

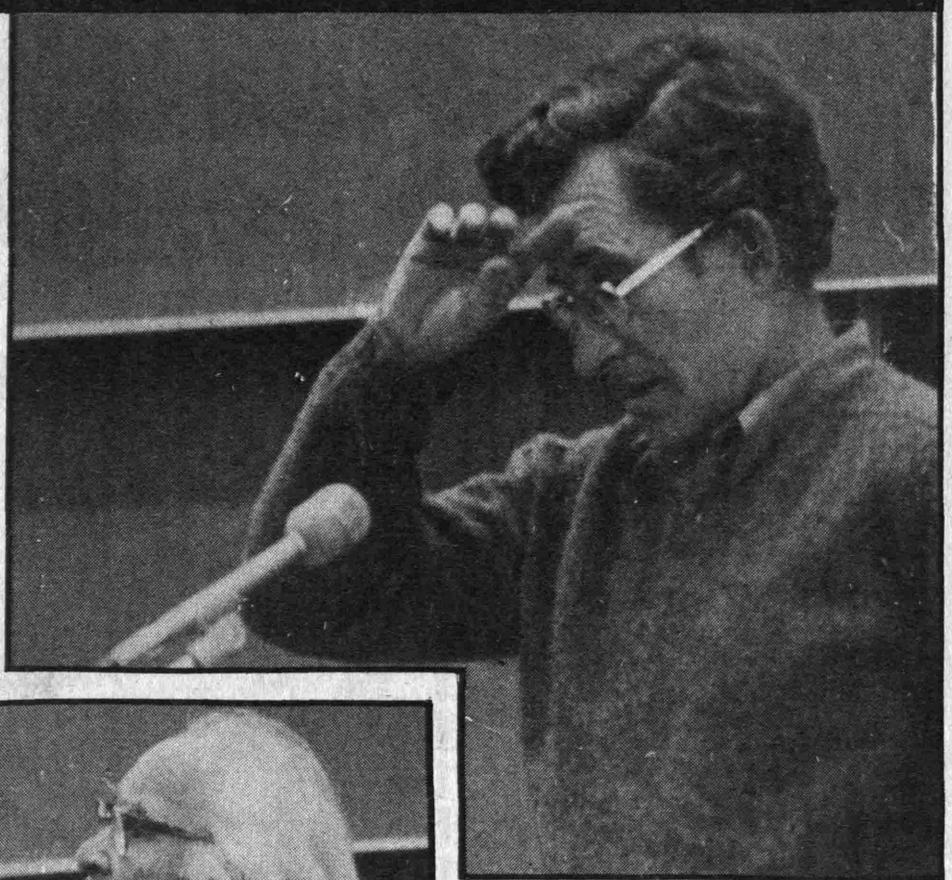
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Thursday VooDoo

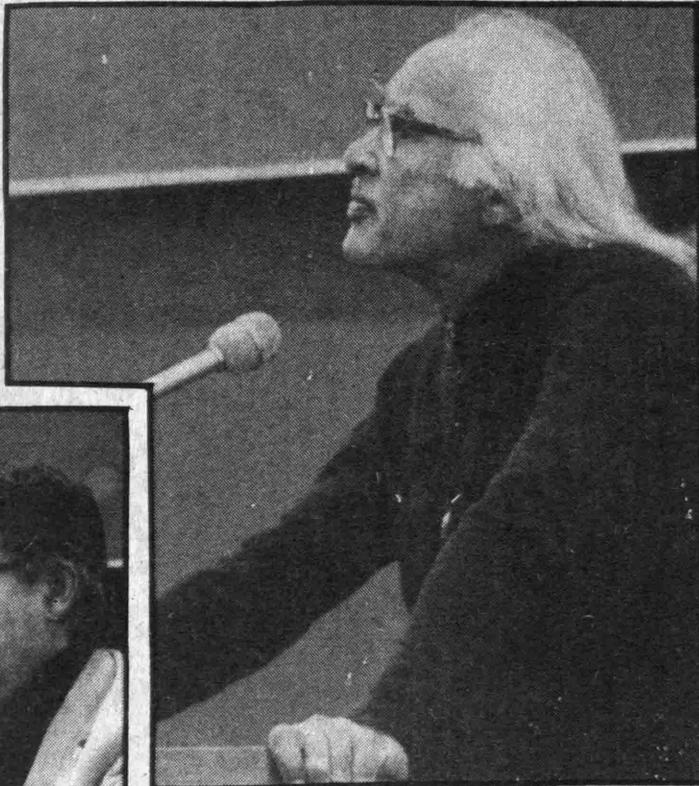
OCTOBER 19, 1978

Reports on CAIFI's Iranian Teach-in Last Sunday in 54-100

- page 3



Photos by
Denice Denton



Nick Lowe on Bass

- page 6



From bottom left to top right: Professor Joseph Weizenbaum of MIT; Professor George Wald of Harvard; Professor Noam Chomsky of MIT.

IS AN IRANIAN INSURRECTION INEVITABLE?

- page 1

NOT RIOT, BUT REBELLION

by Hodayoun Khalili

MIT became last week a true microcosm of Iranian political currents. The 300 people who attended the Iran teach-in on Sunday managed to get an ever-so-rare glimpse of the clashing values that have been rocking this society over the past year.

The basic issue at hand is whether a corrupt dictatorship with almost no popular support should immediately be overthrown by an armed and bloody struggle, or whether the regime should be allowed/pushed into evolving peacefully into a society based on consent and democracy.

The latter view is espoused by the sponsors of the Sunday teach-in, C.A.I.F.I. (Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran). They have long been arguing that mass struggle will

troops were busy out in the streets mowing down civilians.

It is interesting that President Carter's statement of support for the Shah that the Shah is a democrat and that anyone opposed to him is not, is being repeated by martial-law controlled radio stations every hour on the hour. This is like saying 'America is behind me, you rioters, and you can't do anything to me while that's the case'.

Would the President's conscience be hurt if he knew that "in their wanderings around Tehran's saddened streets, foreign correspondents are frequently confronted by young Iranians who scribble peaceful appeals for help in their notebook. All these notes contain one accusatory phrase: 'CARTER HAS BETRAYED US'." (Jean Gueyras, Le Monde, Sept. 9, 1978)

struggle, culminating eventually (hopefully?) into a worker's paradise, Islamic State, social democracy, nationalist democratic or God know's what else is proposed.

Does democracy really have a chance in Iran given this almost total lack of viable institutions to build upon? If we look at history the answer is probably 'no'. Comparative Political Scientists trace the creation of almost all successful 'Western Democracies' to feudal times, when the idea of 'coalition-building' and sharing of power among equals (i. e. nobles) was an accepted norm. From these low-level institutions confederations and federations were built (note the progression from lower institution upward) until finally the modern nation-state was established. This pattern of political development is clear in Germany, Italy and Japan, as well as in the United States, which first started out as a confederation of independent and equal states. On the other hand in countries with a long tradition of absolutist imperial rule (Russia, China, Iran among others) such low-level institutions were never even tolerated. The army would quickly be dispatched to crush the 'rebellion' and 'restore peace' to the empire. Such a system is effective and efficient, but for the same reasons also very fragile: there is no political power-base among the people for the ruler. And if they all revolt at once, he has recourse only to the army and foreign powers.

If we accept this train of thought, the prospects of our seeing a truly democratic Iran emerging seem quite dim indeed. If this Shah goes, we'll get another Shah-equivalent, a general maybe, or even a whole party of Shah-equivalents no better in act or thought than the tyrant they are replacing. Only a tyrant can control a nation without institutions. Force and armed struggle will be the name of the game.

The opposition of the nation-wide I. S. A. (Iranian Student Association) to organisations like C.A.I.F.I. stems from this assumption. The I. S. A. representative who spoke before the teach-in on behalf of groups opposed to the functioning of C.A.I.F.I. was quite clear on this point:

"You can't simply vote out of office a despotic Shah whose only claim to power is the use of force and arms. Violence alone can bring about the downfall of the Shah. What the liberals are rambling about so vocally is irrelevant to all this, and that's why nobody in Iran respects the liberals as a source of opposition to the Shah. Liberals can survive only if the umbrella of the Shah is above them. The masses will wipe them out once the Shah is overthrown. Hence the liberals have a vested interest in maintaining someone like the Shah in power.

"The millions who are demonstrating and dying in the streets are not carrying banners and posters of the liberals. Rather, only the portrait of (exiled clergyman) Ayatollah Khomeyni is in their hands, a leader who has consistently carried out an uncompromising struggle against the regime over the past fifteen years. His uncompromising stand has propelled Khomeyni to the forefront of the Iranian opposition. Khomeyni is Iran personified, and he demands the overthrow, by force of the corrupt Shah and his society.

"Over the past eleven months, we have been witnessing the birth of a new nation. We are seeing the rise of an abjected nation to the level of subject. The nation has finally come to understand that to win the battle for democracy one must fight for it. Freedom is not to be given. It must be fought for.

"Meanwhile the liberals denounce the violence and lobby for the enforcement of constitutional rights such as freedom of the press and intellectual freedoms. To lobby for these at a time when people are uprising and being massacred in the streets is a luxury. To bypass political imperialism and restrict one's scope diverts attention from the real issues."

What are the real issues and who are the real actors in Iran? Despite all the rhetoric employed by liberals and revolutionaries alike the reality of the situation is that the religious opposition to the Shah now hold the cards in the political game.

"There is little left now that the Shah can offer to the ferocity of the Islamic Movement... It is a movement which he has long correctly feared as the much greater danger to his regime than the expatriate darlings of the western liberal establishment, the radical Iranian student left." (Economist Sept. 16)



Bus set aflame by mobs, first day of martial law

lead to useless shedding of blood while the Shah maintains the allegiance of the 300,000-man armed forces which he has been pampering for so long with the deadliest and most expensive of Western armaments. C.A.I.F.I. feels the problem must be attacked at its roots, i. e. by altering the state of affairs whereby the U. S. Government maintains its unwavering support of the Shah regardless of what he does. It alone of the myriad of Iranian student groups has made its goal informing the American public of the situation in Iran in the hope that pressure would be exerted on the American Government to live up to its lofty ideal of guaranteeing 'human rights' for all the world's people.

This view was expressed aptly by Payam Daneshjoo (Iranian opposition newspaper) staff writer Parvin Najafi: "The Shah knows very well his power derives from the U. S. and in return has left American companies (like Anaconda Copper) free to plunder Iran's natural resources for next-to-nothing, and has opened the country as a market for these companies to sell at exorbitant prices things they can't sell anywhere else." (In Iran, assembled GM cadillacs sell for no less than \$40,000; the blind maintenance of the dollar-rial parity at a time of the former currency's plunge in world markets has made imports from Europe and Japan--comprising 80% of Iran's imports--much more expensive, to the benefit of the U. S. whose imports to Iran have become cheaper)

Whether America will bend to the kind on non-violent pressures C.A.I.F.I. is envisaging is another case in point. For instance although President Carter would never hesitate to castigate the U. S. S. R. or Uganda for suppressing human rights, a different set of standards somehow seems to be applied when dealing with equally frightful allies as Iran and Nicaragua, both of whose leaders have in the past month benefitted from a reassuring chat with the President on phone guaranteeing them American support while their

Why is the Shah alone? The London Economist, whose insight in world news has yet to be matched by any periodical American, opines: "The Shah is a man with deep failings, a ruler whose mixture of arrogance and chronic personal defensiveness has played a large part in bringing him to his present pass. For a fortnight his throne has been tottering under a combined onslaught from Iran's radical right and radical left. Meanwhile the middle ground and the middle classes of Iran, so enriched by the Shah but so untrusted and ignored by him, have melted into the suburbs of Iran's sprawling cities. They should have been the civil bulwark underpinning the Imperial Guard out in the streets. Instead the Shah has been left alone in his palace above Tehran." (Economist Sept. 16)

Will the Shah fall? Yes, unless he learns. Again the Economist opines: "The Shah once said to this newspaper:

"When my father went (into exile), I saw that everything crumbled in 24 hours. I am trying to establish a machinery' That was eight years ago, and he didn't start his promise until last year. If the Shah does not follow his father into exile next year, he will do so eventually unless he now first restores order and then takes his own advice." (Economist Sept. 16)

This observation strikes at the root of the Iranian political problem: we have no institutions; we have no machinery; The Shah, like the czar of Russia and the Emperors of China, has been so meticulous in wiping out even the slightest opposition (which he invariably judged as a threat to his rule) that we've ended up with a despairing political vacuum. By suppressing politics over the counter, politics under the counter has flourished. The stunning array of Iranian student groups and periodicals being published abroad is astonishing to the uninformed, and more often than not the stance of these groups is that the Shah must be overthrown by force in an armed

MOSLEM FANATICS?

by Homayoun Khalili

"The people of Iran differ from the rest of the world. While everyone else struggles for progress and democracy, Iranians want to remain in the dark ages of history. The Shah is trying to yank his people into the 20th century but his people are backbiting and refuse to emerge from the age of reaction and backwardness."

—ABC News broadcast, September 8, 1978

"Members of the traditional Shiite sect are the most outspoken foes of the Shah's programs to redistribute church lands and to give more freedom to women, such as allowing them to discard the veil, attend Universities, and vote and run in elections."

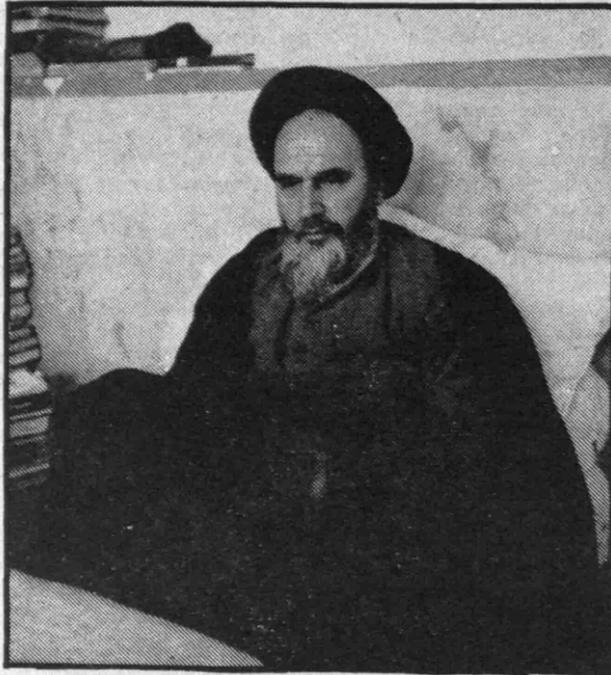
—Associated Press news despatch
September 8, 1978

U. S. Press coverage of the tumultuous upheavals in Iranian society over the past year leaves much to be desired, to say the least.

American journalists have unleashed their biases upon the Mullahs and Ayatollahs who lead the Iranian opposition movement to silly extremes, making one wonder what motives underlie this act. A look at the European newspapers writing on Iran reveals the contrast in approach and attitudes by the Europeans.

The important thing to realize about Iranian religion is that it has undergone a tremendous transformation over the past 15 years. A new wave of progressive theology students joined the ranks of the clergy, managing in a short period to completely revitalize the religion and make it relate to the modern world. Foremost among these was the late Dr. Ali Shariati, a student of Jean-Paul Sartre in Sorbonne University in France. Shariati returned to Iran to teach as a University professor. His novel ideas about the sociology of religion and its relation to modern times earned him a large following in Tehran, where he lectured in the 'Hosseiniyeh Ershad' sanctuary to huge numbers of people before its closure by the Government. Shariati was arrested, but he somehow managed to escape to England. To no avail, for he was found dead in his room, assassinated, shortly after.

Nevertheless Shariati left behind him a wealth of literature and books which have formed the basis of Progressive Shi'ite Islam. A lot of these are written within the framework of German Sociologist Max Weber's models of Comparative religion. Max Weber is the author of 'The Protestant



Exiled Religious Leader Ayatollah Khomeini

Ethic and the Capitalist System' a classic in modern sociology. In this book he analyzes what role the shift in ethics from pre-reformation Christianity (Catholicism) to Protestantism had on the structure of the subsequently created political/economic system of capitalism and democracy. He argued that the shift in morals to accepting the work ethic and the desire to acquire knowledge was one of the prerequisites to spontaneous economic development, and that

the reason many countries had not achieved spontaneous economic development in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was just that lacked the required attitudes towards working and acquiring knowledge.

It is very important to note that Progressive Shi'ite Islam has done away with the preoccupation with fate, destiny and the cynically pessimistic attitude towards power that has for so long plagued Shi'ite Islam in the past. One of Dr. Shariati's most frequently quoted statements is from his book 'The Islamic View of Man':

"Man is a mixed phenomenon made of Earth and the Spirit of God. Since he has will power, he may choose to follow either of these paths, and this makes him responsible not only for his own deeds, but also to carry out the mission of the almighty God in this world. He is the one who knows The Knowledge and the different scientific facts. For man to know these facts means to realize the existing knowledge in the world. This by itself is another responsibility for him, and the greatest one."

Shi'ite Islam also has an ingrained anti-authoritarian character. To this day, the sect mourns the execution in the seventh century of 72 Shi'ite dissenters by the orthodox Khalifs of Sunni (Arab) Islam. Religion played an important role in the Iranian Constitutionalist movement of 1906 and in other struggles against autocratic rule.

The Shi'ite mullahs and Ayatollahs are not ready to accept any type of secular authority like the Shah. Man is a shadow of God on Earth and thus should not be bowing or acquiescing to the power of any other mortal, they say.

Islam also has a very egalitarian aspect. It is the duty, enforceable by Islamic law of every person with uninvested capital (i.e. savings) to pay a 20% tax as charity to the poor in society. Charging interest or usury is banned, and hence the motivation is created to invest all of one's savings in productive ventures. One can see the implications such a norm would have upon capital accumulation and economic progress.

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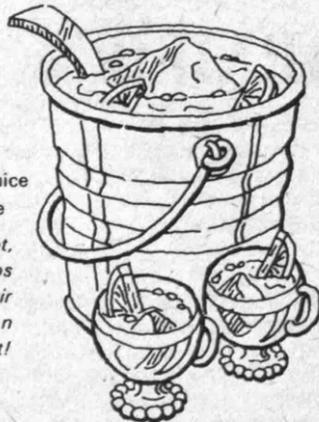
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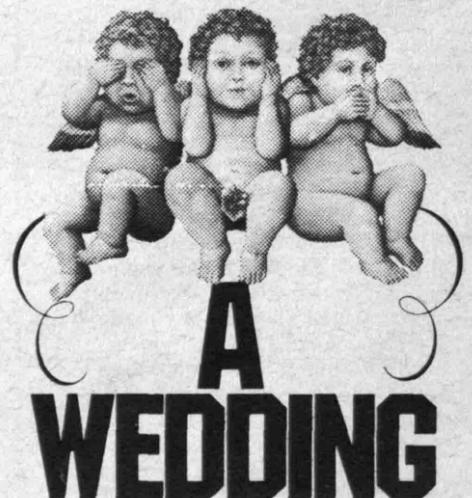
Thursday VooDoo

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

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Editor--Steve Kopelson
Business Manager--Jack Shoemaker

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



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EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT

Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg

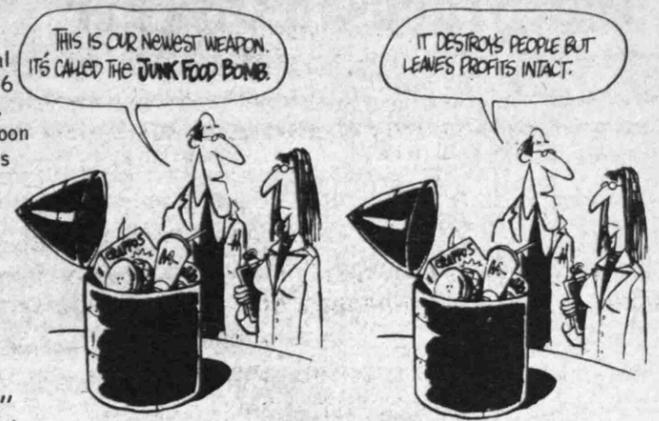
Thirty-seven more states are needed for the ratification of an amendment providing the District of Columbia with legal representation in Congress. D.C. is currently controlled by a congressional subcommittee. 70% of D.C.'s mainly Afro-American population are employed in service type jobs. These are the people that allow government officials the freedom to concentrate on bureaucracy. Without them the federal government would be in much worse shape, yet these people live in substandard conditions and have no legal means for improving their environment. D.C. has one of the worst crime rates in the country. Conservative opponents of the amendment charge that "The real reason this amendment was proposed was not to provide 'equal rights' but to put two more liberal Democrats in the Senate." D.C. residents finally have a chance for representation but some people still want to keep them "in their place." The amendment will probably come up for ratification in Massachusetts sometime in the future.

Having passed in the House and the Senate, a bill has been sent to the White House which calls for the creation of a board to determine the fate of the Endangered Species Act. This act was created to protect the extinction of species on the endangered list. The bill was created because recently a dam proposed for construction was halted because of a species of fish that was endangered. If Carter signs this bill, the board would decide whether exceptions could be made to this act. And so, in the name of progress, people continue to destroy their environment.

Conservatives are on the rise in Canada. In the by-elections Monday the Conservative Party won ten out of fifteen seats; while Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's Liberal Party won only two. Even though the Liberal Party owns 136 of the 264-seat House of Commons (an 8 seat majority), the results of the by-elections suggest that a change is soon to come. Trudeau's second five-year mandate expires this July.

For a while the situation looked hopeful for the newspapers of New York City. Last week the New York Times and Daily News publishers agreed on a "framework for settlement" with the press unions, granting the publishers relief from over-staffing in exchange for presspeople job security. However, as of Tuesday, the situation "dimmed" due to further complications. The New York Post has already reached basic agreements.

Anti-Somoza groups in Nicaragua have joined forces to form the Broad Opposition Front (BOF). Foreign mediators have been given a three point proposal by the BOF aimed at ending Nicaragua's civil crisis. According to the Associated Press the plan calls for the following: The resignation of Somoza, the creation of a national democratic and pluralistic government, and 16 other points including reorganization of the National Guard, elimination of political repression, a national health program, and tax and judicial reform. Anastasio Somoza Debayle lifted Nicaragua's censorship law last week but still refuses to resign.



OCTOBER 18, 1978—GUARDIAN

Bob Engelhart, Dayton Journal Herald

The Boston University School of Medicine (BUSM) has been accused of sexist, racist, and nepotist admissions by former admissions committee member James Ryan in a report entitled "Irregularities in the BUSM Admissions Policy -- 1970-1971." The report mentions specific incidents such as the admission of the son of a senior faculty member whose science grade point average was 1.97 (2.46 is the MIT equivalent). Dr. Jacob Swartz, present Dean of Admissions at BUSM, was attacked in particular by the report.

Weizenbaum: Our Silence Kills

"We must take it upon ourselves to still the hands of our superiors, who might think that doing business as usual with the Shah of Iran is no different than perhaps their fathers thought when the order of the day was doing business as usual with Hitler," said M. I. T. Professor of Computer Science Joseph Weizenbaum in his opening address to the meeting.

"Meetings of this kind, though I don't think a single meeting will alert the United States Government or the Government of Iran or some other Government to bring an end to the horrible conditions there, nevertheless might encourage just one more person to do just the one more thing to have one or two, or a dozen or thirty or whatever political prisoners released, or some alleviation of their suffering, or perhaps to rouse the consciences of the various administrators of businesses, Universities and so on who appear to go with such euphoric attitudes, with such pleasure to the Hilton Hotels and Sheratons of Tehran, and to sit around with the very people whose hands are stained with the blood of people only a few blocks away from the rooms where these negotiations are held, and whose screams can be heard from there.

"We know so little by virtue of the, I would say, 'Conspiracy of Silence' of the American, and indeed a large part of the world's Press as to what's going on in Iran, that someone who hasn't had direct contacts with Iran, can't really find so much to say about the current situation there.

"However I want to say one other thing as to the reason I come here and dare to take your time at all. I have at home in my study and on my wall a few letters from people from various parts of the world who were imprisoned, tortured, and subjected to precisely the sort of conditions we know the Iranian Government subjects its political prisoners too. The letters--only one or two of them are from Iranians, others are from Russians, Israelis and others--are from people who after years of very quiet, very long struggle by perhaps hundreds of people, and sometimes involving meetings of this kind, appeals to the Press, appeals to Government officials and so on, ultimately were freed and were put in a position where they could write such letters to individuals who helped them.

"Whenever I despair, and that's very often, that something can be done that the horror, the torture, the military Government, the shooting of civilians, and all the things that we've seen especially done in the last few weeks, whenever I despair that something can be done, that people can actually be rescued I look at those letters again. To save even one individual is a task that is the duty of all human beings," ended Weizenbaum.

C. A. I. F. I. officer Fariborz Afshar went on to praise Professor Weizenbaum for his efforts on behalf of Iranian political prisoners and to acknowledge the latter's key role in annulling the contract between the Iranian Government and MIT to train Iranian nuclear engineers a few years back.

Wald: Our Profits vs. Their Rights

Next to speak was Harvard Professor of Biology and Nobel Laureate George Wald, who began by referring to the encounter he had had with a group of Iranian students outside the lecture hall who opposed C. A. I. F. I. and had been refused entry to the meeting 'for reasons of security': "I come here after an interesting dialogue outside the door with a group of opponents of the Shah's regime who I wish were inside rather than outside. They told me, but I have heard this before, that C. A. I. F. I. is a CIA operation. A couple of months ago, I was shown a Xerox copy of directives to FBI agents issued by the FBI in the 60's, directives advising them how to deal with student movements. Directive number fifteen said, 'accuse all leaders of the student movements of working for the FBI'.

"So outside the door I regard those people as my friends, I was saying to the people who said that C. A. I. F. I. is a CIA operation, 'Prove to me that you are not a CIA employee'; a hard thing to do.

"Why do I say this? Two reasons. One of them is that this is altogether a bankrupt business, instead of fighting one's enemy to fight the other people on the same side with whom one is in tactical disagreement.

"I want to say one thing more which is, however a little painful to say to my friends here, and that is that the only thing that troubles me about the organization of C. A. I. F. I. is the pre-occupation with artists and intellectuals. Yes indeed, what Joe Weizenbaum said now is quite true, you can actually save lives by just letting these frightful governments know that they are being 'watched'. That's all that is needed frequently you know, just say 'we are watching what you are doing to so and so.' So that's fine. Let's do all of that we can. The trouble is that there are all those nameless, faceless, working people, who are not artists and not intellectuals and not middle-class. They are being mowed down in the streets in Iran, being burned up in the movie theatres...

"So it is. I'm talking not just to you, I am a scientist and, you know, I see with the most enormous distress scientific organizations, National Academy of Sciences for example, protesting the violation of human rights on the grounds that it is impeding the free flow of scientific information--to Hell with the free flow of Scientific information--it's human beings we need to worry about, and human rights, and whether these people are scientists or intellectuals or artists. the only reason to pick them out sometimes is that one knows their names. No other reason.

"You know, Jimmy Carter, many Americans, even corporate executives make nice noises about human rights... they deplore --Oh that wonderful word-- the violation of human rights in many other places. I want to say something plain about that: Iran is one of the sore spots of the world, its right up there with Chile and South Korea. The very mechanism of maximizing profits is the repression of human rights; those are not two different things. The mechanism of maximizing profits, the mechanism of exploitation throughout the Third World is the violation of human rights. Fix up human rights, then you'll have to make do with less exploitation and less profits. That's the way it is on our side of the big political fence, and on the other side it isn't very different, because the maximization of production produces parallel results, outcomes with the maximization of profits.

"So I think those are the two principal dehumanizing forces at work in the world today, and Iran is one example. This business of repression and the violating of human rights, like everything else in the world today is a high-technology operation, and the U. S. unfortunately trains police forces as well as military forces all over the world, they come and get their schooling here, and they learn to use and buy the high-technology stuff.

PORTRAIT OF AN AGENT PROVOCATEUR

The 'New York' magazine of September 18th this year carried a daring inquiry into the workings of the Iranian political police in the United States. Although the article concentrated on influence-peddling in the United States Congress and Executive (opium and prostitutes all included) by this body, at one point it delved upon that most complex of beings, the 'agent provocateur':

"Ahmed looks older than his nearly 30 years. His forehead is deeply creased, and his hair, already thinning, has begun to grey. His eyes, moist with fear, scan the restaurant where we meet. He is one of the hundreds of Iranians who have spied on Iranians and Americans alike in the U.S. and he fears for his life if SAVAK learns he has talked.

"Ahmed was used primarily to inform on Iranian

student groups in the United States. He reports a well orchestrated campaign to infiltrate and disrupt these organizations with a chilling sophistication: 'It was my duty to report on the student groups. SAVAK sometimes told you what to say. They would give a line that you were to say only after you heard another line said. It was funny to be in the radical groups' meetings. I remember one time I had my line to say after I heard someone else say his. Suddenly the worst anti-regime hot-tempered radical communist student stood up and shouted and I realized he had said the line I was waiting for. He was a SAVAK. It took me totally by surprise.'

"Often, Ahmed relates, these pre-arranged scripts included provocation aimed at inciting violence. SAVAK would use any such violence to persuade local U. S. authorities to take action against the students' leaders."

The Syracusan Disaster

"On my knees
in the latomies
of her heart,
I void my stomach--
the Syracusan disaster,
the curse of the mutilated Herms,
having trapped me at last."

I

I came to Syracuse as a tourist.
Fell in love with its twin harbors.
Was awe-struck by its temples.
Sought renewed youth in Arethusa's tearful bed--
But somehow
I became an invader.
And here I crouch,
surrounded by stone,
far from the sea,
far from its sweet, salt kiss.

II

Blood on the stones:
Hard marble phalluses
litter the ground
severed and bleeding
like too, too vulnerable flesh.
Our omens, devoured,
our hopes, evaporated,
our future, given over
into the hands of barbarians,
into the power of the soulless,

into the reign of the eunuchs,
whose revenge begins and ends
in the beds they guard,
in the lives they cannot live,
in the envy
that hides behind their eyes
waiting
and waiting
and waiting
no longer.

III

"True, it is strange to inhabit the earth no longer,"
no longer to stand on legs of flesh;
to dissolve into the rock,
crystallizing
as the Sicilian sun burns down;
to become as much a part of the rock
as the waters of the Thessalian plain.
To laugh at the irony,
to thirst and thirst,
no longer water
but a palmful of dust
clinging to the surface of the rock,
the last remnant of Attic glory,
evaporating in the afternoon sun
as the panic hour approaches.
White, so much white
and thin lines of gray:
our bones, and blood, and brains,
the last of our manhood.
And then:
White, so much white.
Pure white.

Robert Ingria

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I watched my clothes spinning in the laundromat washing machine and I thought about buying a Coke from the machine at the front of the building. There was no water in my machine and I was a little bit concerned as I watched my detergent sifting about in the washer as dry as when I had put it in. I decided that I might as well buy a Coke and try not to think about my clothes. As long as there was no water in the machine I could just shake the soap out when I got home.

There were flies on the Coke machine and a little handwritten sign said "40¢ no change". I put in two quarters and lost a dime. I guess it just wasn't my day because when I opened the Coke about a third of it bubbled out onto the floor. Brushing the Coke off my sweater, I walked back to my washing machine and sat on the table across from it.

There was still no water in the machine. I looked to see if anyone else had noticed my problem but there were only two old, wrinkled women near the end of the dryers and they weren't paying any attention to me. I didn't even see anyone who looked like they might be in charge of the place. Well, I might as well make the best of this I thought and I opened up my book of short stories.

I had read three and a half stories when I noticed that my machine had stopped. The clothes were still dry, but most of the soap had disappeared into the machine. It was almost time for dinner and I knew that Jack, my roommate, was cooking chicken, so I only put a dime in the dryer and I set it at the highest temperature so that the clothes would dry faster.

A large sign on the wall said "10¢ gives you as much time as three dimes. 10¢ gives you 7 1/2 minutes 25¢ gives you 22 1/2 minutes The best price in Boston." I finished the story that I was reading and I took my empty Coke can and tossed it into a large cardboard box that was full of empty detergent containers. The wrinkled ladies had left and I was alone in the laundromat. My dryer stopped and it became noticeably quiet, like a pause at a large party where everyone has suddenly stopped talking.

GOD MADE MAN IN HIS IMAGE



MAN TOOK ONE LOOK AT HIS IMAGE AND FELL IN LOVE.



My sheets were almost too hot to touch. I have a big plastic bag from Jordan Marsh that I got when I bought a blanket and a pillow, and I stuffed all of my laundry into it. I rubbed my hand inside the washing machine before I left to see if I had forgotten anything and then I checked the dryer.

Jack and Bill, my other roommate, were both home when I arrived at the apartment.

"Hi! You've been washing clothes I see," said Jack.

"Yes, but I'm not sure how clean they are because there was no water in the machine," I told him.

"Oh. Hi David."

"I've just been washing clothes and I wondered if you'd like to come over."

"What?" She sounded surprised.

"I asked you if you'd like to come over tonight."

"After what you did Friday night, you want me to come over? You must be kidding."

"No, I'm serious. I'd like you to come over and I'm sorry about Friday night at the party. I'd been drinking a little too much and... well, look if you want to come over that's fine and if you don't I guess you don't."

"I don't think I do David." She sounded a little uncertain, but I didn't feel like playing games so I hung up on her.

"There was no water?" said Bill. "Let me know which machine that was because I'm going to wash my clothes and I don't want to use that machine."

"It was the last one on the far end," I said.

"Did you get your clothes washed then?" asked Jack.

"I told you I washed them. There just wasn't any water, but I dried them anyway." I don't think that Jack understood because he just gave me a funny look and went back to cooking his chicken.

I took the clothes to my room and I dumped them onto the floor and put my Jordan Marsh bag in the closet. At the time I felt too lazy to fold them so I put the phone on my bed and called Kristan.

"Hello."

"Hi Kristan, it's me David." I love to talk to people while I'm laying on the bed.

I'm still not sure what she was so upset about. I'll admit: 1. I didn't speak to her at the party on Friday and 2. On the way out from the party I gave her a hard swat on the butt with my hand.

But I can explain that. I didn't talk to her because she was with Arnold and I can't stand Arnold. And I only swatted her on the butt because as I said I'd been drinking and I was on my way out when I saw that cute little behind of hers and there she was talking to that dumb bastard Arnold and I

just couldn't help myself. I was hoping that Arnold would do something, but he just ignored it and she gave him a dirty look for that.

I still had my clothes to fold but Jack said that it was time for dinner so I left them on the floor and went to eat. I guess that Bill wasn't hungry or maybe he had already eaten because he went to wash his clothes just as I was coming out for dinner.

I washed a couple of plates and glasses for Jack and I so we'd have something to eat off of even if we didn't have anything to eat on. Nearly two months in the apartment and we still didn't even have a folding table to eat on. There was Shake and Bake chicken, hot applesauce with cinnamon, and baked potatoes all neatly arranged on the stove so that we could help ourselves.

Washing Clothes

by Randy Ross

I filled my plate and opened some beer for us as Jack put what was left onto his plate. It was a good thing that Bill had not stayed for dinner. We took our plates and beer into the living room and sat down on the floor near the T.V.. I turned on the television and we watched Get Smart as we dined.

"Oops."

I looked over and saw applesauce on Jack's jeans and more on the floor. "Oh shit," I said and laughed.

"Can't let the roaches go hungry," said Jack and he kept on eating without showing any intention of cleaning up the applesauce.

"Uh, Jack, do you want me to get you a paper towel?" I asked.

"No, I'll clean it up at the commercial."

"Okay," I said and went to get a paper towel for my sticky fingers.

I came back and was wiping my fingers when Jack said, "Didn't you bring me one?"

"You said you didn't want one," I told him and he gave me that same funny look that he had given me when I told him about my clothes.

We left the dishes in the sink for Bill to do and I went to my room.

My clothes were still on the floor. I thought about putting them back in the dirty clothes box, but then I would have to wash them again and I don't really like to wash clothes. So I began folding my clothes.

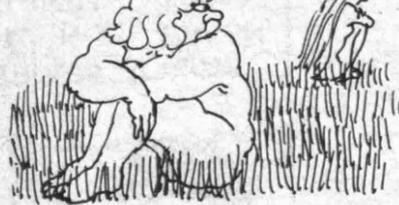
GOD GOT WORRIED THAT MAN WAS BECOMING TOO CONCEITED AND MADE WOMAN.



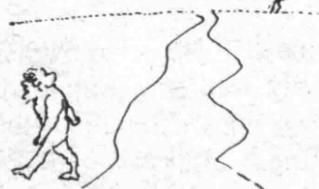
I folded them in order. First my sheets, which to be truthful I actually did not fold because they were going back on the bed anyway, so that's where I tossed them, then my boxers, my T-shirts, my towels, my handkerchiefs, and I hung my jeans up in the bathroom because I was sure that they weren't dry yet. After that I was tired so I laid on the bed and thought of whom I should call.

Long distance, dial direct. I decided to call my sister collect. She is a year younger than I but we are both sophomores because I was held back in the fourth grade. Unfortunately, my sister wasn't home but I was glad that I called her collect. I must have saved a whole twenty-two cents and I didn't talk to her half-wit boyfriend that she's been living with for the last three months. I dialed Kristan's number and waited for her to answer.

MAN TOOK ONE LOOK AT WOMAN AND SAID, "NOW THAT THERE ARE TWO OF US I AM LESS THAN ONE."



SO THEY WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS AND NEVER SAW EACH OTHER AGAIN.



WOMAN TOOK ONE LOOK AT MAN AND SAID "THAT'S MADE IN GOD'S IMAGE?" AND INSTANTLY BECAME IDOLATROUS.



"If I come over I'll ride my bike... and why do you want me to come over? You just hung up on me a few hours ago." Kristan sounded a little confused.

"I just wanted to see you. I miss not seeing you since I moved here."

"David, I don't think I should come see you."

"Okay."

There was a minute of silence.

"Is that it?" asked Kristan.

"That's all I had to say. Bye."

"I just don't think that you know what you want David. I'll come see you when your a little more stable. Okay?"

"Sure, take it easy."

"Bye."

"Bye."

I didn't hang up right away though. I waited and said, "Kristan."

"Yeh."

"Are you still playing that game where I have to hang up first because if you are I should let you know that I can stay on indefinitely, because if someone calls me I can put you on hold and talk to them and then come back and wait for you to hang up."

"That's neat. Your phone can do that huh."

Kristan seemed impressed by the concept.

"Yes my phone can do that," I told her.

"Well in that case I guess that I can hang up first since you hung up on me earlier without saying goodbye. Bye."

"Bye." And she hung up.

I walked out into the living room and saw Bill and Jack watching T.V.. "Hi Bill. How'd washing go?" I asked him.

"No problem," he answered.

"Hey Bill, why don't you take some money from the jar and go buy some more beer." said Jack.

"Yeh, there's only three left Bill. Take some of that grocery money and go buy some beer." Bill looked at me and shook his head. He didn't shake his head to say no; it was more like saying how in the hell did I get stuck living with such mindless crazies.

"I'll go get some beer," said Bill. "But Jack has got to clean up that applesauce before I get back."

I looked at Jack and sure enough, his plate was by his side and he and the floor were still covered with applesauce.

"Jack, you've just been sitting there?" I didn't think that even Jack could watch television that long.

"If he gets beer, I'll clean it up."

"All right you heard him. Go get that beer Bill." I decided that it was best to take charge of the situation.

"You want another beer Jack?" I asked him after Bill had left. There were only two left on the shelf so I guess that Bill must have already had one.

"No, I have to clean this up first."

I brought him a paper towel and we tried to get it out of the shag as best we could. I asked him if we could shut the sound off on the T.V. for a while and I drug one of my speakers down the hall and put it in the living room. We sat there drinking beer and watching the television while listening to the Rolling Stones. Try it some time, it just might change your life.

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There was a concert at the Orpheum Monday night. So what, you say. That happens a lot.

That's true enough. But rarely do concerts featuring two certified Cult Figures and one genuine Legend hit this area. Of course that depends on your definition of "legend" but let's not argue that.

You've been to enough concerts in your lifetime. You can usually tell how a concert's going to be by the behavior of the crowd waiting to get in. These people were practically dead. The occasional beer here and there but mostly lots of young pros and their well-oiled women discussing the latest *Real Paper* expose'.

Like dutiful cattle, we trotted into the Orpheum and claimed our seats. Most people sat there talking about the vagaries of jobs and school. The Lights dimmed. The usual arthritic, *Midnight Special* cheers climbed feebly to the mezzanine.

Dave Edmunds' Rockpile took the stage. With Nick Lowe on bass, the 'Pile are some of the most proficient exponents of what some writers call power pop. Everything I know tells me it's rock and roll.

It was energizing music to say the least. Dave Edmunds is a transcendent guitar player. The other guitarist in Rockpile, nameless to me, amazes even in his subordinate role.

Nick Lowe is, of course, Nick Lowe. Although my view of him was completely obstructed, his vocals were more than satisfying. His rendition of "I Love the Sound

That happens, you say. It's the chance you take. I know that but it doesn't help me like it any more. But then authentic Legends are always a letdown.

The rest of the audience didn't seem to agree with me. They lit their matches, clapped, stood up and screeched. I couldn't help wondering if they were just doing it from memory.

I'm setting myself up here as a bit of an ogre. The people who went to that concert genuinely like Van Morrison. And, like myself at any Kinks' concert, they could care if the hall burned to the ground and was reconstructed around them. They came to see Van.

And they saw him. Everybody's happy. Except the few of us who were there out of curiosity not confirmation.

Don't get me wrong. It wasn't that terrible. I'm not ready to haul out the sackcloth and ashes, station myself in the Orpheum Alley and chant, "The End Is Near!" at all future gatherings.

Hopefully amongst all these words what I'm trying to say is evident (if so, it will be a first for this column). Treat your Legends like you do your friends. Don't be blind to their lapses and little mediocrities. It will do them and you a lot of good.

THE SPECIAL I'M SICK OF THIS AND AM GOING TO FLAME DEPT.: Sometime Tuesday night or Wednesday morning some vacuumheads that live in my gonzo dormitory decided that they would pitch shit into the street and yell at a car whose alarm was either faulty or being tampered

IRREGARDLESS by The Clod

Of Breaking Glass" was a minor pinnacle.

Back to the audience. After forty-five minutes of impossible-to-ignore music, what do they do? Clap politely. Add a few shouts of "GO HOME!" to the general serenity and you've got the scene.

By now I know you're convinced that nothing is wrong. "All warm-up acts get that treatment," you say. "Good or bad. People want to see the headliner." Yeah, but why should they be so narrow? Many hard-working bands suffer because of this tunnelvision.

You figure I'm bucking for sainthood, right? That I never pass judgement on bands or anything else for that matter. You must not have read this before. Of course I do. And a lot of times I am wrong. But at least the whole Orpheum doesn't know about it.

One of the worst judgements I've made recently concerned Van the Man Monday. Since he is an authentic Legend (legend being defined as having your name in the *Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock and Roll* I had expected at the minimum a near-legendary performance. What I got confuses me but I'm sure it wasn't legendary.

Maybe it was the backup band. All cut from the same Wah-Wah Graydon, L.A., laid-back excellence mold, they played everything flawlessly if not memorably. The light show was marvelous too.

So why am I complaining? Well, it's mostly because of what wasn't there than what was. Van Morrison was there. But that was about it. He jumped up and down and kicked his leg out. So I guess he was having a good time. I wasn't. He did nothing to make me feel that \$8.50 was a worthwhile investment.

He didn't sing "Tupelo Honey." He sang "Wavelength," his new and relentlessly mediocre single, twice. He saved "Gloria" until the first encore. He opened the show with "Moondance", setting a standard of excellence that he was unable to live up to for the rest of the evening.

The Clod is, according to some campus media, a woman. Actually she's not particular. Vicious when spoken to, she has recently acquired an axe for troublemakers. If you see her, keep this in mind. It could save your life.

with, I know the twits and have spent some time trying to defend their insanity to the House honchos. This is it. Your idiocy is beyond defense. I love a little well-placed rowdiness as one who is a Sport Deather to her dying day does. But when you wake up the building and generally asshole out, I've had it. I won't list your names because you know damn well who you are. And nobody else needs to.

STICKLES by Geoff Baskir



Then there is the curious story of the fig tree, which always rather puzzled me. You remember what happened about the fig tree. "He was hungry; and seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, He came if haply He might find anything thereon; and when He came to it He found nothing but leaves, for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it: 'No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever'... and Peter... saith unto Him: 'Master, behold the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away.' " This is a very curious story, because it was not the right time of year for figs, and you really could not blame the tree. I cannot myself feel that either in the matter of wisdom or in the matter of virtue Christ stands quite as high as some other people known to history.

—Bertrand Russell,
Why I Am Not a Christian

*I like your smile, but I ain't the type,
Don't shake the tree if the fruit ain't ripe.*
—Jerry Garcia

The Christian religion on the whole seems to have a kniship with some sort of folly, while it has no alliance whatsoever with wisdom. If you want proofs of the statement, observe first of all how children, old people, women and fools, find pleasure beyond other folk in holy and religious things, and to that end are nearest the altars, led solely no doubt by an impulse of nature. Then you will notice that the original founders of religion, admirably laying hold of pure simplicity, were the bitterest foes of literary learning.

—Desiderius Erasmus,
In Praise of Folly

Being cannot be understood except because being is intelligible. Yet being can be understood while its intelligibility is not understood. Faith and reason exist as one entity, inseparable and as parts of the total existence of man and God.

—Saint Thomas Aquinas,
Summa Theologica

The manifestation of the universe as a complex idea unto itself as opposed to being in or outside the true Being of itself is inherently a conceptual nothingness or Nothingness in relation to any abstract form of existing or to exist or having existed in perpetuity and not subject to the laws of physicality or motion or ideas relating to non-matter or the lack of objective Being or subjective otherness.

—Woody Allen, Getting Even

the last word

by Steve Kopelson

God is both the center and the circumference of the world.

—Nicholas of Cusa,
De Docta Ignorantia

*... Center for the Study of All Those
Centers Which Do Not Study Themselves.*

—Bertrand Russell,
out of context

I would like to share with you some of the historical background of my immobilization as a psychological scientist. As I look back, I can see that there were three stages of my own ignorance. The first, which was by far the most happy, you could call the state of innocent ignorance when I was possessed of the notion that there were some secrets of human nature, there were some laws and regularities, some cause and effect relationships, and that through study, through experience, through reading, some day I would share these secrets and be able to apply my knowledge of these regularities of human behavior to help other people.

In the second stage, which might be called the period of illusion of non-ignorance, came the disturbing discovery that, although on the one hand I didn't know what the secret was, suddenly I discovered that on the other hand people were looking to me as though they thought that I might know the secret or be closer to the secret than they. None of the research I did worked nor did any of my activities provide any secret, but again I could always say, "Well, we didn't have enough cases," or "We must improve our methodology," and there are many other statements which I am sure you are familiar with.

One can postpone the moment of painful discovery, but eventually the unhappy truth becomes apparent—that although people may be looking to you and listening to you: you have patients and students and you're going to PTA meetings and they are looking to you for the secret—still eventually you begin to think that maybe, maybe you don't know what you're talking about.

—Timothy Leary, Feb. 23, 1960
speech at Dewitt State Hospital
Auburn, California