**Opinion**

**Beer and jamais vu at MIT**

From time to time, I receive telephone calls from Stanislav L. Pitney IV, his warm and long-time friend and sometimes pop sociologist from an upper foliage area. This past Thursday afternoon, he rang me up and indicated a need to feature a figure far from the negative influence of Ivy Leaguers writing fifty-page papers and cramming for final exams.

All of which results in our sitting at the Muddy Charles Pub, at a table which commands a good view of both the rooms and the rush-hour traffic along the river. Both of us are drinking Beck's Dark. Jim Morrison sings, "When the Music's Over" just before he rings me up and inquires, "What's the word?"

**Beer**

"Jamais vu at MIT"

"What?"

"My God — I have grey suede wallpaper! This place traffics with the usual late-afternoon crowd is the usual late-afternoon loud enough to be noticed. The 'When the Music's Over' just reminded me of the room I was in last week in the rush-hour traffic along the Charles River Publishing, Inc. The room is nice and dark, as befits its subterranean location. A sizeable crowd is gathered at one end, where an apparently very serious darts match is taking place. I have never been to a party of Guinness Extra Stout and chocolate rum, the sole remaining empty table.

"Experience has shown that when you go into some of your classrooms, it's very apparent, and for the past half-hour or so we have been waiting for him to say or do something to indicate his having come under the influence of... something."

"There's a French-fry light about two feet from my face," he complains, pointing to a spotlight with a bulb, remarkably similar to the ones you use to keep fries warm at McDonald's.

"So unscrew the bulb."

"I'll burn my fingers."

"So stage a commando raid on the generating station."

"Good idea. He taddles off, and it is a moment before I realize he has gone to get us another bottle of Guinness. Over the room the five guys and roughly that many all seem to be trying to dance with one another. Plebney returns. A girl shouts, "*HA HA HA HA!*

"As much as they can get away with."

"Too mellow a place in which to get properly blighted. Perhaps should rebottle," Pitney decries.

**Jamais vu**

"Jamais vu — the less-publicized side of all this. It's the phenomenon of feeling unseen in a situation because you're certain you've never experienced anything remotely like it before."

"You just now made that up."

"Overheard from the next table, where an obviously very serious fellow wearing a dark, knee-length knit tie sold two-for-five bucks at Coop sidewalk sales explains to a female companion: '...finally he says to me: 'Alright, so every lousy one for breakfast."

But then you folks also have that feeling of not producing much of anything, and many of the animals became a situation because you're certain you've never experienced anything remotely like it before.

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