EXCLUSIVE!
Rock & Roll Issue!

Interview with Duane Glasscock!

and...
The Return of WITS!?
He's not just cloning around.  

An Exclusive Interview with New England's Youngest Disc Jockey.

by Scoop Acow

I had arranged to meet Diane in the lobby of the Providence Hotel. When I got there, she was nowhere in sight. Then it occurred to me that I had never been inside before. I saw the elevator attendant what he looked like. "Oh, you should have no trouble recognizing him," he said. "He'll be the one making all the noise." Then, as I was going over my notes, a well-dressed, clean-cut, and very self-assured gentleman stepped off the elevator. Having confirmed his suspicious, we proceeded to the 50th floor. Once we got there, we demanded no time and got right into the interview.

Scoop: I heard you had a birthday recently. How old are you?

Diane: Well, I went back to Montana to get reeled, then they somehow got me on with my first hard rock card, so the process failed. I'm still 18. I was supposed to turn 18 in Nov, S.A.: What about your hobbies?

D.G.: A lot of people think I'm Charlie's clone, but that's one hundred percent wrong. I was supposed to find out when I turned 18, Who knows when that'll be.

S.A.: Considering your age and chemical status, do you think of yourself as being sexually aware?

D.G.: Well, right before I went to Montana, I figured it was about time to be. Just around the same time, I met an older woman,(22) and we started seeing each other on a regular basis. Now, I'm not saying we had sex, or anything, but, well, let's say she taught me a lot.

S.A.: How did you get your job here?

D.G.: WRCB was trying to hire minorities, actually, they were looking for pretty, young, black women, but they couldn't find any. They were pretty lucky. So I showed up, and they figured I was enough of a minority.

S.A.: I heard a broadcast of yours last summer, when you said something contraversial about Arba- trum's Racing Service. What ever came of that?

D.G.: As you recall, I asked my listeners to send Arrests to a bag address for the bad ratings they gave my show. Well, lots of people did it, but I got fired for saying "shit" on the air.

S.A.: What do you think you'd like to do if you weren't a D.J. ?

D.G.: I think I'd be like a Don Law red-shirt man. Then I'd get a chance to throw my weight around, I wouldn't be extremely pushy, or anything, but I'd let them know who's boss.

S.A.: Have you ever been in love?

D.G.: As a matter of fact, I've been staying nights in a cold attic, like, we all carry calculators and stuff like that.

S.A.: Let's talk about that last night. What would you like to do if you weren't a D.J.?

D.G.: I think I'd like to be a Don Law red-shirt man. Then I'd get a chance to throw my weight around, I wouldn't be extremely pushy, or anything, but I'd let them know who's boss.

S.A.: What kind of music would have to be rock & roll.

D.G.: I think radio is already being replaced by beakempong.

S.A.: How do you handle what every D.J. fears the most?

D.G.: Well, as far as I'm concerned, I'm afraid of religious comparisons being made with drugs. I know that happens, just look at Charles and Mark P.

S.A.: Do you have any religious views?

D.G.: No, I don't think there's a place for your soul to go when your body dies, but I think there's a reason why. I think of religions are doing the world a favor, like Christians and Jeho- vah's Witnesses, spread all that good talk around. S.A.: What's your favorite D.J. of all time?

D.G.: Dunno. I think almost every D.J. who's been around.

D.G.: You're older than me? WOW!

S.A.: Yeah, you know, I can't usually talk to people my age.

D.G.: Yeah, I know, They're so immature!

S.A.: You're right! Listen, what do you see yourself doing ten years from now?

D.G.: I don't know, but I should make a date to check in with each other then, and we can see how we've changed.

S.A.: Considering your age and chemical status, do you think of yourself as being sexually aware?

D.G.: I think so. I pick my nose. You know how you recall, I asked my listeners to send Arrests to a bag address for the bad ratings they gave my show. Well, lots of people did it, but I got fired for saying "shit" on the air.

D.G.: If you don't recall, I asked my listeners to send Arrests to a bag address for the bad ratings they gave my show. Well, lots of people did it, but I got fired for saying "shit" on the air.

D.G.: I don't think that school is all it's cracked up to be, That's all.

S.A.: That's what you think, you appear to be well educated, but you're still a minor. Either you graduat- ed early, or you're a drop-out.

D.G.: Well, I was a precocious child, so I graduated at the age of eleven.

S.A.: Do you have any religious views?

D.G.: I went to grammar school in Woosook, Rhode Island, then went to Leominster Jr. High. I'm not qualified to answer. What do you think of the Police are responsible individuals who will use weapons only as a last resort and only in cases of extreme emergency. The MIT Campus Patrol also has the authority to carry guns. Presumably the members of the Campus Patrol have destruction enough to discharge their firearms only in extreme emergencies. Given this, you might be surprised or even shocked to witness a uniformed Campus Patrolman explodes a plastic bag filled with about two gallons of water was thrown off the roof of Becks. The bag attacked a moving taxi cab, shredding the front wind- shield of the cab and injuring the driver. The bag was only one of many projectiles thrown off the roof that night which included an unused radiator. When the Campus Patrol Investigated the dormitory the next morning, they found that a whole banister on the third floor of the "50" entry had been smashed to pieces. Tommy Couch, the producer, Rick Varney, and Jack Shoemaker, the rest. They asked very little in return, so they never get paid.

S.A.: We're all heard about your early retirement. What made you decide to leave radio?

D.G.: Well, mostly, I've decided to retire because I'd rather be in the living room. The first, I've been offered the opposite of this to play an extra in the newest disaster film. It's all about mosquitoes.

S.A.: That sounds challenging. Well, I have no other questions. In there anything you'd like to add?

D.G.: No. That should just about wrap it up. So if they don't like it, tell them to try and plug up a rotor.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has the most comprehensively illegal drug laws in the country. Mere possession of a handwritten card can land someone in jail for a minimum of one year. In Cambridge, the Police carry guns. Society confers upon the Depart- ment the privilege to carry guns. In order to maintain peace, justice, and order, the Department of Justice presumed that the Police are responsible individuals who will use weapons only as a last resort and only in cases of extreme emergency. The MIT Campus Patrol also has the authority to carry guns. Presumably the members of the Campus Patrol have destruction enough to discharge their firearms only in extreme emergencies. Given this, you might be surprised or even shocked to witness a uniformed Campus Patrolman explodes a plastic bag filled with about two gallons of water was thrown off the roof of Becks. The bag attacked a moving taxi cab, shredding the front wind- shield of the cab and injuring the driver. The bag was only one of many projectiles thrown off the roof that night which included an unused radiator. When the Campus Patrol Investigated the dormitory the next morning, they found that a whole banister on the third floor of the "50" entry had been smashed to pieces. Tommy Couch, the producer, Rick Varney, and Jack Shoemaker, the rest. They asked very little in return, so they never get paid.

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Campus Patrolman Explodes Firecracker in Bexley Courtyard

by Jack Shoemaker

The story really begins early Wednesday morning January 31. As approximately 5:00 am on Wednesday, a plastic bag filled with about two gallons of water was thrown off the roof of Becks. The bag struck a moving taxi cab, shredding the front windshield of the cab and injuring the driver. The bag was only one of many projectiles thrown off the roof that night which included an unused radiator. When the Campus Patrol Investigated the dormitory the next morning, they found that a whole banister on the third floor of the "50" entry had been smashed in addition to the exterior damage.

Campus Patrol surmised that drugs might have been the cause for such ruthless and senseless destruction. Regardless of the cause, the Campus Patrol stepped up the patrol of tumultuous dormitory in order to arrest further disorder and violence.
In 1915 the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) endorsed a study, headed by Norman Rasmussen, MIT nuclear engineer, concluding that the occurrence of a major nuclear accident in the United States was as likely as the occurrence of a disaster caused by a meteorite falling to the earth: about once in a million years. This study was used to justify the continuing operation of sixteen plants with government-identified safety hazards.

Last month the NRC endorsed a critique of the Rasmussen study (Lewis, Harold et. al; Science, 29 September 1918) that repudiates the nuclear accident likelihood figure. As of one week after the endorsement of Lewis' critique, the Union of Concerned Scientists is calling for the shut down of the sixteen above mentioned operating nuclear reactors.

The State Legislature Governmental Regulations Committee held a hearing last Tuesday to hear testimony on a bill pending legislation that would raise the drinking age from 18 to 21. Massachusetts Governor Edward King said that since the current drinking age was instated in 1913, the roads have been plagued with teenage fatalities due to drunken driving. He added that nineteen-year-olds were "just too young mentally and physically" to drink. State Senator John W. Olver countered by stating that anyone in Massachusetts is a thirty minute drive to a neighboring state with an 18 drinking age. Thus there would be more drunken driving. He also said that the King administration has been releasing "deliberately misleading" traffic fatality statistics to support drunken teenage driving claims. State officials are fairly confident that the legislation raising the drinking age will pass. The governor's office said, in a phonecall, that many people have been calling expressing their opposition to the bill. If you care at all about the situation, a phonecall couldn't hurt. The State House number is 723 - 3600.

Canadian's Premier Pierre Elliot Trudeau set up a 9 member task force on Canadian Unity to investigate possibilities for the future of Quebec. Many of Quebec's french-speaking citizens favor autonomy. In response to this situation the 18-month study proposed a "special status" for Quebec that would keep the province within the federation while recognizing Quebec's right to self-determination. The task force's report was well received by the Canadian government and the national opposition but not the Quebec government.

In the middle of January, the Advent Company surprised its workers by announcing their move to New Hampshire within a month of the statement. As a further screw to the workers, they said that preference would be given to local New Hampshire residents and seniority status of Cambridge workers following the move. The company has chosen to solve this problem at the expense of the workers.

"Just one of our relatively invulnerable Poseidon submarine -- comprising less than 2% of our total nuclear force of submarines, aircraft and land-based missiles -- carries enough warheads to destroy every large and medium-sized city in the Soviet Union."

Okay—So how do you follow Duane Glasscock? Except with a broom, shovel, and a can of Lysol? Rumor has it that next week he’s returning to Afghanistan ending his nineteen-year exile. Congratulations, Duane.

Well I’d like to turn this into a real hate column, but there just aren’t that many truly despicable characters around here worth mentioning. Hear that, Clod? Actually I’d prefer to use a sexual slur, but since you’re a woman I don’t think that’d be appropriate, Bitch.

Interesting. You and Harlan Ellison are the only two people I’ve talked who claimed to be writers. While I’m still here I’d like to commend the artist who painted the nice little flag on the inside of the toilet bowl outside the office. Yep, pissing on your country’s flag is—right up there alongside all the other great American traditions of genocide and mass slaughter. Besides it keeps all of the uppity graduate students with sticks up their asses from using the restroom—especially since they don’t seem to know how to piss in the sink. Helps keep the place nice and clean, too.

Hey fuckers here’s some news that’s really a great thunderfuck. There’s a big defense plant somewhere in the Southwest where they take the raw uranium and plutonium from the refining plants in Kentucky and Ohio and use it to manufacture warheads. Of course they then have to transport the little bastards across the rest of the US to all the airforce bases. Exclusively for this purpose they keep a small fleet of camouflaged, armor-plated, and highly-armed Winnebagos. They even go so far as to put tourist stickers all over the back windows. Give the guards a nice supply of beer, too. Now remember all of that may be highly classified so don’t tell anyone else.

Thought for the day: Drugs don’t always kill you, but they can often make your life more pleasant.

See Scoop Away: Allright fuckers, where’s the Lysol?

Join Our Staff:
TODAY at FIVE

Artists
Writers
Photographers
Proofreaders
Typists
Critics
Addicts
Maniacs
Drop Outs
Pot Smokers
Pot Rollers
Salesmen
Saleswomen
Salespeople
Engineers
Electricians
Interviewers
Managers
Doctors
Students
Musicians

As you can see, we are all types of people from all walks of life doing all sorts of things. If you fit into one of our categories and have pride in what you do, check us out this afternoon at five pm in the office. Walker room 201. BYO

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

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

We’re eager to talk to people with bright minds, ambition and the urge to make big technological advances. We’re looking for the successors to the great thinkers.
So, if you’re approaching graduation and looking ahead to a career in research and development or engineering, talk to Gould. We’re offering you as much independence as you need. You’ll get all the responsibility you can handle. And there’s no limit to the rewards.

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

Call, write, or see us on campus February 15.
Call your placement office for an appointment. Or write to Employee Relations Dept., 40 Gould Center, Rolling Meadows, Illinois 60008. The phone number is (312) 640-4417

Equal Opportunity Employer M/F/\n
8 February 1979
I think we were talking about new bands. So I can go see you.

B. I'll still be playing.

A. Anything else?

B. No.

A. Right. What is Baby's Arm doing now? They've changed their name?

B. Yeah, to the Classic Ruins.

A. And it'll always be dead.

B. I've changed my mind. I may just make up some more.

B. Well I do think a couple of bands could really make it big.

A. Like to have lunch? Ha, You buying?

A. Certainly.

A. We just finished our contract with Red Star; we don't make them listen to us. It's their tough shit. We don't make them listen to us.

A. I think they should all be thrown into a turbine generator with a few cars and some torches.

B. I think they'd sound better, at least. But, what do I know? I'm just a rock critic anyway. Stop me if you think I'm out of line, but do any of you guys ever engage in any hedonistic activities?

A. You mean like drugs and wild-sex orgies? Yeah we do. We have guitars.

B. Speaking of dead, I thought I should ask you, a question that might alleviate any hard feelings of some of the unspoken majority at M.I.T. What do you think about the Grateful Dead?

A. Personally I think they suck.

B. Hey, not that, but they're dead.

A. I think they should all be thrown into a turbine generator with a few cars and some torches. They'd sound better, at least. But, what do I know? I'm just a rock critic anyway. Stop me if you think I'm out of line, but do any of you guys ever engage in any hedonistic activities?

A. You mean like drugs and wild-sex orgies? Yeah, we do all that stuff.

A. What of your fans? Do you like them? What about your fans? Do you get into something like, kick? Say, animals?

B. Yeah, as I didn't catch anything.

A. You're your only characters.

B. I think you tell all about the Beantown music biz.


B. What can you tell us about the Beantown music biz? Like, something we don't or may not be allowed in. It is your gig.

A. What could I tell you? I see.

B. I am pretty empty at the moment. It's time for us to be moving on soon. Of course, most places around here always fuck you over. We don't play around here anymore. 'Cause with all the ass kissing you've got to do, we've paid our dues, all that kind of being used. But you've got to expect that when you're starting out. It's a tough business. It's all up for us.

A. What do you see for the immediate future?

B. Yeah. We just finished our contract with Red Star. We're free to do anything we tell you. We just left.

B. We're not playing with you.

A. We've got some good demo tapes, and now we'll be making a big city tour, ending in California, and we will stay there until late spring. Maybe some recording, get warm!

B. I wonder if I'll be able to see those, too.

A. You're a really tight band.

B. Right. What is Baby's Arm doing now? They've changed their name? We're a really tight band.

A. I think you could be really good if they lasted. That's the problem. The Dawgs. We think they'd get some, too. They have good tunes and a lot of energy.

A. What do you think of punk being dead? I mean, I thought it was always dead. I thought that was the idea.

B. Not too many. That's when you're starting out. It's a tough business. They're really tight band.

A. You know, some people compare her with Patti Smith. I used to be in a band (Baby's Arm) who changed guitarists and drums, and it's really a tough shit. We don't make them listen to us. It's their tough shit. We don't make them listen to us.

A. What of your fans? Do you like them? What about your fans? Do you get into something like, kick? Say, animals?

B. Yeah, but not only that, but she's got the right kind of energy.

A. What do you think of the competitive scene here in Beantown? Do you mean like drugs and wild-sex orgies? Yeah we do. We have guitars.

A. When did you start playing?

A. I've changed my mind. I may just make up some more.

B. Hey, not that, but they're dead.

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MIT DRAMASHOP presents
AUGUST STRINDBERG'S
A DREAM PLAY
directed by ROBERT N. SCANLAN
sets by WILLIAM FREGOSI
lighting by EDWARD DARNA
costumes by MINA VANDERBERG
LITTLE THEATRE, KRESGE AUDITORIUM, MIT
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TICKETS: $3.00 RESERVATIONS: 253-4720

ADB FUNDING

The Activities Development Board is presently receiving applications for capital equipment funding for student and community activities until February 21. Applications may be secured from Dean Holden's office in room W20-345.
The Deer Hunter is not a good movie.

The cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond is fine. The opening shot is of a truck barreling through a small town in the early morning light, then, as the truck passes by the steel mill, the camera cuts to the interior of the mill, where we first meet the characters of the movie as they work near the blast furnace where the molten metal is fed out into a channel. The grayness of the morning light matches well with the grayness of the interior. The deer hunting episodes, filmed in Washington, on top of Mt. Baker were, of course, visually beautiful. The authenticity of the Viet Nam battle scenes were greatly enhanced by filming them in nearby Thailand.

The setting was also good. Robert De Niro, as Michael, dominates the film as he should, because of the group of friends whose life the film depicts, he is the unsung leader, the man the rest of the friends look to. He emerges as the typical American hero whose prototype is Sergeant York. His two friends, Nick (Chris Walken) and Steve (John Savage), who enlist with him and go to Viet Nam also have roles which allow them to do some acting and they do a creditable job. But the rest of the gang, who remains home, do not fare so well. Their roles are flat, without any chance of development. John Cazale as Mike Miller and Slavko Avsenik as Axel; when the two of them leave the steel mill at the beginning with Nick, Steve, and Michael, we know exactly who they are and never learn a thing more for the next three hours. Their acting is good, but there is really nothing for them to develop.

The only real woman's role in the movie is Linda, played by Meryl Streep. Even then her only purpose is to be the girl back home, waiting for her man, Nick, to return. Yet the day before the boys leave for Nam she seems to be attracted to Michael. This works well later in the movie, but that seems to be the only reason for including it.

The problem with the movie is the plot. Directed Cotterbock and co-written by Michael Cimino, the movie is done in the same personal way that although Cimino had something very important to track to let the audience know when something is happening, he could not quite figure out how to say it. For example: before they leave for Viet Nam, Steve is married to Angela (Rutanya Alda) who is just beginning to show signs of pregnancy. That was a nice touch, but not willing to leave well enough alone, there are suggestions that it might not be Steven's child. At the end of Russian Orthodox wedding ceremony they drink a cup of wine and Angela spills two drops on her white wedding dress.

In our first view of Viet Nam, a North Vietnamese comes stalking through a village, drops a grenade down into a bomb shelter where several women and children are crammed together. After the explosions, a woman and her child come crawling out of the shelter, begging for mercy and the soldier shoots them down. This is too much for Mike, who comes running out of the bush with a flame thrower and torches the soldier. After a few seconds of agonizing screams, Mike pumps him full of bullets until Nick and Steve stop him. The scene might have been to show the horrors of war and what it does to people, but instead it evoked loud applause and cheering from the audience, a reaction which surely would please Cimino. It would seem that Cimino is trying to show us how the bond of friendship can survive even in the most harrowing experiences. Only scenes of grabbing ass and steel mill workers drinking just not enough. The deer hunting scenes at the beginning and the end of the movie are intended to show the friendship, but the bond never appears; they just spend their time bickering. Where the energy of the film appears is not in those friend's relationships but rather in what appears to be Cimino's real interest; the story he wants to tell is lost in the explosions and tortures of War, which he lets the camera dwell upon.
The best decision is an intelligent one.

*The best decision is an intelligent one.*

The best decision is an intelligent one.
This thing all things devour:
   Birds, beasts, trees, flowers:
   Gnaws iron, bites steel:
   Grinds hard stone to meal:
   Slays king, ruins town,
   And beats high mountain down.

— J.R.R. Tolkien

Have you ever had a witch bloom like a
highway on your mouth? and turn your
breathing to her fancy? like a little car
with blue headlights passing forever in
a dream?

— Richard Brautigan

Do not meddle in the affairs of wizards,
For they are subtle and quick to anger.

— J.R.R. Tolkien

Understanding is a virtue hard to come by,
You can teach me how to love,
If you only try.

— Jefferson Airplane

Wrap the babe in scarlet covers,
Call it your own.

— The Grateful Dead

I don't know . . . it must have been the
roses . . .

— The Grateful Dead

Don't worry, I'm still here.

— Anonymous

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death,
Open your heart wide and the body of life.

— Khalil Gibran

When two hearts are joined, and steep
I will take the ring, though I do not know

— Frodo Baggins

When love beckons you, follow him,
And when his wings are spread among his pinions,

— Bilbo Baggins

And when the sword hidden among his pinions
may wound you.

— Khalil Gibran

When love beckons you, follow him,
Gnaws hard stone to meal.

— J.R.R. Tolkien

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