

RUNKLE STANDARD ROAR

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Vol II No. 3

ABSOLUTELY FREE

New Products

Spokespersons for the Roar Corp. announced today that it has posted a profit for the first quarter of 1986. This is the first time in the young corporation's short history that it is in the black. This news was hardly surprising to most of the financial community, who have been predicting for some time that today's announcement would show a very healthy bottom line for the renegade publishing concern. What was surprising, however, is that these very same analysts had predicted utter failure for the Roar Corp. at the time of its founding. They cited, among other things, the paper's caustic editorial style, sloppy accounting procedures, and the fact that both its advertising and newsstand price were "absolutely free."

What these analysts hadn't predicted, of course, was the introduction of the "Big Mike" t-shirt. This new product, introduced just a few weeks ago, has put the Roar Corp. solidly in the black. Many analysts are beginning to surmise that the newspaper was never intended to make a profit itself, but was created solely for the purpose of promoting other Roar Corp. products. Proponents of this theory note that the main effects of the paper's publication have been to engender a feeling of absurdity towards Senior House life among its residents and to elevate "Big Mike" to a status which can only be described as legendary. This created an environment in which the t-shirt would sell like hot cakes.

Riding on the success of its first venture outside the world of publishing, the Roar Corp. is reportedly planning to introduce a number of other products drawing on a largely untapped pool of talent within Senior House.

According to sources close to the top of the Roar Corp. hierarchy, the corporation will soon create a new

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Roast Play

Once again, Steer Roast will feature a production by Senior House's "resident" playwright Mike Levine. His first play "A Cloudy Day" began the proud tradition of House spring-time theatrical productions. The critical acclaim was enough to convince Mike to provide the encore "A Colossal Waste of Time," which was even more popular, and featured a brief look at life in the Runkle Sixth Kitchen. The new work, whose working title is "A Long, Long Way to Run", features themes and characters which should be familiar to admirers of previous work.

We met with Mr. Levine, who also directs his plays, to discuss his new work, late one evening following a demanding and difficult rehearsal. He was enjoying a relaxing encounter with his old friend the Squid. "It's so much fun to get stoned," he exhaled loudly. He seemed tired of his responsibilities for production of the annual play; so much so that his answers to our questions were barely coherent.

His first play featured a hippy, a preppy and a man from New Jersey, but in later years his work turned to more sordid topics: primarily the social milieu of Senior House. Though last year's "Colossal Waste" was essentially a comedy it presented a rather grim view of the House, depicting its residents as bored and boring folk, continually in search of some new passing distraction. The new work takes this critique a step further. The characters are transparently based on actual residents and cannot be described as anything other than distasteful and unpleasant. This is more than just a condemnation of Senior House people; Mike uses these characters to comment on the state of mankind. "As I grow older, I tend to see more of the world. I try to write a play where everyone is an asshole." He cautioned against drawing a perfect parallel between characters in the

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Schedule

Spring is now upon us. The leaves are on the trees, the squirrels are getting fat, and Priscilla Grey can often be seen working in her yard, so it must be time for Spring Weekend. Of course, Steer Roast is always a good time, but you will maximize the pleasure derived if you follow our suggested schedule to the letter. Even the smallest deviations risk turning what could have been the most enjoyable two days of your stay in Cambridge into a chaotic and uncontrolled nightmare. In recent years, there have been growing numbers of residents who have opted out of the event entirely. This is irrational. The pace may be hectic, and the physical demands challenging, but Steer Roast is an event in a class by itself. Those, like Mr. Ken Chin and Mr. Eric Ristad, who chose to leave the house, rather than share in the festivities, never truly understood the spirit of "Sport Death." A bit of advice to freshmen: go everywhere and try everything; if you miss any phase of the celebration you will regret it for the rest of your life.

Thursday Evening

The greasy slimeballs who run all these alphabet soup organizations will try to tell you that the weekend begins on Thursday with the Junior/Senior Pub are the sexist "Mr. Spring Weekend" Contest in the heinous Sala de Puerto Rico. They want you to pay \$1 for this event, but take it from some who went last year, the event is less interesting than spending your evening typing into Emacs at the Fish-Bowl. Instead, noted recreation expert Mark Adler recommends "getting wasted and watching David Letterman as the evening's aim. Steer Roast requires a great deal of mental preparation, particularly the destruction of excess, unused brain cells.

Friday Afternoon

For those disgusting UA types, Friday begins early at 11 (ELEVEN!) in the

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We Told You So

This number marks the completion of the second volume of the Runkle Standard Roar. Since we've been around as long as many residents in the dorm, we feel we ought to speak with some authority about political issues. But our suggestions at election time were ignored by the masses, and now the dorm is suffering the consequences.

In a daring stroke of genius, we endorsed Larry Kolodney for Judcomm, even though he was neither on the ballot, nor (officially) a resident. In addition, we cautioned against electing Scott Braithwaite, because of certain mental quirks. Now that he has tasted power, and pushed his bizarre pet housing priority scheme through, we feel vindicated. Clearly these new complications are too absurd to take seriously; this has to be another manifestation of the "crazy humour (that) prompted him to declare 'Fruit is happiness!'" [See RSR, vol. II, no. 2] It is certainly crazy; it is somewhat humorous, and don't pretend you understand it: not even Scott himself is THAT foolish!

The following are actual examples which demonstrate the arbitrary and injudicious nature of our misguided judcomm's room assignment system. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

"Bill Fossil" has been a S.H. resident in "good standing" for (almost) two years. He is very popular, has served as an outstanding desk worker, and been elected to back-to-back terms as Veep. For the past two years he has waited patiently for his third year in the dorm, when, he hoped, he would have sufficient priority to take a front room in Runkle Third. However, under the new "system", "Bill" found that two sophomores, both of whom had lived in the dorm for only one term apiece, had greater priority. "Bill's" dismay and anger were understandable.

"Jenny Hungover" and "Jake O'Dooley" will both be seniors next year, and wanted rooms in the fifth floor of fabled Runkle Towers. Under the STANDARD priority system both would have equal claim to a room, but now "social utility" (whatever that means) is the order of the day, and poor little Jenny won't have the fifth floor room she has dreamed of all her life. "Jake" was given the room, not because

he had won a fair coin toss, but rather, because our Judcomm believes this will further overall happiness.

Now suppose our candidate, Larry Kolodney, had been elected. You can be sure that, in the case of "Bill", the rights of long-standing members of the Senior House community would have been preserved. (Including those members who might otherwise be forced to move out once they became graduate students.) Larry would prove his dedication to the House by moving from Fenway to a room in Runkle Towers, so as to be nearer his disciples. In the case of "Jenny" and "Jake", randomness would have prevailed, as it should.

Those residents lucky enough to have experienced the term of John Dawley and Steve Lincoln as Soc-coms, may remember many happy Friday afternoons spent unwinding in the Courtyard with a keg of beer. Alas, February and March turned out to be very dry, and when, by late April the courtyard keg had become a positive rarity, there was talk of mutiny in the ranks. The lone party this term was, granted, a moderate success, but the soft drinks disappeared within an hour and the beer barrel was plagued by a pressure problem. The crowds grew restive as the bands took most of the evening to set up. All in all, a pretty tame Spring Term.

We advised against electing novice residents to this crucial position. A dorm with a full social schedule is a happy dorm. Had our candidates, Ken Malsky and Hornee Sodnoby, been successfully installed, no doubt all of Senior House would be in a constant drunken stupor. "Wake and bake" would be as commonly repeated a motto as "Sport Death." The desk would sell Richards Wild Irish Rose, and those dingy carpets would be replaced by easily hosed-down tile floors. Who needs a five-oh anyway?

Perhaps we should make some mention of the Presidential election. Chris Towse came, apparently from nowhere, to push aside house favorite, Larry Kolodney. We had rather hoped that Larry might add President of Senior House to his ever-expanding list of achievements, but, what can we say, it's really not very significant. We are, of course, troubled by accusations that Chris was elected on a

We Told You So

promise to place "Holman-Nichols" in a position of house supremacy. It is rumored that many of the votes for Chris Towse, were intended for the "Old Man of Senior House Politicking," Chris Kelley, who is also tall, thin, blond and insignificant. Too bad, maybe Larry should lose some weight and bleach his hair, and effect an insignificant tone of voice for the next election.

Weekend Weather

The weather for Steer Roast weekend should be pretty good. Friday will be mostly sunny and mild with a high in the low 60s, becoming clear and cool with a low early Saturday morning in the low to mid 40s. Saturday will be clear, with a high in the low to mid 60s. Saturday night should be clear and cool, getting down to the mid 40s. And finally, Sunday morning will be clear, with a high in the low to mid 60s. The entire weekend should be free of precipitation, except for the possibility of some early morning fog and drizzle. Winds should be light throughout the event.

Annnhhhh, have fun!
(thanks Robert Krawitz)

Play (cont.)

play and actual residents. "This is play, not reality...there's a lot of similarity, but.... it's not reality." Later, after a few more bong-hits, he added, "This play is completely unrelated to anything whatsoever."

Though it is unclear that Mr. Levine will be able to produce a play next year, he expressed the hope that his work has added a dramatic tradition to all the time-honored Steer Roast activities. He commented "Hopefully Steer Roast plays can spontaneously happen in the future."

Well, once again the Runkle Standard Roar had almost no influence over the tide of recent house elections. This is plainly an intolerable situation and something must be done to combat it. This is the second year in a row in which the opinions of the Runkle Standard Roar staff has been almost entirely rejected by the house. Of course, before our first defeat the RSR did not exist. We felt certain that, with the one existing house organ in our hands, we could deliver the elections to our friends on a silver platter. Well too damn bad, but no dice.

Maybe we over-stepped ourselves, recommending Lawrence Kolostomy for both President and Jud-Comm, but if so, it was only out of loyalty to him. We know how much he wants to live here (Remember the "Want a nice quiet room in Ashdown?" signs?) and we felt that if he was elected to an important house office, the Dean's office would have to let him back in. Apparently though the idea of "Kontinual Kitchen Kolostomizing" didn't go over too well. Maybe its for the best; we learned only recently that he can't pronounce "Kapor" (KAY-por). Larry insists that its CAH-por and he's a 6-3 student so he ought to know all about Lotus Development. (Mitch KAY-por is a corporate big-wig there.)

Most surprising, however, is the fact that we couldn't get Aaron Sosnick (Hornee Sodnobee to some) and Ken Malsky elected as Soccoms. The explanation espoused by many, including visiting Hoover Institute scholar Craig Rodgers, is that Mr. Sosnick has become so well-known and widely reviled a figure that even the bright spot of Ken on this ticket was not enough. That anyone, even Renato, would have won against the Sosnick ticket. (Runkle party officials take note.) Another theory, though, has it that the majority of non-Runkle residents voted against the ticket because they confused Ken Malsky with Ken Chin, well known Runkle-supremacist who has, in the past, verbally assaulted the residents of other entries. We prefer to believe this than the possibility that the residents could have been repudiating our lead here.

Whatever the causes, we must ensure that this kind of disaster does not occur again. A political party that does not exercise the proper discipline over its members is certain not to remain an active participant in the political arena for long. At the same time, a coalition must be

responsive to the demands of its members. Therefore we present, for your approval the following choices vis-a-vis the future of the Runkle Standard Roar coalition. Please select one and drop this ballot off at the Senior House desk.

The Runkle Standard Roar Ballot-----

1. Rename the Runkle Standard Roar Corporation the Committee for the Senior House Way.
Instead of publishing the RSR, the Committee will use its resources to distribute hash brownies to all dormitory populace on election night. Since most residents are unfamiliar with the effects of this drug, they will be much more open to electoral suggestions. ("In my day no one would have even noticed ANY effect from the brownies," Col. Mosby reports.) The Lamda-Sigs would patrol the hallways, aiding any confused residents in their ballot selections. For more information on this tactic, readers are referred to the motion picture "Wild in the Streets."
2. The Runkle Standard Roar will commit political suicide, and instead, very mysteriously, an alternative House newspaper, calling itself the organ of the "United Coalition of Lesser Entries" will begin publication. This rag will espouse violence against all Runkle residents and their dependants. Richie will find time bombs in the Runkle slop-sinks. Masked figures operating from a third-floor safe room will hit passers-by with fire extinguishers. The house will unite around their Runkle bretheren, voting in the house elections for anyone who even looks like they come from Runkle. For more information, see any good CIA pamphlet.
3. Train the Keyser's new sheep-herding dog, Alice from Australia, to sink her teeth into the flesh of anyone who makes disparaging comments about either the RSR, or any of our preferred candidates. She has already mastered the art of attack, all we need to do is train her to differentiate between victims. For more information on this, see the destroyed chair in the Keyser's dining room set.
4. Establish a personality cult of "Big Mike" in Senior House. On some nice

Sunday we could assemble a big enough group to form a majority at house-comm and get funding for a Big-Mike banner the size of Runkle, and commission a statue of Big Mike in an heroic pose (perhaps laboring over his 6.301 lab or reading The Autobiography of Malcolm X or watching the "Dick Van Dyke Show") for the courtyard. There will be monthly rallies of support for Mike, who will be given a permanent second-floor balcony room (so he can more easily address the house populace.) Once the residents have been turned into a spineless mob, they will be easily controllable, and since Big Mike is on the staff, the RSR will reign supreme. For more information on this tactic, send for literature on the "Big Mike T-Shirt Offer", 4 Ames St., Cambridge Ma. 02139

Of all of these tactics, the staff here leans most heavily towards number four, but to ensure that your voice is heard, mail in your ballot here today. Xerox copies of this ballot are NOT ACCEPTABLE. You must vote only once. Thank you.

schedule (cont.)

morning with the International Spring Fair on the Kresge Oval. This is obviously one of those "important" uses for the Oval that "necessitated" the removal of the shanty-town. In fact it is just another opportunity for MIT students to play the role of "ugly American", pretending to gain some understanding of foreign cultures, while in reality, merely gorging themselves with poorly prepared, greasy Lobdell-type fare. Of course, any sane individual will be soundly asleep well into the afternoon, having spent the previous night in compliance with the Roar Roast Schedule.

At four the snivelling brothers of DU will attempt to put on a steak fry at the bar-b-que pits near the New Athletic Center for the extortionary price of \$4.50 (and there's no live bluegrass band). Any one with any sense of economic values will be watching the Lighting of the Pit in the historic Bosworth Court of Senior House. While there were no noteworthy

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4 Schedule (cont.)

incendiary incidents last year, there is a history of obnoxious freshmen nearly losing their lives at this event. Perhaps if we were lucky, Ted Pascaru will show up, and keep that tradition "alive." In case he gets too close to the fire there ought to be plenty of people there to save him with fire extinguishers. There will be a keg of Guinness Stout on tap (we hope). This would be an excellent opportunity for those who have not yet met Paul Savia, since he will be in top obnoxious form at this point, having finished several sixes since the morning.

Friday Night

At 8 pm the SCC will try to convince you to turn out to see the sorry excuse for a band they have dredged up this year. Ministry is the biggest flop since the members of Kiss launched solo careers. Going to this poorly planned concert will bring you "face to face" with extreme boredom.

Why walk all the way across campus when you have all this fun in your own courtyard?

Casino [Wadeigh Room]

Gambling is good, clean, American fun. {Insert witty comments about Gambling here} It'll take place in Wadleigh - a good, clean American room. Winning is a good, clean American tradition, and if you lose, well, the money goes for a good cause.

Smuttcomm [TV Room]

Pornography is good, dirty, American fun. Pam Keller would certainly have urged all freshmen to attend for at least one hour. The {Insert witty comments about Pam Keller here}

Yellow Submarine and Bugs Bunny [Runkle 4th Kitchen]

We expect this to be one of the big attractions of the evening. The similarity between Elmer Fudd and certain house residents is too great to have been accidental. So we see these cartoons as our opportunity to have sweet revenge against these horrible individuals. Skip Regan will lead a VAMIT (Vics At MIT) delegation to the Beatle's classic. Afterwards we will all break up into small groups for discussion. No credit is due Julianne for the presence of this notice here; as she was vague and non-committal with our reporters. Bill Fossil was equally useless.

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New Products (cont.)

subsidiary which will break new ground in the recording industry. Roar Entertainment, as the new division will be called, will produce, manufacture and market Senior House musical talent. The new company's first recording artist is rumored to be none other than Skip "Vic" Regan, who has already established a cult-type following in the house. His debut album, tentatively titled "Welcome to My Head", will be influenced by such greats as Jimi Hendrix, the Beatles, and Yngwie J. Malmsteen.

Even more daring are the plans for a Craig Rodgers simulator. This product was dreamed up one night by a Runkle Standard Roar editor as he was doing the research for last year's editorial endorsing Mr. Rodgers for Most Obnoxious Freshman. He found that many house residents enjoyed Rodgers' humor upon first meeting him, but became dismayed upon discovering his tendency towards repeating the same jokes over and over again. These residents became even more upset when they found that he was often impossible to get rid of and would harass them endlessly with a form of "humor" which became less funny and more annoying upon each repetition.

The editor guessed that Craig's speech patterns could probably be pretty well simulated by a computer. He suggested this to a researcher in the artificial intelligence group of Roar Electronics Laboratories (RELABs) who agreed that the Rodgers simulator could be easily built. After consultation with the marketing experts at Roar Corp. the project was given the go-ahead. Engineers working on the project have found that the design of the Rodgers simulator is even simpler than they expected. "After studying his speech patterns extensively, we've found that his brain is more primitive than we previously thought," said the project's leader. Another RELABs engineer has estimated that Craig could be simulated with "as little as 2K of memory." The chief advantage the simulator has over the real McCoy is the OFF switch.

With such innovative and appealing products, the Roar Corp. undoubtedly has a profitable future in store for it. Soon its enormous financial success will be translated into political power within Senior House. It is well known that the

editors of the Runkle Standard Roar have little tolerance for their political opponents. When they finally achieve power they will no doubt reward their friends and punish their enemies mercilessly. In the words of one particularly sadistic editor "Get out of our way now, or be crushed tomorrow!"

What Now?

It is hard to imagine that this is the sixth issue of the Roar. For over a year, we have been the only accurate and authoritative voice on Senior House events, a responsibility we take very seriously. One year ago we wrote "If the RSR doesn't reappear after the summer, it's detractors, the forces of darkness and repression so decisively beaten at Normandy over forty years ago, will have won a major victory." Many expected that this paper would not return after that summer, but it did. Now once again, in the words of an editor emeritus "a heinous Boston summer faces us." And once again, there are those who are uncertain of the fate of this paper.

One over-worked editor expressed his frustration this way: "I fully expect this stupid rag to go down the drain, and never be replaced by anything better. But's that what you low-life scum-bags deserve. We worked hard to try to bring the finest in journalism and human-interest stories to the residents of this house. Were we ever thanked for it?" The Editor Emeritus, however, had a more positive vantage-point; if the paper were to fold "that would merely ensure it a legendary place in history. People would sit around and say: 'Remember the good old days, when we had the Runkle Standard Roar?' " The remainder of the staff is even more optimistic, and they look forward to the third volume of the Roar, which will be produced under the editorial direction of Mr. Mark Adler.

If you are interested in helping to call public attention to the rising tide of judcomm-imposed fascism in the house, or building public support for a movement to restore a more sane and traditional (not to mention British) form of government, then a position with the Roar could be your ticket to self-esteem and a place in Senior House history. Be a part of the last remaining free voice in the house! Stand up to the Jud-Comm's Storm-Troopers! You have nothing to lose but your tiny little room!

Grateful Bar [Fassett Lounge]

Everyone knows that Jazz is the coolest thing around, so we had really hoped that we would have another installment of the traditional Jazz bar. Well, too bad, instead Slip Knot (a cheap Grateful Dead imitation) will provide music for those suffering under the debilitating effects of certain vegetable (or plant-derivative) substances. When the evening's pace gets too hectic you can retire to Fassett to mellow out. With Mr. Nice Guy behind the bar the drinks will be potent and the conversation one-sided.

LustComm [Location Unknown- Ask Julianne Dalcanton, she's brimming with timely and useful information]

In the tradition of continual modifications (but not always improvements) to the list of Steer Roast events, this years Veeps have created LustComm. Publicity material indicates only that it will involve "exposed flesh, and various oils and ointments." We STRONGLY suggest that you consider what your mother and father (who are, after all, paying for your education) would think of your attendance. Would they be happy if they knew their hard-earned money was going for "oils and ointments?" Under any previous Jud-Comm this kind of event would be closed down before it was begun.

In addition to these planned activities Master Steve Lentz and his crew of apprentice bastards will be staying up all night tending to the beef. (Steve will be in bed by 1 A.M., leaving all his suffering apprentices to man the no-glory night-shift.) We can only hope for another dawn appearance of our good friend "No-Pants Jack." He is almost certainly a guest in a New York state sanitarium, but maybe we can get him a weekend pass, so that he (and some friends) can walk up here for the meal. Be on the guard for

other troubled individuals, such as "Randy the Random" who made himself a big hit last year by burning thirty-five dollars in a special ceremony at the pit. Completing the amusing guest group is Stephanie "Twinkie" Baldwin, who has promised to make a brief appearance, even though she doesn't burn. Also be on the look-out for V. Bob Koch and V. Joe Shea, who should both be arriving for the VAMIT meeting some time this evening.

Saturday Morning

Even if anyone was up at 9:30 on Saturday morning, they certainly wouldn't pay \$5 to run in the CSF Road Race, which is just a bridge loop. You can do that for free any day of the year. What we said last year still holds true: "Only a lunatic would wake up that early to see a road race when they could be in Walker preparing a meal for several hundred hungry people." Some things just stand the test of time.

Other fun activities include setting up tables, taking the meat off the "giant rotisserie" or sleeping.

Saturday Afternoon

At noon the Inter-Fraternity Conference wants you to report to Brigg's Field for what might pass as fun in the Soviet Union. Keep your fixed smiles, comrade, as you "enjoy" a thorough schedule of pre-planned "Olympiad" activities. In the Senior House, most residents will be experiencing a high noon, blissfully unaware of the suffering of their "Olympiad"-enduring West Campus brethren. "Is good, nyet?"

A part of these festivities is the Tire Changing Contest in the Kresge Parking Lot. Those with weak hearts are cautioned to steer well-clear of this competition, as the associated excitement has enduced heart murmurs and full blown cardiac events in past years. Jimmy Carter urges all to stay away from this "Moscow on the Charles," so long as the Red Army continues to maintain a military presence in Afghanistan.

The Long-Awaited Steer Roast Meal (1 PM)

Tons of Salad, Corn (and Corn Bread), Lasagna (for those of you who are either to whimpy to eat red meat or fuzzy-headed enough to believe it is a moral issue), and Roast Beast make this an event that NO resident (that means you Ken Chin) can

pass up. Don't get in line too early, unless you want to make small talk with some recluse from Atkinson for an hour or more.

Southern Rail will continue a forty year tradition, playing blue-grass during the meal. Try and show a little appreciation this year, folks.

The Annual Play/Awards Ceremony (5 PM)

After the courtyard is cleared, "A Long, Long Way to Run" will be presented. The audience is encouraged to participate in the last scene of the production. Following this the traditional awards will be presented. This year's race for Most Obnoxious Freshman should be a close one, so much so that we are unwilling to make any predictions. Pascaru, Zanger, Miller, Poulous, Hall, Leibowitz? They are all too close to call.

Steer Roast Band Party (8 PM)

No Steer Roast is complete without this final act. Barrence Whitfield is no longer virgin territory for MIT students, but it's too late to back out now. More importantly, Smokehouse and the Flames will be returning to play the party that made them famous. Rock critic Mike Levine reports that they are playing better than ever before. And of course there will be the usual assortment of house talent, but (thank God) no Holman Hack Band (3 years in captivity! Free at last, free at last, thank God almighty, we're free at last!).

Sunday

Champagne and Chili

At whatever time seems right, residents will congregate to clean up the courtyard and receive a "kick-start" from overly-spicy chili and very cheap (domestic) champagne. Don't bother coming down if you will just chuck the goods back up all over the freshly cleaned courtyard.

SCC Picnic (1 PM - Kresge Oval)

This is the only good part of Spring Weekend, because it takes place after Steer Roast is over and you get free food. Mr. Sport Death says "Be sure to follow Senior House tradition and be VERY CAREFUL not to mingle with any non-Senior House person."