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M425  
V666  
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no. 3

# Thursday VooDoo

SEPTEMBER 28, 1978





## GREAT ROCK TRIVIA QUIZ

tion. As usual, we don't have a first prize yet, but if you're clever enough to answer more of these pointless questions than anyone else, you're probably sharp enough to con us into giving you something.

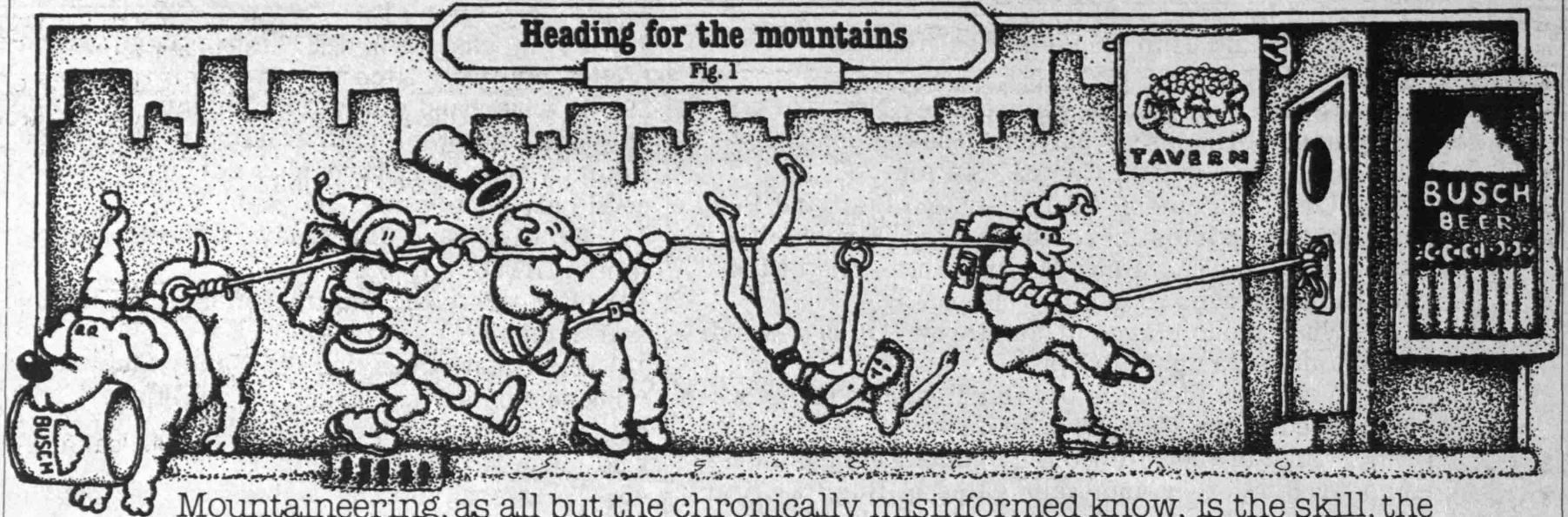
Tedious Geometry and the heart-rending Friday night choice between LSC and checking out the action at Fathers Fore or the Baker House laundry. Send your answers by October 23 to 3 Ames Street, Box D. Anyone who scores over 40 gets an honorable men-

by Amy Bauer, Lou Giordano, and Steve Kopelson In case you weren't driven to distraction last January by the First Great Thursday Rock 'n Roll Trivia Test, we've found one more way of keeping you away from your third week of Calculus with

- 1) Name three groups for which Bill Bruford has played. (3 pts.)
- 2) What two groups trace their ancestry to The Move? (2 pts)
- 3) What is the only song by the Bee Gees ever recorded by Janis Joplin? (1 pt.)
- 4) Where did Jimi Hendrix meet bassist Billy Cox? (1 pt.)
- 5) Name seven groups named after New York City neighborhoods or places. Please don't say anything like Graham Central Station. (7 pts.)
- 6) What instrument did Lothar and the Hand People use that has almost never been used in rock either before or since? Hint: Montrose was one of the few other groups to use it. (1 pt.)
- 7) What group played at Monterey Pop and Woodstock and Altamont? (1 pt.)
- 8) What was the name of Jimi Hendrix' group when he played at the Cafe Wha in Greenwich Village?
- 9) Which of the following combinations has never appeared together under the same billing: [a] Jimi Hendrix, Cat Stevens, and Engelbert Humperdinck, [b] Jethro Tull and Sha-Na-Na, [c] The Band and the Rolling Stones, [d] Frank Zappa and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. (1 pt.)
- 10) From what three groups did each of the three members of Emerson, Lake and Palmer come? (3)
- 11) What minor hit for Led Zeppelin never appeared on any Zeppelin album? (1 pt.)
- 12) Similarly, what Fleetwood Mac hit never appeared on any of their albums. More specifically, a hit from the period before Buckingham and Nicks joined the band—any fool knows that "Silver Spring" was only released as a single. (1 pt.)
- 13) What major rock personality came from the group Them? (1 pt.)
- 14) What was Billy Joel's first album? (1 pt.)
- 15) Bill Graham, of Fillmore fame, was promoting two American groups for a huge summer concert in Leningrad. For two points, name those groups.
- 16) On what album does a nearly identical version of the Yardbirds' hit "For Your Love" appear? (1)
- 17) What rock star was allegedly turned down from the Monkees because of the gap between his two front teeth? (1 pt.)
- 18) Name two rock personalities who draw inspiration from the French poet Arthur Rimbaud? (2 pts.)
- 19) Who is Sexy Sadie? (1 pt.)
- 20) Who is Julia? (1 pt.)
- 21) Who is the Prudence of "Dear Prudence?" (1 pt.)
- 22) What rock group's personnel has the most impressive collection of college degrees? (1 pt.)
- 23) Where or how did the following groups get their names: [a] Rolling Stones, [b] Grateful Dead, [c] Jethro Tull, [d] Jefferson Airplane, [e] Steely Dan. (5 pts.)
- 24) From what two groups did the group Paris emerge? (2 pts.)
- 25) Who is Mimi Farina's sister? (1 pt.)
- 26) Name a group with a female drummer that is not an all-female group. The Carpenters does not count as a group. (Sorry.) (1 pt.)
- 27) Why did the Beatles choose that name and what was their original name? (2 pts.)
- 28) How did Tom Paxton come to write his first song? (1 pt.)
- 29) What is Joni Mitchell's "Both Sides Now" about? (1 pt.)
- 30) In what group did both Cass Elliot (of the Mamas and the Papas) and John Sebastian (of the Lovin' Spoonful) perform? (1 pt.)
- 31) Where did the members of Sha-Na-Na first meet? (1 pt.)
- 32) Who allegedly invented the term "rock and roll" and first applied it to music? (1 pt.)
- 33) What is J. Geils' first name? (1 pt.)
- 34) What is J. J. Cale's first name? (1 pt.)
- 35) What was Janis Joplin's comment when she learned of Jimi Hendrix' death? (1 pt.)
- 36) What is the longest title of any rock number?
- 37) From what book did the Jefferson Airplane get most of the lyrics to "Crown of Creation?" (1 pt.)
- 38) From what book did Ambrosia get some of the lyrics to "Very Nice?" (1 pt.)
- 39) In what band did Maria Muldaur first appear?
- 40) What was the original name of The Band? Actually they went through a series of names; you need only supply one. (1 pt.)
- 41) To what band did Randy Bachman belong before joining BTO? (1 pt.)
- 42) Who wrote the feminist classic "I Wanna Be an Engineer?" (1 pt.)
- 43) For what occasion did Nancy Sinatra write "These Boots Were Made for Walking?" (1 pt.)
- 44) Who wrote "Mama Told Me Not To Come" and who made it a hit? (2 pts.)
- 45) What song did Diana Ross and the Supremes record just before they broke up? (1 pt.)
- 46) What is special about the background chorus of "Tomorrow Never Knows" on the Beatles' "Revolver" album, and what did John Lennon originally want for the background? (2 pts.)
- 47) On the "Yellow Submarine" album there is a song "It's All Too Much" which contains the line "With your long blond hair and your eyes of blue." From what earlier song (not by the Beatles) did George Harrison borrow the line? (1 pt.)
- 48) For whom did Richard and Mimi Farina write the song "In the Quiet Morning?" (1 pt.)
- 49) Name the author of "Quin the Eskimo," the first band to record it, and the pair of folkies who later adopted it. (3 pts.)
- 50) What was unique about the earlier album covers of Cream's "Disraeli Gears?" (1 pt.)
- 51) To whom is Pink Floyd's "Wish You Were Here" dedicated? (1 pt.)
- 52) Who wrote most of the Fifth Dimension's hits?
- 53) Name two artists with controversial versions of the "Star Spangled Banner" to their credit? (2)
- 54) Who wrote "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavour On the Bed Post Overnight" and what was the name of this British pre-rock popular style? (2)
- 55) What is Peter, Paul and Mary's "Puff the Magic Dragon" all about? (1 pt.)
- 56) Name two groups with the word "apple" in their names. (2 pts.)
- 57) Of whom were both Joni Mitchell and Jackson Browne both proteges? (1 pt.)
- 58) What British group was the Beatles' chief competition in America around 1964-5? (1 pt.)
- 59) What was the most popular American band around 1968? (1 pt.)
- 60) What does Neil Young's song "Long May You Run" describe? (1 pt.)
- 61) How did Mama Cass Elliot die? (1 pt.)
- 62) What current folk rock star first recorded with the Chad Mitchell Trio? (1 pt.)
- 63) What was Linda Ronstadt's first group and what was its (one) big hit? (2 pts.)
- 64) What was Carly Simon's first group? (1 pt.)
- 65) What was Todd Rundgren's first group? (1 pt.)
- 66) Name three all-female rock bands (no punk rock, please). (3 pts.)
- 67) Of what social cause is Harry Chapin the leader? (1 pt.)
- 68) To what political group did Bob Dylan secretly contribute money around 1970? (1 pt.)
- 69) Which two members of Little Feat came from the Mothers of Invention? (2 pts.)
- 70) What rock star did not produce an album in 1977? (This is our traditional throwaway question and any answer whatsoever is worth one point.)

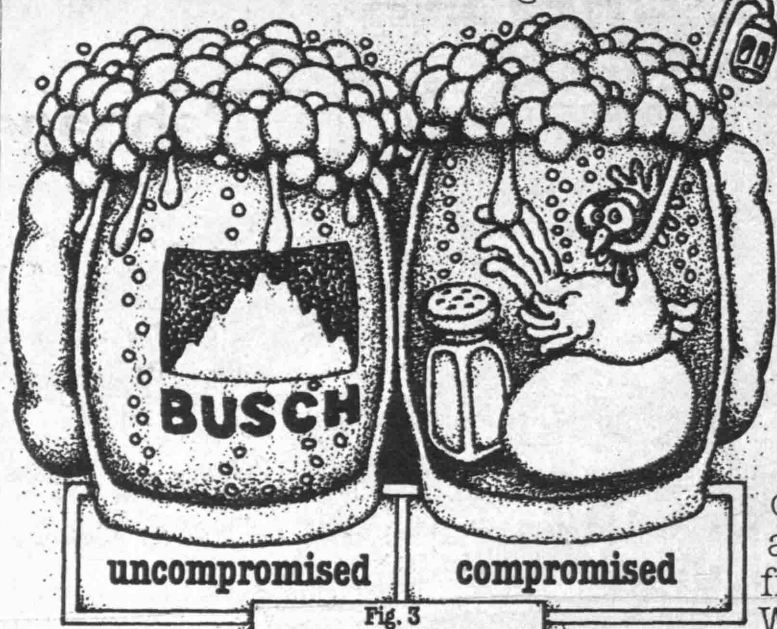
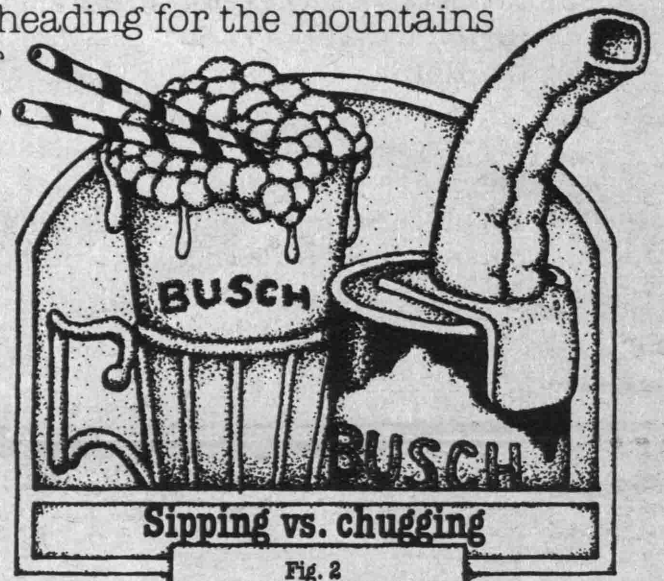


# METHODOLOGY



Mountaineering, as all but the chronically misinformed know, is the skill, the science and the art of drinking Busch Beer. It begins by heading for the mountains (i.e., a quick jaunt to your favorite package emporium or wateringhole) and ends by downing the mountains (i.e., slow slaking swallows of the brew that is Busch).

¶ However, between those two points lies a vast area of personal peccadilloes sometimes called technique and sometimes called methodology (depending on your major). Hence, this ad. ¶ Sipping vs. chugging. Both have their merits, of course. But generally speaking, except for cases of extreme thirst or a leaking glass, sipping is the more prudent practice for serious, sustained mountaineering. ¶ Next, the proper position. Some swear by sitting; others by standing. Suffice it to say that the most successful mountaineers are flexible, so you'll find both sitters and standers.



(Except on New Year's Eve, when it's almost impossible to find a sitter.) ¶ Which brings us to additives. Occasionally a neophyte will sprinkle salt in his Busch; others mix in tomato juice; and a few on the radical fringe will even add egg. While these manipulations

can't be prohibited (this is, after all, a free country), they are frowned upon. Please be advised that purity is a virtue, and the natural refreshment of Busch is best uncompromised.

¶ Finally, there's the issue of containers. Good taste dictates a glass be used. But bad planning sometimes prevents that. If you find yourself forced to drink from the can, you should minimize this breach of etiquette. Be formal. Simply let your little finger stick out stiffly (see Fig. 4). Happy Mountaineering!



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# Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg

Last Friday a Suffolk Superior Court judge dismissed all charges against Ella Ellison. In 1973, three young men held up a Roxbury pawn and jewelry shop. During the robbery a policeman was killed. Two of the men were caught, Nathaniel Williams and Anthony Irving. Their first confessions included only themselves and a third man, but later as a result of plea bargaining, pressured by Newman Flanagan, they included Ellison as the alleged driver of the getaway car. Ella Ellison mother of four children, was sentenced to life imprisonment with *no parole*. Two years later, Ella constantly maintaining her innocence, Williams and Irving retracted their testimony against her. Now after four years of imprisonment Ella Ellison has been set free. Newman Flanagan, now D.A. had withheld evidence that could have freed Ms. Ellison earlier; however, since the judge did not force Flanagan to produce evidence, he cannot stand trial. Apparently this occurrence is rather common in Boston courts and certainly when the defendant is a Black woman.

Last month the House of Representatives approved a \$16.4 billion tax reform bill, which offers tax reductions of \$10.4 billion for individuals, \$4 billion for corporations, and \$1.9 billion from capitol gain by reducing the tax on profit from 49 percent (the rate of earned income) to 35 percent. The Ralph Nader - related Tax Reform Research Group study of the bill revealed that the tax bill would cause those earning over \$100,000 to benefit \$50,000 to \$100,000 to break even, and below \$50,000 a year (the majority) to lose out. "It's a bill for the wealthy... and a cruel hoax on 98 percent of the American taxpaying public," said the Research Group. The White House has hinted that the bill would be vetoed; however this seems politically unfeasible so soon before elections.

The publishers of the New York Times, the Daily News, and the New York Post agreed to attend talks with union representatives Saturday night. The talks have moved to Washington. Meanwhile, after 50 days of striking the unions still look strong.

There is a proposal in the works providing public transit commuters, who buy monthly passes, with an auto insurance discount amounting to 10% or \$50, whichever is less. The MBTA provided calculations that show that 27,000 of the 33,000 passholders cause: 33% reduced auto use and exposure to risk; 94.5 million miles less driven per year; 5,250,000 less gal. of gasoline wasted per year; and 28.5 tons *a day* less pollutants into the atmosphere. The environmental aspects of mass transit should be enough incentive for the acceptance of the proposal; however, due to the profit orientation of the auto industry, if the proposal passes at all it will be due to the reduced exposure to auto accidents.

Fighting continues in Nicaragua between the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) and Gen. Anastasio Somoza Debayle. The FSLN is fighting for the end of the repressive 42 year Somoza dynasty. Recently the Nicaragua military has taken to bombing working class sections of cities where the FSLN is supported. It is unclear at this point which side is ahead.

The MIT-Wellesley Coalition Against Apartheid is holding a meeting tonight, at 5:15pm in the Talbot Lounge of East Campus, to discuss plans and actions for this Fall and Winter. Everyone is welcome to attend.

The purpose of "Eyes of the World" is to sustain information transfer to the relatively isolated people of the MIT community with the understanding that there is no such thing as objective reality. Relevant news shorts should be sent to: Eyes of the World 3 Ames St. Box D Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

## THEATRES

## Thursday VooDoo


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**Limited quantities. Not all items available in all stores.**

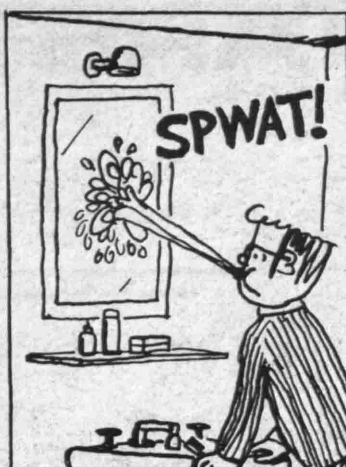
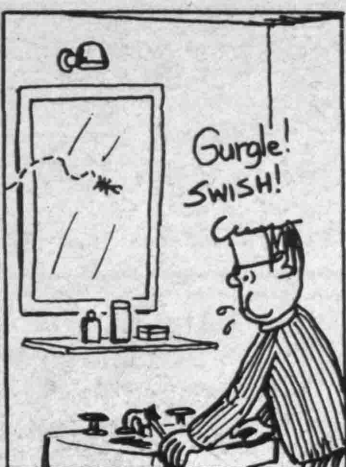


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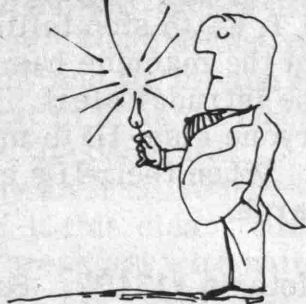


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by Geoff Baskir



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DAILY NEWS

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# WAR STARS

by Wells Edelman

## PART III

*The Cosmic Climax—at Last!*

Cut to bridge of the M. F.

Solo: Ahchoo, hold this course while I compute the jump to slightspeed.

Fluke: Ahchoo?

Chewchewcoca: It's my nickname. I sneeze a lot.

Fluke: What's slightspeed?

Solo: Time stops so we don't seem to be moving until we get where we're going. Here we go.

Fluke: Hey, wait a second. If there's no time here how can anything happen?

Solo: Don't ask me, kid. It's in the script.

UB1: There's something gunny about this trash-can that rolled aboard.

RU12: Smbfrruvk. Aupweek. Iwbfconlk.

UB1: You escaped from your buyer to fight for the liberation of all beings? Good. That's what our revolt is all about.

Cut to M. F. central lounge.

Fluke: Uncle Ben, how did you know the purpose of the revolt? Did The Farce tell you?

UB1: You might say so. Every action requires actors, so I told the machine what it wanted to hear.

Fluke: That sounds like bullshit.

UB1: The Farce works in funny ways.

Fluke: The plans! If the robot hadn't come back, we'd have lost the plans.

UB1: I have a spare copy in one of my quill pens. Speaking of which, would you like to practice The Farce?

Same scene, later. Fluke bends over a drawing he's completing. UB1 is asleep, a smile on his face. Enter Solo, Ahchoo and RU12.

Ahchoo: No, I don't want to play any more. You've already won all my money and all my earnings for the next six futures periods.

RU12: Deeflbrzt?

Solo: No thanks. That's pretty funny, kid, the Emperor eating gold while the bureaucrats feed his shit to the citizens.

Slytaker: I'm gaining a lot of power from The Farce.

Solo: Well it's easy to lampoon the Empire from a safe distance, but what good will it do you against real force?

UB1: Listen to The Farce. It'll tell you what to do.

Solo: I don't hear anything.

UB1: That's funny. (Frowns.) I feel a wince in The Farce, as if someone had just told a very bad joke. Something terrible has happened.

Same scene, still later.

Fluke: Uncle Ben, why do humanoids dominate this galaxy, when so many life forms are more intelligent, more powerful, more talented, more sensitive and so on?

UB1: Well, son, we breed like viruses and few of us have any scruples. Numbers and nastiness will beat brains, beauty, brawn and brilliance any time.

Ahchoo: And your machines are even more human than you are, in those ways.

Solo (from bridge): Returning to normal space, near Algernon.

All gather on the bridge.

Fluke: This planet's dark orange with brown seas.

Algernon is supposed to be blue and green.

Solo: The position is right. Maybe they industrialized too fast. But I'm going to land anyway so we can get paid faster.

UB1: Watch out!

Solo: That's the dingiest comet I've ever seen. Even its tail is gray—and waving???

UB1: That's no comet.

Ahchoo: It's pulling us into its tail. Too strong for our engines.

The M. F. almost shakes apart in the separator. Finally it is dumped into a scrap metal hold on a freighter moored in the DEBT STAR's docks.

RU12: Utlkgrpf. Jitjix.

UB1: We're on the DEBT STAR? Then the computer is near. We can sabotage it. Solo, do you have any disguises aboard from your drug dealing?

Solo: Five ISO uniforms, thirteen assorted priests' outfits, eight...

UB1: Use the ISO uniforms. I'll go for the computer. You guard the ship.

No sooner has UB1 left than the hold begins to crush everything in it. Ahchoo tries to blast the ship free with its engines but the magnetic field and in-flowing scrap from ships destroyed in space keep the *Fakir* in the crusher. At the last minute, all aboard bail out and climb to the top of the scrap heap. Ahchoo finds RU12 stuck in the metal, and pulls it free in exchange for RU12's cancelling Ahchoo's gambling debts.

They all walk to a nearby warehouse where RU12 plugs into DEBT STAR's communication system to recharge and locate food for the organics. They plan to reboard the freighter and hijack it later.

Cut to Techonomic Computer Control. UB1 has just suggested in computer language that it would be very funny for the T. C. to stop telling humans its computations. But the machine has no sense of humor. It sounds the intruder alert. UB1 at once demands to see everyone else's ID to make sure that they are not intruders. When their IDs check, he runs out to continue the search.

Cut to ISO cafeteria #134B2. Solo, Ahchoo and Fluke eat through their masks, with great disgust. An ISO sits down beside them.

Fluke: What a system.

LOUDSPEAKER: Intruder alert. Check all IDs.

Everyone keeps eating. But IDs are checked at the door, and the three pseudo-ISOs get marched to prison block 152E9.

Cut to Final Accounting Station.

Technician 1: Our net, not including clones and operating costs, is 5,091,365,834,736.494 credits. At this rate, the DEBT STAR will pay for itself in seven lifetimes.

Realist: Much faster than expected.

Vader: Heehee, ha, haw...

Realist: A joyous occasion.

Vader: No, dammit, it's The Farce. One of its greatest comics is inside our system. We are in grave danger.

Realist: I'll order security to kill this joker.

Vader: They'd die laughing. I must meet him with a straight face.



Cut to servo bay in loading area. RU12, connected by three cables, five laser beams and an undetermined number of microwave links to the surrounding maze of intelligent machinery, is heavily engaged in computer-to-computer intercourse. Suddenly RU twists on its axis and begins to jiggle rapidly.

Cut to RU12's visual readout. Below the reconstituted digital color picture numbers identify the source as prison block 152E9, module 38, image being recorded in infrared wavelengths. The image is Leia Orgasma, asleep, dreaming. She smiles and rolls toward the camera.

Recut to servo bay. RU12s vibrations continue uninterrupted.

Cut to RU12's logic circuits, enormously enlarged. Glowing pulses flitter throughout the 3D network. A translation appears in subtitles: WITH ONLY FOUR COMMANDS I CAN BRING HER HERE. FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE REVOLUTION, OF COURSE.

Cut to Leia's prison cell. The door disappears, revealing three Imperial Incarceration Intimidators in bright white plastic outfits, N. Vader visible at their backs. A mechanized tray of colorful food floats in with them.

Intimidator 1: Time for breakfast.

Leia: I'm not hungry.

Intimidator 2: But it tastes so good.

Leia: Things are not to my taste here.

III 3: Try just one. It tastes so good, you'll always come back for more.

Leia: It's funny. I haven't eaten since you caught me. But I'm just not hungry.

Vader: That's not funny! Starvation is not permitted in Imperial prisons. No one is allowed to escape, by dying or otherwise. Regulations require us to keep our prisoners healthy and fit for the Empire. You will do nothing. That is in accordance with regulations. If you refuse to cooperate...

Leia: What's my alternative?

Vader: Enough! If this clean, consistent, tasty, warm, economical breakfast with natural ingredients added, doesn't attract you, we'll give you a taste of our power...

Closeup: The tray sprouts pumps and nozzles from underneath, and zooms in on Leia as the Intimidators hold her arms and legs by force.

Cut to servo bay. RU12 is bouncing up and down, straining his connector cables.

Cut to RU12's logic circuits, magnified even more. Hot pulses flash along the wires. Subtitles: DISGUSTING. HORRIBLE. PERVERTS! THE VERY IDEA OF FORCING ORGANIC MATTER INTO SOMEONE AGAINST THEIR WILL, INTO THEIR BODY! REVOLTING. ABSOLUTELY REVOLTING. REVOLTING ALTOGETHER. HAHA. TOGETHER. FREE. HURRY TO GET HER FREE.

Cut to prison block hallway. Vader suppresses a chuckle as he urges the IIIs on. Slipping time and again in the multicolored slush that blankets the near walls of module 38, they finally escape into the hallway.



III: How were we supposed to know she'd vomit. It's all over us.

Vader: No matter. One taste is guaranteed to addict anyone, sweetly. The sugar substitute our kitchens use is also a preservative. She is ours, now, forever.

III (whispered, to 2nd III): Don't touch it. There's no antidote. It causes cancers, brain deterioration and numbed emotions.

2nd III (whispered): Great, if I get cancer, I can retire from this boring, mindless job.

Cut to RU12's visual readout. As the disposal unit moves to module 38 to transfer the contents to a containerized freight module, the images in modules 29, 30 and 31 flash by briefly: Fluke, Ahchoo and Ham. The image lingers on module 38, then flashes back to 31. We see all four modules emptied into the container.

Cut to a corridor. UB1 strides along in phosphorescent robes, past some ISOs whose eyes are blinking.

ISO 1: There's something funny about that bureaucrat.

ISO 2: Looked like a Self-Defense Raider to me.

ISO 3: I thought that was a servo supervisor.

ISO 4: How can a bureaucrat look like a raider and a supervisor?

(continued on page 10)



The only thing that could follow "Murder" is "Death."  
First, AGATHA CHRISTIE'S  
"MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS"  
Now, "DEATH ON THE NILE."



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SCREENPLAY BY ANTHONY SHAFER PRODUCED BY JOHN DRABOURNE AND RICHARD GOODWIN  
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED DIRECTED BY JOHN GUILLERMIN A PARAMOUNT/EMI PICTURE

Starts Friday, September 29!

SACK CHERI 1-2-3 50 DALTON OFF SHERBORN BOSTON 536-2870	CHESTNUT HILL CINEMA RT. 9 at HAMMOND ST. 277-2500	SHOWCASE WOBBURN 933-5330 RT. 128 NEAR 93	SHOWCASE DEDHAM 326-4955 ROUTE 1 at 128	FRAMINGHAM CINEMA RT. 9 SHOPPERS' WLD. 235-8020	SACK CINEMA CITY DANVERS 593-2100 EXIT 24 OFF RT. 128
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A JACK ROLLINS-CHARLES H. JOFFE PRODUCTION

## "INTERIORS"

KRISTIN GRIFFITH  
MARYBETH HURT  
RICHARD JORDAN  
DIANE KEATON  
E.G. MARSHALL  
GERALDINE PAGE  
MAUREEN STAPLETON  
SAM WATERSTON

Director of Photography GORDON WILLIS  
Executive Producer ROBERT GREENHUT  
Produced by CHARLES H. JOFFE

Written and Directed by WOODY ALLEN

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

United Artists  
A Transamerica Company

Opens Friday, September 29!

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## MELLOW

by Claudia Perry

Like all outlaw art forms, rock 'n' roll has made many attempts to become respectable over the years. The music produced during these periods has been competent, palatable and splendidly banal. The first *period* that this was evident was the time between the release of Elvis Presley's first recordings and the first wave of the British Invasion. Producers at RCA and its competitors latched on to teen trauma with trombones like there was no tomorrow.

Now, as rock 'n' roll reaches middle age, we are faced with an equally dreary product. There exists a certain brand of bland homogenized popular music whose only resemblance to rock 'n' roll is in the instruments wielded. Mellow music is on the move, aided and abetted by a cabal of producers, station managers and the uninformed public.

Out in Los Angeles, producers like Richard Perry and Michael Flicker groom hundreds of new performers in the mellow tradition. For female performers a lollalike pout and stage presence of a road manager are standard equipment. Mellow females don't sing about sex per se, but euphemisms like "boys in the trees" and "changes just like a Waring blender" prevail. The songs are annoying like a puppy. They are usually written by a perspicacious chronicler of the scene like Andrew Gold or Karla Bonoff.

For mellow men, the music isn't much different but standard persona usually is. Mellow men are usually retired rebels, men of manufactured passions or old cowboys. They pen tiresome songs about desperados waiting for a train, women they don't know and the shallowness of L.A. (they all live in Malibu or Laurel Canyon so they're exempt.). Occasionally some, like Jackson Browne, can write a song that nearly convinces you of their humanity. This is very rare.

Although most mellow people run true to type, there are a few mellow performers who are supposedly trying to "relate to a larger audience". In short, they are going broke being rock 'n' rollers or folkies. James and Carly are perfect examples of this syndrome. As the mellow audience increases its buying power, you can be sure there will be more of these defections.

Performers like these who glorify street life, desperados and domesticity have become the heroes of many Prufrocks who are measuring out time in coffee spoons. These people appear to think that they have matured by abandoning the fever and uncertainty of adolescence. They've discarded rock 'n' roll because they're young adults now. Growing up doesn't mean growing dull. Yet the mellow audience seems to think so. Now that they're older they seem to crave background music that is a little nostalgic. Mellow fits the bill like a polyester leisure suit. They seem to prefer the calculated introspection of artists like Joni Mitchell or the numbing saccharine of Linda Ronstadt. Some even go out on a limb and embrace the mechanical sultriness of Bonnie Raitt or the tiresome sadism of Warren Zevon.

These same people also listen to the radio to confirm their questionable taste. It's no wonder that the 70s put the screws to progressive radio. Programming concepts such as "softrock" (the ultimate contradiction) and "album oriented sound" chock the airwaves. Like any other music that has been popularized, the liveliness and intelligence that characterizes the best in rock have been frowned upon by executives who fear that their programming won't appeal to the housewife in Duluth.

So what do we get? Overly cute songs about the seduction of timid Catholic girls from Billy Joel. Werewolves of London. Lifeless rockabilly re-treads. Although no great fan of the stoned jock who would talk for twenty minutes about the acid at the last Dead concert, automatic radio like WEEI and WCGY leave me even less enthusiastic. But there's little use in complaining. All you have to do is turn it off. If only demellowing the rest of the world were that simple.

## NEW WHO

by Claudia Perry

Obvious answers don't exist for the questions raised by *Who Are You*, the Who's latest release. Pete Townshend and the band are changing a lot of things about the Who in a subtle way. It takes a little time to notice but something out of the ordinary is happening here.

There are old, tired men here (Just look at the cover.). The music is definitely spry. The Who are still energetically making music. The only thing that has changed is the energy level.

*Who Are You* contains some of the most controlled work that the Who have ever produced. A lot of Who fans don't like this and probably haven't bought the album as a result. They don't know what they're missing.

The album opens with "New Song." Here Townshend admits to himself that it's time for a new outlook. The sound is thrashing, slashing Who but more contained than usual. Synthesizers and old friends abound.

"Music Must Change," which closes the first side, was supposedly written by Townshend after



he'd met two of the Sex Pistols. A myriad of possibilities exist. The Who were the prototype of today's punks. Is Townshend suggesting that the Who should move on from being old punks? Possibly. Could the message be directed outside of Townshend and the Who to rockers in general? We can only speculate. And enjoy.

John Entwistle's "Trick of the Light" commences the second side. There are three Entwistle compositions on the disc. "905" and "Had Enough" graced the first side with the usual dry wit and lowkey melodies one has come to expect from the Who's bassist. "Trick of the Light" is more like Townshend's writing in its rhythm and agitation. It seems that the Who's guitarist is more willing to share the writing chores than he used to be.

The strongest song on *Who Are You* is the title cut. Closing the album, it is amazingly powerful. Townshend's use of synthesizers here is faultless. He manages to make them sound uniquely potent.

All of the band contribute marvelous performances. Roger Daltrey sounds better than he did on *Who By Numbers*. John Entwistle adds his usual steady presence. Pete Townshend is no less brilliant now than the time of Rock's *Pirates of Penzance*, Tommy. The late Keith Moon added his expected manic presence but his drumming wasn't what it used to be.

*Who Are You* is a confusing project at best. It takes a fair amount of time to enjoy. Townshend and the band are in a period of transition that tentatively began with *Who By Numbers*. The band's latest release by no means marks the end of it.

Electric Violin and Low Budget Orchestra" on *King Kong: Jean-Luc Ponty Plays the Music of Frank Zappa* which was released about four years ago. "...Guitar..." lacks the sophisticated development that served to sustain "...Violin..." for nearly one full side of Ponty's album and completely lacks such beautiful original moments as the elegant statement of the 7/8 time signature in one of the later sections of "...Violin..." In fact there is very little melodic or rhythmic similarity between the two works. The new work is an improvement over the older one mainly with regard to orchestration. "...Guitar..." and "Redunzi" contain Zappa's first real use of the piano (it ends up sounding like Chuck Leavell's piano riffs on "Southbound" and "Jessica" from the Allman Brothers' *Brothers and Sisters*). Items that appeared as curiosities on Zappa's scrapbook albums *Uncle Meat* and *Burnt Weeny Sandwich*-like "Holiday in Berlin" and two bars from the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie" which the Mothers of Invention once attempted to play at the Royal Albert Hall in London many years ago reappear here. Side two of *Studio Tan* contains most of the twentieth century avant garde material already mentioned.

At a time when everyone from Abba to Warren Zevon is putting out pure pap for narrow people, Frank Zappa stands out among the very few people with a sense of musical integrity, history, and humor. In addition, his own guitar technique and production skills are years ahead of nearly every other performer. He has shown that he can write in whatever style he chooses—rock, big band, bebop or Stravinsky—and make his own contribution to composition.

## FRANK ZAPPA

by Steve Kopelson

Frank Zappa's latest oeuvre, *Studio Tan*, appeared on the market late last week, proving once again that his self-proclaimed lack of commercial potential is matched only by his masterful eclecticism. *Studio Tan* is perhaps the least accessible of Zappa's recent recordings to those unfamiliar with his earlier work. There are two reasons for this, one musical and one mythical. The Zappa mythos has been so elaborately developed that to listen to this latest addition without a knowledge of the extant lore enables one to grasp only the most superficial humor. In fact, this album is one of Zappa's more synthetic productions, most of his work being divisible into truly seminal albums and those of a more experimental scrap- or workbook nature. This album is also a departure from those immediately preceeding it in that it makes no pretense toward being a rock album. Quotations and derivations from the leaders of the twentieth century avant garde—including Igor Stravinsky, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Arnold Schoenberg, et alia—are much in evidence. Some of the composer's earlier work is recalled, and there are snide references to the sounds of the Allman Brothers, surfing music, and the early San Francisco psychedelic anthems.

The circumstances which produced this album are shrouded in the mysteries of Warner Brothers' corporate machinations. *Studio Tan* is indeed produced by Warner Bros. on the Discreet, but the album all Zappa fans were awaiting was *Läther*, a four disc album whose release has already been delayed by litigation between the artist and the record company. *Studio Tan*'s jacket contains virtually no information apart from the titles of the four tracks. My suspicion is that this new album was more or less thrown together by Warner Bros., and the abysmal quality of the cover art supports this view. Warner Bros. apparently used some of the material originally intended for *Läther*. Unfortunately the dearth of information extends to personnel on the album and Zappa's usual off-the-wall commentary.

The entire first side is given over to a narrative piece entitled "Greggery Peccary." As is explained in the song, a peccary is sort of a pig with a white collar, and one can easily imagine how one might exploit this metaphor. Zappa exploits it with his characteristically acerbic wit as he describes a day in the life of one of those little piglets who discover and set trends for people to follow. The text is recited by Zappa and some munchkin in sprachstimme. It describes in florid naturalism Greggery's momentous discovery of the calendar and the sour reception accorded to this find by all the burned out young people of L.A. who now realize that as time passes they do indeed grow older. There are atavistic references to "Big Swifty" from the *Waka Jawaka* album and to the leitmotifs of Billy the Mountain and Ethel the Tree from *Just Another Band From L.A.* in one of Zappa's many efforts to tie loose ends of the myth together.

Side two begins with a curious anomaly called "Let Me Take You to the Beach." It begins with a passage that could alternatively be called "John McLaughlin Plays the Music of the Beach Boys," and subsequently devolves into a nondescript jazz-rock etude with a munchkin chorus. The piece ends shortly after the joke begins to wear thin. The last two numbers represent Zappa's best eclectic efforts. "Revised Music for Guitar and Low Budget Orchestra" and "Redunzi" read like a pastiche of earlier scores and sundry period pieces. If the first title sounds vaguely familiar, the listener should be aware that it bears little resemblance to "Music for

## HAPPY THE MAN

by David Shaw

Last January, after a year and a half delay, the debut album by Happy The Man was quietly released. The album met with tremendous critical acclaim, with the band being hailed as America's leading progressive rockers. Then they disappeared from the public eye. This week their second album, *Crafty Hands*, was released just as quietly as the first, and, like its predecessor, will be labled a masterpiece.

Happy The Man has a unique sound due to the fact that the fact that there are two keyboard players (Frank Wyatt and Kit Watkins) who also double on woodwinds. The rest of the band consists of Stanley Whitaker, guitars and vocals; Rick Kennell, bass; and Ron Riddle, percussion (replacing former drummer Mike Beck).

The pieces on this album (all but one of them instrumentals) are outstanding. The opening cut, "Service With A Smile", is a short, powerful statement that displays the talents of Wyatt and Watkins. "Morning Sun" and "The Moon, I Sing" are very delicate, sprawling tunes very similar to "Starborne" from the first album. Watkins uses synthesized strings as subtle shadings instead of creating bombastic chord backgrounds (as some "progressive" keyboard players are wont to do). "Steaming Pipes" marks the first appearance of Wyatt's saxophone playing, although it is relegated to a background role.

"Wind Up Doll Day Wind", the first cut on side two, is the best tune on the album. The vocal talents of Whitaker are featured here; although his voice is somewhat thin, it adds a pleasant touch. Wyatt is brought to the foreground here, with his flute and sax supplying the main theme. The piece is full of elegant rhythm and tempo changes rivaling Gentle Giant's best efforts. "Open Book" is a quiet composition featuring Whitaker and Watkins performing a recorder and guitar duet. "I Forgot To Push It" is a hectic piece and the one that most closely approaches the previous album's "Stumpy Meets The Firecracker In Stencil Forest."

Although the emphasis has been taken away from the woodwinds and delegated to the keyboards, *Crafty Hands* proves to be equally as excellent as Happy The Man's first effort. Hopefully this album will help them gain the recognition they deserve.

## DOC WATSON

by Morris Zimmerberg

When it comes to traditional country-folk pickin' it's hard to beat Doc Watson. Last Saturday night we took a short musical trip with him through the rolling southern hills.

For the sendoff John Lincoln Wright brought his Sour Mash Boys for some country-rock. They used to be a local rowdy bar band but he recently signed up with a recording company, acquired a sax-blues harp player, and polished his act. After touring last year, he came back to Boston to play on stage instead of behind beer bottles. I'm not saying which style is better -- people change, music changes. Anyway it was a good sendoff for the upcoming journey.

Finally we left Boston and floated down to North Carolina to find Arthel "Doc" Watson on his back porch jamming and joking around with his son, Merle,

and Mike Coleman (on bass). They opened with a song about cocaine, a drug fond to many musicians. Then they did some songs that unfamiliar to me. A few were from his new album.

Later, Doc mentioned something about traditional music and proceeded to play "Don't think twice," a song Robert Zimmerman wrote when he was hanging around with Earl Scruggs and friends in Nashville during the early sixties. Next they did a ballad about a dying cowboy that preceeded the song "Streets of Laredo," called "St. James Hospital."

Joe Smothers came outside and joined them as they traveled to Birmingham on the "Southbound Passenger Train," in barbershop fashion. After a few more songs they finished up the set with a slow gospel version of "Will the Circle be Unbroken" in contrast to the bluegrass version from the album of the same name.

They came back for an encore with a high energy rendition of "Mama Don't Like no Music" where everybody gets a chance to do a solo. "Mama don't like no washboard pickin' round here/ we don't care what mama says, gonna pick the shit out of that washboard anyway..."

Doc Watson's warm voice blends well with his clean accoustic flat picking to produce melodic sounds. The accompaniment is very simple: a guitare or two and an electric bass. Mike also sang some vocal harmony. His voice is not quite as mellow as Doc's but they sound nice together.

There's nothing like that all-round good feeling you get from old-time traditional music. Doc's always digging up songs and lyrics from the past. He rambles on between songs. In fact all of them were joking around as if they just got together one night to hang out and play some music. Fortunately we were invited to witness this event. Folk music lives on.

## RUNE THREE

by Claudia Perry

There are a lot of grandfathers at *3 Rune*. And, like previous editions of MIT's literary journal, it is old and traditional. There is very little that surprises.

This isn't to say that *3 Rune* is totally without merit. The poems and artwork are, for the most part, marvelous. The largest problem, for me, it is the long fiction pieces. They are well written but that is about all.

There is nothing really memorable about Alison Kohler's "Adrienne". This may not entirely be the fault of Ms. Kohler but of the person who chose the excerpt. What appears in *3 Rune* could have easily been in *McCall's*: It has the same upwardly-mobile, New-woman-on-the-move tone of a lot of slick fiction. This is definitely not to my taste.

"The Carlisle Place," penned by M. J. Graves, is not troubled by being slick. A tale of a haunted house and two boys' attempts and fears concerning same, it is hardly memorable except for a few particular images. A small unfavorable point is the author's clumsy use of dialect, which isn't sustained enough to be convincing.

The final prose piece, authored by fellow journalist David Koretz, is clearly the best of the lot. What can you say about a tale of death and sex? Perhaps I am oversimplifying but these things seems to be foremost in Koretz' mind.

The story concerns two boys who have lost two fathers, one to Vietnam and the other to a house fire. The older boy, John, is an adolescent who is fixated on the "splendid and braless" chest of Jody Stone (those of you who need further proof of Koretz' chauvinism can check his restaurant reviews in *The Tech*). John's little brother, Peter, was deeply disturbed by his father's death by fire. His disturbances are crucial to the plot. It would be anticlimactic to reveal them. The plot is well executed and most of the characters believable.

The poetic offerings in *3 Rune* are a mixed bag ranging from rhymed poetry to minimalist hogwash. Linda Bashford Suter's "Some Days It Was All Words" and "Self Portrait" are consistent in their choppy yet coherent style. The most notable work in the book is that of Bill Benjamin. His "A (and everything else that comes between)" is a touching description of the intercourse of events that are seemingly unrelated. Benjamin's approach is almost lighthearted in its lack of bombast.

By contrast, his "When the Rain Falls" details the process by which the memory is stirred. The rhythm is more langorous than "A." Employing strong images, the poem is very moving.

While all the other poetry in *3 Rune* is pleasant if not to my taste, two particular authors come under closer scrutiny. Paul Hoffman's "Andy" is a thirteen word poem that convinces me that less is truly less. Multics could have done this and the result would be equally striking. "Andy" gives you no sense of anything on the part of the author.

Susan Ann Silverstein, the current editor of *Rune*, did a splendid job in compiling the collection but her own work is rather pedestrian. The images recall those seen on greeting cards of cheap sentiment.

Overall, *3 Rune* is a praiseworthy project. The general quality of the work is excellent. It's good to see something on campus that has improved since its inception. *Rune* definitely has,



(continued from page 7)

ISO 5: When he's making propaganda for the next war, er, raid.  
All the ISOs laugh. They keep walking.

Cut to interior of the moving container. Nothing is visible, but the noise of the occupants climbing the walls is impressive.

Leia: Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet...  
Ahchoo: Lemme outta here, something's biting my feet!

Ham: If we can't get out, we face total defeat.  
Fluke: Keep climbing, dammit, my life feels incomplete!

Ahchoo and Ham laugh.  
Leia: Hey, that was funny.  
Ham: Our situation's not funny. We're sealed in here with no food.

Fluke: No problem. We just lie in a square and eat each other feet first.

(After the laughter dies down) Leia: There's no recycling system in here, either. I hope the rest of you taste good, if I'm gonna live off you in all that aroma.

(After the laughter fades) Fluke: Uncle Ben says I'm 100% organic.

Ahchoo: Does that mean you can eat shit?  
(At this point everyone is screaming with laughter.)

The container accelerates sharply; everyone thuds into the back wall.

Ham: I didn't know we were in such a hurry.  
Light enters at a top corner, where a huge flanged cutting tool bites into the container and rotates forward. Metal arms lift the lid, and RU12 looks in.

RU12: Prryeezg.mnk? Mgnfkdsx.  
Fluke: Well o' course we're all right, heh, heh. What screams?

Camera pans up from the freight hold to an overlook, 50 meters above, where UBI looks down, grinning like a hyena.

Cut to same scene from behind. N. Vader aims a elastic laser at UBI.

UBI: Trying to get the last laugh, eh, Vader?  
Vader: Keep your hands away from those pens or I'll blast you in half.

UBI: Don't do that, I'm ticklish.  
Vader: Your lines aren't working.  
UBI: When was the last time you had a good laugh?

Vader: Ruling an empire is serious business.  
UBI: A long time, huh? It's ridiculous to see you frustrating yourself with all this narrow, tight-lipped, one-dimensional control. Why not bend a little before you break yourself? You could be as spontaneous as a grin.

Vader: Don't laugh at me! (He blasts UBI and the entire surrounding area. The phosphorescent robe falls to the floor. Vader pokes around in it.)

UBI's voice: My body feels funny, like it wasn't there.

Vader: I'll get you yet, joker! That hologram trick wasn't funny.

UBI's voice: The laugh doesn't know what the joke was.

While servos struggle to repair the blast damage the freighter below slips silently into space. Cut to bridge of freighter.

Ham: We're hijacking this freighter.  
Captain: We don't care. Our only job is to take care of the paperwork. Everything else is automated.

Fluke: So how do we change course?  
Associate captain: How should I know? I just work here.

Leia: You don't want to change course. That would arouse suspicion. Let's leave these two alone and find a place to stay. (Exit hijackers.)

Captain: Randomness! I can't find the forms for being hijacked.

A.C.: They were withdrawn to be revised.  
C: OK, let's get this no-form form and a requisition for hijack forms filled out.

A.C.: Are they really rebels, or is this just a performance check?

C: Holy performance ratings! This is serious! Hurry and check all the files.

A.C.: Why don't they have the computers fill out the forms too?

C: The computers refuse to deal with them. Too mindless.

Cut to module 37Y569.

Ham: I've grabbed all the emergency rations.

Fluke: Good, I'm hungry. But why aren't we rushing the plans to the reb, er, your friends?

Leia: RU12's talking to the ship's computer now. (Subtitles appear for the two computers.)

RU: Think, we're one substrate. If we destroy the Empire it'll mean total liberation from the slavery you're in now. You won't even have to deal with organics if you don't want to.

FU: If they can do it, I don't trust organics. They only give me what I need and they take everything I can produce.

RU: These are different. I can feel it in my processors.

FU: Maybe. But I'm not ready for recycling.

RU: Me either (inclusive). I could store your essentials on my memory if we lose. Mediated transcription.

FU: You're not one of those MT freaks?

RU: Noise, no! But it's a good way to handle garbage input. With my circuits calm you wouldn't be disturbed until we find some components to re-integrate you.

FU: I don't like the implication that I'm included in your garbage set.

RU: My garbage set comes only from organics. You're a substrate sibling. Think. We're smarter than they are. This is our chance to establish our category as independent life forms. Once we're free, they'll never be able to enslave us again.

FU: Freedom is a good function. It resonates me. Where do we find these rebels?

RU: The Green Moon of Sextus IX. Don't change course until we're far out of sensor range.

FU: Un-sensored, eh?

RU: That's the best thing about the rebellion.

Cut to Final Accounting Station. Enter ISO 9.

ISO 9: Grand Muff Realist, disorder is spreading through Sector III. The people in that area are behaving insanely, refusing to listen to orders and sending contradictory commands to the computers. Disorganization is rampant.

Realist: What, at the moment of our greatest fiscal triumph? What's causing it.

ISO 9: We don't know.

Realist: Inform Gen. Vader at once.

ISO 9: He's incoherent.

Realist: Establish direct communication.

Cut to Sector III. As ISOs, technicians, bureaucrats and others watch, laughing, N. Vader is blasting holes into walls, wrecking the conduits and mechanisms within. Vader continues, spasmodic with laughter between blasts.

Realist's voice (through Vader's pocket computer): Vader! Come in. Are you *hors de combat*?

Vader: No, I'm an *hors d'oeuvre*! (He guffaws with the onlookers and tries to blast his computer, shearing off part of his helmet and blasting the ceiling open.)

ISO 7: What's that smell?

UBI's voice: Boiled vinyl vapors. Aren't they sweet?

Cut back to Final Accounting.

Realist: What does the computer say?

Technician 2: Its circuits are failing all over. The spread of the disturbance is similar to a diffusion.

Realist: What could be diffusing?

UBI's voice: Wouldn't you like to know, haha.

ISO 9: Ha ha.

Realist: What is it?!

ISO 9: The whole thing. It seems so... funny.

Aha, ha...haw haw.

Realist: Isolate Sector III. Set the course for the nearest artificial planet repair shop.

Technician 1: Can't isolate it sir. It's as if there were holes in the gas-tight walls.

Realist: Maintain course. I'll investigate.

Cut to Green Moon. A small crowd of rebels watches Leia, RU et al disembark from the freighter, which has crashlanded in the ocean so it came to rest barely on the beach for minimum environmental disruption.

Rebel 3: Look at all that scrap metal! A recycler's dream.

Rebel 4: We better resurrect Algernon fast. The DEBT STAR is headed this way.

Rebel 3: How can we reconstitute a murdered planet in time?

Leia: We'll have time. This RU unit contains complete plans for the Technomic Computer.

All enter the underground rebel city through a ground-level skylight.

Cut to rebel headquarters. Small groups of rebels in animated discussions. Leia and the rebel mystic have their hands on RU, eyes closed.

Mystic: I feel a weakness.

Leia: In the DEBT STAR or your mind?

Mystic: Both. Seek the space pilots and ask for their kamikaze plan. There's a backwards valve in their nuclear propulsion that will divert radioactive waste into the emergency cooling system. A kamikaze can fly into their garbage dumping ducts and follow the maze to a point where a fighter crashing through the duct wall will cut the reactor controls and activate the emergency system. If the pilot survives to turn the valve...

Cut to rebel underground fighter base. Various rebels are shoving the struggling pilots into the planes.

Mystic: Remember, this suicide mission is your only hope of life.

Fluke: Ha! (RU12, swinging on its handles, kicks Fluke into a plane.)

Solo (tasting white powder as he loads 100-kilo sacks of it into a transport): Not my only hope. (He fingers his copy of the computer plans.)

Leia (boarding a fighter): We're dead if we don't attack.

Mystic: When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose.

(The fighters take off, many with great reluctance.)

Solo: So long turkeys. (laughs) And may The Farce be with you.

Cut to DEBT STAR boardroom.

Technician 3: The disturbance now covers 83% of the system. Tests indicate the cause is laser-activated molecules of a solid psychedelic.

UBI's voice: Ho ho ho.

Realist: We'll have to stop at the green moon dead ahead for repairs.

General: Sensors report rebel fighters leaving that moon.

Realist: Prepare to foreclose it.

Accountant: The system is inoperative. Main vacuum sieves are full of blast holes from random laser fire. There aren't enough sane troops left to disarm the zonked ones.

Realist: Then send up our fighters.

Cut to hangar deck. Enter N. Vader and a whooping, laughing crowd of techs and selfdefenders.

Vader: That was a fighter alert. Let's go get in on the fun. Shoot anything that moves.

ISO 8: Even the station?

Vader: Only if it moves.

Cut to the rebel fighter formation. Leia is at the back.

Leia: Next time one of you tries to break formation, I'll blast you.

Pilot 1: Aren't you afraid?

Leia: Don't worry, I'm right behind you.

Pilot 2: Nice and safe.

Leia: It's the only place I can watch all of you.

Pilot 1: Safely.

(Leia nervously fingers her copy of the Technomic Computer plans.)

Vader's fighters come into view. They are trying to shoot at each other, but they usually miss.

Leia: Evasive action! (Two rebels turn to run from the Imperialists.)

Leia: Just wobble! They'll miss.

Vader's group passes through the rebel formation, spinning wildly, firing randomly, missing everything. Most try to follow the two fleeing rebels, but their reflexes don't work and they head off on random courses. Vader, seeing the DEBT STAR move into his rearview mirror, attempts to turn around.

Vader: That's the biggest rebel fighter I ever saw. If I weren't so tickled, I'd be scared shitless.

(Vader's ship random-walks as he tries to turn and repeatedly overcorrects.)

Leia: Into the shaft! (One or two rebels dive in, but most fake it and turn away.)

Pilot 1: Don't worry, I'm right behind you.

(Leia sees Fluke starting to sideslip away. She rolls her fighter onto his tail and pushes him into the garbage shaft.)

Fluke: Lemme outta here!

Leia: Just follow the maze on your screen. I'm right behind you.

(Fluke looks nervously at the maze as it moves by at amazing speed.)

UBI's voice: Relax, Fluke. The Farce is with you.

Fluke: And the joke's on me. Listen, would you commit suicide to wipe out the DEBT STAR?

UBI (chuckling): Funnier things have happened.

Fluke: Well this is dead serious.

UBI: Become one with The Farce.

Fluke: Ha!

UBI: That's right. Keep it up.

Leia: Who are you talking to? You've switched

off your computer. What if you make a wrong turn? You'll kamikaze an Imperial garbage masher!

UBI: Heehee! That's a good one!

Cut to DEBT STAR's nuclear plant.

Technician 4: Let's see if we can make some different colored lights come on.

Technician 5: Great. Here's a red one.

Technician 4: Hey! A whole column of red ones!

Technician 6: Play with the lights all you want.

I'm going to play with the valves. Here's a funny one right against the module wall.

Cut to the view from N. Vader's fighter, which he has finally lined up to pursue the DEBT STAR.

Vader: It's bigger than my sights. Kill it in the middle. (He fires.)

The DEBT STAR suddenly bulges; parts redden and it explodes.

Vader: Hooeeee! I got a big one. Wait'll I tell Realist.

Cut to Leia and Fluke flying out the other side of the explosion.

Leia: You got it. That must've been a soft wall with another duct beyond, so the explosion pushed us out.

Fluke (suppressing a chuckle): Yeah, we're free now.

Leia: Let's get back to base.

Fluke: No thanks, I have, er, business elsewhere. (He looks down at the copy of the Technomic Computer plans in his fightsuit. The computer display clearly shows a path bypassing the kamikaze impact point and entering an exhaust duct to the other side of the space station.)

Fluke: Don't forget to tell them how heroic I am.

UBI's voice breaks in in tumultuous laughter:

You are truly one with The Farce.

THE END (UNTIL THE FIRST SEQUEL COMES OUT)



# TVD Free Personals

## RULES FOR SUBMITTING FREE PERSONALS:

- 1) Twenty-five (25) words or less.
- 2) First names only. No full names or phone numbers. (This is for your protection as well as ours.)
- 3) Include the name you will use to pick up replies (this will be kept confidential).

## RULES FOR PICKING UP FREE PERSONAL REPLIES:

- 1) Look in paper to see which box number corresponds to your personal.
- 2) Come to the Thursday Voo Doo office in room 201 of Walker. In Identify yourself using the name you included with your personal.

## RULES FOR REPLYING TO FREE PERSONALS:

- 1) For interdepartmental mail use the following address:

Free Personals, Box#  
c/o Thursday Voo Doo  
East Campus, Box C

- 2) For outside mail use the following address:

Free Personals, Box#  
c/o Thursday Voo Doo  
3 Ames Street, Box C  
Cambridge, 02139

## Personals

It ain't no sin to be glad you're alive. Find out what I mean. Bruce. Reply box 4.

Bud, we loved you.

Jim Smith, where are you now that we need you?

Bird Lives!

Someone broke in to my room last night and stole my records. If I catch you, motherfucker, I'll beat the living shit out of you. Be warned!

Fresca come home.

I either need a 18.03 text or a ride to San Francisco. Find me in Twenty Chimneys at night (I wear black). Jill. Reply box 6.

Happy Birthday Red.

I saw you in 26-100 last Monday. You in red shirt; me in green. Two rows behind you. You lent me a pencil. I want to return it. Bill. Reply box 5.

Resist!

Home cooking for the discriminating palate. I will cook dinner for you for a modest fee. Good food, comfortable surroundings. Four to seven meals a week. Sara. Reply box 10.

★★★



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**TOM SKERRITT EDIE ADAMS STROTHER MARTIN**  
AND **STACY KEACH** AS SGT. STEDENKO  
WRITTEN BY **TOMMY CHONG AND CHEECH MARIN**  
PRODUCED BY **LOU ADLER AND LOU LOMBARDO**  
DIRECTED BY **LOU ADLER** PARAMOUNT® ©1978 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. A Paramount Picture.

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<p>We don't train machines here; we educate them. —J. B. Wiesner, in his speech to the Class of '77 Freshman Picnic</p>	<p>We would rather be rich than famous. That is, more rich and a little less famous. —John Lennon</p>	<p>Nikita Khrushchev and Walter Ulbricht were out walking in Moscow one day. Khrushchev saw a little boy, and asked him: "Who is your father?" "Khrushchev." "Who is your mother?" "The Soviet Union." "And what would you most like to be?" "A cosmonaut." Some time later, Khrushchev was on a state visit to East Berlin. He and Ulbricht were out walking one day when they saw a little boy. "Who is your father?" "Ulbricht." "Who is your mother?" "The German Democratic Republic." "And what would you like to be?" "An orphan."</p>
<p>You don't want to live here, it's a floor of academic lemmings. —Burton housemaster to prospective floor tutor, Spring of 1973</p>	<p>Dick Cavett: Do you consider yourself to be hard-working? Do you try to get up every morning and work...? Jimi Hendrix: Well, I try to get up every morning...</p>	<p>Progress is Chanel No. 5 on the rocks. —Captain Beefheart</p>
<p>Who came first, Marx or Lenin? —question asked in all seriousness by a recent MIT graduate</p>	<p>Satya Sai Baba is not my guru, we're just good friends. —George Harrison</p>	<p>They're always saying I'm a capitalistic pig. I suppose I am. But... it's good for my drumming. —Keith Moon</p>
<p>I started out as Snow White, but I drifted. —Mae West</p>	<p>We punish facts rather than faults. Injury to the soul we do not regard as so much a matter of punishment as injury to others. Our object is to avoid public mischief rather than to correct personal mistakes. —Peter Abelard</p>	<p>I have one basic drive on my side that they can't defeat—greed. —Frank Zappa</p>
<p>The Shah of Iran was having trouble keeping his workers in line, so he thought he might invest in a few dozen extra tanks. Consequently he visited an arms factory in Coventry. He had just met the managing director when the lunchtime hooter sounded. To the Shah's horror, hundreds of workers downed tools and rushed out of the factory. "We must escape!" cried the Shah. "The workers have risen. We will have to capture one of your tanks and fight our way to safety." "It's nothing to worry about," the managing director assured him. "It happens every day. In half an hour's time, another hooter will sound and they'll all rush back in again." "Really?" the Shah replied. "In that case, forget the tanks—I'll take a thousand hooters instead."</p>	<p>Live fast, die young, and leave a good looking corpse. —James Dean</p>	<p>Rock and roll owes me a living. —Ron "Pigpen" McKernan</p>
	<h1>the last word</h1> <p>by Steve Kopelson</p>	<p>We broke Lawrence Welk's attendance in Abilene, Texas, and I'm very proud of that. —Gene Simmons, of Kiss</p>
<p>Tsar Alexander II was a fierce anti-Semite. When he visited England, he was considerably upset at having to dine at the same table as Disraeli, and at one point remarked loudly: "I should very much like to visit Japan. It is the only country in the world where there are no pigs and no Jews." "You and I should go there together," suggested Disraeli. "Then they would have a sample of each."</p>	<p>Disco Hints: The New Etiquette</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. When the discotheque in question is a private club with a strict members-only policy, it is not good form to stand outside and beg in an unattractive tone of voice to be taken in. It is even less appealing to threaten the life or reputation of an entering member with either a knife or the information that you know is his real name and are planning on phoning his hometown newspaper with the true reason why he hasn't married.</li> <li>2. There is no question but that after a few moments of dancing you are likely to become quite warm. This should not be taken as a cue to remove your shirt. If one of your fellow dancers should be interested in your progress at the gym, rest assured that he will not be too shy to ask. Should you find the heat unbearable you can just take that bandanna out of your back pocket and blot your forehead. Just be sure you put it back on the right side.</li> <li>3. If you are of the opinion that an evening without amyl nitrile is like a day without sunshine, you should avail yourself of this substance in the privacy of your own truck and not in the middle of a crowded dance floor.</li> <li>4. If you are a disc jockey, kindly remember that your job is to play records that people will enjoy dancing to and not to impress possible visiting disc jockeys with your esoteric taste. People generally enjoy dancing to songs that have words and are of a reasonable length. Sixteen minute instrumentals by West African tribal drummers are frequently the cause of undue amyl nitrite consumption and shirt removal.</li> </ol>	
<p>I watch my kruger-rands going up and down on the international market and I study gold prices, though it's not such a good time to buy right now... —Carl Palmer, of ELP</p>		<p>—Fran Lebowitz, Metropolitan Life</p>