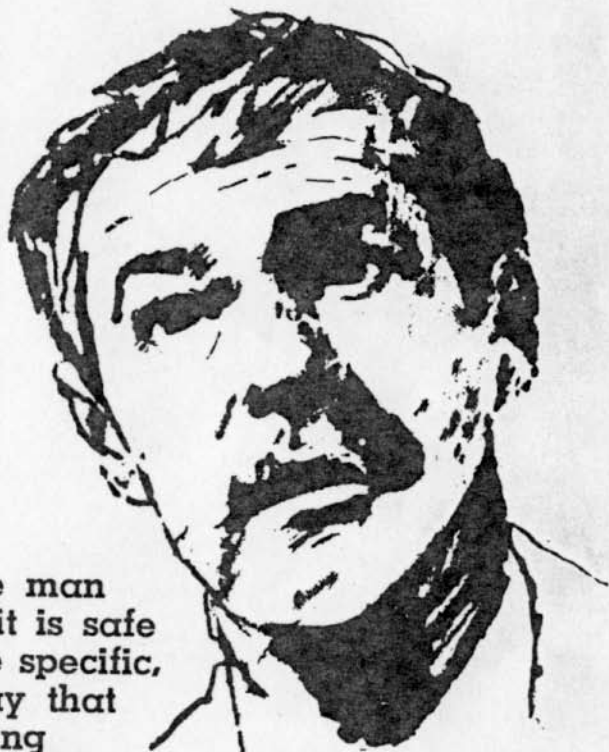


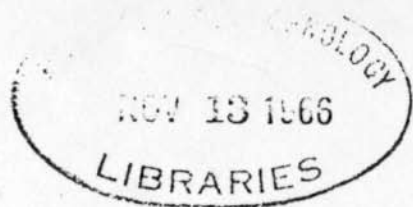
Innistree

- Rostow on Economic Growth: a Critique
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- The Basketball Team in Europe: a Travelogue

An
Interview
With
Dr.
Timothy
Leary



"But at the present time man is so sick, that...today it is safe to say that drugs are the specific, and almost the only, way that the American is ever going to have a religious experience."



How to See Europe for Practically Nothing

OR

How I Managed to Alienate One Thousand Europeans Without Really Trying

One of the members of the successful varsity basketball team relates, in travelogue form, the scenic, personal and diplomatic highlights and blunders of the summer tour of Europe, from Iceland to Communist Yugoslavia.

By Bob Ferrara

This past July, while the rest of MIT's student body had retreated to every corner of the globe, the varsity basketball team was still in Cambridge, preparing for an upcoming one-and-a-half month tour of Europe. Despite intensive practice sessions, the two short weeks allowed by NCAA rules were hardly enough for Coach Barry to whip the thirteen of us into mid-season shape.

Undoubtedly it has already popped into the basketball-wise reader's head that we were a highly unlikely group to represent American basketball. Though we had an eighteen-and-eight record this past year, our competition was not always New England's best. There are probably more than a hundred colleges in the country that could have beaten us into the floorboards (excluding Harvard, of course). Fortunately the trip was sponsored by a private foundation, the People-to-People Organization, rather than by the State Department, which ordinarily selects only

Bob Ferrara, a senior in Mechanical Engineering, is a varsity letter-man in Basketball. He is also President of MIT's Social Service Committee. The photos are by teammate Jack Mazola.

nationally-ranked teams. So, oblivious to any expert's ratings, we left in high spirits for Iceland the last day of July.

Our first glimpse of Leif Erickson's homeland didn't help sustain our enthusiasm. We were quartered at the Kelflavik NATO Air Base, a place that no one looked forward to calling home for the next four days. The terrain around Kelflavik, set out from the mainland on a windswept peninsula formed by a not-too-ancient lava flow, is so rough and inhospitable that the U. S. at one time used it to test prototypes of lunar surface equipment. Our first night's stay wasn't made any easier by a sun which refused to go any lower than the rim of the nearest mountain range.

The next day, however, the picture changed when we made our first visit to Reyjavik, Iceland's capital and home of half her two hundred thousand population. Except for its lack of trees and for a few other idiosyncracies, Reyjavik could almost pass for a middle-sized American city. Reyjavik's tenfold increase in population in the past half-century accounts for the newness of most of her buildings. Late to adapt to twentieth century ways, the Icelanders have

made up for it by a tremendous building boom in recent decades and can boast one of the world's most modern capitals.

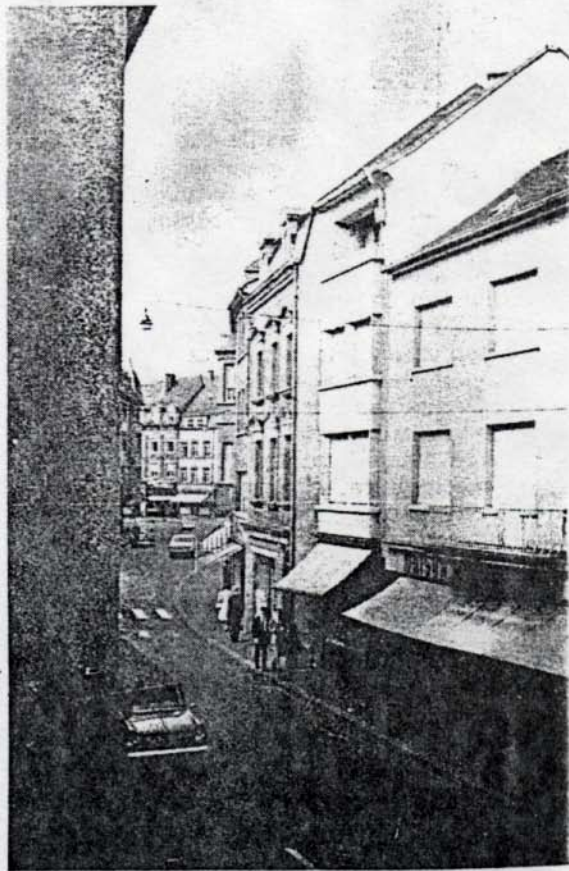
This combination of Iceland's rapid growth and isolated position have produced some eccentric characteristics. The residents of modern Reyjavik, the linguists say, still speak and write, almost unchanged, the language of the first settlers of almost a millennium ago. Proud of this heritage, the Icelanders have taken great pains to guard against the encroachment of foreign words and sounds. For example, their word for a match is "fire-spitter," a compound of two words that Eric the Red himself must have used. Iceland also has the oldest Parliament in the world, the Althing, which will soon celebrate its nine-hundredth birthday.

To our eyes, though, Iceland's most impressive credential was the fairer sex. True, none of us ever saw other Scandinavian countries, but any nation would be hard pressed to match Iceland. If there were but one unanimous judgment of our team, it was that this land had the best mannered, best looking girls we had ever met.

We were almost ready to concede to our hosts that this was indeed an island of paradise when they spoiled it all by beating us by a highly contested 60-56. Only Jack Mazola could produce for us, and John Flick had sustained the first of his multiple injuries in practice the day before. The Icelanders had improved considerably since the shellacking we had given them two years ago at MIT. Their victory capped their best season yet, which also included a defeat of their former rulers, the Danes.

Our next stop was a more populous country—the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. We didn't have much time to look over the capital city before we were whisked off to play Ettelbruck, the champions of Luxembourg. Before the game, our host, the deputy mayor of Ettelbruck,

threw a little party for us and the opposing team. After he related stories of the town's recent history, we all toasted each other, clinking our lemon soda pop bottles with their wine glasses. The choice of respective drinks was appropriate. The athletes of Europe, at least those we were to meet, seem to feel more at home with a six-pack of Lowenbrau dark and some smokes than a quart of orange juice and a bowl of Wheaties. To an American coach, the training conditions we witnessed would be scandalous. Nevertheless, the fellows we met still enjoyed their sports and the good life too.



A street scene in downtown Ettelbruck, Luxembourg.

In Ettelbruck, we received the first taste of the primitive playing conditions which we were to encounter throughout the rest of our trip. The court was a spattering of tilted asphalt in the town square. Our co-captain, Alex Wilson, made the wise move of choosing to shoot at the north basket in the first half, so that we could break quickly downhill towards the south basket in the second half, when we would be more tired. There were no stands for spectators either, so the fans crowded right up to the out-of-bounds line. Some maneuvering was often required merely to throw the ball into play from out of bounds. But usually an "excuse me" was sufficient, and the crowd parted to allow room for a player to stand. We adjusted to these conditions easily enough and won the game by 30 points.

On the way home from Ettelbruck that night, we devised the first of our two methods to counteract the fear which European bus drivers inspired in us—we sang. Since none of us had much of a voice, we later turned to playing bridge. This proved to be particularly difficult in the Alps and on the unpaved mountain roads of Yugoslavia.

From Luxembourg, we Hertzied down through Germany on the Autobahn to Garmisch where we discovered that we had arrived at the height of the tourist season and couldn't find a place to stay. There was nothing to do but to go on.

Late that night we got to Innsbruck, Austria, where we finally pulled over to the shoulder of the road to get a few hours sleep. The grandeur of the Alps the next morning was enough to keep our eyes open all the way to Trieste.

We were a haggard group when we got our first look at an honest-to-goodness, flesh-and-blood Communist in Trieste. Our first Yugoslavian guide, Igor, was supposed to have shown us to a special sleeper car on the train to Belgrade. Unfortunately there was no sleeper car on

the entire train and we wound up scrambling with the proletariat for standing room in the aisles. In spite of the prospect of yet another sleepless night, we received a perverse satisfaction from the explanation that either some unmotivated bureaucrat had bumbled, or the C.P. had instigated the whole thing to spite us for Vietnam. Actually, the latter reason comes too close to home; both Poland and Czechoslovakia canceled games because of the war. The French also dropped us, but we never learned whether the reason was diplomatic or not.

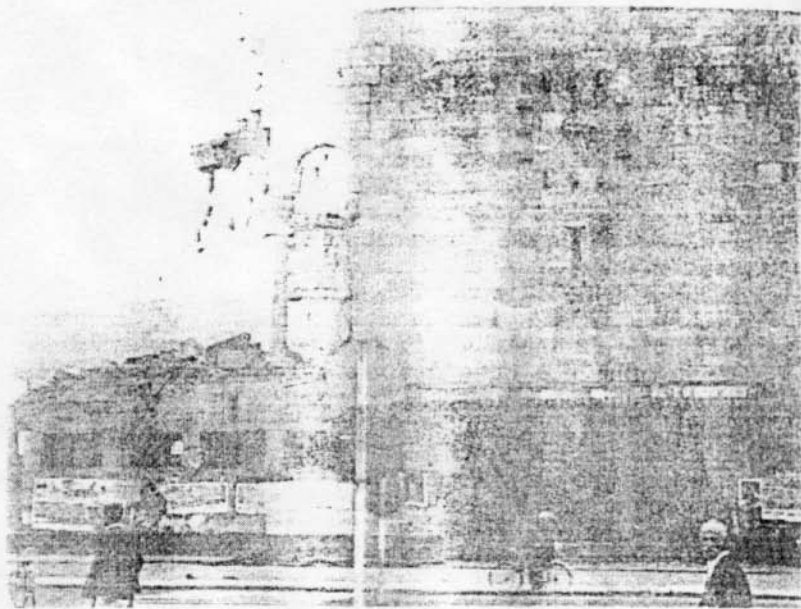
Anyway, our next game was in Bor, a copper mining town in Serbia. The train incident had us psyched up for this match, but the Communist horde turned out to be a bunch of spastic pygmies. Dave Jansson couldn't miss and we walked away with a 95-55 victory.

The win aside, Bor was a landmark for us. There, for the first time, we were exposed to Yugoslav hospitality (they even went so far as to play that imperialist hymn, "Twist and Shout," over the loudspeaker during the warm-up drills, to make us feel at home). Moreover, we were treated like heroes. A crowd of no less than a hundred kids milled around our bus, some wanting autographs, others just waving. It's quite a feeling to be a celebrity (or is it oddity?).

Bor was one of many Yugoslavian towns we were to visit far off the beaten path. Only the Dalmation coast and the large cities of Belgrade and Zagreb attract an appreciable number of tourists. Most of the places we played at were as yet unspoiled, and we were warmly received by the curious, but friendly, people.

We really had to sweat during our next game, in which we beat Cacak in a two-point overtime contest. One of the fellows on the Cacak squad had played in more national team games than any other Yugoslav, but he had never played for Cacak before. Evidently, the Yugoslavs did a little bit of juggling on their rosters beforehand, and we faced a few "ringers"

A railroad station in Skoplje, Yugoslavia, records the effects — and the time — of the 1963 earthquake.



(illegal players) on many of the teams we met. The juggling became absurd, however, in Tuzla, when the home team lineup included a six foot eight Yugoslav professional from the Italian league, which has the best basketball players in Europe. (Bill Bradley, former Princeton All-American, plays in that league occasionally.) It's probably a good thing they did have this fellow, since it wouldn't have been much of a game without him. As it was, we won by five, and he scored 36 points, over half their total.

Our worst trouncing of the trip came at Split, a tourist town of Roman ancestry on the Adriatic coast. Not content with a few "ringers," the entire team of Zadar, champions of Yugoslavia, was shipped down to play us at Split. We probably didn't help matters much by splashing around all day in the bath-water of the Adriatic or tramping through the third century A.D. Diocletian palaces.

After Zadar, Yugoslavia merges into a haze of roads, pit stops, and basketball

games. When our trip to France was canceled, we were forced to play ball for our daily bread. In other words, because the Yugoslav basketball federation had already fulfilled its obligation, we had to ask any hick town where we hadn't already played to put us up for a day in return for the paid attendance at a hastily scheduled game. Coach Barry and George Overbeck, of the instrumentation lab, made what patchwork arrangements they could, but we still wound up traveling willy-nilly across the country for the ten days we should have been in France.

Only one episode stands out during this time—the fiasco at Slavinski-Brod. There, two of the Yugoslav players set the mood for the night by knocking each out cold in the first quarter. Though most of us could count to ten in Serbo-Croatian by this time, we could hardly comprehend the invective these two were slinging at each other. By the time the fourth quarter rolled around, we were thoroughly dis-

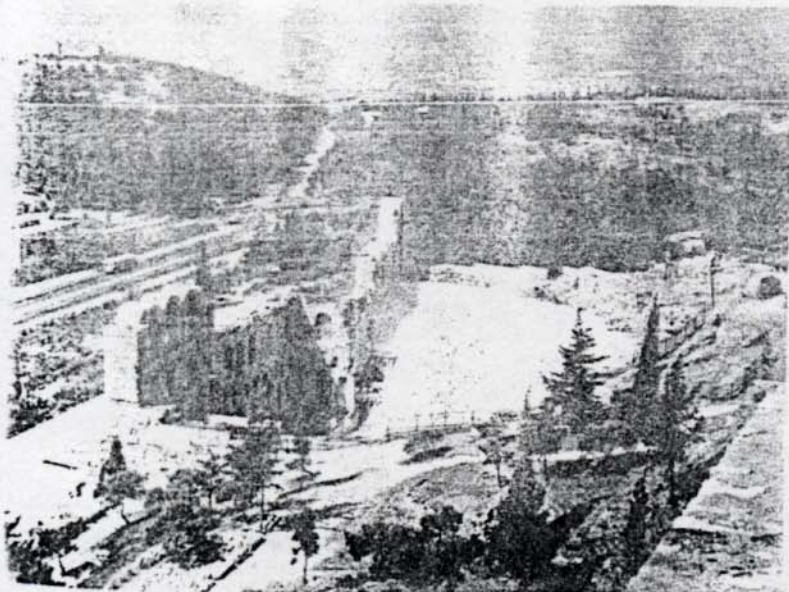
gusted with the referee's calls, so we figured it was our turn to take a poke at a few Yugoslavs too. Three of us did and were thrown out of what must rank as the greatest public relations disaster of our entire trip. It probably wasn't as bad as it seemed at the time, since this sort of thing happens quite often in Slavinski-Brod. The two home-town basketball officials there have a growing reputation for seeing that no one leaves Slavinski-Brod a winner, including their fellow Yugoslavs. Several of our hosts in other towns mentioned that even the best of their country's teams had lost there.

From Slavinski-Brod we made our way through Bosnia, the predominantly Moslem region of Yugoslavia, down to Macedonia, southernmost of the six republics. Skoplje, in Macedonia, has a fascinating history which goes back to the times of Alexander the Great. Still standing are an eighth-century Byzantine fort; a twelfth-century underground Orthodox church which helped keep that faith alive during the five hundred years of Turkish

occupation; and a sixteenth-century Turkish bath. Unfortunately, all these were damaged by the tremendous quake of 1963, which leveled whole tracts of Skoplje and left most of their people homeless. But after the quake, construction teams from several nations, including ours, erected enough new buildings so that Skoplje is now the only city in Yugoslavia without a housing shortage.

Our next stop was Thesalonica, Greece, where we were slated to play in a four-team round robin tournament. After four weeks of kicking around among the drab, though very hospitable, cities of Yugoslavia, neon-signed Thesalonica was quite a relief, in spite of the inevitable tourist traps. Additional excitement was provided by the annual international trade fair, which opened while we were there and sported the attendance of King Constantine and his wife.

Since there were no showers at the stadium, we arrived clad in uniforms for the final match of the tournament. We found that our game was delayed by the open-



A Greek theater — and a four-lane highway — not far from the Acropolis.

ing of the trade fair; so, instead of waiting through the dull game then in progress, we headed for the fireworks display, which was just beginning a couple of blocks away. We should have stayed for the entire fireworks display, for, upon our return, we blew the game and the tournament championship by ten points. We had a lot of fun, though, with that "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts" quote, as our co-captain Bob Hardt received a monstrous second-place trophy.

From Thesalonica we flew to Athens, where we were quartered at a modern sports resort outside the city. Although the entire team had been warned, three players, who choose to remain anonymous, committed the amazing feat of being swindled in tourist traps twice in the same night—by the same trick. Evidently, a couple of the restaurants practice a game of rotating menus.

Our luck at basketball wasn't much

ter and we were beaten three straight times. We did, however, have the honor of being defeated in the stadium where the 1896 Olympics (the first of modern times) were held. The place must have been able to hold a hundred thousand, but only a handful showed up, including one fellow who kept on shouting, "C'mon MIT, open up and show 'em your stuff," as we were gradually submerged by a bigger and stronger Greek team.

From Athens a Russian-made turbo-prop shuttled us to Vienna, and from there we flew to Luxembourg for a rematch with the Eitelbruck team. The outcome was the same, only this time the score was even more lopsided.

After a day of roaming about the neat, well-kept streets of Eitelbruck, we left the next morning for home via Iceland, and made Kennedy airport by four in the morning. We were back to Boston by seven, where we each slipped back once again into the anonymity of an MIT basketball player.

