A parting blow

This issue brings Volume 69 of The Reamer to a grinding halt. While it is a time of rapprochement and retrieval, the time as new authors take it over, the Institute whose affairs we have been representing remains agog. It — and The Reamer — is searching for the self-confidence and sense of the faculty which have been eroded by the war, and our increasing recognition of the gap between the nation’s expressed intentions and its repressed desires today. We are witnessing a disintegration of that consensus. Not only has a generation learned from the Vietnam war that it cannot trust its own education that it can do without. Consequently, more and more undergraduates have become disenchanted with the Institute’s emphasis on 18.02, which seems to call for one only to be irresponsible, hyper-efficient cog in a machine he can’t comprehend and MIT’s complicity in monumental lies.

This policy of rushing madly about grasping each squatty wheel will work only as a stopgap measure. If continued indefinitely, the result will be a disaster of the institution as each interest group finds this is the way to keep things cool. As long as this philosophy motivates the most intimate projects, which fraction denominator exists between groups will approach zero asymptotically.

It may be that the Institute will remain in its present state until the government can squaring its own ship and tell the omnipotent Multigarchy that our national task at this point is to attain social justice, save the stop, the arms race, and the government. Hope. Since the omnipotent Multigarchy doesn’t give a damn about what you think, this should restore you utterly and sense of meaning. If the Institute is to survive as a viable entity until that time, however, we must begin now to search for some telological foundations on which we can rebuild our sense and confidence in the perversity of the Institute.

SCHWARTZZEYED

by Bruce Schiz

B.S. having left my bed and board, I am no longer responsible for his debts.

N. Maier

Brookline Scene: black sky painted over by invisible hand; world washed in Institute grey. Matches my mood. Fear. Fear walking around hanging the promise, he’s off back and it penetrates creeps around your neck, and clamps tiny pincers on your row. Block of blue, four foot two, next files of path, marching down Gunsmoke street, at ME! I cringe. Too dangerous. Can’t put off in the coming night. Better to flee. Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows, or must I someday stand and fight? Perhaps, darkly, what is right, but certainly for survival now that the adventure has ended. Who could imagine that they would find out at MIT’s dream’s cracked skull, but I’m Press, they can’t do that to me! (So?) move along — I'm moving. I'm moving clear out and then the stick (There’s a book in this happening). So there are pigs en masse.

Going home means many things, the loss of hair, and a respite from journalism.

For me, at least, it also means a lot of unpleasant jobes, something you can lose in student-infested Boston. Here then are notes from Middle America.

My uncle, who’s a pig, knows business. So here’s a few things he told me about!

Phallic solemnization: You hit demonstrator over the head. (Please go to page 3)

Get Eaton at the Coop

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Laura Nyro

COLUMBIA RECORDING ARTIST

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TULLY RICHARDS

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