

ALL RED ISSUE

ARE ALL REDS ALIKE?

VOO DOO

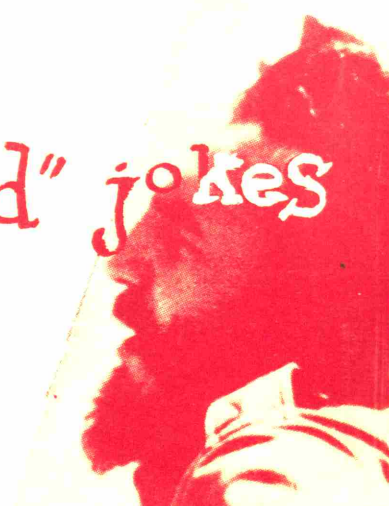
★ APRIL, 1964

★ 35¢



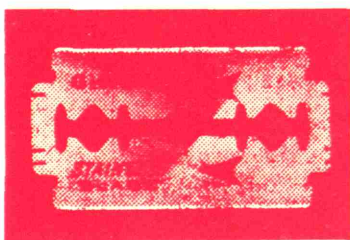
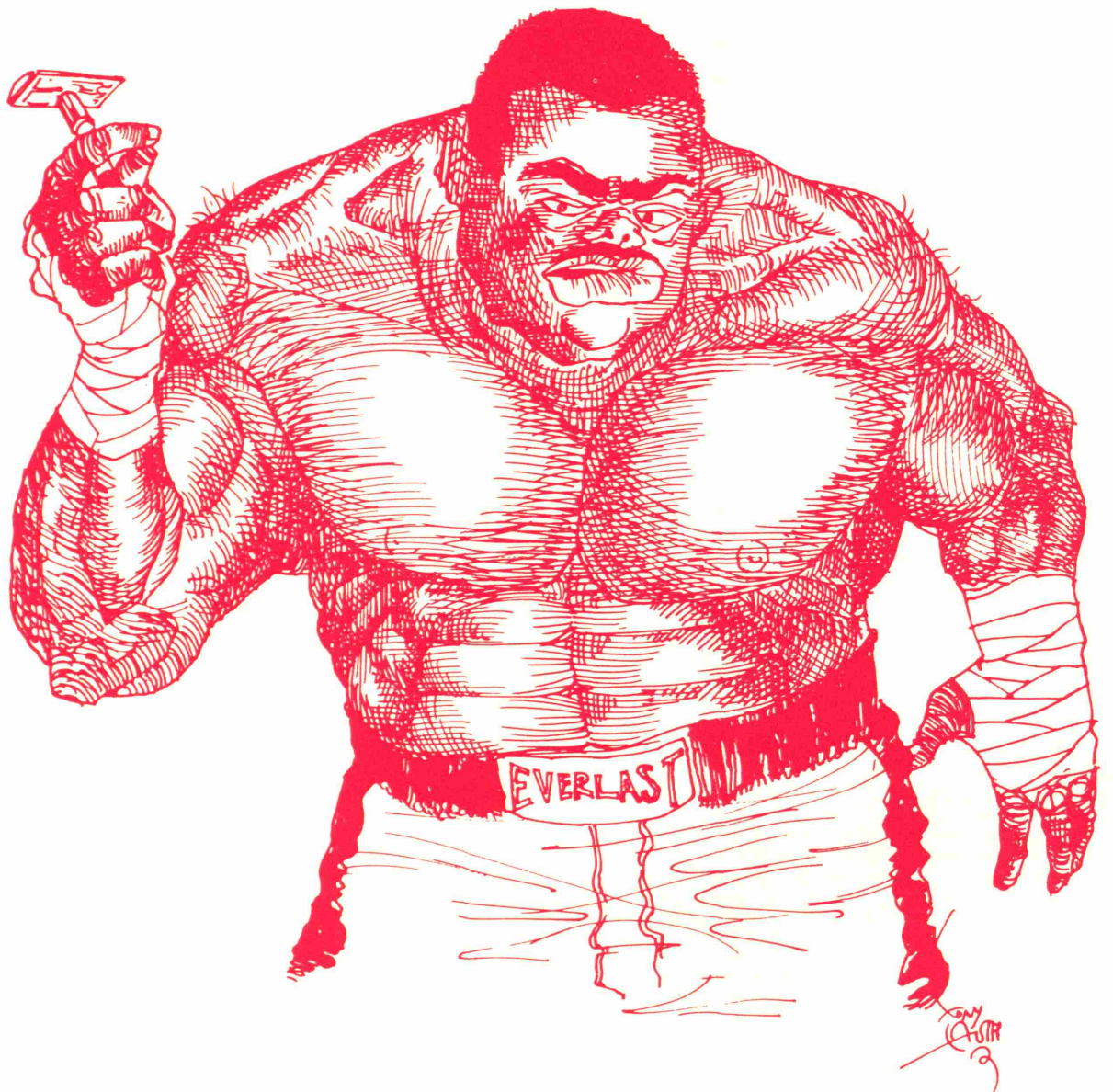
★ A sickening surfeit of "red" jokes

★ POSITIVELY SUBVERSIVE



SONNY SAYS

“Buy Gillette Stainless Blades



or I'll kick your ass”

Not My Pretty Ass!
-Cassius X.

Stolen from the U.C.L.A. SATYR

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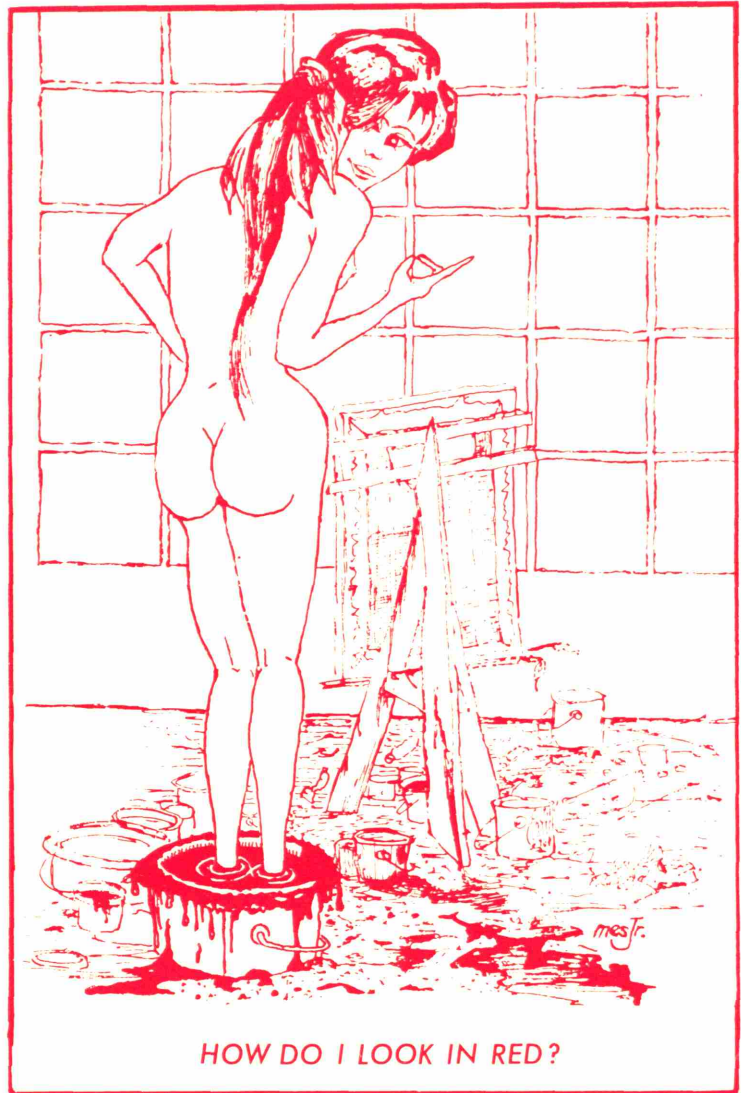
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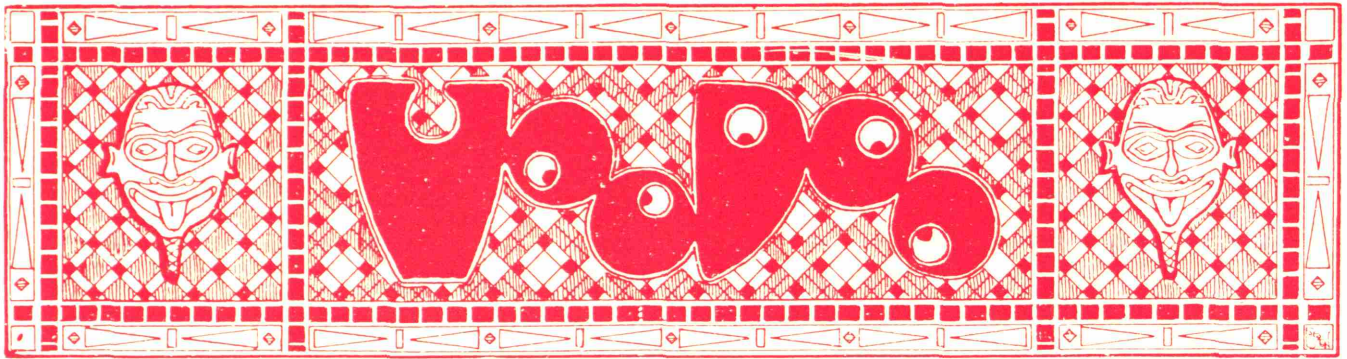
Stud-Passion,

Last of the Great
Great Lovers
James A. Monk, Jr.

Lover

Pat S.

Hello again. Just want to let you know that this VooDoo was copyrighted in 1964 by the VooDoo Managing Board. Published by the Managing Board April 24, 1964 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. VooDoo, that is. April copy inserted. (That's what fills all them pages.) VooDoo is published monthly, October through May, and also in August. An eight-issue subscription will set you \$2.80, unless you are so unfortunate as to live in Pago Pago, where the rate is a whopping \$69.00. Our office is still 303 Walker Memorial, and we can be caught there most any Wednesday night. Held up as second class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Suzy, I still love you!



Phos is generally pretty sedate as long as there's beer around, but the other day he said he really saw red. Everything he saw — RED. From the rift in the Red camp to the figures in our ledger, from the sails in the sunset to the proverbial horse. Red.

"So why don't you guys put out a Red Issue?" he hissed. "After all, Tech's already got a yellow press, why not a Red one? A certain place up the road can put out a daily newspaper called Crimson after their school color, why can't we have a Red issue after our school color?" (You can't call Gray a color.)

So, with our best to The Cat, here is VooDoo's Red Issue.

It was just about a year ago that we first printed a certain joke about a red horse and, just for the hell of it, attached the key line to some familiar jokes in place of their regular punch lines. Since this is the Red Issue, we nostalgically reprint this joke later for those who may have forgotten.

A friend reports he was recently forced by the inadequacy of the MIT libraries to search out some information at the Harvard Library of the Graduate School of Education. What snowed him even more than the efficiently run and well-stocked library at Harvard was the coffee machine down the hall. Rather than the little green light with the skew "Sold out", he found the polite message "Pardon us while we are temporarily sold out" in illuminated block letters. What is more, the machine did not dispense cream with the coffee but "creme". No kiddin', coffee fans.

Hopefully, not *all the tech* staffers are like the one who was hanging around our office a couple of nights ago. We all listened patiently while he nibbled our pretzels and told how he had almost condescended to write for us (we tactfully avoided pointing out that we probably wouldn't have published him anyway) but chose to favor *the tech* instead. But his answer to *why* he wrote for *the tech* was too much: he's *guaranteed* to get into grad school. So that's why people condescend to write for them!

A friend of ours from Harvard, majoring in physics, was complaining to us the other day about all the work that the poor physics majors have there. Twelve hours of class a week *and* a three-hour weekly biology lab. What's more, he added, there's homework besides.

This is the latest word from the Neighborhood Association of the Back Bay. This fairly universal behavior code has been proposed for edification of the morals of Boston, if not the world, starting with our fair schools. The final draft, which will probably look exactly like the excerpts here, is to be submitted to the schools for their ratification. Some excerpts: "Students shall not loiter in parked automobiles or around dormitory steps or entrances when returning from an evening engagement.

"Women are not permitted in men's dormitory rooms or apartments and vice versa at any time except under chaperoned conditions.

"Lengths of skirts shall be below the knees at least; slacks, shorts, dungarees, leotards, socks, sneakers, and like dress are not allowed on the street or in the classroom.

(more)

“Men are expected to appear clean shaven and well groomed in suit coat, jacket, shirt, trousers or slacks.

“Sports clothing, may be worn when actively engaged in sports, provided such attire is covered by a coat to and from the college building.

“Students shall not call out from any dormitory or fraternity windows.

“Students are expected to obey all traffic and parking regulations.

“The use of profane or vulgar language is not permitted and is regarded as a serious breach of discipline.”

We hear that one is not allowed to post notices of apartments for rent on a certain dorm bulletin board. Seems the officials are afraid someone will see them and move out.

One thing about our dolls of the month; they're well-dressed.

We were pleased to have an MDC officer direct us across the street at the intersection of Mass. Ave. and Mem. Drive the other day. It's about time that the MDC saw to it that somebody help the kiddies cross Mass. Ave.

From a victim of Commons comes this report of speedy service. On a meal in which there was no delays because something had run out (either depleted in supply or escaped)—and our reporter says he waited through *ten* meals before he managed to get through without such a delay—he was eighth in line. He clocked a total of seven minutes before the eight people there were served.

Perhaps the grad student at the Baker desk was blind, but he actually allowed the charming Senior Board member who posed as Little Red Writhinghood for the pictures in our article to be signed in as “Della Ecbaipfak from McCormick Hall”. Perhaps this can be worked in reverse, and the men of Baker will be able to get real girls in right past him. Let us know how it works out.

CLOUDY AND MILD	Record American	COMPLETE
WEATHER See Page 2	* 8 Cents Boston, Wednesday, March 25, 1964 56 Pages	
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To See Dick		
<i>Top News Today</i>		

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The Saga of *LITTLE RED WRITHING HOOD* by *Rubin Pindyck*

As our story opens, Little Red Writhing Hood has come by sailboat up the river Charles to visit her Granary. She had barley sailed past the M.I.T. boathouse when two Tech students in a dingy boat shouted "Hay!"

"That's why I'm here," answered.

"Wheat are you talking about?"

But, by then, Red had drifted out of herring range. After she stopped floundering, she realized she no longer knew where the hake she was. In short, she was lost, so she docked at what turned out to be Ecbaipfak Public Pier. She took her box of goodies and disembarked.



After waiting over two hours for the traffic light to turn *something* beside red, she summoned one of the local boys in - yes, you guessed it - red. The constable explained away the apparent monochromatic nature of the lights with some garble about red issue, or printer, or something, which only confused our little heroine.

"Nobody prints a magazine in red ink," Red thought, "everyone knows that!"

"Never mind," Red said, "can you lead me to the Granary House?"

"Sure," the cop said, "Over the river and down the lane to Granary House we go ... " But Red had left, and was trying to find her own way.



Anyway, there she was in the middle of a speeding M.T.A. car when whom did she meet but - don't be shocked - a WOLF in a sheepskin, disguised as a nice young man.

"I don't think we've met," said the nice young man sheepishly. "Wolf's the name. Sam Wolf."

"Don't give me any of that wolf baloney," barked

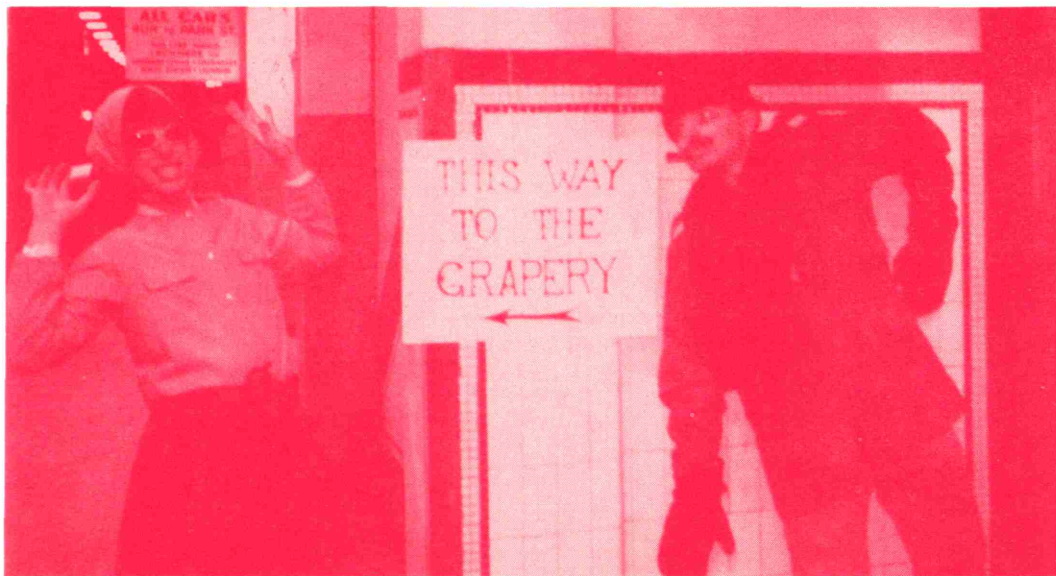
Red, "I can see that you're just a nice young man."

"Say, watcha got in that box," said the wolf grabbing for the box.

"Get your paws offa my box! Those goodies are for the poor workers at the Granary."

"Granny Hell," yelled the wolfish sheep, "I want your peanuts!"

And so, our story drags on, Red got off the M.T.A., leaving the wolf to hold his own. Fortunately she saw a sign that read: "This way to the Granary."



Meanwhile, back in the Granary, the sly old wolf had begun gorging himself on the grain. "Grainy, what a fat belly you have!" said Red entering. "You look like a 500-pound canary!"



"Uuuuuuurp!" said the granary canary.

Scared seedless by the wolf's amazing appetite, Red fled to the pier and her boat which awaited without - namely without her. In the last scene, we watch as Red sails in the sunset.

Little-known Facts Dept.: On April 1, the *Herald* ran (on p. 32) a story under the head "Life Threats to Lassman Revealed" which told how one Edward Lassman received a phone call which went, in part: "You will get the same thing as JFK." The *Herald* went on to say: "President John F. Kennedy, often referred to as JFK, was shot and killed in Dallas last Nov. 22."

We really appreciate the MIT Press billboards which say their books are "Now available at the Tech Coop and better bookstores everywhere."

To whoever sent us the letter addressed "To everyone planning to attend the 30th Assemblies Ball": We would be happy to accept your offer of "tails at reduced cost and effort." (Isn't direct mail advertising wonderful? You don't hear of that kind of an offer very often.)

For those of you who didn't notice the blurb in *the tech*, you are currently gazing at one of the top ten college humor magazines in the country, according to a poll of college humor magazine editors. For the first time, our mag outranked the *Lampoon* in the poll (conducted by *Charlatan*). Just for your own information. (You can get a dislocated shoulder from patting yourself on the back.)



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THE DEATH OF THE RED MASK

(apologies—but not many—to E. A. Poe)

NOW AT LAST IT CAN BE TOLD—THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE COMMUNIST FRONT ORGANIZATIONS WHICH ARE PART OF THE TERRIBLE HORRIBLE AWFUL NASTY RED CONSPIRACY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

Yes, now at last it can be told—the real truth about the Communist front organizations which are part of the terrible horrible awful nasty RED CONSPIRACY to take over the world. Even at this very moment, as you sit reading this magazine, there are communist front organizations operating right here in this country—organizations which are part of the terrible horrible awful nasty RED CONSPIRACY to take over the world.

Right now, at this very minute, there is a major Communist-occupied threat to our freedom only 90 miles away.¹ Right now, at this very minute, millions of people right here in the United States live in daily terror of the knock on the door which means that their possessions are about to be seized and taken away from them by a heartless gang of paid mercenaries.² Right now, at this very minute, more than **one-half billion people** have died in Europe and Asia since the Red takeover.³

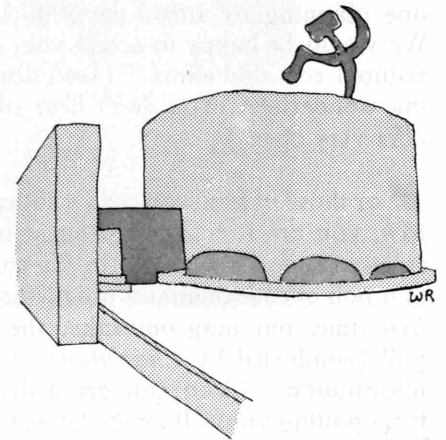
Here in the United States, the Communists have not taken over, yet. But through cleverly-disguised “Red Mask” organizations they are stealthily trying to undermine our nation’s integrity and destroy those freedoms which we hold sacred. Here and now, we must destroy these organizations. For the salvation of America, it is necessary that we bring about **THE DEATH OF THE RED MASK!**

In order to achieve this end, it is necessary to expose the Red Mask for what it is. For instance, it is a **known fact** that nearly half of the people on the following list, people you read about in the newspapers every day, are Communist agents or sympathizers:

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV
CHARLES DEGAULLE
FIDEL CASTRO
BARRY GOLDWATER
MAO TSE-TUNG
CHRISTINE KEELER
WALTER REUTHER
JULIUS A. STRATTON
JOSEPH STALIN
NIKOLAI LENIN
KARL MARX
GROUCHO MARX
H. L. HUNT
JAMES BOND
WHISTLER’S MOTHER
DONALD DUCK

You can just bet that the rest aren’t lily-white, either! Right now, at this very minute, these people are plotting to **TAKE OVER THE WORLD!**

And right here on campus, here at MIT, there are RED MASK organizations! Stu-



dents, instructors, members of the administration—they’re all part of the **TERRIBLE HORRIBLE AWFUL NASTY RED CONSPIRACY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!** There are at least seven recognized student activities on campus which are part of the RED MASK! For instance, did you ever notice the color of those little leaflets handed out in Building 10 by one of the largest and most powerful political organizations on campus? They’re RED, and the paragraph headings include titles like “Big Government,” “Cuba,” and “Aid to Communist Countries!”

1 Springfield, Massachusetts

2 Bill collectors from Household Finance

3 From old age, mostly

Who is covering up? Why are these activities allowed to flourish? The answer is obvious. MIT itself is part of the RED MASK. The late President Kennedy himself said the following words: "...MIT...is...a...communist...front...organization..." (excerpts from the speeches of John F. Kennedy, 1959-1963).

WHAT IS TO BE DONE? What can you do to foil this insidious plot, destroy the RED MASK, and end once and for all the RED CONSPIRACY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD?

Skip all your classes, so as to avoid being brainwashed. Never read any newspapers or publications except this one (and be pretty cautious about believing anything you read here). Don't listen to radio or TV—you might get Radio Moscow or the Voice of Amer-



ica. Refuse all handouts in Building 10. Wear your true-blue God-and-Country button every day. Report any suspicious activities to the HUAC. Report any activities to the HUAC. Report yourself to the HUAC.

Only by doing this can we destroy the RED MASK.

DFN

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The Original Red Horse Joke

A young man became very interested in meeting a certain young lady he had seen riding in the park. His intentions were far from honorable, but he was sure that if he could just "break the ice" and get to know her, he could achieve his desire. His problem was to meet her so he could use his fail-proof line.

He talked it over with a friend, and decided that the best way to meet her would be to get a horse, and meet her on the bridle path where she rode every day. In order that he would be noticed, and not just another horseman, he painted the tail of his horse a bright red.

The next day, he rode past her all afternoon, but if she noticed the red tail, she didn't say a word. So, his desire inflamed further, and determined to try his line, he decided to paint the entire hind portion of his horse scarlet and try again. But no matter how many times he passed her, she didn't show the least sign of noticing.

In desperation, he painted the entire beast red and tried again the next day. On the fourth pass, she looked at him, and hesitantly called over:

"Say, mister, why is your horse red?"

"_ _ _ ' _ _ _ _ _!"



"Hell, yes," said the devil, picking up the phone.

RED HEAVEN - BLUE HELL

by D. J. Torrieri

John Capman was a tool—a dirty, grimy, little tool. He was the unshaven, foul-smelling, No. 1 man academically at the University. Day in, day out, he would be bent over his desk, working feverishly. At night, he studied with even more gusto, his blood-shot eyes bulging out and perspiration dripping down his grungy face in his anxiety to cram a few more formulas before bedtime. His life was very simple; he did four things only. He ate, slept, tooled, and went to the bathroom.

Nobody knew whether John had a family since he stayed in his room at the dormitory the entire year, including vacations and summer. In fact, few people realized that he was capable of speech. Those who attempted to communicate with him would receive grunts or other animalistic noises in reply. Once, a group of humanitarian upper-classmen accosted him as he was entering his room and asked, "Why don't you stop studying a little and do something else?" John answered, "What else is there to do?" and slammed the door in their faces.

One day, while hacking through a Physics problem, John heard a crisp, authoritative knock on the door. Usually he just kept tooling, completely unaware of knocks on the door. But this time, he was awakened from his toolish stupor by the unusual character of the knock. He looked up from his books momentarily, blinked his eyes, and almost contemplated opening the door. However, instinct overpowered him, and he lapsed back into his stupor.

A few seconds later, his visitor rapped on the door again—pounding it heavily. John now completely snapped out of his trance. Furious over the prolonged interruption of his tooling, he leapt from his chair, and flung open the door.

His visitor was a tall, lean, middle-aged man. He wore a black suit and had a dark goatee. His small, fierce eyes focused on John as he asked in a deep, commanding voice, "May I come in?"

John was astounded by the stranger's facial expression—an expression at once cruel, savage, and ironical. Summoning his courage, John growled at the stranger, "No! I've got studying to do."

"What I wish to say is directly relevant to your studies," replied the stranger in a soothing tone. "I have come to help you acquire knowledge." "All right, come in," said John, "but make it snappy."

As soon as the stranger had closed the door, he began speaking. "You love knowledge and knowledge alone. I will enable you to attain the cumulative knowledge of man since the dawn of history."

"Just a minute," interrupted John, "who the hell are you?"

The stranger's lips parted into a sardonic smile as he answered, "My name is Mephistopheles, but you may call me Satan, if you like."

"What a silly joke," snarled John, "now get the hell out."

"Very well, arrogant one, watch!" whispered Satan. Then he snapped his fingers and vanished from

(Continued on next page.)



sight. A few seconds later, there was another snap, and Satan reappeared.

John was thunderstruck. Completely bewildered, he sat trembling and speechless for several minutes. Finally, he blurted out, not with his usual arrogance, but in a meek, whimpering voice, "What do you want from me?"

"Your soul, naturally," laughed Satan. "Your life has been utterly meaningless and totally devoid of virtue. Unfortunately, your life has also been free from vice, so I will not be able to claim your soul when you die. That is why I wish to buy it from you.

"I will give you a lifetime of undisturbed study and meditation. You will be freed from the exigencies of food, sleep, and excretion, which only waste time. In short, you will be given the opportunity to study twenty-four hours a day for one hundred years. In exchange, I demand only your soul."

The mere thought of such a profitable life exhilarated John. He swooned into an ecstatic daydream in which he imagined the bliss of almost infinite knowledge. When he regained his senses, he joyously exclaimed, "I accept!"

As John pronounced those fateful words, the room was transformed. It became much larger than before, had neither doors nor windows, and was filled with a multitude of books.

Satan's face was more evil, more paradoxical than ever as he said mockingly, "You may as well commence activities immediately. These books contain the sum-total of human knowledge. I will be back for you a hundred years from now. You will know when the time has come because you will have finished all these books by then. Have fun." With these words, he vanished.

John dug in and toiled without a break. Unhindered by fatigue as the devil had promised, John achieved amazing results. By the end of what he cal-

culated to be a hundred years, he had read and thoroughly digested all the books in the huge room. "I have experienced ecstasy," thought John, "Now I am ready for hell."

But Satan did not come. As he was not one to sit idly waiting, John shrugged his shoulders, and started his second reading of the books. When he had finished the books a second time, John began his third reading. Still Satan did not come.

A thousand years passed, but Satan didn't come. This fact did not disturb John, who was delighted by the minute details he picked up in his tenth reading of Plato's *Republic*.

Thousands of more years passed. Finally, John had memorized every book and was even able to recite them backwards. He could spout information like a machine-gun. "Surely, Satan's advent is at hand," thought John, "I wonder what's keeping him."

Satan did not arrive, and John grew restless. He could not stand just sitting around, waiting. He attempted to somehow extract more knowledge from the books, but found it impossible. He tried to invent Abstract Mathematical problems, but found that there was no problem he could not solve while devising.

Soon John's impatience overwhelmed him. There was nothing to learn; nothing to do. Striving to communicate with the devil, he shouted, "You are all-powerful, Satan; therefore, you can hear me speaking. I have gotten more than my share of the bargain; come and take me."

Still Satan did not come. John's impatience gradually changed to anger; his anger to raving fury. He would spend hours futilely cursing the devil, calling him every vile word in every language and dialect.

And still Satan did not come. John's raging changed to desperate plea, "Please come, O mighty king of the underworld. I want you to come. I implore you to come. Have mercy, have pity, spare me. Come." But Satan never came.

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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"That's a stick of dynamite. Every time Riley sees me he slaps me on the chest and breaks all my cigars. The next time he does it, he's going to blow his hand off."



Overheard in Cobbler shop:

Small boy: "What are shoes made of?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Boy: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide, the cow's outside!"

Boy: "So what, who is afraid of cows."



"What would you do if I kissed you on the neck?"

"I'd call you down."



Little Red Riding Crop

Once there was a little girl (not very little—at least not for her age, which was 27, but stories for nasty old men always have little girls in them) who was called Little Red Riding Crop—Riding Crop because of her habit of carrying (and using) a riding crop, and Red because everything she used the riding crop on—horses, dogs, old ladies—bled like hell by the time she was finished. She was tough.

One day while walking through the forest on her way to her grandmother's house to kill a pint, she met a nasty old man.

"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this? Aren't you Little Red Riding Crop?"

When she answered yes, he took the riding crop from her and beat her to death.

—Goe



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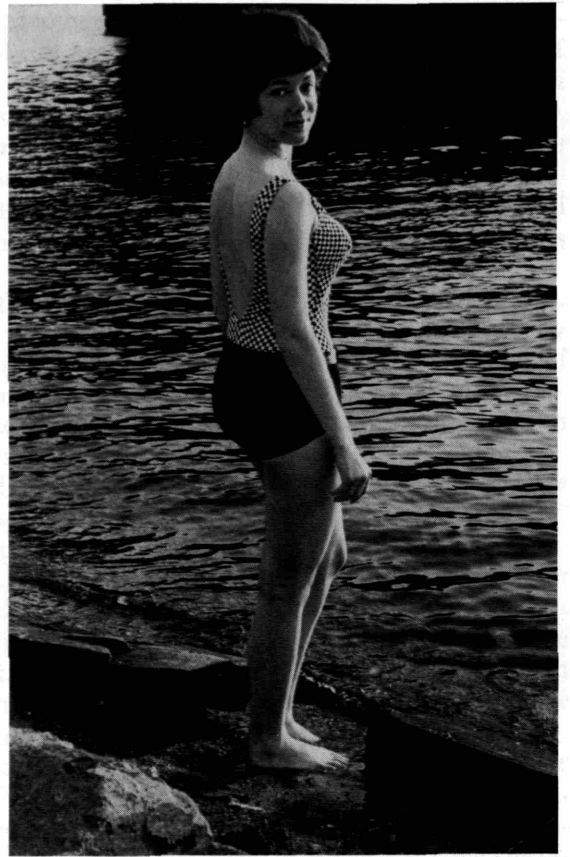
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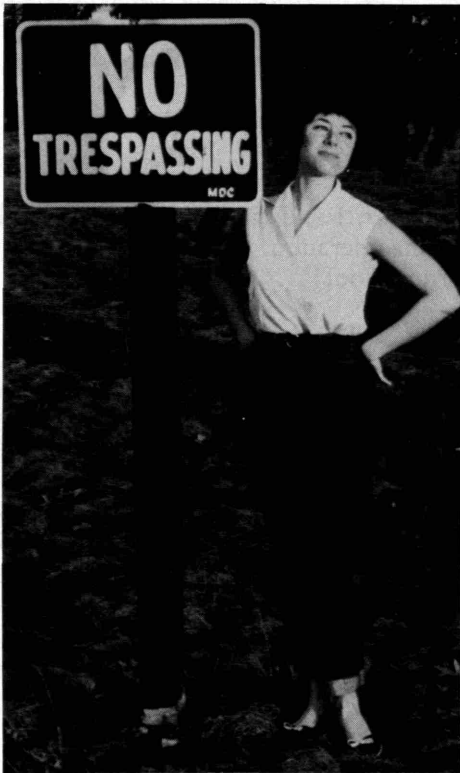
VooDoo

Doll of the Month

by

Leonard Logterman and Don Torrieri





This month's pert VooDoo Doll was lately seen chasing critics down Memorial Drive, after an outstanding performance as *Kitten* in *Tech Show '64*. She's Geri Marlowe, a junior at Emerson College, who had us climbing all over our seats during her spectacular, sexy rendition of "Don't Let 'Em Touch."

An English major, Geri plans to teach in New York, her home town. As the pix plainly show, Geri is not only interested in acting, but is also an outdoor girl who loves the countryside.

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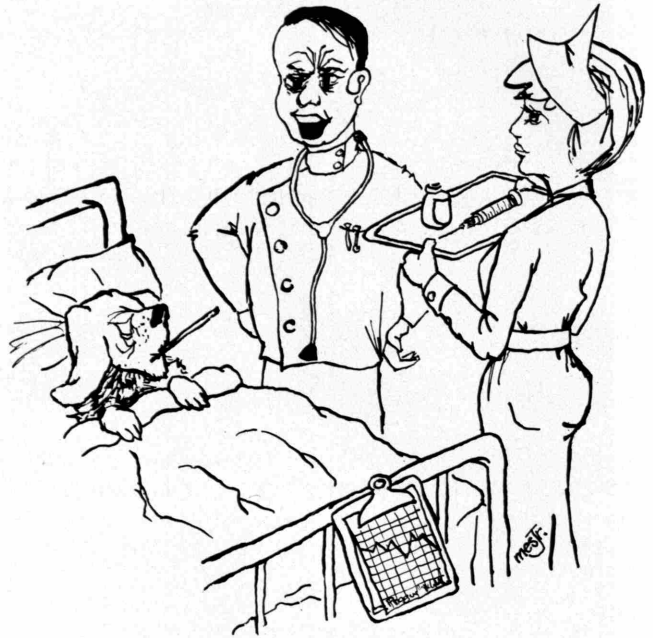
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**". . .SAYS HE CAUGHT IT FROM
A FIRE HYDRANT!"**

And then there was the date of the Harvard crew-
man, who, unaware of the University's school colors
(not to mention its political leanings), asked about
his souvenirs, saying "Why are your oars red?"



"Doctor, I still can't see," said the little blind girl
after the operation.

"April Fool!"



A beatnik was standing on the corner following a
nasty rain storm. A nun approached the corner and
seeing the gutters full of water was at a loss as to
how to get across. The beatnik gallantly peeled off
his sweat shirt and threw it on the ground for the
nun to tread upon. The nun was shocked by the
gallantry of the man and remarked:

"My goodness, that was a noble sacrifice. What-
ever prompted you to do it?"

Replied the beatnik, "Like, any friend of Zorro's
is a friend of mine."

“Were the boys rough at the party?”
“No, not one bit.”



If a light man sleeps lighter with the light on,
Will a hard man sleep harder with a window open?



Prosecutor: “Now tell the court how you came to take the car.”

Defendant: “Well, the car was parked in front of the cemetery. So naturally I thought the owner was dead.”



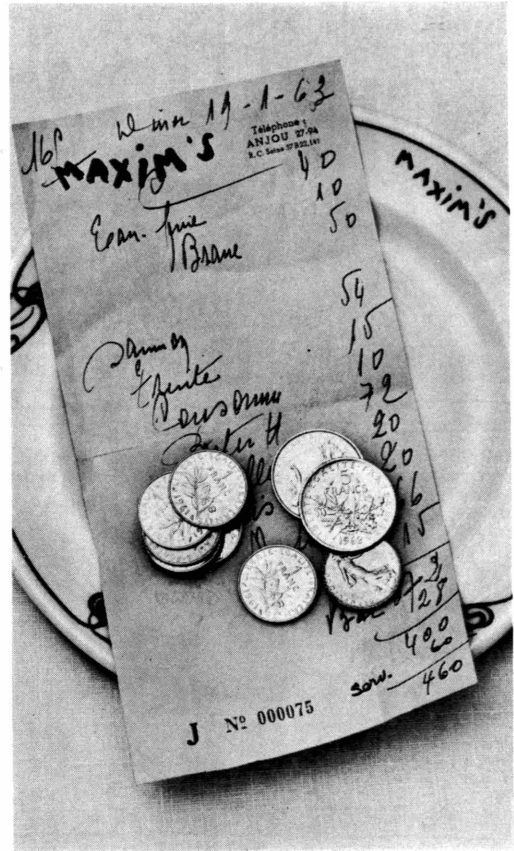
When Horace Greeley, the great orator, was a little boy, he was very weak and spindly, so every afternoon he would run around the block three times to build up his wind and endurance. One day, he had just finished running around the block, and came running up the front steps of his home, red in the face and panting for breath. Unaware of the fact that his mother was having a tea-party, he ran into the parlor, still hot and sweaty. One of the ladies present looked at him in consternation, and turned to his mother. “Mrs. Greeley,” she said, “Why is your Horace red?”



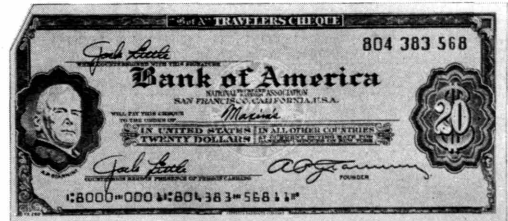
Once upon a time there was a baseball umpire in the Texas league who was a thorough brute, both on and off the field. This awful person had for many years beaten his wife and kicked his child on alternate days of the week.

Then all at once, without warning, a change came over the brutish hulk. He arrived home one evening with a mink coat and a three-pound box of chocolates for his wife and a bicycle for his son. He kissed his wife roundly, sat down, and invited his son to come sit on his lap. But the boy absolutely refused to do so.

Moral: The son never sits on the brutish umpire.



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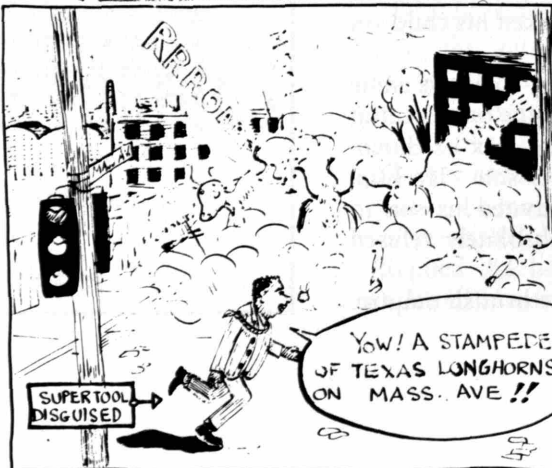
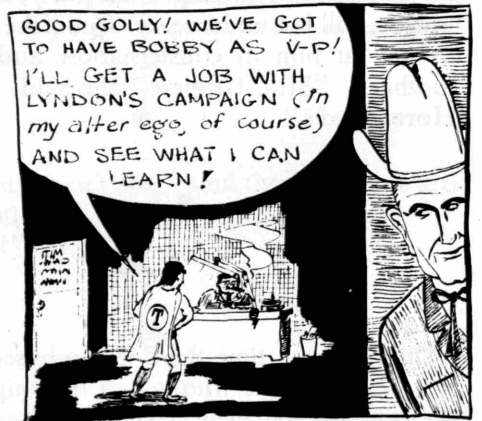
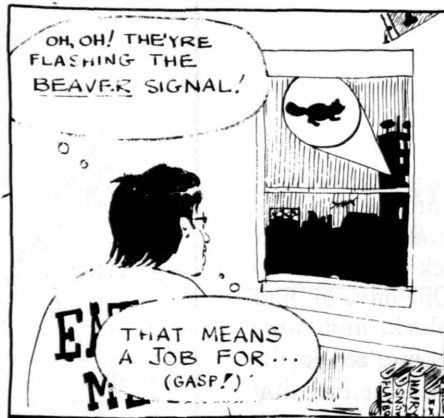
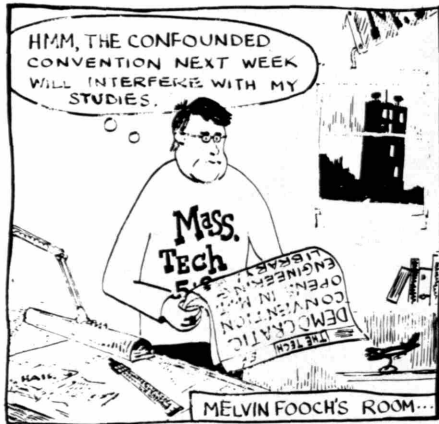
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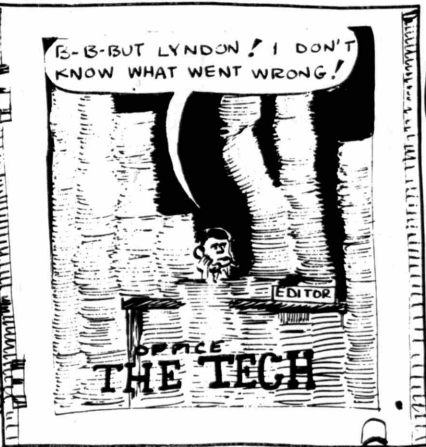
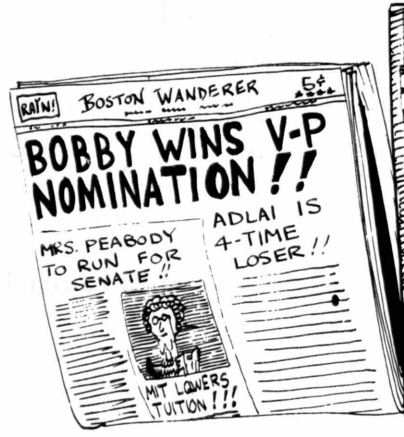
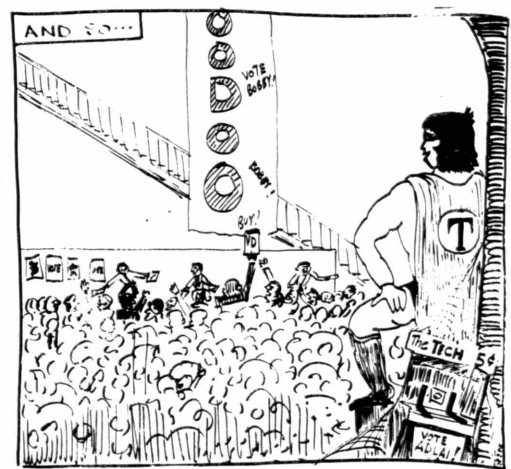
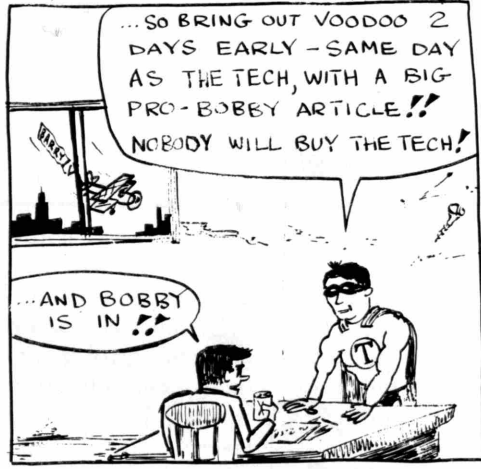
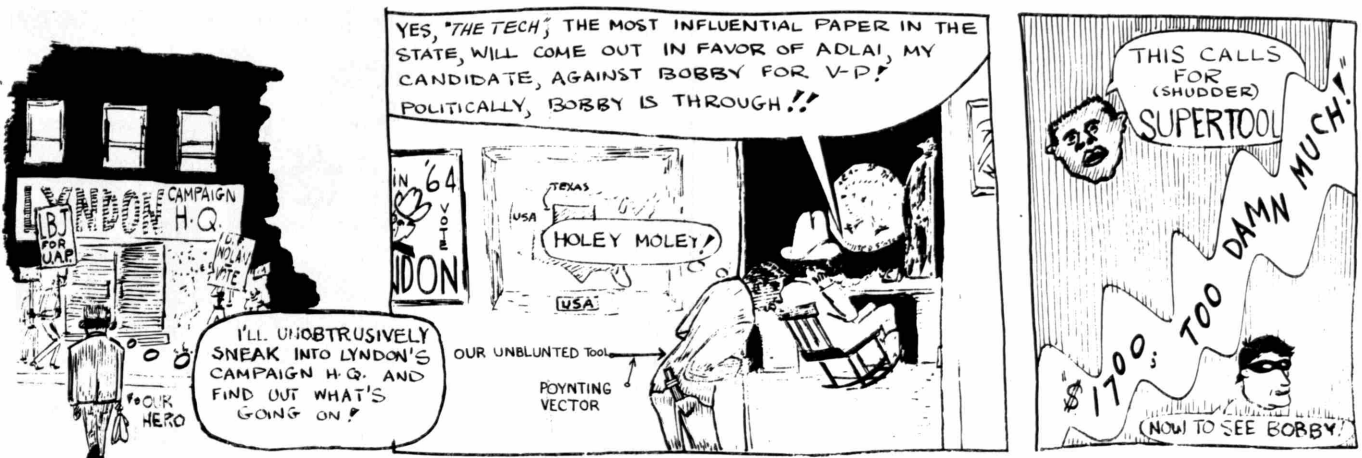
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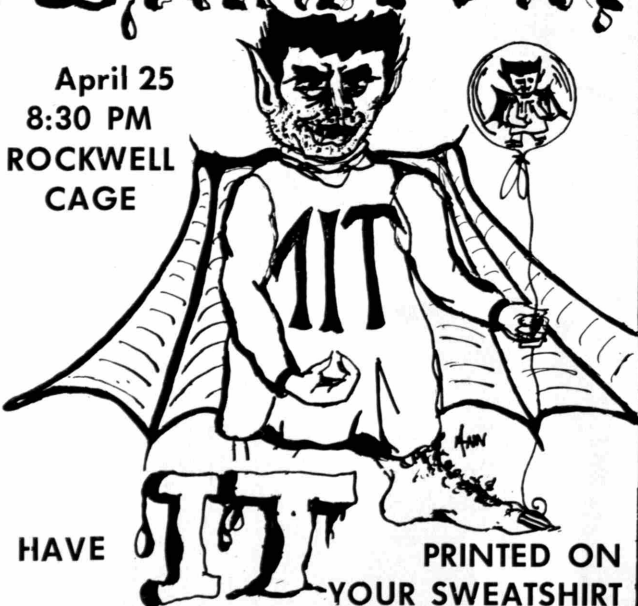
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My father may be a literary critic, but I'm still better read than Dad.



"What is red and rides a big palomino?"
"Roy Radish."



The enamoured football player whispered in her ear, "I could squeeze you until you broke." So he gave her a tremendous hug, and sure enough he felt her crack.



How can you tell a rooster from a lawyer?
The rooster clucks defiance.



...But I Still Say It Looks Like Tomato Juice!



HOMAGE TO RED

One of the many things lacking in *Cathouse* has been titles, so I will start as of now. This occurred to me when I happened into an art gallery. If they can give *those* things titles, these things deserve titles too; after all, each is something of interest mostly to its creator.

Actually, this title is somewhat inaccurate; the "art" I saw is the so-called "pop art", which is far beyond anything as classical as "Homage to Red", "Dream of Red", or similar flat paintings which can be succinctly described as a red rectangle—a differential element of a blood smear on a red horse. No indeed. Pop art takes many forms and styles, the only particular item in common being the lack of artistic inspiration, and (often) and irrelevant title, like "Homage to Red".

Notice I said lack of inspiration—this is not strictly true, it's just that I had to avoid the word "talent", for the renditions are generally perfectly photographic; like a painting of a can of Campbell's Soup on one half of a can-

vas, the other half having a miniscule replica of the same can—true to every detail. Another example is an accurate reproduction of various movie ads, appliance ads, etc. In the foreground is a line drawing of a Roman senator, saying loudly in white on green the one word "fart." I thought that might make a nice cartoon, but \$300 for a three inch by five inch drawing seems a bit high.

One of the leaders in this field has a piece called "Pipe Dream", an abstract wall painting with an important difference—twenty-five feet of cast iron pipe normal to the surface, ending on the opposite wall of the room. One of the most famous of all pop art pieces is called "Floorburger"; it is a replica of a raw hamburger in a bun, with a pickle slice on top. It is more than six feet in diameter, three feet high, and costs \$2000.

When you walk into a gallery showing what can best be described as *ecbaipfak*, you wonder who would ever put stuff like that in his house. I must have wondered too loudly, for the middle-aged man next to me invited me to see his collection. Putting my suspicions in my hip pocket, I took him up on it.

His house was large, low, and super-expensive: marble floors, sunken living-room. But on the walls.... The living room was overpowered by an eight foot by eleven and a half foot replica of the outside sheet of the New York Daily News—right down to the two inch dots that form the photo. The twist seems to be the headline: "Eddie Sick in Rome, Liz Flies to Him", and the Mets *winning* headline on the sports page.

The kitchen was dominated by, among other things, a three foot plastic hero sandwich, open to show the various sandwich meats. Another featured a concoction of Bulki rolls and chocolate sauce. The rolls squeek when you squeeze them. On the dining-room table,

in a plexiglass case, was a large French bread (real) standing like a rocket on four aluminum fins.

The bathroom, if you'll pardon the expression, was a beautiful marble Roman bath. But filling one wall was a representation of a bathroom, made with actual plastic tile, a real toilet seat, and a roll of Springfield Oval. Another of the walls had a coffin-sized case, containing a gray blob of I-don't-know-what; it looked like it escaped from formaldehyde.

A bedroom wall held a canvas that was entirely black, but for a three-dimensional inset red mouth, complete with fangs. On another wall was a mirror with a small circular hole in it, painted black, with radiating black cracks. Protruding from it, suggestively poised, was a life-size plaster finger.

I'm not making this up, you know. Every piece I've described exists, costs tuition and a leg, was seriously conceived, and is seriously exhibited. I haven't even had to exaggerate, believe it or not. I won't bother to ask the popular question of what is art, or ask if you can say what is expressive in a square array of those decimal-fraction rulers, or a solid red canvas, or a realistic Raw Guts type painting of Jayne Mansfield in a low cut gown, or a checkerboard of twenty-five identical stamp-sized portraits of Marilyn Monroe, or a life-sized plaster slice of pie, or a box of lead chocolates, or a baled automobile, or 20,000 randomly scattered straight pins, or rooms with tape-recorded traffic noises. But if you want some free laughs, go to a 'way out' art gallery sometime. Tell them Jo-Jo sent you.

—Levine



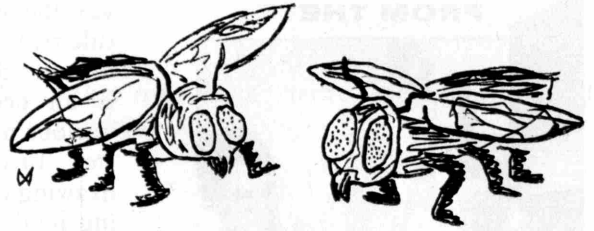
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“If a drunk is Souse of the Border in Mexico, what is he in France?”
 “Plaster of Paris.”



It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning. “There is no God but God, and Mohamet is his prophet.” A voice broke in “He is not!” The congregation turned, and among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face. The priest straightened up and said, “There seems to be a little Confucian here.”



The young couple had decided to use the phrase “do the washing” when they wanted to consummate their marriage in the proper way. The system worked quite well until one night when the husband suggested that he had a load of washing that they might do. The wife quelched this idea by saying that she was too tired. About five minutes later the wife was feeling a little more chipper and asked the husband if he still wanted to do the washing. The husband replied “that’s okay, but it was such a small load I decided to do it by hand.”

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REFLECTIONS ON REJECTIONS

One of the basic, brutal realities of an MIT education is that many bright students find themselves in their senior year with a cumulative average less than 4.0. This is regrettable, but not fatal, for most of the better graduate schools take into account the rigors of MIT undergraduate life when considering applicants from here. On the other hand, many, shall we say, second-division schools do not. There are two theories which I've heard advanced to account for this. One, that they refuse to consider a B- from MIT as superior to a B- from their undergraduate school for the obvious purpose of saving their self-esteem. The other is that they realize that they are probably the applicant's second or third choice and would rather not risk the time-wasting humiliation of being turned down. At any event, what I am advancing as Boudaiee's First Law states that: *There is a curvilinear relationship between the quality of a graduate school and the probability of its admitting an MIT graduate with a 3.8 cum.*

Before returning to a discussion of what to do when rejected by a school of this sort, let's examine the qualitative differences to be found in rejection notices. Many schools are quite nasty about this, while others have the knack of making their rejectees feel really *sorry* for them by implying that they're all broken up about not being able to accept them. Moreover, many of the nastiest ones, implying that the applicant had a lot of gall applying at all, are mimeographed and signed, if at all, by some secretary "for the Director". The gentle ones, on the other hand, are usually individually typed, signed (to all appearances) by the Director himself, and may, in unusual cases, have a large tear-stain in the lower right-hand corner. The courteous variety is preferred by the better schools, particularly the Ivy League ones; second-division schools tend to favor the obnoxious notice. State schools tend toward mimeography, while small second-division schools go to the trouble of writing *individual* nasty rejections. Boudaiee's Second Law states: *The quality of a graduate school is directly related to the effort devoted to its rejection letters and to their courtesy and pleasantness.*

A few examples are in order, with suggestions of how to deal with them. One Course VIII senior, graduating with about a 3.7, received a letter from a large midwestern University which read, in part:

After reviewing your transcripts, I am sorry to advise you that we cannot admit you as a graduate student...since your preparation in physics and/or mathematics is weak, as judged from your grades and/or number and level of courses taken in these fields. Because our admissions standards are very high at The University of M_____n, competition is keen, and we feel that you would have difficulty in obtaining satisfactory grades in Graduate School.

Since we are aware that our judgments are subject to human error, you should not be deterred from continuing your efforts to undertake further study in physics. It is quite possible that you will perform better in a smaller university, where conditions may be more compatible with your educational aims. Good Luck (*sic*).

The recipient of this devious instrument of academic one-upmanship, Mr. McE., was in the fortunate position of already having been admitted to his first-choice school, so, with admirable grace, he deftly replied:

Thank you for your letter of 20 March 1964. If you wish to communicate with me in the future, please address your correspondence to me c/o Department of Physics, University of C

Superb. Unfortunately, some hapless souls have not been admitted to better schools than the ones which refuse them. What to do in that case?

Well, there are two avenues open to the MIT man who finds himself in this position. One is to pick any school which *is* better than the one which has rejected him and send the above letter, *pretending* that he has been admitted there. The odds are quite good that the rejecting school will have no desire to communicate further. The alternative response goes something like this:

Ever since I was a little boy, I have wanted to be a physicist (*or chemist or mathematician or whatnot*) with a degree from your University. I came to MIT in order that I might have the best preparation possible for graduate work at I_____. I have invested all my hopes in your school. There is nothing left for me now.

By the time you read this, I will be dead.

Phrases like "There is nothing you can do to stop me" are optional. The text above is excerpted from a reply used by Mr. K., a Course VIII senior with a 3.5, to another large midwestern graduate school which had commented on his "lack of qualifications" in so many words.

Other responses to graduate school letters can be improvised to fit the circumstances. My favorite anecdote involves the fortunate senior who was admitted to all three schools to which he applied. His first two choices offered him handsome fellowships, but the least desirable of the batch turned down his request for money. His reply ranks as a classic. Mimeographed, with the name of the school typed in, it began:

The Committee on Acceptances has reviewed your offer and I regret to advise you that your school does not meet my standards....

— George Boudaiee '64



Keg



(\$850 is one damn much!)

"I've just heard that the students have a nickname for Prof. Smith, and I think that is very nice," said Prof. Jones. "It shows a real intimacy and comradeship. I sometimes wish they would give me a nickname."

"The students have a nickname for you," said his son. "It's Sanka."

That night about midnight, after thinking the matter over many times, the father got up and went down to the kitchen. When he found a can of Sanka, he read on the label: "More than 98 percent of the active portion of the bean has been removed."



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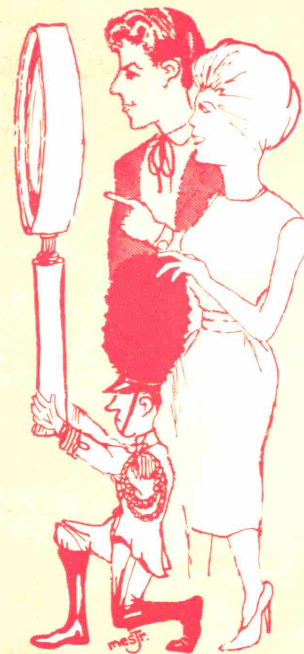
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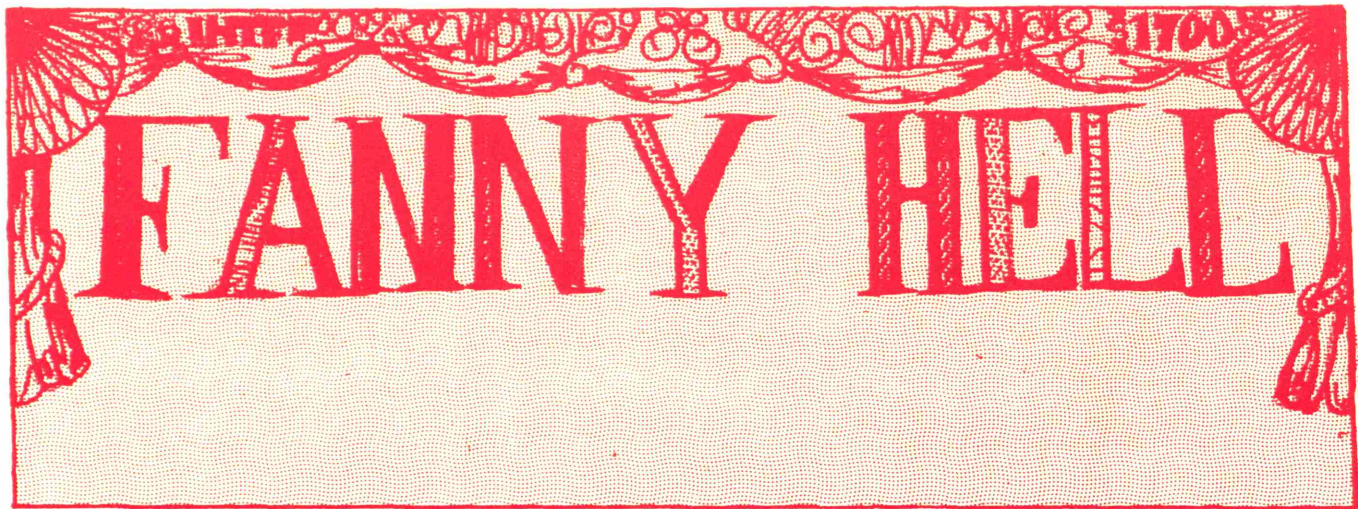
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Memoirs of a Coed of Pleasure

Satire by Charles Deber

MY DEAR VOO DOO READER:

Ungracious as the task may be, I sit down to recall to view those scandalous stages of my life, out of which I emerg'd while yet in the flower of youth, and hating as I do all long unnecessary preface, I shall commence henceforth to describe to you forthwith my PLEASURABLE experiences as a coed in a predominately male scientific institute of higher learning, the description of which shall be truth, stark naked truth and shall be told in ridiculously long sentences like this one.

My education, till past fourteen was no better than very vulgar; I could not read nor write, yet I was the mother of several illegitimate children, the actual number escapes me, but surely it border'd on a dozen. Thus at sixteen, my interest in BIRDS AND BEES long since satisfied, I took it upon myself to bestow some education upon myself.

My maiden name was Frances Hell, being born the daughter of a poor bagel-maker named Tex. For reasons of insignificance, I pass over the immaterial details of my childhood, except to mention my father's mother, whose name was Sheene. No, I will never forget my father's ma Sheene.

Thus I took up residence in the woman's dormitory in a FAMOUS technical institute in the Eastern United States, and having had but limited experience in the art of studying, I soon found myself positioned neatly in the closet of the girl next door, through whose peephole I was able to observe her studying to my fullest advantage. She was looking up what were surely some vital statistics in a HANDBOOK, and having found one, and being encouraged by this initial success, her hands became extremely free and wander'd over the whole book, the table of contents,

the index, with touches, squeezes, pressures that rather warm'd and surpriz'd me with their novelty. I heard her whisper, "Oh, sweet Handbook! that I were a bookmark for your sake!"

In the morning I awoke about 8:30, soon after which did I attend my very first physics class, during which did I sit directly next to a YOUNG MAN to whose belt was attached a long narrow leather case. Several times during the class my eyes did observe him open the case and remove from it one of the most wondrous machines I had ever seen. Afterwards, I inquired of this young man as to what the MACHINE was, to which he politely replied, "It is my slide rule", whereupon he commenced to teach me how to multiply with it. The rule fascinated me, it's markings, it's C and D scales, the way the inner stick slid this way and that and yet was snug enough so as not to move on its own accord, and I experienced great PLEASURE in the meeting of those parts so admirably fitted for each other.

And so did I begin a rigorous program of studying, which included physics, chemistry, and mathematics, and although studying far into the night gave intense pain to me at first, I was finally able to stay up all night studying (or TOOLING as the young man had called it) one night, and then, looking upon my textbooks with inconceivable fondness and delight, and reflecting upon all the pain they had put me to, did I decide that the pleasure had overpaid me for my sufferings.

One Sunday afternoon, after an all-night session with my books, my housemother informed me that the YOUNG MAN had come to visit me at my dormitory. Upon greeting him did he inform me that he had come to ask my help on a MATH PROBLEM, as my reputation for being able to solve

them was becoming widely known. Thus for at least an hour he linger'd, whilst I demonstrated to him

how one obtains the solution for the integral $\int_{10}^{13} 2x dx$.

Then, although the lesson was soon brought to a close, I must relate to you what happened in the AFTERMATH. He asked me if I could perhaps fix him a drink, to which I quite truthfully replied that all I had in my room was a bottle of cheap wine, whereupon my YOUNG MAN did say, "My dear, any port in a dorm."

And now, my dear reader, must I tell you about a most pleasurable evening which I spent with Mr. R****, who had brought me up to his room to see his collection of chemistry textbooks. Mr. R**** sat at his desk and I pulled up a chair beside him, and in this enjoyable position did we sit for several hours, during which I happily perused Mr. R****'s collection. My! it seemed he had every textbook in existence! the size of his collection astounded me, and indeed I told him so. Then six other people, three boys, three girls, did emerge from closets and various other hiding places around the room, who all did congratulate me, saying I did very well for the first time; such enthusiasm, such appreciation, they said they had never seen from anyone who had viewed Mr. R****'s collection for the very first time. Then all eight of us gather'd round, and surely the sun was coming up when we got to the index of the last book.

So it was that Mr. R**** showered me with many gifts, textbooks, encyclopedias, log tables, slide rules, notebooks, every imaginable implement such that I might use to increase the PLEASURE of my studying. But seeking still greater ecstasies, I one night encountered in the library a textbook that was positively of so tremendous a size, that, prepared as I was to see something extraordinary, it still surpassed my expectations. To my further surprize, who should then enter the library but Mr. R****, who, enraged that the textbooks he had given me had not satisfied me, took that HUGE BOOK in hand, and began to tear the pages out, two or three at a time, flinging them all over the place, and indeed! he forced me to chew up and devour Chapter 2, and



there, with paper in my mouth, "Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth," (SHAKESPEARE) I went wholly out of my mind in that favorite part of my body—my brain. Clearly had I now but accidentally discovered the quickest, cleanest, most direct way to consume, to devour knowledge; were not the eyes looking upon the printed page only but an indirect means of transmitting knowledge to my brain?

Thus, dear reader, am I now on the very threshold of omniscience, that all-knowing state-of-brain in which there is surely very little more to learn, and imagine! I got that way by eating the pages of my textbooks! sometimes a dash of salt or a smattering of sugar was needed to make the covers more palatable; and in this way, having painted VICE in all its gayest colours, I am your, etc. etc. etc.,

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(no bull)

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“Who was that lady I saw you
outwit last night?”



Sir Dominic was a strong and valiant knight—the noblest in all England. For many years, he rode fearlessly about the countryside, killing dragons and rescuing fair maidens from fates worse than death—although some of them later wished that he had left them alone. However, as he grew older and dragons became increasingly scarce, the number of maidens eager to be rescued seemed definitely to be declining.

One day, however, a great inspiration came to Sir Dominic. He was struck with the idea that if he did something to make himself different from all the other knights, then he would once again find great favor with the fair young maidens. So he hastened to the nearest J. C. Whitney store (horseshoes chrome-plated while-you-wait), purchased a super-colossal-giganticus-huge size spray can of red paint, and painted his horse a conspicuous shade of crimson from hoof to mane.

Then, after carefully allowing fifteen minutes for the paint to dry, he leapt into the saddle and charged off down the dusty road, his hoofbeats like drums. Sure enough, before he had gone two miles, a fair young maiden appeared by the side of the road, and beckoned for him to stop. He screeched to a halt (figuratively speaking—horses actually make more of a clattering noise) and dismounted in a flash. Quickly, the fair young maiden ran to him. She gazed intently at his horse, and then at Sir Dominic himself. Then, in a voice filled with curiosity, she said “Say mister—is this the road to Denver?”



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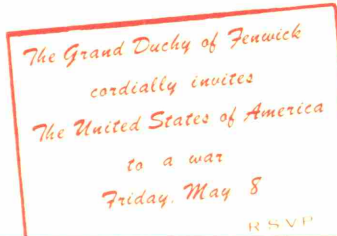
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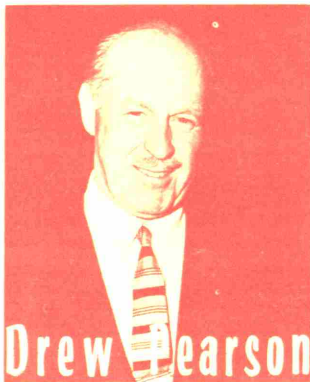
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