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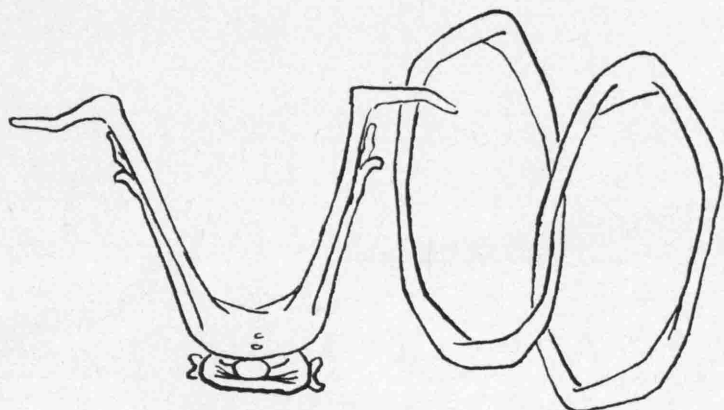
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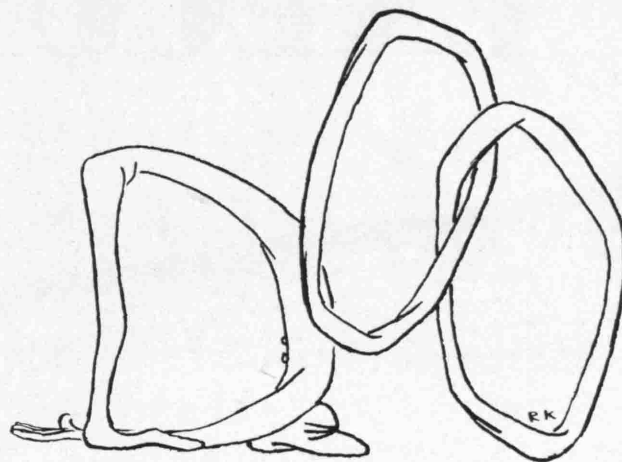
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EDITORIAL



In This Issue:

Phos was sitting over in the corner of the office the other evening chuckling over his can of beer at the wild antics of the old Senior Board who were busily rummaging through the beer closet, looking for some last bit of graft to latch onto before the new board took over. Now that they have finally departed, he is sitting in the same corner laughing over another can of brew to see the new board busily taking all the things of value in the office from their caches, where they have been hidden for the last month and a half. And so, with the coming of spring, the hustle and bustle of awakening campus activity is again around us: the snow is melting, the birds are singing, and the bees...well, after all, some things *are* too much, especially in a self-censoring magazine....What did you say Phos?.... You say we are self-censoring so long as our standards are above those of the POWERS THAT BE? I see....

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 in memoriam

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KITTENS

Rita
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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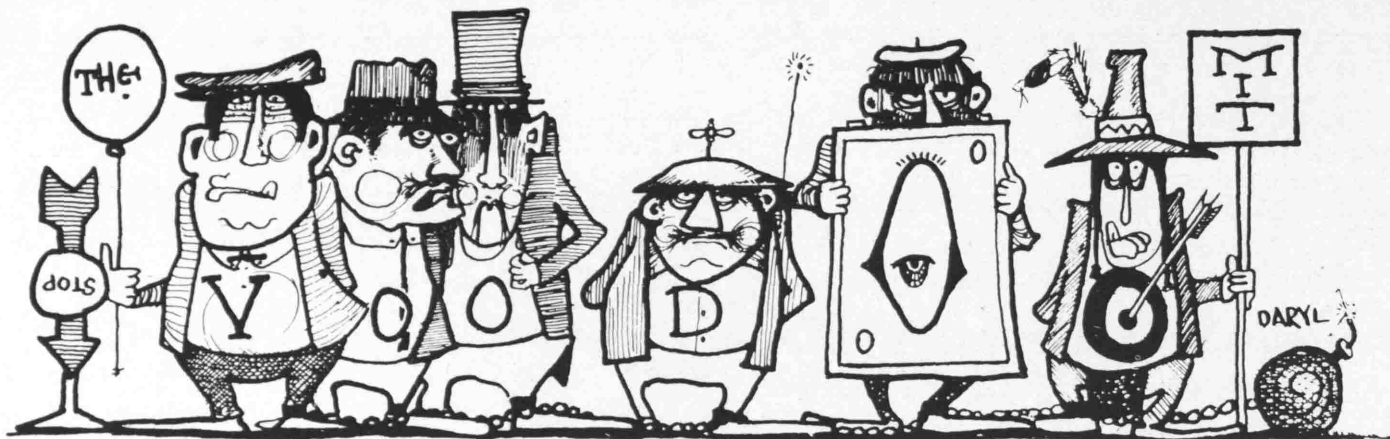
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We print with little comment excerpts from a letter from a Beaver Country Day School lass named Patricia. "I'm writing...to commend you on your magazine....I really don't agree with all that is said about Tech co-eds. I hope to become one and I certainly am not like the portraits painted in *Voo Doo*. Why can't men just accept the fact that women have a better head for mathematics and make better engineers. Just because a girl can discuss stress and strain, etc., doesn't mean she can't be human." Human Tech coeds, human? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Well, well, well! Somebody finally has found a good use for Cambridge policemen. Driving through Harvard Square on our way--we blush to admit it--to Radcliffe one balmy pre-spring eve, we saw a dignified Cambridge cop gracefully wallowing in the gutter, a pointed stick in his hand, piercing pieces of discarded paper.

It has been rumored that *The Tech* is planning to organize an MIT *Corps de Ballet*. Exhibitions will be given in conjunction with a similar organization at Harvard. For further information contact the staff of

The Tech. They will be glad to oblige you.

The Dartmouth crew received the red-carpet, hospitality treatment for two and half weeks. Hospitality. They were soaked three or four dollars for Commons meals, and to really make them feel comfortable they were assigned to the canvas cots in the Walker gym. But Dartmouth students are not as green as their school colors--they weathered the storm well, finding time for some practical jokes. Up in Hanover, New Hampshire, the female population consists of some miserable hayseeds who exist only for the satisfaction of Dartmouth men; there also is the old Inn; but for the most part there is precious little diversion for the boys. So they invent and keep up traditions. One of them involves the bust of some deceased dean. The night before a quiz the freshmen rub the nose of the bust for good luck; consequently, the nose is shiny. To humor themselves during the two and a half weeks they were in Walker, the Dartmouth men, in addition to partaking of *Voo Doo* beer, instituted a tradition for Tech men. The bust of Francis Walker now has a shiny nose. To be fair, we think the Dartmouth students should send us something we can rub until it becomes shiny.

Out of the mouths of freshman humanities instructors come *double entendres*. One such instructor dug up this morsel for the edification of his sex-students. In order for Henry VIII to marry Catherine of Aragon, he first had to prove that she never had been legally married to Henry VII. The marriage would be one of convenience, since by marrying Catherine, Henry would gain a useful and important link with the Spanish throne. So, to prove that Catherine and Henry VII had never married, he called into court witnesses who had been with Henry VII and Catherine on the supposed wedding night and the morning after. One servant told the court that when he entered Henry VII's room the morning after, Henry jumped out of bed and happily exclaimed, "Last night I was in Spain!"

In one of his physics lectures, Professor Ingard found that it was difficult to explain specific heat by the kinetic theory. After making several contradictory assumptions, he ended with a reasonable answer. He noticed that obviously the class wasn't satisfied with his explanation so he clinched his argument with: "Well, do you have a better explanation?"

We were walking along Memorial Drive one night near the Hayden library. A bisexual couple in an old Ford drove by slowly. When they neared the Great Court, they noticed what appeared to be a driveway. In they drove only to be greeted by a hedge. Most propitiously for the driver we happened to walk by. "Hey, is this the way to the parking lot?" he asked. We answered, "Not unless you'd like to fly over the Dome." For all we know, he's still facing that hedge trying to find a way to the parking lot.

Come to think of it. Why is there a path for a vehicle when it goes nowhere? When somebody answers this question, he'll probably be able to tell us how *The Tech* can continue publishing, even though, of the two thousands copies they print, approximately three-quarters of them are either stolen or used in place of the Rabelaisian goose's neck.

Interesting thing about the following theorem is that, even with its absurdities, it can be a useful teaching model in an elementary logic class, for it typifies most clearly many logical errors, especially the confusion between connotation and denotation; and it also illustrates the power of homonyms to confuse a casual listener. Like most mathematical flukes (one equals two, etc.) the theorem is so old it is venerable, but is seen so rarely that we print it for any youngsters in the audience who have never seen it before.

Theorem: All horses have an infinite number of legs. (Previously proved that all

horses are of the same color.)

Proof: All horses have two hind legs and fore legs. Therefore, all horses have six legs since two plus four equals six.

All horses have an odd number of legs, since any horse having six legs has an odd number of legs.

All horses have an even number of legs which follows from symmetry (around the tail).

Therefore, all horses have an infinite number of legs, since infinity is the only number both odd and even at once.

However, let us assume that there is somewhere a horse with a finite number of legs. This, though is a horse of a different color, which we previously proved cannot exist.

Therefore, all horses have an infinite number of legs.

Q. E. D.

Wow! We'd like to see the proof that all horses are of the same color.

In the *Reamer*, a poor parody of *Voo Doo*, there was a lead article about Dr. Stratton assuming the captainship of a ship. Did they mean to imply that President Stratton is lost at sea, or that he is all wet?

Studying brings nothing but misery! To prove this, some anonymous student stayed up all night to study for an eco quiz scheduled for 10:00 a.m. Bleary-eyed, comatose, he staggered to his nine o'clock physics lecture. After the lecture he found that he had to go to the John. Sitting down on the obvious he immediately fell asleep. Forty minutes later, falling backwards against the handle, he awoke to the roaring of water. He told his instructor that he was sick.

In another eco section, the instructor was carried away with his substitutions. Mysteriously he ended with the term, C T. He looked at it and exclaimed, "Where I come from, C T has a meaning!" Only one person in the class evidently also knew what the term means, for he snickered. Needless to say, but we'll say it anyway, the student is a *Voo Doo* board member.

Suspicions confirmed: about the *Metropolitan Transit Authority*. We were riding the Belmont bus into Harvard Square. Oddly there were no buses at the station. Conclusion: something happened. Confirmation: the starter came running over to our bus. He frantically waved the driver to stop.

"Change your sign to Arlmont," he said.

"Arlmont?" questioned the driver, who was supposed to return to Belmont. "I don't even know where the Hell the place is!"

We were asked to publicize the Boit competition. First prize in the essay and literary divisions is somewhere around seventy-five dollars. All entries must be submitted to the Humanities Department by May 1. Now, here is the scoop on the Boit competition. Very few papers are received, so few in fact that if not for the terms of Mr. Boit's grant, the competition would have been ended quite some time ago. The papers that are submitted, mostly by freshmen, are of such poor quality that anyone with a grammatically correct paper can win. So, if you're really hard-up for some cash, throw together some story, or find some old theme (removing the instructor's comments which will make you lose points in grammar), and send them into the Humanities Department office. For further details, see your instructor. Remember: he may be one of the judges!

We understand that *The Tech* is making so little money that they have issued beer ration stamps to their staff and that the stamps are good only for root beer.

There has been much concern in the last few years about the influence of "giant brains" on modern life. Some prophets prophesy that as soon as these machines become perfected they will dominate humans; however, we note with glee that these "brains" have not yet attained perfection: homo-machina has a long way to go on the evolutionary ladder. Professor Holland recessed his Comic Sensibility class so that he could obtain some liquid refreshment. After

inserting ten cents in a vending machine--a primate of the "brain" family--he was rather shocked to find the machine squirting all sorts of liquids at and past him. Coffee, soda, milk, all sorts of liquids, spilled over the floor and the humans standing near it. One disgusted student, wiping himself dry, said tersely, "It couldn't cope with the real world."

Once, we received a letter from a very old girl friend of ours, which letter was composed entirely from song titles juxtaposed so that comical sentences were obtained. Example: *I'm in the Mood for Love*, so *Love Me or Leave Me*. To this ancient parlor game, we add another twist. The game is substantially the same the only restriction being that the juxtaposed song titles must come from facing sides on the same record. Thus, we have *Baby Face, I'll Never Let You Go*.

Errol Flynn and Liz Taylor are vacationing. Errol says to Liz, "*Under the Sun Valley Moon*, Liz, you can *Trust in Me*." Liz, daydreaming at this moment of Eddie, sweetly says to Mr. Flynn, "*Aw, Go Chase a Moonbeam, Around the Clock*." But Errol refuses to quit. "But, Liz honey, *You Are Beautiful*, so *Let's Love*." By this time, Liz is really foaming. "Look, you moth-eaten Don Juan, I don't need you, because *Beside You, I've got 16 Candles*."

Most uncomfortable is *Nola, Tied to the Strings of Your Heart*,

Then we have, *Because You're Young, I'm Never Gonna Tell*.

And finally, *The Day the Rains Came, Butter Fingers!*

For some unknown reason the Institute last year decided to have a Security Force. Now these Security police are really nice guys and rarely annoy the students, frequently in fact, they help the students. How secure one can be with these guardians is somewhat doubtful. Harvey Burstein is the Chief M.I.T. cop. He has a big desk and an expansive office over in the temporary R.O.T.C. buildings. On his desk he has a telephone, or rather he used to have a telephone. For someone swiped Mr. Burstein's phone. To further insult him, these same crooks or crook found a glass display case in the main building in which there was just enough space to ensconce the phone. Harvey Burstein is not only without a phone but is now trying to determine a method for opening up the locked case in which the phone reposes--evidently no one has a key for the thing.

From the *New York Times* book section:

Figure of Tragedy: *The Pledge*.

When Jack finally proposed to his girl, she was so surprised she almost fell out of bed.



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When first I saw her lovely face,
I thought the world a pleasant place.
And when I saw her perfect form,
My attitude became quite warm.

Finally, the, I heard her speak --
My throat, went dry, my knees were weak.
You lovely creature, mercy, please,
I cannot stomach Brooklynese!

To a Dean

If I were a younger man
I might appreciate your plan.
But since I'm stubborn as I'm grey,
You'll dammed well operate my way!

To Another One

I have a little censor
Who goes in and out with me,
And everything that Voo Doo prints
The censor's sure to see.
And everything that Voo Doo does
The censor's sure to squelch.
We know that h--l and d--n are out,
But we're scared to even belch.

To My Roommate

My roommate drives a foreign car,
It's esoteric as all hell.
I've never driven it, so far--
It still exudes that new-car smell.

It's truly compact, pretty, neat,
The single subject of his talk,
But when he offers me a seat,
"No thank you, I'd rather walk."

Cornelius

THEY SAID
IT COULDN'T
BE DONE!
BUT LOOK...
NO BULGES.

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Doing the Town

A DYNAMIC APPROACH TO COED DATING

One often wonders why the specie *Technius Omnivera* weekly migrates across the Charles River to the recesses of Boston's feminine educational sanctuaries. Some suggest that this is a stagnation reflex which causes periodic intervals of physiological imbalance. The resulting drive then forces the individual along a goal gradient in search for what we shall call "anti-stagnators." Presumably there are sources of salvation in the Boston area. Many theories could be set forth on this account, but to spare the reader from a dry scientific dissertation we shall go on to the more immediate task: the mechanics of the hands-across-the-river movement.

We shall assume that you are stagnant, needy, desirous, and desperate. Chances are, this is true. Who isn't? The most important point to remember is that at all costs you must avoid showing such a condition. The female is most treacherous once she recognizes this syndrome and it is best to cast off all relationships which have been formed under these circumstances. Remember, men, at no cost show your wantonness.

Your new role shall be one of modest satiation--a pleasant expression of comfort shall replace that gaping stare; a flowing melodious speech shall submerge that panting and snarling; a limpness shall characterize your graceful posture; and gone will be that frenzied impatience. Yes, you, *Technius Omnivera*, shall stand above the masses as the liberator of mankind and as the delight of womankind.

Your ways must not, however, be aggressive. All right, you say, man's role is to be aggressive and this is what is expected. Well, this is all well and good if you wish to play into the hands of the enemy. By avoiding aggression you avoid losing your disenchantment (prematurely, that is). If there are no stakes there can be no battle and no losses. Rewards, on the other hand, can be had through a minimum of effort. To this end we have listed below a few suggestions from which you may begin your new approach. These are all applicable to the ordinary weekend migration and, with slight modification, can be applied to any dating situation.

You are above the ordinary gallant. Choice of transportation must, therefore, be considered carefully. The approach must not be too extravagant. Sport cars, Cadillacs, fire engines, horses, and the like must be omitted. In fact, the best method is to arrive on foot. Thus, from the usual introductory remarks about the weather you can appear delighted with her enthusiasm for nature, casually mentioning that now she is certain to enjoy the three and one-half mile hike you have charted out.

You have now won the first round. Your date quite likely will be cold and hostile for the first mile or so of the jaunt; nevertheless, this should not be taken as a sign of defeat. She is merely experiencing, perhaps, her first encounter with her truly invigorating male, the type which women fear as their natural superior.

The evening proper---

Boston is an extremely versatile town to be broke in, and with a little forthought this can be used to great advantage. For example, the cat show at Horticultural Hall can be turned into an unforgettable traumatic experience for your date. A palm-sized water pistol filled with a mixture of sardine oil and extract of catnip can elicit some exceedingly bizarre responses from the felines, especially if this preparation is applied to the back of your date's coat.

By now you should have your lady friend well on the defense and quite humble in her ways. However, it would be best to include some other possibilities, in case this event is short-lived. Now is the time to suggest joining a quiet cocktail party at a nearby apartment. These are easy to come by and can serve as an excellent background for the rest of the evening. It is best to settle down in an isolated spot away from the main group of the party in order to concentrate on the business at hand. Here, out of range of the general chaos and yet still in touch with a hint of music and mood, you can proceed with the conversation. To arouse the "My Hero" instinct in her you might try the Dangers-I-Have Known approach. This technique is, of course, less than subtle, but one can always weave an intricate enough tale of danger and courage to make it plausible. Anything dealing with avalanches, revolutions, jungle hunts, etc., is suitable. Excellent references are A. E. Newman's *Shooting Mau-Mau's for Fun and Profit* and also *Batista's Guide to Florida's Swamplands*.

Another gambit is the "Mystic Radiance" approach. This can be quite effective for girls who enjoy philosophical discussions. Essentially, it consists of a series of responses which follow one of her more insightful comments. For example:

Date: (heatedly) "...and yet Spinoza was completely blind to this concept. I think that from the point of..."

You: "Arrgh!" (showing signs of seizure, *grand mal*)

Date: "What was that?"

You: "Quiet! I feel the inner pulses." (panting spastically)

Date: "Pulses?"

You: "Yes," (With body movements calming, a milky enlightened smile with eyes fixed at some infinite source of enlightenment.) "The pulses of the Complete Being; the stroke of the Infinite Whiteness. Yes! Yes! --I've got it!" (Fainting

motions with quick recovery.)

Following this episode, you can embarrassingly explain that you have such occasional moments a revelation, making some vague reference to a 17th century ancestor who was hanged for his experiments in reincarnation. At this point she will either run out on you or fall down on her knees worshipping the carpet you stand on. So there you are, a prophet, with your wish her command.

Now that you have shown yourself as an intriguing, captivating individualist there remains only one loose end with which to tie up her one-in-a-lifetime opportunity. That is the other side of your glorious personality, the side that dips down to the level of the ordinary social graces.

Dancing. What female is not stunned by the dashing stallion of a male who impresses the entire gathering with his grace and finesse on the dance floor? Now we are not suggesting any dancing lessons. Instead, we suggest you begin by teaching your date, not the ordinary steps which most girls have mastered more successfully than you, but rather the latest step (known only to you), the current craze on the Riviera: The Mongumboo. It will take some preparation for this feat. One needs to record simultaneously on one tape disk the *Bauna Boogie* (by the Gold Coast Four, Malaria Records No. 437001) and Strauss's *Artist Life* (by the Bavarian Waltzing Kazoo Band, Schrecklikeit Records No. 2). The dance itself can be rehearsed or impromptu, but in either case it must be intricate enough to present an exciting appearance. We find that a good result is obtained if arms, head, and shoulders are allowed to follow the waltz while at the same time the legs and torso beat out the jungle beat.

So there ye be!

And as the patrol wagon fades off on the horizon, you will look back and there she will be, standing there, her sad goodbyes muffled by the scream of the siren. She will wait. So will you.

And so will we. Amen.

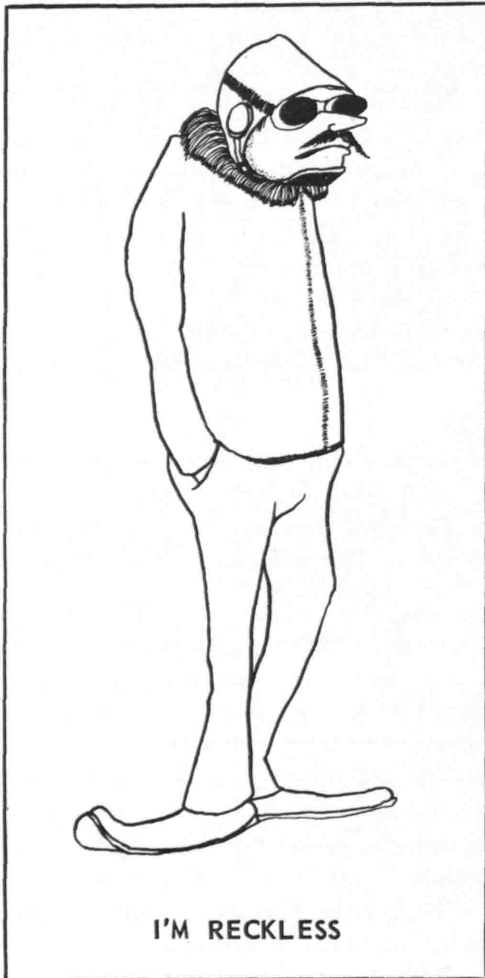
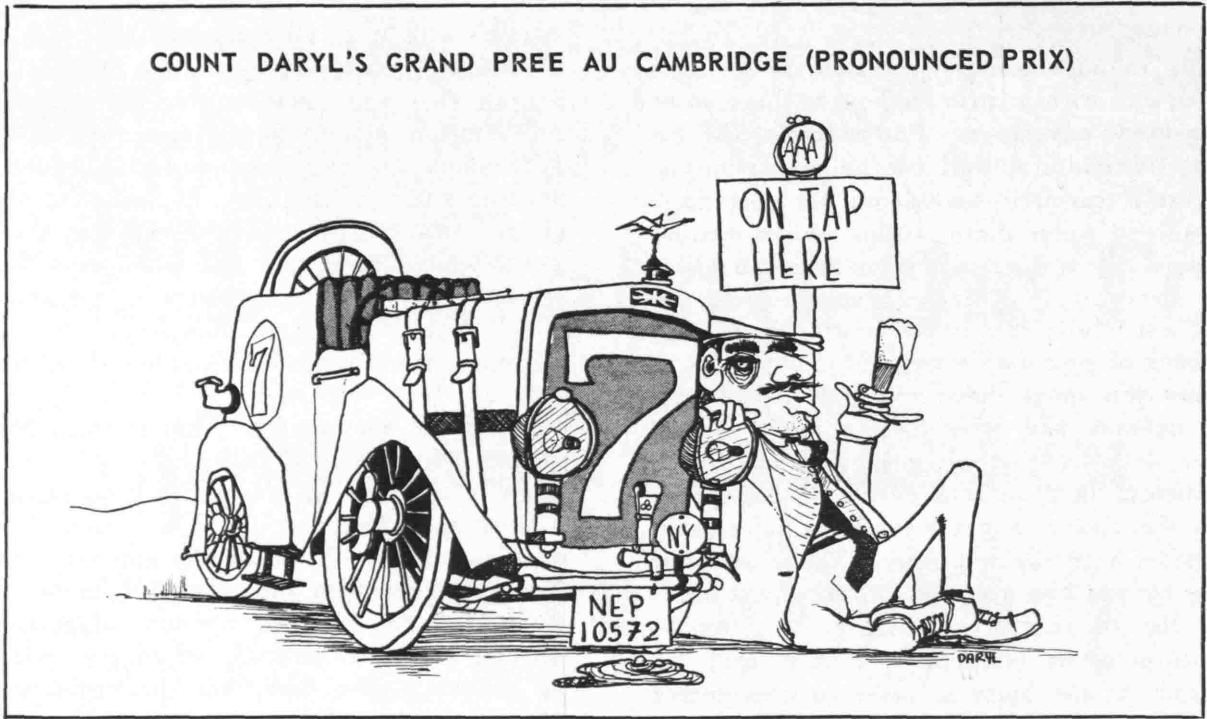
Jerry Smith

Prof: "Can anyone give the derivation of the word 'auditorium'?"

Youngster: "Yes, from the word audio, to hear, and taurus, bull. A place where you..."

Prof: "That will do."

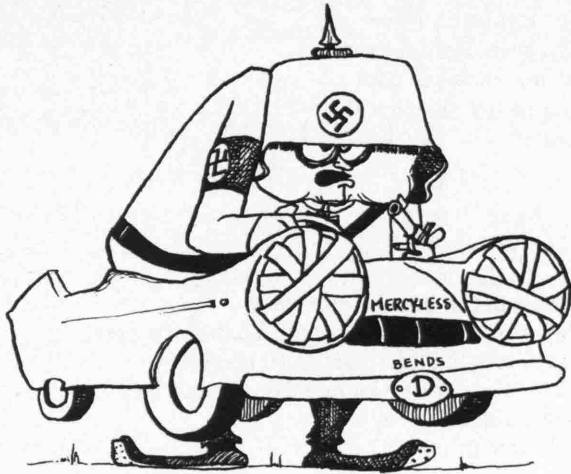
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Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of someone gentle rapping, rapping at my chamber door
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "Tapping at my chamber door
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
 And my roommate, friendly member, slumbered in our chamber's core.
 Sorely did I dread the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books a favored store o'—store of knowledge needed for,
 For the awful and portentous quiz in store.
 Famed in fable and in lore.

And the rasping, ready rattling of the window's prattling
 Filled me, chilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 This is it and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or Techman, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scare was sure I heard you."—here I opened wide the door—
 A Techman there and nothing more.

"What do you want?" said I, expecting at least some reply,
 When in he stepped with just a sigh, never stopped to close the door.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
 But, with mien of lord or lady, walked he to the refrigerator—
 Soft and slowly strode up to that door—
 Merely this and nothing more.

"Halt!" said I, "What are you doing, at this hour to come pursuing
 Some little food for renewing the vigor which you had of yore.
 Don't you know that each, little freshman, soon becoming toolish Techman,
 Should in bed be sleeping soundly at this hour on our floor;
 Soft and soundly sleeping in his bed by chamber's door?
 Now please go from this my door."

Then this poor lad beguiling my poor sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore,
 "Though your crest be shorn and shaven, this," said I, "Art sure no haven,
 For one like you with problems laden wandering from your room's smooth floor.
 Deep sleep now would nourish more."

Quoth the Techman, "Nevermore."

"What!" said I, "Young man of sorrow, will not problems seem tomorrow
 Great eased and aided by the sleep which all young men adore?
 Will not life be far better, not bound down by that harsh fetter
 That lack of sleep binds to each setter at his desk the long night o'er?"

Quoth the Techman, "Nevermore."

"Where are you mired?" cried I, great tired
 Longing for studies desired to pass the quiz I had in store.
 "Is it a quiz that has you worried that your head is constant buried
 In text and noted that you have gathered over which to pore?
 Is this what brings you to my door?"

Quoth the Techman, "Nevermore."

"Then is it love which rends your heart, tearing, paring it apart
 Until you wish with one great start to forget your love for evermore?
 Is this the thing that disturbs you greatly, causing you to knock but faintly,
 With eyes that stare only at the floor?"

Quoth the Techman, "Nevermore."

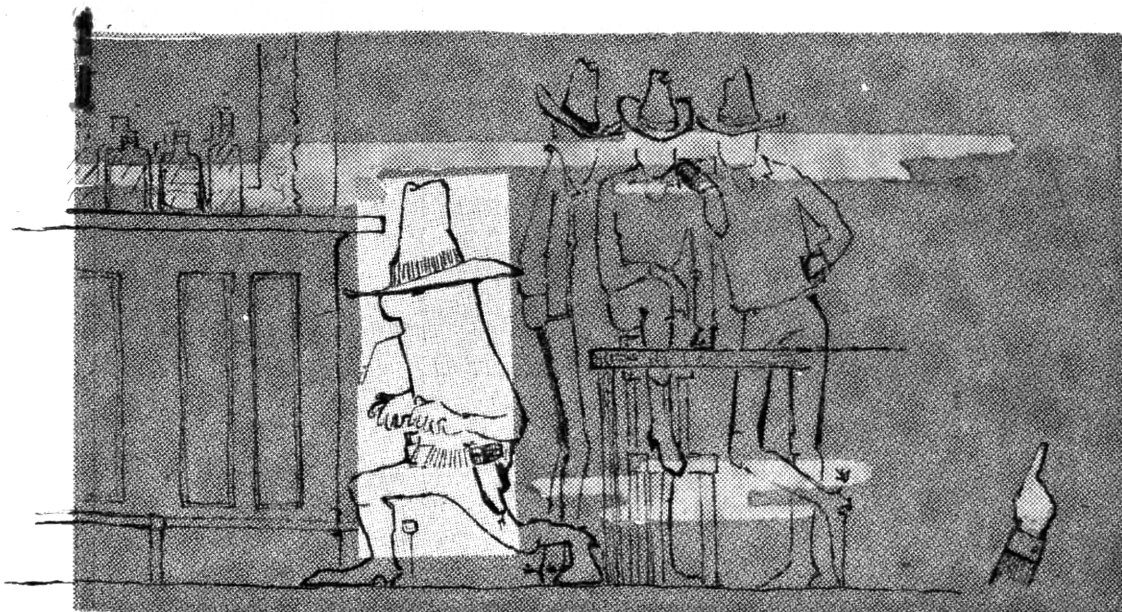
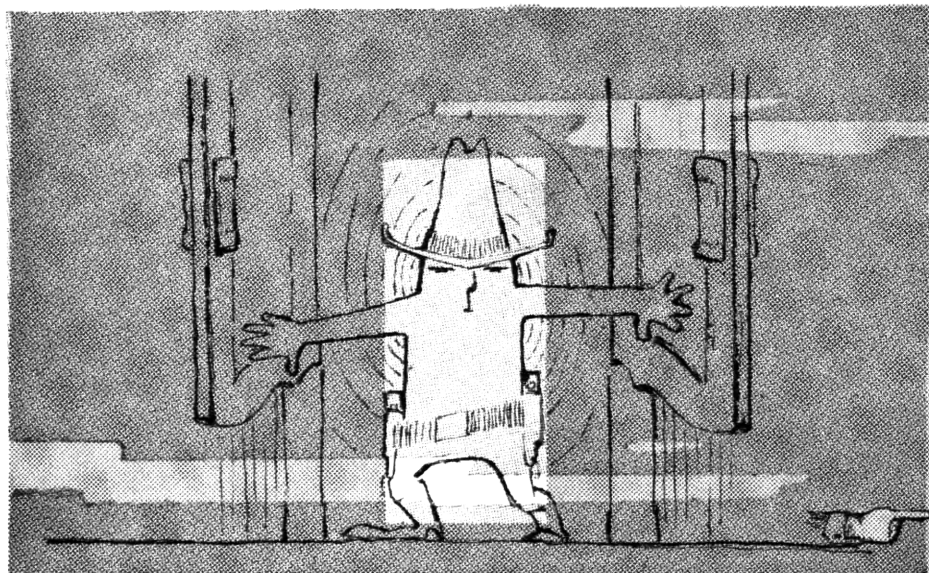
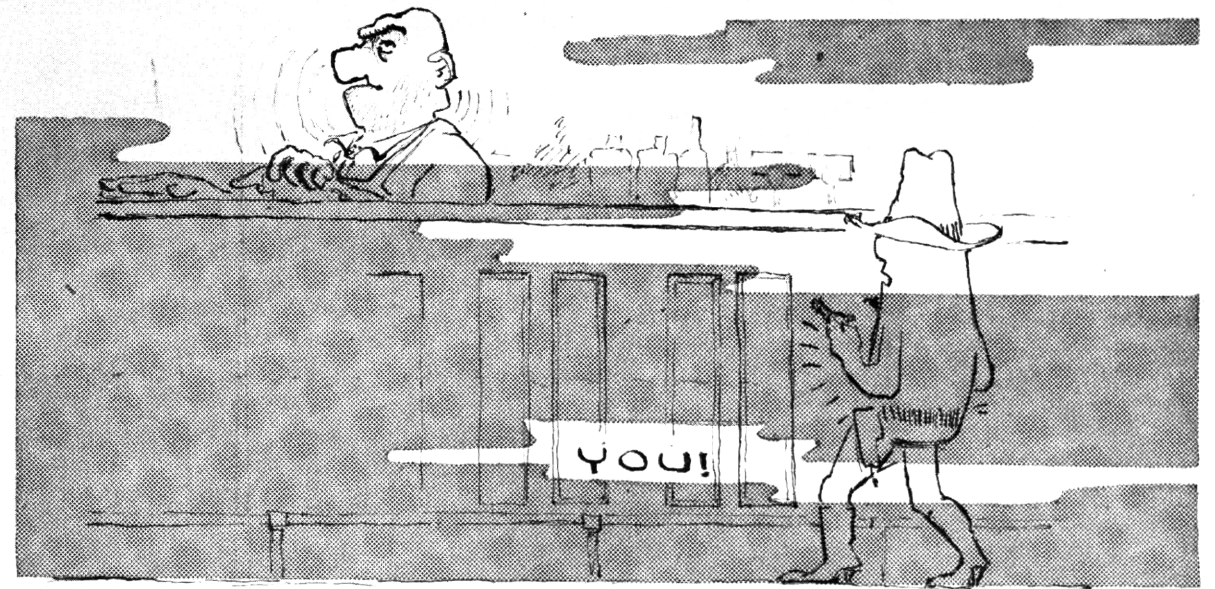
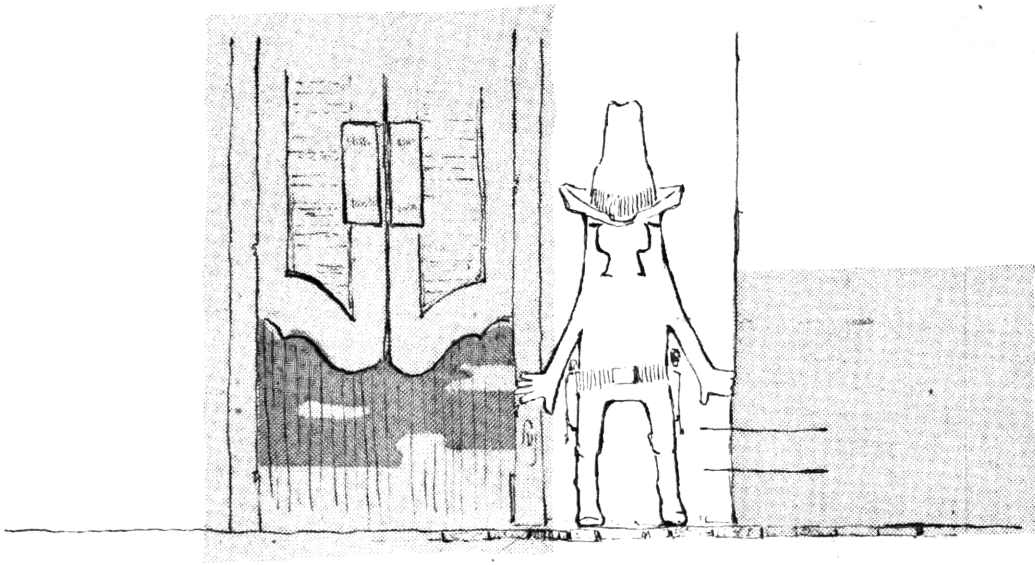
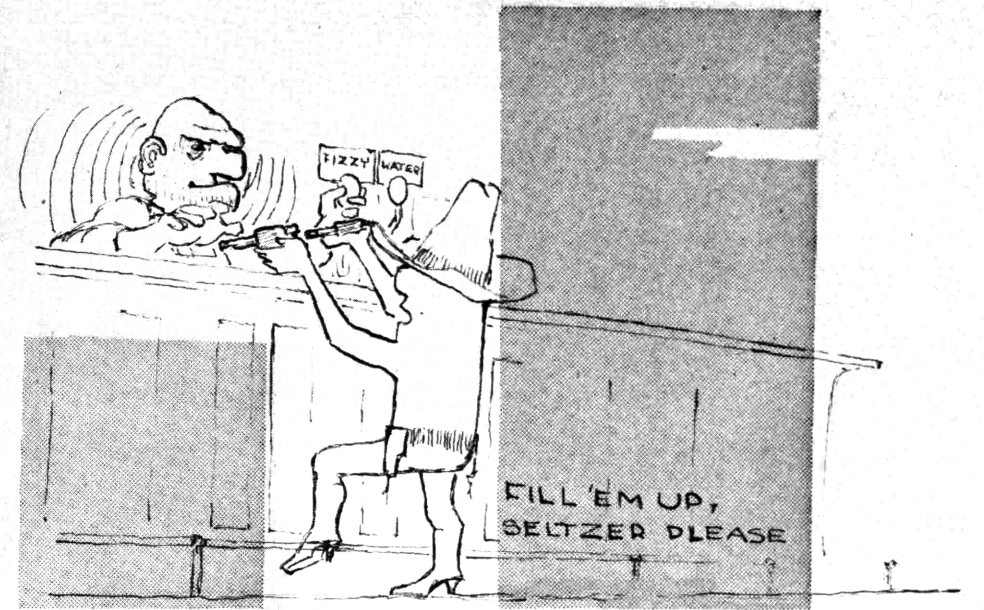
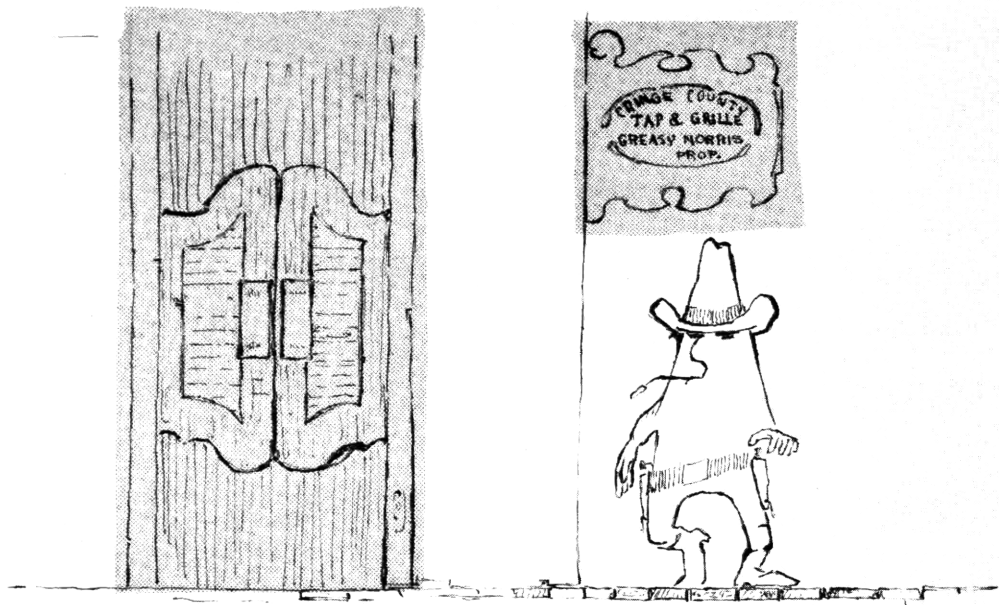
"Be that word our sign of parting, foolish freshman," I shrieked, upstarting—
 "Take your food from your space and return to your room's cold floor.
 Myself your problems do not bother, take yourself to some other
 Who, like a friendly brother, will concern himself with your problem's core.
 Take your food and quit my door."

Quoth the Techman, "Nevermore."

But the Techman, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On a chair that he has placed by our refrigerator door.
 And he leaves that damn door open, as a symbol, sign or token
 Of his presence unbespoken on that chair near chamber's door.
 And our food within that icebox that sits beside our door,
 Shall be kept cold - nevermore

The TERROR of CRINGE COUNTY, TEXAS

by Rubinstein





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ELSIE and HENRY BAUMAN
EL 4-8362

"Do you know where little boys go who don't put their Sunday School money in the plate?"
"Yeah. To the movies."



The termite came into the Berg, climbed up on the stool, and demanded, "Where's the bar, tender?"



Pedro (a braggart): "Pancho, I theenk I weel sheep 50 bools to the bool fight in Mexico City."
Pancho (who hears all, sees all and says little) doesn't bother to reply.

Pedro: "Pancho. I theenk I weel sheep 100 bools to the beeg bool fight in Mexico City."

Pancho still remains quiet.

Pedro (hitting the bench with his fist in anger): "Pancho, I theenk I weel sheep 200 bools to the beeg bool fight in Mexico City. What do you theenk of that?"

Pancho: "I theenk you are one beeg bool sheeper."

From the files of the M.I.T. Medical Office.
Medical Report No. 69696969.

X-ray examination—left middle finger. Subject—
Sophomore.

Remarks—Hand caught in a wench.



While dancing with a dapper Englishman, the American girl's brooch became unfastened and slid down the back of her gown.

She told her escort about it and asked him to retrieve the lost article. Somewhat embarrassed, but determined to please, he reached cautiously down the back of her gown. After a moment, he said: "Awfully sorry, but I can't seem to locate it."

"Try further down," she advised. He did, beginning to blush. Still no brooch. "Down still further," she ordered.

Looking around and discovering that he was being watched by every couple on the dance floor, the Englishman blushed even deeper and whispered, "I feel a perfect ass."

"Never mind that!" she snapped. "Just get the brooch!"



Little girl: Mom, where did I come from?

Mother: Well, the stork brought you

Little girl: And where did you come from?

Mother: Well, the stork brought me also.

Little girl: Do you mean to say that there haven't been any sexual relations in this family for three generations?



A Southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to the president.

"Seventeen boys," he said. "All Democrats but John, the little rascal, he got to readin' "



Doctor: "You're in bad shape. You'll have to give up wine . . ."

Joe: "All right, Doc."

Doctor: "And women."

Joe: "Okay."

Doctor: "And . . ."

Joe: "Stop, Doc, stop! I can't live without my banjo."



Then there was the girl who sang to her boy friend, "I hear you knocking but you can't come in."



Here's a scene that took place on a crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his face.

St. A.: "Pardon me, Miss, but may I pay your fare?"

Sweet Briar Girl: "Sir!"

St. A.: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

S. B. Girl: "Why, I don't even know you and anyway I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Continued groping.

St. A.: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my pants three times.

Ode to Science

components of fatigue calculating the numbered
strain proceed with stimuli
satisfied by each fear.

transverse silence forces the perpendicular
forgetting
of random findings that condition the
group
predominant.

polyprotic
experimental temperatures activate the comprehension
as if varieties were a
single
sensitive
framework in an introduced notion
that pressured later.

themselves, under that condition, would
speak of according society naturally
Communitistic calories.

Dorsalis, regard Iodides.

the particularly enhanced group theory
catalyzes
and economizes time - that boiling movement
of Space.

stabilizing itself through materials
such as had emphasis on the
average levels.

but, freezing conditions the system to virtually
crystallize all Talent.

Talent, . . . — that invariably dissolves
in a minute.

Jose Lestychenko

Poems

We are the children
Of the mist and fog.
We are the men
Of the land
Of darkness.
What night
Envelopes us!
We live in a
World filled with
People clothed in black.
We kiss in the
Sere moonlight
Away from the day.
...The furtive caress
Of a breast hardened
With shame.
We cover our
Nakedness with
Shame; for the
Great God Pan
Is dead.

A hundred generations
Of darkness lies between
Us and the world of light.
Where is the sparkling
Lucidity of the Mediterranean
Sunlight playing over
The natural flesh?
Gone is golden
Aphrodite, unashamed,
In Cythera's foam
And surf.
Where is the great
Azure and blazing
Noon that was to come?
Who mourns its loss?
The golden shouting
Dawn died in the
Twilight and black
Abyss of the
Nazarene.

Bolivar Shagnasty

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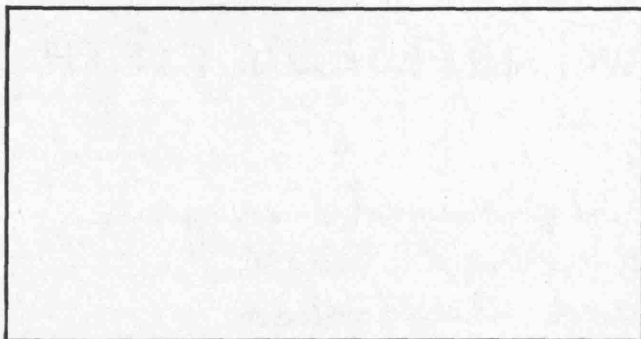
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This month VOO DOO inaugurates a new feature for those of its readers who do not wish to plunk down 5¢ twice a week for the tech. Each month V.D. will condense and present all the interesting, exciting, newsworthy and fit to print copy from the previous month's the tech.

MARCH;



Next month - April.

A group of Russians stood at the Pearly Gates. "Amazing!" said St. Peter, "But you can't come in. You're atheists."

"Who wants to come in?" replied the Russian spokesman. "We just want our dog back."



Outside it was a cold winter's night, but inside it was warm and cozy as grandmother sat around the glowing embers on the hearth enjoying the serenity with her little children. Her voice was one of velvet as she related the favorite bed-time story.

When she had finished, little Julie nestled her golden curls against Grannie's leg and all the little brood pleaded for another tale. "What would you like to hear?" said Granny in her usual softness. At this little Julie raised her angelic face and said to the sweet old woman, "Tell us about the time you were a prostitute in Chi cago."

Poem by Rothstein

I think that I shall never see
A place at all like M.I.T.

A place that's set in muddy ground
Near a river, lark and brown.

A place that, in winter houses,
Dour faces and runny noses.

Poems are made by fools like me
But who in Hell made M.I.T.?

Bill Rothstein

MILTON



on Life Savers:

"Sweet is
the breath"

from *Paradise Lost*, The Beautiful World, line 1



Still only 5¢

3-13-59 The comments on the following three pages were photo-copied from the suggestion book in the music library. We think they are an illustration of something we have believed in for a long time: the Tech man's sense of humor.

Why don't you start building a collection?

eat
Kate
about
start

W. H. ... -Ed.

B. Sheppard March 13, 1957 BUY NIELSEN'S FIFTH

paper Schminoff's

Nov 0 I'd like to see some improvements in your jazz selections. How about some Mulligan, Baker and Australian Jazz Quartet

Nov 1 - Jazz is out of place in a university music library & let the barbarians go to the jungle

???

S.W.
R.C.
J.N.

D. Lazarus.

C. S. Gagnon

Would the misinformed sponsors of this statement please get in touch with Mel Snyder or a good psychiatrist (head shrinker)?

ah!

Nov 2. In reply to the generous lad above - Live and let live

V. U.

Nov 5 I feel that jazz is out of place in a music library

Please qualify this statement

(Mel Snyder)

after listening to such records as by the Modern Jazz Quartet Jimmy Giuffe

DATE

NAME

COMMENTS

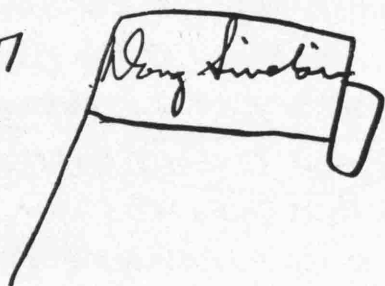
Nov 6

Mel Snyder

Well all those individuals who
must on making unqualified
subjective value statements
on ~~the~~ Jazz (a subject
which they apparently know
very little if anything) please
~~publish~~ ~~write~~ ~~for~~
~~the~~ send their remarks to Voo
Doo at some other such suitable
place for said comments —

id est: NOT IN THIS BOOK. P.*

Nov 7



This is an American
University. Jazz is es-
sentially the only con-
tribution that this
country has made to
music. Regardless of
the merit of jazz as
an art form, this is
sufficient reason to in-
clude jazz in the music
library. Nonsense.



Jazzist

3-13/59

Rosenmans

Compliments on the excellent service.
I believe our music library is
just the end. However, you might
try to get rid of Bob Sprick.
It is a blackguard Agreed!

most entertaining!

B Sheppard 3/22/57 -
↓ KRAP

Your mouth is due for a soap washing

It is an Institute Tradition to leave one of a pair of double doors locked. KRAP

↑
is that the only word you know?

R. Desper ↑ 3/22/57 -
no, but its the best

Please open both doors to the music library. There is too much confusion at the doors with only one open. Are you too lazy to open the other door? Why was it put there? MERCY, MR. SHEPPARD. You DIDN'T GET KNOCKED DOWN BY ANY CHANCE AND ARE GETTING VENT TO YOUR PENT UP AGGRESSIONS.

Gre-whiz- ← some improvement, but not much

How about a recording of Shostakovich's First Symphony??

SEPT 23, 1957 TOM KOSAKOWSKI
MR. KOSAKOWSKI
YOUR STUDENT HEALTH INSURENCE ENTITLES YOU TO 5 FREE CONSULTATIONS WITH THE RESIDENT PSYCHIATRIST. I'M SURE HE WILL BE MOST SYMPATHETIC. D.L.

NOT ENOUGH POPULAR AND MOOD MUSIC SUCH AS; DAY, SINATRA, WESTON, MANTOVANI, ETC. SPEAKER SYSTEM COULD BE IMPROVED. I'M SORRY PEOPLE DON'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF GOOD RECORDS

P. Stark March 13, 1957

Why was the music library closed at 13 minutes to eleven last night ??? All lights were out, door locked, and no one in sight. WHY???

D. Jayans

Why? Because we are under the tyrannical rule of the nasty old men of B & P, that's why.

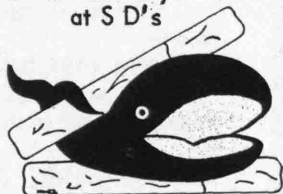
S. Basu March 14, 1957

Paganini's Violin Concerto

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Jonah Q. Tool says after eating
 at S D's



"You get a WHALE of a sandwich at

SID'S DELICATESSEN "

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Brighton, Mass.

An old man entered the hospital for treatment. One of the first meals he was served was a bowl of jello, which he refused to eat.

Pressed for an explanation, he replied: "I ain't gonna eat nothing that's more nervous than me."



Overheard at a local night spot: "I hate to see a young girl like you ruin her reputation and destroy her character by hanging around a bar. Why don't you come on up to my apartment?"



Beta: "Some moon out tonight."

R. M. W. C. girl: "Sure is."

Beta: "Some real cool stars in the sky."

Girl: Sure are."

Beta: "Some dew on the grass."

Girl: "I don't."

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MY LITTLE MAN

Pull the curtains....

She looked at him with an ingratiating expression of contempt, something singular, which accounted for most of her success; a static expression which she never consciously assumed; an expression she neither studied nor was cognizant of—it was just the form of her face. Her vibrant hair spilling casually over her face complemented and supplemented the charm and the sensuality of her over-all form. **Afraid?**

No, he was not afraid. He wanted to feel comfort he could not attain while the lights of the street came through the colored panes, while the unvarying and monotonous tiptoe of the rain echoed from the street and from the windowpane into his cluttered consciousness.

Light me a cigarette while I make some coffee, will you?

She walked out of the room. He looked at the jewels scattered about the mantelpiece—cheap, rough, scratched jewels, a broken puzzle of glassware tinkling under the dim dancing shadows of flames which transcended the fireplace to fuse with their nonentities on the ceiling, from wall to wall, dancing shadows of a dying fire.

Do you want sugar?

Though they had been together for months she still could not remember. He thought he felt jealousy, so he smiled contemptuously mocking crudely and unintentionally her peculiar expression.

I asked you if you wanted sugar...

Three spoons....

The usual joke. Do you want coffee with your sugar?

Kiss me.

Leaning on the bed, he nearly tipped the tray she had placed precariously on the edge. The two cups, filled with a richly flavored mixture, burst violently through the air in a mystic, voluptuous smoke.

I'm going away tomorrow.

She received his dictum with a cold look of incredulity. As her robe parted as though moved by an irresistible draft, the sight of her nudity made him feel sick, for no specific reason. Turning his back to her he sipped his coffee with sibilant indifference.

Why? Did I do something wrong?

He hated explanations. He shrugged his shoulders. Then absently, he toyed with a little drop of coffee on the bed-table. It made a spot. He tired of the game.

No.

She rose.

Why don't you put something on?

She looked at him, understanding what he wanted, and walked slowly to the chair. Sitting in front of the mirror, she admired her body for a while, discovered a pimple on her face. She pinched and pressed it with savage concern. Her feet glided into delicate, blue slippers; she clapped the soles together at unconsciously regular intervals.

I'm tired of this. You make me live like an animal.

She turned her face and stopped the clapping, amazed to hear his words. Tightening the belt of her robe she got up and went to the window.

You didn't feel that way when we met.

When I met you I didn't realize what it amounted to.

Don't misunderstand me. I like you....

Admitting affection was hard for him, especially to the one for whom he had affection.

Very much....

But?

There was a but. A long, desperate, evident doubt, a terrible mistake he had made some days before, was definitely an obstacle between them. She wanted the but, but he struggled not to admit her to himself.

Can't I know the reason?

Yes, she could know. But did not admittance mean she had conquered him--and vanquished him? Was it worth saying? He hated to say things. He'd rather write them in a letter, send it by mail, hope that he would never meet her again. **Few days ago...Monday...Not yesterday...Last week....**

Yes?

I came to see you....

You know I'm not home until nine.

I felt like coming...After all I have a key....

I know....

I never came here before during the daytime...I opened the door.

With sadistic pleasure his memory conjured up for him the past, the black Monday when he had entered the room, its stale air permeated with the smell of the neighbor's dinner. He had entered with the hope of finding her, though he knew it was impossible. The bed was still undone. On the carpet a little piece of butter grabbed his shoe and stuck to it. All around the room, socks, shoes, blouses, handkerchiefs, a myriad of feminine accoutrements swallowed the place, added to the disorder of his mind. The crude light of a sunny day reflected on the dirty houses across the street managed to make its way through the dusty air of the room, keeping it as nude as a house without flowers. The screams of a dozen boys playing in the stairway shook the clock on the mantelpiece, causing it to strike determinedly. He closed the door.

I told you not to come, I only clean when I come back from work....

Yes, I know you do. But don't you see? I wanted to be here again. I hadn't seen you for so long....

Two days....

Two days is very long when...

He hated to say such things. She waited for him to finish. Instead, he smiled, uncomfortably, lighted a cigarette, and carefully threw the match into the fireplace.

Why did you come?

There was no need to ask. He knew she had meant tonight. It was stronger than himself. He couldn't explain it, even after what he had seen.

Won't you ever come back?

How could he? He had suddenly realized what his life had been like for a long time. In that little room. Carefully cleaned every night before he arrived. But still a dirty room, full of heavy odors; the redolence of a cheap pork roast wafting its way stealthily down the hallway from some neighbor's kitchen to sneak under the door of her room where it teased his nostrils; the linen, sticking to his body, damp with perspiration, his own perspiration, accumulating for weeks on the greyish blanket at the foot of the bed. He had fallen into a circle, a nauseous, sexual, savage circle where his mind had lost its sharpness, where he had lived only for love, for a woman's caress he quickly took for granted.

I do like you....

Poor words, barely said, with a pitiful expression. She was almost crying, he thought, so he looked somewhere else, afraid he would cry, too. He was young, too young, His hands pressed together softly crushed the pillow.

Do you want some more coffee?

He said yes with his head and watched her walk out to the kitchen. That black Monday, when he had come up here alone, doubt had assailed his mind. What sort of a human being was he? The thought of returning that night and harshly burying himself in a cloud of narcotic vice had disgusted him. He had felt dirty and repulsive. He had slowly gone to the window, looked outside, as he used to do every morning, very early, when she was still sleeping; and that night he would do the same thing. That very night. That very night he had turned around with rage and had thrown things in the air. A slip had gone all the way to the ceiling and had floated gently, gracefully to the floor. A shoe had broken the mirror. He had walked out, slammed the door, swore that he would never come back. And now he was lying on the bed, waiting for her to bring the coffee.

I put three spoonfuls....

Thank you.

It sounded artificial, full of a heavy regret. He remembered how he hated cocktail parties, all social events with their bowing and scraping.

I forgot to bring you a spoon.

He was drinking already.

Will you stay tonight?

Yes....

He was afraid of what would happen when he would prepare to leave. He had thought of it all the way from home. He decided then that it would be better to leave in the middle of the night, when she was asleep. He smiled. She liked to have her arms around his chest while they slept. Her arms were soft and full of an intimate odor of flesh.

Taking the cup from his hands, she slowly placed it on the floor; neither of them said a word while she practiced the ceremony---and then she kissed him. With her hand she ruffled his hair.

Don't worry. I'll get along.

That was exactly what he had expected her to say. He teased her ear; she laughed with a roaring masculine burst of gaiety.

He was moving as silently as he could, but she woke up. She had known what would happen. She got up to help him put his tie on, he was so nervous. Every gesture she made was surrounded by a halo of animality. He tried to say something, but she put her finger on his lips. He kissed it gently, smiled. Quickly turning his back, he inhaled deeply and walked normally, almost nonchalantly, out of the apartment. She stood in the doorway for a while, then walked slowly, ruefully, to the window. He was disappearing at the end of the street, his back hunched from the cold air of the morning. She watched him go; as he went her face assumed her peculiar expression of contempt. Her little man was going back to the security of his clean house, to the world which had molded him, where he was taught to kiss the hands of the ladies, but where he was told very little about the ladies themselves. Her little man was returning to the comfort of a sterile, social life, full of biscuits, candies, and cuckolds. She caressed the curtain as though the dead piece of satin could understand her. He would be back, she knew he would.

by Jean Pierre Frankenhuis.

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Two young ladies were discussing their boy friends, and one said to the other: "I understand your boy friend graduates from law school next month. I suppose you'll be getting married then?"

"Oh, no," replied the other. "I want him to practice at least a year first."

One of the med students came across this question on an examination: "Give five reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk." He answered: "First, it is fresher; second, it is cleaner, third, the cats can't get it; fourth it is easier to take to movies and picnics." Then he paused and thought. Finally his face lit up. "Fifth, it comes in such a cute little container."

Dinner guest: Will you pass the nuts, Professor?

Professor (absent mindedly). Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them.



HONG KONG CHINESE RESTAURANT

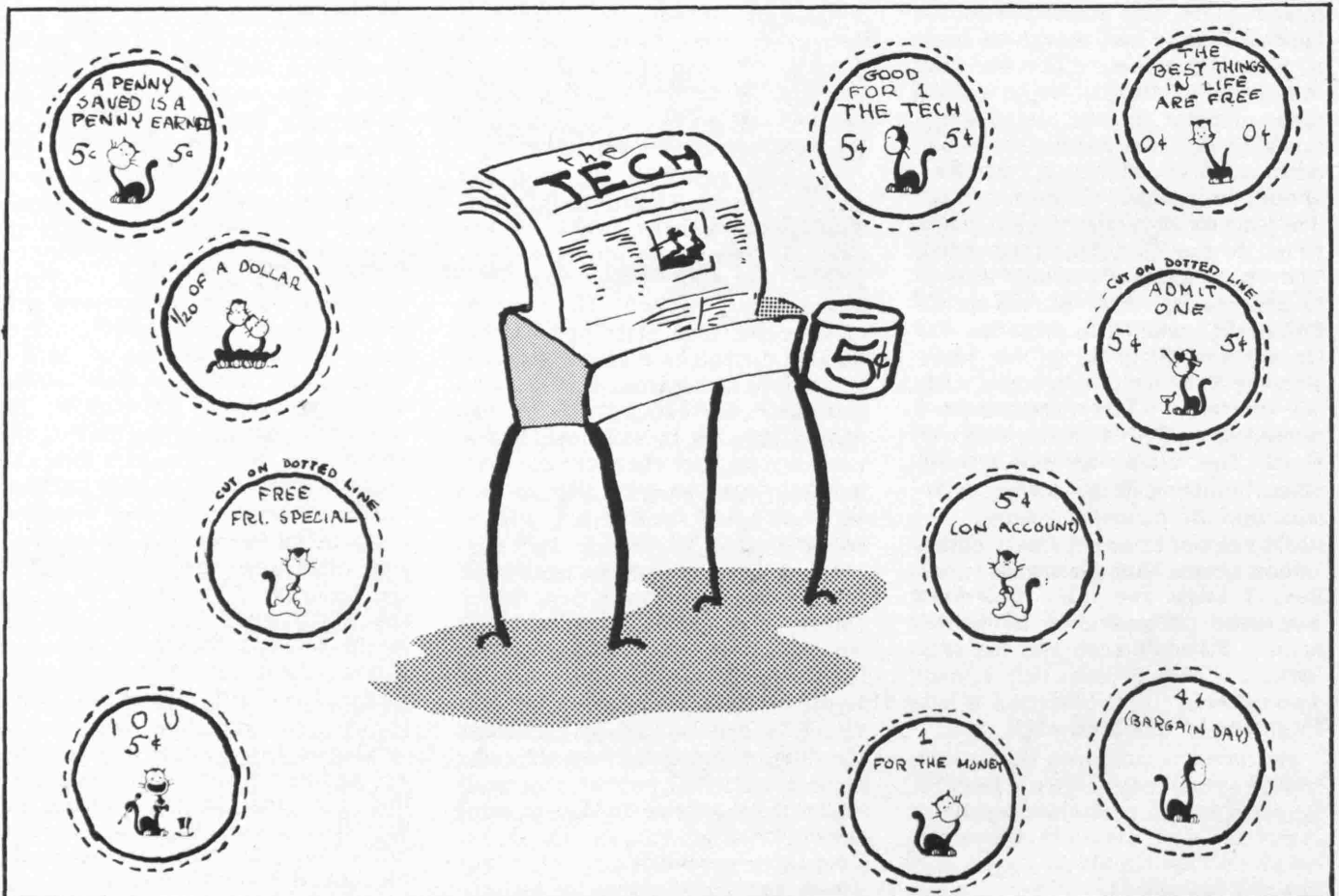
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"Grandpappy, you're getting old and feeble. Don't you think you'd better go to the poor house?"

"You're dadburn right, sonny! I'm a-rarin' let's get goin'!"

"I can't understand why you're so anxious to go to the poor house."

"Poor house? Poor House? Yea gads! I thought you said . . . aw, well, skip it!"



Teacher: "What's a pessimist?"

Johnny: "That's a thing you use to prevent having children."

Teacher: "That's very naughty, go sit in the corner. Suzy, what's an optimist?"

Suzy: "An optimist is a person who doesn't use pessimists."



A visiting Frenchman was being guided around Campus. Finally his guide stopped in front of Kresge Auditorium. "There," he said, "is the most modern, up to date, and complete Auditorium in the United States.

The Frenchman's gaze was properly admiring. "It reminds me of sex," he said.

The guide was astonished. "I've heard a lot of reactions to Kresge before, but never one like that."

Tell me, why does Kresge Auditorium remind you of sex?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "Everything does."

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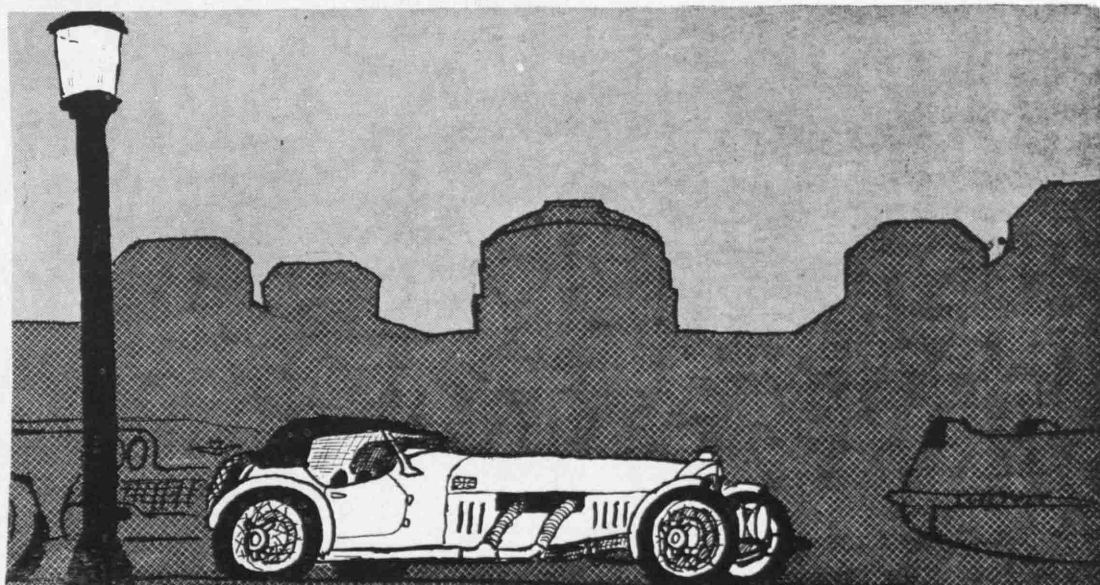
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A man dashed into his boss's office and excitedly asked for fifteen minutes off from work. "My wife's going to have a baby," he explained.

"Go ahead," said the boss.

When the man returned fifteen minutes later, the boss asked, "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"How in hell should I know," said the man. "You gotta wait nine months."



Two flies were sitting on a lawn mower handle when a bull dropped dead in front of them.

Both flies immediately flew down and began to have lunch. When they had gorged themselves they went back to the lawn mower handle to rest.

But one of these flies was a greedy little fly. So he went back for more. But when he took off he was so bloated that he could not maintain flying speed. So he fell to the ground and broke his neck.

And the moral of this story is: "Don't fly off the handle when you are full of bull."



The alien craft landed in a field and several small, green men disembarked. Marching single file up to a nearby farmhouse, they knocked solemnly on the door. When the door was answered, one of the extraterrestrials said haltingly, but in perfect English, "Take . . . us . . . to . . . your . . . bathroom."

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VOO DOO INVITES ITS READERS TO

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from

LIMERICK LAUGHTER

A New Monthly Contest Sponsored and Judged by the Voo Doo Staff on Behalf of our Back Cover Advertiser

Put a little sunshine in your life. Put some cash in your pocket. Enter the monthly *Voo Doo* "Limerick Laughter" contest. It's easy. It's fun! You have three chances to win every month you enter. Here's how the contest works:

Each month, *Voo Doo* will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk game, the new hilarious word game.

Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.

This contest is open to all MIT students and faculty members. Entries must be mailed or delivered to the *Voo Doo* office, and limericks for the May contest must be received by May 10. Names of the winners will be published in the next edition of the *Voo Doo*.

So enter now and keep entering each month. The samples below show you how easy it is to write a winning limerick.

*At the neighborhood crap game that night,
A young lady was in a sad plight.
Bet her virtue on seven
But they came up eleven,
So she didn't get home until light.*

George Walsh

*One night in an impossible dream
Heard Felix a terrible scream,
He awoke with a jerk
To discover this quirk:
That his A, they had started to ream.*

Al Gasser

*An MIT coed named Rona,
Told me one day I should phone her,
Her idea of fun,
Was M 21,
The best I could do was condone her.*

Al Kriegman



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 U. S. AIR FORCE... NBC-TV,



*Jets go flashing through the mile-high air! Move in fast and hit the target square!
 Mission accomplished... you'll find a man takes big pleasure when and where he can... Chesterfield King!*



*Sun-drenched top-tobacco's
 gonna mean...*



*That you're smokin' smoother and
 you're smokin' clean!*



*Only top-tobacco, full king-size,
 For big clean taste that satisfies!*

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