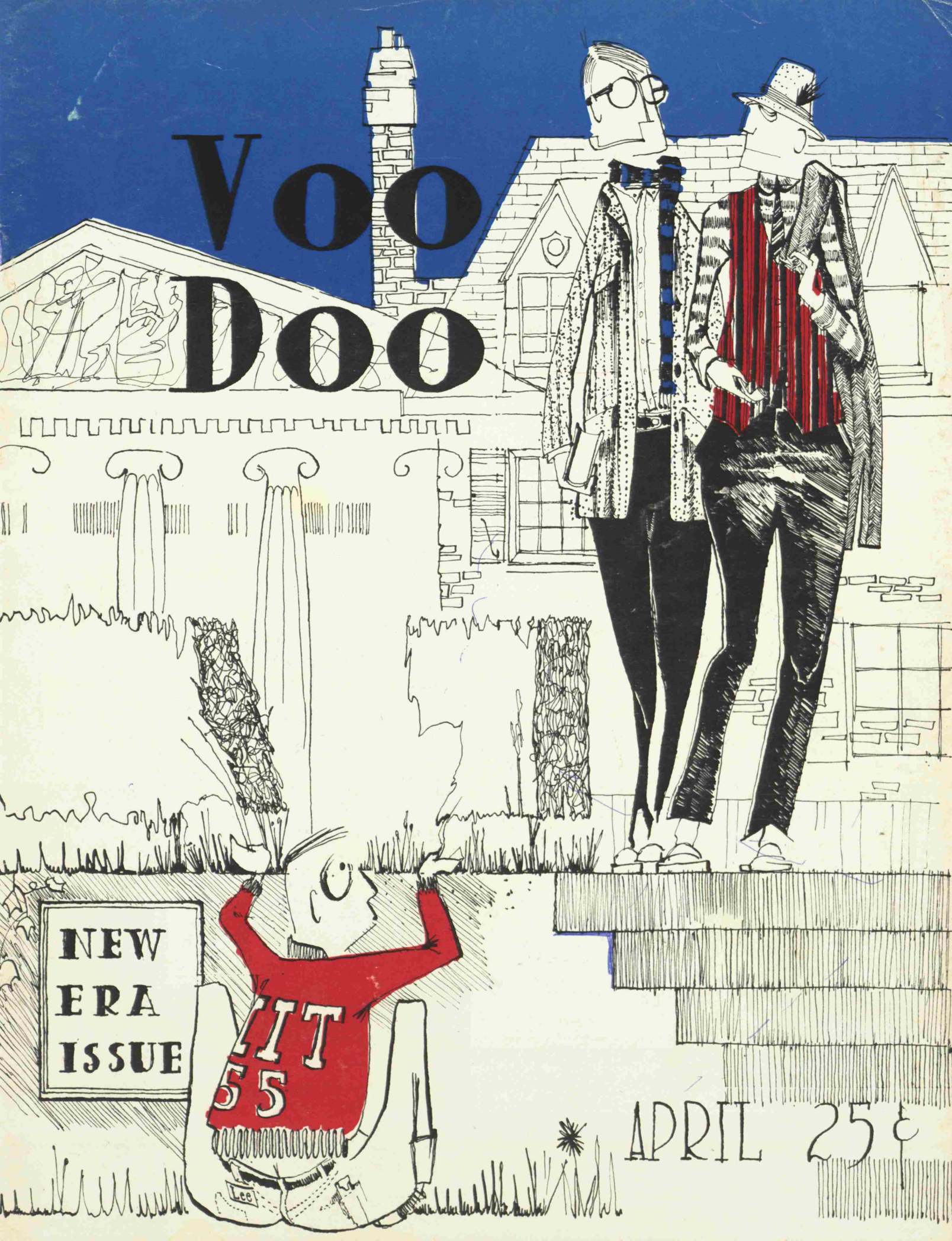
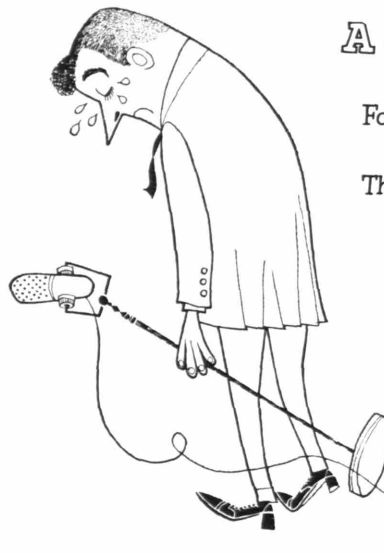


VOODOO



NEW
ERA
ISSUE

APRIL 25¢



A tenor, his voice loud and clear,
Renounced all his hopes and career
For his fine voice, alas!,
Once shattered the glass
That was holding his fine Schaefer beer!

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THERE was a large gray box on the demonstration table in room 10-250. The 8,041 students that entered at five minutes to two hardly noticed it. At two o'clock a few noticed that it was about five feet by three feet by three feet, and they laughingly called it to the attention of the students sitting next to them. At two minutes after two, it was observed that Professor Rossi, who usually arrives early, had not yet entered the lecture hall. At three minutes after two, some students were uneasily regarding the gray box. At four minutes after two, the noise in the room subsided to a low hum, and when at five minutes after two the bell rang, the hall was deathly quiet. Every eye was riveted on that gray box. At six minutes after two, Professor Rossi briskly entered the lecture hall.

The students applauded his first derivation.

THE seriousness with which some people treat contests peeves me. Perhaps that's because I've never in my life won one. At any rate, although I've outgrown the stage of making phone calls in the guise of the master of ceremonies of Break the Bank, still I accept the opportunity when it is thrown in my lap. Last week I pulled a stunt I will forever be proud of.

She was a red-head with eyes that blazed when she accelerated towards a pedestrian. The car was a Caddy convertible '55 with top down, revealing leopard skin up-

holstery. And reposing on the shelf above the back seat for all to see was . . . a box of Vanity Fair Tissues. I steamed alongside in my '37 Ford, leered benignly at the fair damsel, and said; your good fortune; you have just won a year's supply of household paper," and before her wide-eyed bafflement, gaily tossed a roll of Vanity Fair Toilet Paper into her lap.

THE open house of the Women Students Association was, we gather, a very successful affair. For when, at the end of the gathering, the girls were tidying up, they discovered that one excessively impressed young man had left a dime in an ash tray.

SOME professors have phenomenal memories. I'm talking about physics professors now. Have you ever memorized the first n eigenfunctions of an electron in an infinite well? In terms of Legendre polynomials? To six significant . . . ?

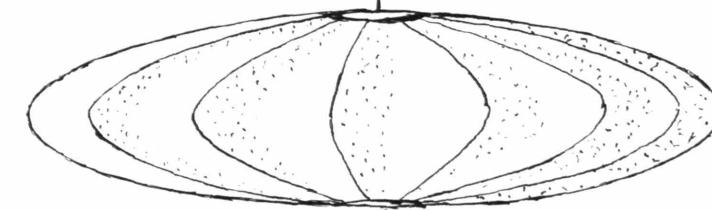
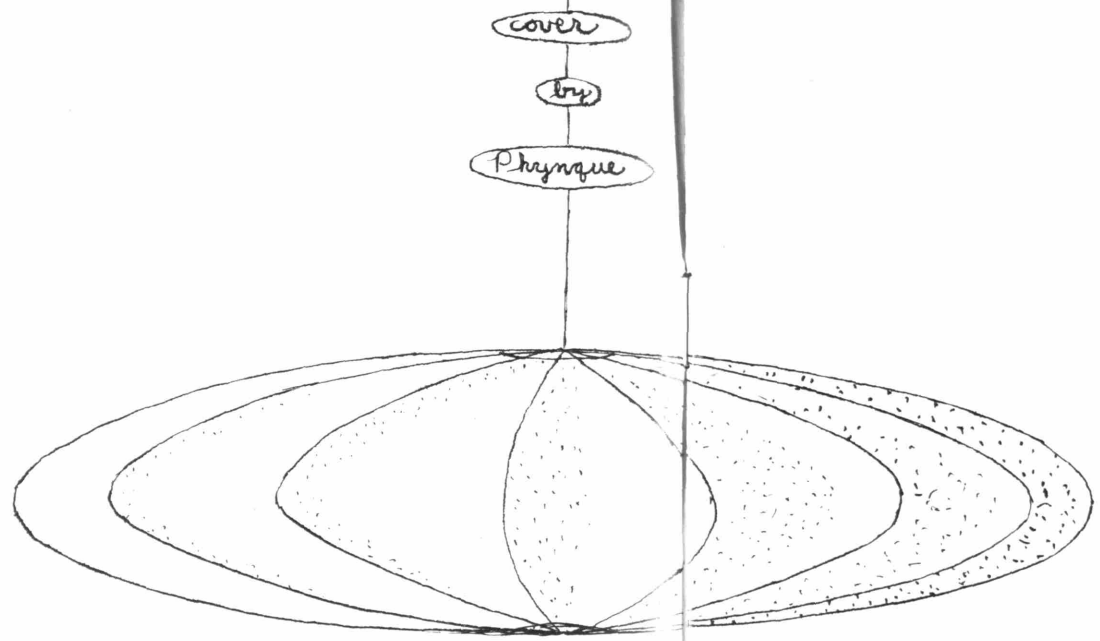
Well, our favorite professor can and did. In fact he started with a three-inch length of chalk and nearly ground his knuckles into the blackboard before he was through. All by memory, mind you. As he fumbled through the chalk box for a new piece, we leaned back contentedly, marveling at his ability, when we were startled out of our daydream by the professor's animated voice exclaiming, "My pipe in the chalk box? My goodness, I've been looking for it for weeks."

A friend of ours and the light of his life were stuck for some place to go one Saturday night recently, and after much wrinkling of brows decided, together with a second couple, to drive down to one of the resort villages on the South Shore where the girl's family owned a summer home. The object, ostensibly, was to enter said home and have a bite to eat. However, upon arrival, the house was found to be well locked and no one remembered to bring a key. Our hero was enlisted to do a little second story work, and after much rattling of bushes and windows, succeeded in entering through an unlocked window. To his extreme consternation, he then discovered that the doors could not be unlocked from the inside, either. In total darkness (he also discovered that there were no lights) he stumbled around trying to find his way out, while his companions fretted outside for fear someone in the neighborhood would summon the police. Our man found himself in the rather ludicrous position of being alternately locked out of, then inside of the same house. While visions of telephone calls to the girl's parents by the police danced darkly in his head, he confusedly walked into closets without number and crashed into almost every stick of furniture in the house before finally making his way out by means of his original entrance. In almost the same stride he hustled his frantic colleagues back into the car and drove off at top speed for home.

We saw him the other night when he told us the story. He was taking his girl to the movies.

VOO DOO

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 April, 1955
 Established 1919



A new era is at hand. There is no question about it. Architects discourse about the function of the artist in society, about form and space, while the buildings they design more often than not leak, and the auditoria that . . . but the less said about that the better. Anyway, the point that we are trying to make is that culture has come to the sciences. The boys with the leather elbow patches on their jackets, the effete tweedy stance, and the green bag of books slung over the shoulder are beginning to slink along the corridors. The day is just around the corner when M. E. sophomores lounging around the drafting rooms will converse at length about the philosophy of the crescent wrench. VOO DOO, with its usual capacity for indecision, doesn't know whether to applaud or to sneer at the trend. We only observe, and, observing, dedicate this issue to the things of the spirit. Hic!

—V. A.

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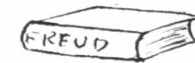
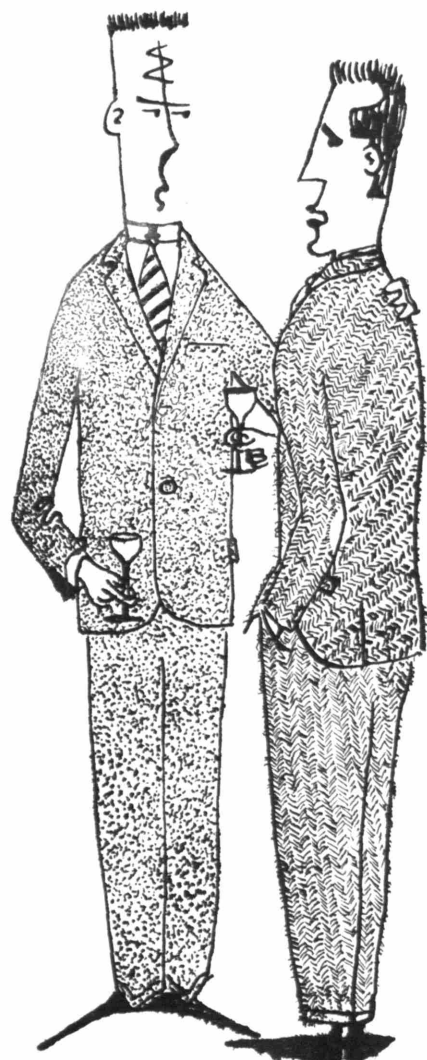
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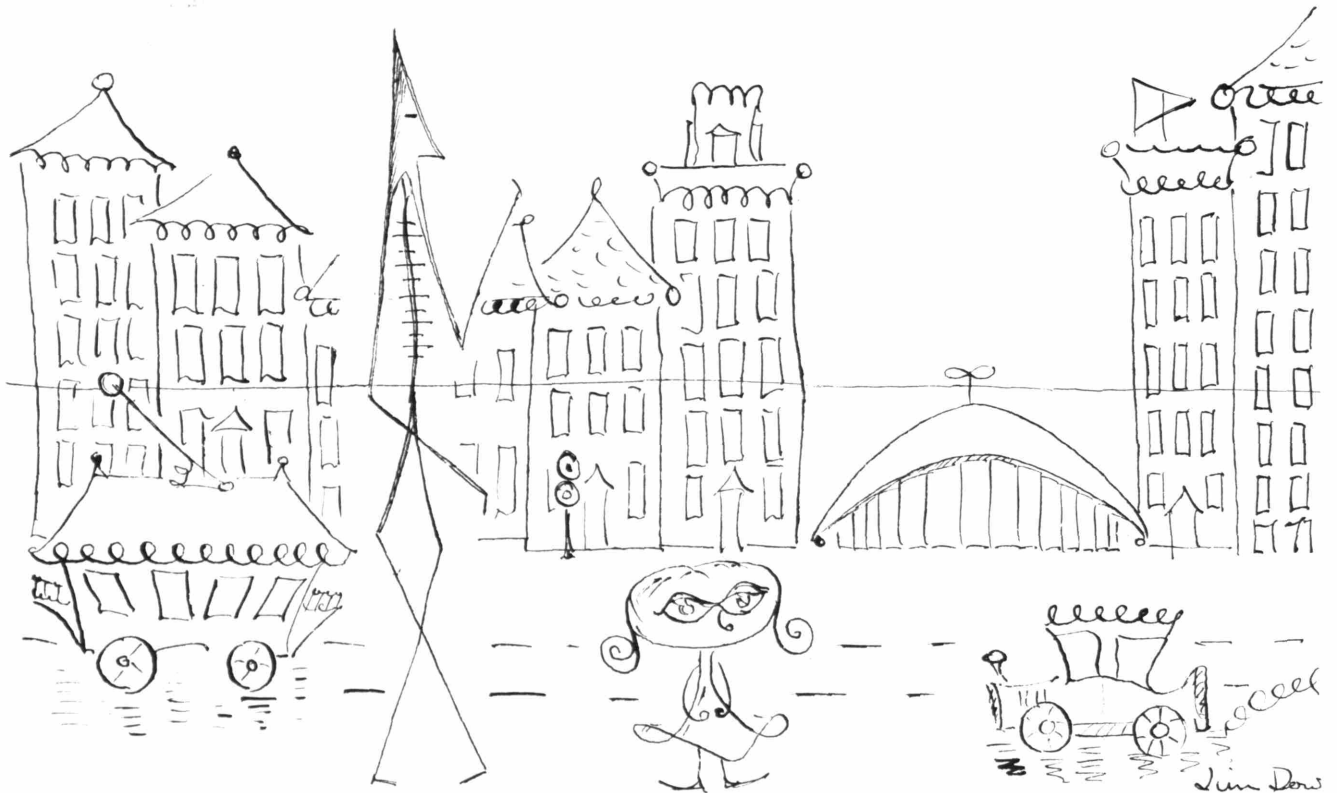
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dotmeyer

THE ENGINEERMAN



There has been a disturbing tendency lately to try to submerge the identity of the Engineerman and make him just like ordinary people. An effort has been made, in effect, to confuse the *Engineerman* with the *Human*, and I think something ought to be done about it.

For the fact of the matter is that, if the aforementioned disrupting element is permitted to continue its annihilatory scheme unchecked, the days of the Engineerman as we know him (or, alas, as we *knew* him, since already there are symptoms of decay) are numbered. Are you shocked? I hope so because this is a very serious matter and it merits your most careful consideration. I would like now to present my own carefully considered observations on the subject in the hope that they will serve as a guide to proper Engineermanship.

First of all, *forces* are at work to make the Engineerman *look* like regular people. He is urged to

wear charcoal flannels and buy razor blades, to wear crew cuts, and wash his face every day. This is an obvious effort to undermine the solidarity of the breed by obstructing the identification of Engineer-men by each other. Also, time and thought spent on conventions of dress are time and thought lost to the further advancement of the frontiers of knowledge, and an Engineerman must never betray his purpose. Proper attire for the Engineerman is governed primarily by climate and weather with minor concessions to the requirements of law. Jewelry and other superfluous physical adornments are scorned by the Engineerman. However, such accessories as the shock-proof wrist watch with sixty-second timer and radium dial may be worn as a functional aid to professional activity, as well as the familiar twelve-inch slide rule in leather case which is affixed to the waist on either side of the body. The latter item may be replaced by the six-inch slide rule, also in case

and carried in the breast pocket, if so desired. Personal grooming is subject only to the dictates of health, and time consuming operations that serve no functional purpose such as shaving and shoe shining should be avoided as much as possible. Some Engineers have been known to indulge in such petty foppery for the sake of social intercourse, particularly with women, but of course this is frowned upon as hypocritical.

Next we come to one of the most vital of all aspects of Engineeranship—the Environmental attitude. The would-be despoilers of the race have attempted to poison the minds of the young and disparage the mature by insisting that the Engineer must pervert his mental horizons to include politics, social problems, government operations and other irrelevancies of like nature. The Engineer must not allow such distractions to disturb his intellectual atmosphere—his world has no place for the trivial foibles of Human conduct. What care he of Communists and Democrats and other minor irritations of the outside world? The Engineer will find challenge enough in the problems within reach of the end of his slide rule without looking elsewhere for trouble.

I should like at this point to venture into the realm of Culture, a much trodden realm indeed, but nevertheless a necessary part of my lecture. It is spoken far and wide by children as well as adults that the Engineer is uncultured, nay, uncouth. English professors fret, historians clasp their historical heads in hysteria (or is it hysterical heads in historia?) and everybody agrees that the Engineer needs Culture. So they give him college courses in Greek drama, Aristotelian logic, Freudian symbolism, and Indian basketweaving. And where does all this get him? It makes him neurotic! The Engineer must never expose himself to the unsettling influences of Culture, which presents weighty problems of an intellectual nature that are

untenable in the Engineer's already intensely complex world. For diversion, the Engineer should see Hollywood movies, read current fiction, watch television, and in general avoid any extraneous play upon his highly charged mental faculties.

The general behavior pattern of the Engineer should now be clear. It remains to treat his actions in the company of others—he is bound, unfortunately, to run into some of them at one time or another. As a general rule, the Engineer should seek to remain aloof from the prissy Human, and when addressed directly by one of them should weigh his answer in suspicion for a moment, then deliver it in precise tones and retire quickly to the sidelines. The Engineer should cultivate a monosyllabic pattern of speech which will serve dually to discourage further conversational distraction from the Human and also increase the efficiency of oral information transfer when this becomes necessary in his dealings with other Engineers. The keynote here is conciseness—conciseness of thought and conciseness of action. The Engineer cannot long tarry in the nebulous world of the Human, but must return as quickly as possible to his vastly more stimulating scientific study.

I am faced, in conclusion, with the subject of women, which I have sought to avoid up to now because of its especial delicacy. Ideally, the Engineer should shun all contact with women as being a distraction of the very greatest magnitude. However, the Engineer must, by his very nature, face facts, and women are a fact. Besides, there is an essential need for the propagation of the species, and, as everyone knows, women are sometimes of inestimable value in such matters. Consequently, the Engineer should approach women with an element of caution, but once a common meeting ground has been agreed upon, he should dispose of the necessary affairs with utmost dispatch and return at once to more important matters.

—Art Solomon

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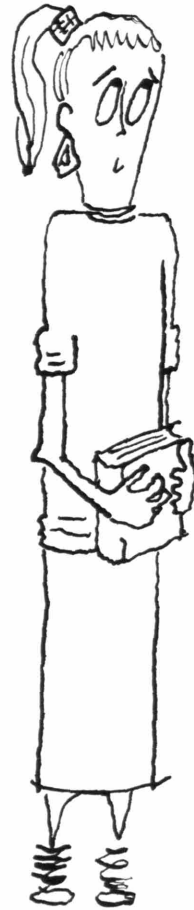
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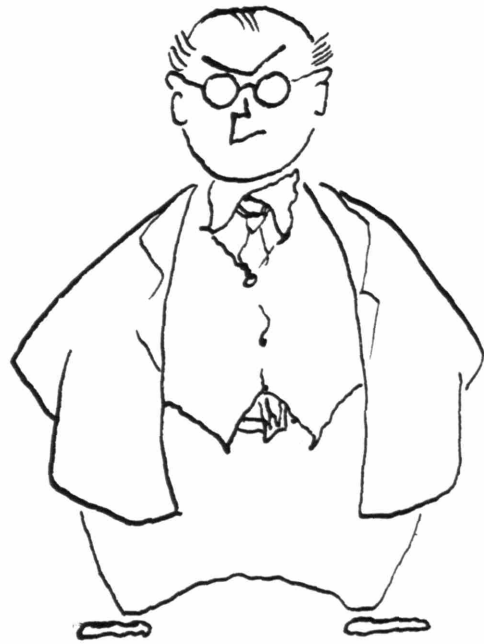
This is an art snob. She is looking at a painting by Mondrian. See the painting. It is nothing but flat, straight lines. There are no curvy type lines in it at all. Look at the art snob's sweater. Can you guess why she feels a kinship with the painter?



This is a poetry snob. If you want to be a poetry snob you must know that "books" is a bad word. Always say "volumes". It is even better to say "this little volume." The best poets always print their erotic passages in French. Don't you think this makes them even more exciting?



This is a jazz snob. He listens to old, scratchy records all day. The older the better. The scratchier the better. He thinks high fidelity is a chapter in the Kinsey Report. He has been South many times. Once he went all the way to Providence. He says his spiritual home is New Orleans, though.



This is an English teacher snob. He teaches at M.I.T. He feels superior because he has read a book. Someday someone in his class will read a book. Then where will he be? He is safe for a long time yet, though.



This is a politically-conscious snob. He worries. He worries about Joe McCarthy. He worries about the famines in China. He worries about hydrogen bombs. He thinks the world is going to hell. He is right. Pass the gin bottle, please.



This is a proletarian snob. He is really an anti-culture snob. As a matter of fact he is anti-everything. He is particularly anti-bathing. He never shaves. He wears clothes rejected by the Salvation Army. Sometime you must see our editor.

Phos Reminisces . . .



We hear as we walk through the halls; “. . . but was Kant justified in his rationalization of the noumena à priori? . . .” We see physicists and even mathematicians shedding their polo shirts to don what was once merely the despised apparel of a potential industrial manager, namely a tie. We read the words “Whole Man” in every third paragraph of most institute publications, while all around us student leaders and representatives discuss Long Range Projects in voices hushed with awe and admiration. The new era is here.

Gone is the Tech man of yesterday to whom life was just one long adventuresome experiment. One or two among us, old and wisened and wizened, think of the days and the men that were, and reminisce . . .

Some of us can still remember the days of the old barracks during the war. Some of us are still taking the same courses we used to in the days of the old barracks during the war. Further back than this, only ancient loaded alumni can remember . . .

The puny little water fights our present lethargic freshmen half-heartedly slop around with, are insults to the memory of the noble campaigns the boys in the barracks once fought. Tech was full of enlisted men then. They took their water fights seriously. These were men whose valiant work on the field with mariah, fire hydrants, surplus fuel pumps and soggy toilet paper spoke eloquently of the courage, resourcefulness and strength of our men in the Armed Forces. They still tell of the night barracks B critically depleted the Cambridge sewer system via siphon in favor of barracks C, who, after admiring their nine inches of slime in the morning, retaliated the next night in favor of barracks B by puncturing three water pipes and a gas main.

And the mammoth conflicts utilizing the lethal snapping towel; who could forget those? Amid the thick of the *melée* when it was every man for himself and the air couldn't be breathed for the smoke and the beer, and the eye couldn't see for the flying pillows, and the beds served as barricades, we remember the coolness of Grungy Albert, seated safely on one of the rafters overhead with five cans of beer ranged neatly alongside of him, shouting orders that no one listened to and dropping mattresses indiscriminately as the urge moved him.

The Tech man in those days was an individual. If the situation arose where a neat stunt could be pulled off, it was executed with artfulness and delicacy. There was never any lack of hands to see it through.

The patriarchs tell of the undergraduate who took a room in an overly respectable Back Bay boarding house. He brought considerable ham equipment with him and would sit in front of bulky electronic apparatus late into the night mumbling into microphones and writing mysterious messages on scraps of paper. At length his landlady, a proper Bostonian from the word stop, grew suspicious. On cleaning his room she found strange formulii and equations in the notebooks on his desk, and the wastebasket contained slips of paper carrying such information as: “8:53, W1WPA, QRM 71 MC.”

Thoroughly alarmed she voiced her suspicions to other tenants, and the word got around to the undergraduate.

Early one morning a few days later, he left the house as usual, bundled up in his high collared trench coat and carrying a brown briefcase. Scarcely had he closed the door under the suspicious eyes of the landlady, when a large black Cadillac with California license plates drew up to the building. Two men also in high collared trench coats got out and climbing the stairs, enquired of the landlady as to his whereabouts. She told them that the man they desired had just left and pointed through the window. There he was, walking leisurely on the opposite sidewalk. Quickly they wheeled about and ran downstairs to their car. The Cadillac made a rapid U turn and then crept slowly down the street until at last it was abreast of the young man. The two in the car jumped out and grabbed the youth. There was a great struggle witnessed by passersby and the landlady. They heard him scream: “My God, the weapon,” and then all three and the Cadillac disappeared around the corner.

The police traced the license to California. Three days later they found the car and the student agreeably situated on East Campus, so he returned to the boarding house and moved out his equipment.

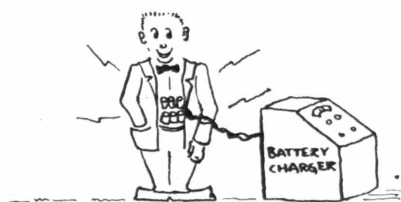
The word got around about the stunt and three more men saw the possibilities. Scarcely one month had passed when a robust looking old lady with five o'clock shadow was seen walking along Mass. Avc. She was suddenly accosted by two lads in an Oldsmobile near a busy intersection. In the midst of a smoke bomb she was stripped of her outer garments and abducted. A policeman who was directing traffic at the intersection set the noble M.D.C. on the trail. There was an exciting chase during

which the Oldsmobile lost the M.D.C. at least four times and had to cruise around till it picked the police car up again. The chase ended in Worcester where the three male occupants of the car were apprehended at a diner, in the middle of a leisurely luncheon.

What was the spirit of M.I.T.? Let others indulge in commonplaces, we delighted in the daring comeback, the artful parry, the carefully executed ploy. We sat upon the heights of ingenuity; where others may have blundered with brute strength, there we sauntered with cunning.

The last of the Jolly Boys graduated only last year. They were chemical engineers with a passion for their vocation. We have fond recollections of the fabulous notebook; nitrogen tri-iodide, cellulose trinitrate, tear gas by the special precipitation process for better bromine yield . . .

There was the Harvard Yale game. The night before, the Harvard Stadium was planted with sticks of dynamite which, in a display of misguided school spirit, formed the letters M.I.T. The detonation was planned for half time as a refreshing contrast to the game. However, the plot or rather the lead-in wire was uncovered, and an M.I.T. student was discovered at the game wearing batteries as a lining to his jacket. The authorities were inclined to be stern about that sort of thing, but the next day it was discovered that every man at M.I.T. was carrying at least one or two batteries around with him in his daily peregrinations, for where would an M.I.T. man be without his batteries?



Remember the riots? When life became monotonous and unbearable which it does every three weeks at least, a fire would start in Burton House. The dependable Cambridge Fire Department at twenty-five dollars per engine would siren colorfully up Memorial Drive, the hi fi sets would give their all at ninety db., and it was a signal for general rejoicing and good feeling. We all would gather by the tennis courts, cheering and renewing old acquaintanceships. These sociable events have disappeared; the last Burton House fire took place ten months ago.



Last year was the unforgettable snow blockade. There were spotlights from Baker House shining on the softly falling snow; while firecrackers, pinwheels and rockets lit up the sky in brilliant flashes and made popping noises. The omnipresent hi-fi set was booming Dagnet over the starlit Charles. Snow was piled up three feet high across Memorial Drive and automobiles were piled up seven blocks long at the same place.

Baker House overflowed with spectators from all over campus, hanging from windows and the roof, and occasionally dropping snowballs to add their cheery bit to the revelry. What a reception that first police car received! It was followed by three more police cars and a paddy wagon.

The night ended about one o'clock with the snowplow and a firecracker that narrowly missed the sergeant of police. It was a magnificent evening.

Seniors will recall the Radcliffe panty raid that occurred in their freshman year. It was made memorable by the arrest of an Associate Dean of Students who, being engaged in quelling the riot, was arrested by the alert Cambridge Police for inciting it.

The Field Day rides are gone forever, along with the East Campus Bonfires; the former by self-legislation, the latter by apathy. Never again will a freshman be adhesive taped from head to toe, labelled "epileptic" and flown to Idaho on a commercial airliner (this character was so obnoxious that men from both classes chipped in and shipped him as far away as their wealth would permit). Never again the exhilarating walks from Marblehead, Cape Cod, or Providence. Never again the anxious hours spent in semi-nude condition on Wellesley Campus. Never again . . .

Voo Doo has its own lore, mostly unprintable.

The Voo Doo Party where a guest, feeling that the atmosphere required more darkness, short circuited the building by sticking his fingers into the light socket. The Voo Doo party at the Cambridge Boat House where a stranger and his date danced around for a while, drank a little; then climbing into a rowboat rowed out on the Charles and disap-

peared down the river.

We have a slightly painful recollection of last year's Atomic Explosion in the guest court. The bomb was prepared by some enthusiastic chemists who overcompensated for experimental error. The detonation occurred at twelve noon; there was a large flash of the smoke followed by an admirable imitation of a shock wave and 15 windows in the main building blew out (at \$12.60 per window).

When the Harvard Bridge was rebuilt by Governor Dever as another great link in the Massachusetts Highway System, it stood on its day of dedication as yet uncrossed. The traditional red tape was stretched unbroken across both ends. Scarcely had the Governor's car commenced to move toward the bridge when a perky Model T with Voo Doo painted on its trunk was seen to shoot out of a nearby side street. It overtook and passed the Governor, breaking the tapes at both ends of the bridge. Veni, Vidi, Vici.

When a Tech man was drunk and his mind was too befuddled to think of anything else, he could always grab a handful of thermite and wander off in search of M.T.A. trolleys. The more ambitious could wander up to Harvard Yard; there the statue of John Harvard cries for a repp tie for his neck, a beer can for his knee and someone to paint his bronze shoes white. Others have driven steam rollers over conveniently located sites, such as President Conant's lawn! A cow was found chewing its cud on an East Campus roof. It was regretfully returned three days later to its irate owner with the explanation; "It looked lonely." Enterprising Architecture students when drunk liked to paint cracks on the domes of building ten.

Today, the drunken Tech man pulls telephones out of phone booths, bursts light bulbs, yells a little, and then goes to bed.

M.I.T. has degenerated into an institute of liberal arts.

Remember the automobile that disappeared overnight and reappeared in pieces at all the better fraternities? The room that was filled to the ceiling with torn shreds of newspaper, and old magazines?

One of our favorites was the physicist who one spring night decided to swim the Charles. He got himself an old inner tube which he tied around his waist with a bit of string. Leaving his bike on the Cambridge side of the Charles, he then walked across the bridge. Couples seated on the benches along the Esplanade were startled to see him halt, remove his polo shirt, fold it neatly on the grass, jump in and paddle leisurely to the Cambridge shore. Couples seated in cars along Memorial Drive were startled to see him climb out, ring out his pants cuffs, mount his bike and peddle back across the bridge to retrieve his polo shirt. He then peddled home, his inner tube flapping in the cool spring air . . .

But no more. Gone is the Tech man who realized that the whole man is half boy. Where is the spirit that was M.I.T.?

Gone? Well, perhaps a small vestige still remains. We know of men on campus today who were disappointed in the ease with which the snow plow removed the snow blockade. They swore that next time the thing would be done right, and to that end have purchased a twenty-five-foot, three-inch steel cable.

But we are given the most hope by a legacy. Three years of freshmen have been filling a big bell jar with stray pennies. When enough more is gathered in that jar, whoever is in possession of it will take it down to a pet shop and purchase a young monkey. He will train it to sit still in a chair for long periods of time. He will train it to hold a pencil and to pretend to write.

Then he and the monkey will regularly attend his every lecture for the next four years.

Maybe the spirit is not yet dead. Maybe . . .

—Phil Pearle



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		FIRST YEAR				
		<i>First Term</i>		<i>Second Term</i>		
22.01	Fundamentals of Gray Flannels	3-6		22.31	Basic Wellesley Technique	3-6
22.11	Rep and Foulard Ties	3-6		22.40	Shirts; Broadcloth and Oxford	3-6
22.20	Basic Background Music	3-5		22.02	Blazers and Slacks	3-5
H 11	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9		H 12	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9
M. S.	110 R.O.T.C.	3-0		M. S.	120 R.O.T.C.	3-0
		18-26				18-26
		SECOND YEAR				
		<i>First Term</i>		<i>Second Term</i>		
22.51	Athletics; Squash and Lawn Tennis	3-6		22.52	Athletics; Fundamentals of Yachting	3-6
22.32	Intermediate Smith and Vassar	3-6		22.70	Basic Banquet Buffeting	3-6
22.21	Contemporary Art, Including Mobiles	3-5		22.60	Introduction to Foreign Travel	3-5
H 21	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9		H 22	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9
M. S.	210 R.O.T.C.	3-0		M. S.	220 R.O.T.C.	3-0
		18-26				18-26
		THIRD YEAR				
		<i>First Term</i>		<i>Second Term</i>		
22.53	Athletics; Golf	3-6		22.54	Athletics; Polo	3-6
22.23	Introduction to Hi-Fi and F.M. Music	3-5		22.81	Contemporary Cocktail Consumption	3-6
22.80	Basic Alcohol Mixing	3-6		22.61	Introduction to European Society	3-5
H 31	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9		H 32	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9
22.41	Fundamentals of Convertibles	3-6		22.42	Sports Car Techniques	3-6
		18-32				18-32
		FOURTH YEAR				
		<i>First Term</i>		<i>Second Term</i>		
22.91	Basic Stock Market Quotations	3-6		22.92	Introduction to G.M. and U.S. Steel M'gem't	3-6
22.77	Etchings	3-5		22.39	Marriage at a Suitable Age	3-5
22.82	Advanced Alcoholism	3-6		H 42	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9
H 41	Selected Topics in Cocktail Gossip	6-9			Professional Elective	3-6
	Professional Elective	3-6			Thesis	9
		18-32				50



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The scene is a train compartment in Romania. The characters: A Russian officer, a Romanian, an old lady and an attractive girl.

The train enters a tunnel. The passengers hear first a kiss, then a vigorous slap.

The old lady thinks: "What a good girl she is, such good manners, such fine moral character!"

The girl thinks: "Isn't it odd that the Russian tried to kiss the old lady and not me."

The Russian thinks: "That Romanian is a smart fellow! He steals a kiss and I get slapped!"

The Romanian thinks: "Am I a smart fellow! I kiss the back of my hand, hit a Russian officer, and get away with it."



He: "It certainly is a man's world."

She: "How so?"

He: "Well, we've always had men for president, most of the successful doctors and lawyers are men, and men even cook better."

She: "Yeah, but who makes the best mothers?"

He: "Men!"



Four-year-old Johnny would not stay in his room alone when his parents went out. He was only quiet when he sat next to the attractive baby sitter. One night the sitter had her boy friend over but first she settled Johnny down next to her on one side of the couch until she was certain he was asleep. Very quietly then the baby sitter and the boy friend began petting. They got lost in their love making and Johnny bounced off the couch, hitting the floor with his head.irate, he got up and hollered accusingly at the sitter, "You and your damn necking, you'll make an idiot out of me yet."



The flashy looking dame passed through the hotel lobby several times. Finally the polite young air force officer stepped up to her and politely inquired:

"Pardon me, but are you looking for some particular person?"

"Oh, I'm satisfied," she smiled right back, "if you are."

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'Ology - 'Ology - O

*When M.I.T. was new and chaste,
Many years ago,
A slide rule hanging from the waist
Was considered apropos.*

*A Tech man then could only try
To be an engineer,
And no one bothered to apply
A cultural veneer.*

*But times have changed since then, I fear,
For better or for worse,
And the freshmen now read Shakespeare,
And Middle English verse.*

*No one in this new reform
Takes Theory of Vibrations.
No one bothers to perform
Triple integrations.*

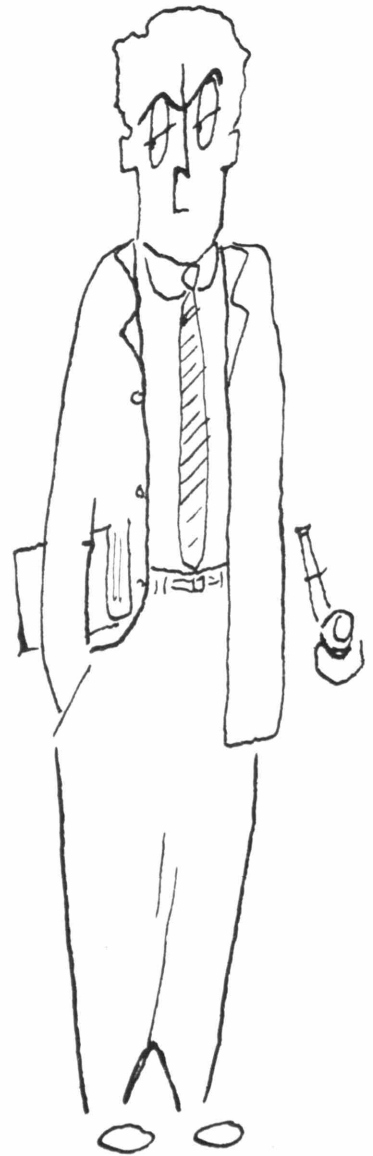
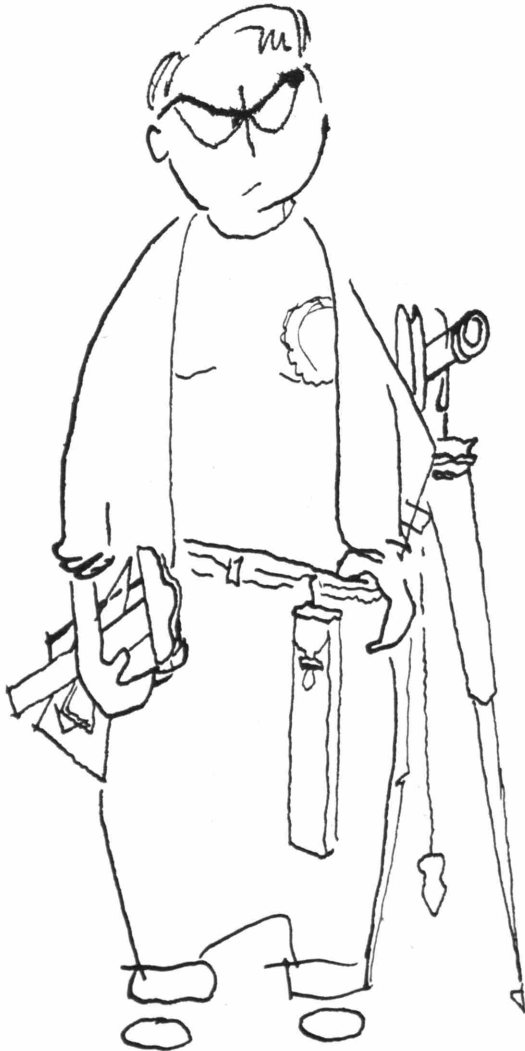
*For who but a fool would not forsake
Statistical Mechanics,
To join a seminar and take
Cultural Dynamics?*

*Sell your T-square cheap, my lad,
Pack your drawing kit.
Don't resist the growing fad,
Take Non-Western Lit.*

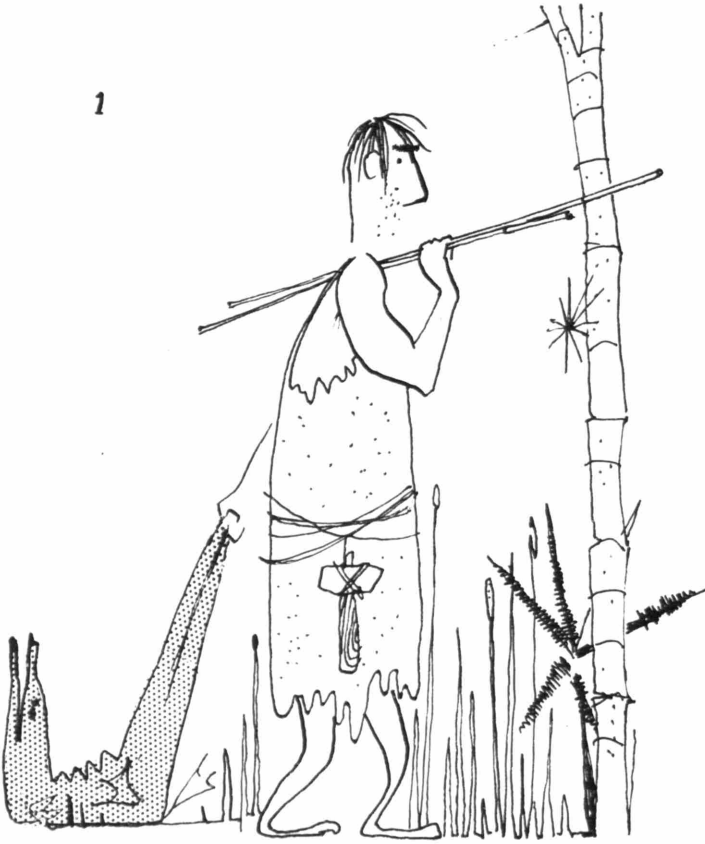
*Forget your rules of problem-solving,
Forget your physics courses,
Forget the methods of resolving
Incremental forces.*

*Science won't be with us long,
Technology is on the run;
So come and join the happy throng,
Take Course XXI.*

—R. B. R.



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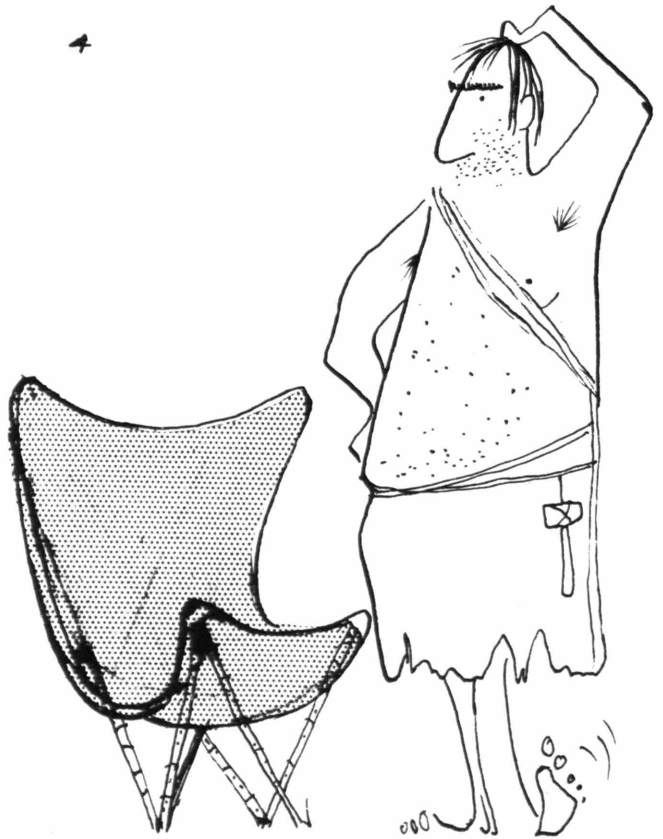
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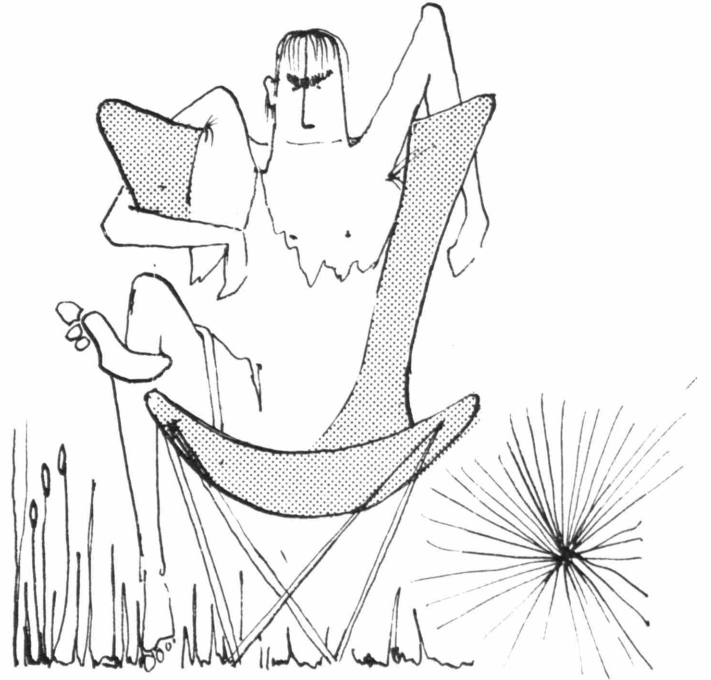
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8.



MYTHS FOR THE MINORITY

In spite of the recent conference on discrimination, and the quantity of publicity it received, it has come to our attention that there still exists at Tech a minority group. We speak of the unfortunate handful of students who have not yet been humanitized. One can still find, in dark corners of the Institute, people who are not acquainted with the rich literature of mythology. We feel that this situation must be remedied. Those to whom the name "Apollo" brings to mind no more romantic a vision than that of the Apollo Metal Works Company: 1156 Mass. Ave., Eliot 4-8812; (Footnote: Attention Apollo Metal Works Company: 1156 Mass. Ave. The author expects a check by return mail!) indeed live a life bereft of the comforts yielded to the student of the lore of yore. In order to dispel the dark clouds of ignorance which surround the aforementioned group, the editors of *Voo Doo* have magnanimously, and with superhuman expenditure of time and effort, prepared for the edification and enlightenment of these people the following resumé of that part of the wisdom of the ancients which is contained in what Fradley has called "the rich literature of mythology."

We come first to the warm, tender tale of Apollo and Daphne. Apollo went out one day and shot a serpent with a bow and arrow. He considered this to be no mean feat; and when he saw Cupid playing around with his Macy's Junior Huntsman's Archery Set he let loose with a few words one ordinarily doesn't say to a small boy. Cupid hitched up his diaper and retaliated by shooting a golden arrow at Apollo and a lead one at Daphne. They met that afternoon and he went for her but she didn't go for him. He chased her and was gaining fast when Daphne shouted to her father, Penes, the River god. The old man, who apparently wasn't too bright, changed Daphne into a tree. Apollo took it pretty hard for a while but finally cheered up saying, and I quote, "Since you cannot be my wife, you shall assuredly be my tree." And so everybody lived happily ever after until a month ago when Daphne was chopped down to make *Voo Doos*.

Next we hear the pathetic tale of Cephalus and Procris. Cephalus was a hunter. Procris was his wife. One day Aurora spied Cephalus bravely machine gunning a flock of ferocious sparrows and fell in love with him. Cephalus, however, laudably repelled her amorous advances; and she went away just a teensy-weensy bit angry. Now it seems that our hero

was in the habit of resting from the exertions of the hunt by throwing off all his clothes, stretching out on the bank of a stream, and crying poetically, "Come sweet breeze, come and fan my breast, come and allay the heat that burns me." Word of these goings-on got back to Procris, a dumb blonde if there ever was one, and she became jealous of this girl breeze. She decided to follow her husband and see for herself. And so we find her hiding behind a bush the next day while her husband shouts for a little air. She breaks into loud sobs, Cephalus hears her and thinks that he must have missed one of the sparrows. He picks up his javelin—Apollo, you will remember, has cornered the market in bows and arrows—and lets fly. Her dying words are that he should give up this tart, Breeze.

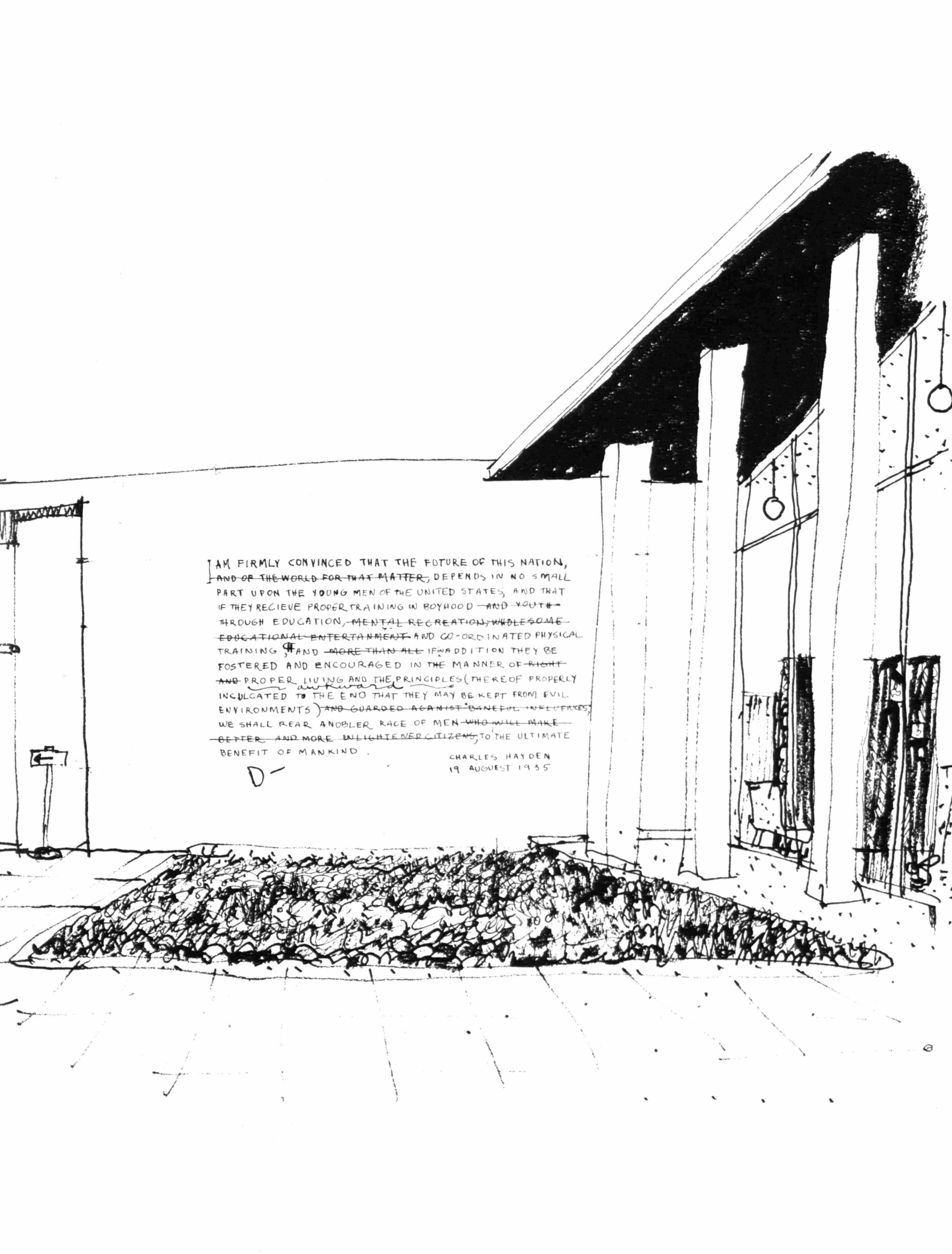
No discussion of mythology could possibly be complete without an examination of the complex story of Oedipus. Laius, king of Thebes, long ago married Jocasta. (He later pleaded temporary insanity.) The happy couple were soon (three and a half months, and believe me there was talk.) blessed with a son, Oedipus. Jocasta, however, had wanted a girl, so poor Oedi was left on a doorstep. The couple had good taste in doorsteps, though, for we are told that Oedipus was raised by Polybus and Merope, king and queen of Corinth.

One day, years later, Oedipus was enjoying a stroll somewhere near the boundaries of Thebes (there are rumors that he was smuggling dope) when he happened to meet Laius (his father, you dope.) Neither recognized the other, and both were in a bad mood. The rendezvous ended with Laius drawing his sword while exclaiming, "This myth isn't big enough for both of us." Oedipus blew him up with a hand grenade and continued on toward Thebes. Once there he found the town in a deplorable state of confusion. The Sphinx was holding a quiz show and no one was able to answer the sixty-nine dollar question. Oedipus rented Whirlwind for an hour and finally announced that the Boston Tea Party took place in Boston. He was immediately proclaimed king.

Soon after ascending the throne, he married Jocasta. He hadn't recognized her either. A year or so later, he discovered the horrible truth; that not only was he guilty of the most deplorable form of incest, but that he was the murderer of his own father.

It made him rather sad.

—Vic Teplitz and Fradley



I AM FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE FUTURE OF THIS NATION,
~~AND OF THE WORLD FOR THAT MATTER,~~ DEPENDS IN NO SMALL
PART UPON THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THAT
IF THEY RECIEVE PROPER TRAINING IN BOYHOOD ~~AND YOUTH~~
THROUGH EDUCATION, ~~MENTAL RECREATION,~~ WHOLE SOME
~~EDUCATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT~~ AND CO-ORDINATED PHYSICAL
TRAINING, ~~AND MORE THAN ALL~~ IF IN ADDITION THEY BE
FOSTERED AND ENCOURAGED IN THE MANNER OF RIGHT
AND PROPER LIVING AND THE PRINCIPLES (THERE OF PROPERLY
INCULCATED ^{outward} TO THE END THAT THEY MAY BE KEPT FROM EVIL
ENVIRONMENTS) ~~AND GUARDED AGAINST DANEFUL INFLUENCES,~~
WE SHALL REAR AN OBLER RACE OF MEN ~~WHO WILL MAKE~~
~~BETTER AND MORE INLIGHTENED CITIZENS,~~ TO THE ULTIMATE
BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

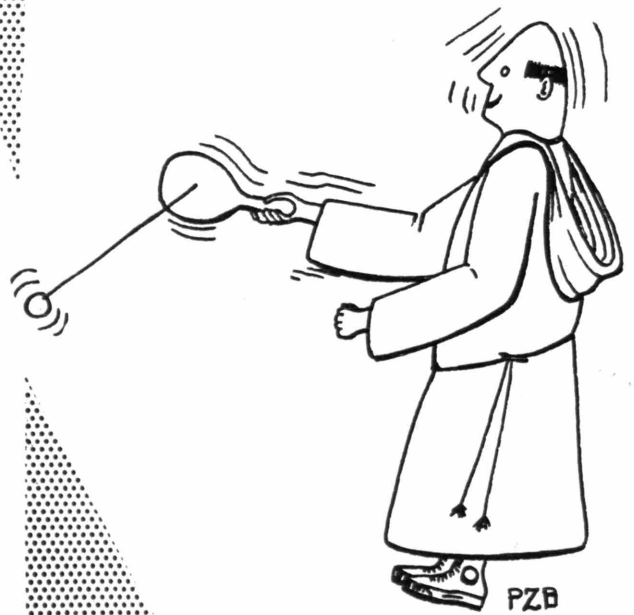
D-
CHARLES HAYDEN
19 AUGUST 1935



I got my job through the New York Times



"Where's my towel?"



IMAGINE

yourself part of a vast throng in a huge auditorium. The very atmosphere is charged with excitement. Banners line the wall and ceiling and you yourself hold before you a handbill proclaiming

"Humanists of the World, Unite!"

The moderator announces the arrival of the man whose name is on everyone's lips, the eminent, the dynamic, Dr. Dipton Dunge, Ph.D., D.D.T., 24 D., etc., America's foremost expert. Imagine the great man himself mounting the dais amid tumultuous applause, hushing the entire gathering with one grand gesture, and beginning:

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, my devoted admirers. Realizing your eagerness to learn of my momentous findings of the past several days, I will proceed immediately to the topic at hand.

"After spending an entire week in intensive study at M.I.T., I feel fully qualified in reporting as an expert in the field of technology and engineering. During this time every waking moment was put to valuable use. Immediately upon arrival at the institute, I granted an interview with the president and the board of directors. I assured them that should they at any time discover a need for my assistance, I would be more than glad to lend my talents for a worthy cause. I felt sure they were planning to elect me Dean of Students, since I possess all the necessary qualifications (never having been a student there) but I graciously avoided the issue.

"Following this introductory meeting I appeared at a series of cocktail parties, visited the auditorium, took a tour of the library, and attended an LSC film, not to mention a profitable research session in the Margaret Cheney room. To whet my appetite before dinner I played the three-dimensional chess-champion of the school, naturally foregoing use of my queen to even the match. Before retiring each night, I read the prefaces to several advanced engineering texts and since I have already read 'The Universe and Dr. Einstein', I am now an expert in the field of nuclear physics.

"During my stay I met one of the five other living men who understand Einstein's general relativity theory, but I was terribly disappointed in the

man. General relativity, I might explain, is the extension of private relativity past sergeants, lieutenants, and captains to the very meat of the affair. Naturally private relativity respects the fact that a man's relations are his own private affair and delicacy prevents me from going deeper into the matter with so many listening.

"As I started to say, I was completely unimpressed with this individual. Would you believe it if I told you that with no amount of concentration could he give me the date Shakespeare crossed the Rubicon? Now mathematics has its advantages and I respect the more advanced techniques such as sums and differences but the finer things in life simply cannot be reduced to that. You can see how ineffectual it is in the simple example just given. This is by no means an isolated case. Many vital problems such as the concentration of the tea thrown overboard at the Boston cocktail party and the length of Paul Revere's ride are simply beyond the realm of mathematics.

"Too many eyes are blinded to this fact. Oh, you who worship the number, consider the error of your ways. Thank you, my unremitting worshippers. I shall wait for the applause to subside.

"Let us liberate the prisoners laboring under the false idol of mathematics. Let us impart our wisdom to them for why after all should we selfishly conceal the truth within our own enlightened minds? Let us take the bull by the horns. I have supplied all the necessary material. Let us once again drain the well of magnanimity. Let us cast the shadows from the cobwebbed recesses of their embattled minds. For we at least pride ourselves in our ability to state plainly without masking the truth in symbols.

"No longer are numbers king. In the name of the true science—a subtle wedding of humanism and philosophy—we hereby renounce their former ways and turn our eyes heavenward where a new sun smiles upon this happy day. Rejoice, oh brave new world.

"I humbly thank you for your wild cheering and enthusiastic support. The money which you will presently give spontaneously and of your own free will, will be put to use on the new project. Your generosity is as overwhelming as my own ingenuity. Your names will go down in history just under mine.

"I thank you."

Bowing unassumingly, the eminent Dr. Dunge descends the stairs and is swallowed up by the crowd.

Just Imagine.

—Dave Markowitz

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A New York bus was rather crowded recently. One of the passengers seated next to a window suddenly buried his head in his hands, and the man next to him asked him if he were sick. "It's nothing like that," the man replied, "I just hate to see old ladies standing up."



The kiddies were being taken on a tour of the mint. "Why is it?" asked one, "they stamp 'IN GOD WE TRUST' on the pennies?"

"That," explained the guide, "is for the benefit of people who use them for fuses."



"But I thought . . ." said the secretary meekly.

"Don't think," barked the industrialist. "That's not what I pay you for. Take down what I dictate and then type the letters. Is that quite clear? Now take this."

That afternoon, his secretary planked this letter on his desk for signature.

"Dear Smythe: The idiot spells it with an 'E'. Thinks it's aristocratic. His old man was a plumber. With regard to your letter of—look it up. Anybody who can read that handwriting deserves a medal. You ask the cost of replacing worn parts in the machinery at your plant. Our experts figure—hey, Joe, what was the estimate on that Smythe job? Two thousand? Okay—our experts figure that three thousand dollars is our rock-bottom price. The extra thousand is for that damn 'E' he sticks on his name. Trusting to receive your esteemed order, etc., etc., etc. There, that's done and you better get off my lap before my partner walks in on us."



It was blistering on the Sahara Desert. The glowing sun beat down on the sand with a terrific ferocity. Some Arabs were leading their camels to the camp of Kahib the desert chieftain, when they spotted a slowly-moving speck on the sand. Upon investigating, they found a little Cockney soldier who had wandered far from his camp. He was obviously dying of thirst. They took him back to their camp where he was greeted by Kahib.

"So," said the chieftain, "you are thirsty. I will give you water on one condition. I will place a jug of water on one side of the tent and a vulture's eyeball on the other. You will be blindfolded. Then you must point your finger at one side of the tent. If you choose the side with the water, you shall receive it. If, however, you choose the one with the eyeball, you must accept that and nothing more."

So they blindfolded the little Cockney and he pointed to one side of the tent.

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Kahib. "You have chosen the eyeball. I am sorry."

"Oh, don't be sorry," said the Cockney. "I'm rather glad it turned out this way. I haven't had a good 'ighball since I left London."



When the conductor on an Arkansas local came through collecting tickets, an old gentleman simply couldn't find his in any pocket. Suddenly a man across the aisle laughed and said, "Jeb, you're holding it in your teeth." The conductor punched the ticket and passed on down the aisle, "Jeb, you're sure getting absent-minded," pursued the man across the aisle. "Absent-minded nothing," whispered old Jeb angrily. "I was chewing off last year's date."

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"Ah'm looking foh the ministration building," said the shy young Mobile freshman co-ed.

The psuedo-sophisticated New Jerseyite co-ed looked at her wide-eyed. "Oh, you must mean the periodical room."



An engineering prof was lecturing his 8:00 o'clock class on the virtues of being wide awake.

"I've found that the best way to start a day is to exercise for five minutes after arising. breathe deeply, and finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

Just then a sleepy voice was heard to mutter from the back of the room, "Tell us more about Rosy."



Mama: "Let's buy Junior a bicycle."

Papa: "Do you think it will improve his behavior?"

Mama: "No, but it will spread his meanness over a wide area."



A religious bokshop near the State Capitol in Boston put on a big Bible sale recently and quite a number of customers were lured by this bit of versification on a card in the window:

Holy Scripture, Writ Divine
At a dollar forty-nine;
Satan trembles when he sees
Bibles sold as cheap as these.



A tight-lipped general, obviously a martinet, descended upon a draftee camp in New England on an inspection tour, and a regimental parade was arranged in his honor. As the band marched by the reviewing stand, the general emitted a snort of disgust and roared, "Halt!" Three battalions stopped in their tracks. "Now back up," hollered the general, "and the next time that band marches past me I want to see the slides of those trombones going in and out together!"



A politically inclined school teacher, during the Huey Long administration in Louisiana, carried her political partisanship into the third grade classroom. Standing a pupil on his feet, she inquired, "Who gave us this beautiful school?" Knowing who buttered his report card, the pupil answered, "Huey Long."

"And who gave us the wonderful bridge over Bailey Creek?"

"Huey Long."

"Who gave us our wonderful roads?"

"Huey Long."

Satisfied, the teacher then asked, "And who makes the grass grow and the flowers bloom?"

"God," said the student.

From the back of the room a voice said, "Throw the damn Republican out."



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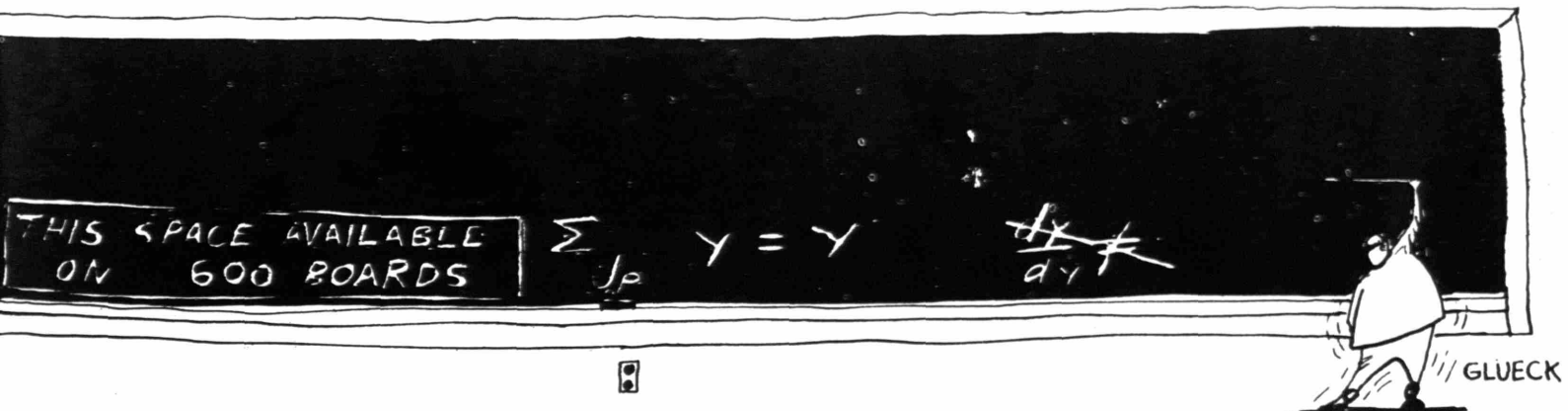
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Along with old shoes, tin can and what have you tied to the back of the newly-weds car was a sign reading: "Amateur Night."



Two moonshiners were discussing their operations. "When I take my stuff into town," one of them explained, "Ah always drives mighty slow—about 20 miles per hour."

"Skeered o' the law?" the other jeered.

"Nope," answered the first. "Gotta age the stuff, hain't ya?"



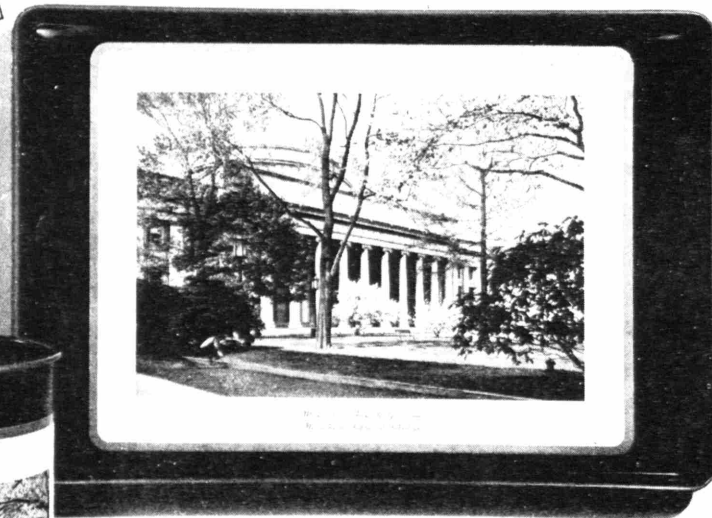
Anyone who thinks he is indispensable should stick his finger in a bowl of water and notice the hole it makes when he pulls it out.

Sneaked out of Budapest is the story of the secret police agent who was ordered by his chief to learn whether a skeleton in the museum really was, as alleged, that of Attila, fifth-century chieftain of the savage Huns. The agent marched off with the skeleton and returned forty-eight hours later with what was left of it—a few splinters of bone. "It's Attila, all right," averred the agent. "How did you confirm it?" asked the chief. The agent answered proudly, "He confessed."



Two collegians were walking toward each other on the campus and one was very bowlegged. The normal one out of curiosity said, "Texan?"

The other poor fellow whipped back, "Nope, short bunk."



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TECH COOP

MIND vs MATTER

An Ultramodern Parable

This is a story of frustration. Many people do not realize the pain and self-sacrifice the artistic mind is heir to. For the sake of presenting to the world a cultural achievement, the true artist, the unselfish *ars gratis artis* artist, will endure almost any form of mundane deprivation. Intellectual considerations rule. Art is its own reward.

It is not surprising that a member of the lit staff of such an outstanding literary magazine should have come up with such a scheme. The time was ripe and conditions dictated prompt action. Sooner or later someone would have taken up the gauntlet. Still it happened to be he.

He entered the office one day and found the entire junior and senior boards huddled around some commanding figure on the floor in the middle of the room. Rapt, he viewed the scene for some minutes. The center of attention was concealed from his view but from time to time he could hear a purring sound from amid the group followed by peals of laughter. Abruptly the whole crew stood up, raised their cans on high, and, as though a single voice, announced, "a toast to technology."

"Beauregard," cried J. Roger, the habitual spokesman, rushing towards him, "enter and witness a triumph of science."

"Phooey," said Beauregard, "now about the next issue . . ."

"This is a serious matter," said J. Roger. "Here we come up with the greatest contribution to humanity since the invention of the double bed and you say . . ."

"Phooey," said Beauregard.

"And here he is," quoth J. Roger, undisgruntled, "that scientific marvel: our own Phosphorus."

At this the surging crowd parted and a proud feline figure glided forth. He regarded Beauty coldly for a moment, then with extreme care and deliberation scratched out in smooth large letters right upon the floor beneath him $F=\dot{p}$. With a solemn air he examined this epithet and finding it to his satisfaction, Phosphorus breathed a scholarly sigh and strode nonchalantly to the refrigerator.

"What do you think of that?" said J. Roger. "Not just ma, but \dot{p} . We've taught him relativity already."

"Phooey," said Beauregard.

One night while all the world was in slumber, Beauregard stole into the office with a package resembling a large hatbox.

"I'll show them," he thought ardently, "just wait till they see this."

For months he had looked forward to this night. For months he had endured self-denial and mental anguish in working towards this goal.

Turning on the light, he placed the package on the editor's desk and removed the black cloth.

"Say something, Aristotle," he cajoled.

Aristotle rubbed his eyes, yawned, then spoke in a rich dramatic voice: "Soft, what light from yonder window breaks . . ."

"Atta boy, go."

"Out, out, brief candle . . ."

"I hear you talking."

"To sleep perchance to dream . . ."

"Don't quit on me now."

"Now sleeps the crimson petal . . ."

"You stay awake and rehearse. Tomorrow you'll be world-famous."

"The world is too much with us . . ."

"A toast to the greatest intellectual triumph since Marlowe assumed his pen-name," offered Beauregard, raising a bottle of rye to his lips. "I drink to you, Aristotle."

"Hail to thee, bottled spirit, you're giving me the bird . . ."

"No ad libs now."

". . . the evening is spread out against the sky like a patient etherized upon a table . . ." he murmured bemused, his eyelids drooping.

"Keep going, keep going."

Quoth the parrot, "Nevermore," and at once began to snore.

"It's understandable," thought Beauty. "He's worked hard. But it's been worth it. Aristotle is the embodiment of humanism revisited."

Swelling with pride, he bade the bird a fond farewell and left the office in contemplation of the morrow: "Tomorrow, when the staff will be the surprised witnesses to the fruits of man's intellectual creativity."

Recalling the many tremulous moments when his Operation Parrot had been on the brink of dis-

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aster, Beaugard breathed a sigh of relief. So many times he himself had been on the verge of giving up. The anti-intellectual upstairs for example listened to ballgames incessantly. Such an uncultural pursuit. At all too frequent intervals Beaury had to subject Aristotle to a brainwashing in order to purge his unwary mind of the box-scores. So much was lost. He was forced into even more drastic measures when the bird injected a chorus of Shake, Rattle, and Roll into the crescendo of his otherwise heart-rending rendition of *Vesti la Giubba*. Again there was the time that Aristotle pulled one of his greatest linguistic surprises. Beaugard had just finished playing the complete score of *Carmen* for the nourishment of the aviary mind in his charge when he was startled by a suggestive voice asking: "Voulez-vous?" "Aristotle," he intoned, enchanted, "You speak French too?" "May we," said the bird, "Voulez-vous se couch—" "Who? Who taught you that?" demanded Beaury, outraged. "Cherchez le porter," announced the bird. So many things to guard against.

But now at last nothing could forestall the blessed event. True artistic endeavor will triumph in the end. Beaugard skipped gaily down to the office.

"They must have discovered Aristotle by now," he hummed. "At this very moment they are probably marveling at his unique conception of—"

He burst into the office, expecting to find the entire staff in the throes of admiration, but to his chagrin, everyone was soberly attending to his own business. His greeting expired unanswered. The joke staff was tearfully reading the selections for the next issue. Features was asleep in a corner of the room. Only the treasurer wore a smile as he was mentally translating last month's receipts into bottles of scotch.

"What's the matter with everyone?" cried Beaugard, feeling the expected rapture of the moment fading before him. "Haven't you found it yet?"

"We found it," said J. Roger, a trifle dissipated. "Well, aren't you excited?"

"Over a bird cage?"

"Bird cage? What bird cage? Bird!"

Beaugard dashed the length of the room, suffered a single stroke of intense agony, and crumpled to the floor in a heap. There on the floor of the cage was Phosphorus, curled up contentedly, a single feather gracing the corner of his mouth. With his tail he was fanning himself, and with his right fore-foot he was scratching out in smooth large letters F=p.

—Dave Markowitz

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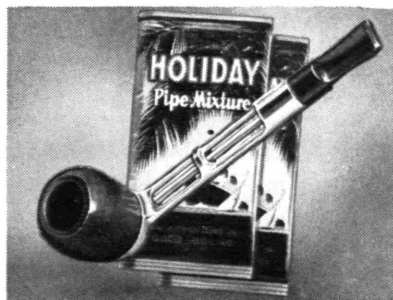


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