

MOSBY SAYS: LET'S CHANGE

Every year, the political structure of Senior House enters a new phase as the spaces left by exhausted, apolitical seniors are filled by bushy-tailed freshmen eager to assimilate the life of the dorm and play a role as members of the polity. Clearly, the life of the dorm is not what it was four years ago. The cry to preserve the past heard two years ago or more recently is silent now in the recognition of the inevitability of change. Fortunately, Senior House residents, by and large, do not require new inductees to meet some model of behavior internal to the house any more than they expect freshmen to fit some external public image.

President Steve Lentz acknowledged this in his remarks at the first house meeting. Although some have complained that his argument was merely a rationale for abdicating the less pleasant side of government, there is a clear need for younger figures to step into the political arena and provide the house with a new agenda. The issues that have preoccupied the house for years have been resolved. The housemaster "issue" has been beaten to death, the question of how the house ought to be portrayed has faded now that the house is full.

Senior House has, for the duration of local spoken history, ascribed to a theory of minimalist government. The time is ripe for a transition towards an even more appropriate governmental form.

Joe Shea, who still makes an occasional appearance at the house, ran the dorm four years ago with an administration noted primarily for its efficiency and multicolored posters. While he was once the toast of 4 Ames Street, in his declining years he retired into a semi-seclusion surrounded by a loyal band of disciples, in upper Runkle. He has now moved to a quiet solitary life in Connecticut. Stuart Brorson, Mr. Shea's hand-picked successor, was the next president. While Stuart tried to add a bit of levity to the house functions, his meaner streak ensured that he went down in history

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LΣΔ: FRAT FOR COMMON MAN

Several Senior House members have recently announced their intention to start a new pseudo-fraternity to supplement our present Sigma Delta. The new organization, to be called Lambda Sigma Delta (as in, "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds"), will be open to any Senior House resident or alumnus.

There are several reasons for the formation of this new co-ed brother/sisterhood. Most people have a need to feel as if they belong, to associate with others who have common interests, and to play a part in society. The founders of Lambda Sig feel that their group will help people to fulfill these needs.

But there are other groups which also offer this; why, then, this new non-fraternity? Aaron M. Sosnick says; "Some people feel that groups like Sigma Delta, in placing restrictions on membership [i.e. pledges to lose purity points], are too elitist, and they want no part in such an elite group." Lambda Sig, which does not discriminate on the basis of evolutionary development, hopes to appeal to the fair side in everyone. Also, the group will not have the hierarchy typical of most fraternity-like groups; according to cofounder Skip Regan, "There will be no 'little brothers' or 'little sisters' because everyone's the same size at Lambda Sigma Delta."

The Lambda Sigs would like to stress that their group is open to everyone who has the money to buy their shirt. Their will be no meetings or other needless time-consuming events, but one member says they plan to "hang out a lot."



Shirley McBay
Dean for Student Affairs



Robert Sherwood
Associate Dean
Head, Residence and
Campus Activities

BOB & SHIRLEY RETURN TO SH

Last year, Deans Robert Sherwood and Shirley McBay visited Senior House to evaluate the House's past Rushes and determine what could be done in the future. In spite of their intervention, Senior House has a spectacular rush, filling all available spaces in the first round of assignment. Because of the big turnaround, the deans decided to return and congratulate the house as well as pat themselves on the back. The best part of their return for most Senior House residents was the free food; however, to some of us it is significant that the deans are suddenly so cheerful towards Senior House. What's so different about us all of a sudden? Last year we were accused of "scaring freshmen away," this year we are congratulated on being so "attractive to incoming freshmen." Yet the kindergarten, the Saturday night party, and the tours etc. were basically the same as last year.

If neither the deans nor the events made any difference, why was this year's rush so much better than last year's? I think it is a combination of two things: a better attitude and a better reputation. This year, there were more upperclassmen who were willing to get involved in Rush, rather than using it as an excuse to come back early and party. Some might say that the "dry rush" played a part: however, the dry rush applied to all of MIT, not just Senior House. It seems that residents have realized that it is better to try and attract freshmen who want to live here rather than getting a lot of disgruntled, double-limboed people who would really be happier somewhere else.

Senior House also seems to have a better reputation that it has in the past. Although there will always be some who think of us as the black sheep of the dormitory system just because they don't think we're "normal," and those who see only the bad aspects of Senior House, by and large there is more of a positive attitude (or less of a negative attitude) towards the House. This can probably be attributed to the dying out of generations-old rumours, or maybe our west

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M. O. F. KORNER

Hello, soldiers! This column is intended to bring Senior House Residents up to date with respect to events on the MOF (Most Obnoxious Freshman) newsfront.

Incidentally, MOF is awarded each year to the most deserving freshman at Steer Roast, a stupid little party at which a young calf is brutally murdered in the courtyard and subsequently devoured by fello Senior House vultures. If you are a freshman and are interested in winning MOF this year, simply play loud music symbolic of the drug culture in the courtyard every weeknight at about 1 AM. In addition, you must pass a fire extinguisher marksmanship course (water type extinguishers, of course: only a total jerk would ever use a chemical type fire extinguisher for anything other than a real fire) and call the Campus police at least twice to report bonfires for which no permit has been issued.

TIRE SWING MUST GO!

Mark the Shark, a.k.a. the tire swing, has been a safety hazard in the Senior House courtyard for far too long. I personally have seen two people decapitated by this menace, and one girl's head, after smashing into the concrete, swelled up with brain fluid to the size of a beachball before it finally exploded, sending tissue and other debris as far as Walker Memorial. The tire swing is now out of commission, but should it ever return, your calls to MIT Physical Plant can help put a stop to this needless danger lurking in our midst. We must have the tree cut down, before it's too late!

THE FRYOLATORS ARE COMING, LIBERACE!

Senior House's aspiring concert pianists, who can be counted on the limb of a three-toed sloth, are really happy that Senior House has, they say, the most awesome piano on the MIT campus [actually, it's not even close]. The rest of us, however, would clearly like to see that damn Steinway on the auction block and some shiny new microwave ovens adorning the Senior House kitchens (the piano could fetch over \$100 for every resident, friends). Once the piano has been sold, the microwaves would be installed in every kitchen. To appease the piano nuts,

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PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH

There is good news and bad news in *Plenty*, a film based on the play of the same name by David Hare (who also did the screenplay) and directed by Fred Schepisi, the Australian film director.

The good news is that Meryl Streep has turned in yet another superb performance which is well worth the price of admission. The bad news is that Streep has to accomplish this in a film which really isn't all that clear about its thematic intentions. If there is one thing which does emerge with clarity, it is this. The heroine, Susan Traherne (Streep), serves as a thermometer measuring the moral temperature of Great Britain as that country slowly falls away from its triumphant moment as defender of freedom against Nazi aggression, to the nation that treacherously manipulated the Suez Canal crisis. We watch as the moral decay of Great Britain becomes etched into Susan Traherne just as Dorian Gray's decline is etched into his portrait.

In the course of this decline the film provides a number of opportunities for Streep to show what she can do when her character moves from one lifestyle to another. In each of these Streep is a marvel of believability, portraying a brilliant, headstrong, idealistic, independent woman slowly eaten away by the corruption of her government and the fading of its ideals in a post-war world that has become more of a home for mannikins than for sentient human beings.

Meryl Streep's accent is flawless and her mannerisms are uncanny, suggesting that surely she must have been born in England and not, as the film encyclopedias say, in Basking Ridge, New Jersey. Based on this film and on her role as Sophie in *Sophie's*
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FLASH NOT SO HOT

Are you sick of seeing bad reviews for Jeff Beck's "Flash" album? Well, here's another one. This album was really a disappointment for me, especially since I felt there was a lot of potential for greatness. But if there is one musician who really deserves the title "Most Inconsistent" it would have to be Beck. There is no doubt in my mind that he is a great guitarist; he just seems to be trying to prove me wrong.

But Jeff Beck's inability to produce good albums all the time does not explain this most recent attempt. There are a lot of talented musicians listed on the back cover: Rod Stewart, Jan Hammer, xxx... Why, then, is "Flash" so unlistenable? The answer lies in production. There are enough tape effects and similar garbage to make five disco albums, and most of it comes courtesy of "Mr. Chic" himself, Nile Rodgers. I thought I had finally heard the last of Rodgers when the disco explosion died out and "Freak Out" was played for the last time. But like a weed, he just keeps coming back, on the albums of such performers as Cyndi Lauper. There's no doubt about it, Rodgers is selling a lot of albums.

His success, however, does not make him the right choice for everything. I believe Nile Rodgers and Jeff Beck make as good a team as Phil Collins and Eric Clapton. Why would two great [that is, GREAT] musicians team up with such untalented (but admittedly successful) producers. The answer is, to sell records. I've nothing against "period" music, i.e. Fifties music in the Fifties, Eighties music in the Eighties, etc., but in ten years this music will have lost most of its popularity. Notice that no one plays the BeeGees any more. If Beck and Clapton want to sell records, that's fine, but they have to realize it's a cheap high that will soon leave them crashing to the ground.

Enough philosophical musing, then; why do I hate this album? Clearly, most of it has to do with this 80's sound, which I find very nauseating. "Ambitious," "Get Workin'," and "Love Gets Us All In The End" are the worst of these. If I hear one more bounce echo, or handclap machine, or drum

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QUOTE OF THE DAY

"Have you seen the apes that live in Holman?" - Ken Chin
- Well, Ken, at least THEY don't sleep in a cage! - Eds.

MOSBY CONTD.

known primarily for ascerbic remarks and an ill-fated campaign to have a cigarette machine installed in the building. Rumor places his current abode somewhere in Somerville. It is certain, however, that he spends his days engaging in bitter mental recriminations of his ex-friends and associates. It is too early to predict such sad endings for the presidents who followed: Steve Kossar and Steve Lentz. A similar fate, however, seems inevitable.

The question must then be: how can this tragedy be avoided in the future? Of course all of us can help by nursing these shredded presidential egos along as they try to adjust to a new role as a regular resident or citizen, without the same kind of dictatorial authority they once held. Beyond that, though, we need to turn the emphasis of house administration from attempting to direct 180 lives to the considerably more accessible goal of providing entertainment for the house.

The president has historically never really achieved anything of importance by himself: self-appointed committees do all the work around the house. Note the recent formation of Weather comm to deal with the disaster caused by hurricane Gloria (no relation to Gloria Sun). Therefore, the president plays more of a figurehead role somewhat similar to the Royalty in Great Britain. [See RSR Vol. I, Issue 3 for more on the appropriateness of the British governmental system for Senior House] If we asked people of the house what kind of picture they wanted to portray, most would respond, "a comic one."

Therefore, in the future the primary function of the president should be a parody of the house governmental form. Of course it would be irresponsible to come out in favor of any particular contender for the role of president so long before the January elections, but a president clearly must be able to make a complete fool of himself and not act self-conscious about it, which obviously narrows the field considerably. It's not too early for prospective candidates to begin practicing these skills in the courtyard.



Samuel J. Keyser

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PLENTY GOOD CONTD.

choice, I have to disagree with Streep's assessment of Vanessa Redgrave as the world's greatest living actress. In my opinion it is Meryl Streep by a length.

Despite her superb performance, this film is by no means a solo piece. There are a number of first-rate supporting roles, including John Gielgud's as an aging diplomat (Darwin) who knows how to play the game but who is, in the end, scandalized by his country's cynical machinations over Suez. Tracy Ullmann as Susan's sidekick, Alice, is also memorable. And Charles Dance as Borck and Sam Neill as Lazar do yeoman duty in parts which are straightforward and undemanding. The surprise of the film is Sting's completely convincing role as a working bloke who finds himself way over his head when he agrees to an unholy partnership with Susan. His performance is affecting and more than holds its own, despite having to play opposite such a towering talent.

When you leave the theater, there will be all kinds of loose ends left untied by this film. Would Susan really have fallen apart in the face of that Nazi patrol? Can we really believe that she would have turned to sorting books in Morocco? Why did Alice come between Susan and Brock? And anyway, whatever happened to Alice? It is a measure of Streep's power as an actress that none of this matters, at least not enough to detract from the sheer pleasure of her performance.

My recommendation, then, is this: go see Plenty and when you do, keep your eye on Meryl Streep and don't ask too many questions.

- Samuel Jay Keyser

M.O.F. KONTD.

a Casio music synthesizer would be purchased and installed next to the slop sink on Runkle first. Then, Eden's Den could finally undergo the glorious metamorphosis into Pritchett II: The Sequel. A counter would be installed, and Senior House volunteer staff members would courteously take your fountain, grill, and fry orders. This brings us to the matter of utmost importance: the fryolator. Those of you who were here during rush week experienced Senior House Buffalo chicken wings. These wings, fried to delicate, juicy, golden brown perfection by yours truly and basted in a scummy hot sauce, did not come out awesomely by magic. They were not baked. They were not broiled. THEY WERE FRYOLATED! Come on, Senior House, wake up and smell the chicken. Let's get rid of the stupid piano we never use and get some microwaves, a deluxe fryolator, and a mini food service dining facility.

PUBLIC SERVICE: HELP THE HUNGRY!

Until Senior House gets its own Pritchett Lounge, you can volunteer your services at the real McCoy. Just go over to Pritchett and look at the work schedule. The secret code word for times when Senior House residents should work is "Suzanne Paul" (SP for short). Return to Pritchett in the Suzanne Paul time slot of your choice, don a food service jacket, and proper hair protection (for many of you, this consists of a complete body net), and begin your shift. All you have to do is walk up to a customer, say either "fries" or "fountain" or "grill," and prepare their order. DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, ASK CUSTOMERS TO PAY FOR THEIR FOOD! That is neither your job nor your business.

WHERE IS THAT CHARLES FORSYTHE, ANYWAY?

Senior House is always looking for prospective upperclassmen residents in addition to the naive and shortsighted freshmen who mention Senior House on their dormitory preference cards. The House's current target is Charles Forsythe, a resident of the 5th floor of East Campus's western parallel. Call and visit Charles often and encourage him to consider Senior House for his future home. And while you're there, don't forget to drop by and say hi to Suzanne, and of course, Paul.

FLASH CONTD.

synthesizer, I'll probably vomit. Secondly, three of the songs on the album, "Escape," "You Know, We Know," and "People Get Ready," are pretty good; so good, in fact, that I was compelled to buy "Flash." "Escape" doesn't get off to a promising start; it sounds like another Rodgers-contaminated farce. Once Beck gets going, however, it's clear that he can still at least play the guitar. "You Know, We Know" is even better; except for the (again) synthesizer garbage etc., it's fairly reminiscent of past Beck instrumentals, spectacular and rich with detail. And when Beck teams up with Rod Stewart to produce yet another rendition of "People Get Ready," it almost recalls me back to the great days of Faces. If it weren't for these three songs, I never would have wasted my money on "Flash."

The bottom line, then, is this: If you're a hardcore Beck fan, you can probably get 20 minutes or so of enjoyment from this album. If you're not, I would suggest the latest from Stevie Ray Vaughan or Robin Trower, or perhaps a little something from our own Skip "Vic" Regan.

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BOB & SHIRLEY CONTD.

campus friends are just becoming more open minded. I don't think it has much to do with the loss of such residents as Mike Levine, Stephanie, and Apostrophe, although I can't deny that last year's seniors took a lot with them when they left. [Note, however, that it is rumored that Larry Kolodney may return, and that Levine is still alive, somewhere in Europe] It does seem like the dorm is changing: perhaps the Sixties will leave Senior House someday after all.



Bob Carver, lone wolf.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

This is a new feature which will appear semi-annually or whenever we feel like it. Its purpose is to keep the house informed about some of its more illustrious alumni. Mike Levine, who added color to Senior House even before he adopted a young twinkie and her dog, is currently somewhere in Europe doing exactly what one would expect him to do. If you open a bottle of German wine and are greeted by the stebch of Drum cigaretees, don't be surprised. He is hard at work putting the finishing touches on the next Steer Roast play. Rumor has it that Stephanie will appear in European peasant garb in the first act. A signup sheet will be posted at the desk for people willing to take this counterculture couple in after they return.

Frank Fernandez, who added much to our aural environment, is brushing up his barking skills for his Symphony Hall debut with the BSO on a motorcycle trip to California.

Dan Flagg has gone to Tanzania for a month, leaving behind a trail of unpaid phone bills and bottles to be returned.

Pam Keller has been spotted in the area recently in a business suit. A diet consisting of large wheels of cheese and UPS-delivered salmon is obviously having its desired effect, since she's moved up into a higher stratum of society. It's not so bad, though, her spirit still haunts the first floor.

Mark Pesce currently resides with S.D.Branson in Somerville, where he moved after a heroin addict laid claim to his new Scirocco. Mr. Branson also has another new roommate; perhaps some of you have met him - he is known for his odd decorating ideas.



HALLO, WE'RE BACK

Yes, that's right. To the delight of many and the chagrin of some, the Runkle Standard Roar is back in action for the fall of 1985. Our readers can look forward to all the wonderful things which make the RSR Senior House's finest newspaper. Timely news, perceptive analysis of house politics, informed film reviews and gutsy editorials are all served up with a generous dose of humor. No house resident seeking to be well-informed can afford to miss a single issue of the Roar.

There have been some changes in the Roar for this year. We have acquired a better computer for easier layout. There has also been a management shakeup in our staff (which contains none of those hairy apes from another entry), putting a younger man in the position of Editor-in-chief so the paper can better cover a changing Senior House.

We are always looking for new staff members. An ability to endure boring house meetings, glorify the mundane and herald new trends in Senior House life are necessary.

ADVERTISEMENTS

ARTICLES WANTED - any size, shape or topic. We'll take anything! (We'll print it only if it suits our purposes, though) Reply to The Runkle Standard Roar, R601.

THESIS WANTED - any topic, for a twelfth term senior who really wants to leave. You know who, you know where.

WANTED - PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES - enough to make a good letter bomb. Help me get revenge! Also need Uzi submachine gun for another vendetta. Will pay top dollar. The Runkle ghost, R706a.

FOR SALE - 1 album, Jeff Beck's Flash. See review elsewhere in this newspaper. A steal at only \$9.95! Record Company Slimebag, New York NY.

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