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## *Tehran to Boston*

## *The Shah Means Trouble*

In Iran, the Shah has declared martial law; meanwhile, in the United States, at least three factions of Iranian students are seeking recognition as the voice for dissident students here. A meeting to dramatize the work of the democratic opposition is to be held at MIT, Oct. 15.

*by Al Campbell*

On Friday, September 8, the Shah of Iran imposed martial law in twelve major cities. Within days of the Shah's army had killed thousands

*(continued inside)*





# "They're Killing Us!"

(continued from the cover)

of people and wounded thousands more. This blood-bath was the Shah's response to the most powerful outcry for democratic rights yet seen in Iran.

Immediately following the imposition of martial law the Shah sent special squads to arrest people active in the mass demonstrations (3 million had demonstrated on September 4 demanding "Down with the Shah") as well as prominent leaders associated with opposition political parties and civil liberties organizations. A curfew from dusk to dawn was ordered and gatherings of more than two persons were declared illegal.

The September 9 issue of the London *Guardian* reported that "in a brutal display of military force troops and small tanks opened fire at 9:20 a. m. yesterday in the Meidan-e-Jaleh at a spot where 5-6,000 young people had gathered for a peaceful demonstration against the Shah. Men, women, and young children ran screaming 'they're killing us, they're killing us.' On the same day troops fired into a crowd of 5,000 in front of the Iranian parliament, mowing down scores of other victims."

On Sept. 9, the second day of martial law, the New York *NewsWorld's* (a daily published during the pressmen's strike) Evan Johnson reported from Tehran: "In a cemetery 18 miles from the city weeping mourners searched for the bodies of relatives in the fighting Friday. It was reported that many children are among the dead."

By Friday night Sept. 15, Behesh-e-Zahra, a cemetery south of Tehran, 3,897 bodies murdered by the Shah were received for burial. These massacres were the worst in the 37 years of the Shah's bloody rule and the fifty years of the Pahlavi dynasty.

Two days after the imposition of martial law and the massacre of thousands of Iranians President Jimmy Carter telephoned the Shah personally reaffirming the U. S. government's backing for the Shah's regime. Carter told the Shah that the U. S. is ready to provide far more than moral support should that become necessary.

The U. S. is the Shah's chief weapons supplier. At present there are 40,000 American advisors training the Iranian army. The U. S. is also training 100,000 American troops in desert warfare to "keep the peace" in the Persian Gulf.

The U. S. press has seriously distorted the nature of the mass demonstrations against the Shah, portraying the demonstrators as "Moslem fanatics" opposed to the Shah's "liberalization" and "modernization." But the millions of Iranians who have taken to the streets have demanded "liberty, freedom and democracy."

There has also been a news blackout of voices telling the real story of the mass upsurge. The London *Guardian's* Liz Thurgood has been expelled from Iran. In the U. S. the press has failed to report the views of Iranian dissidents and American civil libertarians who have been trying to get out the real facts. A Sept. 13 press conference in Washington, D. C., sponsored by the Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran (CAIFI) and including Iranian poet Reza Baraheni, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, and U. S. Congressmen Fortney Stark and Tom Harkin, went unreported in the U. S. press.

CAIFI is planning a whole series of educational efforts nationally to get out the truth about the events in Iran. Besides the Sept. 13 press conference, CAIFI sponsored yesterday (October 4) a picket line at the Iranian consulate in New York demanding an end to the martial law and the killing of innocent Iranians.



The First Day of Martial Law in Tehran

## A Short History of the Shah's Violence

prepared by the Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran

The Shah returned to power through a CIA coup in 1953. Since then, thousands of people have been summarily executed by his firing squads. More than 300,000 people have been in and out of prison in this period. SAVAK, the Shah's notorious secret police force, was established in 1957 with Washington's direct assistance. It is responsible for the most barbaric tortures, resulting in countless deaths and injuries. According to Amnesty International's *Annual Report* for 1974-5, "the total number of political prisoners reported at times throughout the year [is] anything from 25,000 to 100,000." Martin Ennals, secretary general of Amnesty International, reports in the introduction to this book that Iran has "the highest rate of death penalties in the world" and a "history of torture which is beyond belief."

Since the first associations for human and civil liberties appeared on the scene a few years ago, the Shah's regime has cracked down on the leaders and activities of every gathering that has dared to challenge its repressive policies. Demonstrations against political repression have swept across Iran since the beginning of the year:

\* On January 9, the first major demonstration took place in the city of Qom. It was touched off by the publication of a provocative article in the government-controlled press insulting Ayatollah Khomeini, the highest religious leader of Iranian Moslems, now in exile. The police opened fire on the demonstration, killing and wounding 100 persons.

\* In protest against this massacre, demonstrations were held forty days later, on February 18, in several major cities, including Isfahan, Shiraz and Ahvaz. The largest took place in Tabriz. There the army was brought into the city to head off the march of 100,000. Tens of participants were killed and many injured and arrested.

\* On March 30, forty days after the Tabriz events, demonstrations erupted in more than fifty cities in Iran against the earlier killings. The protests lasted for more than a week.

SAVAK's underground Vengeance Group set off bombs in April in the residences of prominent opposition leaders including Mehdi Bazargan, Karim Sanjabi, and R.M. Ma'aghei.

\* On July 22, in Mashhad, police charged into the funeral procession of Shaikh Ahmad Kafi, a prominent figure of the religious opposition, killing about forty persons and injuring scores of others.

\* In the month of August more anti-Shah demonstrations, involving thousands, occurred in scores of places. On August 11, in Isfahan, people poured into the city, and the following day martial law was imposed there.

\* On August 19, a crowded movie theater in Abadan, the southern oil port city of Iran, was set on fire, and an estimated 600 persons were incinerated. The Shah blamed his opponents for the fire and sought to use the incident to roll back the waves of protest against his reign of terror. In the funeral processions for the victims, tanks, armored cars, and troops were moved into the city. Nonetheless, massive anti-Shah demonstrations occurred throughout the country. Most people held the Shah and his agents responsible for the holocaust.

\* On August 27, the Shah appointed a new cabinet under Prime Minister Sharif-Emami, whose most important qualification for this post, as the *Christian Science Monitor* put it, "membership in the inner group of ten or a dozen people who have long constituted the select handful trusted by the Shah and most supportive of him."

\* On Monday, September 4, more than 3 million people poured into the streets throughout the country, thus creating the largest peaceful and legal anti-Shah demonstrations in the history of Iran. The government controlled dailies *Kayhadn* and *Ettela'at* gave extensive coverage to these demonstrations, underscoring their peaceful character. The demonstrations continued until Thursday, September 7. On Thursday night the government announced that further demonstrations, which were scheduled to take place the following day, had been declared illegal. In the first hours of Friday, September 8, as tens of thousands took to the streets of Tehran, the government suddenly issued the martial law decree. Eyewitnesses said tanks and armored cars had entered the city within minutes of the martial law declaration. It was from this moment that the massive murder of unarmed, peaceful demonstrators began. According to the Sept. 10 issue of the London *Times*, "The government said martial law was imposed because of the hundreds of thousands of demonstrators who violated a ban on marches yesterday and shouted the 'most offensive slogans running against the Constitution.' This was a reference to the loud cries from the demonstrators for the fall of the Shah."

## WE CAN NOT REFUSE RIGHTS Teach-In on Iran Struggle

by Jamileh Moradi

Iranian students and their supporters at MIT have called a meeting on October 15 to speak out on the recent mass uprisings in Iran. Speakers will include Professors Noam Chomsky and Joseph Weizenbaum, as well as Nobel laureate George Wald, Parvin Najafi, a representative of the Iranian student newspaper *Payam Daneshjoo*, and others.

(continued on page 6)



# Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg

The MIT faculty will meet on Wed. October 18 at 3:15 in room 10-250. Three motions proposed by the grading committee are to be voted on. The first motion calls for specific redefinitions of grades. The second motion requires that grade distributions for the most recent term be stated on the student's grade report. The third motion, if passed, would allow the registrar to store all the grade distributions and have this information available to the MIT community. These proposals, though slightly watered down from last year, increase pressure on students, provide a climate for grade deflation, and place a greater emphasis on grades rather than education. If you care at all about the academic environment at MIT; show up at the faculty meeting.

U.S. foreign arms sales reached an all time high this past year. \$13.7 billion of military devices is \$500 million more than was estimated last January. Increasing the world community's potential for war is not in the direction of peace however the profits of the corporations that produce the arms are at stake. This is not a clear case of "Profits

vs Human Interests" America's economy has become dependent on these government contracts. Still, the amount of arms produced could be systematically reduced each year in small amounts without economic disaster.

The Boston cluster of the Clamshell Alliance is staging a nonviolent civil disobedience action on October 7 at Seabrook, N.H. to protest the construction of the nuclear power plant in that town. The action will occur simultaneous with similar actions in New York, Indiana, Oklahoma, and Illinois. There will also be a legal rally across from the main access road to the site at noon. People interested in transportation to the site can call 524-1754 for information. Scheduled for the same day is a Safe Energy Fair in the Boston commons, near the Park St. MBTA, from 11 am to 5 pm. Today, at noon, will be a picket of the First National Bank co-sponsored for its financial backing of the Seabrook Nuke and the South African Apartheid. The bank is located at 100 Federal Street in Boston.

Following the Mass. primaries a White House aid referred to Democratic candidate Ed King as a "turkey."

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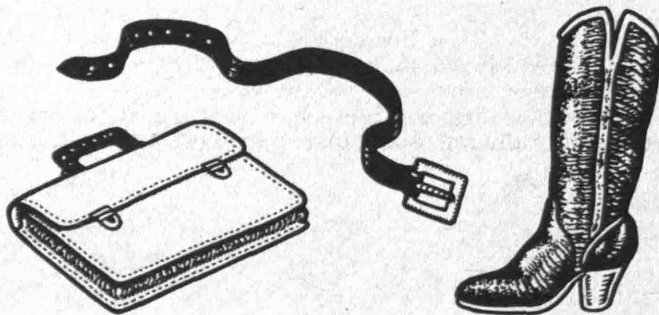
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# THE OPTIMUM MOMENT.

Mountaineering<sup>1</sup> is a skill of timing as well as technique. The wrong moment, like the wrong method, marks the gap between amateur and aficionado. So the key to successful mountaineering is to choose the occasions wisely and well. When, then, is it appropriate to slowly quaff the smooth, refreshing mountains of Busch Beer?

Celebrations, of course, are both expected and excellent opportunities to test your mountaineering mettle. Indeed, on major holidays it is virtually

mandatory to do so.

Imagine ushering in the fiscal new year or commemorating Calvin C. Coolidge's birthday or throw-

ing caution to the wind during Take-A-Sorghum-To-Lunch-Week without the benefit of Busch. A disturbing prospect at best.

On the other hand, not every event need be as significant as those outlined above.

Small victories like exams passed, papers completed or classes attended are equally acceptable. Remember the mountaineer's motto: matriculation is celebration.

Interpersonal relationships are also

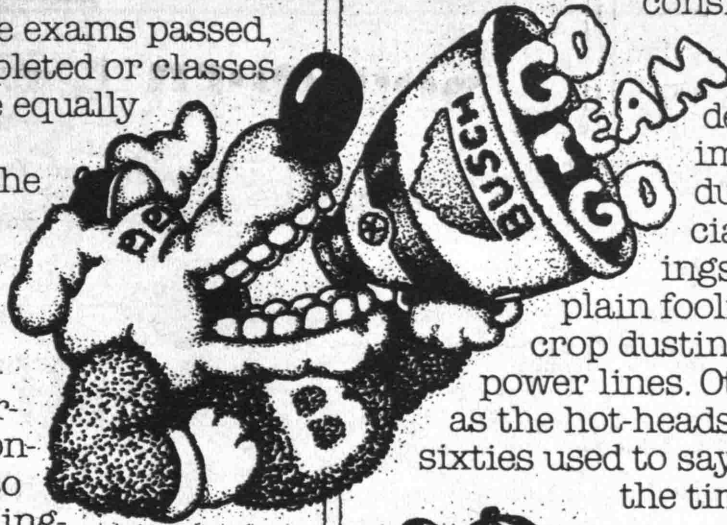
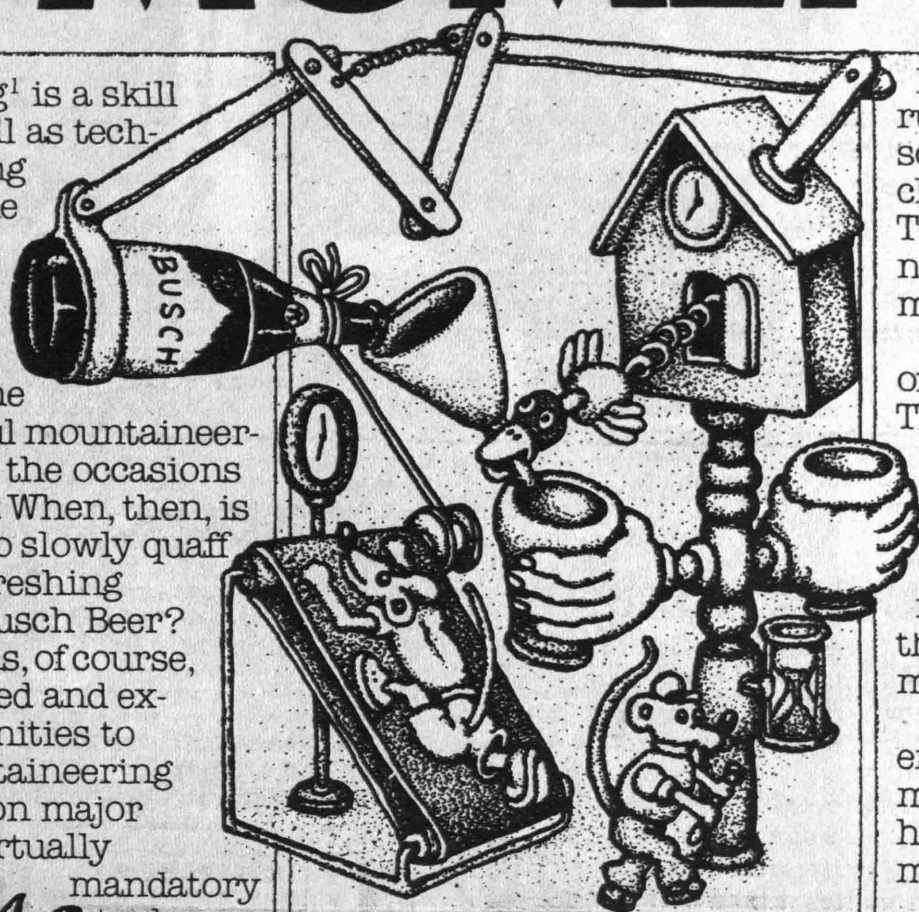
meaningful times. There are few things finer than taking your companion in hand and heading for the mountains, transcending the ho-hum and hum-drum in favor of a romantic R & R. Naturally, couples who share the

pleasures of mountaineering run the risk of being labeled social climbers. But such cheap shots are to be ignored. They are the work of cynics, nay-sayers and chronic malcontents.

Similarly, the ambience of an athletic afternoon (e.g. The Big Game) is another ideal moment. Downing the mountains elevates the morale of the fan and, hence, the team. Therefore, if you care at all about the outcome, it is your duty to mountaineer.

When should one not enjoy the invigoration of the mountains? Here, you'll be happy to learn, the list is much briefer.

Mountaineering is considered declassé with dessert, improper during judicial proceedings and just plain foolish while crop dusting around power lines. Otherwise, as the hot-heads of the sixties used to say, "Seize the time!"



<sup>1</sup> Mountaineering is the science and art of drinking Busch. The term originates due to the snowy, icy peaks sported by the label outside and perpetuates due to the cold, naturally refreshing taste inside. (cf. lessons 1, 2 and 3.)

Don't just reach for a beer. **BUSCH**® Head for the mountains.



# Yes! We Have No Tormatos

by David Shaw

What? *Tormato*? What kind of album title is that? It's not a good title, probably a product of Rick Wakeman's warped sense of humor. The album cover shows a black and white photo with a tomato smashed on it; the inner sleeve, a map with the tors(hills) circled, worsens the pun. Enough about the cover - a Roger Dean it ain't.

Torkey would probably have been a better title for this effort, as it marks a new low in Yes's usually excellent music. Containing no fewer than nine songs (The last Yes album with more than five songs was *Fragile*.), *Tormato* seems to be an exercise in writing four-chord melodies with inane lyrics, something totally uncharacteristic of the group's typical musical and lyrical complexity. Gone are the sprawling, sonata like structures that wove thematic ideas at many levels; instead we are offered what can only be described as synthesized boogie. Jon Anderson's poetic imagery has been replaced by trite rhymes, cutesy stories, and overworked subject matter.

"Future Times", the opening cut, shows some promise but loses its impact after the first two repetitions of the melody. Unfortunately, the other tunes progress rapidly downhill, making "Future Times" the high point of the set. "Rejoice" continues the first song's riffs with different lyrics, but is mercifully short. "Don't Kill the Whale" is an example of how CSN decided not to write their protest song about the same subject. "Madrigal" is basically a pretty tune, but Wakeman's virtuoso harpsichord playing is drowned in Anderson's drivel. It's enough to make ol' Rick want to quit again. Side one closes with "Release Release", Yes's first attempt to play simple rock 'n roll. Its message, "Rock is the medium of our generation", is better expressed in Ian Dury's "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll".

Side two has fewer songs, but the best, "Onward", is also the shortest. This tune was written by bassist Chris Squire (who contributed "Parallels" to the last album), and is quite listenable - elegant in its simplicity. "Circus of Heaven" on the other hand is just too cutesy, and is Anderson's attempt at a home movie soundtrack - his son Damion speaks the last lines of the song. "Arriving UFO" would have been a good theme song for *Close Encounters*, but loses as an independent musical entity. The last cut,

"On the Silent Wings of Freedom", isn't silent enough.

The adjective that best describes the overall quality of this album is: thin. Anderson's voice is so high pitched that he loses power in his singing. Consequently, the vocals are slightly mixed back, with more emphasis placed on Squire's reedy background harmonies. There is no real contribution from guitarist Steve Howe, saddest of all, he is relegated to providing mandolin fills. Squire's thundering bass is

lost in a haze of special effects boxes, leaving most of the tunes without a solid bottom. Wakeman has become infatuated with tinny Polymoog noises, totally abandoning his full sounding piano and organ fills; and Alan White's drumming is mostly playing with cymbals.

*Tormato* is a real lemon; not characteristically Yes and uncharacteristically bad. It is, however, the type of commercial pap most fifteen year olds eat up, so the group will sell at least a million albums.



## Transient Blues

And I was going to put you off  
Because I didn't have the time  
And I was trying to start to stride  
I put you out instead,  
You saw me try to hide  
But all I want to do is rhyme.

I don't have a home today,  
Won't have one tonight.  
Home is a word that I've decided is trite,  
But my body decided it has to have a place to keep,  
It's just not enough to have a place to sleep,  
And sometimes I shake without knowing how to weep.  
My body wants me to find a home.

And I was going to put you off,  
Play around for awhile,  
And I was trying to spread out thin.  
The holes came too easy, though,  
Like through a sheet of tin.  
Not just my body these holes defile.

I won't have a home tomorrow,  
Can't have one for this stretch,  
But this wandering mind takes too long to fetch.  
It's looking for a place where it can lay down to die,  
A refuge to take from the justice for a lie,  
A hiding place where no one can see it cry,  
My mind looks without me for a home.

And I was going to put you off,  
Keep you out of my mind,  
And I was trying to stay away.  
I kept you out alright,  
That I didn't betray,  
But I've joined you out of my mind.

These drogs get me down, they make my body hurt  
And tremble at every little noise.  
They cover my heart in the pocket of my shirt,  
Scattering my mind with candy toys.

I am crazy  
It is true  
But if I'm lost at least I found you.  
Trying not to pushed me your way.  
In the freedom I share with the moon  
The lover's moon and lunacy are close to being true.  
No longer living for yesterday.  
I don't need home for shelter from above.  
I don't need home for shelter from within.  
I don't need home to shelter droggy sin.  
All I really need is your love.

Ernie P. Richards

It is rumored that E.P.R. shares a student center double with Bingo Jim.



# Shut Up About the Spaceship

The Electric Light Orchestra at  
the Boston Garden, September 27

by Justin Fielding

British rock fans' longing for the good old days is already a laughable cliché. Many of us have little shame about crying into our beer about the way it used to be. The ravages of R & R ennui are astounding and depressing. How many groups have made it to this date artistically intact? It would be pointless to argue which of the Old Guard (e.g. Tull, Zepelin, ELP) have any validity today; it is, however, a matter of public record that most of the oldies aren't such goodies anymore. The singing/songwriting career of Jeff Lynne (Maestro of the Idle Race, co-founder of The Move, and first co-founder/late Maestro of ELO) represents the most successful battle against Rock erosion any British bandleader has fought, with the possible exceptions of Pete Townsend and Ray Davies. Lynne, unlike Townsend, has continued both to record an album a year and write every song on his group's albums. This certainly has led to trouble. Although ELO's sales have improved (a specious barometer of quality), Lynne's songwriting has become so impersonal and slick that ELO has begun to be a joke among serious Rock fans. Lynne and company deserve better but don't seem to care. Last Wednesday's show would seem to bear this out.

ELO's recent Garden appearance was not noticeably different from their previous show in the same venue. ELO has been dismissed by many because of the shallowness of their singles. The Big Night (as this year's show is called) is basically a greatest hits collection you can watch. Canned sections, which were piped in for "Tightrope" and "Mr. Blue Sky," added to the feeling that you might have been just as well off, and several dollars richer, if you'd stayed home and listened to the records. Missing was the conceptual commitment that gave such power and integrity to the "Ocean Breakup" etc. medley from *On the Third Day*, the grace and humor of *Eldorado—A Symphony*, and the progressive innovation of *Face the Music*'s "Fire On High." In other words, Lynne seems content to be all things to all fourteen year olds. The crowd consisted of Bob Seger T-shirted youngsters who couldn't tell Bev Bevan from a plate of egg and chips. Even Dylan's Garden crowd a few days earlier had a surprisingly juvenile character to it. Lynne knows who comes to see rock concerts today, and he is giving them what they want. "Standing in the Rain," "Mr. Blue Sky,"

The Rhyme of the Roving Space Pilot,  
or, The Ultimate Burn-Out

by Alan Albin

He heard the clock striking and he knew it was time  
To confess he was burnt-out and well past his prime,  
But he emptied his pocket and paid through the nose  
For a stylish sports-rocket and appropriate clothes.  
Then he split in a hurry, leaving mem'ries behind  
He had no cause to worry -- they were part of the grind.  
Once over the ocean and shooting the moon,  
Ship's computer informed him of imminent doom.  
Behind a small space-warp a planetoid lurked  
'Twas a gravity well that jiggled and quirked.  
"Not yet!" he exclaimed, "I'll live on for a bit!"  
But he had to do something 'fore the fan hit the shit.  
So he power-dove and hyperbolaed out  
The speed of maneuver cancelled him out --  
Of this universe and into the next  
He reversed the procedure according to text.  
An outstanding solution to a problem well-posed  
(He would never admit it, but his eyes were both closed.)  
Alas: Spatial Displacement placed him too near the Sun --  
Space Pilot: zero, Universe: one.

## SAY NO TO APARTHEID

The MIT Wellesley Coalition Against Apartheid is organizing a picket line outside the MIT Corporation Meeting on Friday, October 6. Meet at 12:00 at the Plaza outside the Sloan School (Bldg. E-52) From 12:45-2:45, Sidney Kertridge, who led the Biko family's inquest into Steve Biko's murder, will speak in E53-482 (MIT Center for International Studies), 30 Wadsworth St.

# New Fix of 10cc Shoots for New Highs

by Claudia Perry

For a long time I've had a difficult time convincing friends that 10cc is a skilled band. "The singles are so boring," they would say. Since they refused to listen to the albums I had given up hope of converting them.

Well, *Bloody Tourists* may just convince these wimps. "Dreadlock Holiday" is the best single by the band since "Neanderthal Man" (a Top 20 single in the States around 1970). One of the most amusing reggae parodies to date, the song walks the fine line between satisfying hard-core fans of the group without alienating others. The rest of the album, however, is strictly for 10cc aficionados.

Graham Gouldman and Eric Stewart, the nucleus of the band, are two talented individuals. Stewart plays keyboards, lead guitar and also engineers and masters the band's disc. Gouldman, with "For Your Love" and "Bus Stop" to his credit as a songwriter, plays a multitude of instruments too. Two years ago Gouldman and Stewart were teamed with Kevin Godley and Lol Creme. While with the band, Creme invented and perfected the Gizmo, a device which modifies guitar sound by bowing and vibrating the strings. Godley and Creme left in 1976 to promote this marvel. Gouldman and Stewart quickly regrouped and released one of the best albums of 1977, *Deceptive Bends*. The sound was purely Graham and Eric, with a drummer named Paul Burgess present only because neither Gouldman and Stewart play drums.

With *Bloody Tourists*, Gouldman and Stewart have added three more permanent members to the band. As a result of this, Gouldman and Stewart are losing a lot of the quirkiness that was so endearing. Stuart Tosh, Rick Fenn and Duncan MacKay are exemplary musicians; more than able to live up to the exactness of the arrangements.

*Bloody Tourists* is a welcome if odd effort

from the group. There's a cheeky disco break in "The Anonymous Alcoholic," the last track on the first side. It comes across as though the Village People had wandered in to the song and then abruptly disappeared.

The songs on *Bloody Tourists* are well-crafted and flawlessly executed. Both Gouldman and Stewart write tricky, melodic songs that are pop without being painless. This is probably why most critics tend to dismiss 10cc's work as trendy and slick.

Gouldman takes on two of his favorite subjects, loneliness and telephones in "Lifeline," the second cut on the second side. Easily the best of many ballads on the disc, it is chocked with the hooks, tempo changes and signature sound that makes each 10cc effort unique.

Newcomers Fenn, MacKay and Tosh add to the album by collaborating with Stewart and Gouldman on three songs. The results are only partly successful. "Last Night," a funk-tinged number penned by Gouldman and Fenn is in the Hall-and-Oates, white-soul tradition. The lyrics are the sole clue to its identity as a 10cc song. "Old Mister Time," co-authored by Stewart and MacKay, is a nod to "Old Wild Men" from the quintessential 10cc album, *Sheet Music*. "Time" has none of the ethereal sound that characterized its predecessor.

The best of these, "Reds in My Bed," is written by Stewart and Tosh. Of all the neophytes Tosh seems to best understand what 10cc is all about. The song is enhanced by his vocals and percussion.

*Bloody Tourists* finds 10cc to be just as whimsical and exacting as they were at their inception. The absorption of new members is a slight problem which Gouldman and Stewart have dealt with skillfully. Hopefully this time their work will not go unnoticed.

## Personals

RULES FOR SUBMITTING FREE PERSONALS:

- 1) Twenty-five (25) words or less.
- 2) First names only. No full names or phone numbers. (This is for your protection as well as ours.)
- 3) Include the name you will use to pick up replies (this will be kept confidential).

We are not numbers, we are free men. We want . . . information. John. Reply box 26.  
(Or flag down our custom LOTUS. Be seeing you around the village.)

Hi, I am that brunette who sits behind you in 1802. Why don't you turn around and talk. You know who I mean. Joyce. Reply box 27.

Moonbeam: Lend me your aura. I will pay you back on Tuesday. Meet me yesterday at the crack of dusk in the Not-so-Great Court. Please repose. SUNFLOWER. Reply box 40.



# Teach-In on Iran Rights

(continued from page 1)

Speakers at the October 15 meeting, to be held in room 6-120 at 2 p.m., will also speak to the issue of the physical disruption of a September 17 public meeting at MIT sponsored by *Payam Daneshjoo*.

The October 15 meeting, sponsored by Professors Weizenbaum and Chomsky, is endorsed by Rev. Scott Paradise, John Roberts, Executive Director of the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, the Unitarian Universalist Service Committee, Prof. Salvatore Luria, Prof. Ervand Abrahamian, Dr. William E. Alberts, Minister of the Community Church of Boston, Mobilization for Survival, New England Chile Solidarity Committee, and the Young Socialist Alliance.

The planned meeting has been threatened, in a publicly distributed Persian language leaflet, with disruption by the same groups who broke up the Sept. 17 meeting—the Student Union and the Reunification of the Student Movement factions of the Iranian Student Association (ISA).

Some thirty members of these groups burst into the Sept. 17 meeting on "Iran: Struggle for Democracy" just as the first speaker began and drowned him out with chants and screams. Twenty people were present at the meeting.

The attackers charged that supporters of *Payam Daneshjoo* and the Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran (CAIFI) are CIA and SAVAK (Iranian secret police) agents. They tore up and confiscated the literature in the room and threw chairs at meeting participants. One student in attendance was assaulted and his lip cut open.

The thugs then posted guards at the doors and windows and forced their captive audience to listen—without the right to respond—to two and a half hours of their tirades.

These same ISA factions had previously attacked CAIFI meetings on campuses in Houston, Portland, Seattle, and Boston. At the Sept. 17 MIT meeting they threatened to escalate their violence.

According to Firouz Farzinpour, one of the sponsors of the disrupted meeting, "these ISA factions have no idea of how to aid the mass movement in Iran. So they try violently to assert their sole leadership."

"At a time when mass opposition to the Shah has surfaced in Iran, what is needed is maximum unity of all those who support the struggle for democratic rights in Iran. All opponents of the Shah must find ways to work together to build support for the Iranian people's struggle for freedom—and all groups opposed to the Shah must have the right to explain their views in a free and open manner. We cannot support democratic rights in Iran and then refuse them to opponents of the Shah in the U.S."

Farzinpour said that all supporters of the struggle for democracy in Iran are invited to speak at the meeting. A letter has been sent to the disrupters of the Sept. 17 meeting, asking them to withdraw their threat to disrupt the October 15 meeting and to join with other opponents of the Shah in building the meeting and presenting their views there.

A statement circulating at MIT, signed by Professors Chomsky, Luria, and Weizenbaum, and Prof. Howard Zinn of Boston University, Rev. Scott Paradise and others, urges the MIT community to attend the October 15 meeting "to express your support for democratic rights and to show your commitment in helping to put a stop to violence in the movement."

The statement "strongly protests this threat (by the ISA factions) to free speech and democratic rights. While we do not necessarily agree politically with the supporters of *Payam*, we unequivocally support their right to hold public meetings to explain their views without threats or disruption."

# IT AIN'T ME, BABE One Up is Not Equal

by Amy Bauer

A few days ago I was talking to a man who was visiting MIT who remarked, "MIT must be full of red-blooded feminists." I replied that there were quite a few feminist students, but that by and large there was a greater percentage of feminists among employees than among students. I had no explanation for this, and it annoyed me for several days. I finally came up with some partially satisfying reasons and excuses.

I do believe that there are more feminist secretaries, lab assistants, professors and administrators than students, unless there are, unknown to me, a lot of closet feminist students out there. I don't know if this is true of most colleges and universities or if it related to the quality of the school, how receptive it is toward women, or the percentage of women students. It probably does have some relation to each of these, as well as a dynamic of its own.

One must first look at the kind of women there are at MIT. A vast majority are white, and most of these are from middle and upper middle class families. A good portion are from suburbia and have parents who are professionals. Most women who come here are privileged. From a very early age we knew we were special, and our parents and schoolteachers reminded us of it continually. We were "so bright for a girl" or "as bright as any boy" or "thought like a man" or had a "man's natural aptitude for math and science." The message was "You are different from other girls because you are much brighter, much better." Sometimes, if we were too good, we were told to be more like the other girls and stop thinking about school so much. The message was "Normal women concentrate more on social and physical grace, not math and science." On one hand we were told we were different, but we were also warned not to be too different, or we would never get married, or have children, or be happy. We were caught between two diverging themes, with a very hard-to-define middle ground. That middle ground is just as ill-defined today as it was earlier in life. Already we were confused about who we were, and who we want to be, or what type of life we want to lead (when we grow up, graduate, settle down, etc.).

We come to MIT feeling superior to most other women. A lot of us still believe men to be intrinsically better at math and science, and many of us are not confident of our ability to compete against other

people who are like ourselves. We sometimes think that we faked our way through high school (because it was so easy) and that MIT is too much harder, or that we did not get into MIT because of our brains—therefore we are not as bright as everyone else. Although many men feel this too, the women's message is "I'm not good enough to be here, the men are smarter than I am, and if I were a normal woman I wouldn't be here (I'd be at State U. studying English or History or something that women are supposed to be interested in)." Many things make us doubt our worth at MIT, as women and as students.

In conflict with the above, most of us are also told that when we graduate from MIT there will be hundreds of companies dying to hire us at huge salaries. We are told that we are the tops, the very best, not to worry, we are above the type of sexism and discrimination that most women face. That is, we are above and removed from most feminist causes, concerns and principles.

Feminism concerns all women, including all women at MIT. All women face sexism and discrimination every day at home, at school, at work. Corporations are notorious for tokenism, lower pay scales and fewer job promotions for women. So are factories. The corporate managerial woman faces the same forces of oppression as the factory assembler under different trappings.

Having control over your own body affects all women. Affluent women may have better access to better health care and information, but the laws and societal pressures affect everyone. The right to birth control, to choose to have an abortion, to have children, or to be a lesbian, concern us all equally.

If you are going to be a working mother then inextensive, good quality day care concerns you; if you are not going to have children it still concerns you. Society will still hold the "What will happen to your job if you have a child?/What will happen to your child if you hold a job?" myth against us.


No matter how rich, bright or different you are, if you are a woman, then feminist issues concern you, because you are judged as much by ascriptive as by descriptive traits. No matter who you are, if you are a woman, you are judged as a woman, and judged to be different from (and poorer than) a man. Tokenism exists but it is a diversion from the reality that confronts us everyday. To accept and not to try to change reality is to accept inferiority and to admit that you are neither as worthy nor as good as your fellow man.

## Thursday VooDoo

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TVD is published every Thursday of the school term at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Meetings are held each Thursday afternoon at 5 pm in or near room 201, on the second floor of Walker Memorial on the river side of the building. (Bring your own.) We are an independent and anarchic journal of what could occasionally pass for culture, and we actively encourage our readers to submit their contributions. We print features, arts, commentary, contests, and anything else of redeeming social value.



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# IRREGARDLESS by The Clod

It's winter again here at the factory and they've succeeded in turning on that dusty heat which leaves me dry and idealess.

The freshmen all flunked their first exams and are experiencing the usual freakout. By the end of the year they'll all be wanting to go to California.

Some of them don't wait that long. They lifted their fingers in defiance and flew over this wackos nest, probably never to return.

There are legends made of such stuff. One such tale was that of Sport Death who, at last sighting, was in California going with the flow.

"Sport Death," you mumble, reach for another beer and belch, satisfied. "The shirts make sense now." Or, if you're in lecture, you raise your eyes to see if the professor is still there. Unfortunately, yes.

Sport Death had a name before he was deified. But that's unimportant. To many of us, he will never be anything but a battle cry.

The legend grew slowly as most legends do. Sport Death on the swing, maniacally whirling. Sport Death setting fire to his 4.00! final project. Sport Death saying that the guitarist in 10cc was better than Jimmy Page. Sport Death at the Hunter Thompson lecture at Harvard.

During his era, Sport Death wasn't the only one doing Sport Death things. We had the cat that jumped/fell/was pushed from the fourth floor balcony. Urky climbing the walls from first to sixth floor on the ivy. Others in the clan swinging two at a time on the aging tire swing.

The drugs, however, made for that special difference that placed Sport Death heads above his comrades. First acid. Then hash oil. I had heard speed but I didn't believe it. Grass, of course. Even grandmothers do that now.

The sad day came to all of us when Sport Death left the Institute for what seems to be forever. For nearly four more months the charred remains of his project graced the roof. The tire swing has a new rope now. Sport Death's room is now occupied by two people who are charming but certainly not the stuff sagas are made of. They've ripped up the carpets. We painted the walls with the Sport Death head for inspiration and nothing else. But little has changed really. We've just gotten older.

It'll happen to you (I always love to state the obvious.) Some of you will become engineers and other fraudulent servants of society. The closest you'll ever get to Sport Deathing it is a two week vacation with wife and Winnebago. Have no fear. I'll take up the slack for all you wimp wimps. SPORT DEATH!!!!

*The Clod, according to some campus media, is a woman. She is not and never has been registered for 21.729. Gentle unless provoked, she has been known to grin for almost no visible reason. But then that's her business.*

*Notorious for her inability to think in a straight line (sorry, that's line), she is currently searching for the perfect Science Distribution. All suggestions welcome.*

*The Clod also likes homemade apple pie and women who own black Nakamichi 600s. She can be seen around campus very infrequently. If you do see her, say hello as it's been one too many mornings. She'll appreciate it muchly.*

## STICKLES by Geoff Baskir





<p><i>Even inflation has a silver lining: You can now live in a more expensive neighborhood without ever moving!</i></p>	<div>T H E  L A S T  W O R D</div>	<p><i>Some of your hurts you've cured; And the sharpest you've even survived; But what torments of grief you've endured From evils which never arrived.</i> --Ralph Waldo Emerson</p>
<p><i>Talk sense to a fool and he calls you foolish.</i> -- Euripedes</p>		<p><i>Before the airplane our unsophisticated ancestors thought a train wreck was a horror story.</i> -- The Boston Globe (9-28-78)</p>
<p><i>A three-martini lunch is still tax deductable and what's more, it tends to keep one from staying awake all after- noon.</i> -- The Boston Globe (9-27-78)</p>		<p><i>Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored.</i> -- Aldous Huxley</p>
<p><i>After the election is a good time to note which campaign arguments failed to work.</i> -- The Boston Globe (9-20-78)</p>		<p><i>Prejudice saves thinking, especially by those who are ill-equipped for such activity.</i> -- The Boston Globe (9-22-78)</p>
<p><i>The reason worry kills more people than work is that more people worry than work.</i> -- Robert Frost</p>		<p><i>*In modern politics a conservative is someone in favor of bring back the whipping post.</i> -- The Boston Globe (9-26-78)</p>
<p><i>Even if God did not exist, religion would still be holy and divine.</i> -- Charles Baudelaire</p>		<p><i>Strange as it may sound, the power of Mathematics rests on its evasion of all unnecessary thought and on its wonderful saving of mental operations.</i> -- Ernst Mach</p>
<p><i>There are three kinds of people— commonplace men, remarkable men and lunatics.</i> -- Mark Twain</p>		<p><i>I have always thought respectable people scoundrels and I look anxiously at my face every morning for signs of my becoming a scoundrel.</i> -- Bertrand Russell</p>
<p><i>By comparison "preventive detention" isn't so bad. In Sudan and Morocco they have preventive execution.</i> -- The Boston Globe (7-28-71)</p>		<p><i>A man can live well even in a palace.</i> -- Marcus Aurelius</p>
<p><i>Prisons have existed for about 5000 years, and nobody yet has the knack of running them successfully.</i> -- The Boston Globe (8-30-78)</p>		<p><i>Making peace is difficult on account of the prominent position of the human nose, which sticks out there as though asking to be poked.</i> -- The Boston Globe (9-26-78)</p>

by

Naila  
Beg