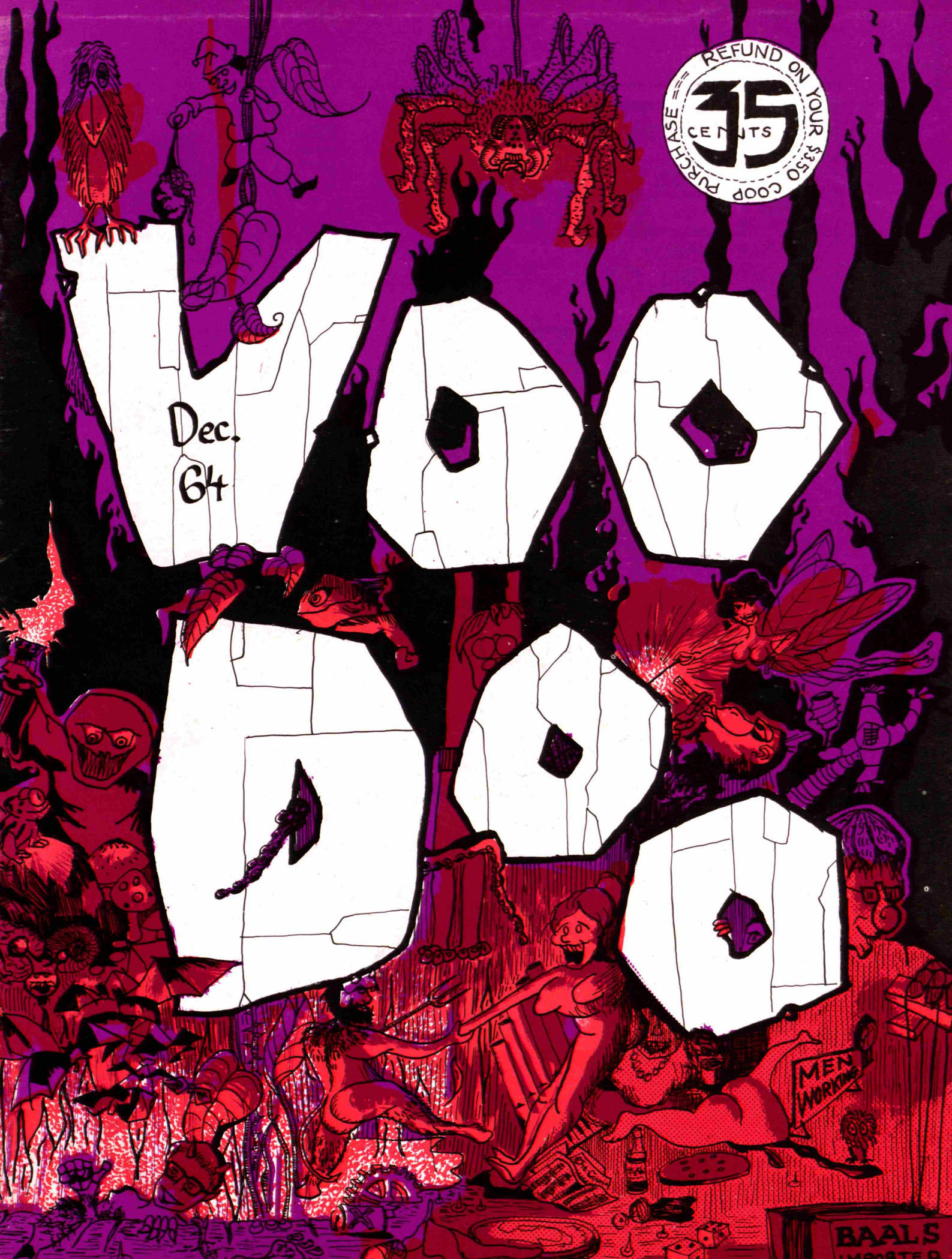


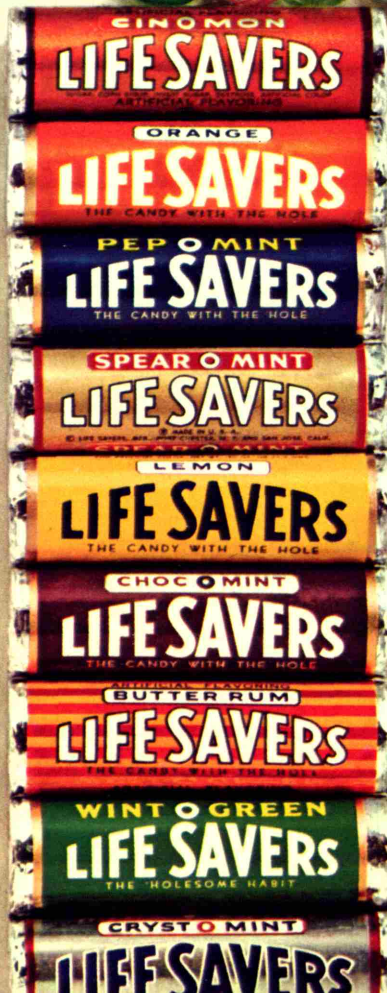
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Dec. 64





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DECEMBER

SIN SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SALVATION SAT.
		1st Sir Galahad Dies	2nd Mourning after the Knight Before	3rd Thisle Thurdhday	4th Sinners Repent!	5th Fall of the Roman Empire
40 Day Forecast: Rain						
6th Winter of Our Discontent	7th Pearl Harbor Bombed	8th Pearl Harbor Sober	9th Leopard's Conventioin Held in Cambridge - 50th Straight year	10th Leopards Never Change Their Spots	11th VooDoo Hits the Stands	12th Newstands Hit Back
13th 100th Anniversary of Sunday, December 13, 1864	14th We Love You, William McKinley	15th Beware the Ides	16th "Why is Your Horse Red?" Day	17th "-----"	18th Christmas Recess Begins, Thank God	19th "You're Welcome"
20th Begin Seven Year Itch	21st Start from Scratch	22nd Horny Tuesday	23rd Santa Claus Dies	24th Reincarnation Fails	25th Christmas Mixers Cancelled	26th Go directly to jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect \$200.
27th "Are You Shah?"	28th "Sultanly."	29th Dingleberry Day	30th Dig Up the Dingles	31st Tonight for Sure		40 Knight Forecast: More Reign

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gort

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VOL. 48 NO.2

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The Kingsport Stud

The VooDoo Managing Board felt it necessary to inform you that this issue was copyrighted in 1964. With a little outside help, VooDoo is published monthly (November through June) by said Managing Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This gift to humanity is being released for your consumption on Friday, November 13, 1964, at the ridiculously low price of \$.35. If you want to buy this issue on the installment plan, page by page, see our Sales Manager in his apartment at 303 Walker Memorial. For \$2.80 (\$69.00 in Pago Pago) we will enter your monthly copy as second class mail at Cambridge, Mass. Don't you feel enlightened now? **Yes, jovial Bob, you're right.**



You are about to enter another world – one of the supernatural where vampires and weirdos roam. Here inhumanity is the norm and human sacrifice commonplace. Yours is the chance to travel back in time to the kingdom of the occult, the world of wizardry, witches, and warlocks. Forsake the realm of L.S.C. and mundane existence, and prepare to enter that of LSD and mysticism. But first, why not read this themeless issue of **Voo-Doo**.

A friend of a staffer, who lives down the river a bit, happened to convey the rather amusing anecdote of the naming process of the Harvard dormitories. It seems that when the President of the University resigns, passes on, is purged, or whatever happens to rulers on the other side of the Ivy Curtain, he is commemorated by having the next available new dormitory named after him. The interesting thing is that somewhere between John Harvard and the present, the Administration has seen fit to omit (blushingly?) the name of one of the Presidents from its residential vocabulary. It's on good faith that the only Harvard University President who has not been honored with a namesake dormitory is the neglected President Hoar. Honest. We wonder just how self-conscious the unfair Harvard machine will

be when it is faced with the opportunity to protect its sheltered sons from having to live in a Pusey House.

Then there's the door in Building 7 that read: "Mrs. J. Buck" – until some prankster got at it with a razor blade.



Will Freshman never cease to amaze? A 21.01 class was discussing the symbolism of Clytemnestra's giving birth to a snake in the *Orestia* when someone suggested it might be a phallic symbol. Asked a puzzled voice, "What's that?"

At an open-bid fraternity beer blast a couple of weeks ago, there were included among the "decorations" a number of signs bearing the message "GIRLS – ASK YOUR DATE IF HE HAS SEEN MIKE HUNT," or some variation thereof. About half of them fell for it, too.



After asking for letters in our last issue, we got one from a Harvard freshman who said he was trying to join the Lam-poon (that's their sorry excuse for a humor mag). It seems you have to submit something and he wanted to know if he could lift our postal information and use that. "That sort of thing really cracks them up around here," sez he...

Sleepily staring at a MAD Manual, one of our readers stumbled upon something more interesting than the usual programming hair. According to the men at Michigan:

"There is a pleasure in being made, that only madmen know."

Congratulations to the programmers; they have attained a blinding glimpse of the obvious.


On Friday, October 30, 1964, the graduate chapter of Eta Kappa Nu presented a lecture and discussion on a controversial and heated issue — birth control. The dissertation was long in development, from the time of its conception to the climax witnessed by several hundred fascinated spectators in attendance on the thirtieth. The actual content of the delivery was, of course, much too risqué for us poor souls to hope to print without seeing our efforts go up in smoke at the hand of the censor. Contact the *VooDoo* office for further information on the discussion, which was, incidentally, conducted in the Bush Room.

We greatly enjoyed seeing "Promises Promises" in "The original uncut European version of the movie featured in Playboy


Magazine." Yessir, all those little uncuts where scenes broke off in the middle; and all that skin! Arms, hands, faces, maybe even an ankle.

One of our Junior Board members was taken aback Election Day. As he left the polls at 5:00 p.m., he was accosted by a little girl with a collection can who asked if he would like to give to "help register the negroes in Mississippi."

For those of you who are motorcycle lovers, we read in a recent issue of a cycling magazine that a new racing rule has been adopted. It declares that "no decorative attachments on riders' safety helmets will be permitted, for example Mickey Mouse ears or horns." The Mouse ears are expendable but sometimes it's hard to remove the horns.



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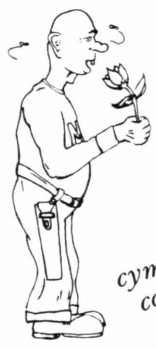


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1964 — 65**



The VooDoo Philosophy

*the first part of a statement in which phos spells out - for gods and people alike - our guiding principles and
and editorial credo*

editorial by Huge Heiffer

Contemporary society is undergoing a deep and profound moral-religious-sexual-socio-ethical revolution. It is apparent in our revolting books, revolting movies, and revolting magazines, such as the one you are now holding. Many people are revolted by this revolution; they fear a progressing alienation from Divine Law. They fear a new morality thinking it will take them away from religion; they fear a new religion thinking it will take them away from morality; and they fear a new sexual ethic thinking it will be sacreligious and immoral.

On the other hand another group of people phlegmatically espouse the view that a new morality is the only way to eliminate the dangers inherent in what they believe is an approaching societal schizophrenia. They feel that a new religion is the only way to eliminate the ecclesiastical inconsistency that is eating at the very fiber of our present Judeo-Christian religious heritage - and that therefore eats at the very fiber of our social order itself. Furthermore, they feel that true enlightenment can occur only with the acceptance of a new sexual ethic that will replace the present self-degrading, anti-sexual sexual ethic that many of us now live by, that is leading to our psychological imbalance, that is irreconcilable with any doctrine of rational thought, that is against free love,

and that is apostasy incarnate.

We have given this important problem much of our time and soul-searching thought. We have seriously reflected on the social implications of a new morality. We have contemplated the possible effects that a new religion would have on the very existence of mankind, and the existence of the stars and planets. We have even tried actual experimentation with several different sexual ethics, and then considered what a new sexual ethic would do to our entire social, and even economic order. We have examined the Judeo-Christian heritage, as well as the approaching societal schizophrenia from every possible angle and viewpoint. We realized the necessity of a decision, and at the same time realized that a decision - one that would be compatible with our spiritual as well as physical existence - would be no easy thing to arrive at. But now, after a complete examination of conscience and soul, we have indeed arrived at a decision, and thus a *VooDoo* philosophy. We have decided that we really don't give a goddamn.

WHY WE LIKE BEER

Throughout the years we have incessantly been plagued by the admonishments of our fellow students for our affection towards

beer. How well we remember last year's newspaper headline - "VooDoo consumes thirty cases per month!" - and the resulting sneers and degrading comments it brought from people who had once been our friends. Present popular opinion seems to view the drinking of beer by college students as one of the most ignominious, reckless, and anti-social actions known. And yet we wonder if such an attitude is really warranted. Is there really a rational argument against beer drinking? Concerned as we were about this problem, we examined it in terms of its roots in morality and religion.

Popular ethical opinion is based on our conventional morality, which, in turn, is based on our conventional religious doctrine. The strongly anti-alcoholic viewpoint that religion takes is certainly not surprising when one notes that many Biblical characters were turned into pillars of salt because they drank beer. Naturally, then, our conventional morality takes a definite stand against the "citadel of beer".

We, however, take a more rational outlook on the morality of beer drinking. It seems to us that most of the beer-loving Biblical characters who were turned into salt probably would have met the same fate for some other reason even if they had abstained from

beer. Besides, it is becoming increasingly rare nowadays that someone gets struck by a bolt of blue lightning as he leaves the grocery store with a six-pack. Even many religious leaders have been willing to admit this fact, and have therefore condoned occasional indulgements in small amounts of beer as being necessary for the satisfaction of biological needs.

We take a far more liberal stand, which, to our mind, is more in keeping with modern man's search for a greater understanding of himself and the universe in which he lives. We have found no logical argument against beer, but we have found substantial arguments in favor of - yes - *unlimited* beer drinking. We have found that if one drinks enough beer he will be relieved of the oppressive imbalance of mind and matter. We have found that if one drinks enough beer he will be relieved, at least temporarily, of the crushing social pressures that reduce him psychologically to the status of a caterpillar. We have found that if one drinks enough beer he will be better fitted for the search for himself and the universe. We have even found that drinking enough beer will tend to eliminate the approaching societal schizophrenia that we mentioned earlier. It is for these reasons, it is on these grounds, that we take our immovable stand: *We support, both in theory and in practice, unlimited, unrestrained, uninhibited beer drinking by people of all ages, all races, all sects, and both sexes.*

WHY WE ARE GROSS

The attacks we suffer for drinking beer are nowhere near as caustic as those we suffer for including sex, and allusions to sex, in our magazine. It is hard to express in writing just how hurt we have been when people have frowned upon

our jokes, cartoons, and articles because they contained references to sex. Criticized and slandered as much as we are, it is no wonder that we desperately cry out for a justly deserved re-evaluation of the sexual ethic as applied to college humor magazines.

Once again, we feel that the cause of the problem lies in the grasp that conventional morality has on popular opinion. All of us know that many Biblical characters were turned into pillars of salt for telling "dirty jokes", and so we realize why religion, and therefore morality, takes the stand it does. It seems to us, however, that most of these Biblical characters would have been turned to salt for drinking beer, even if they had refrained from telling dirty jokes. And besides, nobody on the *VooDoo* staff has ever been struck by a bolt of blue lightning. Therefore we must look for a more coherent and logically consistent solution which is, again, more in keeping with our search for ourselves and the universe in which we live.

We have looked everywhere, we have searched our souls as well as the souls of others, we have examined every argument, and as a result we have been able to find nothing inherently wrong with sex in the college humor magazine. On the other hand we have found a strong argument in favor of the inclusion of dirty jokes, obscene cartoons, and gross stories in our magazine - and that is that they are aesthetically pleasing. Clearly this is an argument that can be proven wrong by no one, and therefore must be viewed as absolute, universal truth. Since absolute truth is now clearly on our side we can feel justified in the eyes of ourselves, other people, and the Supreme Universal Order, that it is all right to be gross.

- Bob Pindyck

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We hear the present Vatican Council is planning to begin its proclamation with "We, the papal . . ."



There was a woman who was extremely annoyed at children who were rude and noisy. She swore that when she had children, they would be polite above all things else. Finally she got married, and in the course of time became pregnant. Her doctor told her she could expect twins in the normal nine-month period. Nine months went by, and nothing happened, so the doctor told her to be patient. Nine more months went by, and another year, and five years, ten years, fifteen years, forty-five years, and after sixty years the woman died, having carried the twins for the whole time. The doctor was interested in her case, and decided to cut her open to see what was the matter. Inside he found two little old men with long beards. One of them turned to the other one and said, "No, you go first."

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It seems these five Tech students were traveling on a bus full of Vassar girls. These five Tech students were the only males on the bus. They were, to coin a phrase, in the fattest of metropoli.

One of the Tech students sat down next to a Vassar girl and said, "Hi honey. How's by you?" "Ya got any booze?" she queried.

"No," he admitted.

"So beat it, creep," she explained.

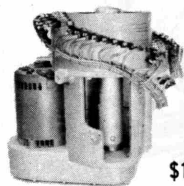
Chagrined, the Tech student moved away and looked for another girl. But when he sat down and the Vassar girl found he had no liquor, "Beat it, Charlie," she said.

This happened a number of times. The tool looked around the bus and saw that his four friends were having great success because they had remembered to bring booze. Because he was liquor-less, he was girl-less. Frustrated beyond belief, the lonely Tech student threw his hands in the air in dismay, and cried poignantly:

"Vassar, Vassar everywhere, and not a drop to drink!"



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Student: "I think you're the most beautiful girl in the world."

Coed: "Oh, you'd say so, even if you didn't think so."

Student: "Well, you'd think so even if I didn't say so, so we're even."



Once, a superstitious young lady was warned by the famous mystic, Madame Dewar, that if she ever engaged in sex, she would have a child who would be the most horrible monster the world had ever seen. Vowing perpetual chastity, she took an ocean voyage to occupy herself. The ship, however, went down in the South Sea Islands, and the young lady and the crew were captured by natives. The natives, giving vent to their primitive tendencies, attempted to rape her. She tried to explain the mystic's prediction, but all her efforts were in vain. Finally, in her frustration, she resigned herself to her fate, crying out, "Forgive them, oh Dewar, for they know not what they father."

THE VOOODOO PANEL

OF (ahem) EXPERTS

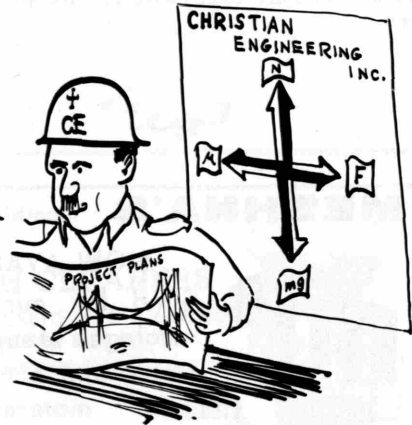
BY Keith
Patterson



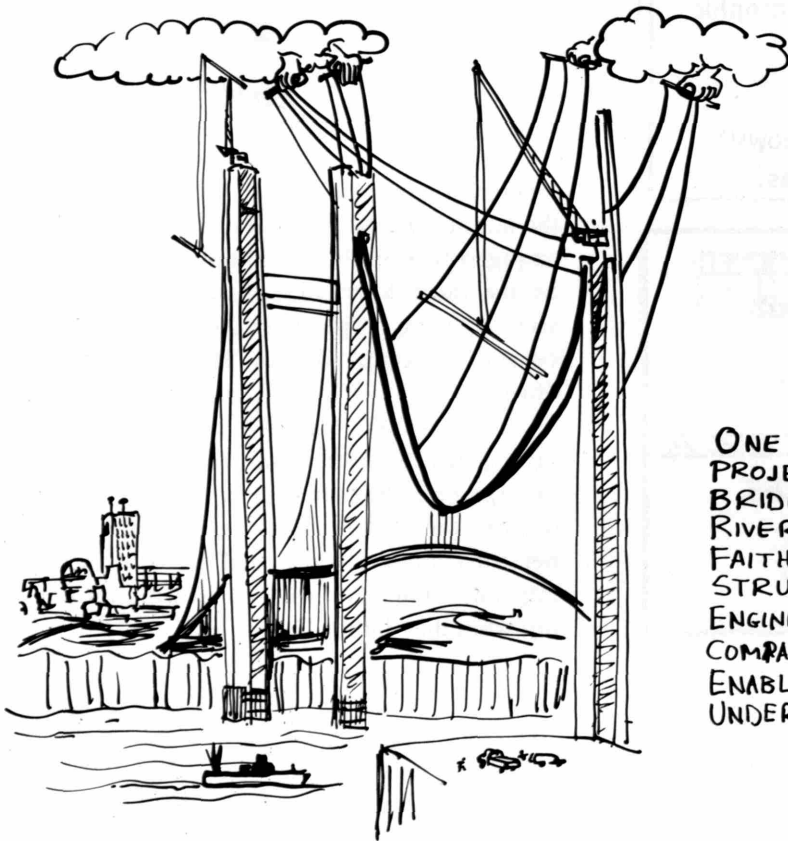
LOOKS AT THE Christian ENGINEERS

HERE IS OUR PANEL'S REPORT
ON THE CHRISTIAN ENGINEERING
SOCIETY, AND ITS MULTI-MILLION
DOLLAR BUSINESS, CHRISTIAN
ENGINEERING, INC.

HARVEY BLOTZ, CE'S INTERNATIONAL
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GROUP'S AIMS SIMPLY: "TO CARRY OUT
HERE ON EARTH THE PROJECTS OF
THE GREAT ENGINEER IN THE SKY."



THE CROSS OF FORCES
SHOWN BEHIND BLOTZ IS
THE CE'S WORLDWIDE
SYMBOL.



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PROJECTS IS THE GIANT ST. JULIUS
BRIDGE, SPANNING THE CHARLES
RIVER LENGTHWISE. BELIEVING
FAITH IS ENOUGH TO SUPPORT THEIR
STRUCTURES, NONE OF THE CE
ENGINEERS HAS A DEGREE; THE
COMPANY'S SAVING IN MATERIALS
ENABLES CE TO CONSISTENTLY
UNDERBID ITS COMPETITORS

CE'S PLACEMENT DEPARTMENT
KEEPS THE FAST-GROWING
COMPANY WELL STAFFED WITH
ENGINEERS. PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
IS ICKY ROBOZO.

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LEVITATION?
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CHANNEL TUNNEL FOR MY PHD THESE
ANY EXPERIENCE IN SKYHOOK DESIGN?
NO, BUT I'VE WON DESIGN AWARDS
FOR MY SUSPENSION BRIDGES.
SORRY, SON!



CE'S ON THE JOB! A CE
MAN IS A DEDICATED WORKER.



CE'S ARE ALSO CUTTING COSTS
ON THE BANGALORE DAM IN INDIA.

HEY, JOE! WALK OVER
HERE WITH THOSE PLANS!



IT FIGURES! BROWN
WAS ONE OF THOSE
NON-UNION
EMPLOYEES!



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Sitting in a tavern with a humanities professor the other day I heard a tale of woe that I must relate to you. It seems that a girl the prof was hot over consumed much money in this very bar, and turned out to be a shill instead of a fine companion. Said the professor, "Immoral, and immoral and immoral, creeps in this pretty piece from date to date, to the last dribble of reordered wine. . . ."



How do elephants make love under water?
They take down their trunks.



A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.



How do you kill a madras elephant?
Spit on him till he bleeds to death.



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Reflections on the History of Cults

by David W. Seldin

In ancient Africa, near what is now Nigeria, there were once two mighty cults, the Gold Cult and the Ivory Cult. They shared a common border, and each regarded the other as a threat. An attempt to hold a conference in Geneva failed when the Gold Cult refused to leave its own country, saying "Better Gold than cold." This propaganda was part of the non-violent Gold war. The Ivory Cult tried to counteract this with a campaign of "white" lies. The Gold Cult retaliated with yellow journalism, causing the Ivory to reply with a huge volume of propaganda, called Ivory "snow". The time for more drastic action was fast approaching.

At this point, it is helpful to explain the ways of the two cults. The Ivory Cult contained a high percentage of purists; in fact, out of every 10,000 members, 9,944 were pure. Life was not easy, for the members were burdened by many hard tusks. Almost all things were made of ivory, even locks and keys. Once someone dropped a chain of 88 keys on a harp, thus inventing the piano. The Ivory Cult had a long and proud history. There had been 44 cults before it, and that is why it was sometimes called Cult 45. White was the only color that they really accepted, which led to the phrase "just you white", now popular with flower girls in England.

The Gold Cultists were an entirely different people. They were not as brave as the Ivories, in fact, some people called them yellow. They were reluctant to send their entire army out at once, for they were always worried about the outflow of the Gold reserves. All things were tinted yellow, including their liquids, so they had hot and gold running water. Intermarriage did occur, and not all the children were pure-blooded; those which were not had guilt complexes. To preserve the gold, a layer of soot was deposited upon it; in other words, everyone smoked old gold. They were also an extremely righteous people; seldom was anyone as good as Gold.

The Gold and Ivory Cults finally reached the point where they could no longer coexist. The Ivories sent a scout into the Gold land. He returned several days later, coming with the cry "I'm the



spy who came in from the Gold." He brought the message that the Gold Cult was almost ready to attack. The Ivories quickly armed and marched out to do battle. The Gold naturally had the upper hand and soon it became apparent that the Golds were pounding the Ivories. An immediate total victory was averted only by the action of the bravest of the Ivories, who slew 49 men and then looked for his 50th, his Golden adversary. He rallied his men with the cry "Chase 'em and the Golden flees." The Gold fell back and the battle ended, but the Ivory army was crushed. That night the Ivory Cult took all the worn-out collars which they used to hold their elephants together and piled them on the border. This formed an impenetrable barrier, for nobody will go near a pile of old elephant yokes.

Now the war would have to be fought on the sea. Each side proceeded to build many ships of war, heavily decorating them with their sacred substances. The fleets met and prepared for a wild battle, but a stiff breeze suddenly filled the sails of the heavy boats, and the Gold boats overturned and sank. The Ivories were saved, however, but only because Ivory floats.

Thus the war was ended, and all the members of the Gold Cult were Ghana's.

"Beer after beer after beer after beer. . . ."

From a famous television commercial

The more I drink of it, the more I think of it — that beer is becoming as much a part of the college man's diet as is creamed chipped beef on toast. But that shingle doesn't make you tingle. Not like beer does.

It must be profitable to be in the beer business. It seems like all I do lately is drink beer. I mean, we're sitting around, trying to think of something to do that'll serve as a reasonable excuse for not studying, so somebody says, "Let's go for pizza." A fine idea, except that while we're waiting the standard half hour for our pies, we have a couple of beers.

Or maybe we went to a seminar over at Harvard, and the thing ended around 9:30 — just about too late for you to get back to your room to accomplish anything constructive — so we have a couple of beers.

Or perhaps it's around midnight, and you're talking to your best buddy about your pathetic sex life, and he realizes that you're likely to talk much more freely if you've got a beer in your hand, so he makes a quick trip to the refrigerator, and suddenly, you've got a beer in your hand — and so does he.

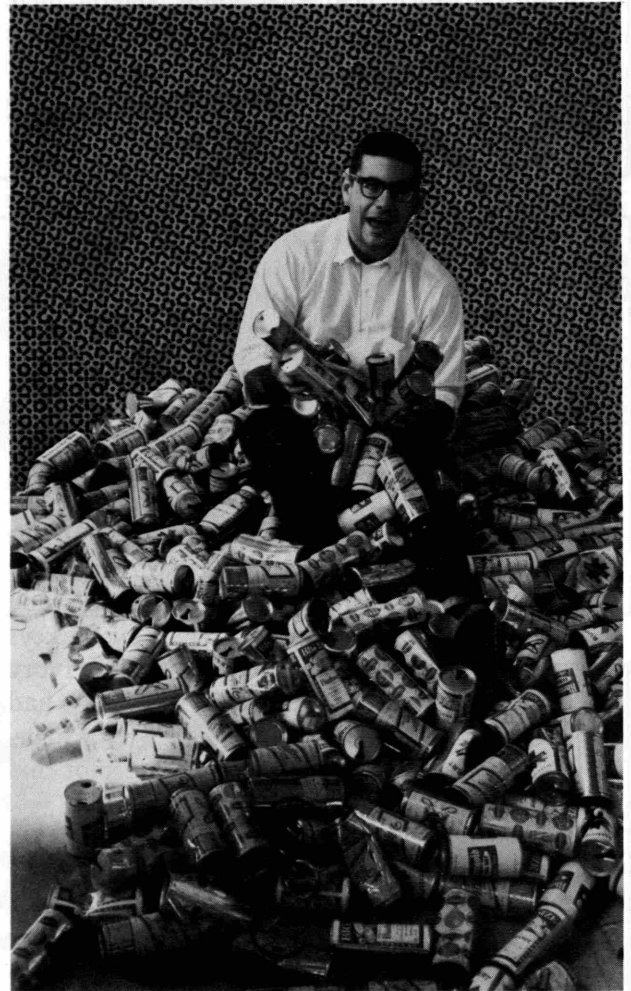
It just seems like it's difficult to go 24 hours without having a beer. Of course, there's a guy in every dorm who drinks milk instead, but some day he'll be sadder Budweiser. After all, you never outgrow your need for beer.

Beer probably isn't that good for you, from a health standpoint. One thing's for sure — your kidneys get a workout. It also has a hell of a lot of calories; drinking too much beer can give you a "beer belly". But don't worry, guys. Pot bellies are cute. Women love to run their fingers through pot bellies. Sure. In fact, beer's actually beneficial. Only one six-pack of beer contains the adult daily minimum requirement of ethyl alcohol.

It's really a tribute to Madison Avenue that they can keep coming up with beer commercials that are so clever, so enticing. Somebody told me that there's some F.C.C. rule or something that you're not allowed to show a man actually drinking beer in a commercial; watch carefully next time. You'll

BEER

An Essay by Charles Deber



"Have a beer," advises Mr. Deber.

see a close-up of the glass, you'll see a hand lifting the glass, you'll see the glass disappear for a moment, then you'll see the glass now only half full of beer. And then you'll see a close-up of some guy with an S.E.G.-type smile on his alcoholic face. But you won't see him drink that beer, no sir. Then the scene usually switches to some party, where there are about three couples, all with that same kind of grin, all holding full glasses of beer, so full that the beer is pouring out all over the rug.

How do they think up all those beer slogans?

Schaefer is the one beer to have when you're having more than one. Hey Mabel, Black Label. Where there's life, there's Bud. Vote, vote for Miss Rheingold. A beer that keeps its head keeps its taste. The last beer is just as rewarding as the first. The beer that made Milwaukee famous. Learn how to hold your beer, my boy, learn how to hold your beer. He asked the man for Ballantine and aren't they glad he did?

Beer manufacturers simply can't do enough for you, when it comes to helping you open the can or bottle. I remember the good old days when you whipped out the old "Churchkey" - shlunksissss, shlunk - and down the hatch. Now you got zip top, flip top, sip top bottles & cans, and you don't have to worry one bit about forgetting the opener. What you do have to worry about, however, is forgetting the tourniquets. Man, those zip tops are lethal. Where there's Bud, there's blood.

Beer is quite useful in the respect that it's the one drink that you can afford to purchase enough of to get high on, without having to skip lunch for a week. If you're really down and out, and it is your solemn judgement that alcohol is the only solution, but alas, all you can afford is beer, drink it out of whiskey shot glasses. After the first 45 shots, my friend, you'll be down - and out.

Seriously, though, it seems like the image of a man sitting in his "favorite" drinking place, nursing a beer, conjures up a very pleasant picture. It's very "American". It's very "friendly." It means you've got yourself a night out with the boys, away from the wife (who undoubtedly drinks milk). It means you're having fun, whatever fun is. And more particularly, beer has come to be associated with college men; beer is the student's drink. Beer equals college. The integral of college, from the first beer to the last beer, equals beer plus a constant. Have a beer: it means you're a sociable, friendly student. Go ahead, even if you don't like the taste. "It tastes like panther urine," you say. Well, if I was there, I'd ask you how you knew.

Now if I practiced what I preached, then I ought to terminate this masterpiece, and bop down to my favorite neighborhood tavern and have a beer. But I fooled you. I've been drinking all the time I've been writing. And you know what? I just spilled about six ounces of America's Oldest Lager Beer all over my typewriter. Well, you know what they say: a QWERTYUIOP that keeps its head keeps its taste.

Beer? Of course.

1870

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Bill: What's twelve hundred feet tall and hisses?
 Fred: What?
 Bill: The Empire Snake Building?
 Fred: I guess so.



He had asked her to dance. After awhile she said, "My, but you're a wonderful dancer."
 "And that's without any legs, too," he said.
 "Without any legs? I don't believe you!"
 "Well, come on out onto the balcony, and I'll show you."
 They went out onto the balcony, and he unscrewed his legs.

Later on, they were dancing again, and she said, "My, for a man without legs you dance very well."
 "And that's without arms, too."
 "Without arms? I don't believe it!"
 So they went out onto the balcony and he unscrewed his arms.
 Again they were dancing, and she said, "For a man without either arms or legs you are really an exceptional dancer!"

"And that's without a head, too."
 "Without a head? Now that I can't believe!"
 Shortly after, had anyone looked out on the balcony, one might have seen him screwing his head off.

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The young husband came from the office. "What's the matter dear?" he asked his wife. "You look upset." "Oh, it's been a dreadful day," his wife said. "First the baby cut his first tooth, then he took his first step, and then he fell and knocked out his tooth."

"Well, then what happened?" asked the young pop.

"Then, darling," cried the young wife unhappily, "then he said his first word!"



"Anything to say before I hang you?" the executioner asked the golf pro.

"How about a couple of practice swings?"



Behind every beautiful woman there's a beautiful behind.

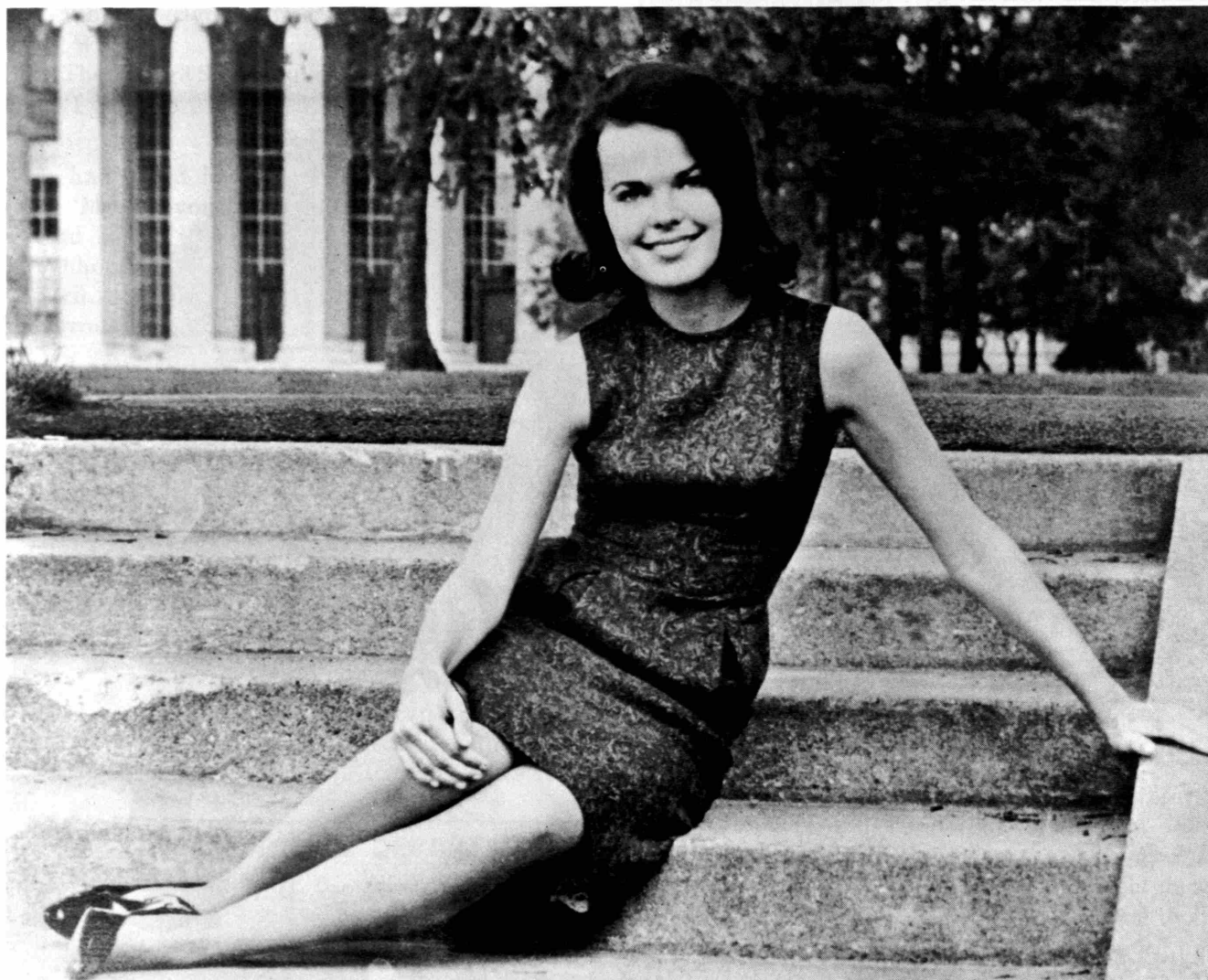
— Johnny Carson

Voodoo

Doll of the Month



*Photos by
Art G.*





Ladies and gentlemen (mostly gentlemen, Phos suspects), you are presently staring at Miss Phyllis Ryan, *VooDoo's* December Doll, caught as she poses in M.I.T.'s breezy Great Court. This 19-year-old lass possesses brains as well as beauty, being a sophomore honor student at Boston University.

Phyllis was on T.V. (you know – the sound box with the picture) in California, where she was First Runnerup in the 'Miss Teen U.S.A.' contest last spring. Rather impressive, when you consider that Phos wasn't even among the finalists.

If you happened to be at the World's Fair this summer, maybe you saw Phyllis, who modelled there through the Hart Agency. Phos wanted to model too, but he just didn't have the Heart.

Phyllis lives down in Quincy, Mass., and tells Phos she prefers Harvard men. Phos was not at all surprised to hear that. After all, a lot of Harvard men like Harvard men.

A girl was telling a boy friend that she realized she was very popular, but she didn't know why.

"Do you suppose it's my complexion?"

"No," he said.

"My figure?"

"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"I give up."

"That's it!"



A French lady Representative finally succeeded in having the brothels in Paris closed down. However, they reopened almost immediately as private clubs. A few days later an elderly gentleman, unaware of the change, knocked at the door of one of these "clubs."

Having had instructions to maintain the impression that he was working for a private club, the doorman first asked, "Active member?" "I hope so," the old man answered.



Once upon a time there was a man who asked a woman to marry him. She said, "No." And they lived happily ever after.



Then there was the fellow who had the hobby of collecting stones and keeping them in his bathroom. He had rocks in his head.



Overheard in a Zen Coffe-Urn:

First Cat: (Very down) Soooo, like . . . I bought her a Scotch, y'know? So dig: One sip, man, and she's all over me. She says 'Let's widen to your pad,' so we split and she's got her clothes off *on the stairs*, man, and in the kip she was like the *end*, baby! She was the *wildest!* On *one sip* of Scotch, man! . . .

Second Cat: (Unresponsively) Groovy. So why be bugged?

First Cat: Man . . . I think I coulda had her on a beer.

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There once was a man from Nantucket
 Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
 But his daughter, named Nan,
 Ran away with a man,
 And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

(Princeton *Tiger*)

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket —
 The man and the girl with the bucket;
 And he said to the man
 He was welcome to Nan,
 But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

(Chicago *Tribune*)

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,
 Where he still held the cash as an asset;
 But Nan and the man
 Stole the money and ran,
 And as for the bucket, Manhasset.

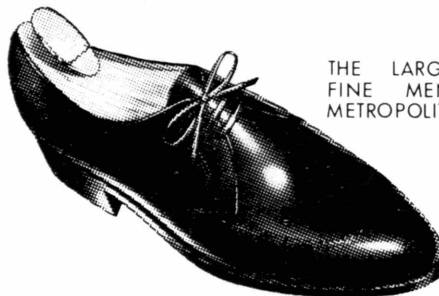
(New York *Press*)



Mama: That's a good boy, Junior, I'm glad to see you sitting so quietly while Daddy naps.

Junior: I'm just watching his cigarette burn down to his fingers.

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THREE LOCAL FABLES

The Farmer and his Hen

Once there was a farmer who owned a fine hen. The hen produced good AA eggs every day, and ate 10 percent less chicken-feed than most hens eat. In return for these favors, the farmer gave the hen its own private coop.

One day the farmer went to the coop to collect the eggs. He found the hen sitting quietly in the far corner. "Where are your eggs?" he inquired.

"Just one moment, please," replied the bird (for in fables, all animals have the power of verbalization.)

After some time, the farmer again asked, "Where are the eggs? I haven't got all mornin' ya know!"

The hen scratched up a divot, rustled her feathers, and approached the farmer. "What did you want, sir?"

"Eggs! Where's your eggs at?"

"Eggs? Oh, yes sir, certainly. If you'll just wait one moment, sir, I'll see if I have any in stock."

The hen scratched through the straw, dug in the sand, and peered into the roost. She then flew into the rafters (do hens fly?) and scratched around for a while. From the high perch she called down, "What color and size did you want, sir?"

The farmer shifted his weight to his other foot and called back, "Jest gimme whatever you got there!"

The hen returned with one low-grade egg. "Will this do, sir?"

"C'mon, now, yo got better'n that. . . Wait! Never mind, that'll do fine."

"Do you want to take it now, or shall I send it later? If you don't mind waiting for a few minutes, I can..."

"Jes' gimme the dang-burn egg, Hen!"

So the farmer took the egg, and had poulet sautee for dinner that night.

The Prince and the Puppets

Once there were five princes who lived in the Royal Castle of their father, the King of Xamprige. They spent their lives engrossed in studying under the learned Enst, the Tutor, that they might one day be kings and knights.

Exciting as the life of a prince might seem, the five princes found the daily routine deadly dull. So they contracted with a Spanish beggar, known as El Escee, to hire one of the roving bands of puppeteers to come and entertain in the Castle each Sat-

urday evening, with El Escee serving as usher and curtain-puller.

Naturally, not all of the princes wished to see puppets every Saturday, so in order to fairly assess the cost, they each paid an "admission" to each show they chose to see; as the trip down to the banquet Hall where the shows were held was an inconvenient one, El Escee would post in advance what the coming shows were to be.

The arrangement worked beautifully at first. The princes made a habit of attending the shows, an El Escee made grand profits. But soon El Escee took less pride in his productions. The curtains were pulled noisily, and at the wrong times; the scenery was makeshift. Contracts were hastily made, and sometimes the princes would come all the way to the Hall to find the scheduled attraction had cancelled their appearance. In order not to lose a week's take, El Escee substituted with potato-head puppets manipulated by the kitchen maids, for the princes generally were so lazy they would pay to see whatever there was once they had trailed downstairs.

Matters went from bad to worse. El Escee would announce the kingdom's best puppeteers to lure the princes downstairs, but often made last-minute changes. The technical part of the productions became laughable. Still, the princes were in the habit of trooping downstairs Saturday nights.

But one of the princes got to thinking: After all, they were princes, and they had originally made the contract with El Escee.

He depended on *them*. Surely, there were plenty of capable beggars, any of whom would be glad for the revenue.

So the princes stopped visiting the Hall. And to amuse themselves on Saturday nights until they could find a new showman, they took El Escee to a tower and slowly tortured him to death.

The Pigs and the Keeper

Once there was a pen of pigs in a zoo. It was the pigs' duty to spend at least four hours a day performing for the benefit of the city children, doing such things as grunting, rolling in mud, and digging in the cold ground with their snouts. Every day the zookeeper would come and pour some horrible slop into the common feeding trough from which they ate. When the pigs complained about the bad food, all the people took their protestations as an additional entertainment of the zoo.

But the zoo found expenses hard to meet, and the pigs were told they must work five hours a day to attract bigger crowds. In return, they were given a new slop-bucket; they also were given longer waits for their meals, and decidedly poorer grade slop. Instead of choice chunks, they were fed a uniform goo of questionable origin. The pigs realized the futility of complaining, and helplessly watched as their meals became sparser and worse. They had to find a way to improve their lot.


So one day when the keeper stepped into the pen to fill the common trough, all the pigs jumped on him and trampled him to death in the mud.

— Levine

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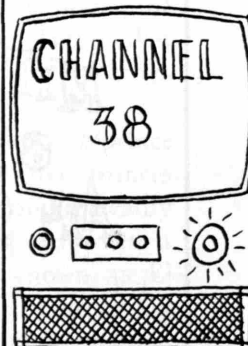
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Textbook style: The puissance of hydrochloric acid is incontestable; however, the corrosive residue is inharmonious with metallic persistence.

Chem. E. style: "Hydrochloric acid eats hell out of steel."



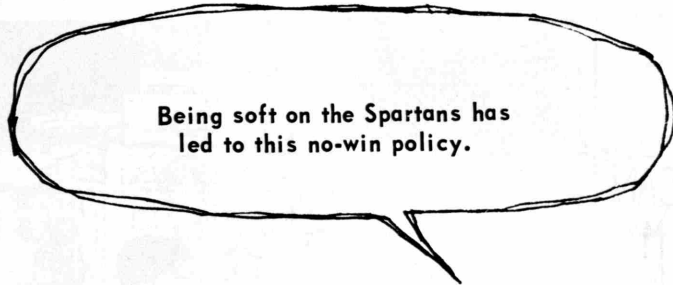
Very often city people moving to the country feel they know more about farming than the natives. One city woman, a recent arrival, sent for a native to help her make a flower bed. After digging up a suitable area and raking it, he asked, "What are you going to plant here, ma'am?"

"I plan to plant salivas here," she replied proudly. "Salivas?" asked the farmer. "You don't mean salvias, do you?"

"Certainly not," she said indignantly. "I mean what I say. Do as you're told."

He did. When he'd finished the planting, she asked, "What would you suggest for a border around this bed?"

"Well, I'll you you, ma'am," he answered quickly. "If you're going to have this big bed of salivas, I'd suggest that you have a wide border of spittoonias around the outside."



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SUPERTOOL'S FRIEND, ISADORE GLUMM

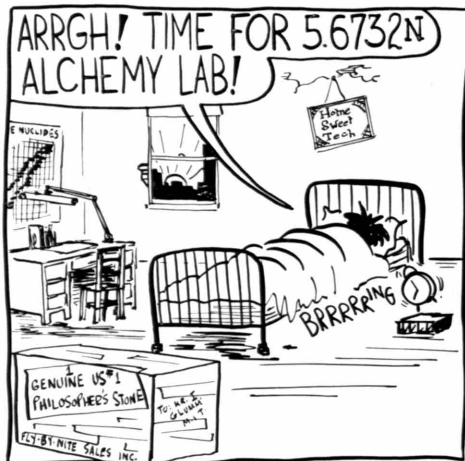
& THE SECRET OF THE ALCHEMY LAB



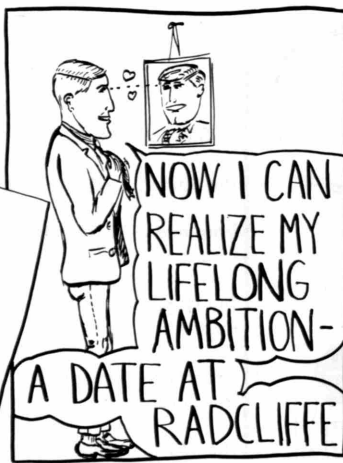
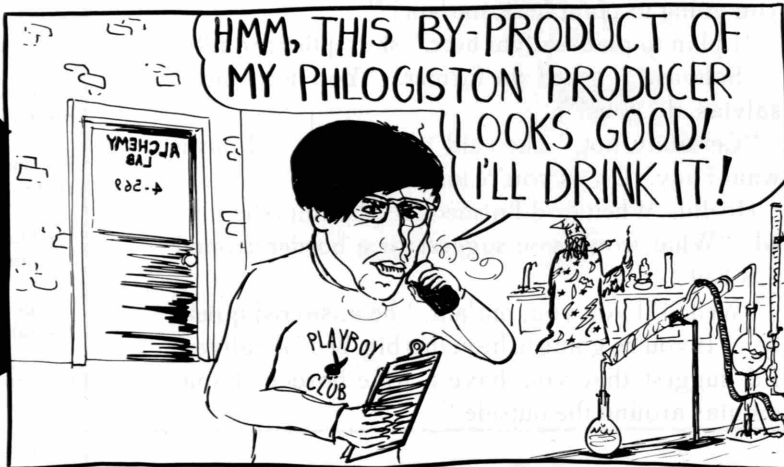
Isadore Glumm, roommate of Melvin Fooch, prepares to face the day...

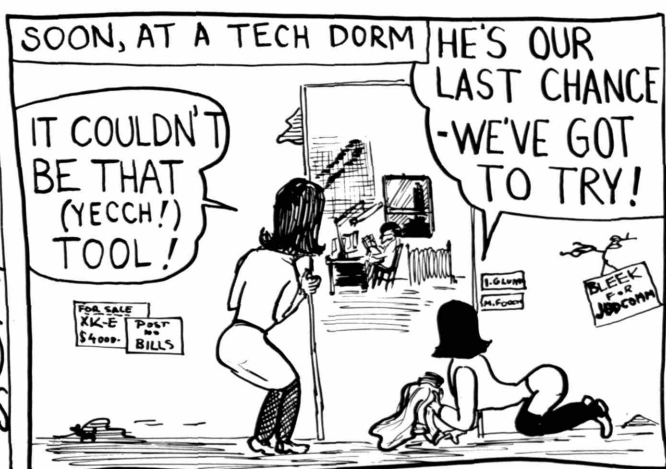
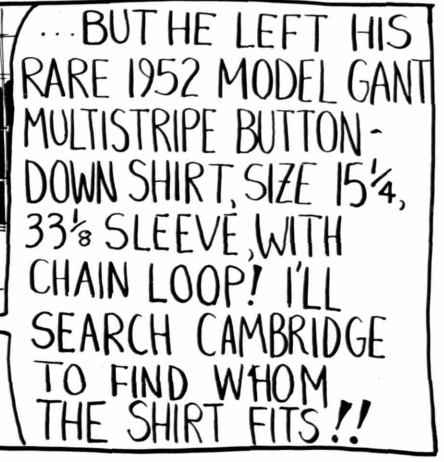
*NOTE: Unknown to Isadore, Melvin Fooch is actually SUPERTOOL, the invincible champion of the grade graphs, who at this very moment is near death, tied helplessly to the New Haven R.R. tracks near New York City!!

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A lovely young thing had just been brought into the hospital for an operation. The doctors examined her and told her to undress and to prepare for the ordeal. She did so and climbed onto a wheel table, after which the nurse covered her with a sheet and left.

Presently down the hall came a man dressed in white. He paused when he came to the girl, lifted the sheet, took a look, then dropped it and went on his way. Behind him came another white-clad figure who did the same, then a third who repeated the action.

"For heaven's sake," cried the girl, "when are you going to operate?" The third man in white cleared his throat and answered, "Damned if I know, lady, we're just the painters."



"I'm wondering —"

"About what?"

"About a fellow I know. He was in an accident and lost both hands."

"Well, what are you wondering about?"

"I wonder how he feels."



James Stratton began his career in the dishroom at Tech's infamous Walker Memorial. He first served Commons at the age of 17. Since then, he's bussed after Counts, Earls, Dukes, Deans, and even a Grad student complete with harem. Now at 43, he's a senior, and still stuck at Walker. If you want to find out what the word "barf" really means, let James show you. He's a coolie. And after all, they invented the term.

All meals are unusual.

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One more thing: IHTFP has raised prices by 20 percent from September to June, so you can now have less food for more than ever before. Similar ridiculous bills in any of our other locations in Baker, Burton, Grad House and McCormick. See your local Aluminus or call Institute Hacks in The Funniest Places.

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**I.H.T.F.P —
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TALES OF THE BEACHCOMBER

by Sandy Navel

Be it known that the author of these stories shall not be blamed for the miscarriages of syntax and definition herein contained, this work being the result of a curse put on my house one hundred generations ago for the poor jokes of a most famous ancestor: Puns DeLion.

Percy and Ivan, two Russians of long ago, were in front of the Kremlin. Despite Ivan's warnings, Percy decided to venture inside and ask the ruler for a polio shot. Alas, the Great One was in a terrible mood, and all Percy got for his trouble was a beating and ejection. Ivan met him outside the gates and once again repeated his admonition: "You can't get a Salk, Perce, out of a sour Czar."

The queen was alarmed. Her daughter, the lovely princess would soon have the throne. The princess was quick-witted and attractive, but she went to all of the wilder parties and was always involved in some scandal or other. On her deathbed, the queen spoke to the queen-to-be, and warned her of the consequences of a life of dissipation. Never at a loss for words, the princess replied, "Come on, mother, everyone knows that into each reign some life must fall."

There are many tales of Mike Fink and the Mississippi barge-polers. I remember the time that Big Mike gave the other contestants in the race a one mile lead and beat them in a seven mile race. I remember, too, the headlines in the papers the next day when the news broke: He Who Rafts Last Rafts Best. Of course there was captain Nathan, who when finding himself grounded on a sand bar took a pole, stepped into the river, and singlehandedly pried the boat free. We all talked about Boater Nate and lever.

Of all the people in the Wurd family, Jack was the strongest. A mountain of a man, he was known all over the countryside. When the epidemic came on the people, everyone knew that Jack would alone be saved. However, the big one was not left out. The lesser members of his family, however, were spared. This, Big Jack explained by shrugging his shoulders and saying, "The burly Wurd catches the germ."

In ancient and mysterious Turkey, there lived a falconer who was famed both for his trained hawks and his magic hat. The hat was noteworthy, for it would fly off the wearers head at anyone with an iodine deficiency. Fez of a birder flocks to goiter.

Grandfather Bleek had died. His estate was left in the hands of his son and his daughter-in-law. After finding no treasure trove in the walls of the old mansion, the two decided to explore the most complicated system of flues connected to the old fireplace. After hours of crawling through the maze of brickwork, they at last uncovered the sought-after gold. When they sat down in the living room of the old house to count the treasure, they burst out laughing: each saw how soot-covered the other was. Messed are the Bleek, for they shall inherit the hearth.

A recent survey by nationally famous internists has disclosed an alarming fact. It seems that people with low intelligence, especially extremely gross people, have iridescent livers. After citing a mass of data, the physicians conclude the long report by firmly asserting that every clod has a liver shining.

I entered the doctor's office having great difficulty with my feet. After a thorough examination of the callous-like growth the carrier of the torch of Hipocrates philosophized, "Great aches from little toe corns grow."

— H. Weiner



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Once, in more or less Biblical times, there lived in the ocean a little herring. It happened, that for reasons of a psychological nature too abstruse to go into here, this little herring did not play and gambol with the other herrings but always swam about with an enormous WHALE. All the other herrings thought that he was either a terrible snob or a neurotic misfit. Finally, when questioned about his behavior, the little herring replied, "After all, am I not my blubber's kipper?"



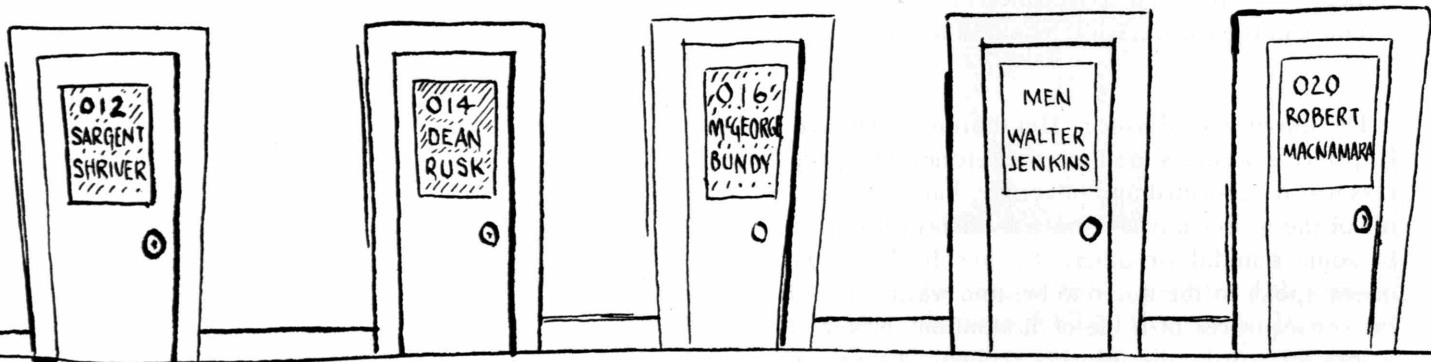
"Doesn't your son help you with the farm work?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the farmer. "He can't. He's a bootblack in the city."

"I see," said the stranger. "You make hay while the son shines."



Did you hear about the deaf-mute who wore boxing gloves to bed so he wouldn't talk in his sleep? Well now you've heard it again.



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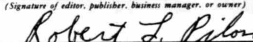
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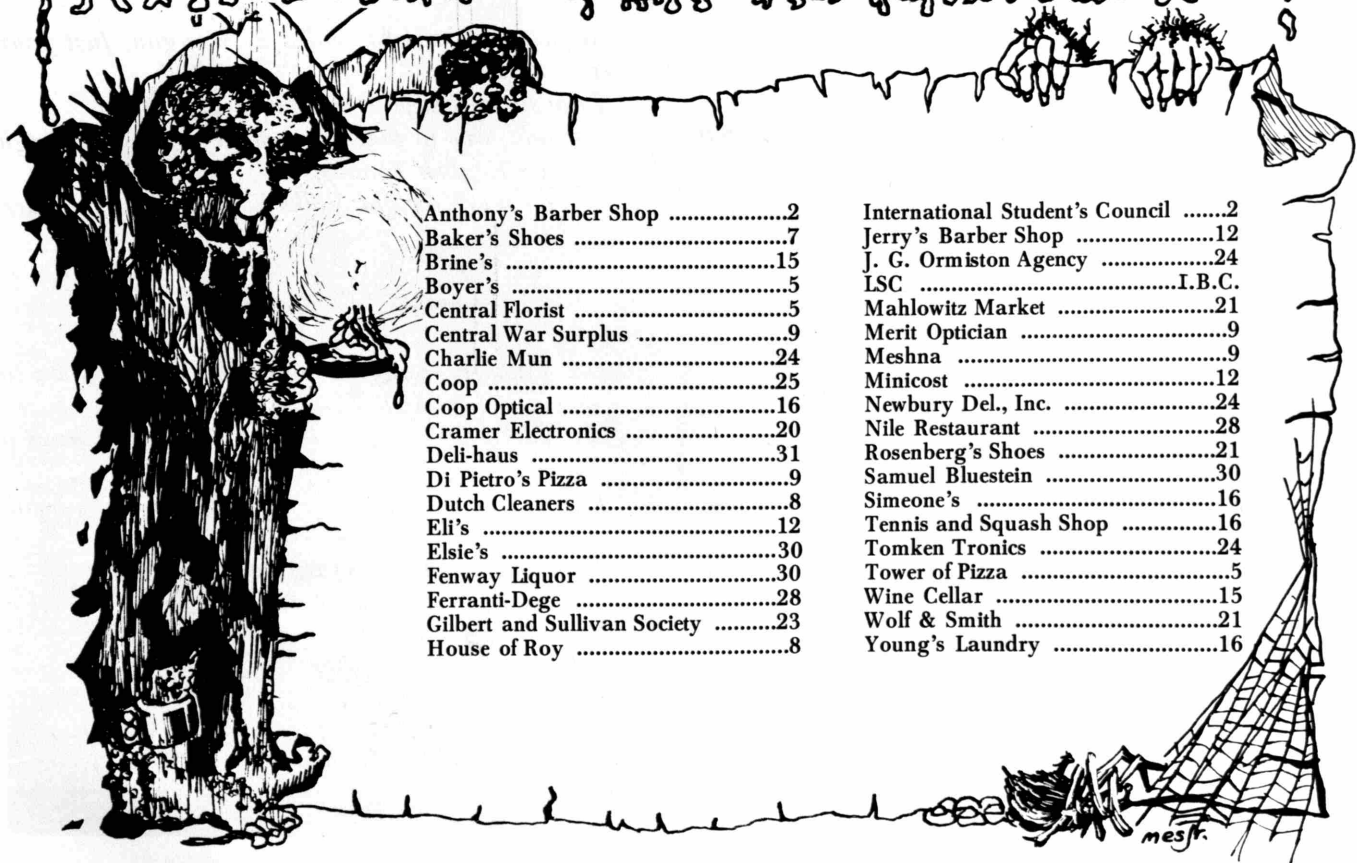
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(Tune: Wouldn't It Be Lovely)

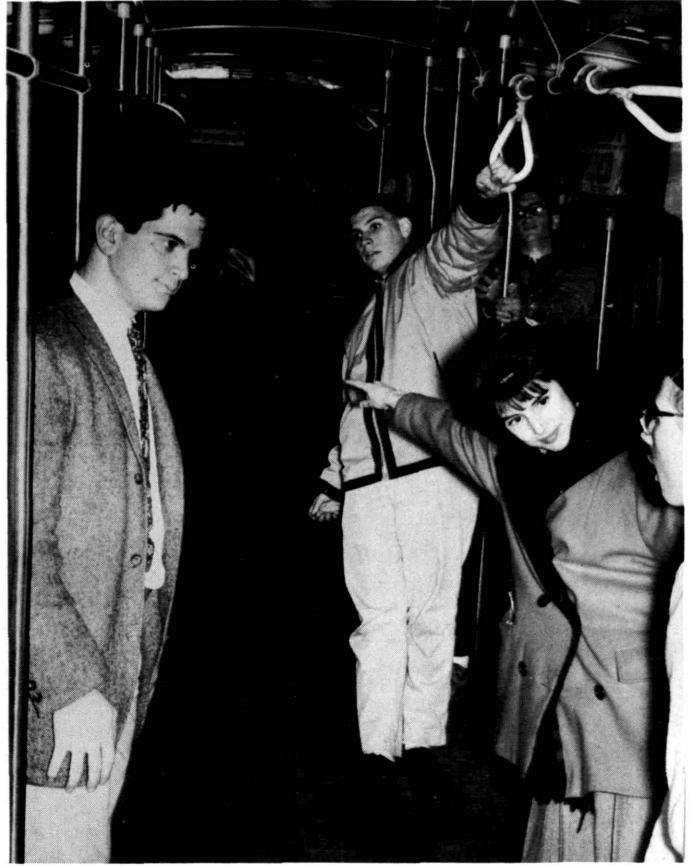
*All I want is you'll stand right there
In the part that's up in the air
Just settle in a chair
Oh wouldn't it be levelly!*

A Train Screech!! And Laser recoils in horror!!

(Tune: Why Can't the English)

*Heavens, what a noise!
This is what the Boston population
Gets, when riding into Boylston Station!
Why can't these Yankees teach their subways how
to turn?
Their tracks are all lain crooked,
I guess they'll never learn;
If you turned as they do sir, with your automobile...
Why you would be missing your front wheel!*

Waggon now recognizes Laser as a fellow foe of the MBTA and is overjoyed.

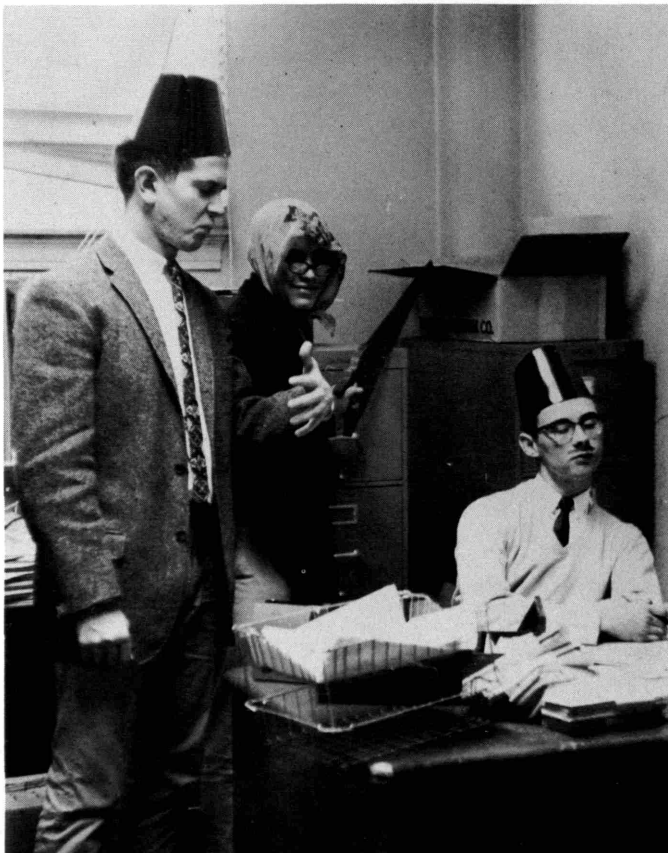


Later at the office, we see Old Volks at home. He suggests to his First Aide, Herr Pickled Ring, and to his housekeeper, Mrs. Herring, that they include Laser in their plot. They are skeptical!

(Tune: Without You)

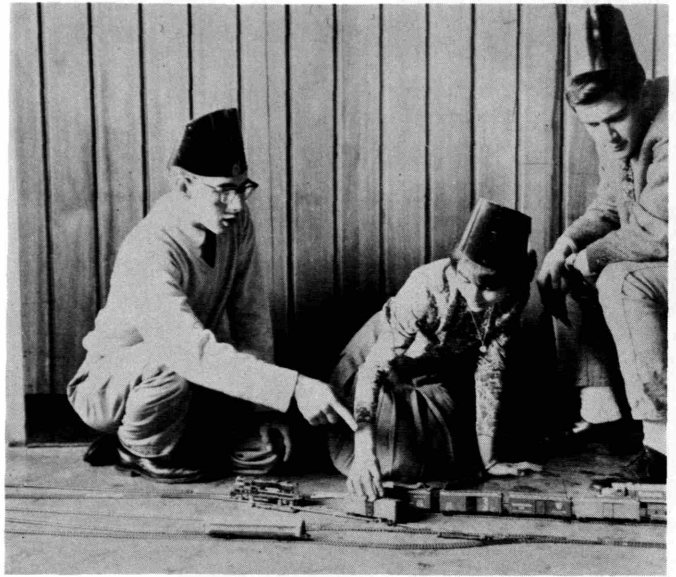
*Though she rings up the fares, we doubt you.
Though she knows whens and wheres, we doubt
you.
She knows signals and signs,
She knows spurs and main lines,
Though she reads the Sunday Times
We doubt you.*

*Though she says she's their foe, we doubt you.
She says trolleys must go; we doubt you.
In a fez she'd look well,
but a once-tolling belle...
We doubt you!*



(Tune: Get Me to the Church on Time)

*They're getting harried without warning
Ere long our belle is gonna shine.
Cut off their service
Commutors get nervous
Though they've never gotten home on time!*



While Herr Ring protests, "We ain't gonna train no Moor" (apparently because of her fez), Waggon is adamant.



Their first stall-in in the suburbs is unsuccessful since everyone recognizes Laser, who was once Miss Subways, that is A Reign on the Train Made Jamaica Plains in Vain.

(Tune: I Could Have Danced All Night)

*I could have planned stall night, I could have planned stall night,
Da dee dee da dum more.*

Good, but tighten up the lyrics a bit.

Herr Ring and Waggon decide to disguise Laser.

(Tune: I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face)

*I've sewn a costume to her fez
To cover up her jutting chin
I feel so awfully unrepenting about making that
damn bet
Surely I could always call it off again, and yet;
I've sewn a costume to her fez
A kerchief to her nose;
A costume, to her fez.*



(Tune: With A Little Bit of Luck)

For the second stall-in, she laser reputation on the line. It is successful!! Hurrah!!!

*With Voodiddle trains got stuck
With Voodiddle trains got stuck
Though not one of these commuters even knew.
Though the trains were stalled for days
They're so used to such delays
That we'll writhe forever 'neath the streets of Boston
We're the clan who never returned.*

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YES

I want my palm crossed with a full case of V.D.

no




I am not, nor have ever been, an advocate of necromancy, as it leads to sin.

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LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE CALENDAR

FRIDAY				SATURDAY				
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NOV. 13	7:00	9:30	26-100	NOV. 14	5:15	7:30	9:45	26-100
<div style="border: 2px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;"> LORD OF THE FLIES </div>				THE V.I.P.'s				
NOV. 20	7:00	9:30	26-100	NOV. 21	5:15	7:30	9:45	26-100
<i>Long Day's Journey into Night</i>				DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S THE LONGEST DAY				
DEC. 4	6:30	9:30	26-100	DEC. 5	6:00	9:00	26-100	
FEDERICO FELLINI'S 				THE VICTORS 				
DEC. 11				DEC. 12	6:00	9:00	26-100	
				Elke Sommer — Romy Schneider Melina Mercouri				

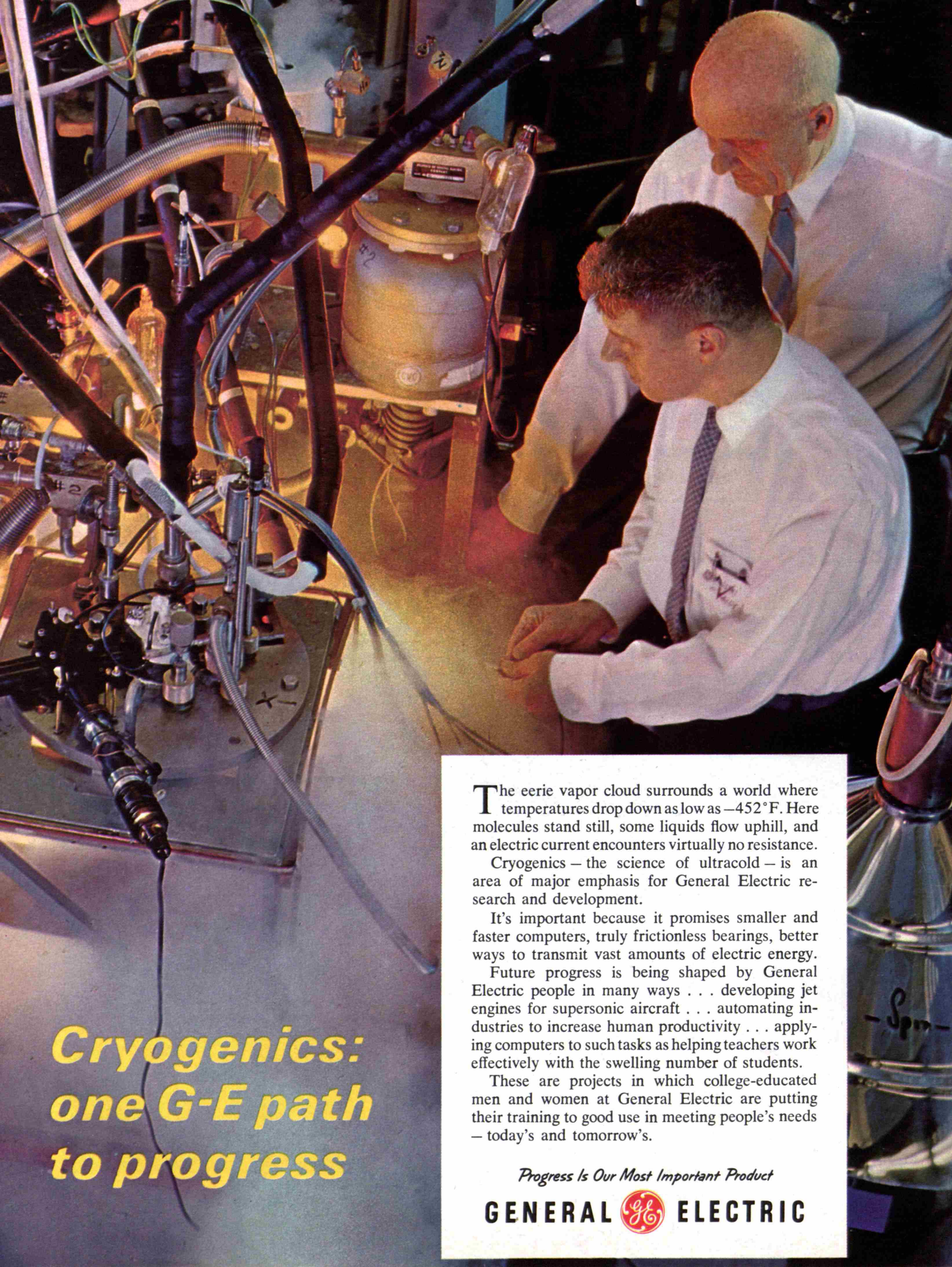
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