

T171  
.M425  
.V66  
v.57  
no.14

# BEWARE!



**CAMPUS PATROL BUSTS *thursday* - *STORY***  
**IRAN: GOING DOWN NEW TUBES *SUPPRESSED***  
**BUCKY FULLER**  
**TRIES TO HELP**

**the Ides of March**

Every time someone says, "I don't believe in theories," a theory dies. Do you believe in theories?  
—Alfred Bester

## ON THEORIES:

### A LAST WORD

By Steve Kopelson

Exotic travel and elegant hostelrys no longer are the unique preserve of Arab oil sheiks, Greek shipping magnates, and Hollywood personalities. Now a thriving growth industry of international seminars and conferences bestows these same privileges on the vanguard of the American intelligentsia.

Excessive population growth is decried in the protective luxury of a lakeside villa in a densely populated Mediterranean country. World hunger problems are savored by the new technocrats of the breakfast table between sumptuous repasts. Urban and global poverty is sanitized amid the opulent surroundings of exclusive country resorts. The darkness of emotional depression is illuminated at a medical gathering on a Caribbean island.

Heretical observers have sometimes wondered why a country faced with so many outstanding problems should be so plentifully endowed with so many under-utilized authorities ready to resolve them. They do not understand that in a highly advanced society the supply of available advisers increases in geometric proportion to the growth of unresolved problems.

Thus, a plethora of experts abounds: urban specialists to demonstrate with charts and graphs that American cities are in the state they manifestly are in; economic development analysts to provide compelling evidence that poor nations and peoples are less well off than the rich; political strategists on the Horn, the Cape and the Gulf to explain how the latest crisis should have been averted; educators to describe Utopian communal schools in China and Israel rather than declining standards in East Harlem or the South Bronx; moral and legal philosophers to draw fine distinctions between political and economic rights for distant peoples deprived of both.

Despite economic uncertainty and the declining dollar, the deep-thought industry enjoys all the conditions for irrepressible expansion. It has a ready supply of producers, scenarios, locations and seasoned professionals whose material needs little refurbishing for repeat performances. It has an exclusive audience infected with the virus of subsidized global travel for which no antidote has ever been discovered. And it has troubled societies in constant need of colloquies on the eternal verities. They will be scheduled shortly at the same place for the same people under the same idyllic conditions—with the same results.

—David Heaps, from "The Leisure of the Theory Class"

I think the striking thing is that for the first time in modern Western history, conservatives seem to find need of a theory to justify their prejudices. In the days when conservatism had a natural strength it didn't really need that very much. One of the signs socialism has come of age is the fact that it finds less need of a theory than it did in the struggling years. It may even be true that left-wing movements produce theories at their birth; right-wing movements produce them at their death. You may remember the great conservative philosopher saying that the Owl of Minerva only flies abroad when the shades of night are gathering. I think that the recent crop of conservative intellectuals, particularly in your country, would give me as a philosopher some ground for concern about the future of conservatism in the United States.

—Denis Healey, responding to William F. Buckley

Carthage was destroyed by the Romans. This is called system destruction or dissolution.

—Morton Kaplan, from Systems Theory

In proposing a model the scientist must try to slip between two dangers; he must not lose the systematic unifying power of his theory by including within it a variety of relatively unrelated, ad hoc assumptions; but he must not desert the phenomena for an ideal world of his own. The latter is essentially Platonism, which restricts possible knowledge to the pure forms, on the grounds that observable phenomena can never exemplify them adequately. It is for this reason that it is often desirable to hold on to a variety of different theories, each of which explains only certain aspects of what can actually be observed, rather than trying to reduce them all to one.

I have argued that a model gives a theory coherence by representing its concepts and laws as features of a single underlying process. To this it might be objected that if we already understood this process well enough so that merely introducing it would count as an explanation, we would not need a theory.

—John Graves,  
The Conceptual Foundations of Contemporary Relativity Theory

Progress on this order (Forrester's Urban Dynamics) has been formerly unobtainable, primarily because

the influences operating within a city are so subtly and interconnected that the human brain—whose response is conditioned by exposure to simple systems—finds it all but impossible to trace cause and effect.

Professor Forrester, whose own brain has presumably smashed through the barrier of simple systems, has been sustained in his analysis by communion with the powers of systems theory:

The concepts of structure and dynamic behavior apply to all systems that change through time. Such dynamic systems include the processes of engineering systems, biology, social systems, psychology, ecology, and all those where positive- and negative-feedback processes manifest themselves in growth and regulatory action.

—David Berlinski, On Systems Analysis

Before the Beginning there was this Turtle. And the Turtle was alone. And he looked around, and he saw his neighbor, which was his Mother. And he lay down on top of his neighbor, and behold, she bore him in tears, an oak tree. Which grew all day, and then fell over, like a bridge. And lo, under the bridge there came a Catfish, and he was very big, and he was walking, and he was the biggest he had seen... And so were the firey balls of this fish, one of which is the Sun, and the other, they call the Moon... Yes, some uncomplicated peoples still believe this myth. But here, in the technical vastness of the Future, we can guess that surely the Past was very different. We know for certain, for instance, that for some reason, for some time in the beginning, there were hot lumps. Cold and lonely, they whirled noiselessly through the black holes of space. These insignificant lumps came together to form the first union—our Sun, the heating system. And about this glowing gasbag rotated the Earth, a cat's eye among aggies, blinking in astonishment across the Face of Time...

—Firesign Theater, "I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus"

The theory gets explained in Chapter 4 (of Jay Forrester's Principles of Systems), devoted exclusively to the structure of systems. However, when one attends closely to details, one finds little in the way of explication. The notion of feedback is never fully explained. Evidently, positive feedback is simply a barbarism denoting growth, while negative feedback has something to do with servomechanisms. But one cannot be sure. Terms like "decision" and "decision process" get dragged in without much explanation:

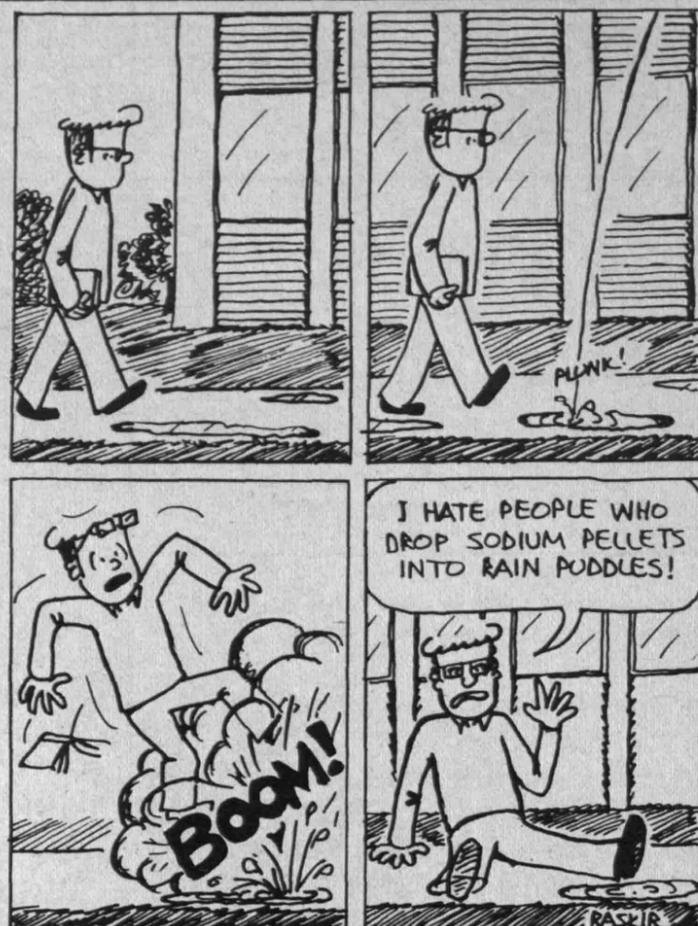
As used here the decision process is one that controls any systems action. It can clear explicit human decision. It can be a subconscious decision. It can be a governing process in biological development. It may be the valve and actuator in the chemical plant. It can be the natural consequences of the physical structure of the system. Whatever the nature of the decision process, it is always embedded in a feedback loop. The decision is based on the available information; the decision controls an action that influences the system level; the new information arises to modify the decision stream. (from Principles of Systems, 1969)

Connoisseurs will want to read this paragraph backward as well as forward.

—David Berlinski, On Systems Analysis

# STICKLES

by Geoff Baskir



PREPARE FOR:

**MCAT · DAT · LSAT · GMAT**  
**PCAT · GRE · OCAT · VAT · SAT**  
**NMB I, II, III · ECFMG · FLEX · VQE**  
**NAT'L DENTAL BOARDS · NURSING BOARDS**

Flexible Programs & Hours  
 Visit Our Centers & See For Yourself  
 Why We Make The Difference

PREPARE NOW!

**Stanley H. KAPLAN**  
 EDUCATIONAL CENTER  
 TEST PREPARATION  
 SPECIALISTS SINCE 1936

The Park Square Bldg. Suite 950  
 31 St. James Ave.  
 Boston, MA 02116

New Classes Starting!  
 LSAT: 3/19  
 MCAT: 3/24 & 3/29  
 GRE: 3/27

(617) 482-7420  
 Outside N.Y. State Only CALL TOLL FREE: 800-223-1782  
 Centers in Major US Cities Toronto, Puerto Rico and Lugano, Switzerland

Our 41st year

## Thursday VooDoo

Volume LVII  
 Number 14  
 March 15, 1979  
 "Since 1919"

TVD is published every Thursday of the regular school terms by *thursday* at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Eight thousand copies are printed by Charles River Publishing in Cambridge and are distributed free throughout the MIT community. We print feature articles, comics, reviews, creative writing and other items of redeeming social value. Most articles are submitted freely by the author. We welcome and encourage these articles. At five p. m. on Thursdays we hold a staff meeting which is used as a sounding board for new material.

3 Ames Street, Box D  
 Cambridge, 02139  
 (617) 253-7977

### SACK THEATRES

For complete Boston showtimes call 542-SACK

<p><b>CHARLES 1-2-3</b>                  Camb. St. near Gov. Ctr. 227-1330</p> <p><b>"INTERIORS"</b>                  PG</p> <p><b>DEER HUNTER</b>                  R</p> <p><b>THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY</b>                  PG</p>	<p><b>CINEMA 57 1-2</b>                  200 Stuart near Park Sq. 482-1222</p> <p><b>SUPERMAN</b>                  PG</p> <p><b>"Same Time, Next Year"</b>                  PG</p>
<p><b>CHERI 1-2-3</b>                  Dalton opp Sheraton Bos. 536-2870</p> <p><b>HALLOWEEN</b>                  R</p> <p><i>Agatha</i>                  PG</p> <p><b>MURDER BY DECREE</b>                  PG</p>	<p><b>BEACON HILL</b>                  1 Beacon at Tremont. 723-8110</p> <p><i>Wifemistress</i></p>
<p><b>SAXON</b>                  219 Tremont St. 542-4600</p> <p><b>THE WARRIORS</b>                  R</p>	<p><b>PI ALLEY 1-2</b>                  231 Wash. near Gov. Ctr. 727-6676</p> <p><i>Norma Rae</i>                  PG</p> <p><b>FASTBREAK</b>                  PG</p>

## Association of M.I.T. Alumnae

### SENIOR ACADEMIC AWARD

The Association of M.I.T. Alumnae invites departments, students and faculty to nominate candidates for the Association of M.I.T. Alumnae Senior Academic Award. The Award will be given on the basis of academic excellence to a woman student in the class of 1979. Factors that will be considered are cum, and depth and breadth of academic accomplishments as shown in course work, special projects, and/or thesis research.

The Association of M.I.T. Alumnae is especially interested in receiving nominations from departments' research advisors and members of the Class of 1979.

Nominations should be addressed to:

H. Dany Siler  
 Room 3-108  
 M. I. T.

Nominations should be submitted by:

March 30, 1979

The Award will be presented at the AMITA meeting on May 5, 1979.

# Terror and Facism Continue in Timor

by Stephen Bradley

The small South-Pacific nation of East Timor has been, for several years, the scene of a particularly bloody and unnecessary conflict. Aggression on the part of neighboring Indonesia has been accompanied by the passive assent and silence of the western democracies.

After the Portuguese Revolution of 1974, the colony, having been promised independence, began to organize its internal political structure. One party, UDT, was heavily associated with the colonial regime, and did not advocate abrupt independence. This party lost much of its support to another, more radical party, known as Fretilin.

In August, 1975, UDT, most probably with Indonesian assistance, attempted to stage a coup. In a few weeks, they had lost completely to Fretilin, and the resulting civil war had cost 2-3,000 lives.

Gerald Stone, first reporter to enter the area, concluded that the reports originally describing the massive destruction and atrocities were not only false, but the result of a deliberate propaganda campaign.

James Dunn, well experienced journalist of the area, reported that the Fretilin administration was functioning effectively and enjoying widespread support. Australian member of Parliament Ken Fry testified to the same effect before the U.N. Security Council.

Meanwhile the Indonesians had begun to conduct border raids on September 14. They captured a town 10 km from the border on October 16, and another on November 28. The last action appears to have been the cause for a sudden declaration of in-

dependence by Timor.

On December 7, 1975, after the departure of President Ford and Henry Kissinger from Jakarta, the Indonesians invaded on a largere scale, and captured the capital city of Dili. In July, 1976, the U.S. government recognized the incorporation of Timor into Indonesia, after the latter had set up a 'People's Council' of unknown origin and unknown methods of selection of its delegates.

The remainder of the Fretilin forces have gone into hiding in the mountainous areas, and their support is vanishing due to their inability to provide food or medical care to their followers. The citizens have been encouraged to take refuge in the relatively calm areas already under Indonesian domination. Some sources within the country have set estimates on the casualties at around 50,000 to 100,000 killed. The remaining Indonesian forces, around 300,000, are said to have expended most of their arms supplies in the field, fighting the scattered guerillas. They reportedly have been concentrating on eliminating whole villages that seem to have some connection with Fretilin.

George Aldrich, of the State Department, has been quoted as saying that the Indonesians are armed with about 90% United States equipment. It is therefore interesting to note that the U.S. government has denied any knowledge of the true state of the situation while continuing to supply the arms being used in this conflict.

Previous to the actual invasion, there was an attempt, apparently by the Indonesians and the Australians, to make it appear as though much of the damage and casualties had occurred during the civil conflict. It was reported that the Indonesians were intervening in an existing conflict to attempt to stabilize the situation. During the earlier stages of the conflict, this impression was maintained, and the supply of arms, although officially terminated,

actually continued unabated.

After the establishment of the quasi-national government by the Indonesians, the government appears to have operated under the assumption that the conflict was resolved and ended, and returned to officially selling arms to Indonesia, even though the Timoreans were continuing to fight, and only two thirds of the country were actually subdued.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the issue, using mostly the governmental version of the action or ignoring the conflict altogether.

The United States has once again sacrificed its stated ideals and moral precepts for the sake of its political alliances. We have allowed enormous atrocities to occur in order to maintain a strong political bond. Not only this, but also our government has made a sincere attempt to keep the public from becoming fully conscious of its actions. More importantly, the press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

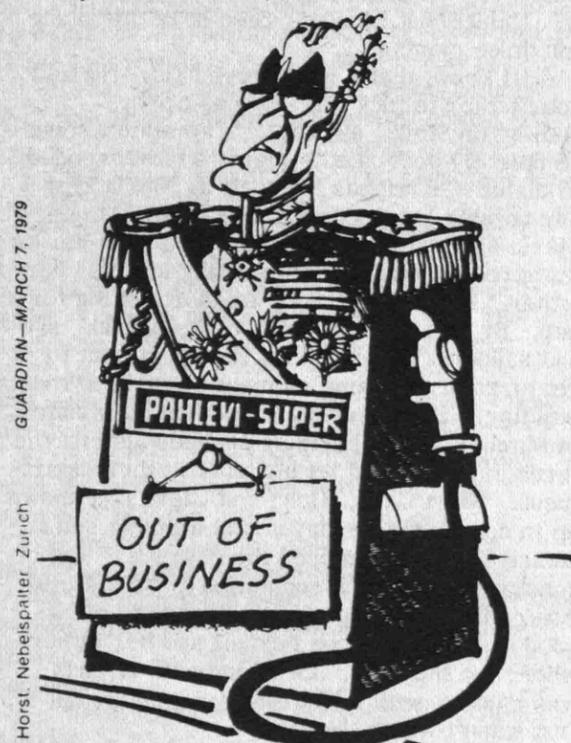
Obviously, such maneuvering by the government is unavoidable, but the citizens must be aware of the degree to which it is occurring, since it is at least theoretically their role to determine what limit must be placed on such activity.

Not only do we have much to fear from a government which seems so inherently elusive, regardless of administration, and so disinclined to be open with its public, we must be more alarmed over the laxness of the public press.

When the government, as seems inevitable, does not reveal vital information to the public, the press is the only mechanism by which the public can learn. If this mechanism has ceased to function and the press merely mirrors the State, we are in deep and dire straits, for without sudden action, we will lose the ability to know the facts which is the very underpinning of the theory of our system of government.

Begin and Sadat have agreed again on key points troubling the prospective peace treaty. Israel had been demanding a guaranteed oil quota from Egypt. Begin will now settle for equal market treatment without the fear of a boycott. Sadat wanted self rule for the Gaza Strip, with or without West Bank consent, Egypt organizing the governmental set-up; however he has agreed to US, Israel, and Egypt joint supervision. The Israeli parliament will have to vote on these new developments. Begin has threatened resignation if the Knesset declines.

In the fifth day of protest 15,000 women marched in Teheran Tuesday, expressing opposition to oppressive measures taken by Khomeini. The measures include an usurp of legal power in terms of divorce and the adoption of a dress code. The latter is a form of control of women's bodies and an emphasis on the physical aspect. In response Khomeini agreed to make the chador (veil) optional. March 30 the Iranian people will have the opportunity to decide between a monarchy and an Islamic Republic.



March 5th China announced the withdrawal of the estimated 100,000 strong forces from some 25 miles beyond the Vietnamese border. Continued fighting has been reported despite Peking's warning to Vietnam not to harm the retreating soldiers. Hanoi has stated that they will negotiate if China withdraws all troops but China plans to retain control of certain areas where previous Vietnamese raids have emanated. Both countries claim victories. Meanwhile fighting continues throughout Kampuchea. Vietnamese forces have reached the Thailand border pledging not to attack friendly neighbors. In addition, Vietnam signed treaties with the Kampuchea National Front for National Salvation in Phnom Penh. The Pol Pot government has restated its determination to keep fighting.

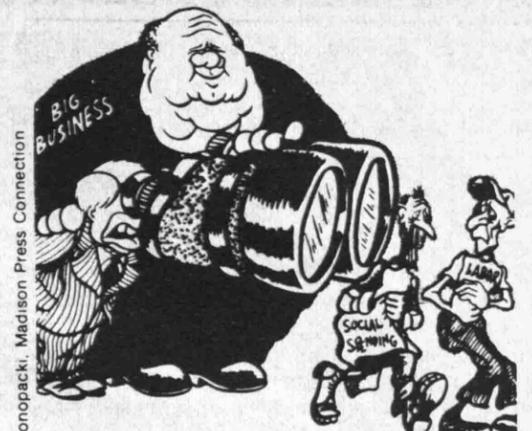
## Eyes of the World

by Moe

Last Friday at 6:15 a.m. the Public Service Company began to move the Reactor Pressure Vessel (RPV) of the Seabrook nuclear power plant. The Clamshell Alliance showed up in small force to block the path. The RPV caravan consisted of "cherry pickers" to raise telephone wires out of the way, a paddy wagon and a police car, followed by a flatbed truck with slabs of steel on it probably to test bridge strength. The 96-wheeled Trabosa Transporter carrying the RPV was towed by 2 tractor-trailers attached by chains in series. Behind the transporter was a 2-ton truck with workers, a big flatbed truck with the RPV cap, and a bus filled with busted clams from the dock. The caravan was followed by a deathmarch conducted by Brandeis clams. 6 attack-dogs with policemen walked on each side of the RPV. The first person arrested was Milia Sargent, a blind woman who attached her walking cane to the dock. The RPV pulled out of the gate in Massachusetts at 7:30 a.m., where it encountered Connecticut clams sitting in a circle on route 1A. After they were removed and the caravan started moving one person would get in the road. When the RPV stopped 2 more people would get inside the wheels thus slowing down the RPV even more. Later on Route 286 the caravan encountered the "chain gang", Boston clams who chained themselves together and sat down on the road. These types of small actions continued in Massachusetts and into New Hampshire. At the end of the road, the intersection of Route 107 and Route 1 in front of the plant site at Seabrook. 150 people sat in the road and resisted arrest, linking arms and chanting. The police were rather brutal, dragging people off by the hair and bending some arms backwards. 183 people were busted altogether, 12 in Mass., and 171 in N.H. The 12 in Mass. were detained in jail for a short while, 9 were found guilty of town violations: disorderly conduct and failure to move at officers' request. They were sentenced to 30 days suspended sentence and 1 year probation. They are appealing this decision. The other 3 are awaiting trial tomorrow in Salisbury. The second RPV will be moved in 2 weeks. This time if enough people show up the caravan can be stopped. The first RPV was only slowed down but people have learned of the effectiveness of their actions. If the RPV can be stopped for any length of time then more people can come up to replace arrested people in a rotation fashion.

Due to Congress' 1978 amendments to the Endangered Species Act, the Fish and Wildlife Service withdrew federal protection from hundreds of rare species and their habitats last Tuesday. Previously biological data was the exclusive determinant of federal protection, now economic considerations are involved. After all what's really important -- the minor destruction of our planet or profits?

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has ordered 5 eastern power plants closed due to inadequate earthquake proofing. The errors are in the design. A special committee to the President has determined that the disposal of nuclear wastes is a significant problem not easily solved by present technology. The United States has accumulated a large quantity of nuclear wastes now stored in temporary areas and produces more each day.



'Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too!'

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than \$90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information on anti-nuclear activists. Chairperson John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over compiled dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the *San Francisco Chronicle* the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Cytogenetics Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage among 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 or 3 rems a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rems a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to more than 2 rems in 1977!

Meanwhile, at the Karen Silkwood survivors \$11.5 million damage suit trial against Kerr-McGee, James Smith referred to the Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car off the road as she was driving to talk to a *New York Times* reporter about dangerous conditions at the plant. Her house was also found to be contaminated with plutonium especially in food stuffs in the icebox.

Happy Birthday Phil Lesh

# OFF THE ROAD

On almost any other day the clear blue sky and April-warm weather would have filled her with a pleasant feeling of excitement, standing at the edge of the highway, thumb out, watching the cars whiz by. When she was in no hurry, with no particular destination, hitching with the sun beaming down on her always gave her a rush. The feeling of anything-can-happen, the freedom of being on the road, was an adventure in itself. Today, though, María had little thought of excitement. With almost every breath she could feel the fluid clogging her lungs. It had made it impossible for her to sleep lying down the last two nights. And sitting on the floor, leaning her back against the wall, had not resulted in much sleep.

She had been feeling worse and worse since that snow two weeks ago, when she had frozen in a vacant apartment one night and wandered the streets the next, trying in vain to keep warm by moving. This morning she had awakened alternately sweating and shivering. She had reached for the orange juice, thinking it would somehow help her sickness, but someone had dropped a butt into the warm liquid. That was when she had decided to leave. The man and woman crashed on the couch had not awakened when she pulled on her dirty denim jacket, checking that her money was still in the pocket. It wasn't much, thirty-five cents, but it was all that remained of yesterday's hustling. She had left quietly. There had been no reason to say goodbye; she didn't remember seeing either of them before. The guy who had offered to let her crash there had been nowhere in sight. Maybe he didn't even live there. Briefly she had considered bumming up enough money for cigarettes, but had abandoned the idea. It had been a neighborhood of small apartments, the sidewalks deserted at this early hour. Maybe whoever picked her up would have butts.

Now she shifted her feet tiredly, wishing someone would stop to pick her up. There was little traffic on the highway; it was a Sunday morning, probably not even eight o'clock yet. The dozen or so cars which had passed had not even slowed down. María realized she must look a mess. Self-consciously she dragged her fingers through her hair, trying to pull out the tangles, still keeping her right thumb out in hopes of a ride. She hadn't thought of looking for a comb or brush before she split this morning. Briefly she wondered if her face was clean, then decided there was nothing she could do about it if it wasn't. Oh well, in a few hours she'd be home and could take a long, hot bath. She certainly needed it. Maybe her father would be different this time. Fat chance.

A battered red Volkswagen slowed down and stopped ahead. María ran to catch up, afraid the driver might change his mind. The exertion resulted in a fit of coughing, but she had a ride.

The driver was a man with smiling grey eyes and dark brown hair, maybe in his late twenties. He was headed for Framingham, close enough to Boston, María decided. His hair was too long for him to be a cop, and

María responded freely to his questions. Telling people she was a runaway was sometimes beneficial. Some people felt sorry for her and offered her money or a place to crash; others propositioned her or gave her drugs. She thought this guy was pretty good-looking, and she liked older men, but he didn't seem at all interested. She couldn't blame him. No make-up at all, coughing almost incessantly, and three or four days dirt on her besides. . . . Anyway, she reminded herself, she was going home. Though if something came up she could always change her mind.

She started paying more attention to the conversation and the ride went quickly. He offered to drive her right into Boston even though it was out of his way and María thanked him. She wondered if he still believed she was going home when she asked to be let off at the Common, but he didn't say anything. It was only when she opened the door to get out that he startled her by handing her a five, telling her to buy some food. The car sped off with María staring dumbly after it. She had forgotten to thank him.

There was a drugstore across the street. She bought two packs of cigarettes and lit up, coughing again as the smoke hit her lungs. Heading down the street towards McDonalds, she vaguely wondered how long it would be before she split again. Maybe she could stand it until the summer. The weather would be a lot better for traveling then.

María pounded hard on the door. At eleven in the morning Steve wasn't likely to be up yet. His girlfriend Pam opened the door almost immediately, though.

"María! Where've you been these last few months?"

"Oh, around," María answered, walking past her into the kitchen. "Is Steve up yet?"

Pam shook her head. "He went to bed around six. Gerry, Neil and a bunch of guys came over and stayed up all night playing cards. They made a friggin' mess, too," she added angrily.

María started down the hall towards the living room, but Pam gestured her back. "Kelly's passed out on the couch. Sit in here and we can talk."

"You got anything to drink? My throat's killing me."

"Help yourself."

María opened the refrigerator. Milk or beer. She decided on the beer. "So what's been going on around here recently?" she asked, seating herself at the kitchen table.

"Not too much, really. Steve got a job finally."

"Great! Where's he working?"

"Digital in Maynard. Did you hear Bob got busted?"

"Uh-uh. What happened?" María lit a cigarette and immediately began coughing.

"You sound pretty bad."

"Yeah, I think I'm sick. So what's with Bob?"

"He got in a fight with Diane's mother and walked off. He left his car with the keys in the ignition in front of her house and she called the cops. So they looked in his trunk and

found ten pounds, a few chemicals, and a balance scale he ripped off from Medford high school. The next day Bob went down to the station to claim his car and they busted him."

"Stupid!"

"Really. But it looks like he'll get off. There was something illegal about the way they searched his car."

"Boy, I sure hope so." María had known Bob only for about a year, but he was a good connection. "he's been busted once already, hasn't he?"

"Yeah, but that was only for an ounce. He got a year's probation or some shit like that. Anyway, what have you been up to?"

María shrugged. "Surviving. I was in Fall River and New Bedford most of the time. Some good parties, a few hassles--nothing I couldn't handle."

"Huh. You've lost some weight," Pam commented, looking her over.

"Well, you know how it is. Besides, I needed to lose a few pounds."

Pam shook her head. "Not that much. Hey, did you know your father came by here looking for you?"

"How could I? I haven't been home in months. What did you tell him?"

"I wasn't home; Steve talked to him. He was really med, threatened to take Steve to court for contributing to the delinquency of a minor and all that crap."

"Shit! But I haven't been near this place for three months."

"I know; that's what Steve said. He told your father to fuck off. He can't prove nothing on Steve, anyway." Pam didn't sound completely convinced. María's father tended to blame her friends, as well as María, for any trouble she got into. The second time María had run away, someone had seen her on the street where she was staying and told her father. He had gone door to door looking for her. By an extremely bad stroke of luck, she had happened to be leaving the apartment to get pizza at the same moment he entered the building. The resulting scene had culminated in María's father bringing charges against the three guys who had let her stay in their apartment. When Carl, Rich, and Cleve had shown up in court, clean-shaven and wearing suits and ties, he had dropped the charges, "out of concern for María's reputation," he claimed. After that María was smart enough to put a good distance between herself and her father whenever she split. Crashing with friends was easier, with a lot fewer problems, but it just wasn't worth the risk.

A groan from the living room announced that Kelly was up, and María followed Pam down the hall. "Hung over, Kelly?" she asked him cheerfully.

"No, but I got a damn stiff neck from sleeping on this fucking couch."

"You should have gone home and slept in your own bed," Pam suggested. "I'm not running a friggin' motel. This is the fourth time you've crashed here in the last week."

"What do you mean? It's only the third. This ain't your apartment anyway; it's Steve's. He can kick you out any time and he can kick



me out any time."

María grinned. Kelly and Pam had never gotten along and probably never would. Pam resented anyone who took Steve's attention away from her, and never bothered to be very polite to people she didn't like. A lot of Steve's friends, including María, couldn't quite figure out what he saw in Pam. You had to admit, though, that she was a good housekeeper.

Kelly had sat up and was rubbing his neck. "Ow! Nice to see you again, María," he muttered. "You back at home again?"

"I'm thinking about it. I sure can't live like this 'til I'm eighteen. I've been too sick these last few days even to bum money."

"That bad, huh? You don't look so hot."

"No shit. I don't feel so hot, either."

Kelly turned to Pam. "Steve up yet?"

"You must be kidding. You know how late he was up?"

"Yeah, as late as I was. I'm up, ain't I? He should be up too."

"I am." Steve was standing in the bedroom doorway, hands in the pockets of his bathrobe. "Am I seeing things, or is that you, María?"

María smiled. "It's me, all right. How are you doing, Steve?"

"Just fine, just fine. Let me just wash up a bit, and I'll be right with you." He vanished into the bathroom.

Pam jumped up. "Shit! I better get breakfast started. Either of you want any?"

Kelly shook his head. "I got to get home before Julie gets really pissed. I'm supposed to watch the kid so she can go to her mother's."

"What about you?" Pam asked, turning to María.

"No thanks, I ate this morning already."

"Don't say I didn't ask you." Pam went into the kitchen and started banging pots around.

"See you later María." Kelly stood up and pulled his jacket on. "Catch you later," he called through the bathroom door to Steve, then went out through the kitchen. All of Steve's friends used the back door. Only the landlord, cops and salesmen came to the front door. A knock on the front door was a signal to hide any drugs which might be laying

around.

Steve came out of the bathroom rubbing lotion into his hands. "So how's it going, María?"

"All right, I guess. How are things around here? Pam said my father's been hassling you."

"Nah, not really. There's nothing he can do, anyway. I just mind my own business and don't bother nobody. Your father's not too bad. At least he cares about you. He was giving me some lip about Pam's age, but I gave him her mother's number and told him to talk to her about it."

María laughed. Pam was fifteen, a year younger than María, while Steve was twenty-six, but Pam's mother fully approved of the situation. Anything that got Pam off her hands would have been fine with her. And Steve was a good influence on Pam. Instead of running the streets, sleeping with god-knows-who and vanishing for weeks at a time, Pam now spent all her time taking care of Steve. María envied her. She wished she could find someone like Steve. She'd be willing to cook and clean the apartment every day just for a place to stay where her parents wouldn't bug her. And Steve was a good buy. He usually had a job, never ran around with other chicks, and hardly ever hit Pam. The few times he had, even Pam almost always admitted later on that she had deserved it.

"Can I have another beer?" María asked.

"Sure. You don't have to ask. Get me one, too."

When she came back with the beer Steve was rolling a joint. She opened his beer and put it on the table. "Heard you got a job."

"It's all right, too. I'm working night shift and I haven't been late for work once."

"Just what you needed." Steve had lost his last job by being late once too often.

He lit the joint and handed it to her.

"Sure you want some of this? You sound pretty bad."

"I need it. I'm thinking about going home today."

"Good. You've got to stop running away from things sometime."

"I'm not— . . . well, I guess I am running. But I don't have any choice!"

"Maybe not." He looked at her sadly.

"Have you really tried?"

"Yes! But how can I let him treat me as if I don't have any rights? He listens in on my phone conversations, doesn't let me go anywhere. . . . It's hopeless. I earn money babysitting and he takes it."

"I think he cares about you, María," Steve said seriously. "If he didn't he wouldn't bother to come after you. He's just handling it all wrong."

"He doesn't care about me; he's just worried about what other people would think. He hates me." María shivered, remembering the things her father had said one night. It was the night he had discovered simultaneously that his then-fifteen oldest daughter stole, smoked grass, and was not a virgin. He had ranted for six hours. Afterwards María had taken all her downs, not caring if she woke up in the morning. It had taken her parents almost two hours to shake her into awareness the next day. Two days later she had left home for the first time.

Being a runaway was exciting, but in between the good times, which María usually equated with drugs and parties, was a lot of hunger and cold. It wasn't helped by the fact that she spent money she bugged on drugs rather than food whenever possible. Sex had become something she did almost automatically, for money or for a place to stay. She was starting to hate herself, and she was sick of this kind of survival.

"Steve."

"Yeah?"

"Can I use your shower? I want to be clean when I go home."

"Sure, María. I'll get you some of Pam's clean clothes to wear, too."

Three hours later, reinforced by a few Valiums from Steve—"to help control that temper of yours"—María headed for home. She ran over Steve's last minute advice: don't swear if you can help it; you know it bugs your father. Cry if possible. She was determined not to cry, though. She was an adult, not a child. As she neared the house her steps slowed. She hoped her father would be out. Then she shrugged. Might as well face him now as later. The worst that could happen would be that she'd leave again. Or maybe

that would be the best. María laughed to herself at the thought. Here goes.

Her youngest brother was making mudpies on the front steps, as dirty as would be expected. He barely looked up when he saw María. "You're bad," he said. "You ran away."

María nodded, rumpling his hair, the only clean part of him. "How are you doing, brat?"

"O.K. Are you going to run away again?" "What kind of question is that? I don't know yet. Is Daddy home?"

"Yes. Mommy's yelling at him."

María winced. If her parents were in the middle of a fight her father would be that much more annoyed to start with. Too late to go back now. Three deep breaths, as deep as her congested lungs would permit, and she pushed open the door.

Her parents were in the kitchen. "Hi, Mommy. Hi, Daddy."

Her mother ran to her, hugged her tight. "María! Thank goodness you're all right. We've been so worried."

"Don't cry, Mommy." María clung to her a minute, then pushed her away, embarrassed.

"So where have you been?"

María turned to face her father.

"Around," she said flippantly.

"Don't get wise with me. You're in enough trouble already."

"Jack, please," her mother broke in.

"Aren't you glad to see her?"

Mr. Davenport glared at the source of the interruption, then looked back to María.

"If you're going to live at home, you're going to obey some rules, young lady."

"I'm not going to lose my temper, I'm not going to lose my temper, María repeated silently to herself. That fucking asshole! "Some rules," she agreed with him. "Sometimes your rules are pretty unreasonable."

Her father seemed on the verge of an explosion. Quickly María turned to her mother. "I'm going upstairs to bed; I don't feel well."

Mrs. Davenport felt her forehead. "You've got a temperature. Come upstairs and I'll give you some aspirin."

María followed her mother up the stairs. Her father's rumblings indicated he'd be up soon to continue the argument. At least the kids wouldn't hear as much upstairs. Her mother unlocked the closet and handed her the aspirin. Ever since Mr. Davenport had discovered some of his tranquilizers missing, he kept all drugs locked up. What he didn't know was that most of the remaining capsules in his bottle had already had their contents replaced by flour. María had put the tranquilizer powder into vitamin capsules to take at her convenience. She had even marked which capsules were altered by lightly scrubbing out part of the "W" in WYETH with a toothbrush.

Mrs. Davenport held out a thermometer. "Let me take your temperature."

María stuck the thermometer under her tongue and sat down on her bed. She could hear her father coming upstairs. Mrs. Davenport took the thermometer out and studied it.

"Am I sick?"

"I would say so! A hundred and four. How long have you been like this?"

María shrugged. "Beats me. I've had a cold for about two weeks, though."

Mr. Davenport appeared in the doorway. "Jack, she's sick."

"Why else would she come home? Are you going to behave yourself this time?" he demanded of María.

"I'll try." She wished he would go away before she forgot and said something she would regret.

"No more sneaking out of the house at night."

"Of course not." Unless I'm splitting, she added silently.

"And you'd better stay away from those so-called friends of yours."

"You can't expect me not to see any of my friends!"

"So they can give you drugs?" he asked angrily. "I know what your friends are like. That trash Pam, living with a guy old enough to be her father. That's statutory rape, and I hope someone calls the cops on them."

"Steve's not that old! And she's a lot better off than she was before; Steve's a good influence!"

"Yes, I know what kind of influence that man is. He's only after one thing."

"You don't know Steve! He's got his sh--uh, head together. Listen, how about you drive me to Steve's and pick me up when I want to visit him?" Talking fast now, before he could cut in. "That way you'll know where I am and can make sure I'm not high." Or at least not *too* high. Steve was her only close friend she couldn't see in school; Pam didn't go to school either. "Look, you're being unreasonable. I'll be seeing most of my friends in school, anyways, you can't stop that."

Mr. Davenport glowered at her. "I'm going to make sure the principal puts you on supervised studies so you can't spend your free time getting high."

"Big deal." She could smoke in the girls' room between classes anyway. It would be good to get back to school again, even with all the restrictions. She pulled the covers over herself, clothes and all, and buried her head in the pillow. Maybe he'd take the hint and go away.

"Look at me when I'm speaking to you!"

"Jack, she really is sick. Why don't you talk to her later, after she's had a nap?"

Amazingly enough he left, followed by her mother. María snuggled into her pillow sleepily. With these Valium in her she wouldn't wake up until tomorrow morning, and her father would be at work. She'd only have to worry about staying out of his way in the evenings until he calmed down a bit. Tomorrow she'd call the family counselor and ask him to talk to her father. It hadn't helped much in the past, but maybe it would now. She wanted to stay home this time, at least until the summer. María drifted peacefully off to sleep.

AL'S HAIR SALON  
and THE GREENERY  
Unisex Hair Styling...  
Walk in, or call 354-0298  
543 Mass. Ave.  
Cambridge

### Cecil Andrus

U.S. Secretary of the Department of the Interior  
will present a public address on  
"To Have and to Hold: Resource Conservation"  
Thursday, March 15 at 8:00 p.m.  
at the  
ARCO Forum of Public Affairs  
Institute of Politics

Kennedy School of Government, 79 Boylston Street, Cambridge  
Open to the public No admission charge

College Skiers  
THIS SPRING SEASON  
Friday is College  
Day!

Waterville  
Valley

Every Friday . . . .  
½ Price — Lessons — Regularly \$7; ½ Price — Rentals — Regularly \$10; 25% off Starter Package — (Beginner Lifts, Lesson, Rentals) — Regularly \$19 with College I.D. \$15

So come join us this spring at New Hampshire's Largest Ski Resort — WATERVILLE VALLEY  
For more information call . . . . .

603-236-8311

Or for snow conditions . . . . .

1-800-258-8983

\*Must show valid college I.D. when purchasing ticket.

Ski Waterville  
Valley, N.H.  
ANY MID-WEEK DAY  
FOR ONLY \$9.00

NO CAPACITY  
FOR  
OUTRAGE.



©1974 JAMES FERBER

### NEWBURY COMICS

WE BUY AND SELL  
COMIC BOOKS,  
UNDERGROUND  
COMIX, POSTERS,  
COLLECTOR RECORDS

268 Newbury St., Boston  
3 blocks from Mass.  
Ave. Phone 247-7590  
OPEN 11-7 daily



### USED SOUND

Used Stereo Components  
& TVs  
Prestested & Guaranteed  
We buy, sell, trade, & repair  
M-F 10-5:30 Thurs. 10-8pm  
Sat 10-5  
225 Newbury St. Boston  
off Copley Square  
Tel. 247-7707

## WHERE ARE YOU SPENDING YOUR SUMMER?

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR RENT JUNE 1 - SEPT. 15

Why not in Edgartown  
on  
Martha's Vineyard?

CALL ANYTIME 523- 7885  
OR BETWEEN 5 AND 8 PM DAILY 627- 4639.  
WRITE: POST OFFICE BOX 934  
EDGARTOWN, MA. 02539

THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW !!!!!

ROCKS at its BEST



When accompanied with

COMFORT

Play it smooth: just pour Comfort® over ice and have your own rocks concert. Neat! A great performer with cola, 7UP, tonic, orange juice, milk, etc., too!



Nothing's so delicious as Southern Comfort® on-the-rocks!

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO 63132

# Buckminster Fuller- The Technology of Love

by Lisa Simons

M. I. T. was privileged to have Buckminster Fuller speak last night in Kresge Auditorium. He was greeted with enthusiasm, and left to a standing ovation. Vital at 83, and grainy-voiced, Fuller spoke for two intense, uninterrupted hours seated on a chair deliberately removed from the podium. He covered an amazing range of topics, delivered in the form of a flowing, defracted anecdotes. Yet, the wealth of stories, examples, quips and digressions were all directed toward clarifying his ideas about the direction humans must take to survive on our "new planet". His lecture style is very compatible with his view of Nature, which, he says, is not a system of "ordered planes", but is made of elements that converge and diverge.

Fuller spoke about his Victorian, post-industrial revolution unbringing as being very important in influencing the course of his later life. He characterized the "realities" of his youth as being restricted to those things you can see, hear, smell and touch. But the world was changing at that time in a way unique in history, so he was continually witnessing impossible realities, such as men visiting the north and south poles, the first car, the first manned flight, and so forth. He decided early on that it would be valuable to the world to record the effects of such changes in realities, as they happened. He managed to keep a record of events throughout his life, and sustained an interest in the ongoing progression of current beliefs in the word.

In Fuller's lifetime, he found that the common-sense, tangible reality was often replaced by an "invisible reality". The discovery of the electron was such a change. He related an example that occurred during WWI, when the potential of metal alloys was first used to build ships and equipment. Previously, a ship could be appraised according to its size from which you could determine its weight, strength, and the kind and amount of ammunition you would need to destroy it. With the use of alloys, the strength is no longer determinable from visible information. This change represented a formidable problem, and was kept a military secret. The human being's ability to generalize, created new technical possibilities, as well as

## Movies- Same Thing This Year

by Randy Malenbaum

Although it has comparatively funny moments, *Same Time, Next Year* is a movie that will seem amusing only if one does not expect realism in the cinema. Otherwise, only the 15 and under set will be able to enjoy this film.

The premise is simple: a married man and a married woman (but not to each other) meet the same weekend each year for companionship, conversation and coupling. What is not explained is why two happily married people would commit adultery because of a smile (as the movie's theme suggests) when they both experience guilt over it - which is quite evident. George (Alan Alda) can express only his feelings of embarrassment, guilt, and remorse the morning after. Unfortunately, Alda overacts for the sake of comedy, too bad.

Dorothy (Ellen Burstyn) is also embarrassed and shy. One would think that she had knowingly let someone take advantage of her, rather than that she and George both knew and felt right about what they were doing. This type of ambivalence continues for the next few years.

While this probably played well on the Broadway stage, its transformation to the screen is poor. For while actions on stage need to be larger than life, this is not true for the cinema where the public expects near realism. The two adults continue to act like immature teenagers until they reach middle age. For instance, in one scene - the late 60's - Dorothy appears for her annual tryst dressed like a sixteen year old hippie. Calling George "real estate" and spouting antiwar words, she swings her love beads and speaks of Berkeley. While this is representative of these times, it is not at all representative of a forty year old mother of three. The character of Dorothy would most likely have spoken to George on more of an adult basis, rather than as a rebellious youth to her father.

However, if one does not expect too much, one can sit back and enjoy the flashes of news reel clips which occur between scenes (at 5 year intervals), as well as the costume and hair style changes, and relive more than twenty years of Americana. In addition, the beautiful theme song is worked in often.

Burstyn and Alda, though obviously handicapped by poor screen writers, do an admirable job.

There are two scenes which fortunately transcend the level of the rest of the picture and are quite moving: George delivering Dorothy's baby, and the two of them mourning the death of his son.

While this movie is not a total loss, I'd see another - or wait to catch *Same Time, Next Year* on stage, probably an excellent play.

new worlds to cope with.

Fuller also discussed his early concern with the question of human uniqueness among animals. He felt that the primary difference is that animals have equipment which allows them to adapt to a specific geographic environment, where humans have no such specific attributes. They are not physically adapted to any particular place, he thought, and have few physical defenses, and must rely upon thought for survival. The facility that allows the human to survive is the ability to make connections between events, which occur at different times and places. Man is unique in the ability to perceive organizing principles, Fuller concluded. He then discovered that it is our persistence in using our "muscle and cunning" rather than our intellectual abilities that threatens our survival.

Buckminster Fuller said that his lifetime objective was "to do what he could as an individual that nations and corporations inherently can't". Our technical knowledge is accelerating rapidly, we have used our mental capabilities to create fantastic weapons, he says, but have not used what we know to keep ourselves from using such things. Fuller called that bind the "World War game", where the object seems to be to control the world. He said that instead we should be playing the "World Game" where the rules are that we keep track of what we have, what we use, and see if we can survive on it. He claims that the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. have spent cumulatively over six billion dollars fortifying themselves, letting "muscle" dictate our actions. Another result, Fuller tells us, of this misuse of technology is that humanity becomes a afraid of the language of science, and of technology, relating it to war and to the machines that steal our jobs. This can prevent us from using science to answer our problems.

Fuller is emphatic that we do have the knowledge to survive; to utilize regenerative sources of materials and to use space and energy efficiently. He suggested that the obstacle which we might be facing is our own reluctance to accept the possibility of continued survival. We might be hindered, he thinks, by the fact that "all big businesses, religions government and politics are predicated on humanity's inability to succeed". We must ask ourselves then whether we are willing to have everyone accommodated or if our egos are preventing this, says Fuller. We must learn that Money is out of synch with the rest of the universe, and Energy/Time is the true "accounting system of the Universe".

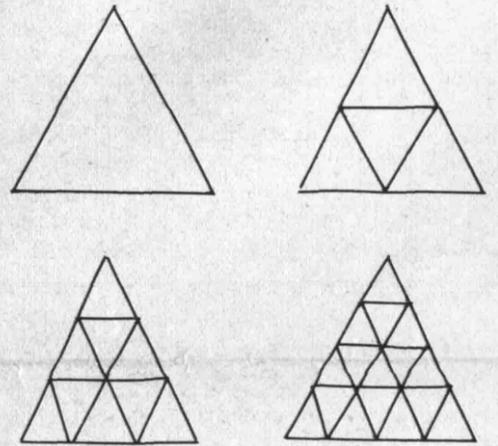
One of Buckminster Fullers favorite examples of the discrepancy between our capabilities and our actions is his comparison of the typical single-family house with a Boeing 747. He described in detail the typical one-family house, its heavy, thick walls, archaic plumbing, sloppy 1/8th inch tolerances (at best), wasteful shapes and tradition-oriented designs. The 747, by comparison, has been designed so that every element is connected with the function it is intended to serve. The accumulated weight of a typical one-family dwelling is 150 tons. The most sophisticated airplane

weighs 3 tons. Etcetera. He wanted to demonstrate that our priorities for using materials and technology keep us from living efficient lives. Fuller calls the usefulness of our living-spaces "1,000 years behind the odyssey in the sky". He spoke about using the triangle for construction, since it is the only polygon that holds its shape, and advocated the use of polyhedrons for space conservation.

He was adamant that misinformation is constantly perpetuated, despite technical advances. As an example he presented a cylindrical-projection map of the world, with its bloated looking Greenland. He then compared it to a map made from a globe using a 20-sided polyhedron for projection. The second map had minimal visual distortion, minimal inaccuracy in relative areas, and (of course) looked very unfamiliar to the audience. Such a map easily shows how accessible land networks are to one another, how populations cluster, how landmass compares to watermass, but is generally unused. Fuller elaborated on the overimportance we give ourselves and our views in the scheme of the universe; how small the earth is next to the sun; how small the sun looks to our galaxy, how many galaxies there are, and so forth. He pointed out how relatively unimportant the Republican and Democratic parties must be.

In an optimistic note, Fuller said that our current access to information about the world may be the thing that convinces us to act on our knowledge.

He remembered that in his youth, he was encouraged to give up his sensitivity. Fuller described the 60's youth as being obsessed with the world and its troubles, and the media as feeding on that and exploiting those feelings. Fuller believes that the students of the 70's have learned to defend themselves against this, and have learned how to do their own thinking. He concluded the evening by saying that he knows "we have the option of making it, but if we do, it will be due to youth's love of truth".



## Brecker Brothers- Master-Bassers

by Jack Shoemaker

You know the type of person. The musician blowing over your radio or stereo has just played a particularly imaginative riff; you are content to sit back and listen for more. But not this person, this person knows how to play that guitar lying on top of the piano; he must accompany the speaker in making music. As he continues he ruins the music; makes it distracting for you to listen. Occasionally, the musician coming over the stereo will employ a



Neil Jason

peculiar trick which will stump the accompanist, to your delight, though only momentarily. It was probably the first chords you had heard in what seemed like hours. I find myself around these people, from time to time, but no matter how much I dislike what they are doing, I can not remove an instrument from someone's grasp. It strikes me as trying to prevent someone from masturbating, I mean how do you actually go about stopping it, if you wanted. I can not suggest that the Brecker Brothers Band should drop Randy Brecker from the group. The oldest of the Brecker Brothers, Randy is no doubt instilled in his position as front man for the group.

Randy does write a majority of the Brecker Brothers' songs, but if last Friday's performance at the Berkley Performance Center (the first night of the ten day Globe Jazz Festival) is an example of Randy as musician and bandleader then he should be ... well I'm not going to say that - I said I wouldn't.

The real reason is that the Brecker Brothers sextet that performed last Friday is actually a top notch funk quintet. Brother Michael has a deep, full sound on his tenor sax. A strong voice, leading a tight and energetic rhythm section consisting of guitar, bass, keyboard, and drums. As an aside, consider the following anecdote. When time came to introduce the band members, after the first couple of numbers, Randy mentioned that they hadn't much work for the past three months, in fact this was the first time the band was together in three months, in fact Randy Brecker forgot the guitar player's name. A real bitching guitarist and Randy forgets the guy's name. At least he could have lied about it and made up a name.

He remembered the bass player's name, even his hometown. Neil Jason from Brooklyn, New York. Neil has composed a song which the band performed Friday. (I ask my friend, "Is this going to be funky enough?") "East River" is the best song in the repertoire. A strong driving bass line, simple, but emotional lyrics and a funky melody combine to make the song worth the concert. Neil does the singing while leading on bass.

The song is also contained on the band's latest release, *Heavy Metal Be Bop* on Arista, the record company to which Randy dedicated the encore. Chick Corea made an unscheduled, yet strikingly deliberate appearance during the first encore. The band has a few fundamental problems to iron out, if they can they could be a tremendous band.

*the*  
*UA*  
**NEWS**

*The Corporation Joint Advisory Committee on  
Institute Wide Affairs,  
The Graduate Student Council  
and  
The Undergraduate Association  
present*

**AN OPEN FORUM — THE PRESIDENCY  
OF MIT**

MONDAY MARCH 19 at 5:00pm in Room 9-150

**Announcements**

- THERE WILL BE A GA MEETING TONIGHT IN ROOM 400 OF THE STUDENT CENTER -THE FOCUS OF THE MEETING WILL BE PRIDE AT MIT.
- THERE WILL BE A GA MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY AT 7:30 PM IN ROOM 400 OF THE STUDENT CENTER. VICE-PRESIDENT SIMONIDES WILL DISCUSS THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN FOR STUDENT AFFAIRS.
- UA AND CLASS OFFICER ELECTIONS WILL BE HELD APRIL 11. PETITIONS AND INFORMATION ARE AVAILABLE IN THE UA OFFICE (W20-401) AND MUST BE RETURNED BY MARCH 23.