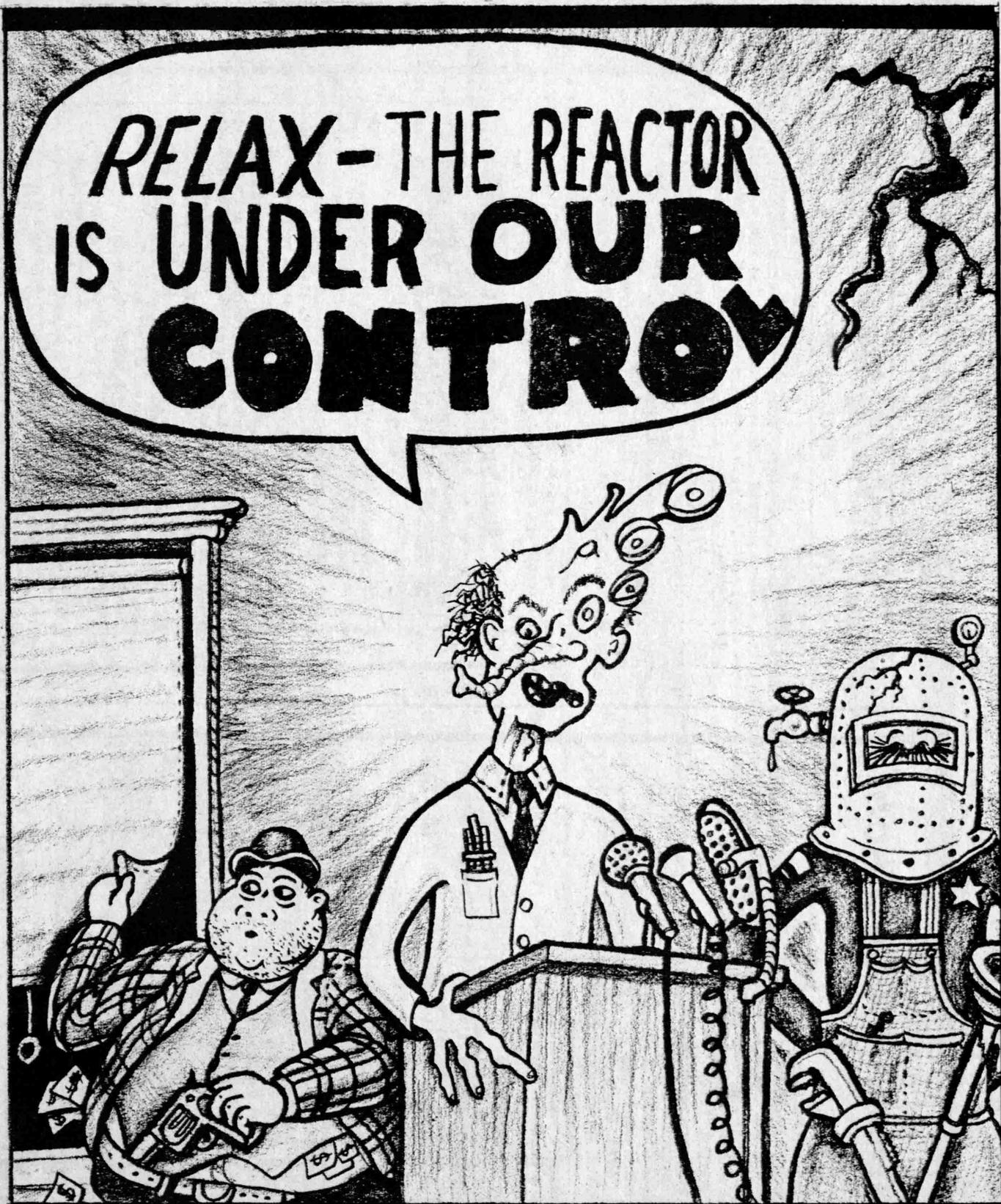


Thursday VooDoo

April 5, 1979



MIT Professor Lies About Nuclear Safety

Wednesday morning I stood in front of the Prudential Center with about 1,000 other college students chanting anti-nuclear slogans:

Hell No! We Won't Glow!
Send King to Harrisburg!

By 12:15 over 2,000 more students had joined us. BU, Brandeis, Tufts, Wellesley, MIT.

"Excuse me," said a rather handsome young man with a blazer. "Is Harvard's name on that list? If it's not, please put it down."

By 12:30 over 5,000 people had gathered and the procession started down Boylston Street led by a Boston Police motorcycle escort. Everything was fine. Elaine and I handed out leaflets to people on the sidewalks. By the time we got to Arlington Street people were still joining the march at the Prudential Center. It was a quarter to one and the bells started ringing. Pigeons, hundreds of pigeons, flew into the sky. People cheered. "America, We Love You," and "No Nukes." We then stood for a moment of silence to remember Martin Luther King, who had been shot in Memphis eleven years before.

I tried to hand one of my leaflets to a cop.

Instantly he brought his inch-and-a-half thick mahogany billy-club from behind his back and whipped it across my hands knocking the leaflets all over the ground.

My hands felt broken — like they'd been caught in a car door. I bent over holding them together. I could still not believe what had happened. An American policeman had just physically attacked me without

any provocation. But as I looked into his grimy half-shaven face and mouthful of brown teeth I realized this was no different from American corporate executives and even professional engineers slapping the hands of anybody who dares to suggest there might be other sources of energy besides nuclear reactors by denying them grants, refusing to recognize their knowledge, or silencing them in the media.

"You know something, kid?" The Cop said, "You smell. I think your face looks like my dog's ass. You know if it weren't for you goddamn Jews we'd have all the oil we'd need and wouldn't even have to fuck with nuclear power."

That's it . . . Jews smell, Arabs smell. The stench of a black man within 10 feet of the officer would have been enough to make him puke. American morality is dictated by the nose. Americans don't smell. When they shit it comes wrapped in gold foil and sprayed with perfume. The State Department would rather ship deodorant overseas than food or health services. Especially if it's radioactive. American genes aren't destroyed by radioactivity. Radioactivity only destroys foreign genes.

"Now pick up those goddamn leaflets before I arrest you for littering."

My left hand was badly bruised and I was only able to close three of my fingers. Yet I picked up all the leaflets — they could still be used, and I don't believe in wasting my time getting busted when I don't have to.

Was all this necessary?
Men here at MIT think so.

Men like Professor Norman Rasmussen.

Professor Rasmussen: a man who can only be described as a senile incompetent. His wobbling bald head sporting two ghastly moles with long black hairs that always stick out. His eyes are basically 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 sphincter and flatulates 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 common. It would be disastrous. And yet this is the man ultimately responsible for the construction of many of the nuclear plants in this country. This is the man who said, "Nuclear energy is how the sun works — why can't we have some of our own?" I almost heard this man speak recently.

Almost.
Not even the best microphones can pick up words unless a mouth gives them life. The few sentences I heard him utter distinctly gives even a better clue to the depth of his indoctrination. The mind police do not tolerate loose sentence structures. They control. They deaden the senses. They stop you. They are stolid. They obfuscate. They reveal, to a significant portion of the audience, about what they want to, which is whatever is considered by the

speaker to be statistically important enough to consider, taking into account all relevant factors, but without any quantitative analysis of the problems, which are exactly what you are supposed to think you heard him say.

The winds of April have blown the debris of Harrisburg as far as Maine. But they carry more. There's a new scent in the breeze. The police smell fear. I smell revolution (see box on this page). Nuclear energy will never be paid for by those it kills. An unpopular law will not be tolerated. I smell the odors of civil disobedience beginning to rise from the cooling towers of Harrisburg and the empty bottles of alcohol left behind after April 16.

Fenway Park booed when King threw out the first ball. Brandeis was closed by a student/faculty strike over divestment. Boston University faculty walked off after the contract they and the administration had agreed to was rejected by the board of trustees.

The time has come again when we must protect our rights. We will drink as much and as often in public as possible. We will piss under Norman Rasmussen's door. Perhaps some student who works in the faculty club can put radioactive wastes in his lunch. Remember — you can't see or smell it. Nor do we need to travel to Harrisburg to find a reactor — there's one right on campus. It's in back of the Necco company. We will have a strike. We do not exist. We live! And we do not want to live — we do not want our children to live — in the radioactive desert.

Revolution Urged by Outcasts

What we ask is nothing less than total revolution. Revolution whose forms delineate a future untainted by inequity, domination or disrespect for individual variation. In short, feminist-anarchist Revolution.

That is what is needed at this school. Professors who respect those students who do not conform to their way of thinking. The administration should stop trying to smother the flames of genius that pour forth from the students who live life the way they see fit and not the way society sees it.

What these fools see are only the things that are guaranteed in life: namely, death and taxes. The geniuses on the other hand see the pleasures in life, such as lying in the sunshine, sailing on the river, smoking what they wish, dropping what they wish and doing everything to the max.

Another thing administrative personnel concentrate on in profit. If they're losing money because of you, you're the one who gets the axe. However, if they're losing money because of themselves, they'll give themselves even more money. Great, huh? It should make more and less sense as we go on.

They are the types who worry about how much profit the company will lose because the reactor failed. Not once does it cross their minds that thousands of lives, including their own, are at stake.

Probably the best way to state their lifestyle is "God helps those who help them-

selves and God help those who get caught." So long as no one who can do something about it is aware of the extremely large amount of fraud and downright theivery they're in it's perfectly all right. But the minute that person gets caught, everyone does their best to nail him to the wall. Why?

To set an example to the young upcoming administrative people not to get caught. Never say not to do it, simply don't get caught.

Is this the way we want our world to be run? By a bunch of dirty underhanded corrupt individuals who set themselves up as the supposed intelligencia?

If you have any doubts, let me tell you the correct answer in one word:

NO!
We won't stand by and let this collection of demagogues ruin our rights and freedom.

Two hundred years ago, our forefathers concluded that they would not stand for the oppression from a similar group of antagonists.

That time, my friends, has come again. In order to stop them a Revolution must take place. And know that together we can conquer their way of life and furthermore show them that our way is the better!

Happy Ending Ruins China Syndrome

reviewed by A. Rozzelle

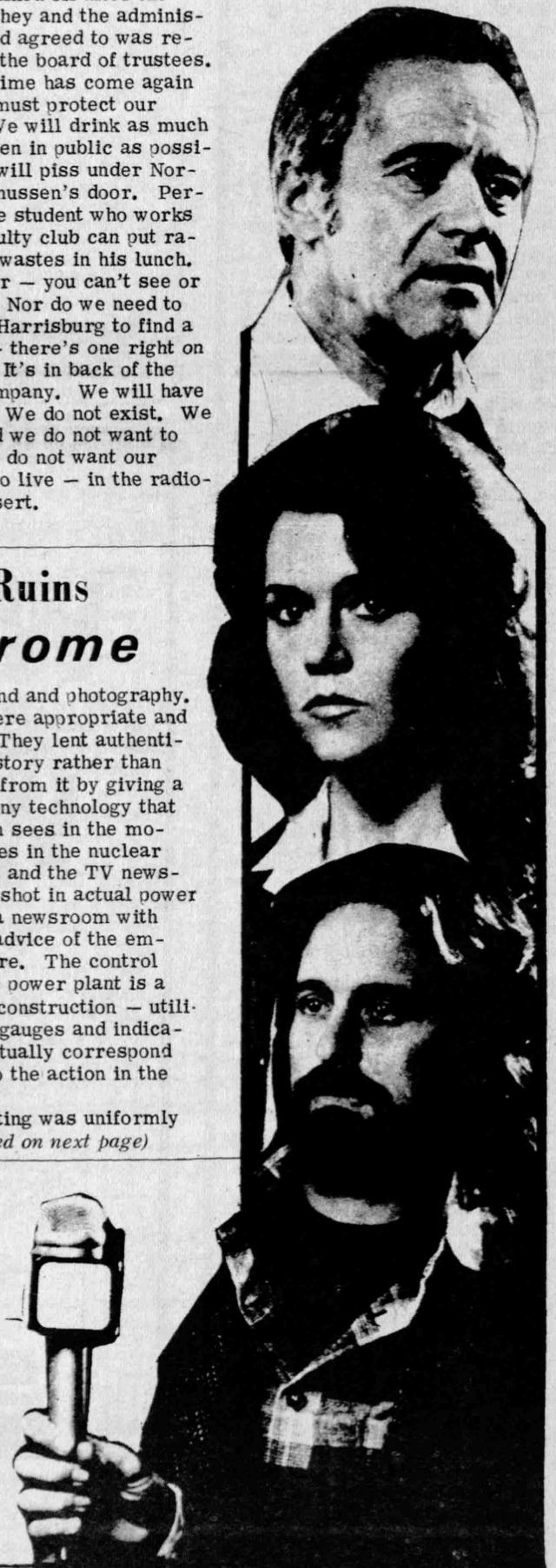
I came out of the theater after seeing *The China Syndrome* saying, "Boy, that was a good movie." Its excellent quality and entertainment value made it a very enjoyable cinema experience. In fact, I can't remember the last time that I thought that the total of a film was so good. Lately I've seen films where I was impressed by one or more components of the film — the acting, the story, the cinematography, etc. — but didn't feel great about the film as a whole.

Each independent element of the movie was very professional and well done. It was easy to watch because of the

smooth sound and photography. The sets were appropriate and realistic. They lent authenticity to the story rather than distracting from it by giving a show of phony technology that one so often sees in the movies. Scenes in the nuclear power plant and the TV newsroom were shot in actual power plants and a newsroom with the expert advice of the employees there. The control room of the power plant is a convincing construction — utilitarian with gauges and indicators that actually correspond correctly to the action in the story.

The acting was uniformly (continued on next page)

Jack Lemmon, Jane Fonda, and Michael Douglas (top to bottom) appear concerned as *The China Syndrome* is threatened in Harrisburg, Penn. (photo: Overthrow, YNS)



China Syndrome

(continued from previous page)

excellent. Every character seemed real. Jack Lemmon was outstanding as the power plant's control room manager. His middle-aged, trying-not-to-make-waves, dull, little man with an awakening conscience is totally convincing. He also makes the character's transition to bravery and moral conviction completely plausible. Jane Fonda looks great. With her hair dyed red she plays a soft news TV reporter who is trying to get real news assignments and be taken seriously. Again, with the help of research (Fonda spent time with real newswomen on the job) the character is totally convincing. I could go on about each character but they were all good. Both the writing and the acting produced remarkably real people. No one was a stereotypical good guy or bad guy. They were real people in what appeared to 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 adrenalin rush, blow up, and bite their fingernails. 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 Lemmon battle the power company to make the public aware.

This movie is a success. Douglas, the producer, and Fonda set out to make an eye-opening and entertaining film. It was certainly entertaining, and it did a good job of opening eyes. Even without the fortuitous coincidence of the problem in Pennsylvania, this movie would probably have made an important dent in the public consciousness. By not being hysterical and overzealous it makes its point. Although it is propaganda one doesn't feel that one is being subjected to such. The movie presents real people living in our world trying to deal with technology and big business. You know how frustrating that can be. Well, this film shows those ordinary people trying to make their lives better and succeeding as best they can — not one-dimensionally or completely, but by winning a little; the way things can really happen. So it gives hope and sets an example for the rest of us.

Thursday VooDoo

Thursday VooDoo is published constantly by The Indoor Plant Club, a recognized activity of the Association of Student Activities (A.S.A.) of the Undergraduate Association (U.A.) of the Dean for Student Affairs Office (D.S.A.) of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.). Our offices are in Room 301, on the third floor (Charles River side) of the Walker Memorial Building, 142 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Thursday VooDoo is the Journal of Culture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this newspaper are entirely satirical. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred.

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Circulation: 8000 copies, distributed at M.I.T., Wellesley, and stores throughout Cambridgeport.

This issue is dated April 4, 1979, and is Volume 67, Number 16. VooDoo founded in 1919.

Invite the bunch...

Mix a great, big bucket full of Open House Punch

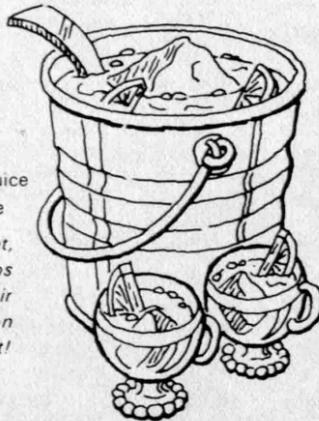
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Finance Board Terminates *The Tech*

Yesterday, the Finance Board (FinBoard) of the Undergraduate Association (UA) 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*; in a letter dated April 4, 1979, Tom Colten, Chairman of the FinBoard, directed *The Tech* to:

- cease all publication and other production operations;
- incur no further debts or financial liabilities;
- turn over all assets and supplies to Finboard;
- turn over all financial records to Finboard.

(The letter is reproduced at right.)

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 solicitation of alumni. 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 - poorly designed, and 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 that one last issue to put out, and apparently felt that the show must go on.

The Tech was founded in 1881, and until 1970 was the official newspaper of MIT. In that year, its downfall began: no longer was it the official newspaper, and suddenly there was strong competition - *Ergo*, *thursday*, *Tech Talk* - which made it impossible to maintain the size and quality which had made *The Tech* one of the most respected college 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 *thursday* and *VooDoo* caused even more damage to the doddering, weakened giant that the

Yesterday, in a ceremony in the plush Undergraduate Association offices in the Student Center, this letter was presented to the top two officers of *The Tech* by the chairman of FinBoard. (letter: courtesy of Gordon Haff, *The Tech*)

newspaper had become.

We at *ThursdayVooDoo* mourn the passing of our older brother, *The Tech*. The same thinking as is involved in the fight between Boston University and the Boston University newspaper, *The Observer*, seems to be at play here. And look at what's happening at Boston University now! Who knows what could happen at MIT?

Gordon Haff, Executive Editor of *The Tech*, said, "The newspaper had become a joke on campus. I can only hope that it will be remembered for what it was, not what it is."

"We will, I hope, be remembered," Haff said, "for covering all the news - even that which no one else wanted to know. I think a lot of people really enjoyed having the comic strip and intramural sports scores to read on Tuesday and Friday mornings."



UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
WALKER MEMORIAL CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF FINANCE BOARD

UN 4-6900
EXT. 2696

April 4, 1979

The Tech
attention: Steven F. Frann, Chairman
Thomas Curtis, Editor-in-Chief

Dear Steve and Tom,

As a result of the meeting of the Finance Board of Thursday, April 4, 1979, at which a review was made of the financial condition of *The Tech* which had been under continuous supervision since May, 1976, the following action was approved:

1. It was determined that the current liabilities of the activity (approximately \$50,000.) could not reasonably be expected to be repaid, in the foreseeable future, given the present net income available from publication.
2. That the arrangements between the Finance Board and *The Tech*, in effect since September, '76 had proved unworkable.
3. Therefore the Board directs *The Tech*
 - a) to cease all publication and other production operations.
 - b) to incur no further debt/liability or other obligations.
 - c) to turn over all assets and supplies, inventory, accounts collectable and capital to the Finance Board for liquidation, for payment to creditors, or for purposes as seen fit by the Board.
 - d) to turn over all financial records to the Finance Board.
4. In addition, the Board has requested that the ASA take steps necessary to derecognize *The Tech* as a member of the Association of Student Activities in light of the above points.
5. This action was not taken lightly by the Board, and they had entered the arrangement with *The Tech* anticipating a more hopeful result. However, because of the extent of the impact of these accumulated liabilities on Finance Board and undergraduate resources, the Board felt that it could not proceed otherwise.

Sincerely,

Tom Colten
Chairman, UA Finance Board

c: Steve Berez
Edwin Diamond
Edward Donnelly
Robert Holden
Barry Newman
Ken Russell

Floundering Focus Folds *Ergo*

The most philosophical of our campus newspapers, the lofty-minded rationalists of *Ergo*, are floundering in the phenomenology of their own internal policies. As of their last staff meeting, the existentialists had fallen into deadlock debate over the rationalism 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 entrenched psychotic right flank attacked on epistemological grounds with a cross interpretation of Heisenberg and Kierkegaard. Accord-

ing to their conclusions, the super-ego of a social gestalt must be directed by the more primal impulses of the specific "metabolism" of the social organism.

The third faction, the wide center of the supporting staff, responded alternately with wide eyed gawks 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 put out a future issue for some time.

These serious conflicts must be resolved before production may resume, and as of this moment, of 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 plan 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 philosophic stance the journal of reason for some time. Although their conceptual approach is not inherently inappropriate, their method of analysis and assumption-matrix-base are often stilted and weak. Their logic is highly convoluted and obscure. *Ergo* fell by force of gravity.



BASKIR

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 transcendental bestowal of sense, of harmonious confirmation, and from an habituality of lasting conviction that belongs to it by an essential necessity.

- Edmund Husserl

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 of said viewpoint to have been experienced.

- Blue Streak

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

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

the last word

by butch and sundance with a little help from our friends...

Mommy's alright, daddy's alright they just seem a little wierd. 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.

"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

sdzpe

"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

So, after long debate, it comes to this: Suppose you do become the great scientist and discover the secrets of the universe, whereupon you proclaim "Fuck this", turn yourself into a being of pure energy and coexist imperiously 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 MDCCLXXVI

the sight of an ear becomes, with a flash of a word, the glance of an eye, that diamond-like glance, becomes, with the passage of time, the flash of a hypodermic syringe.

it is only after jumping off of one precipitous edge, and just barely missing the next, that one realizes that.

support the struggle of the iranian people for hash.

- handwriting on the wall