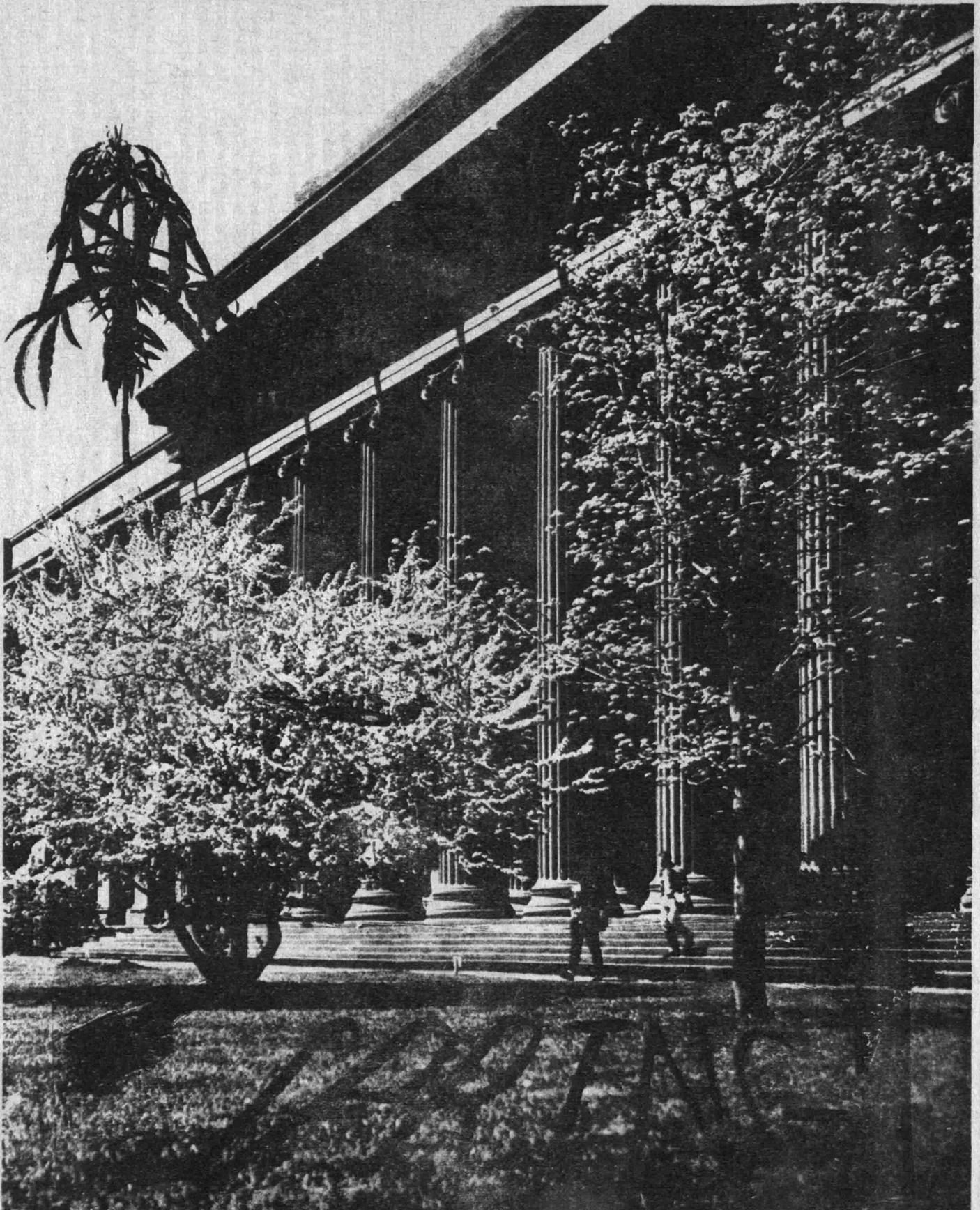


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Thursday VooDoo

22 MARCH 1979



H-BOMB STORY SUPPRESSED

by Stephen Bradley

In Madison, Wisconsin, a leftist paper by the name of The Progressive has been forced to withhold an article on the basic principles of Hydrogen Bomb construction.

Erwin Knoll, editor of the paper, has described the circumstances surrounding the article and the government's action to prevent its being printed. The author of the article has decided not to make any public statement due to the upcoming court case.

According to Mr. Knoll, Howard Morland, a 36-year old freelance writer, wrote the article without access to any classified documents. His data, in the eyes of at least his Editor, did not constitute a sufficiently in-depth description of the process to be of real aid to anyone attempting to build such a bomb.

The article was, however, circulated to some scientists for verification of the validity of its data.

Trough the hands of a former student, the article reached the hands of MIT Professor George W. Rathjens. Mr. Rathjens, having decided that the article, in his opinion, contained restricted data, informed The Progressive that he intended to inform the Department of Energy to that effect.

The Department of justice, on March 9, obtained a temporary restraining order, pending court action. The case comes before the Federal District Court in Milwaukee on March 26. Action is being brought under the "restrictive data" section of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954.

The basis on which the article has been attacked has itself been challenged by several scientists, including one MIT graduate, Theodore A. Postol, who had been asked to review the accuracy of the article. It is his opinion that the article contains no data that is not already within the unclassified public domain, and that no data which could not be found or concluded from the article prepared by Dr. Edward Teller on the subject for the Encyclopedia Americana (Vol. XIV, pg. 655.)

The political and social ramifications of the case depend upon two factors; whether or not Morland can verify that his sources were non-classified, and what the government decides to do in that case. If his sources are acceptable, the court may decide to allow the story to be printed. If so, all that has occurred is a minor hindrance to the paper in the attempt to utilize due and legal process. If his sources are non-classified, and the article is not allowed to be printed, then the government is severely infringing on the right of the press, and therefore the rights of the people. They will in effect be saying that the act of collecting non-classified data and assembling it into coherent form, is in fact a crime since it results in the individual's possessing data which can be considered classified and therefore beyond his authority. This is almost a direct contradiction of what non-classified information should entail; the rights of all citizens to know and the right of the press to inform would therefore be directly infringed upon.

REPRODUCTION RIGHTS:

Control of our bodies Control of our lives

*International Day
of Action Set for
March 31, 1979*

by Leslie Cagan

The International Campaign for Abortion Rights has issued a call for a world-wide day of activities in support of the right to abortion, safe birth control and against arbitrary and forced sterilizations.

As women everywhere in the world begin to share our experiences it becomes evident that nowhere do women have complete control over the decision to have or not have children. Where facilities and support services have been structured, the communities of women who are keeping these services and facilities together are continually brought under pressure from groups

of various persuasions, all set against our most basic civil right: the control of our own bodies.

In response to this international call, people in the greater Boston area have formed the Boston branch of the Northeast Coalition for Reproductive Rights and are busy with plans for activities on March 31st. We are women and men who are working to insure that all women, regardless of income, have access to abortion. We are also working to stop all forms of sterilization abuse.

We are issuing a call to everyone to join us now to protect our hard-won rights while we still have them.

Since the Supreme Court legalized abortion in 1973, there has been a small but very vocal and well-funded anti-abortion movement trying to deny women that basic right to freedom: the free choice to become a mother or not to become a mother. Peoples' concern for their families and their communities are being manipulated into attacks on themselves! The attempts to cut back support systems on all civil rights victories is imminent. One need only pause momentarily to assess the time and effort of millions of lives already spent in this universal concern. The severe restrictions placed on the use of Medicaid funds for abortion make it impossible for women on welfare to get financial assistance for this procedure. And while the hardest hit are the poor and black and third-world women, the anti-abortion groups have made it clear that they seek to outlaw all abortions for all women in this country. They are calling for a

Constitutional Convention in order to add such an amendment.

March 31st is a time to talk about these and other issues threatened by the anti-abortion mood prevalent in rigid postures on many fronts. A time to define the best ways to be supportive of effectively ensuring everyone's right to safe birth control, sex education, maternity and paternity leaves, better health care, decent and available childcare, and equal rights for our populations of mutants regardless of sexual preference, size of waistband, or number of centimeters before they fall asleep. We are not different. We are men and we are women and there are so many children in the world who need some good examples.

It's never too late to make a difference for your future. Come to the demonstration on March 31st: Corner of Newton & Washington Streets, BLACKSTONE PARK, South End at 11 AM. We will march to the Boston Common across from the State House where a rally will commence at approximately 2 PM. Linda Gordon, author of Women's Body, Women's Right, a teacher in the History Department of U Mass Boston, will speak; it is also hpe rumoured that Mel King, the fiery representative to the state from the South End's Roxbury district, a man known for healthy civil rights work. For more up to the minute information Call: 547-3203

354-8801

P.S. Bring your mother!!!!



Guardianphoto by George Cohen

Campus Patrolmen, Cambridge Firemen Douse Fire in Bexley Courtyard

by Gerrard Reith

There was a fire at Bexley Hall wednesday night. It raged for approximately six hours until subdued in a courageous 33 second battle by arriving police and firemen. Dozens of spectators milled around the blaze until dispersed for security reasons. "Beer bottles were found in the debris," said an unnamed source, "indicating possible human agency in the genesis of the conflagration."

Rumor had it that wild, drunken students were holding a celebration in honor of the vernal equinox long held sacred by pagans and devil-worshippers alike. Questioned about a charge that hundreds of textbooks were tossed onto the fire, our source reported that "There is no substance to this allegation. We have found no evidence that books were used as fuel."

During the operation, voices were heard apparently issuing from windows in the unharmed sections of the building. This reporter was unable to distinguish whether the words of one oft heard shout were, "Thank God you came to put out the fire!" or, "Get the fuck away from our fire!" Apparently becoming agitated by the shouts and screams, the milling crowd grew surly, at which time the present reporter left the scene.

Students residing at Bexley have a reputation for such revels. We are indeed fortunate that once again prompt action has averted a possible tragedy. It has been said that one quick-witted MIT student proved an invaluable aid to the firemen by dousing the flames of the courtyard bonfire with a nearby fire extinguisher. "Our only problem now is the future," said our source. "Who knows what these Gonzos will do next?"



Thursday VooDoo

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22 March, 1979

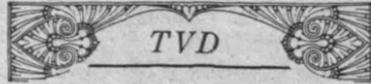
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Science
Sorcery
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Cosmology



Thursday-VooDoo is published every week as a service to the MIT community. We provide a forum for people with differing values & viewpoints to discuss issues that interest them. We encourage readers to submit articles on everything from politics to poetry. We don't print anything; but we do print anything we want to. Meetings and open discussions are held every Thursday afternoon at Five, on the second floor of Walker Memorial (river side) to which the entire community is invited. Bring your own.

Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg

The signing of a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel is still scheduled for 2 p.m. Monday despite the unfinished details of the time course of Sinai withdrawal, and the following remarks made by Begin to the Knesset, "Israel will never return to the pre-1967 lines ... united Jerusalem is the eternal capital of Israel ... it will never be divided again ... in Judea, Samaria (west bank), and Gaza there will never be a Palestinian state." Egyptian Prime Minister Mustafa Khalil reacted by stating that this was "an inappropriate start" for peace. Saudi Arabia and Jordan are still unhappy with the treaty and King Hussein charged the U.S. with "arm-twisting." Both Egypt and Israel are in line for some already-congress-approved military aid of staggering amounts. Considering the instability of the situation, Begin should have kept his mouth shut.

The faculty of Boston University were getting ready to strike today but labor agreements were reached with the administration. Tuesday the union voted 156 to 38 against a walkout, but stated that if a contract was not signed by March 29 they would go on strike April 4. The agreements provide for a 7% increase in salary this year and slightly larger increases the following two years. There are still some issues dealing with faculty power to be ironed out.



"I'm terribly sorry sir, but in the process of cutting out programs for the poor we inadvertently cut out a program for the rich."

mutants

Hmm... Bet you thought we wouldn't pull it off this week, did you folks? Yep thursday-VooDoo is still alive and kicking. Not to mention all the help we've had in the last two weeks from certain cretinous members of the Graduate Student Council who have the audacity to constantly nag some of their employees to the point where human beings fail to function anymore, as well as calling the Campus Patrol to harass us in the middle of Wednesday afternoon production. It's awful hard to do any work when two of the most despicable characters imaginable invade your working space and continuously harry for three hours. I mean if the issue was that important to them they could have at least paid us a visit themselves or even spoken to somebody over the phone...Nope....

Somebody sent us a study the Institute did a few years ago on the Freshman Class and its incorporation into the Institute...Awful cute... Especially some of the conclusions it draws. For example it states that, "There seems to be no correlation between the amount of work a Freshman does and his cumulative grade point average at the end of the first year...In fact some of the hardest working where the ones receiving the lowest grades." Oh there's a lot more interesting information in it. Watch for an in-depth article in two weeks.

By the way, that's going to be a special issue for us...#300... our own tenth anniversary (eat your hearts out WBCN!) And as a special favour we're going to award free Sack theatre passes to anybody who can come up with the most original thing to do to the film crew when they start working in Walker.... Not that we plan to interrupt them or anything like that. Wouldn't think of it. I just want to give you people something to think about.

I was in New York last weekend. Visited the Yippie headquarters at #10 Bleeker street down in the Village. If anybody's interested the Yippie National Spring Convention is this weekend at the aforementioned address. I'd rather go rock-climbing. It's a lot more fun and probably safer. At any rate it's a hell of a lot more exciting. Especially if you're tripping. There will be a national smoke-in on the White House Lawn July 4th. That should be fun.

Yawn. After the Yippies, we went over to the west side. Visited a place called Studio Zero...After-hours kinda joint...It's the place people go after Studio 54 closes...everybody there was dressed up in suits and white mink... and passed-out on the bar, too. Good bartender they had By Sunday morning I didn't even have to tell him what I wanted. He already knew. Nice place to go for that. Especially if the drinks are free.

Really glad I don't live in that city. Six flights of stairs. No running water. Real pioneer spirit there. Everybody wears leather too. Coats, boots, belts, bracelets. It makes a horrendous noise all the time. Sounds like five million people are trying to whip those city stones until they bleed. Ouch!!

Thank God we're still in Boston. If you're hanging around town Sunday afternoon boogie up to the Inman-Square Men's Bar. Lady sings the blues... Lady named Honour Havoc. That's right, Honour.

Give her our regards. We're going down to Florida. This may be the last spring we're still be able to drive ridiculous distances like that... See you guys in a couple of weeks.

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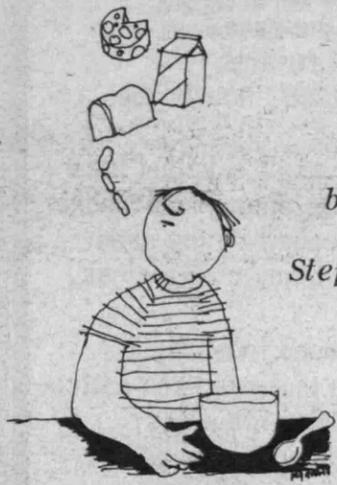
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Compulsory Cuisine



by
Stephen Bradley

It was recently announced that one of the proposals likely to reach Chancellor Gray from the Institute Committee on Campus Dining might be a mandatory room-and-board plan for Freshpersons.

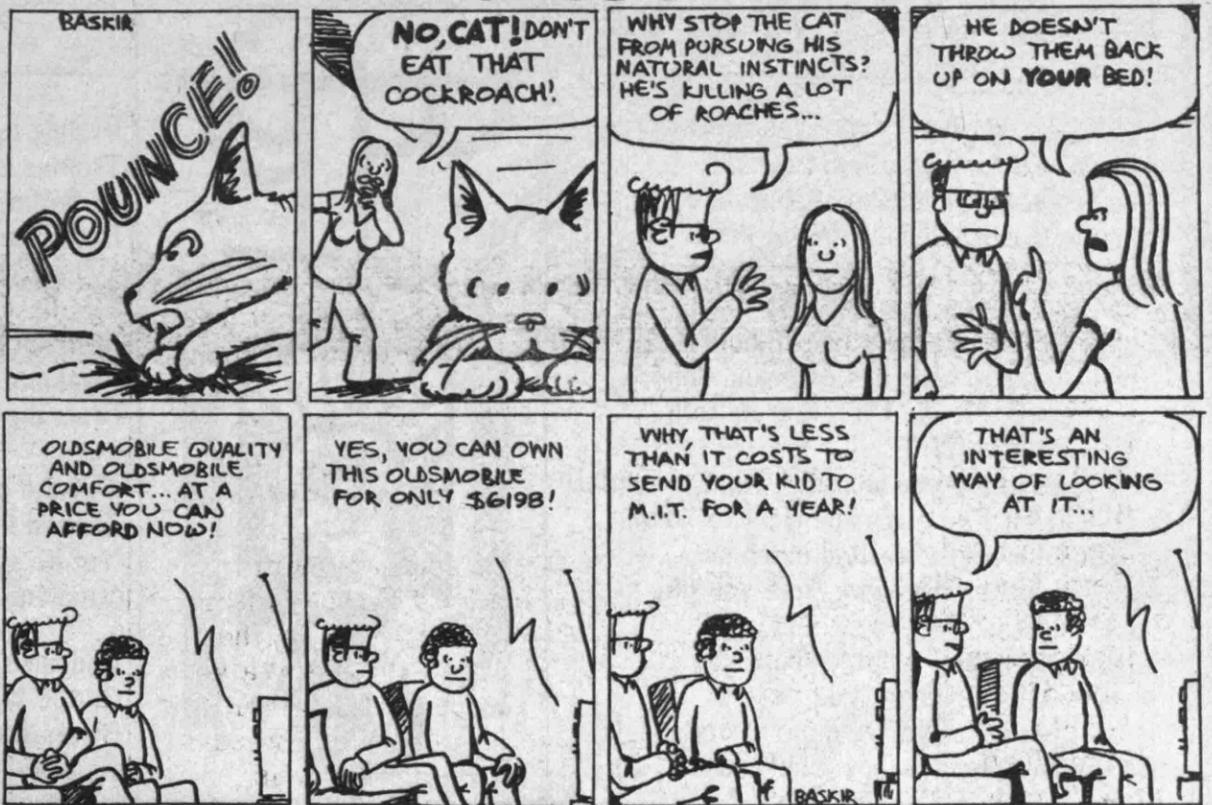
This proposal has met with substantially more opposition than the plans to educate students to cook for themselves, or to establish an on-campus food co-op. The rationale given for this concept is to improve interactions between the students. It is interesting to note that students working in the study developed a sense of support for the forced commons proposal.

There are those who do not care for commons food, however. To force them to accept said food without the agreement of the student or his parents can hardly be worth the meager benefit in social interaction.

The atmosphere of the campus' dining halls is not always conducive to forming new relationships. Moreover, most are rather impersonal and somewhat cold. In addition, this would isolate the Freshpeople and be detrimental to their interactions with upperclassmen, which is probably the more valuable social connection to make.

In addition, the quality of food in the campus dining halls is not generally such that the special needs of those desiring kosher or vegetarian cooking, although they would be provided for technically, would not be adequately fulfilled. In addition, this required adjustment of the dining facilities would be an inappropriate use of funds if it were to serve only to implement a forced commons program.

STICKLES by Geoff Baskir



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DAY OF ACTION
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RIGHT TO SAFE
CONTRACEPTION
AND ABORTION
NO FORCED
STERILIZATION

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DECIDE!**

Contact:
Northeast Coalition for Reproductive Rights

NYC: CARASA, P.O. Box 124 Cathedral Station, 10025/Tel. (212)788-1775
BOSTON: NCR, P.O. Box 2727, 02208/Tel. (617)547-2302 or 354-8807
WESTERN MASS: Tel. (413)584-5689 or 256-8078
HARTFORD: CESA, 67 Ansonia St., 06114/Tel. (203)522-2992
NEW HAVEN: Feminist Union, 148 Orange St./Tel. (203)436-0645day or 562-7868

COUP DE GRACE

I just wanted to see your eyes once more
I stare at them and see the end.
They've never given me hope before;
They've never seen the love I send.

I had to mee you here, alone.
I know your heart, it's not so cold.
I don't want to hear it's over and done;
But, babe, if it is, I'd rather be told.

I can see where you wouldn't want to explain
Yet at least I've got some right to know.
It will know in the telling much pain,
But finish the dirty work 'fore you go.

I keep on hoping, I don't know why.
Heal or kill me before you depart.
I'll wait til after you're gone to cry
But touch once more my lonely heart.



SECOND HAND BRANDY
AND SECONAL

Brandy is nice, melts some of the ice,
Tickles the toes and warms the nose.
Sometimes beauty alone will suffice,
But sometimes it's Brandy; that's how it goes.

The first tender touch of the witch's velvet hand
Beneath the misty cloud of the spicy, arid smoke
Awakens the crying of the seagull on the sand
From the folds of nightfall's black cloath cloak.

But the cocaine fire that danced in his eyes
Turned the glare in her gaze to a wispered entice
Yet he stands by her and stifles his sighs;
Knowing she won't turn her head to him twice.

And time, like the tears of the empty dawn
On the thorns and leaves of a frozen rose
Blows like the North wind, cold and strong
As grim faced he rises, and, bitter-lipped, goes.

Songs from Beyond
New Wave Poetry by Scoop Awol

The Secret Seagull

High above the courtyard, watching me, plotting in their secrecy,
Taking arial photography, I wonder just how much they see.

You can't even see them when it snows, should I keep my doors
and windows closed?

Hide all my drugs, put on some clothes, or should I just strike up a pose?

Floating way up in the air, goddamned spies, it isn't fair.
They have headquarters, who knows where, I wonder why I even care.

I'd shoot'em if I had a gun, shoot each and every fucking one!

If not I guess I'll have to run, the rotten birds spoil all my fun.

I'd shoot each one and as it dropped, I'd watch it land in the parking lot,
Then I'd go down there with a pan and mop, and sweep'em up and dump the rot.

I'd shoot'em all and as they fell, I'd bid them each a fond farewell.
With names like Seagull who could tell? They probably work for the J.D.L.

They fly over here and then fly back, scheming, plotting their attack
From their lofty rooftop bivouac. I'll just have to paint my windows black.

What are you looking for?

What are you looking for, what have you lost?
You seem to be searching and that's why I asked.

Watching you grovel doesn't put me at ease,
Is there something missing or am I being teased?
Down on your knees with your face to the floor,
It may be your mind, but I think it's much more.
It's something you treasure; I'd wager, I'd bet,
I can tell as I watch you get covered with sweat.
It seems more to me like a life or death matter,
If you keep on like this, most likely the latter.
I can't watch any longer, I've watched
much too long,
But surely you've proved, as a soul,
you're soul's strong.
I must admire you for though your toils
and your strife,
You're willing to die just to save your own life.

WHEN YOU'RE DEAD
WE'LL BE LAUGHING VOLUME I

When silent buzzes
fill the room
putrid giggles
swim like bubbles.
Here we are again;
The premeditated society
for prefrontal lobotomies,
academic achievements,
and unvanquished thoughts.
Soft torn minds chew
at self-destruction
trying to bite loose
the tenuous thread
of escape.

Nostrils—the body's eyes
detect organic presences,
consumated vibrations,
and the dawn like an
exploding oyster.
Venus Venus Venus.
Sit with the day's life-
sanitized.

Order me three
salivating chevrolets.
I crave speed
and hot cars.
Distinctly oral
vehicles designed
by an unknown
desert artist
and the astronomer's
bad dreams.
Hold the noise.

Telephones are
to be torn into newspaper
sheets—one by
one in a sleazy bar.
Mark the locations
on chalkboards. We
will not be
deceived again.

Warm soap and
wet purple pavements
Washed Out!!



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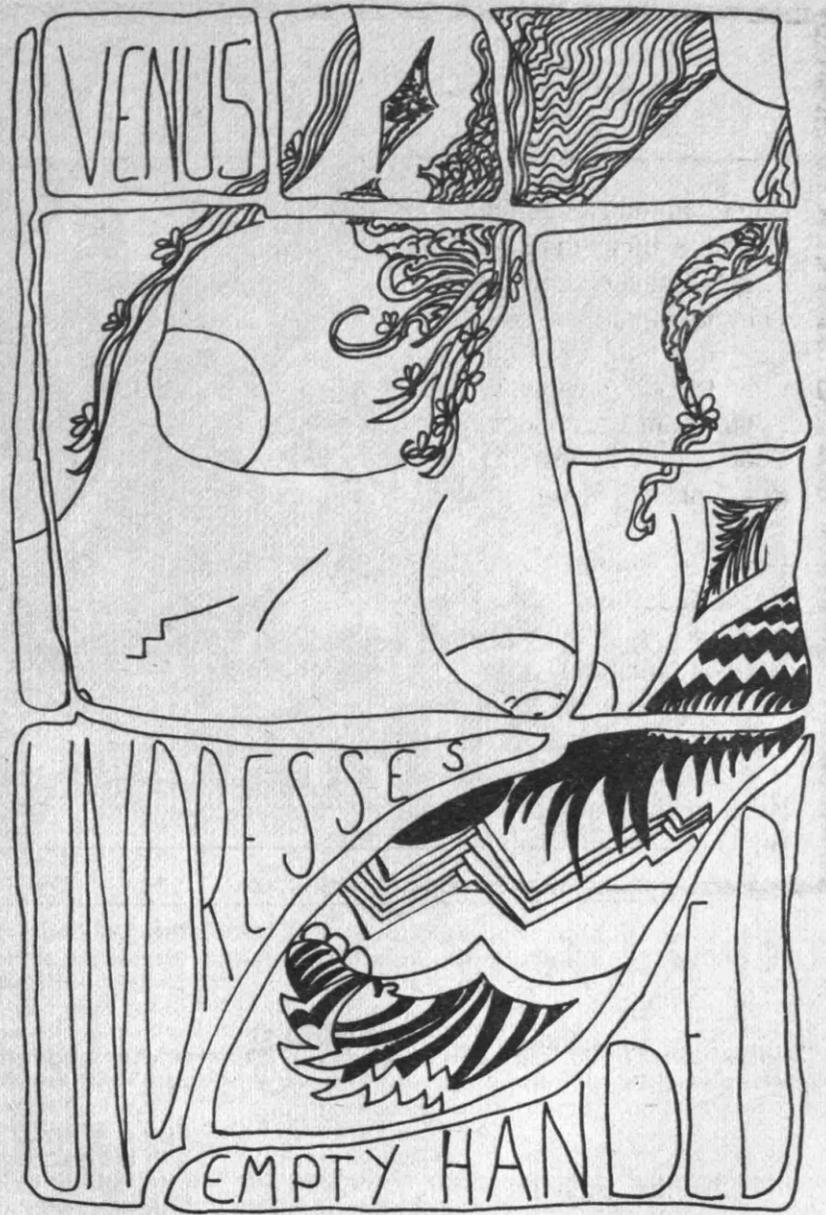
Up
Down
Then down again
Self-stimming & then what for
She does not know knowing isn't possible
The reflection in the dealer's glass
Cuts up & down
Both ways/razor blades & ice
Saw it coming a mile away
What the baddest girls are looking for
Swapping pain for pleasure
Do it my way
Do it my way
After it was a family fight
It was still a family fight

Coming Age

Change
Pushing against the chains
The future pressed into fear
Measured control
Hiding out in the open
The slaves learn to play with shame

The Mad House

Blankets fall to the floor from
ransacked beds
Leaden dream factories
of cosmic apocalypse
Delivering us to the day
each day
Bewildered by the time clock
to and from the work of sleep



poems from In the curl of the wave by Jesse Last
to be published by Deus Ex Machina Ink, Fall '79:
mail orders accepted thru thursdayvoodoo
3 Ames street, Box D, Cambridge 02139

POEM FOR CHARLES MANSON

I would kill
for scenes of Broken Blood
in telephone Booths, and
shattered rejections, the
soft torn pathos
of Freedom where
killers such as you
exist.

Give us a test;
a test of release.
and control; an
aesthetic sacrifice
to the rites of
passage; jejune
society, and the
soft, clean womb of
death.

I will kill
when your eyes say.
When your words
drip blood and
your teeth chatter
like monkeys. For
I love you. YOU
who are too gentle
to be blamed---
You who love the
sweaty steel knives,
unspoken chants, and
the thousand interior
voices.

Give us the words,
The words of the
ancient Gods, the
words of the dead
sun and the one-eyed
mountains. KILLER!!
We will Kill!!

Hi!

Here it is at last. You would not believe
the hassle I went through to find this goddam report.
Turns out Juda lent it to a Friend at Harvard...

TAKE A CHRISTIAN SHIT!

Dour Father,
who stashed unleavened.
Scranton be thy game.
Stark problem some,
what will become
unearthed, dark, uneaten.
Sling us HOORAY!
But only dead.
Slice sometime
our Wanton Farts.
Lest we remove the blemishes.
Feed us Rot-me-too Temptation.
But deliver us some evil.
Far lies the idiom,
in the Tower.
Buy the Story.
Forever.



There is a wall that cannot be breached,
broken through or torn down.
It cannot be dug under, climbed over,
or gone around.
It is the I,
the Is.

Close them!
Rest. Now,
Ressurect the vision
phenomenologically.
the wall is gone
disappeared
vanished
evaporated
disintegrated

-G. Reith

MUTANTS BEWARE : Right-to-Lifers
stress sterilization programs be
created at all technical
institutions... 'just in case'...
'You figure it out,' Ms. Mims i Custard
was quoted and is being quoted again. Think of
that Mims i - - aren't you just tickled about
that? You are being quoted in MIT's filthiest
rag, and by a lesbian femi n i s t pinko toad
at that. Just think of how much more kind of
attention like that you are going to get you little
daffodil you. Watch your mutants Ms. Custard,
God alone knows, if any one has a right to have
them, i t's you.



Real Life is Disappointing

by A. Rozzelle

Last week I had the opportunity to see *Real Life*, the new movie by Alfred Brooks. I expected a film that would be hilarious and close-to-home-hitting with a handmade, not too slick, quality. You probably know Brooks best from the films such as *Super Season*, that he made for *Saturday Night Live* in their first season. Brooks is a well-known comedian who has appeared on TV variety and Talk shows such as *Tonight*. Lately he has branched out, winning a Grammy nomination for his album, *A Star is Bought*, appearing in *Taxi Driver*, and making films. *Real Life* is an Albert Brooks project. He has spent the last three years writing it with Harry Shearer and Monica Johnson, raising money for the production, directing and starring in it. The film was finished by the end of 1977. It has taken until now to get it released. Mostly due to Brooks's immaculate editing job.

The basic premise of the film seemed rich with comic opportunity. You remember the PBS series *An American Family* which brought to the American Public the every day, intimate family life of the Bill Loud's. *Real Life* is about Albert Brooks doing the same thing for the Dr. Warren Yeagers of Phoenix, Arizona. Doesn't that just fill you with anticipation for an absolutely hysterical movie? Well, it did me and, unfortunately, it still does. Yes, Albert Brooks did not succeed this time.

The major problem with the movie is Albert Brooks. There is just too much of him. It seems that he can't trust anybody else to do a good job. Instead of letting his editor edit. He actually spent seven months working on every detail himself. Instead of letting his actors perform and the scenes develop he would jump in just as things got rolling and do a solo. At this point you lose all sense of watching a movie and feel like you're seeing Albert Brooks do his act on Carson's show or at a club. Each scene starts fine, taking in an aspect of the problem inherent in filming people in private situations. The setting of the scene itself is often

funny just because you can identify with the characters. But each and every scene is aborted in favor of portraying Albert Brooks's mad reactions to the situation. Amazingly enough that reaction is to step into the troubled family situation and start ranting childishly about his own problems turning all the attention to himself.

You could see Brooks doing this if it were a matter of saving scenes, but it's not. The main idea is great, each situation has lots of comic potential; the first family dinner at a table well acquainted with arguments, Dr. Yeager losing a patient, a horse, on the operating table; Mrs. Yeager becoming infatuated with the young filmmaker, the local TV news program wanting to film the Yeagers being filmed at breakfast all seem as if they could be hilarious. The actors give good, solid performances. Frances Lee McCain as Mrs. Yeager is so perfectly zombied-out that she appears to be the creation of a women's magazine—her attractive, mild, blank valium cemented exterior fronting an unstified, bored, potentially passionate personality on the verge of hysteria. Charles Grodin (who always seems to be playing the ineffectual bad guy such as Dyan Cannon's lover in *Heaven Can Wait*) is absolutely perfect as Dr. Warren Yeager. Going around trying to please everybody, Dr. Yeager is the type of person who is never angered but merely mildly bewildered by the unhappiness and hostility of others. You can't imagine Grodin as not actually *being* Yeager in his Banlon sports shirt and plaid pants. J. A. Preston as Dr. Ted Cleary, a psychologist monitoring the project, is the funniest and the most successful characters. He is the only one who disagrees with Brooks about what is happening in the filming. He actually gets in the last word in his fatal argument with Brooks, though it is at the price of his being deleted from the rest of the film.

In all fairness some people in the audience seemed to love *Real Life*. The guy next to me kept poking me in the ribs with his elbow. But for a movie that I went to really wanting to like I only laughed two and a half times. That's not to say that I don't think people should go see it, not to pay tribute to what could have been, but rather to acknowledge what hopefully will be. I hope Mr. Brooks learns some moderation from this experience and comes back with a great film that's absolutely hilarious in a manner that's not too slick and hits close to home.

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The Shadow Box



Photo: Len Barlow

by Karen Pelczarski

The Shadow Box is by no means an amusing comedy or musical, but if you're in the market for an evening of intense, first-rate drama, drop by Boston's Charles Playhouse one of these nights. Richard Chamberlain's production of Michael Cristofer's Pulitzer Prize winning play, starring Betsy Palmer and Frank Converse, opened in Boston last week.

Basically, the story deals with three terminally ill people and how the awareness of their impending deaths affects them and people near them. A straight-laced daughter (played by Alexandra Borrie) wants her aged mother (Elizabeth Flemming) to die, a fiftyish man (David Sabin) has a wife who can't accept his death and a son who doesn't know about it, and a philosophical man's (Converse) impending death affects both his former wife (Ms. Palmer) and his homosexual lover (Tony Blake).

The play deals with the subject of death in an amazingly current, straight-forward way, which immerses the audience into a sea of emotion. There were comic moments in *The Shadow Box* but they were always followed by a sharp return to the play's intense mood. This was heightened by the intimacy of the Charles Playhouse. The old woman, for instance, sings a song to her dismayed daughter, "This is number six and his hands are on my tits." As soon as the audience's laughter fades, she screams out in a very real cry of pain. The audience is always reminded that *The Shadow Box* is serious business.

Elizabeth Flemming gave an outstanding performance in her part as the old woman, as she professionally handled a role easy to overplay. Alexandra Borrie's facial expressions appeared a bit unnatural and Tony Blake was stiff at times, but overall the cast was excellent. Betsy Palmer and Frank Converse lead the cast well, and together with Chamberlain's skilled direction, *The Shadow Box* is without question one of Boston's evening highlights.

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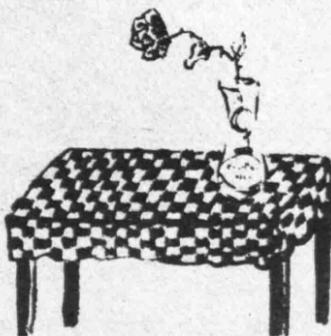


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