RELAX—THE REACTOR IS UNDER OUR CONTROL
Professor Rasmussen: a man who can only be described as a senile incompetent. His balding head sporting two ghastly moles with long black hairs that always stick straight up. His eyes are the same as just another pair of these moles. He spends hours upon hours in his office in Building 12 having graduate students constantly rearrange his stuffed-bird collection into various poses.

Like other senile people Professor Rasmussen has lost control of his subordinates and flutters constantly. Almost often enough to punctuate his sentences.

For his own safety I hope he never gets near the policeman who struck me on the head.

It... Jews smell. Arabs smell. The stench of a black man within 10 feet of the officer would have been enough to make him nauseous. American morality is dictated by non-Americans. Americans don't smell. When they're losing their way they come waving cold foil and sprayed with perfumes. The State Department would rather avoid moderate overseas than food or health. It never publicly emits radioactive, American genes aren't destroyed by radioactivity. Radioactivity only destroys foreign genes.

I pick up those goddamn leaflets before I start for lolling at them.

My left hand was badly bruised and I was only able to close three of my fingers. Get up — or, we could be used, and I don't have the time or, getting busted when I don't have to.

Has here at MIT think so.

Happy Ending Ruins China Syndrome

reviewed by A. Rotelle

I come out of the theater after seeing The China Syn- drome saying, "Boy, that was a good movie." The excellent pacing and quality and entertainment value made it a very enjoyable cinem- a experience. In fact, I can't remember the last time that I thought that the total time of a film was so good. Lately I've seen films where I was impressed by one or more components of the film—the acting, the story, the cinemato- graphy, etc., — but didn't feel great about the film as a whole. Each independent element of the movie was very profes- sional and well done. It was easy to watch because of the smooth sound and photography. The acting was realistic and realistic. They test authentic- ity to the story rather than the story. They bring a show of photon technology that one so often sees in the mo- tion picture. Scenes in the nuclear power plant and the TV news- room were shot in actual power plants and a newsroom with the expert advice of the em- ployees there. The control room of the power plant is a contracting construction — still- litaris with gauges and indica- tors that actually correspond correctly to the action in the story.

The acting was uniformly (continued on next page)
China Syndrome

Wellesley. They were not only real people but they were good. The writing and the acting produced remarkably realistic people. No one was a stereotypical good guy or bad guy. They were real people in what appeared to be a very real world. The film was well researched. Characters, sets, and situations strove to be realistic rather than fantastic.

The story is simple. Jane Fonda and Michael Douglas, as her cameraman, are at a nuclear power plant filming a feature on nuclear power. Just as they're being shown the control room an accident happens in the plant and it is apparent by the distress of the control room personnel that a major nuclear disaster may occur. In this tense, suspenseful scene the film doesn't play on the suspense to give a cheap thrill. It shows the situation from the realistic viewpoint, with the characters being regular people who, faced with a crisis, get an adrenaline rush, blow up, and bite their fingers-nails. The crisis passes but the plant must be closed for repairs and inspection. Fonda and Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant owners are powerful enough to keep the possibility of danger a secret, though. Jack Lemmon, who was in charge of the control during the crisis, decides that he must make people aware of uncorrected problems in the plant that present a threat to their lives despite the danger of losing his job and to his personal safety. Together now Fonda and Michael Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant must be closed for repairs and inspection. Fonda and Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant owners are powerful enough to keep the possibility of danger a secret, though. Jack Lemmon, who was in charge of the control during the crisis, decides that he must make people aware of uncorrected problems in the plant that present a threat to their lives despite the danger of losing his job and to his personal safety. Together now Fonda and Michael Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant must be closed for repairs and inspection. Fonda and Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant owners are powerful enough to keep the possibility of danger a secret, though. Jack Lemmon, who was in charge of the control during the crisis, decides that he must make people aware of uncorrected problems in the plant that present a threat to their lives despite the danger of losing his job and to his personal safety. Together now Fonda and Michael Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant must be closed for repairs and inspection. Fonda and Douglas then struggle to get their story told. The plant owners are powerful enough to keep the possibility of danger a secret, though. Jack Lemmon, who was in charge of the control during the crisis, decide
Finance Board Terminates The Tech

Yesterday, the Finance Board (Finboard) of the Undergraduate Association (UAA) of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) voted to stop the publication of The Tech, a student newspaper. The final issue will be published on Friday, April 5, 1979. Finboard voted unanimously to cancel the $50,000 loan which is due from The Tech:

1. to cease all publication and other production operations;
2. to incur no further debt or financial liabilities;
3. to turn over all assets and supplies to Finboard;
4. to turn over all financial records to Finboard.

(The letter is reproduced below.)

The $50,000 loan was approved in 1976 for The Tech's purchase of new, state-of-the-art typesetting equipment. At the time, it was expected that The Tech would be able to pay back the money by raising funds through advertisement sales, outside production work, and student fees. Since then, it has become clear that The Tech is run by "twits, twerps, and wimps who just can't get their act together," says Colten. "It became clear when we saw what equipment they bought with the loan money that it was sorely out-dated - that they don't know what they're doing when it comes to newspaper publication. But we were encouraged by Dean Robert Holden to 'ride out the storm' and give The Tech a couple of years to learn," Colten said that those years are up - and they have not learned yet.

At The Tech's office last night, though, it was "business as usual" - they had one last issue to put out, and apparently felt that the show must go on.

The Tech was founded in 1881, and until 1979 was the official newspaper of MIT. In the spring of 1979, it was decided: no longer was it the official newspaper, and suddenly there was strong competition - Ergo, Thursday, Tech Talk - which made impossible to maintain the size and quality which had made The Tech one of the most respected university newspapers in the country. In fact, as of 1969, plans were made to make The Tech a daily newspaper; those plans had to be scuttled in 1970.

Since then, The Tech has stumbled and faltered. Last year, the twin blows of the start of The Review (a.k.a. The Beaver) and the merger of The Tech and Finboard reverberated even worse damage to the doddering, weakened giant that the newspaper had become.

The most philosophical of our campus newspapermen, the lofty-minded rationalists of Ergo, are floundering in the phenomenology of their own internal policies. As of last staff meeting, the existentialists had fallen into deadlock debate over the rationalities of their own journalistic existence and publication.

As of the last coherent report the upper echelons of the staff had developed a Sartrean defense of their policies, holding that the journal-of-itself and the journal-for-itself were mutually dependent and self-justifying.

The hard-pressed psychotic right flank attacked on epistemological grounds with a cross interpretation of Heisenberg and Kierkegaard; Accordin to their conclusions, the paper-ego of a social gestalt must be directed by the more prudential illusions of the specific "metabolism" of the social organism.

The third faction, the wide center of the supporting staff, responded alternately with wide-eyed Gawls and small whimpering noises and then with broken beer-bottles and a mock-bayonet switchblade charge.

After the elite had departed, calm descended as a result of the mounting casualty tolls. Ergo is not expected to out a future issue for some time. These serious conflicts must be resolved before production may resume, and as of this moment, the editorial staff, three have left town, two are in the hospital, and the remainder are being held under police protection. None were available for comment, and no plans for a future meeting had been made.

Two of those arrested had been arraigned and released, and the other four stayed incarcerated overnight. This incident highlights and reflects the serious lack of focus and proper direction in the imbalanced philosophical stance the journal has assumed for some time. Although their conceptual approach is not inherently inappropriate, their method of analysis and assumption-matrix-base are often stilited and weak. Their logic is typically convoluted and obscure, Ergo fell by force of gravity.
Trancendental intersubjectivity is the concrete self sufficient absolute ground of being, out of which everything transcendent (and with it, the real and what exists in the world) obtains it's existential sense as the being of something that only in a relative and therewith complete sense is an existing thing, namely as the being of an intentional unity which in turn exists as the result of transcendentental bestowal of sense, of harmonious confirmation, and from an habitualty of lasting conviction that belongs to it by an essential necessity.

- Edmund Husserl

I am dazed and confused because my lungs have not contained particles of marijuana smoke for months. In order to get high, I have been consuming alcohol, which makes me sick, mentally. I realize that only the police and the Coast Guard can obtain marijuana, which I love and need to function. Many systems of my nervous channels have ceased to function. The pigs are a bunch of fascists, while the Coast Guard gets tans and beautiful women. I now accept these facts. I will join the Coast Guard.

-sheaux fly pie

"YES, we are wasted. Come in."
- commander cosmic

"We do drugs, yes, we do take and smoke and shoot and snort and rub into our genitals and get high. Yup."
- anonymous campus patrolman

I will surely snort your cocaine
Even if it's Sugaree.
- captain trips

so often times it happens that we live our lives in chains and we never even know we have the key
- eagles

Time is just a box of rain;
Though I see the morning sun,
West of Moon I'd rather run,
And the seagull flies again.
- the wanderer

Nothing hurts less.*
- just different

So, after long debate, it comes to this: Suppose you do become the great scientist and discover the secrets of the universe, whereby you proclaim "F*ck this" and turn yourself into a being of pure energy and coexist impenetrably with the rest of the cosmos. Imagine the true realization of disembodied spirit. But then think: after eons and eons of this godlike bullshit, you'd probably say "I'm bored. I know all there is...", and you'd fold up and become nonexistent. Which is exactly what would have happened if you hadn't discovered the secrets of reality. Pretty fucking dismal prospect, no matter how you look at it, unless... unless, of course, you're not alone. Surely we wouldn't be the first to be there, and if one of us could get there than two surely could. Which changes the prospects from dismal nonexistence to eternal consciousness, which is, to say the least, a highly subjective option.

-Maharishi Yogi Indole ben Leary MDCLXXXVI

Try not to think of the non-involved as being specifically limited to those of us who have been on the acid experience, but rather consider it to be an indication that the holder of said viewpoint to have been experienced.

- Blue Streak

Ether with a B stands for LSD.
- B. S.

Mommy's alright, daddy's alright they just seem a little weird. Surrender, but don't give yourself away.
- advice from Anita Bryant

things do not become "more true" with a greater incidence of times that you think they are.
- ricky

"Life is like a bucket of shit with the handles on the inside."
- long m. greenhaus

And time still has nothing to do with it. Neither does four.

"They have no hope of death and in their blind and unattaining state their miserable lives have sunk so low that they must envy every other fate."
- psychiatrist's description of mit sophomore slump

- all quotes courtesy of the coalition for the creation of subjective universes

One can comprehend the true nature of the mind through realizations as to the structure, nature, and function of the brain. Comparing the brain with a large, complex computer, certain parallels can be drawn. The first is that most of the equipment is memory--useless in and among itself. Now that I've made that statement, I've forgotten the rest. Never mind.
- the pessimistic philosopher

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