FULL MOON ISSUE

Photo by D. Denton and B. Howland
WAR STARS
by Wells Edelman

LAST WEEK:
Fluke Slylaker is enlisted in the battle against the Galactic Empire by UB1 Peyole, 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.
UBI: 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, what did that old man go?
Fluke: Search me, officer. His mind wanders.
ISO: Search him!
Fluke is released and ambles into the crowd. He muses aloud: Maybe it does work. Ben said to meet him at the Perpetually Stoned Spacebar. Music for the Spacebar scene: Compulsive jazz.

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.

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 (messing)
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.
UBI: 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)
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.

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.)

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.

Don't just reach for a beer. Head for the mountains.
Eyes of the World
by Morris Zimmerman

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 unprompted 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 accord 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 avid, Maryland. The two newly made friends were certainly glad to address the Knesset and all the factional Israeli political groups. Sadat has to deal with the other Arab states 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 PLO's behavior in southern Lebanon is hardly peacelike.

The most complicated issue, though, is the future of the city 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 envelop the other disagreeing people in the Middle East. Peace is possible.

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 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.
**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 Technonomic Computer will be fully operational in hours.

**Realist:** Excellent. Let's test it.

**Enter N. Vader.**

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

**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 computer's powers will put us in better humor.

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

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**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 see 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 the 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):** Casp.

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

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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 want 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 faithful 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 99,994.

**Realist:** We simply desire to rent you.

**Leia:** We seek to institutionalize it forever with our computer.

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

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

**Leia:** I hope you get what you deserve.

**Realist:** Rich.

**Leia:** Next time we'll make her into a barrel of oil.

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

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**Cut** to space hangar: Chewchewcocoa. UBI 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.

**UBI:** Funnier things have happened.

The official ducks under the gangplank as everyone else retreats up it. Burnt plastic fills the air. A second 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.

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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 withes 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 Polerisher respectively, have surfaced 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!").

June 27, 1978—George Leh and the Thrillers' final night at Swift's. Due to the tepid response of the audience time, the Thrillers were a little ragged the previous night. Their set closed without anything notable. The largest gripe is about Speakeasy Pete. His pay scale ($100 plus half the door was up 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 the rest of Powerhouse. Harpist Pierre G.T. Beauregard has been away for two years. drummer, are gigging with Heidi and the Secret Admirers. Guitarist Tom Principato is giving guitar lesson in the area but he doesn't like Blacks and he won't pay bands. You figure it out.

August 10, 1978—The Thrillers return to Cambridge after a false start. Jack's is the place. The crowd is massive as always. 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 "Summer time" 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. Powerhouse, five or six friends of the band (and of 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 laered all the 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 "Jaky" Jacobs and Steven "Deebin" Selub share the lead guitar chores. Jacky 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, Jacky 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 counterpart to George Leh. It's a real showstopper.

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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 been gone outside of the city to receive recognition of their talent. The one radio station that plays local music (besides WCMN) WEQO, does so for an hour at midnight 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.

IRREGARDLESS by The Clod

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

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.

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NOW HERE'S AN UNUSUAL NEWS STORY...

TWELVE TERRORISTS ATTACKED AND TOOK OVER THE CHILEAN EMBASSY IN JAPAN, TAKING SEVERAL HOSTAGES

IT SAYS THE TERRORISTS, WHO WERE PALESTINIAN NATIONALISTS, WERE PROTESTING THE INCARCERATION OF PUERTO RICAN POLITICAL ACTIVISTS IN THE UNITED STATES...

HEY, "CHAMP," NOTICE THAT IT'S PARISIAN NIGHT??

HOW'S THAT?

MAIN COURSE IS "Ratatouille"!

Cabbage Patch Restaurant
International and Vegetarian Cuisine
Breakfast from $0.99
Lunches from $1.99
Dinners from $2.99
Mon.-Fri. 7am-3pm
Wed.-Sat. 5pm-10pm
Reservations Accepted
798 Main Street
Cambridge, Ma.
492-9500

We're eager to talk to people with bright minds, ambition and to make big technological advances. We're looking for the successors to the great thinkers.

We're offering you as much independence as you need. You'll get all the responsibility you can handle. And there's no limit to the rewards.

From computers to racing cars, Gould has grown from a $500 million corporation to a $1.6 billion corporation. We've achieved this growth by developing new products combined with our ongoing commitment to high technology. Gould scientists have contributed to technologies from electronic sensing devices that landed on Mars to sonar equipment on submarines. From engine tunings in Indy 500 racers to electric vehicle power systems, rubber recycling processes, computer supplies, and many others.

Will the next Alexander Graham Bell or Madame Curie please call for an interview.

The people we're looking for.
We want to talk with B.S., M.S. and Ph.D. graduates in the following disciplines: metallurgy, ceramics, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, chemical engineering, physics, chemistry, electrochemistry and material sciences.

Call, write, or see us on campus Oct.12th.
Call your placement office or write to Employee Relations Dept., 40 Gould Center, Rolling Meadows, Illinois 60008.
The phone number is (312) 640-4417.

Gould
An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F

September 21, 1978
by Amy Bauer

When was the last time you sat down, with your-
self or a friend, and thought about the relationship
between you and MIT, as a person, or as a woman
as a male oriented institution? How did you feel?
that is the like to be a woman at MIT?
Almost everyone will admit that MIT is a rough
place for anyone, male or female. But besides scho-
nological 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
(try not to bore you with all of them), however
answering them is not as easy. The problems/question
affect us in different ways. First as individuals
and as employees. Then as women as a class.
The most prominent values are those heaped on
us by society in general. They unfortunately prevail
rather than to go through and list them, if they are
outside MIT. There are the obvious stereotypes of
women at MIT and occasionally more strongly here
than at MIT and our social and scholastic lives, and our careers.
These values interfere with and shape our emotional,
and as employees. The are values placed on us no
longer as student X. Oftentimes one is like it through gritted teeth, or in spite of the fact
that 99.9% (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 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 that it is no good to simply list all the things
we are like to be here, to try to understand the answers, comments, or
to help open up communication between women here.

Whoever it be a derisive remark by a professor or
always within earshot of women. It is
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 of any of us can conjure up.

But certain ones stick. We all had the profes-
sors who, when they see your head 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.

Do you, feel anger, or disgust, or helplessness? What do you do about it?

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

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 accor-
ding 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
GA 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
- Beedy Hall - 2 representatives
- Burton House - 9 representatives
- East Campus - 1 representative
- MacGregor House - 4 representatives
- McCormick House - 4 representatives
- Random Hall - 2 representatives
- Senior House - 4 representatives
- New House - 7 representatives
- Nsra - 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, please so take this seri-
ously.

The agenda will include:

1) Dean for Student Affairs Office - related problems,
2) Formation of committees for:
   a) Pass/Fall 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 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, UAP, in the U.A. Office,
W20-601, 253-2696 or d1 9157.

The Undergraduate Association

September 21, 1978

TVD
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

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

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

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