

FULL MOON ISSUE

Photo by D. Denton and B. Howland

WAR STARS

by Wells Edelman

LAST WEEK:

Fluke Slytaker is enlisted in the battle against the Galactic Empire by UB1 Peyote, master of The Farce—the spirit of the whole universe laughing.

Cut

to scene of Fluke, UB1, and four robots being stopped outside the spaceport.

ISO 1: Stop. We're searching all robots for stolen secrets.

UB1: Go ahead. These have been in the desert for years. Say, did you hear the one about the Jovian sex fiend? (Whispers in ISO's ear)

The ISO starts to laugh so hard he almost loses his balance.

ISO: Hey guys, you gotta hear this!

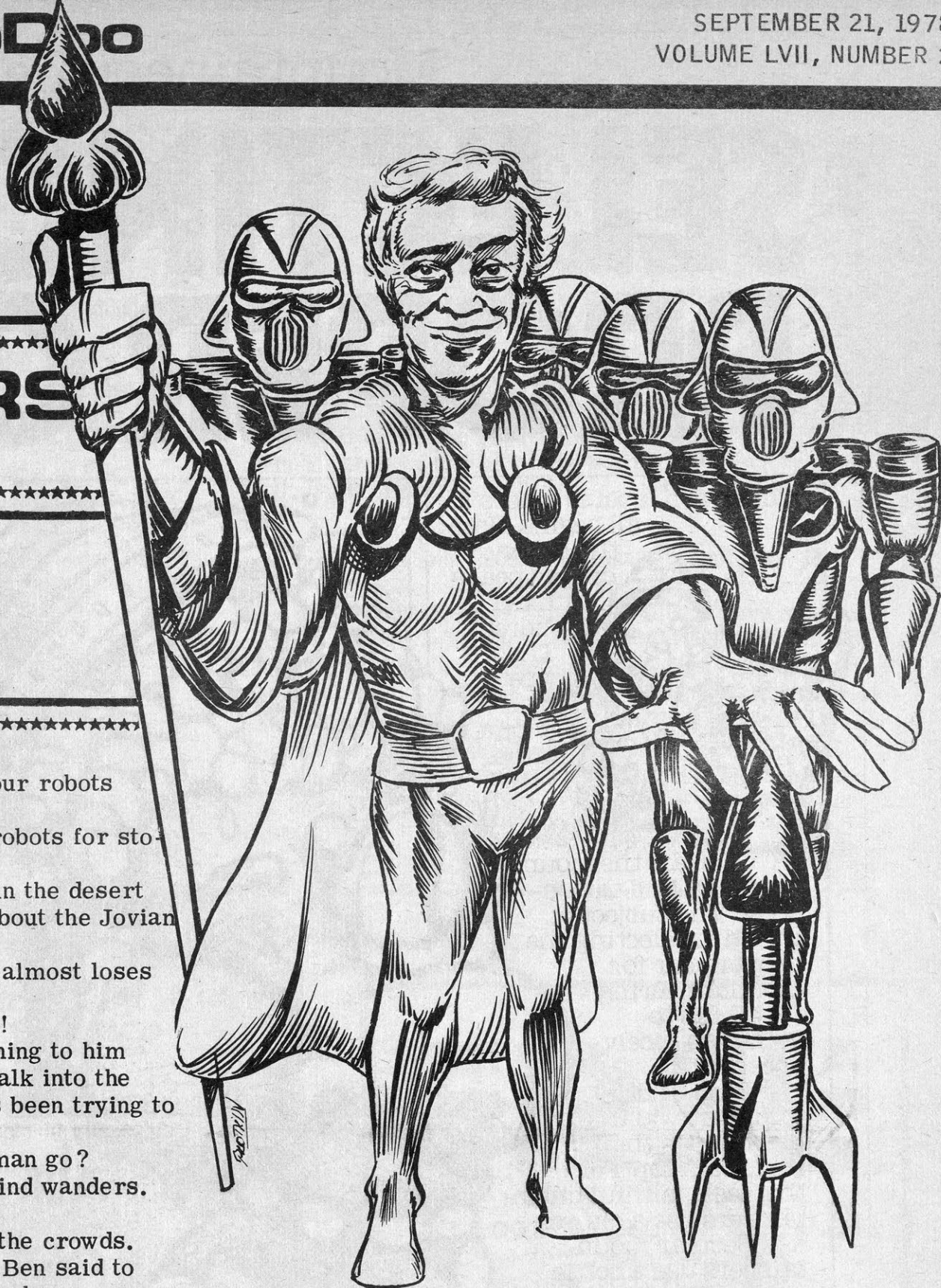
The other ISOs crowd around listening to him retell the joke as UB1 and the robots walk into the crowd. They are soon lost. Fluke has been trying to hear the joke.

ISO: Hey, kid, where did that old man go?

Fluke: Search me, officer. His mind wanders.

ISO: Search him!

Fluke is released and ambles into the crowds. He muses aloud: Maybe it does work. Ben said to meet him at the Perpetually Stoned Spacebar.



Music for the Spacebar scene: Compulsive jazz.

Lyrics:

Drunk, get drunk, get drunk, get drunk
Do it ev'ry time you're in a spaceport
Drunk, get drunk, get drunk, get drunk
It ain't no use 'til yer mind is punk

A spacehand's life can be so depressing (pressing)

So drink more booze, it's fine self-expressing (messaging)

Drunk, get drunk, get drunk, get drunk
What else do ya think this place is here for?

Drunk, get drunk, get drunk, get drunk
Drink a little more 'cause that last run stunk

Etc. Music flows alcoholically behind the whole scene.

Switch to booth in bar: UB1 Fluke, Ham Solo (a tall Oriental type) and the Zonkie.

Solo: Yeah, we can take you to Algernon, as cargo.

UB1: We want to fly, ah, higher than Imperial class.

Solo: Our specialty—price just went up—15,000.

UB1: 5,000 now and 10,000 later?

Solo: How do we collect?

UB1: I have a friend who just bought the Imperial Bank of Algernon.

Solo: Thieves' honor, huh? OK. There's getting to be too many Imperial troops here for my sense of security.

Fluke: How'll we get 5,000?

(continued on page 4)

Cut

to the interior of the PS Spacebar. A dozen sentient life forms represented by 40-odd individuals. UB1 converses with a creature resembling a guerilla Sasquatch: Chewchewcoca, a Zonkie. Fluke enters with the robots.

Barkeep: Let's see your ID, kid. And tell those tinplates we don't serve waveforms or petrochemicals here. Try down in the slums.

Fluke: I don't have any ID.

UB1: That's my partner. He just finished regeneration treatments—had his face and wallet shot off.

Barkeep: Some crossfire, heh, heh. Didn't you get the ID replaced?

UB1: Have you ever heard of a fast Imperial bureaucrat?

Barkeep: Ho, ho, ho, that's a good one! C'mon in, "old man."

Fluke joins UB1 at the bar.

UB1: Chewchew here and his partner, Ham Solo, may take us to Algernon.

Person to Fluke's left: I don't like you.

UB1: That's what his parents said the first time they saw his face.

PtFL: Droll, man. I'll kill him anyway, ha ha.

UB1 reaches under his robe. Quickly, before the PtFL blasts Fluke. UB1 touches his side. The PtFL lands on the floor, cut in half, a grotesque grin on his face.

UB1: That was a real sidesplitter, eh, Chewchew?

Fluke: How did you do that?

UB1: I tickled him with The Farce, partner.

SELECTING THE PROPER GEAR

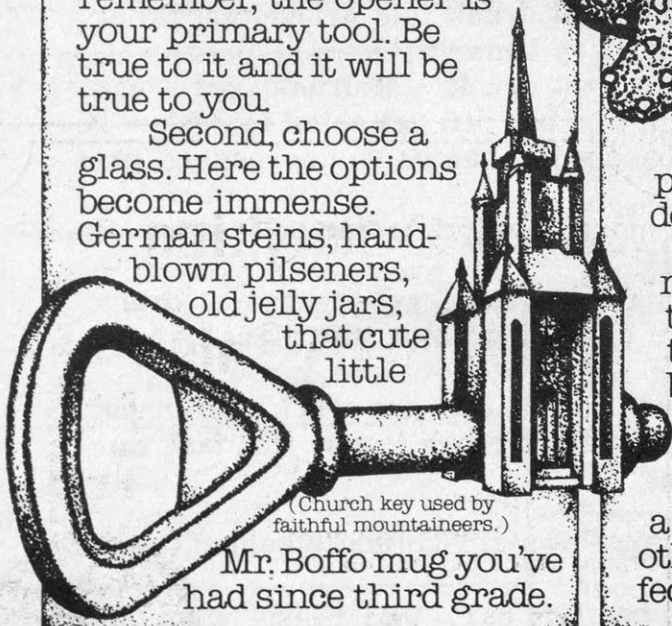
The Busch® label is where it all begins. Note the snowy, craggy peaks affixed thereto. They are the mountains.



You are the mountaineer. And this is an ad. The subject of which is selecting the proper gear for mountaineering. (It all fits together so nicely, doesn't it?)

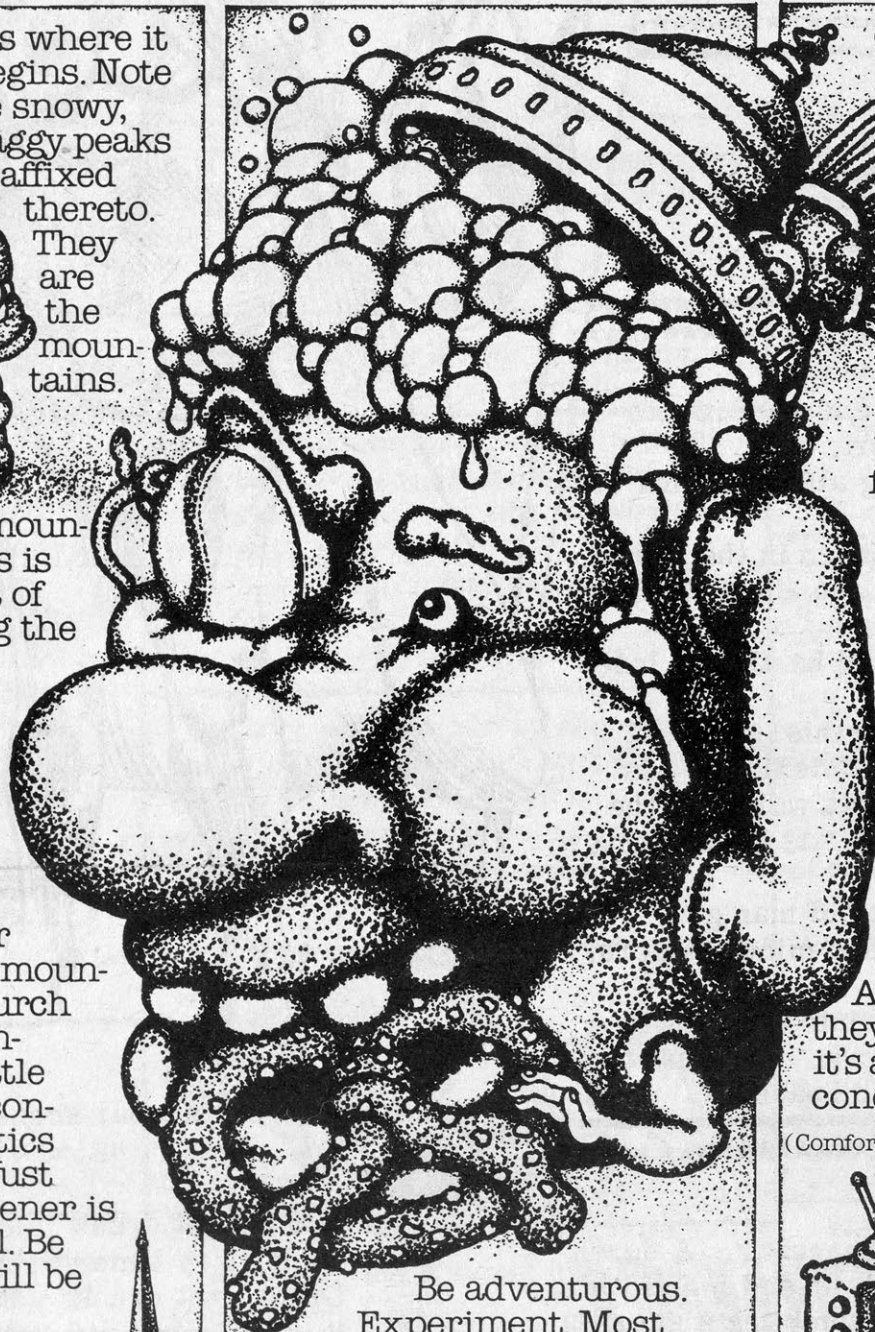
First and foremost, you'll need to pop the mountain top. For this task, faithful mountaineers use a church key. Secular mountaineers use a bottle opener. Don't be confused by these antics with semantics. Just remember, the opener is your primary tool. Be true to it and it will be true to you.

Second, choose a glass. Here the options become immense. German steins, hand-blown pilseners, old jelly jars, that cute little



(Church key used by faithful mountaineers.)

Mr. Boffo mug you've had since third grade.



Be adventurous. Experiment. Most mountaineers have a personal preference. You'll develop one too.

Food is next. Proper mountaineering, not to mention proper nutrition, requires a smorgasbord selection of snacks. Some mountaineers have suffered from a potato chip deficiency, a pretzel imbalance or other serious dietary defects. Plan ahead.

Comfort is crucial. If you mountaineer in public, pick a padded bar stool, preferably one that spins (to facilitate admiring the scenery). At home, a comfortable chair or sofa will do. Rule of thumb: if it feels good, and the police don't seem to mind, do it.

Then turn on the tube or spin a tune or crack a good book. The choice is strictly between you and the dominant hemisphere of your brain. Of course, some mountaineers say the smooth, refreshing taste of Busch is entertainment enough. And thank goodness they do, because it's an excellent conclusion.

(Comfort is crucial)



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Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg

Eleven friends and relatives of Steve Biko were arrested last week by the South African police. They are being held under the Internal Security Act which allows for indefinite detention without trial. According to press reports the unprovoked arrests were meant to stem possibilities of mass rebellions to commemorate the anniversary of the black consciousness leader's murder in jail last year. Meanwhile the MIT corporation continues to support Apartheid through investments.

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat have taken a large step towards the symbolic achievement of peace by the signing of written accords and embracing, last Sunday, after a two week summit meeting with United States President James Carter at Camp David, Maryland. The two newly made friends were certainly courageous in their agreements but the Middle East situation is extremely complicated and cannot be solved easily. Begin has to address the Knesset and all the factional Israeli political groups. Sadat has to deal with the other Arab nations and the Palestinians. Whether or not the PLO is a legitimate representative for the Palestinian Arabs, they are capable of doing much harm and cannot be ignored. Likewise Israel's behaviour in southern Lebanon is hardly peacelike. The most complicated issue, though, is the future of the city of Jerusalem due to its emotional content. However partial peace will be achieved between Egypt and Israel. The focused energy created by determination for peace is likely to envelope the other disagreeing people in the Mideast. Peace is possible.

A pastoral letter signed by every bishop in the Poland Roman Catholic Church, calling for the abolition of media censorship, was read simultaneously from church pulpits across Poland last Sunday. The letter termed censorship as a "weapon of totalitarian regimes." This was the strongest attack of the Polish communist government to date, and it smatters of a church vs. state power struggle.

Boston University has recently passed an official resolution banning funds for any student publication. This includes newsletters and literary magazines. If a non-self-sufficient student publication wants to stay alive it has to become an official university publication--subject to strict administrative censorship. This is another example of the continuous repressive actions taken by University President John Silber since he was nearly voted out of office by the B.U. board of trustees in 1976.

Current standards for the maximum permissible concentration of plutonium in drinking water are based on studies done with Pu(IV); however Larsen and Oldham have recently published results in *Science* (Vol. 201, Page 1008) to the effect that Pu(IV) is changed to Pu(VI) by chlorine during water treatment. Pu(VI) is absorbed from the gastrointestinal tract at a rate 3 orders of magnitude greater than Pu(IV). This implies that the standards for plutonium poisoning in drinking water are not sufficiently stringent. Standards like this one are used to determine the safety of nuclear power plants.

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BRAHMS Piano Quintet, Op. 34b

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POULENC Oboe, bassoon
& piano trio
SCHÖENBERG Suite, Op. 29
conducted by Seiji Ozawa
MOZART Quartet for piano and
strings in G, K. 478

3. March 11

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(continued from page 1)

UB1: Sell the robots.

Fluke: They're not worth 50.

UB1: The buyer'll feel funny about that, tomorrow.

Cut to the boardroom of the DEBT STAR, the Empire's Economic Computing Service headquarters. M. P. Realist, chairperson, and other directors, all dressed in very expensive nondescript gray suits, discuss:

Director 1: The Techonomic Computer will be fully operational in hours.

Realist: Excellent.

Director 2: Let's test it.

Enter N. Vader.

Director 3: Have you recovered the unauthorized copy of the plans?

Vader: Not yet. I feel a disturbing snickering in The Farce.

Director 4: Laughing at your inefficiency.

Vader turns to Director 4 and begins a mime routine. Soon Director 4 is laughing so hard he's tearing his suit. Other directors fall from their chairs.

Realist: Stop, heh, heh, stop it, Vader.

Vader: The Farce can do funny things to us, don't you agree?

Directors (in unison): Right N. V.

Realist: How can we prevent these funny things?

Vader: The Ikuda Di'd believe we must laugh along with It.

Realist: I don't get it. What's the joke?

Vader: Perhaps we are.

Director 5: But we're deadly serious.

Vader: It's only money.

Directors (in unison): Sacrilege!

Vader: You funds-worshippers are laughably humorless. I find your lack of faith without market value.

Realist: Let's avoid sectarianism. Our computer indicates that religious wars are most unprofitable now. A demonstration of the Techonomic Computer's powers will put us in better humor.

Cut back to PS Spacebar. Jobba, a hit-person, and Ham Solo.

Jobba: The drugs you delivered turn us purple and make us incontinent.

Solo: Sorry, man, it's great shit for humans.

Jobba: You humans are always testing drugs on us.

Solo: We need the market. Go sue the chemical cartel.

Jobba: After I catalyze you!

Solo blasts Jobba first, then muses aloud: Used body parts are 50 apiece, but I gotta get to the spaceport.

Back in DEBT STAR, plastic guards bring Leia Orgasma to the Final Accounting Station where N. Vader and M. P. Realist wait.

Vader: She laughed at our tortures. I fear The Farce is playing a practical joke on us.

Realist: We could torture you and find out. But first let me try her. My methods may succeed where yours failed.

Leia: Hee hee. I knew I smelled money in among that vinyl stench. Bribe all you want Realist. I'm paid for.

Realist: We simply desire to rent you.

Leia (knowingly): Ha.

Realist: Perhaps you'd consider Algernon's survival a reasonable rate.

Leia (suddenly humorless): Gasp.

Realist: Tell us where the rebels are, or we'll foreclose your planet.

Leia: How would I know you wouldn't foreclose anyway if I knew and told you?

Vader: If you don't tell, you'll be responsible for having your planet stripped, its life forms economically recycled, to be repopulated with clones we program with edited knowledge extracted from your comrades.

Leia: I'm responsible for what you wanta do, huh?

Realist: We seek to establish trust. Might you accept 3% of the planet's foreclosure value?

Leia: Can a government official tell the truth? Make me a contract.

Realist: Agreed. Now where are they?

Leia (struggling): The first second and third worlds of Solar. (The faintest suggestion of a Mona Lisa smile crosses her face.)

Realist: Solar is decades away. Foreclose, and send analysts to Solar.

Leia: But you agreed not to foreclose if I told!

Realist: I didn't agree; I only offered. It would be a scrap of paper in any case, once you delivered. Besides, you didn't read the fine print: the rental period is as long as it takes you to tell us where the rebels are.

Technician 1: Set the tax rate to 100%. Separator and brain drain on full. Engage vacuum. Foreclose. Clones stand ready to descend after foreclosure.

Technician 2: Tax rate 100. Separator on. Brain drain knowledge extraction rate at 99.984. Transferring knowledge to clones. Vacuum efficiency 99.99999. Foreclosure fully effective. System operating normally. It works!

On the Accounting Room viewscreen, a large vacuum hood descends to Algernon's surface, stripping the entire top kilometer of the planet away as the DEBT STAR sweeps by in its orbit. The separator shakes out all useful raw materials and loads them into the Imperial Cartel's freighters. The brain drain extracts all knowledge from the living creatures, who are then swept pneumatically into reaction chambers where they are converted into oil. Nearby flex-tankers swell like leeches as the oil flows even faster.

Leia: You really like destroying people.

Vader: Destruction has its satisfactions in our lifestyle. But it has limits. Taxation has no limits.

Realist: It can go on forever.

Leia: Just like rape.

Vader: We're going to institutionalize it forever with our computer.

Leia: If you weren't so sick you'd make me laugh.

Vader (afraid): Take her away!

Leia: I hope you get what you deserve.

Realist: Rich.

Exit Leia with guards.

Vader: Let's make her into a barrel of oil.

Realist: No, she sold out. I like that. We'll find a way to use her yet.

Cut to space hangar: Chewchewcoca, UB1 and Fluke are at the gangplank of the *Magnificent Fakir* talking with a port official when Ham Solo runs in, shooting at Imperial Safety Officers pursuing.

Port Official: This is highly irregular.

UB1: Funnier things have happened.

The official ducks under the gangplank as everyone else retreats up it. Burnt plastic fills the air. Another squad of ISOs rush in, tripping over a garbage can which rolls up the gangplank just as it's being retracted. The *Fakir's* engines come on, melting the ISOs' armor. Cut to outside the *Fakir* accelerating, its sonic boom destroying houses and bringing curses. Cut back inside to the singed port official picking her way through heaps of melted plastic, holding her nose.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

Well, campers, by waiting around for something to happen, I found a story to tell you. I will tell you now it has nothing to do with the Institute. Those of you whose world is that narrow can stop reading right now.

This is a saga of Boston bars, bands and boors. I'll do it in order to make it easy to read:

September 1977—Washington, D.C. The Second Annual Homegrown Radio Festival—Although I attended mainly to see the Nighthawks and Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band, Powerhouse is also on the bill for what is supposed to be their last Washington gig. I was mesmerized by them. George Leh, their blind lead singer, particularly enchanted me. Upon returning to Boston, I penned the article and called him "John Hall." God knows why...

October 1977—Powerhouse plays their final gig in the Cambridge area. Barred from the event by an overzealous Speakeasy Pete, I am forced to file an insipid report for this rag. Powerhouse writhes and kicks for three more months, then dies.

June 26, 1978—At Jonathan Swift's in the inimitable Harvard Square George Leh and Steve Jacobs, lead vocalist and bass player of Powerhouse respectively, have resurfaced in a new band, George Leh and the Thrillers.

George's happiness is visible. Since Powerhouse he has lost thirty pounds. Doctor's orders as he is diabetic. We were introduced by a friend of the band named Howie. Over eleven Madras, George tells me the story of the cruelty of the Massachusetts Rehabilitation Commission for the Handicapped ("They told me I should be canning cat food. I told them to shove it up their ass!") and Speakeasy Pete ("The guy's an asshole. He told us we couldn't play Jack's and his place because Jack's is his competition." George is too polite to say that this is bullshit. He also doesn't add that Jack's at least pays

drum parts to the band's repertoire. Now he is playing with the Thrillers. Howie is seventeen.

The rest of the band deserves at least some mention in this tale. Dave Clark, the harp player, looks like a stereotypical rock star. For such a long, narrow and blonde person, he has a good amount of power. Richie King is the bass player. He has a habit of standing in the dark where I can't photograph him. He's a decent player even if he is badly lit.

Although Dave and George provide most of the action on stage (in fact, the rest of the band have all the stage presence of a road manager.), Steve "Jakey" Jacobs and Steven "Deebin" Selub share the lead guitar chores. Jakey is marvelously foolish. More about that later. He plays well but then everybody does in this band.

Deebin is also no bastion of seriousness. He wears a three piece suit meanly. He, Jakey and Dave are "the dirty boys." George introduces them that way every night.

August 11, 1978—Second night at Jack's. The Thrillers bring new meaning to the cliché "live before a dead audience." You can practically hear the polyester rustle. Facing the smallest crowd in the history of Friday night at Jack's, they play their best set of the engagement.

A little about the Thrillers' set. It always begins without George. The "old Howlin' Wolf number called 'Who's Been Talkin' ' " raises the curtain on every Thrillers' gig. For us diehards this tasty little instrumental has reached a new level in tedium. Somewhere during the evening you can count on hearing "Ain't Got No Home, Home," featuring Deebin Selub in ludicrous falsetto counterpoint to George Leh. It's a real showstopper.

August 12, 1978—The Thrillers finished their gig without event. Since the beginning of the gig, I have been fetched home by Jakey, George, Deebin and John Sullivan,

IRREGARDLESS by The Clod

the going rate. The Speakeasy and its madcap owner will come under discussion later).

June 27, 1978—George Leh and the Thrillers' final night at Swift's. Due to the tepid response of the fourteen people present Monday, the management has provided a gentle hint about the band's future relations with the club. Cover has gone down from two dollars to one. It is very rare that cover goes down during a gig. Although the Thrillers were a little ragged the previous night, they weren't hopeless enough to merit such action.

During the intervals George fills me in on the whereabouts of the rest of Powerhouse. Harpist Pierre G.T. Beauregard is jamming with Geoff Muldaur and Amos Garrett. David Birkin, sax man, and Steve Brown, drummer, are gigging with Heidi and the Secret Admirers. Guitarist Tom Principato is giving guitar lesson in D.C. and playing occasionally in the Cheek-to-Cheek Allstars, an aggregation of D.C.'s finest. Pianist Benjamin Kay is, as usual, nowhere to be found.

The Thrillers' performance has improved noticeably since Monday. Part of this is due to the fact that the club is three-quarters full as opposed to last night's fourteen corpses. The set closes without anything notable happening. On the basis of a Monday and Tuesday night in the off-season, Swift's seems to have decided not to bring George and company back.

August 10, 1978—The Thrillers return to Cambridge after a false start. Jack's is the place. The crowd is passive at best. There are a lot of them but all they do is try and talk over the music. With George at one end of the room belting out such standards as "Summertime" and "The Company Store" this is difficult.

The band is livelier than they were at Swift's. Stretches in D.C. and at the Newman Opera House in Lake Placid, New York have smoothed things out considerably. Howie Owen, friend of the band (and sort of responsible for all this by introducing me to George), is now the drummer. Someone tells me that Howie was a fixture at all the Powerhouse gigs. He learned all the

Ex-Powerhouse sound man. Roaring through Cambridge to the tune of Balinese chants (the curious will have to seek me out for an exact depiction of such chants. It's impossible for me to write them down accurately.), more things come to light. The largest gripe is about Speakeasy Pete. His pay scale (\$100 plus half the door was top two years ago. It comes out to \$10 a member per night less fund and van fees.) comes under attack. George also told me that Speakeasy Pete has little love in his heart for Blacks. I had suspected this for a while in my dealings with him. What a man! He wants to have the premiere blues club in the area but he doesn't like Blacks and he won't pay bands. You figure it out.

Although no one else mentioned it, I was particularly angry at the seeming indifference of the crowd. Every time someone walked out in the middle of a set I wanted to punch them. Keep that in mind if you ever see this band. I'll be watching...

Why this story, you ask? Who cares about these *Saturday Evening Post* characters? I do obviously. Granted George and the guys are marvelous but that's not the point. Compared to Washington, D.C. and even Lake Placid, New York, Boston's local music scene has an alligator mouth and a hummingbird ass.

They talk a lot about Boston being a great music town. It's basically untrue. Most of the local bands that have broken here have gone outside of the city to receive recognition of their talent. The one radio station that plays local music (besides WCAS. That's another column.), WEOZ, does so for an hour at midnite on Sunday, prime audience time.

So, what can we do? In George Leh and the Thrillers' case you can go to Jack's on September 26 and 27 and support a worthy cause. If you see George, tell him the Clod sent you. It'll mean a lot to both of us.

The Clod, according to some campus media, is a woman. There is very little else to say. If you see her, say hello. It's been one too many mornings and she'll appreciate it muchly.

STICKLES

by Geoff Baskir



CATERIA CARERS

by George Plotkin



Personals

Who is Number One?
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burn haired, white, nat-
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IT AIN'T ME, BABE

by Amy Bauer

When was the last time you sat down, with yourself or a friend, and thought about the relationship between you and MIT, as a person, or as a woman in a male oriented institution? How did you feel? What is it like to be a woman at MIT?

Almost everyone will admit that MIT is a rough place for anyone, male or female. But besides scholastics (and usually including them anyway) the things that make MIT a difficult or unpleasant environment are radically different for men and women. Not that MIT is a bad place for women, I would say that most of us like it here. I think, though, that most of us like it through gritted teeth, or in spite of the fact that -----(you fill in the blanks).

All of us at MIT face problems, and to a varying degree we face different and changing problems. Most of the problems we face though stem either directly or indirectly from the fact that we are women, and that MIT is (like most other schools and institutions) male oriented.

I think it is important for us to identify what it is that troubles us here, that is to look at the problems we face. There are a lot of questions to be asked (I will try not to bore you with all of them), however answering them is not as easy. The problems/questions affect us in different ways. First as individuals then as women as a class. It affects us as students and as employees. They are values placed on us no matter who we are, or how we define ourselves. These values interfere with and shape our emotional, social and scholastic lives, and our careers.

The most prominent values are those heaped on us by society in general. They unfortunately prevail at MIT and occasionally more strongly here than outside MIT. There are the obvious stereotypes of women (both conservative and of the "new woman"). Rather than to go through and list them, if they are not apparent to you, two excellent feminist anthologies contain the basic arguments. These are *The First Ms. Reader* and *Sisterhood is Powerful*. Both

are well worth buying and reading, and they are available at most any Boston bookstore, including the Tech Coop.

Then there are the not-so-obvious things that all of us put up with. Such as all the MIT myths about what women here are like. The quotation "There are no real women here" comes to mind, mostly because I hear it at least once a week, always said by a man, and always within earshot of women. It is usually followed by a cold stare, and then a "Well, you know what I mean, don't you?" Of course it goes much deeper than the quotations any of us can conjure up. But certain ones stick. We all have had the professors who, when they see your hand up, call on the "little lady in the back," when they would never call on "the big macho gentleman" sitting next to you in such a tone.

All of us have felt, at one point or another if not all the time, that we (and our work) are not being taken seriously. The paradigm of doing a task twice as well to be considered half as good comes to mind.

So does the phrase "bright for a woman." Oftentimes one feels that one is being judged as a woman, not as student X. Oftentimes one is.

But getting back to our original subject, it's hard to put a finger or fingers on what it is about MIT in particular. Besides the male/female ratio, what is it about being a woman at MIT that is so different from being a woman in high school, or at another college, or in the "real world?" What is it about MIT that keeps or makes women here feel isolated and alienated from other women? What keeps us from getting together, in our living groups, on campus, by major or field or any other level, and especially on a feminist level? Just about every other Northeastern school has at least one feminist group and/or a women's center. Most have a multitude of services ranging from peer-run birth control counselling to consciousness raising groups to lesbian organizations

to publications. MIT, at the present, has none of these. This is true of most schools regardless of size and number of women students. Something here within MIT's structure must be wrong. Something here makes women feel uncomfortable, insecure, inferior, and separate. We feel that our options for help are limited, and that underneath it all we should not be needing help.

What, if anything, goes through your mind when you come across a gross example of MIT sexism? Whether it be a derisive remark by a professor or being treated with less, or a lack of respect, or seeing another woman here put herself down because she believes the stereotypes too. Do you feel anger, or disgust, or helplessness? What do you do about it? Is there anything you feel you can do about it?

Unfortunately, much of the sexism at MIT is subtle sexism, and much of it is unconscious, or at least unintentional. Because of this it is hard to identify both its sources and its symptoms.

Obviously, there are no easy answers or solutions to the questions posed. What we'd like this column to be is a forum, with a focus on women at MIT. I would like it to include topics from both inside and outside MIT of special relevance to women here and particularly from a feminist viewpoint. Some ideas are women's activities, reviews/previews (of books, music, movies, etc.), women's resources, and also opinions, letters, and articles from women at MIT on women at MIT. The latter is especially encouraged, to help open up communication between women here. Hopefully future articles will attack in depth some of the questions raised in this article, and come up with some good reasons and solutions.

One activity you may be interested in is the first Association of Women Students meeting, Tuesday Sept. 26, at 8 pm in the Cheney Room (3-310). Lots of stuff is on the agenda and there will be lots of refreshments. All women (and men) are welcome to attend.

The Association of Women Students Speaks

The first meeting of the General Assembly will be on Wednesday, September 27 at 7:00 pm in Room 400 in the Student Center. GA representation will be according to the By-Law Revision dated Spring '77.

THE UA NEWS

GENERAL ASSEMBLY BY-LAWS AS OF 3/21/77

Section 3. Representation to the General Assembly shall be on the basis of living groups, with the basic object of assigning one GA representative to every 40 undergraduates.

- A. Each fraternity and other independent living group shall have one representative to the General Assembly.
- B. Representation from the various dormitories shall be as follows for the present, and should be amended should the population of any dormitories increase or decrease significantly.

Baker House - 7 representatives
Bexley Hall - 2 representatives
Burton House - 9 representatives
East Campus - 10 representatives
MacGregor House - 8 representatives
McCormick House - 4 representatives
Random Hall - 2 representatives
Senior House - 4 representatives
New House - 7 representatives
NRSA - 4 representatives

Please keep on the alert for these elections in your respective living groups if you are interested. Any efforts we pursue this year are largely dependent on dedicated representatives, so please take this seriously.

The agenda will include:

- 1) Dean for Student Affairs Office - related problems.
- 2) Formation of committees for:
 - a) Pass/Fail Evaluation
 - b) Grading Controversy
 - c) Inter-College Conference
 - d) New Business

If you have any more suggestions for the agenda, contact the U.A. Office by Tuesday at noon. All persons interested are welcome to attend the G.A. meeting.

The freshmen are off to a good start on their efforts to organize. There will be a meeting on Friday, September 22, at 4:30 in Room 400 in the Student Center to plan a Class of '82 party. In addition, a meeting concerned with the overall organization of future freshmen events will be held on Monday, September 25 at 4:30 pm in Room 400 of the Student Center. If there are any questions, contact Tim Morgenthaler.

Again, if you have any problems, comments, or suggestions, please contact Barry Newman, UAP, or Tim Morgenthaler, UAVP, in the UA Office, W20-401, 253-2696 or dl 9157.

The Undergraduate Association

There is no subject, however complex, which—if studied with patience and intelligence— will not become more complex.
--Anon.

Abandon learning and you will be free from trouble and distress.
--Lao-Tse

In the first place God made the idiots; this was for practice; then He made school boards.
--Mark Twain

He always reminds me of the too celebrated amateur who being asked could he play the violin, replied that he had no doubt he could if he tried.
--George Bernard Shaw

When our vices leave us we flatter ourselves with the idea that we have left them.
--La Rochefoucauld

I looked through the list of diseases and couldn't find worry and melancholy thoughts among them; this is quite wrong.
--G. C. Lichtenberg

What is written is merely the dregs of experience.
--Franz Kafka

Two can live as cheaply as one, but it costs them twice as much.
--Frank Sullivan

The only impeccable writers are those that never wrote.
--William Hazlitt

The secret of polite conversation is never to open your mouth unless you have nothing to say.
--Anon.

Personally, I like short words and vulgar fractions.
--Winston S. Churchill

The Golden Rule is: "He who has the gold makes the rules."
--Unknown

It's not a cheaper car that people want. It's an expensive car that costs less.
--Anon.

The winds men fear most are those that blow open their coats.
--Montaigne

Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; truth isn't.
--Mark Twain

Unpredictability, too, can become monotonous.
--Eric Hoffer

Every man's nose will not make a shoehorn. Let us leave the world as it is.
--Cervantes

The fact that it is possible to push a pea up a mountain with your nose does not mean that this is a sensible way of getting it there.
--Christopher Strachey

You can't just go on being a good egg. You must either hatch or go bad.
--C. S. Lewis

A logician is a man with both feet planted firmly in mid-air.
--Lon Rayburn

We are the people our parents warned us against.
--Nick Von Hoffman

It is extraordinary to what an expense of time and money people will go in order to get something for nothing.
--Robert Lynd

If you don't like the weather in New England, just wait a few minutes.
--Mark Twain

The real danger of our technological age is not so much that machines will begin to think like men, but that men will begin to think like machines.
--Sydney J. Harris

An unusual word should be shunned as a ship would shun a reef.
--Julius Caesar

There is nobody so irritating as somebody with less intelligence and more sense than we have.
--Don Herold

Procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday.
--Don Marquis

My problem is I'm so busy studying I don't have time to learn anything.
--Lon Rayburn

Most people don't have more than one fatal disease in their whole lifetime.
--Richard Bates

We are told that when Jehovah created the world He saw that it was good. What would He say now?
--George Bernard Shaw

the last word

We are always doing something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.
--Joseph Addison