad * \quad \frac{B}{C} = \frac{3}{5}$$

$$\frac{A}{60} = \frac{B}{V}$$

$$A+B+C/60 = C/V$$

$$V=15 \text{ mph}$$
4. Throckmorton Gildersleeve was played by Harold Peary and Willard Waterman. He was Water Commissioner. His friend was ;Peavie,' his nephew Leroy, his maid Birdie.
5. 558.28 is the value of UMOC votes cast, 28.28 is the value of Baker's candidate's votes. (Clearly an injustice.)

Now for the big moment. The winner of 15 free pinball games is

ARTHUR NEUFER ____ ROOM 336

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Neufer's total score was $3 \frac{2}{3}$. Next in order were: John Ebert- $3 \frac{1}{3}$; Dave Seldin -3; Paul Epstein-3; all other entries below 3. Stan Rose was eliminated from competition for cheating.

Questions:

1. If A, B, C are digits, what is the minimum value of $100A + 10B + C / A+B+C$?
2. Show $4x^3 - 3x^2 - 4x - 11x + 4$ has no negative roots.
3. State a theorem about integers which is valid for all integers except $n = 5, 9, 17, 33, 65, 129, 257, 513$.
4. Complete the introduction to "The Lone Ranger," beginning "With his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, the daring and..."
5. What organization did George Stevens head as the Kingfish of Amos 'n' Andy?

Answers to box 5380

Prize -- 15 pinball games to the person with the greatest number of correct answers.

Andy Egendorf 538

PARADOX

While reading Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift, recently, I came across the following passage (in the Third Voyage, chapter iii), which is part of a paragraph on the merits of the astronomers of the flying island of Laputa:

They have likewise discovered two lesser Sars, or Satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the Center of the primary Planet exactly three of his Diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the Space of ten Hours, and the latter in Twenty-one and a Half.

Gulliver's Travels was first published in October, 1726. The satellites of Mars were (otherwise) unknown until their discovery in August, 1877, by Asaph Hall, who was then in charge of the 26-inch telescope at the Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C. The following data on these satellites is from the Encyclopedia Britannica:

Diameter of Mars = 4268 miles

Phobus: mean distance from center = 5825 mi. = 1.4 diameters
rotation time = 7 hours, 39 minutes

Deimos: mean distance = 14, 580 mi. = 3.4 diameters
rotation time = 30 hours, 18 minutes

Swift's predictions are not terribly accurate, but they are never off by more than a factor of about two. How did he do it? Was he secretly an astronomer of great genius (as he was an author of great genius)? The predictions seem all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that they are the only prediction in the whole book about real objects (as opposed to the numerous pseudofactual remarks about the obviously imaginary lands which Gulliver visits). You figure it out.

~OPINION~

18

A THEORY UPON "THEORIES OF SEXUALITY"

It is interesting that the first "OPINION" expressed in the Baker Letter should have been someone's theory of sexuality. With all respect to the author, who is responsible for a penetrating and reflective start to the "Opinion" series, one might wonder why Mr. Blaine might not as well have given us "My Theory of Eating", being a bodily function performed, at least in our society, for self gratification. And yet it is somehow trivially obvious that he would not have attract nearly the attention with such subject matter as he did by invoking the magic word SEX --- and theren lies the story of a sick, sick society.

We have no reason to argue with the author: in so far as what he said may be considered relevant to one's life - and particularly, of course, to one's sexual activities - it may also be considered true (if only because Mr. Blaine defined sex as a purely auto-personal thing - a definition which, because it is merely a matter of definition, I see no important reason to dispute). What is most interesting is not so much what was said, but why it was said at all.

Without delving into the matter too profoundly, I would like to express a simple personal opinion that it is unfortunate that our pseudo-sophisticated Western world should have erected its sickly atmosphere about the subject. If we confine our consideration strictly to American society, it seems that we are still ailing from what even today is sometimes fondly called 'the Puritan ethic' (as rhyming with " the American way of life"), a moral system based on the most severe degradation of sex and conducive to the hypocrisy which is only now becoming an open secret. Our saviour from all this is a messiah who preaches a gospel of 'let's be honest and admit that self-gratification is our natural desire and in fact inevitable; therefore the intelligent man, if he is not a hypocrite, should seek to gratify his every desire'. There is almost a refreshing honesty to it. Mr. Heffner owes his popularity partly to the fact that he relieves an emasculating social hypocrisy; he owes the rest of his popularity to the fact that he replaces the old with a more enjoyable hypocrisy.

Perhaps the problem is that it takes a man, an individual, to see sex as something good and profound rather than "animal " and "evil" or a means to a facile self-gratification. And the simple fact is that our tradition of self-emasculatation has taught is that our tradition of self-emasculatation has taught that it is easier to assume a group sense than to be individual (which is, incidentally, why our society like to hear Mr. Heffner say, "See, guys? - it's really all right."). Consequently, men in our society are a rare and precious commodity; specifically, for example, it is unlikely that there are more than a dozen residents of Baker to whom that title might apply.

And yet, men --- capable of being violently individual - are so obviously what are needed to cure the sickness knownaas the American way of life.

WILKERSON SPEAKS???

"First thing I would like to say to you is that I have the feeling right now that I have one heck of a lot of nerve."

With this began perhaps, one of the most interesting events of the year. Prompted by an advertisement printed in THE TECH on the 22nd of November, concerning one man's theory of the universe, the Burton Second Wazoo Forum invited Mr. E.D. Wilkerson up from South Orange New Jersey, to defend his unique geocentric universe theory. Needless to say it was an immortal event.

Mr. Wilkerson's article "Wanted: Students for Extracurricular Thinking" appeared in four college newspapers; MIT, Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, the reactions from these schools was most interesting: "M.I.T. came back like a flock of angry hornets" Princeton was next, then Harvard, and Yale was bringing up the rear.

Wilkerson went on to say that he was not here to attack engineering only science (one might attribute this to the fact that engineering is a good deal more concrete than science (i.e. it works), but lets not take this point up yet). He came up to see us to expound his theories for the first time to a college group, and collect advice, and suggestions for constructive criticism, while he did not pretend to prove his theories (as he had no intention of using "fancy math"), he was going to make them intuitively plausible. Well, the suggestions, and advice he got more than enough of, though at no time did he seem willing to collect any of it.

He began by citing the first Russian space shot, and the fact that one could just as easily characterize the motion of the orbit by assuming that the satellite was at rest, and the universe circle around it (not star and all), rather than the classic satellite rotation about the earth. Now this is entirely plausible, providing you don't think too deeply (or quickly), however, Jeff Dodson (Baker's bright budding physicist) quite non-chalantly conjectured, that, though he was not sure it had been done, it was only a matter of putting two satellites in the same orbit with opposite direction, to put severe strain on the argument, since now one satellite is at rest, and one in motion, and which is which. Wilkerson's classic answer: "while theoretically possible, it hasn't been done to my knowledge".

From this point the lecture began to diverge from any logic, and as time went on the lecture became more and more laced with double-talk. Another of his most interesting theories was his "minimum acceleration theory". For the sake of clarifying the following argument, let us make the simple assumption, that we can ignore the centrifugal force at the surface of the earth (obvious since it only turns once per day, the force must be small to the point of being negligible. Now, everyone knows that the velocity at the surface of the earth is 17,500 MPH, in a circular direction, and that this causes a net acceleration.

Now, half way from the center to the outside, the velocity is only 8,750 MPH, and the acceleration=one half. Following in like manner to the center of the earth, we find zero acceleration there. It is, hence, intuitively obvious to the most casual observer that a body seeks minimum acceleration, and therefore seeks the center of the earth (also the center of the universe since it stands still too). Unfortunately we have most casually ignored our poor satellite, which is also at absolute rest, and hence all accelerate toward it. For that matter since any rotating sphere (regardless of rotation) can be considered as spinning on an axis, it defines two more points on the surface of the earth which stand still.!!!

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The Dubious Achievement
Award of the Week

Goes to Mr. Bart Noyes, 601, for throwing a dart into a brick wall.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT _____ FOOD FOR FREE

Several announcements about food:

1. There will be a special buffet dinner (unlimited lobster Newburg, Roast Beef, Ham, Turkey, etc.) On Tuesday, Jan 17 from 5 to 7. Guests --- \$3.00. Remember last year's buffet?? Bring your appetite.

2. Following is the reading period food schedule:

Sat, Jan 21 --- Brunch 10 A.M. to noon.
Sun, Jan 22 --- Brunch 10 A.M. to noon.
Mon, Jan 23 --- Coffee, Cider and donuts Study Break 10 P. M.
Tues, Jan 24 --- Prof. & Mrs. Gamble's Study break - Roast beef sandwiches, etc. 10 P.M.

3. Happy Tooling.

Jeff Wiesen 140

P. S. Remember all room request cards should be turned in as soon as possible if you want to remain in Baker.

J. W.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN F. KEIL

WILKERSON?? (con't)

When presented with these seeming paradox, Mr. Wilkerson most eloquently double-talked his way around them, in a way which I am still at a loss to understand, even after listening to the tapes of the lecture three times. It has something to do with the fact that there are no forces toward the satellite, but then there is no force toward the center of the earth, or something? Also that the state of the art of the technology of the sphere was not such that it could be described by one axis, perhaps future generations would make this clear to us??

It was rather unfortunate that no one mentioned to Mr. Wilkerson that centrifugal force was also directly proportional to the radius from the center just as his fictitious force to the center, hence he was minimizing nothing.

Other points of interest: When a baseball is thrown, it accelerates until such time that it can radiate its energy off into some other medium, such as the atmosphere. In simple mathematics

$$\frac{da}{dt} = F$$

The interested reader will note that Newton may be satisfied by letting

$$a = Ce^{mt}$$

The Sun and stars glow because of their immense speed through their non-oxygen atmosphere and the friction that ensues. (I might add, that the earth carries its atmosphere along with it, though I am not sure why we are so privileged, maybe we live right).

We return once again to our Russian friends, this time the scene has shifted from Sputnik I to the first walk in space, where the cosmonaut is to have observed that the only force he felt in space was not one of his great velocity, but the fact that when he pushed against his space ship, it moved in opposite direction from him. What's so odd about this you say? why of course, the fact that things in motion resist change in transverse motion proportional to their velocity. i.e. one has trouble deflecting a bullet aside while it is in flight, but one can easily kick it one when it is rest. If one takes this attitude that no inertial frame is equivalent, one finds our space friends in absolute rest, right on top of poor old Sputnik I!!!!

When time rolled around to question and answer period, Mr. Wilkerson settled down to some good hard cold double-talking, for instance, if we figure the earth center of the universe we must give Pluto a velocity greater than light in order for the poor planet to get about in its orbit. The answer to this objection was one of semantics, you see Pluto's mass is not consistent with our idea of mass here on earth, we must also redesign the speeds at which mass is converted to energy. This line of chop-logic (to steal a phrase from Socrates) went on for some time, the conclusion of which was mass confusion. (not to be confused with mass action). Some of the results of which are noted on the title page (pay particular attention to Atmos-Cosmos better known as "ether").

I believe the best summation of his lecture was given by an old mayor

HE COULDA ET

Jack Hirsch

Jack Hirsch
616

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