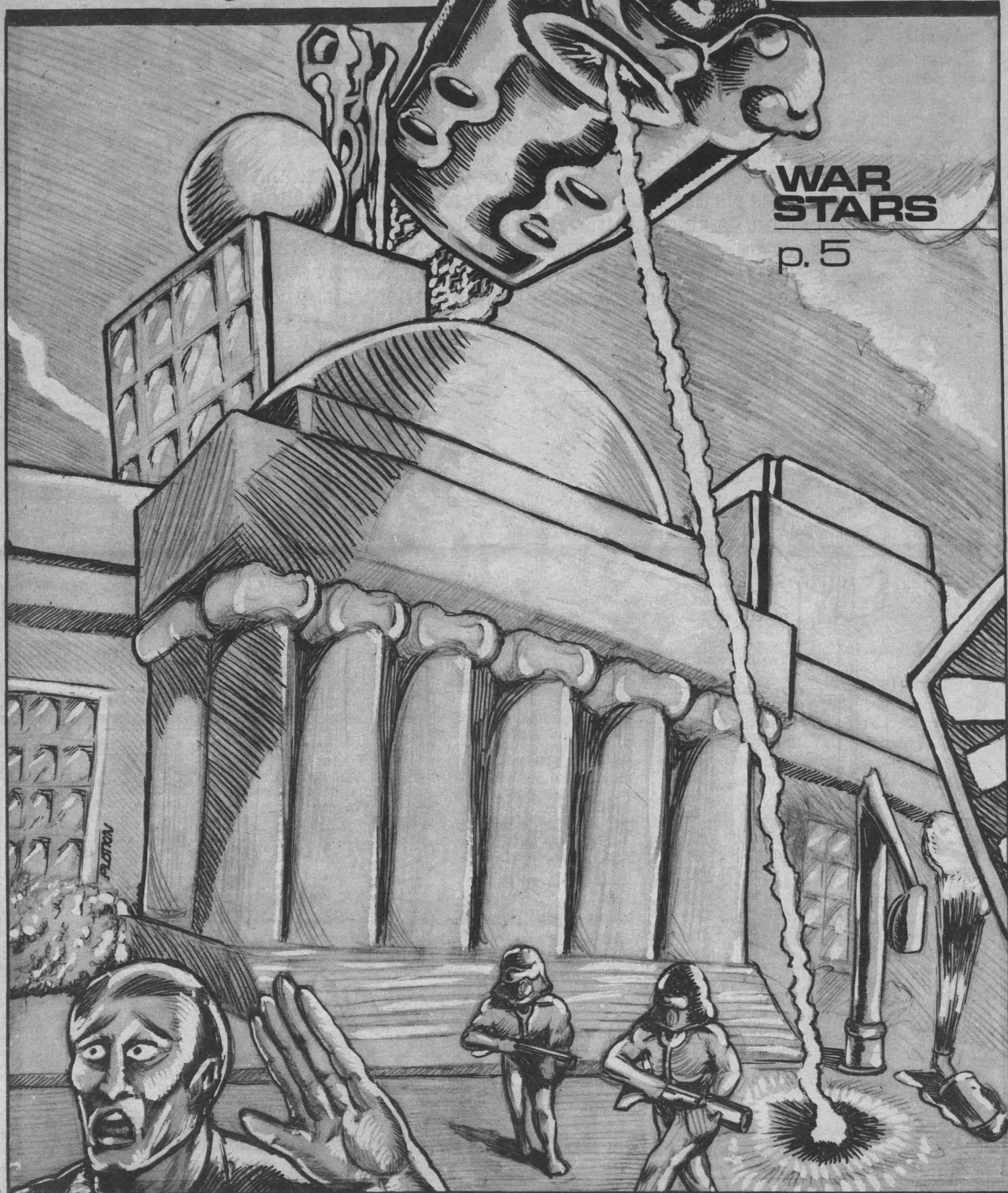


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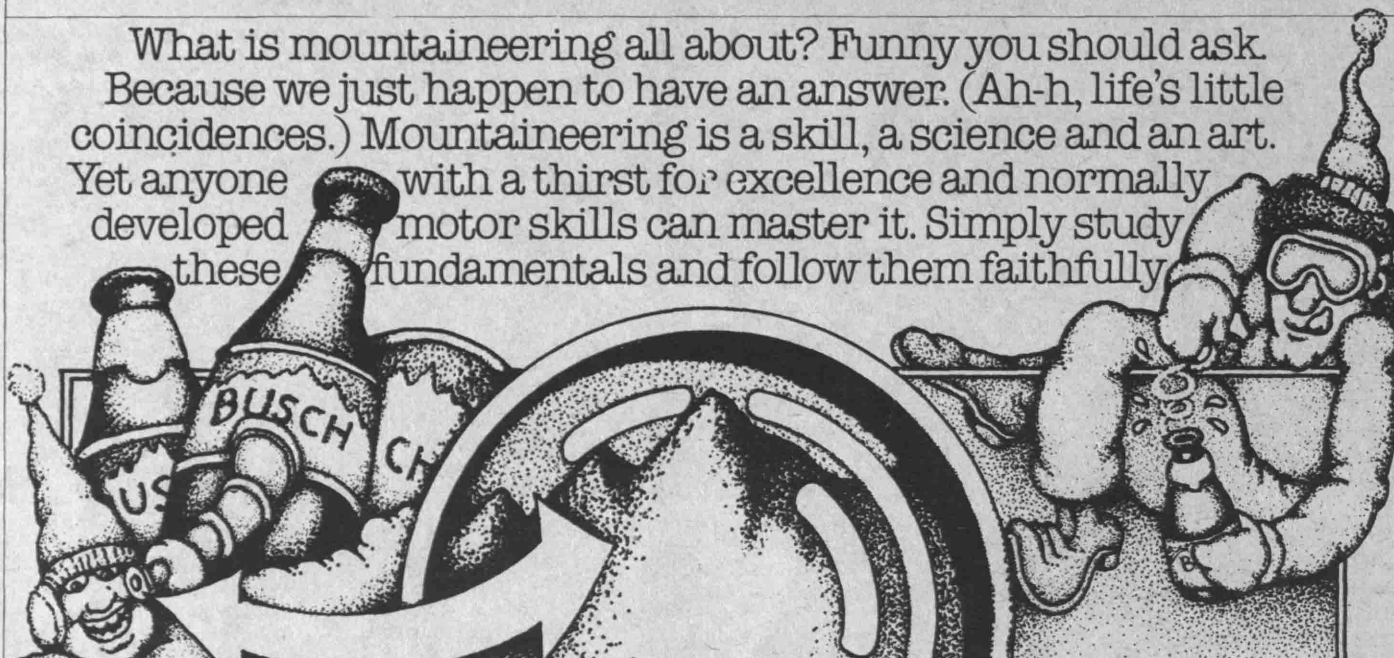
**WAR
STARS**
p. 5



Mountaineering #1.

FUNDAMENTALS OF MOUNTAINEERING

What is mountaineering all about? Funny you should ask. Because we just happen to have an answer. (Ah-h, life's little coincidences.) Mountaineering is a skill, a science and an art. Yet anyone with a thirst for excellence and normally developed motor skills can master it. Simply study these fundamentals and follow them faithfully.



1. Step one, appropriately enough, starts by selecting the correct site. To do so, pick up a bottle of Busch. This is commonly called heading for the mountains.

2. Okay, here's where the fun begins. Hold the mountain firmly in your left hand, grasp the mountain top with your right hand and twist the little fella off. There you go.

*Choose Only the Authentic Item
Recognize it by the Craggy Peaks Affixed thereto
Accept No Substitutes*

3. Now for the tricky part. Neophytes, listen up: the proper pour is straight down the center of the glass. Only in this way will the cold, invigorating taste of the mountain come to a head.

4. Once poured, pacing becomes paramount. As any seasoned mountaineer will tell you, the only way to down a mountain is slowly, smoothly and steadily - savoring every swallow of the brew that is Busch. If you're a bit awkward at first, don't be discouraged. Perfection takes practice. Soon enough, having emptied your glass and filled your soul, you too will be a mountaineer.

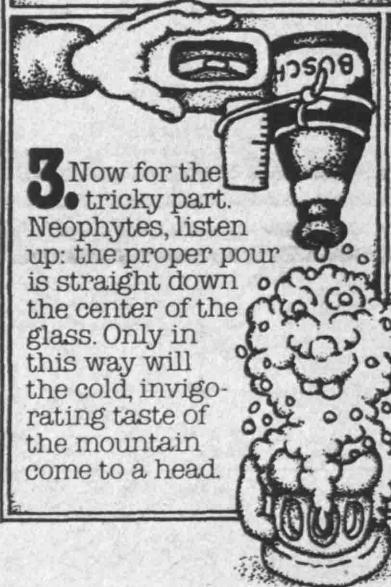


Fig. 1 Before Mountaineering.



Fig. 2 During Mountaineering.

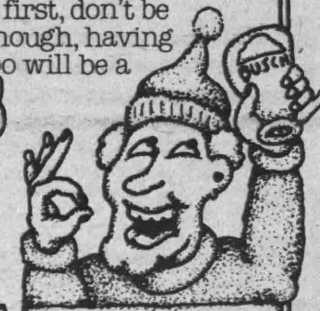


Fig. 3 After Mountaineering.

BUSCH[®]

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

Eyes of the World

Eleven people from the Clamshell Alliance including Dr. Benjamin Spock were arrested Tues., Sept. 12, at Seabrook, N.H. for criminal trespass. The "Clams" paid \$100 bail and were set free. This is the fourth such action to occur after construction was allowed to continue on the Seabrook Nuclear Power plant August 10. In conjunction with these "waves" of actions the Boston cluster of the Clamshell Alliance is planning a non-violent civil disobedience at Seabrook on October 5.

While attempting negotiations, China and Vietnam have had gunfire scuffles along their 750 mile long border. Apparently a prominent issue in the shaky militant government of Kampuchea (Cambodia) now allied to China. The outlook is bleak towards any sign of peace.

After lengthy State and Federal court hearings Harold L. Humes has been extradited to New Jersey to face charges of assault and battery on a police officer with his walking cane, and possession of marijuana. Five years before the paraquat story broke, Mr. Humes was saving, for court,

samples of marijuana that had been contaminated with toxic chemicals intended to harm the lungs and throats of smokers. A long-time scholar and political activist "Doc" Humes is recently researching the "no man's lands between medicine and politics." He has developed a method for detoxifying addicts using a mixture of accupressure massage and medical grade hashish. He is trying to have cannabis entered in the Pharmacopeia for this and other medical uses. Labeled as a dissident scholar researching items that are dangerous to the political status-quo he has a history of being harrassed by the city of Princeton, N.J. police and it is unlikely that he will get a fair trial there.

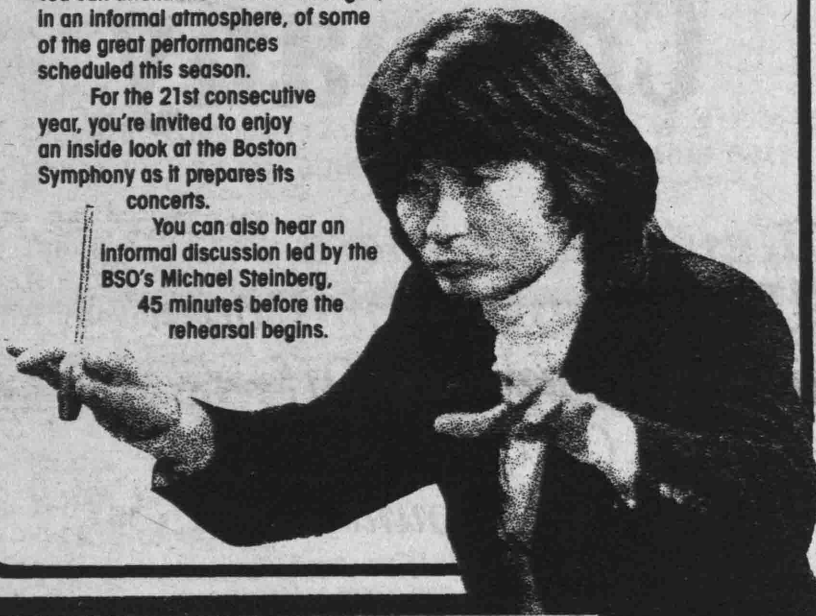
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DATE	CONDUCTOR	WORKS BY:
OCT 25, 1978 7:30 PM	ANDREW DAVIS	IVES, SUBOTNICK, STRAUSS
DEC 6, 1978 7:30 PM	COLIN DAVIS	MOZART, MAHLER Jessye Norman, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone
JAN 17, 1979 7:30 PM	SEIJI OZAWA	WEBER, MOZART, BERLIOZ Joseph Silverstein, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola
JAN 31, 1979 7:30 PM	PINCHAS ZUKERMAN	SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN, HAYDN Pinchas Zukerman, viola
FEB 21, 1979 7:30 PM	KLAUS TENNSTEDT	MOZART, STRAUSS Alfred Brendel, piano
MAR 7, 1979 7:30 PM	CLAUDIO ABBADO	MAHLER Barbara Hendricks, piano Jessye Norman, soprano
MAR 14, 1979 7:30 PM	SEIJI OZAWA	MARTINO, BEETHOVEN Dwight Peltzer, piano
APR 25, 1979 7:30 PM	COLIN DAVIS	BEETHOVEN Yasuko Hayashi, soprano Patricia Payne, mezzo-soprano Neil Roshenshein, tenor Robert Lloyd, baritone



General admission subscriptions at the reduced price of \$24 are now available. To order tickets by mail: send a check made payable to the Boston Symphony and mail to: Box Office, Symphony Hall, Boston Mass., 02115. Ticket sales subsidize the musicians pensions fund.

Thursday VooDoo

MIT's Journal of Culture

September 14, 1978
Volume LVII, Number 1
"Since 1919"

3 Ames Street, Box D
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

(617) 253-7977

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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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WAR STARS

by Wells Edelman

Open on a shot of empty space cut from supplier's space scenes reel. Pan down onto a neon sign roughly .5 average interstellar distances across:

Not long ago, in a galaxy a lot closer than you think... It is a time of total humorlessness. The evil Galactic Empire rules all. But the inevitable rebels have just won a small victory in the name of freedom... During the battle, rebel Xerox[®] machines swiped secret plans for the Empire's ultimate weapon, the TECHONOMIC COMPUTER, which can reprogram anything in the universe that has any value...

Cut to yacht interior. Rebels, dressed in natural fibers and armed with metal lasers, scurry frantically to set up a defense without tripping over two insouciant robots staggering down the middle of the corridor.

Robot 1: RU? R. U. ??

Robot 2: Bleezlgrrk?

Robot 1: Do you think we can get out of this safely?

Robot 2: Bleep!

Robot 1: I know we're poor sources of oil and unfit for recycling! But listen, RU12, how can we escape? The plastic men will blast their way in here momentarily and destroy our environment, and perhaps us also!

Robot 2: Gzit.

Robot 1: Yes, I quite agree, hiding is an estimable course of action.

The robots exit just as the main airlock is blasted open. An Imperial SWAT team clad in stiff white plastic enters and a laser battle begins. An Imperial Safety Official kills a rebel, searing his clothing.

IS Official: Ha! Your weak organic material is good fuel for our flames.

Rebel 1: Your helmet looks like a bent toilet seat.

Rebel 2: That's because he has hot Imperial philosophy in his head.

After interminable shooting [a little sadistic interest] the few rebels who are not dead retreat. Imperial Safety Officials count the bodies and pursue the rebels. Suddenly all the ISO's near the airlock snap to attention. A few furtively adjust something inside their helmets.

Enter N. Vader, Chief N-vector of the Empire, tall, massive, flexible and clad in black rubber resembling that used for wheels in certain primitive economies. Vader's face is invisible behind a gas mask that matches his outfit.

Vader: Secure the ship. Remember your motto: "A Universe Made Safe for Imperialism." Take the princess alive. I want her.

Vader pirouettes right, his cape flaring outward.

He strides down the corridor, out of sight.

ISO 1: Holy orders! What was that smell?

ISO 2: Vinyl chloride with trace mercaptans.

Better adjust your breathing mask or you'll get cancer.

Cut to the yacht's engine room: a long shot of Princess Leia leaning over a metal garbage can. As she lifts the lid, an eerie light shines out into her face.

Enter Robot 1, gold-plated and configured as an imperial-standard sex object.

Robot 1: There you are, R. U.

Leia: Quiet, you jive machine, those plastic dudes can hear you.

Leia aims her laser at the door. Robot 1 clatters toward the garbage can, which we now see clearly as Robot 2. Robot 2 moves to a spot where it looks like part of the machinery. Robot 1 hides behind it.

Enter five plastic-coated safety officers. Leia kills three before one knocks her out with a rubber rifle grenade. The chief safety officer reaches down to lift Leia and winces as he notices his arm has half-cut-through by her last laser blast. Blood oozes through the molten plastic, turning the white-clad arm red. Nevertheless the survivors lift the princess, drop her, and lurch out dragging her as best they can. All this time the rubber grenade has been bouncing around the room. Finally it lands in the garbage-can robot.

C-Zero-Evil [the other robot]: Are they gone? Good.

RU12: I didn't know you joined the rebels "because of all the disgusting shit they were always dumping in me in the Imperial City," as you put it. I myself have no reason at all for being here. I'm left over from the princess' days as a porno star, but now that she's in respectable films... [trails off as it notices RU12 crawling into a survival ejection spere].

RU12: Lilrmmf?

C. 0. Evil: You're sure this is the only way out?

RU12: Beep.

Both robots get in. The sphere ejects. Cut to oil tanker control room, mocked-up as a war room.

Crew member 1: Shall I hook that?

Crew member 2: Why bother. Instruments show no recoverable oil on it.

Cut to yacht's control room. ISOs are combing the room. One approaches N. Vader.

ISO: The plans aren't in the computer.

Vader: Demagnetize everything in here. If we can't find the plans, we'll at least be sure they're erased.

Enter the two battle-weary ISOs dragging Leia, whose simple clothes are completely clean and unwrinkled, in stark contrast to the blood- and grime-covered Officials.

ISO 1: This fried arm is killing me. [Vader wrenches the arm off.] Oh!

Vader: Get a new plastic one from the medics.

ISO 1 leaves, muttering: Curse the probabilities, now I'll be almost 2/3 plastic. I wonder what arms cost by now. The inflation is terrible.

Vader addresses Leia, who has come to and stands facing him calmly: Princess, where are the plans?

Leia: What plans, you rubber mother? I might've known it was you violatin' my privacy like this. For unconstitutional actions, they might burn your rubber behind even if you are a high official.

Vader: The Imperial Cartels abolished the Constitution last week. Tell us where the plans are, or we can legally torture you.

Leia: Being around you is torture enough.

Cut to a desert full of oil well and pipes. A survival sphere parachutes down, miraculously landing on one of the few patches of bare sand. RU12 and C-Zero-Evil emerge.

RU12: Hjpleblnoompd. Glikquvcx. Mnyythrarg.

C-Zero: I don't care what you do for the revolution. I'm going to open one of these valves and take an oil bath.

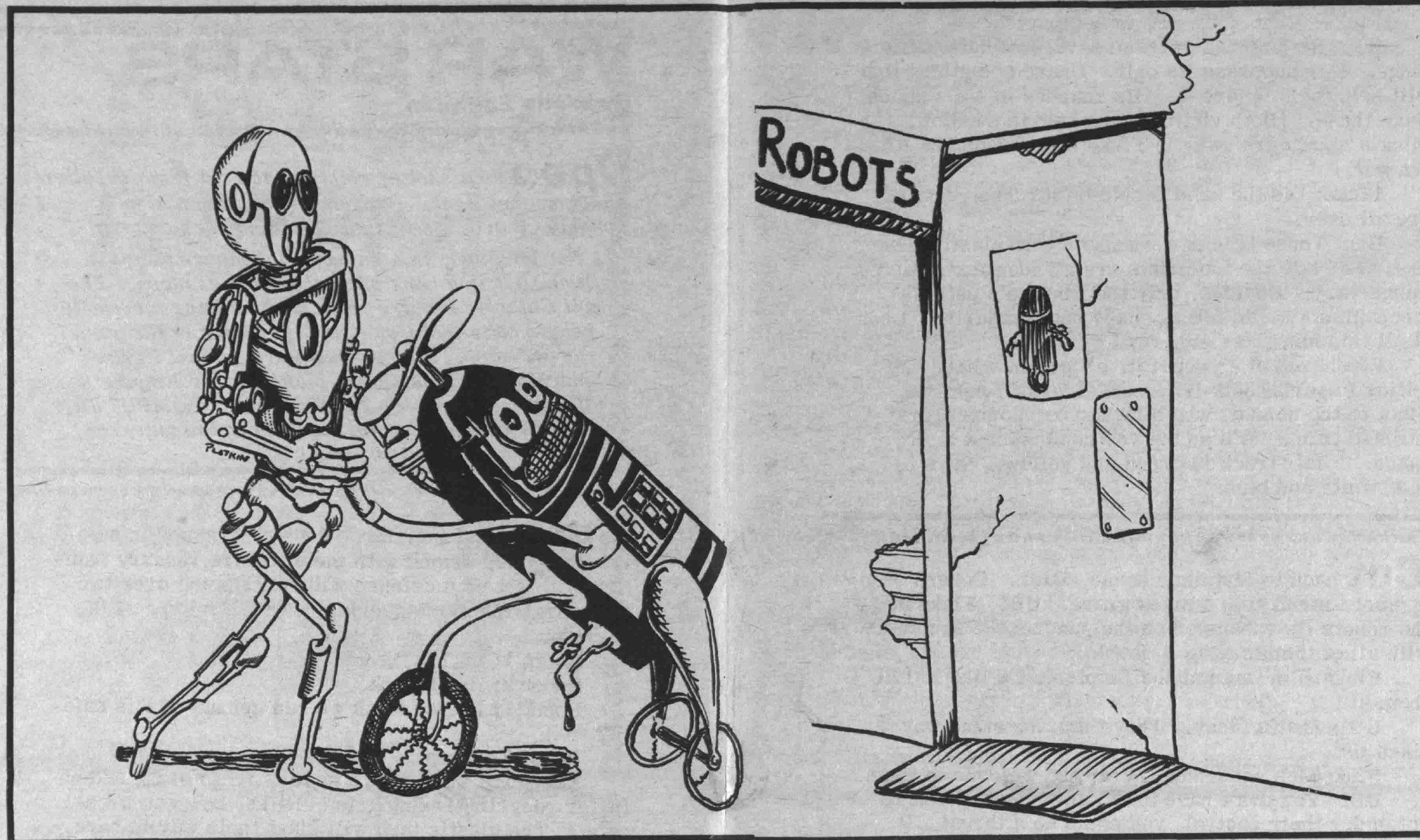
RU12 exits as C. opens a flood of oil onto itself. C. bathes ecstatically until a large paw curls around its neck. The view expands to reveal a tiger wearing a burnoose and a yellow plastic hard hat, holding the robot with one oil-covered paw while it closes the oil valve with another.

Tiger: Naughty, naughty. A machine wasting oil. Don't you know there's an energy shortage? There's no way we can sell you for enough to match the export price of what you've spilled. The desert nomads probably won't even pay enough to clean up this mess. What a mess!

I hate the oil business. I never woulda got into it if the humans hadn't overrun my homeland. But you gotta make a living somehow.

Cut to a scene in nearby mountains. RU12 is rolling slowly up a rocky path. From nearby caves, we see pairs of neon lights flick on. Closeup reveals these are digital computer displays of RU12's estimated resale value. Quickly a hooded creature as tall as RU jumps out and zaps the robot with blue electricity. RU12 falls and begins to roll back down the slope. At the bottom is a rusted dumpster 200 times RU's size. In falls RU.

Same scene, at night. Two suns two be rising. The knocking noise of a piston grows even louder. The "suns" are the headlights of a gigantic garbage



truck, able to hold half a consumptive planet's waste. In the cab is a hooded figure with neon eyes. This truck has been hijacked by nomad robot-traders. It empties the dumpster, landing RU12 and C-Zero-Evil in a clanging pile of used robots. The truck moves on. Finally it dumps.

Cut to scene outside. The truck tracks run by a desert house with a smashed corner. Slick Slytaker stands by a pile of robots, cursing the driver: Why don't you watch where you're going, you computer-eyer! bleep?

Driver: How do you expect me to see a sandstone house in all this sand? You oughta rebuild with bright orange plastic.

Slytaker: Are you gonna pay me enough for the plastic? Sand's free.

Driver: OK, pal, pick out any two robots you want for damages. And hurry. I got 146 more pickups to make before I hit Thieves' Market.

Slytaker: Aren't all markets thieves' markets? I want at least four robots to fix that [gestures at crushed house].

Driver: OK, pick four. I got no time to argue. Same scene. Slytaker and four robots, including RU and C-Zero.

Slytaker [to young innocent-looking male]: Fluke, see if you can fix these robots. Put two to irrigating the sour fields and have the others repair the house.

Fluke: Wow! New robots! I'm getting so much experience that when I go to the Institute, technology will be a gas!

Cut to inside of Fluke's shop. Fluke is fiddling with RU12 when RU shows a hologram of a stuck tape. Over and over it shows Princess Leia smiling and saying, "Help me UB1 Peyote. You're our only dope, er, hope." Fluke is entranced.

Fluke: Maybe Uncle Benz Peyote knows who this UB1 is. And maybe that'll lead me to her. I'll head over there tomorrow as soon as it's safe. Meanwhile, you robots get to work!

Cut to interior of Slytaker house. The Slytakers are eating unusual fresh vegetables and yogurt. In the background we see the robots mending the wall and getting gummed up with sand.

Slick S: Robots are no damned good out here in the sand. But we'll get some useful work out of these and resell 'em to the oil company.

Fluke: Maybe when I'm at the Institute I can design a sandproof model.

Slick: I wish you would. Maybe after next year

you can go.

Fluke: I thought I was going this year.

Slick: They raised tuition again. We can't afford it.

Fluke: They do that every year.

Grace: Slick, maybe we can find a way.

Slick: Not until money grows on vines.

Fluke: I'll ask Uncle Ben to help me.

Slick: You stay away from that old Peyote.

Grace: Slick, Ben Peyote's nice. Maybe he could help Fluke with the Institute. Our income will never catch up with their tuition.

Slick: But Ben was helping Fluke's father with the Institute, too.

Fluke: Did Dad die at the Institute?

Grace: No, he and your mom both survived that, bad as it was.

Fluke: If the Institute couldn't kill him, what did?

Grace: We don't know. They left you with us and went off into space, and didn't come back.

Fluke: Excuse me [exits].

Scene outside. Fluke looks into the sunset with double vision. Music swells sentimentally.

Fluke: The Institute didn't get them, and it looks like it won't get me either.

Scene next morning. Fluke is hang-gliding 30 cm above the desert when he overtakes the slogging robot RU12. Fluke circles and yells: "Hey, you dumb tin can, want a lift?" When Fluke picks up RU the glider will only fly a few cm off the ground. As they approach a cave in the hills they crash. RU12 rolls into the cave and careens into the back of an old man sitting crosslegged, staring at a wall. The robot bounces off. The man sits still. Soon a banged-up Fluke drags in the torn glider.

Fluke: Ben? Hey, Uncle Ben?

Ben: Yes?

Fluke: Ben, you know a UB1 Peyote?

Ben: I know him extremely well. That's me. But I haven't used the name since the Ikuda Di'd Saprophytes were outlawed.

Fluke: The who?

UB1: Ikuda Di'd. The ones who feel The Farce, the spirit of the whole universe laughing.

Fluke: Far out. But there's two things I gotta know. One is who's the beautiful woman talking to UB1 Peyote on the tape in that robot there. And will you help me get through the Institute?

UB1: They raised tuition again? Well, it doesn't matter. You're organically grown and incurably sane, so you'll survive. As for money, I was once quite a forger.

Fluke: They've stopped using paper money.

UB1: Great. It's much easier to fake credit. The Institute's no problem. Let's see that tape.

Fluke sets RU12 upright and asks it to play the

tape. RU eagerly plays. We see Leia Orgasma in holographic light.

Leia: Wi-Chi-Tai Peyote, you have always helped us. The plans stashed in this robot must come to the rebels on Algernon. Help me, UB1 Peyote, you're our only dope, er, hope.

UB1: She knows me all right. May The Farce be with her.

Fluke: Who is she?

UB1: Dunno. Come with me to Algernon, and you might find out.

Fluke: I can't leave until I'm done with the Institute. Ben, how did my parents die?

UB1: There was a student named N. Vader at the Institute with them. He joined the Ikuda Di'd too. He was the pupil of my eye, but he always thought The Farce was laughing at him. Thus he felt only the hurtful aspect of The Farce. He went into law enforcement. When the Ikuda Di'd were outlawed, he tracked down, and murdered, your parents. So far I've escaped by hiding out. Whenever he approaches, I can feel a jeering in The Farce.

Fluke: Why didn't Vader hold my parents for trial?

UB1: The case would have been laughed out of court. He knew the power of The Farce. Since he couldn't conquer it, he's trying to kill it.

Fluke: Why are you outlaws?

UB1: The government was afraid of being laughed at. They'd managed most other expressions, but humor was doing more damage than anything else. Even terror couldn't stop the jokes. So they decided to exterminate all jokers.

Fluke: And you're going to fight them with those plans?

UB1: When The Farce calls, you don't bite your lip. Your parents left these for you [reaches into a box].

Fluke: What are they?

UB1: Quill pens, the joker's invincible weapons. One end jabs, the other end tickles. Try it.

Fluke hefts a quill stiffly, reluctantly.

Fluke: No, I'd rather design robots. Count me out of any rebellion. I can give you a lift to the spaceport when we go to sell this one.

RU12: Gkzzzijkdqut!

Fluke: Watch your language!

Cut to Slytalker house, heavily damaged by radiation weapons, overshadowed by the wreck of a giant garbagetruck reduced to scrap. The badly burned bodies of 27 nomads litter the landscape. Grace and Slick, victims of fatal radiation doses, writhe in agony. Fluke and Ben approach on gliders.

Fluke: I don't believe it. Tell me this is a bad dream.

Ben: It's real. Even The Farce cannot relieve such pain.

Fluke lands near Grace and runs over to her.

Fluke: What happened?

Grace: We... never... s-s-... saw.

Slick: We've bought it, kid.

Fluke: What can we do to help you?

Ben: Nothing can reverse severe radiation damage. Nor suppress its pain. I have something that will help them ignore it. [He reaches into his pouch.] Take these. [Both victims need help to swallow. Slick's skin tears away in Fluke's hand when he lifts his jaw.]

Fluke: Did the sand people do it? Their tracks are all over.

Ben: Those tracks were made with plastic false feet. See how the footprints are all identical. Living things vary. Besides, only the Empire's defense mechanisms would kill so many unnecessarily. Look at all this slaughter—for what?

Flashback of a cooperative tiger in a hard hat, telling Imperial Self-Defense Raiders "I sold the robot to the nomads who hijacked our competitors' garbage truck. It's so big you could spot it from space. Their truck is green and yellow. Ours is red, white and blue."

Cut back to Slytalker house, later. Dozens of symbols stand atop a mass grave. UB1, Fluke and the robots lie exhausted on the sand as the sun sets with all of them seeing it double.

Fluke: I'm mad at the Empire. I'd like to kill them all.

UB1: That's funny. They think the same way about us.

Fluke: It's not funny. What had we done to them?

UB1: You don't have to DO anything. If you're not under their control, you could be a threat. If they think you're dangerous, they'll try to get you.

Fluke: But don't harmless independent activities contribute something to everyone? Why don't they leave us alone?

UB1: Funny you should ask. The only way to let it be is to not worry about controlling things. They've been into controlling things for so long, they don't know how to let go.

Fluke: I'll let 'em go—straight to hell! If I only had a laser to kill them with.

UB1: It's funny how technology is so seductive, when so many other things are more powerful and use less energy.

Fluke: Give me something more powerful to kill them with, then. Don't just sit there snickering.

UB1: The Farce is no joke. I'll gladly give it to you.

Fluke: Show me some power.

UB1: A power-hungry person named Ulyanov once said, "We wouldn't permit someone to attack us with a sword. Why should we allow them to attack us with words, which are even more powerful?" When the truth is combined with The Farce, the invincible Truth-Farce, or *satyahahaha*, is formed, the most powerful of words.

Fluke: I'm not convinced.

UB1: Come to the spaceport tomorrow. I'll show you.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

IRREGARDLESS

by The Clod

An unusual cheery hello to all you newcomers. Your good cheer (and mine) will wear off once the Institute changes its concerned, welcoming mask to the usual austere ignorance. It'll bother you at first but you'll soon realize that you don't need the Institute's interest or concern to be a worthwhile person.

Speaking of worthwhile people, one of my mentors slipped away. Always having been a lover of the lunatic fringe, Keith Moon's existence was a personal challenge. Could I be that free of malice and dislike for anything except the people in grey (and hotel rooms, I guess)? I tried but it was extremely difficult. Unlike Keith, I had too much adult in me to be that uncritically loving and genuinely pleased with the world.

Moonie and I led a rich life together on paper. We were married once, held forth no issue but we had a hell-uvalot of beer. He used to sing a lot 'cause he loved to. I could only listen drunk (if you've heard "Bell Boy" on *Quadrophenia* you know why.) Having Moonie in tow was one of the most diverting of my fantasies. It shall always remain so.

It would be useless to hang Keith up as a martyr to the cause of freedom of spirit. He'd hate as much as I do. The Who and the world won't be the same without him.

It's ironic to note that on the cover of the Who's last effort, Moonie sits in a chair that is stenciled "Not to be taken away." He was anyway. But he'll never leave me alone.

Enough of my rambling. It seems that 'ole +2 (Bob Wasserman as he is better known) has lambasted Barry Newman, our Joe Cool UAP. From the general tone of the article it seems that +2 has missed the boat.

Joe Cool is a mellow fellow. Sometime last spring he flashed on a power trip, and, following the tenets laid down by Dan Asher of *Doonesbury* fame, he defined his own space by snatching the election from a large group of folks.

Like any good mellow fellow, our Joe Cool is all style and no substance. He cools his way around campus checking out his fellow student bodies (Sorry about that.). He's cool, you know what I'm sayin'?

Now don't get me wrong. I think Joe Cool is okay. A longtime believer in the total uselessness of the UAP, Joe Cool is doing an excellent job by my standards. Even now I hope he gets into some professional school as a result of putting the office on his applications. After all, that's what it's for, isn't it?

See you next week. Maybe something will have happened by then.

(The Clod, according to some campus media, is a woman. Recently hipped to the joys of Newtonville, cheap beer and bar bands, she is a one-person campaign for the recognition of the ordinary. If you see her, say hello. She'll appreciate it a lot.)

Welcome to all of you (and an additional welcome to the class of '82).

THE UA NEWS

The UA news will be appearing each week, alternating between *Thursday VooDoo* and *The Tech*. We hope to use it as a way of communicating important issues that the Undergraduate Association will be dealing with, and to explicitly state the agenda of the upcoming GA meetings.

The General Assembly will hold its first meeting of this year on Wednesday, September 27, at 7:00 pm. As most of you know, Carola Eisenberg of the Dean for Student Affairs Office has left us and, consequently, M. I. T. is seizing this opportunity to undertake a major study of the Dean for Student Affairs Office. There will be some need for student help, and this will be further discussed at the GA meeting. Also to be discussed will be actions to be taken concerning the Pass/Fail and Grading controversies.

In past years, the freshman class has had no formal representative body through which to pursue activities they feel are important. This year freshpersons have a unique opportunity to participate in the formation of their own student government. If you are interested in this task there will be a meeting on Monday, September 18 at 4:30 pm in room 400 on the 4th floor of the Student Center.

In an effort to increase campus-wide communication, the UA has installed a bulletin board in Lobby 7. There are four sections on this bulletin board. They include:

1) A section open to the public. Most of the notices on this board are for sale, or for rent notices. We have asked that these notices be on 3" x 5" cards due to the space limitation.

2) A (second) section entitled "Out on the Town." This section includes off-campus events to encourage you to get out and see the wealth of activities the Boston area has to offer.

3) The third section is entitled UA NEWS. This is intended to include information expressly involved with the UA.

4) Finally, a calendar section which includes a three-week listing of on-campus events. In addition, there is a limited amount of space for posters. To have your event placed in this section, stop by the UA office, room 401 in the Student Center, and fill in an event form.

If you have any comments or suggestions, please contact Barry Newman (UAP) or Tim Morgenthaler (UAVP) or leave a message with the UA secretary. The UA Office is located on the 4th floor of the Student Center, telephone 253-2696 or dorm line 9157.

We are all looking forward to an exciting and productive year.

The Undergraduate Association

YOU ARE A MEMBER--GET INVOLVED!

TVD Free 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 and ours.)*
- 3) *Include the name you will use to pick up replies (this will be kept confidential).*

RULES FOR PICKING UP FREE PERSONAL REPLIES

- 1) *Look in paper to see which box number corresponds to your personal.*
- 2) *Come to the Thursday VooDoo office (Walker 201) and identify your self using the name you included with your personal.*

RULES FOR REPLYING TO FREE PERSONALS

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First Up

The MIT Activities Development Board is presently receiving applications for capital equipment funding for student and community activities until Sept. 25. Applications may be secured from Dean Holden's office in W20-345.



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MINGUS ADDS LIFE TO...

by Jack Shoemaker

Daniele Senatore, producer of the film, *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion*, commissioned Charles Mingus to compose a musical score. Senatore wanted music for his film which dealt with the cocaine traffic between Columbia and the United States. The result was a hallmark composition called "Cumbia and Jazz Fusion." This past summer Atlantic released Cumbia and Jazz Fusion as well as another Mingus composition Music For "Todo Modo" on the album *Cumbia and Jazz Fusion*.

Cumbia is the name given to the native Indian rhythms of Columbia. The intrinsic counterpoint between the poor mountain Indians and the rich United States consumers of cocaine gave Mingus the opportunity to say something about jazz as well as compose a masterpiece of dazzling and sensual textures fusing together the Cumbia and Jazz rhythms. The Indians frequently descend from their mountains to sing songs in the city about the vast abyss between rich and poor in Columbia. In the United States the blackman emerged from his ghetto to sing about a similar void between black and white and rich and poor. Jazz has been according to Mingus to the US black what Cumbia is to the Columbian Indian. Mingus made possible, through this correspondence, the fusion of Jazz and Cumbia.

Mingus is bitter with the treatment Jazz has received in the United States. Using a familiar black folk song about "Mama's little baby" liking "shortening bread," Mingus rejects the implications of the traditional lyrics. Those weren't the true desires of Mama's little boy; Mama's little boy doesn't like shortening bread; Mama's little baby like likes the good things in life just like everybody else.

The song need not be interpreted so deeply though for full enjoyment. Recalling that Mingus was originally commissioned to compose a soundtrack for a movie about cocaine traffic, you may shut your eyes and begin the journey. As your journey begins the air is filled with the sounds of jungle: birds chirping, twigs snapping, water rushing over rocks. Soon you hear the Cumbia rhythms in the distance. Gradually they become louder and louder. You feel as if the Indians will soon engulf you. Then you hear your guide: Mingus, walking as if that bass style had just been originated. Strong. Forceful. A leader among men. It is Mingus who guides you down the mountains and into the city. It is Mingus who takes you to the United States; who shows you the native rhythms of the United States. Finally Mingus leaves you with some good down to earth New York funk.

That would be enough to say, except that the second side of the album is better than the first. *Cumbia and Jazz Fusion* demonstrates why Charles Mingus is the master living American composer.



Charles Mingus

CANDID CONFIRMATION

by Claudia Perry

Since Olivia Records' flight to the wilds of Los Angeles, it has been difficult for women interested in recording on the East coast to find a record label that can meet their needs. With the formation of Galaxia records in Woburn the void is on its way to being filled.

Galaxia's first offering is an album by the Boston-based band Lilith. Other than the usual inconsistencies that plague bar bands' recording efforts, Lilith's debut is a simple confirmation of their unique talents. Having played together for six years, the band's attack is deft and polished.

The eight songs on *Boston Ride* are mostly the band's own compositions. Unfortunately due to the large number of tortured singer-songwriters, rock performers have come to feel that they will not be taken seriously if they simply apply their signature to non-original material. The band's lyrical skills leave a

lot to be desired. Possibly if they hadn't felt pressured to include originals their energy could have been focused on playing.

Thankfully the band's musical ability overshadows their lyrical weakness. Drummer Laurel "Sticks" Blanchard and bassist Deborah Campbell comprise one of the best rhythm sections I've heard in a band of this type. Jannis Warner and Lou Crimmins ably share the lead vocal chores but both have a tendency to sound thin in the overall mix. Guitarist Beth Cauarant, founder of the band, handles the guitar chores admirably. Her funky rhythms are exceptional.

The weakest elements in Lilith are Peg Brewer on keyboards and Marianne Pontopiddan on sax. In the mix it is impossible to hear Brewer so perhaps she may not be a poor player only a quiet one. Pontopiddan has the opposite problem. Her wailing sax is mixed high and thin, a questionable approach. The band may have been trying to compensate for the lack of a full horn section, which on songs like the Average White Band's "Pick Up the Pieces" is essential.

Lilith's *Boston Ride* is a worthwhile effort in any case. Although flawed in some ways, it is refreshing to see a band of confident women defying the stereotypes to play funky



Lilith

rock 'n' roll with few holds barred. Galaxia Records has made an impressive debut with this album. Hopefully there will be many more from them.

(If you can't find Lilith's album in your local record store, here is the address of Galaxia records:

Galaxia Records
P. O. Box 212
Woburn, Mass. 01801
They should be able to help you.)

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<p>Money is commonly thought of as a medium of exchange... but in my work I think of it as a habit-forming drug. The more you've had the more you need. For the addicted, a large dose produces an ecstasy that is short lived. Withdrawal, or even the threat of it, causes intense physical pain.</p> <p>—John Hersey</p>	<p>The first duty of the revolutionary is to get away with it. Revolution is anything you can get away with.</p> <p>—Abbie Hoffman</p>	<p>(People) have been wise in very different modes; but they have always laughed in the same way.</p> <p>—Sam Johnson</p>
<p>The assumption that a whole system can be made to work better through an assault on its conscious elements betrays a dangerous ignorance. This has often been the ignorant approach of those who call themselves scientists and technologists.</p> <p>—Frank Herbert</p>	<p>Every joke is a tiny revolution.</p> <p>—George Orwell</p>	<p>So convenient a thing is it to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to.</p> <p>—Ben Franklin's Autobiography</p>
<p>Chemistry is applied theology.</p> <p>—Augustus Stanley Owsley</p>	<p>On the evolutionary level where laughter arises, an element of frivolity seems to creep into a humorless universe governed by the laws of thermodynamics and the survival of the fittest.</p> <p>—Arthur Koestler</p>	<p>(P)sychology, having first bargained away its soul and then gone out of its mind, seems now, as it faces an untimely end, to have lost all consciousness.</p> <p>—Sir Cyril Burt</p>
<p>It is written that humanity is made in God's image. Knowing the results, why do we try to make computers in our image?</p> <p>—Anonymous</p>	<p>...the vibrant, cruel Darwinian force of nature, which was to blow through Europe over the next fifty years and find its deepest expression in the songs of Maurice Chevalier...</p> <p>—Woody Allen</p>	<p>Language itself is never completely explicit. Words have suggestive, evocative powers; but at the same time they are merely stepping stones for thought.</p> <p>—Arthur Koestler</p>
<p>That's just a mistake. For real failure, you must compound the error.</p> <p>—“Failure 101”</p>	<p>the last word by Welles Edelman & Steve Kopelson</p>	<p>Philosophy is the systematic abuse of a terminology specially invented for that purpose.</p> <p>—Anonymous</p>
<p>Jesus died for our sins. Dare we make his martyrdom meaningless by not committing them?</p> <p>—Jules Feiffer</p>	<p>Whatever we become a part of we learn to love. Whatever we love we must ultimately possess. Whatever we possess we must finally consume. Whatever we consume we eventually destroy. Love your enemies. It's too dangerous an emotion to use on your friends.</p> <p>—Jules Feiffer</p>	<p>Reason arises from pride (so) that (people) may not know in this way that (they have) done evil.</p> <p>—Frank Herbert</p>
<p>God helps those who take a big helping for themselves.</p> <p>—Firesign Theater</p>	<p>Still obsessed by thoughts of death, I brood constantly. I keep wondering if there is an afterlife, and if there is will they be able to break a twenty?</p> <p>—Woody Allen</p>	<p>(S)he had shown me how... you could learn more... by not following the book too slavishly, but by breaking the rules beautifully, as she put it.</p> <p>—John Hersey</p>
<p>There is no question that there is an unseen world. The problem is how far is it from midtown and how late is it open?</p> <p>—Woody Allen</p>	<p>Stripped by the SS, Bruder, ja, every fucking potato field. And what for? Alcohol. Not to drink, no, alcohol for the (V2) rockets. Potatoes we could have been eating, alcohol we could have been drinking. It's unbelievable. What, the rockets? No, the SS picking potatoes!</p> <p>—Thomas Pynchon</p>	<p>Rigorous mathematics is a system in which absolutely no cheating is allowed because you can always revise the rules.</p> <p>—Anonymous</p>
<p>It's an old, old trick of autocratic rule... good subjects must feel guilty. The guilt begins as a feeling of failure. The good autocrat provides many opportunities for failure in the populace.</p> <p>—Frank Herbert</p>	<p>Man: Are you a lesbian? Flo Kennedy: Are you my alternative?</p>	<p>He was a mind slaver and his enslaving process could be understood with extreme simplicity: he transferred knowledge without a transfer of values.</p> <p>—Frank Herbert</p>
		<p>A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle.</p> <p>—Flo Kennedy</p>
		<p>Man: Are you a lesbian? Flo Kennedy: Are you my alternative?</p>