BEWARE!

CAMPUS PATROL BUSTS thursday - STORY IRAN: GOING DOWN NEW TUBES SUPPRESSED

BUCKY FULLER TRIES TO HELP the Ides of March
Exotic travel and elegant hostilities no longer have the same privileges as the Ark, Arab oil sheiks, Greek shipping magnates, and Hollywood personalities. Now a thriving growth industry of international seminars and conferences bestows these same privileges on the vanguard of the American intelligentsia. Excessive population growth is decreed in the protective luxury of a lakeside villa in a densely populated Mediterranean country. World hunger problems are savored by the new technocrats of the breakfast table between sumptuous repasts. Urban and global poverty is sanitized amid the opulent surroundings of exclusive country resorts. The darkness of emotional depression is illuminated at a medical gathering on a Caribbean island.

Heretical observers have sometimes wondered why a country faced with so many outstanding problems should be so plentifully endowed with so many under-utilized authorities ready to resolve them. They do not understand that in a highly advanced society the supply of available advisers increases in geometric proportion to the growth of unresolved problems.

Thus, a plethora of experts abounds: urban specialists to demonstrate with charts and graphs that American cities are in the state they manifestly are in; economic development analysts to provide compelling evidence that poor nations and peoples are less well off than the rich; political strategists on the Horn, the Cape and the Gulf to explain how the world can be averting war; educators to describe Utopian communal schools in China and Israel rather than declining standards in East Harlem or the South Bronx; moral and legal philosophers to draw fine distinctions between political and economic rights for distant peoples deprived of both.

Despite economic uncertainty and the declining dollar, the deep-thought industry enjoys all the conditions for irreversible expansion. It has a ready supply of producers, scenarios, locations and seasoned professionals whose material needs little refurbishing for repeat performances. It has an exhaustive audience infected with the virus of subsidized global travel for which no antidote has ever been discovered. And it has troubled steps in constant need of colloquies on the eternal verities. They will be scheduled shortly at the same place for the same people under the same idyllic conditions—with the same results.

—David Heaps, from "The Leisure of the Theory Class"

In proposing a model the scientist must try to slip between two dangers: he must not lose the systematic unifying power of his theory by including within it a variety of relatively unrelated, ad hoc assumptions; but he must not also disentangle it from the real world into an ideal world of his own. The latter is essentially Platonism, which restricts possible knowledge to the pure forms, on the grounds that observable phenomena can never exemplify them adequately. It is for this reason that it is often desirable to hold on to a variety of different theories, each of which explains only certain aspects of what can actually be observed, rather than trying to reduce them all to one.

I have argued that a model gives a theory coherence by presenting its concepts and laws as features of a single underlying process. To this it might be objected that if we already understood this process well enough so that merely introducing it would count as an explanation, we would not need a theory.


The theory is expounded in Chapter 4 (of Jay Forrester’s Principles of Systems), devoted entirely to the structure of systems. However, when one attends closely to details, one finds little in the way of explanation. The notion of feedback is never fully explained. Evidently, positive feedback is simply a barbarism denoting growth, while negative feedback has something to do with servomechanisms. But one cannot be sure. Terms like “decision” and “decision process” get dragged in without much explanation:

As used here the decision process is one that controls any systems action that comes after an explicit human decision. It can be a subconscious decision. It can be a governor that requires no explicit human decision. It may be the valve and actuator in the chemical plant. It can be the natural consequences of the physical structure of the system. Whatever the nature of the decision process, it is always embedded in a feedback loop. The decision is based on the available information; the decision controls an action that influences the system level; the new information arises to modify the decision stream. (from Principles of Systems, 1969)

Conoisseurs will want to read this paragraph backward as well as forward.

—David Berlinski, On Systems Analysis

Before the Beginning there was this Turtle. And the Turtle was alone. And he looked around, and he saw his neighbor, which was his Mother. And he lay down on top of his neighbor, and behold, she bore him in tears, an oryx. Which grew all day, and then fell over, like a bridge. And lo, under the bridge there came a Carpathian, and he was never seen again. He was walking, and he was the biggest he had seen... And so were the firey balls of this fish, one of which is the Sun, and the other, they call the Moon... . . . Yes, some uncomplicated peoples still believe this myth. But here, in the technical vastness of the Future, we can guess that surely the Past was very different. We know for certain, for instance, that for some reason, for someone beginning, there were hot lumps. Cold and lonely, they swirled needlessly through the black holes. These insignificant lumps came together to form the first union—our Sun, the heating system. And about this glowing gasbag rotated the Earth, a cat’s eye among aggies, blinking in astonishment across the Face of Ti.. . .

—Firesign Theater, “I Think We’re All Bazos On This Bus”

The theory is explained in Chapter 4 of Jay Forrester’s Principles of Systems, devoted entirely to the structure of systems. However, when one attends closely to details, one finds little in the way of explanation. The notion of feedback is never fully explained. Evidently, positive feedback is simply a barbarism denoting growth, while negative feedback has something to do with servomechanisms. But one cannot be sure. Terms like “decision” and “decision process” get dragged in without much explanation:

As used here the decision process is one that controls any systems action that comes after an explicit human decision. It can be a subconscious decision. It can be a governor that requires no explicit human decision. It may be the valve and actuator in the chemical plant. It can be the natural consequences of the physical structure of the system. Whatever the nature of the decision process, it is always embedded in a feedback loop. The decision is based on the available information; the decision controls an action that influences the system level; the new information arises to modify the decision stream. (from Principles of Systems, 1969)

Conoisseurs will want to read this paragraph backward as well as forward.

—David Berlinski, On Systems Analysis

Heretical observers have sometimes, Professor Forrester, whose own brain has presumably smashed through the barrier of simple systems, has been sustained in his analysis by communion with the powers of systems theory.

The concepts of structure and dynamic behavior apply to all systems in both social and natural settings. Such dynamic systems include the processes of engineering systems, biology, social systems, psychology, ecology, and all those whose positive and negative feedback processes manifest themselves in growth and regulatory action.

—David Berlinski, On Systems Analysis

Despite economic uncertainty and the declining dollar, the deep-thought industry enjoys all the conditions for irreversible expansion. It has a ready supply of producers, scenarios, locations and seasoned professionals whose material needs little refurbishing for repeat performances. It has an exhaustive audience infected with the virus of subsidized global travel for which no antidote has ever been discovered. And it has troubled steps in constant need of colloquies on the eternal verities. They will be scheduled shortly at the same place for the same people under the same idyllic conditions—with the same results.

—David Heaps, from "The Leisure of the Theory Class"
The Association of M.I.T. Alumnae invites departments, students and faculty to nominate candidates for the Association of M.I.T. Alumnae Senior Academic Award. The Award will be given on the basis of academic excellence to a woman student in the class of 1979. Factors that will be considered are cum, and depth and breadth of academic accomplishments as shown in course work, special projects, and/or thesis research.

The Association of M.I.T. Alumnae is especially interested in receiving nominations from departments' research advisors and members of the Class of 1979.

Nominations should be addressed to:
H. Dany Siler
Room 3-108
M.I.T.

Nominations should be submitted by:
March 30, 1979

The Award will be presented at the AMITA meeting on May 5, 1979.
Thanks to Indonesia

Terror and Facts Continue in Timor

by Stephen Bradley

The small South-Pacific nation of East Timor has been, for several years, the scene of a particularly bloody and unnecessary conflict. The issue here is the part of neighboring Indonesia has been accompanied by the passive and passive by the active opposition of the democracies. The Portuguese Revolution of 1974, the colony, having been promised independence, began to organize its internal political structure. One party, UDT, more radical than the others, won the election on October 16, and apparently was the cause for a sudden declaration of independence on November 28. The last action appears to have been some connection with Fretillenn.

James Dunn, well experienced journalist of the area, reports that UDT administers were functioning effectively and enjoying widespread support. Australian member of Parliament Ken Fry testified to the same effect before the U.S. Senate Committee.

Meanwhile the Indonesians had begun to conduct border raids on September 14. They captured a town 10 km from the border on October 16, and another on November 28. The last action appears to have been the cause for a sudden declaration of independence by Timor.

On December 7, 1975, after the departure of President Ford and Henry Kissinger from Jakarta, the Americans invaded and captured the city of Dili. In July, 1976, the U.S. government received an increased number of C-130s to begin the infiltration of UDT into Indonesia. After the last action had set up a UDT Council in Dili, the costs of the conflict have increased. The Americans have been headquartered in the Netherlands East Indies.

The Pol Pot government has restated its determination to keep the East Timor border pledging not to attack friendly neighbors. The United States has once again sacrificed its status ideals and moral precepts for the sake of its political alliances. We have allowed enormous atrocities to occur to enable us to maintain a strong political bond. Not only this, but also our government has made a sincere attempt to keep the public from becoming fully conscious of its actions. More importantly, the press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

Obviously, such maneuvering by the government is unavoidable, but the citizens must be aware of the degree to which it is occurring, since it is at least theoretically their role to determine what limit must be placed on such activity.

Not only do we have much to fear from a government which seems so inherently evil, regardless of admission, so dislocated as to be open with its public, we must be more alarmed over the loosening of the public press. When the government, as seems inevitable, does not reveal vital information to the public, the only means through which we can learn. If this mechanism has ceased to function and we persist in our ignorance, we will never know how the others can learn. We will lose the ability to know the facts which is very important in the operation of our system of government.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has ordered 5 eastern power plants closed due to radioactive atmosphere. The electric utility industry, as it has consistently been the case in the past, is attempting to gain the commission's support to have the plants reopened. The commission, as the President has determined that the disposal of nuclear wastes is a significant problem, will be solved by nuclear technology. The United States has accumulated a large quantity of nuclear wastes now stored in temporary areas and produced more each day.

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

The statement by Sfr-re to enter the area.

"Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too."

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

The statement by Sfr-re to enter the area.

"Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too."

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

The statement by Sfr-re to enter the area.

"Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too."

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

The statement by Sfr-re to enter the area.

"Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too."

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

The statement by Sfr-re to enter the area.

"Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too."

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.

The statement by Sfr-re to enter the area.

"Yeah, they look inflationary to me, too."

The House Investigations Subcommittee has dropped contempt-of-court proceedings against Research West of Emeryville, a northern California private security firm that has admitted to accepting more than $90,000 from utility companies for the purpose of gathering information in anti-nuclear activities. Chairman John Moss ordered contempt citations when the security firm refused to turn over complete dossiers on nuclear power opponents. According to the San Francisco Chronicle the contempt proceedings were quietly dropped. Well, it was a good try.

According to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group more than 4000 atomic plant workers in the United States are being exposed to levels of radiation found to damage chromosomes by a British study. The Medical Research Council of the Clinical and Population Genotoxicity Unit at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland found chromosomal damage in 197 nuclear dockworkers exposed to 2 to 3 rads a year for 10 years. The current U.S. standard is 5 rads a year. 4807 nuclear power plant employees were exposed to 15 rads a year. The Kerr-McGee plant as a "Pigpen." Karen Silkwood was found dead in a plutonium contaminated car.

The press also has been reluctant to enter the debate, being used in this conflict. The press has made no effort to show the people what the government is up to.
On almost any other day the clear blue sky and April-warm weather would have filled her with a pleasant feeling of excitement, standing at the edge of the highway, thumb out, watching the cars whiz by. When she was in no hurry, with no particular destination, hitching with the sun beaming down on her always gave her a rush. The feeling of anything can happen, the freedom of being on the road, was an adventure in itself. Today, though, Marfa had little thought of excitement. With almost every hour that passed the realization of who she could feel the fluid clogging her lungs. It had made it impossible for her to sleep lying down the last two nights. And sitting on the floor, leaning her back against the wall, had not resulted in much sleep.

She had been feeling worse and worse since that snow two weeks ago, when she had frozen in a vacant apartment one night and wandered the streets the next, trying in vain to keep warm. Making the situation worse, during the morning she had awakened alternately sweating and shivering. She had reached for the orange juice, thinking it would somehow help her sickness, but someone had dropped a butt into the warm liquid. That was when she had decided to leave. The man and woman crashed on the couch had not awakened when she pulled on her dirty denim jacket, checking that her money was still in the pocket. It wasn't much, thirty-five cents, but it was all that remained of yesterday's hunting. She had left quietly. The last thing she had wanted was a reason to say goodbye, she didn't remember seeing either of them before. The guy who had offered to let her crash there had been nowhere in sight. Maybe he didn't believe she was going to leave. The man and woman crashed on the floor, leaning her back against the wall, had made it impossible for her to sleep lying down. Crashing with friends was easier, with just wasn't worth the risk.

She had reached for the orange juice, looking at her friends, as well as Marfa, for the second time that morning she had reached for the orange juice, handing her a five, telling her to buy some food. The car sped off with Marfa staring dumbly after it. She had forgotten to thank him.

There was a drugstore across the street. She bought two packs of cigarettes and lit up, coughing again as the smoke hit her lungs. Heading down the street towards McDonald’s, she vaguely wondered how long it would be before she split again. Maybe she could stand it until the summer. The weather would be a lot better for traveling then.

Marfa pounded hard on the door. At eleven in the morning Steve wasn’t going to be up yet. His girlfriend Pam opened the door almost immediately, though.

“Marfa! Where’ve you been these last few months?”

“OH, around,” Marfa answered, walking past her into the kitchen. “Is Steve up yet?”

Pam shook her head. “He went to bed around six. Gerry, Neil and a bunch of guys came over and stayed up all night playing cards. They made a friggin’ mess, too,” she added angrily.

Marfa started down the hall towards the living room, but Pam gestured her back.

“Kelly’s passed out on the couch. Sit in here and we can talk.”

“You got anything to drink? My throat’s killing me.”

“Help yourself.”

Marfa opened the refrigerator. Milk or beer. She decided on the beer. “What’s been going on around here recently?” she asked, seating herself at the kitchen table.

“Not too much, really. Steve got a job finally.”

“Great! Where’s he working?”

“A gas station in Maynard. Did you hear Bob got busted?”

“Uh-uh. What happened?”

Marfa lit a cigarette and immediately began coughing.

“You sound pretty bad.”

“Yeah, I think I’m sick. So what’s with Bob?”

“He got in a fight with Diane’s mother and walked off. He left his car with the keys in the ignition in front of her house and she called the cops. So they looked in his trunk and found ten pounds, a few chemicals, and a balance scale he ripped off from Medford high school. The next day Bob went down to the station to claim his car and they busted him.”

“Stupid!”

“Really. But it looks like he’ll get off. There was something illegal about the way they searched his car.”

“Boy, I sure hope so.” Marfa had known Bob only for about a year, but he was a good connection, “he’s been busted once already, hasn’t he?”

“Yeah, but that was only for an ounce. He got a year’s probation or some shit like that. Anyway, what have you been up to?”

Marfa shrugged. “Surviving. I was in Fall River and New Bedford most of the time. Some good parties, a few hassles—nothing I couldn’t handle.”

“HuH. You’ve lost some weight.” Pam commented, looking her over.

“Well, you know how it is. Besides, I needed to lose a few pounds.”

Pam shook her head. “Not that much. Hey, did you know your father came by here looking for you?”

“How could I? I haven’t been home in months. What did you tell him?”

“I wasn’t home; Steve talked to him. He was really mad, threatened to take Steve to court for contributing to the delinquency of a minor and all that crap. Real tough! But I haven’t been near this place for three months.”

“I know; that’s what Steve said. He told your father to fuck off. He can’t prove nothing on Steve, anyway.” Pam didn’t sound completely convinced. Marfa’s father tended to blame her friends, as well as Marfa, for any trouble she got into. The second time Marfa had run away, someone had seen her on the street where she was staying and told her father. He had gone door to door looking for her. By an extremely bad stroke of luck, she had happened to be leaving the apartment to get pizza at the same moment he entered the building. The resulting scene had culminated in Marfa’s father bringing charges against the three guys who had let her stay in their apartment. When Carl, Rich, and Cleve had shown up in court, clean-shaven and wearing suits and ties, he had dropped the charges, “out of concern for Marfa’s reputation,” he claimed. After that Marfa had smart enough to put a good distance between herself and her father whenever she split. Crashing with friends was easier, with a lot fewer problems, but it just wasn’t worth the risk.

A groan from the living room announced that Kelly was up, and Marfa followed Pam down the hall. “Hi, kelly.” Pam greeted her. “Kelly?” she asked him cheerfully.

“No, but I got a damn stiff neck from sleeping on this fucking couch.”

“You should have gone to bed and slept in your own bed,” Pam suggested. “I’m not running a friggin’ motel. This is the fourth time you’ve crashed here in the last week.”

“What do you mean? It’s only the third, this isn’t your apartment anyway; it’s Steve’s. He can kick you out any time and he can kick
me out any time.'

Marfa grimed. Kelly and Pam had never gotten along and probably never would. Pam resented anyone who took Steve's attention away from her, and never bothered to be very polite to people she didn't like. A lot of Steve's friends, including Marfa, couldn't quite figure out what he saw in Pam. You had to admit, though, that she was a good housekeeper.

Kelly had sat up and was rubbing his neck. "Owl! Nice to see you again, Marfa,'" he muttered. "You back at home again?"

"I'm thinking about it. I sure can't live like this 'till I'm eighteen. I've been too sick these last few days even to bum money."

"That bad, huh? You don't look so hot."

"No shit. I don't feel so hot, either."

Kelly turned to Pam. "Steve up yet?"

"You must be kidding. You know how late he was up?"

"Yeah, as late as I was, I'm up, ain't I? He should be up too."

"I am." Steve was standing in the bedroom doorway, hands in the pockets of his bathrobe. "Am I seeing things, or is that you, Marfa?"

Marfa smiled. "It's me, all right. How are you doing, Steve?"

"Just fine, just fine. Let me just wash up a bit, and I'll be right with you."

He vanished into the bathroom.

Pam jumped up. "Shit! I better get breakfast started. Either of you want anything?"

Kelly shook his head. "I got to get home before Julie gets really pissed. I'm supposed to watch the kid so she can go to her mother's."

"What about you?" Pam asked, turning to Marfa.

"No thanks, I ate this morning already."

"Don't say I didn't ask you." Pam went into the kitchen and started banging pots around.

"See you later Marfa." Kelly stood up and pulled his jacket on. "Catch you later," he called through the bathroom door to Steve, then went out through the kitchen. All of Steve's friends used the back door. Only the landlord, cops and salesmen came to the front door. A knock on the front door was a signal to hide any drugs which might be laying around.

Steve came out of the bathroom rubbing lotion into his hands, "So how's it going, Marfa?"

"All right, I guess. How are things around here? Pam said my father's been hassling you."

"Nah, not really. There's nothing he can do, anyway. I just mind my own business and don't bother anybody. Your father's not too bad. At least he cares about you. He was giving me some lip about Pam's age, but I gave him her mother's number and told him to talk to her about it."

Marfa laughed. Pam was fifteen, a year younger than Marfa, while Steve was twenty-six, but Pam's mother fully approved of the situation. Anything that got Pam off her hands would have been fine with her. And Steve was a good influence on Pam. Instead of running the streets, sleeping with god-knows-who and vanishing for weeks at a time, Pam now spent all her time taking care of Steve. Marfa envied her. She wished she could find someone like Steve. She'd be willing to cook and clean the apartment every day just for a place to stay where her parents wouldn't bug her, and Steve was a good boy. He usually had a job, never ran around with other chicks, and hardly ever hit Pam. The few times he had, even Pam almost always admitted later on that she had deserved it.

"Can I have another beer?" Marfa asked.

"Sure, you don't have to ask. Get me one, too, too."

When she came back with the beer Steve was rolling a joint. She opened his beer and put it on the table. "Heard you got a job."

"It's all right, too, I'm working night shift and I haven't been late for work once."

"Just what you needed." Steve had lost his last job by being late once too often. He lit the joint and handed it to her.

"Sure you want some of this? You sound pretty bad."

"I need it. I'm thinking about going home today."

"Good. You've got to stop running away from things sometime."

"I'm not... well, I guess I am running. But I don't have any choice!"

"Maybe not." He looked at her sadly, "Have you really tried?"

"Yes! But how can I let him treat me as if I don't have any rights? He listens in on my phone conversations, doesn't let me go anywhere... It's hopeless, I earn money babysitting and he takes it."

"I think he cares about you, Marfa,"

Steve said seriously. "If he didn't he wouldn't bother to come after you. He's just handling it all wrong."

"He doesn't care about me; he's just worried about what other people would think. He hates me." Marfa shivered, remembering the things her father had said one night. It was the night he had discovered simultaneous-ly that his then-fifteen oldest daughter stole, smoked grass, and was not a virgin. He had ranted for six hours. Afterwards Marfa had taken all her downs, not caring if she woke up in the morning. It had taken her parents almost two hours to shake her into awareness the next day. Two days later she had left home for the first time.

Being a runaway was exciting, but in between the good times, which Marfa usually equated with drugs and parties, was a lot of hunger and cold. It wasn't helped by the fact that she spent money she bummed on drugs rather than food whenever possible. Sex had become something she did almost automatically, for money or for a place to stay. She was starting to hate herself, and she was sick of this kind of survival.

"Steve,"

"Yeah?"

"Can I use your shower? I want to be clean when I go home."

"Sure, Marfa. I'll get you some of Pam's clean clothes to wear, too."

Three hours later, reinforced by a few Valiums from Steve—"to help control that temper of yours"—Marfa headed for home. She ran over Steve's last minute advice: don't swear if you can help it; you know it bugs your father. Cry if possible. She was determined not to cry, though. She was an adult, not a child. As she neared the house her steps slowed. She hoped her father would be out. Then she shrugged, Might as well face him now as later. The worst that could happen would be that she'd leave again. Or maybe
We've been so worried. "Some on the front steps, as dirty as would be expected. He barely looked up when he saw Marfa. "You're bad," he said. "You ran away.

Marfa nodded, rumpling her hair, the only clean part of her. "How are you doing, brat?"

"O.K. Are you going to run away again?"

"What kind of question is that? I don't know yet. Is Daddy home?"

"Yes, Mommy's yelling at him."

Marfa winced. If her parents were in the middle of a fight her father would be that much more annoyed to start with. Too late to go back now. Three deep breaths, as deep as her congested lungs would permit, and she pushed open the door.

Her parents were in the kitchen. "Hi, Mommy, Hi, Daddy.

Her mother ran to her, hugged her tight. "Marfa! Thank goodness you're all right. We've been so worried." "Don't cry, Mommy," Marfa clung to herself. That fucking asshole!"

Mr. Davenport glared at the source of the interruption, then looked back to Marfa. "If you're going to live at home, you're going to obey some rules, young lady." "And you'd better stay away from those kids."

"No more sneaking out of the house at night, Marfa."

"Are you going to buy me a car?"

"Silly, I'm not going to lose my temper, I'm not going to lose my temper," Marfa repeated silently to herself. That fucking asshole! "Some rules," she agreed with him. "Sometimes your rules are pretty unreasonable." Marfa shrugged. "Beats me. I've had a cold for about two weeks, though."

Mr. Davenport appeared in the doorway. "Jack, she's sick."

"Why else would she come home? Are you going to behave yourself this time?" he demanded of Marfa. "I'll try," she wished he would go away before she forgot and said something she would regret.

"No more sneakings out of the house at night."

"Of course not."

"And you'd better stay away from those so-called friends of yours."

"You can't expect me not to see any of my friends!"

Mr. Davenport felt her forehead. "You've got a temperature. Come upstairs and I'll give you some aspirin."

Marfa followed her mother up the stairs. Her father's rumbles indicated he'd be up soon to continue the argument. At least the kids wouldn't hear as much upstairs. Her mother unlocked the closet and handed her the aspirin. Ever since Mr. Davenport had discovered some of his tranquillizers missing, he kept all drugs locked up. What he didn't know was that most of the remaining capsules in his bottle had already had their contents replaced by flour. Marfa had put the tranquillizer powder into vitamin capsules to take at her convenience. She had even marked which capsules were altered by lightly scrubbing out part of the "W" in WYETH with a toothbrush.

Mrs. Davenport held out a thermometer. "Let me take your temperature."

Marfa stuck the thermometer under her tongue and sat down on her bed. She could hear her father coming upstairs. Mrs. Davenport took the thermometer out and studied it. "Am I sick?"

"I would say so! A hundred and four. How long have you been like this?"

Marfa shrugged. "Beats me. I've had a cold for about two weeks, though."

Mr. Davenport appeared in the doorway. "Jack, she's sick."

"Why else would she come home? Are you going to behave yourself this time?"

"I'm not going to lose my temper, I'm not going to lose my temper," Marfa repeated silently to herself. That fucking asshole! "Some rules," she agreed with him. "Sometimes your rules are pretty unreasonable." Mr. Davenport glowered at her. "I'm not going to lose my temper, I'm not going to lose my temper," Marfa repeated silently to herself. That fucking asshole! "Some rules," she agreed with him. "Sometimes your rules are pretty unreasonable." Marfa shrugged. "Beats me. I've had a cold for about two weeks, though."

Mr. Davenport appeared in the doorway. "Jack, she's sick."

"Why else would she come home? Are you going to behave yourself this time?"

"I'll try," she wished he would go away before she forgot and said something she would regret.

"No more sneakings out of the house at night."

"Of course not."

"And you'd better stay away from those so-called friends of yours."

"You can't expect me not to see any of my friends!"

"So they can give you drugs?" he asked angrily.

"I know what your friends are like. That trash Pam, living with a guy old enough to be her father. That's statutory rape, and I hope someone calls the cops on them."

"Steve's not that old! And she's a lot better off than she was before; Steve's a good influence!"

"Yes, I know what kind of influence that man is. He's only after one thing.

"You don't know Steve! He's got his sh**, head together. Listen, how about you drive me to Steve's and pick me up when I want to visit him?"

"Talking fast now, before he could cut in. "That way you'll know where he is and can make sure I'm not high."

"Or at least not too high. Steve was her only close friend she couldn't see in school; Pam didn't go to school either. "Look, you're being unreasonable. I'll be seeing most of my friends in school, anyways, you can't stop that."

Mr. Davenport glowered at her. "I'm going to make sure the principal puts you on supervised studies so you can't spend your free time getting high."

"Big deal," she said flippantly. "I could smoke in the girls' room between classes anyway. It would be good to get back to school again, even with all the restrictions. She pulled the covers over herself, clothes and all, and buried her head in the pillow. Maybe he'd take the hint and go away."

"Look at me when I'm speaking to you!"

"Jack, she's really sick. Why don't you talk to her later, after she's had a nap?"

"Amazingly enough he left, followed by her mother. Marfa snuggled in her pillow sleepily. With these Valtum in her she wouldn't wake up until tomorrow morning, and her father would be at work at five. She didn't have to worry about staying out of his way in the evenings until he calmed down a bit. Tomorrow she'd call the family counselor and ask him to talk to her father. It hadn't helped much in the past, but maybe it would now. She wanted to stay home this time, at least until the summer. Marfa drifted peacefully off to sleep.

WHERE ARE YOU SPENDING YOUR SUMMER?}

Houses Available for Rent}

JUNE 1 - SEPT. 15

Why not in Edgartown?

on Martha's Vineyard?

CALL ANYTIME 523-7802)

OR BETWEEN 8AM AND 8PM DAILY 607-4658.

WRITE: POST OFFICE BOX 934

EDGARTON, MA. 02539

THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW !!!!!

Newbury comics
WE BUY AND SELL COMIC BOOKS, UNDERGROUND COMICS, COLLECTOR RECORDS
268 Newbury St., Boston
3 blocks from Mass. Ave. Phone 247-7590
OPEN 11-7 daily

used sound

Used Stereo Components
Pretested & Guaranteed
WE buy, sell, Trade, & repair
M-F 10-5:30 Thurs. 10-8pm.
225 Newbury St. Boston
off Copley Square
Tel: 247-7707

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

THE SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books

NEW ORLEANS magazine of art & southern life

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 ROOFLIQUEUR, ST LOUTH, MO 63132

used books
Buckminster Fuller - The Technology of Love
by Lisa Simmons
M.I.T. was privileged to have Buckminster Fuller speak last night in KresgeAuditorium. He was greeted with a standing ovation. Vital at 83, and gray-haired, voiced, Fuller spoke for two intense, uninterrupted hours seated on a stage with a map of the earth projected on a screen behind him. He covered an amazing range of topics, delivered in the form of a flowing, defracted anecdotes. Yet, he decided early on that it would be valuable to the world to record the effects of such changes in reality, as they happen. He wanted to keep a record of events throughout his life, and sustained an interest in the ongoing development of current beliefs in the world.

In Fuller's lifetime, he found that the common sense, taken for granted, way of life is based on an "innovative reality." The discovery of the electron was an example of sudden visual distortion, which occurred during WWI, when the potential of metal alloys was first used to build ships and equipment. Perhaps the discovery of the electron nullified the fact that it is too close to its size from which you could determine its weight, strength, and the kind of atom you would need to destroy. With the use of alloys, the strength is no longer determinable from the equation. Change represented a formidable problem, and was kept a military secret. The being's general consciousness created new technical possibilities, as well as new worlds to cope with.

Fuller also discussed his early concern with the question of human uniqueness among animals. He felt that the primary difference is that animals have the potential to adapt to a specific geographic environment, where humans have no such specific attributes. They are not physically adapted to any particular place, he thought, and have few physical defenses, and must rely upon thought for survival. The facility that allows the human to survive is the ability to make connections between events, which occur at different times and places. Man is unique in the ability to perceive organizing principles, Fuller concluded. He discovered that it is our persistence in using our "muscle" and "cunning" rather than our intellectual abilities that threatens our survival.

Buckminster Fuller said that his lifetime objective was "to do whatever he could as an individual that nations and corporations inherently can't." Our technical knowledge is accelerating rapidly, we have used our mental capabilities to create fantastic weapons, he says, but have not used what we know to keep ourselves from using such things. Fuller called that bind the "World War game", where the object seems to be to control the world. He said that instead we should be playing the "World Game" where the rules are that we keep track of what we have, what we use, and see if we can survive on it. He claims that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have spent cumulatively over six billion dollars fortifying themselves, letting "muscle" dictate our actions. Another, Fuller tells us, of this misuse of technology is that humanity becomes a fraud of the language of science, and of technology, relating it to war and to the machines that steal our jobs. This can prevent us from using science to answer some of our problems.

It is essential that we do have the knowledge to survive; to utilize regenerative resources of materials and to use space and energy efficiently. He suggested that the obstacle which we might be over is our own reluctance to accept the possibility of controlled super-powerful machines, and if we don't think, "by the fact that "all big businesses, religions, governments, and nationalisms are designed on reluctant inability to succeed." We must ask ourselves then whether we are willing to have everyone accommodated or, on a more positive note, Fuller says, "Let's make sure that Money is out of synch with the rest of the universe, and that the true "accounting system of the Universe".

One of Buckminster Fuller's favorite examples of the discrepancy between technical possibilities and our actions is his comparison of the typical single-family house, which he described as "the detail of the typical one-family house, its heavy, thick walls, archaic plumbing, sloppy 1/8 inch tolerances, which is built with an efficiency and tradition-oriented designs. The 747, by comparison, has been designed from the inside out. Our government is connected with the function it is intended to serve. The accumulated weight of a typical one-family dwelling is 150 tons. The most sophisticated airplane weighs 3 tons. Etcetera. He wanted to demonstrate that our priorities for using materials and technology keep us from living efficiently. Fuller calls the uselessness of our living-spaces "1,000 years behind the ordinary in the sky." He spoke about using the triangle for construction, since it is the only polyhedron that holds its shape and advocated the use of polyhedrons for space conservation.

He was adamant that misinformation is constant persecution, despite technical advances. As an example he presented a cylindrical-projection map of the world, looking Greenland. He then compared it to a map which used a 20-sided polyhedron for projection. The result is an angular visual distortion, minimal inaccuracy in relative areas, and (of course) looked very unfamiliar to the average person. Such maps may easily shows how accessible land works are to one another, how populations cluster, how lands mass into watermasses, but is generally unused. Fuller elaborated on the overimportance we give ourselves in our universe, man as the center of the universe; how small the earth is next to the sun; how small the sun looks to our galaxy, how many galaxies there are, and how unimportant the Republican and Democratic political parties are in the macrocosm.

In an optimistic note, Fuller said that our current access to information about the world may be the most significant of our time. "We are the first generation to have a true understanding of our "new planet." His lecture style is very captivating and inspiring. He covered an amazing range of topics, delivered in what seemed to be a flowing, defracted anecdotes. Yet, he decided early on that it would be valuable to the world to record the effects of such changes in reality, as they happen.

There are two scenes which fortunately transcended one of my illusions. The first was a much admired, but poorly written and directed film. It was an easy and joyous time, with a very clever and lively dancing sequence. The second was a much admired film about two happily married people who committed adultery. It was quite a party, but lost your delight though only momentarily. It was probably the first chords you heard in what seemed like a dream. I find it odd that I know of hardly anyone who has seen "The Night of the Iguana." It was a trying experience, because the music was not strong enough to overcome the actors' bad acting. The old est o! the Brecker Brothers' songs but if last Friday's performance at the Berkley Performance Center (the first night of the ten day Globe Jazz Festival) is an example of Randy as musician and bandleader then I should have known. Randy does write a majority of the Brecker Brothers' songs, but if last Friday's performance Chuck Corea made an unscheduled, yet strikingly good solo. My impression is that he was much better on electric bass than on electric guitar. His bass playing had a strong tension and release. I was impressed that he played so well on an instrument that I don't often listen to. He seemed very comfortable on the bass, and I think it's a great shame that he isn't more popular on it. It is my impression that he is a better musician than Parker, Coltrane, Coltrane, and I think he has had more influence on later generations. It is my impression that he is a better musician than Parker, Coltrane, Coltrane, and I think he has had more influence on later generations.

Buckminster Fuller - The Technology of Love
by Lisa Simmons
The Corporation Joint Advisory Committee on Institute Wide Affairs, The Graduate Student Council and The Undergraduate Association present

AN OPEN FORUM — THE PRESIDENCY OF MIT

MONDAY MARCH 19 at 5:00pm in Room 9-150

Announcements

- THERE WILL BE A GA MEETING TONIGHT IN ROOM 400 OF THE STUDENT CENTER. THE FOCUS OF THE MEETING WILL BE PRIDE AT MIT.
- THERE WILL BE A GA MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY AT 7:30 PM IN ROOM 400 OF THE STUDENT CENTER. VICE-PRESIDENT SIMONIDES WILL DISCUSS THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN FOR STUDENT AFFAIRS.
- UA AND CLASS OFFICER ELECTIONS WILL BE HELD APRIL 11. PETITIONS AND INFORMATION ARE AVAILABLE IN THE UA OFFICE (W20-401) AND MUST BE RETURNED BY MARCH 23.