REPRODUCTION RIGHTS: Control of our bodies Control of our lives

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 Northwest 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 seeking 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. People's concerns 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 enormous. 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

March 31st is a time to talk about these and other issues threatened by the anti-abortion mood prevalent in rightist postures on many fronts. A time to define the best ways to be effective in 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.

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 Rights, a teacher in the History Department of M.I.T., Boston, will speak. It is also hoped to have Dr. Mel King, the fiery representative to the state from the Roxbury district, a man known for healthy civil rights work.

For more up to the minute information Call: 947-1100

P.S. Bring your mates, please!
Thursday-VooDoo

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Underground
On the Road
Gradual
Xanadu
Executive
Vive
Visionary
Science
Sorcery
Jaeger
Cosmology

TVD

Thursday-VooDoo is published every week as a service to the MIT community. We welcome a forum for people with differing values and viewpoints to discuss issues that interest them. We encourage readers to submit articles on everything from politics to poetry. We don't do art but we do accept 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. Brine your own.

mutants

Hmm... But 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 creninated members of the Graduate Student Council who have the audacity to constantly nag some of their employees to the point where humans 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 picked us up, visited themselves or even spoken to somebody over the phone. No. 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 recieving 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 passages 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 the drinks are free. Sack theatre passages 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.

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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 social 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.
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 see you here, alone.
I know your heart, it's not so cold.
I don't want to hear it's over and done;
But, baby, 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 till after you're gone to cry
But touch once more my lonely heart.

Songs from Beyond
New Wave Poetry by Scoop Awol

The Secret Seagull
High above the courtyard, watching me, plotting in their secrecy,
Taking aerial 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'm 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.

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.

SECOND HAND BRANDY

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 cloak.

But the cocaine fire that danced in his eyes
Turned the glare in his gaze to a whispered entice
Yet he stands by her and stifies 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.

WHEN YOU'RE DEAD
WE'LL BE LAUGHING

Order me three salivating chevroleats.
I crave speed and hot cars.
Distinctly odd vehicles designed
by an unknown desert artist
and the astronaut'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!!

COP YRIGHTED

536 0679
RECORDS
BOUGHT- SOLD
TRADED AT
NUGGETS
920 Commonwealth Ave. Kenmore Sq. Boston
343 MASS AVE. CENTRAL SQ. CAMBRIDGE

YOU WANT TO
LOOK TERRIFIC?
Come by and have your hair styled
by Mr. Ali
at ALPS HAIR SALON
Sunday shorted-out too fast
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

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, uncleaned.
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.

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...

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.
Resurrect the vision
phenomenologically.
the wall is gone
disappeared
vanished
evaporated
disintegrated

G. Reith

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-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 Custard
was quoted and is being quoted again. Think of
that Mims... aren't you just tickled about
that? You are being quoted in MIT's filthiest
rag, and by a lesbian femini
tist 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, it's you.
Real Life is Disappointing
by A. Rozelle

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 Semson*, 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 Alfred 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 immediate editing job.

The basic premise of the film seemed rich with comic opportunities. You remember the PBS series *Real Life* which brought to the American Public the every jay, intimate family life of the 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 that he can’t.

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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 Alexandria 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).

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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.
A poem may devastate a society, causing every sort of neurological sensation. A line that has lain dormant for years may suddenly infect a perfectly healthy young person, who within hours may become a carrier.

- Marc Mendel

'The MAX has been calling me all day. I must give in.

- courtesy of S. P.

'If God had wanted us to stay straight, he wouldn't have given us lungs.'

- Jeff

Women are a man's good friend
Dogs are a man's better friend
Drugs are a man's best friend
- Mr. Quail

When it gets to the point school interferes with getting high
School has got to go!

- Anonymous

Diamonds are a women's best friend
Diamonds: crystal structure- isometric
hardness- 10
Women: crystal structure- rhombohedral
hardness- depends on cleavage
- Anonymous

Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n Roll
Rock 'n Roll - a necessity
Drugs- enough to keep me happy
Sex- only as a last resort
- a Woman

'Oh, no!! I have to go to class!! Pass me the bong!' QUICK!!!

- An MIT student

Live up to your reputation.
If they think you're a druggie
Be ONE!
- an innocent bystander

A: Oh, god. I'm dead. Ugh!
B: You'd make a terrible corpse.
A: Huh?
B: You're alive.