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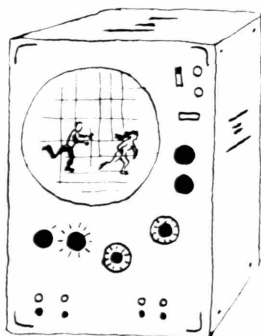
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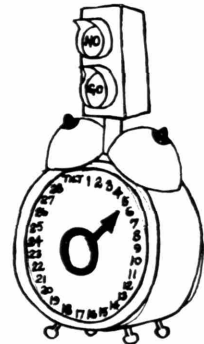
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VOL. 49

VOODOO

NO. 3

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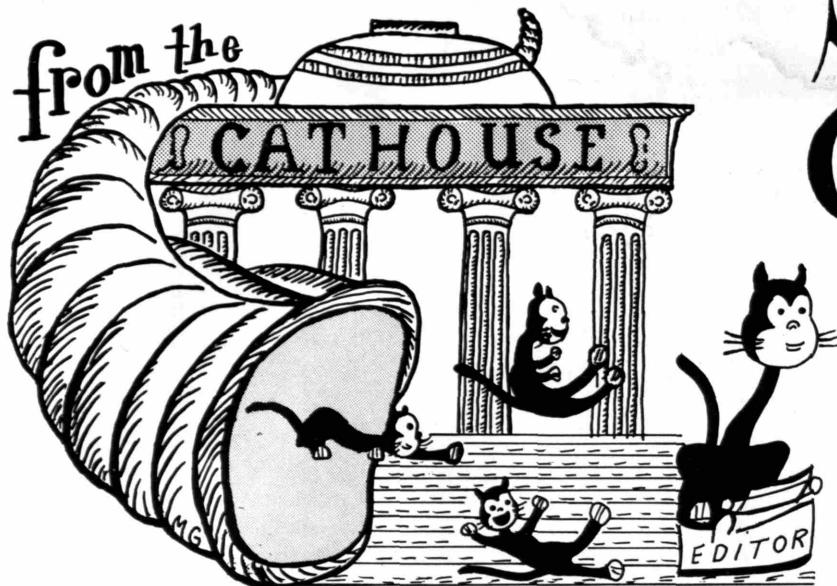
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If you're fortunate enough not to live in Pago Pago, the subscription price isn't \$69.00 but an outlandish \$3.00, but if you aren't, it is, and besides, this thing is published monthly November through June, and August besides, so it's worth it anyway, especially since this copy is copyrighted 1965, whatever that means, by the VooDoo Managing Board, whoever they are, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts, wherever that is, and anyway, the price of a single issue is still 40 cents, and it's worth it, because in addition, VooDoo offices are in the MIT Student Center, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139, where subscriptions are entered as second-class mail (by second-class males), and if we ever get prosecuted for printing this mag, the judge will probably try to give us the longest sentence ever, but he won't be able to, because this is it, which is why there are so few periods in our postal information this month. This issue published Dec. 10, 1965. Period.

from the



Season's Greetings

Holidays are here, be jolly,

Fill your socks with beer and holly,

Lassie is a stupid collie,

What does this have to do with Christmas?

Judging from the number of angry letters and comments we have received in response to our "physical plant men" jokes in the last issue, *somebody* up there likes janitors, so we'd better explain why *we* don't. To start with, yes, Virginia, those *were* "minority group" jokes, but we can't afford to offend minority groups, no matter *how* few magazines they buy. So we had to substitute *somebody* for the Polish. Actually, there is only one reason why we picked on the janitors: When we moved our office from Walker to the Stud. Center, *someone* (we think it was a Physical Plant man) who moved our stuff out of Walker managed to throw away, masticate, burn, and/or destroy our subscription addressograph plates, *the only record we had of who subscribes to this magazine!* Our staff has looked through every trash pile from the Stud. Center out to South Boston, but all they've found are empty beer cans and Charles River whitefish, so if you're a subscriber and haven't received this issue, let us know and we won't send it to you, because if you've read this you *obviously* aren't a subscriber. Or something like that.

Anyway, here's a typical irate letter we received:

November 19, 1965

Dear VooDoo,

Your series of "janitor jokes" in the last issue is an example of the worst possible taste. This issue is far more objectionable than the Gayboy issue, which at least had the virtue of not leveling an attack on the foibles of a recognizable group seen every day. I especially object to the use of the phrase "physical plant man", because this immediately brings to mind the fine MIT Dept. of the Physical Plant.

Our janitors are hired to do a job that needs to be done, and they do it well. They deserve not ridicule, but praise, for taking on a job which most Techmen (except a few Student Staff employees) seem to find beneath their dignity.

Insincerely yours,
Jay C. Sinnett, '68

There used to be a television station at 84 Mass. Ave. There also used to be a drugstore, barber shop (Larry's), and a cafeteria (non-Stouffers). Then, in the early spring of 1962, a suspicious fire cleared the land for Institute Use. The land reached its prime when it became a parking lot shortly thereafter.

The parking lot is dead. In its place lies grass; a lovely lawn to complement the building which sprouted in the adjacent area. The

building took less than a year and a half to construct, and it shows it. It was intended as a Center for Students (hence the name "Student Center"); a place where students could congregate to chat amiably, study furiously, laugh gaily, eat contentedly, and be happy muchly.

The Tech, with its usual penchant for parroting the ravings of the Institute, has published a sickening superfluity of articles and editorials, ranging from praises of the Center's lounges, men's rooms, furniture, and lighting fixtures, to demands that we pay the extra price at Lobdell because its *our* Lobdell and *our* extra price.

But do we really wish we were back in Walker?

We happened to be up at the Lab Supplies office the other day when some poor guy was trying to order a gross of finger cots. (In case you don't know, a finger cot is one of those rubber things that you put over your index finger when you have to turn a lot of pages. They look like things that we can't print, and besides that, you can't sell them in Massachusetts, no matter *what* the Supreme Court says.) Obviously, there are

very few people who have ever tried to describe a finger cot to a female secretary. Unfortunately, this fellow couldn't remember that a finger cot was actually for turning pages, and all he could think of was what they looked like: "Well, they look sort of like a, er, well, except that they don't have a . . . on the end, er, well, they really *do* look like a, er, and you may put them over your, er, well, er," He finally succeeded in describing one, and, blushing, the Lab Supplies girl ordered him a gross. A pretty gross.

In connection with a remark we made last month, about calling people from Harvard "Vards" instead of "Harvies": What would you call a boat that Harvies would ride in when it rained forty days and forty nights? A Vard-ark, obviously.

In view of the number of deaths on the highways in this fair state, we decided that, in order to inform people from out-of-state what Massachusetts drivers are really like, every Massachusetts license plate should begin with the numbers 00 - a license to kill. They drive as if they had them already.

We have been told by one of the "Tute's technical assistants that the girls in her lab have lunch at the notorious Lobdell dining room about once a week, mainly because they like the furniture; they don't eat there oftener because they can't afford to. If the "Tute's wealthy employees can't afford to use the facility, how can anyone expect a poor student to? Maybe the situation could be remedied if Stouffer's would start some kind of a student-subsidy plan - like, if you would wear an "Eat at Lobdell" sweatshirt to class three days a week, they would pay you enough that you could afford to have breakfast there on Saturday morning. Of course, you would have to buy the sweatshirt yourself.

Hats off to the *Charlatan!* Their Vol. 3, No. 1, a birth-control issue ("No More Water but the Foam Next Time") was one of the funniest things to be published by a college humor group. Unfortunately, its editor Bill Killeen is now on bail (get this - \$1800) from the Tallahassee Gaol on charges of peddling "obscene, filthy, and indecent" magazines. You can get up to \$5 for a copy of that issue in Tallahassee. *He* can get up to one year for it in the very same place. *Charlatan's* defense is being handled by the American Civil Liberties Union - *we've* got the Institute lawyers, thank Julie! Good Luck, K.



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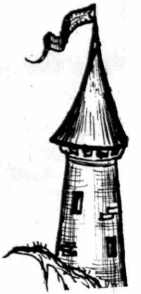
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Ruptured Fairy Tales

THE LEGEND OF SIR PERCIVAL

by Scott Fahlman



ong ago in the enchanted kingdom of Cameldung there arose a grave crisis. King Arthur's only daughter, the lovely Maid Florence, was to travel to the distant land of Makormic to continue her education. This was a dangerous trip and required the escort of one of Arthur's famous Knights of the Round Table, a lecherous mob at best.

"Lancelump," quoth the king to his bravest henchman, "whom shall I send on this trip?"

"Myself, Sire," respondeth Lancelump eagerly. "I shall have Maid Florence and be on my way at once."

"That's what I'm afraid of!" mused Arthur. "No, there is but one man in all my realms that I can trust."

"Sire, thou don't plan to send . . ."

"Yes, I shall send (fanfare) Sir Percival the Pablum-Hearted."

At this, one of the massive oaken portals bursteth open, and through it strideth (actually scampereth) Sir Percival, an impressive figure of a man towering four feet and eleven inches high and clad in pink chain mail with lace cuffs. He prostrateth himself before the monarch and kisseth the Royal Feet, saying, "Your Most Worshipful Ultimate Majesty, Ruler of the Sands, Defender of the Faith, Seat of Omnipotent Power and Omniscient Wisdom; I cometh instantly in answer to thy gloriouth summons, and in so doing am prepared to sacrifice even the very heart which beateth within my humble breast in service to thy merest whim."

"God, it getteth deep in here!!" commenteth Lancelump gaggingly.

"Arise and cease thy absurd grovelling," commandeth Arthur.

"But Sire," protesteth Percival, climbing with some difficulty to his knees, "the kissing of the Royal Feet

is my sole means of expressing my total subjugation to thee, at least whilst thou maintaineth the Royal Body in a seated posture."

Suddenly the massive oaken portal bursteth open a second time and through it floateth Maid Florence, a vision of enticing lovelinesseth. "Umpf!!" groaneth Lancelump, salivating heavily and desperately trying not to dent his armor.

"I am prepared to leave, Father," announceth Maid Florence. "Is Lancelump my escort?"

"Pant, pant, slobber, groan!" emoteth Lancelump, exercising phenomenal self-control.

"No, Daughter," replieth Arthur. "Thy escort shall be Sir Percival."

"Do you mean that amorphous pink thing that is drooling all over my feet?" querieth Maid Florence.

"Sitteth down posthaste!" warneth Lancelump.

"Feareth not for thy personal safety, O paragon of feminine excellence," reassureth Sir Percival. "Though I be meagre of stature, I have the strength of ten for my heart is pure."

"He hath brown eyes, too," observed Lancelump drolly.

And so it came to pass that Sir Percival and Maid Florence set off across the enchanted countryside of Cameldung side by side, she on a magnificent white charger and he on a brown donkey, for he was sorely terrified of horses. Finally they stoppeth to rest.

"Dreadfully cumbersometravelling in this armor," grumbleth our hero. "Wouldst thou be so supremely beneficent as to pass me yonder monkey wrench, O fairest of all possible maidens?"

Taking in hand said wrench he retireth behind a huge nearby boulder for purposes which need not be spe-

cifically enumerated. In his great urgency, however, he neglecteth to notice that the boulder snoreth. The rock, upon being disturbed, proveth to be nothing less than a gigantic and quite hideous ogre.

"Snarl!" snarleth the ogre, rubbing its bloodshot orbs with three of its hairy forepaws. "Fum, Fie, Fee . . . uh . . . Furd! No, dat wuz supposed to be Fie, Foo, Fumf, Furf or sumptum like dat."

"Bewarest thou, O hideous and somewhat inarticulate ogre!" admonisheth our hero. "I, Sir Percival the Pablum-Hearted, am required by Royal Decree to inform you that my hands are registered as lethal weapons. And let not my meagre stature deceiveth thou. I have the strength of ten for my heart is pure."

"Duh, yeah," retorteth the ogre. "And yurz ize is brown, too. Duh, Beat duh Bog! No, dats not wut I mendt. Bite da Bug! No . . . Bag da Bat! Or sumptum like dat." Upon completion of his oratory the ogre trundleth over and poppeth Percival's donkey whole into its cavernous oral cavity and swalloweth. "Duh, skrumpchus!" it commenteth, proceeding then to rend the magnificent white charger into four bite-sized morsels and to likewise ingest it. Finally it resumeth its lumpish posture, gnawing pensively on the last drumstick.

"Thou shalt soon regret thy heinous and thoroughly unchivalrous deed, thou fiendish personification of all that is vile and loathsome. And thou smellest, too!" raveth Percival, commencing to pummel the ogre brutally about the head and shoulders with his monkey wrench.

"Belch!" belcheth the ogre, somewhat unconcerned.

"Useth thou these, Percival!" shrieketh Maid Florence, who had

discovered two loose bricks by the roadside.

And so it came to pass.

"ARGH!" thundereth the ogre, leaping twenty-eight yards into the air and landing, doubled up in agony, on Percival's monkey wrench.

"ARGH!" moaneth Percival.

"Thou should not have smashed thy thumbs between the bricks," noteth Maid Florence helpfully. "Now we shall have to proceed afoot, as the ogre ate my horse."

"Your horse, my --er-- donkey. And I shall not be able to walk far without my monkey wrench," lamenteth Sir Percival.

"ARGH!" argheth the ogre one last time as it croaketh.

And so they proceedeth on, Maid Florence carrying Sir Percival, as it was too painful for him to walk any longer without his monkey wrench. They happeneth upon the mouth of a cavern and stoppeth to rest for the night. Most unfortunately, however, this particular cavern happened to be the abode of the infamous and legendary Phlogiston Breathing Dragon. Our hero awakeneth to find himself and Maid Florence securely fastened to the wall of the cave, while the aforementioned beast consulteth The Better Lairs and Gardens Cookbook.

"Thou shalt soon regret this wicked plot, Sir Dragon!" threateneth Percival in his loudest voice. "Though I be meagre of stature, I have the strength of ten for my heart is pure." Saying this, he straineth mightily to free himself and succeedeth in rupturing his spleen. "We seemeth to be pretty well --er-- fastened to the wall," whispereth Percival to Florence. "We must have faith that Right will triumph and help will come."

Then the dragon unchaineth our hero, spitteth him, spreadeth him liberally with barbecue sauce, and breatheth Phlogiston upon him — all despite our hero's plaintive cries of "OUCH!" and "LISTERINE!" After dinner the dragon retireth to the depths of his cavern, dragging along the beautiful Maid Florence.

He lived happily ever after.

SO ENDS THE TALE



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DO 'EM ALL AT ONCE AND GET 'EM OUT OF THE WAY

Let's just say you live to be 75 years old. OK. What do you do to pass the time away? Sleep? Well, eight hours a day, so that means you sleep for about 25 years. Eat? Well, three meals a day take a total of about an hour-and-a-half, that means you spend 39,375 hours, or 6,210 days just eating. These are items which consume much time, but what about the rest of the time?

In a rather futile attempt to answer this useless question, *VOODOO* presents a detailed, carefully itemized list of how the average MIT man spends his life. Many of these items are obviously distasteful, yet they must be done. Wouldn't it be a good idea if you could *do each one, continuously, for the amount of time you would otherwise spend doing it throughout your life, intermittently?* For example, if you went to the barber and just let him cut your hair continuously, without interruption for sleeping, or *anything*, for 27 days, you'd never have to get a haircut again. Or if you took a shower for 27 weeks continuously, you'd never have to do it again. With this in mind (if you've got the time), read some of these:

- 1. Getting haircuts 27 days
- 2. Tying shoelaces 38 days
- 3. Cutting fingernails 13.5 days
- 4. Clicking ball-point pens 19 days



- 5. Feeding your pet goldfish 9.5 days

- 6. Tucking in your shirt 19 days
- 7. Waiting for florescent lights to light up completely 10 days
- 8. Watching Huntley-Brinkley 1.1 years
- 9. Licking stamps 1.4 days
- 10. Telling bus drivers that the smallest change you have is a \$10 bill 0.7 days



- 11. Trying to get peanut butter off the roof of your mouth 1.3 days

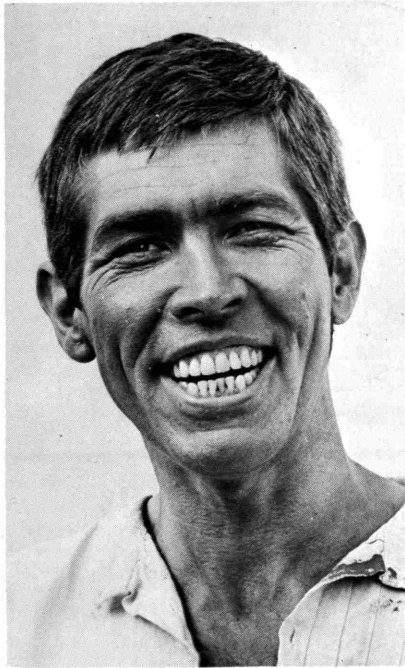
- 12. Using Springfield Oval 38 days
- 13. Telling the Coop cashier your Coop number 0.62 days
- 14. Telling the Coop cashier your Coop number again 1.5 days
- 15. Dialing the telephone and getting no answer 5.4 days
- 16. Dialing the telephone and getting the busy signal 2.7 days
- 17. Dialing the telephone and getting an answer: "I'm busy." 13.5 days
- 18. Folding out the "Playboy" centerfold 2.7 days
- 19. Shaving 6.2 months

- 20. Reloading empty staplers 2.6 days
- 21. Tying your tie 13 days
- 22. Retying your tie 27 days
- 23. Taking a shower or bath 27 weeks



- 24. Taking a shower or bath (Tech coeds) 0
- 25. Eating Halvah 2.7 days
- 26. Waiting for red lights 38 days
- 27. Waiting for red lights (Massachusetts) 0
- 28. Zipping up flies 8.1 days
- 29. Climbing stairs 95 days
- 30. Waiting for elevator instead 190 days
- 31. Sewing buttons on professionally laundered shirts 2.7 days

- 32. Cursing professional laundries 5.2 days
- 33. Opening zip-top cans 8.1 days
- 34. Trying to find the right key 19 days
- 35. Peeling bananas 0.7 days
- 36. Brushing teeth 38 days
- 37. Trying to get the cap on the toothpaste tube out of the drain in the sink 5.4 days
- 38. Cursing toothpaste tube caps 8.1 days
- 39. Kicking vending machines 3.2 days



- 40. Telling dirty jokes to your girlfriend 27 days

- 41. Explaining dirty jokes to your girlfriend 40.5 days
- 42. Apologizing for telling dirty jokes to your girlfriend 81 days
- 43. Unwrapping straws 5.4 days
- 44. Standing in line in front of theatres showing James Bond Movies 7 days
- 45. Winding your watch 5.8 days
- 46. Waiting for hot pizza to cool off 13.5 days
- 47. Watching blimps 1.23 days
- 48. Reading labels on English muffin packages 2.4 days
- 49. Resetting a clock whose hands move only one way 1.4 days



- 50. Kissing your mother 4.7 hours

- 51. Discussing whether or not God exists 5.2 days
- 52. Recovering from bolt of lightning 1.7 weeks
- 53. Laughing your head off 26 days
- 54. Gluing your head back on 5.4 days
- 55. Making your bed 13.5 days
- 56. Scaring pigeons 2.8 days
- 57. Looking for an extension cord 3 days
- 58. Writing checks 5.7 days
- 59. Cashing checks 29 days
- 60. Looking up Gorilla Suits under "Gorillas" in the Yellow Pages 15 minutes
- 61. Having a beer or two 81 days
- 62. Or three 7.3 months
- 63. Signing your name 22 days
- 64. Looking for your glasses 13.2 days
- 65. Picking your teeth 11.2 days
- 66. Playing solitaire 23 days
- 67. Complaining about the weather 47 days
- 68. Going to the dentist 3 days
- 69.
- 70. Putting pennies in dimes-only parking meters 7.2 days
- 71. Writing letters to relatives 6.3 hours
- 72. Listening to other people talking about football 29.2 days
- 73. Picking lint out of your navel 2.8 days

- 74. Drinking water 95 days
- 75. Wishing you were a gynecologist 12.7 days
- 76. Trombones led the big parade.
- 77. Weighing yourself 2.1 days
- 78. Playing Bridge 187 days
- 79. Altering signs that say Keep Off The Grass 0.6 days
- 80. Writing equations on paper napkins 163 days
- 81. Wondering why your girlfriend can't go to the beach this weekend 28 days
- 82. Reading sex manuals 10.5 days
- 83. Writing sex manuals 2.7 hours
- 84. Buying birthday cards 7.0 days
- 85. Setting mousetraps 0.8 days
- 86. Trying to light a lighter that's out of fluid 13.4 days
- 87. Wondering what the inside of a ladies' room looks like 1.4 days
- 88. Trying to remember the rest of the words to a dirty song 34.3 days
- 89. Brushing toast crumbs off your lap 7.7 days
- 90. Outgrowing your need for milk 65 years
- 91. Defrosting refrigerators 3.2 days
- 92. Combing your hair 41.2 days



- 93. Wishing your roommate was a girl 3.8 days

- 94. Looking in the mirror 62.7 days
- 95. Talking about girls 247 days
- 96. Picking your nose 34 days
- 97. Picking your friends 12.3 days
- 98. (We can't print this) 3.7 seconds
- 99. Taking band-aids off of skin that has lots of hair on it 0.64 days
- 100. Reading the The Tech 0.000072 nanoseconds
- 101. Squeezing pimples 3.8 days
- 102. Wondering how that spot got on the ceiling 1.9 days
- 103. Writing stupid VooDoo articles 132 days

— Charles Deber, Jerry Goe, John Marshall; calculations by Bonnie Gerzog

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Beneath this stone lies Murphy;
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He lived the life of Riley
While Riley was away.



According to an Electrical Engineer, most girls are very similar to radios, you get the best reception when there isn't much on.



Do you know why we printed so many janitor jokes last month?
No, but hum a few bars and I'll fake it.



A Course 15 man, walking out of a house of ill-repute, muttered to himself: "That's what I call a good business
10 . . . You got it, you sell it, and you still got it."

Policeman (to the professor who had just been run down): "Did you notice the number of the car?"

Professor: "Well, not exactly, but I remember noticing that if it was doubled and multiplied by itself, the square root of the product was the original number with the integers reversed."



"That dinosaur is growing a moustache."
"It must be a distinguished dinosaur."
"No, it just wants to look its best."
"Why?"
"It's trying a comeback."



Have you heard about the smart cookie who went around selling Girl Scouts?



A pink elephant is a beast of bourbon.

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AUNT BONNIE'S CAMP HANDBOOK

Come kiddies, tear yourselves away for a moment from TheShadow while we diligently compose a list of the manifestations of Camp on and off campus. What is Camp? you ask, puzzled. Why, it's that fabulous fun phenomenon of the Sixties that recently captured the attention of all modern urbane, sophisticated in-people and college students. Those fabulous fun games six-year-olds abandon for dull educational toys like Monopoly, Careers, Life, Death and Taxes. Glorified Trivia, praised bethy name. MIT is a veritabobble gold mine of Camp: intentional camp, high (or summa) camp, roaring camp, snorting camp, bellowing camp, East camp and West camp. Pencils ready kiddies? We will commence:

1. The scientific toys machine in Building 26, dispensing superballs, diffraction gratings, polarizers and slinky juniors.

2. The Tool's Choice at L.S.C.

3. The Great Court (MG)

4. "The Man from C.L.E."

parties at Baker.

5. The Prudential Center

6. Esquire's "Best Dressed Man" contest.

7. Freshman Career Convocation

8. Hostess Twinkies from the ARA machines.

9. Pritchett Lounge

10. The minutes of the last INSCOMM meeting

11. Rush Week for devout Burtonites.

12. Stouffer's broccoli souffle.

13. Thanksgiving dinner at Walker.

14. Chuck Deber (He's so cute)

In addition to these, Tech students are energetically active campers,

1. reading Pogo on the foreign students bulletin board;

2. staging an annual Halloween pilgrimage to the Great Court to await the Great Pumpkin;

3. going to 5.01 labs;

4. going to President Stratton's tea and bringing back cake for the floor;

5. campaigning for UAP;

6. reading *The Tech*;

7. getting to class in a hearse (or helicopter);

8. hanging pictures of the Corporation on dorm room walls;

9. stealing old *VOODOO* posters.





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Underwater Navy Mike, unused w/cable.....	5.50
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Voodoo's CHRISTMAS QUESTIONNAIRE

a nolan-pindyck-patterson special (egad!)

Recently, people all over the country have been inundated with Gallup polls, Public Opinion Polls, Campus Surveys, and even Polish polls. Here at VooDoo Institute's Research Division, we feel it is about time to waste six carloads of paper with a poll of our own. On looking around, we said to ourselves, "Now what is it that people are concerned with around Christmastime?" "Why," we said, "with Christmas, of course." Satisfied, we proceeded to create this absurd questionnaire. We invite our readers to complete the questions, rip the page from the magazine, place it in an airmail special delivery envelope and mail it to:

VooDoo Research Institute, c/o Ken Wadleigh, Poll Coordinator
 Room 7-133, Massachusetts Inst. of Tech
 Brisbane, Utah

SECTION THE FIRST: RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES

- Do you believe in God? (a) Yes
(b) No
(c) God who?
(d) God nose
- Was Mary a virgin? (a) Yes
(b) No
(c) Ask Peter and Paul
(d) What's a virgin?
- Where do you stay when you're in Bethlehem? (a) The Statler-Manger
(b) The mangy Statler
(c) The staterier manger
(d) The Bethlehem-Hilton
- I believe that Jesus saves (a) green stamps
(b) at the First National
(c) string
(d) none of them
- Of all ten Ten Commandments, the one I like best is: (a) No. 7
(b) No. 6
(c) all of them
(d) none of them

SECTION THE SECOND: PAGAN RITES (AND WRONGS)

- Santa Claus: (a) is real
(b) believes in the Easter Bunny
(c) IS the Easter Bunny
- Rudolph was a social outcast because of his red: (a) nose
(b) political leanings
(c) horse
- The custom of having Christmas trees originated: (a) in pagan times
(b) because some idiot had a fir tree growing out of his living room floor.
(c) in South America
(d) because the people had to have some where to hang their Christmas balls.
- Santa's Elves are: (a) repulsive
(b) often seen in gay bars
(c) thalidomide babies
(d) heavily unionized
- Mistletoe always makes me think of: (a) trucking
(b) bucking
(c) ducking
(d) Chuck Deber (he's so cute)

SECTION THE THIRD: GIVING (OR RECEIVING IF YOU PREFER)

- Every Christmas I give: (a) more than I receive
(b) vital secrets to the enemy
(c) precious body fluids
(d) a damn
- Every Christmas I receive: (a) more than I give
(b) vital secrets from the enemy
(c) precious body fluids
(d) a damn
- I believe that: (a) giving is better than receiving
(b) receiving is better than giving
(c) Christmas bites the bag
(d) Santa Claus drives a beer truck in the off-season
- I certainly hope my Christmas stocking will be full of: (a) ----
(b) none of the above
(c) all of the above
- Christmas shopping gives me a: (a) thrill
(b) feeling of warmth towards humanity
(c) feeling of emptiness in my wallet
(d) pain in the butt.

SECTION THE FOURTH: HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES

- When I have a Christmas party it is always: (a) Republican
(b) Democratic
(c) raided
(d) in South America
- My favorite party activity is: (a) making merry
(b) making Mary
(c) ducking for apples
(d) reaching for pairs.
- My ideal Christmas party date would be: (a) beautiful
(b) a Physical Plant man
(c) a virgin
(d) December 25
- I'm dreaming of a white: (a) Christmas
(b) girlfriend
(c) tornado
(d) fish
- When I saw the Christmas parade on television: (a) I was moved
(all the way to Brisbane, Utah)
(b) I Shot Santa the bird
(c) I picked my nose
(d) Mary was a virgin

"I'LL HAVE TO SEE YOUR I.D., GRANDMOTHER"

On November 30, the Massachusetts House of Representatives amended Governor Volpe's sales tax bill to exempt those over 65, and then proceeded to pass the bill. It is interesting to speculate what might happen if the bill in its amended form were to pass the Senate and be signed into law. The following scene might take place daily in thousands of supermarkets:

"... steak, \$2.50, ... beer, \$1.25, ... and ice cream, 89. That's it, ma'am. Here are your green stamps. That'll be \$27.50, and, uh, oh yes, 11c tax on your non-perishable foodstuff purchases."

"Thank you, sonny, but I'm 66 years old. I believe that exempts me from the tax."

"Aw, come on, lady. Don't give me that. You don't look a day over 63. You got some I.D. ... a driver's license, or something?"

"Well, I did have, sonny, but the State Registrar suspended my license the other week. Said I was too old to drive."

"Look, lady, everybody uses that line. I'm afraid I can't give you that tax exemption unless you show me proof of age. What if there were a police raid? This place is liable to be closed down if we don't obey the law."

"Well, I think I have something else here. Yes, how about this birth certificate?"

"Let me see that. Hmm, looks OK. No, wait a minute. Here it says you have blue eyes, but your eyes are brown! Where'd you get this thing?"

"(sob) I - I thought I'd get away with it. I borrowed it from my roommate at the Sunny Acres Rest Home. I'm really only 64."

"I thought so. I'm not the highest paid kid on the checkout counter for nothin'. I can spot you under-age ladies comin'. Now get out and don't let me catch you in here again."

— Keith Patterson



"The silliest way to drive though a mountain is to use a tunnel."

"How do you get through?"

"There's a giant zipper on the side of every modern mountain — just unzip it and drive through."

"Well, that certainly sounds more practical."

"Don't count on finding a zipper every time, though."

"Why not?"

"Some of the older mountains still have buttons."



A true lover of music is the man who, upon hearing a soprano voice in the bathroom, puts his ear to the key-
14 hole.

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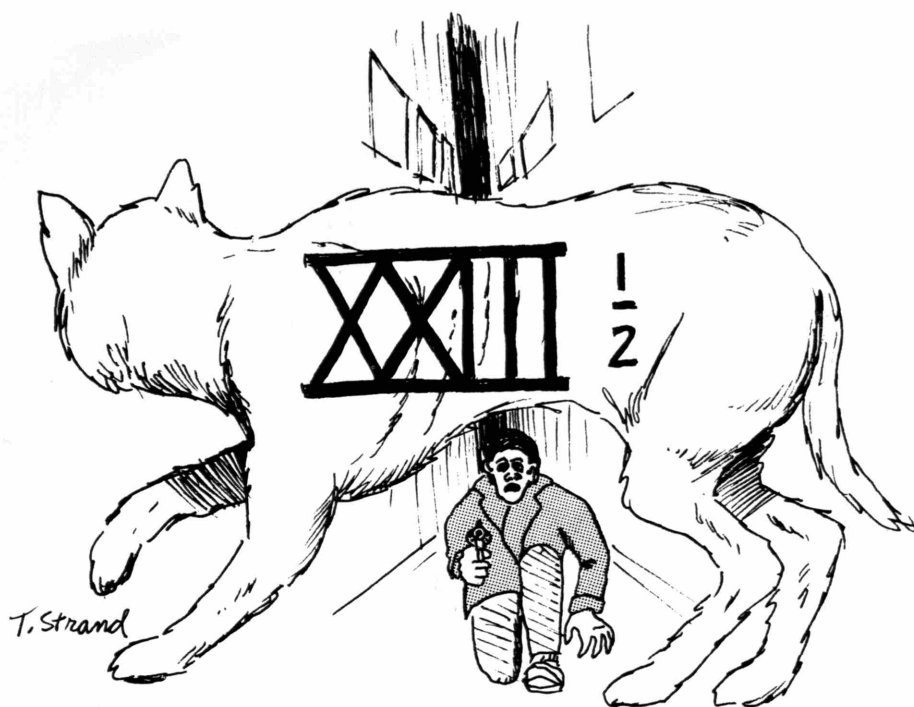
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Traditionally, in our Christmas issue we print one or more of D. F. Nolan's "Put the \$ Back in Xma\$" articles; this year he has taken a deeper look at our Christian heritage of Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men . . .



The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Morning already. Cold again. It's always cold in this damn place. Or else hot. Now it's cold, 'cause it's winter. Must be December. Snow all over the damn place, and me starvin' again. *Again* - that's a laugh - it's the same damn starve. Oh, well, maybe I'll find something to eat today. I'd better, or I'll keel over. Nothing but a runty little rabbit since Thursday, if it *was* Thursday. Can't be sure any more. Better get goin' or I won't have anything to eat again. Damndamndamn.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Where'll I go today? I could go over to Central Park again, but last time I did that I nearly got killed. Whole damn city is getting to be like the North Jungle. I guess I'll try the shipyards.

Nothing here, as usual. Hasn't been anything on the river since '73. Not even a canoe. Don't blame 'em really. New York isn't even a nice place to *visit*, any more. Stinking radiation hole. I'd leave if there was any place to go. Back to the park, I guess.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Nothing in the damn park. Not even a miserable rabbit. I swear, this place gets worse by the day. Another month and I'll probably be dead. I could kill that guy over there, and eat *him*, but I won't. Die I will, but damn if I'll turn 'bull. Better keep an eye on him, though. Never can tell who's one and who's not. Not any more, you can't. Better get on home, and hope to get something on the way. It's getting dark.

Yea, though I walk through the

valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

I should have gone directly home. Chasing that rat wasn't worth it. Now it's completely dark, and I'm still half an hour from home. What's that? Someone moving up on the roof of that building? I'd better watch it, or I'm liable to get a piano dropped on my head. As long as I stay in the middle of the street, I'll be pretty safe. Better have my gun ready though. Can't be too cautious in these death-canyons. There's Times Square ahead. I'll be OK once I get there.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over.

Times Square. Safe now. Just get across, and I'm almost home - what was that? Something moving in the shadows. It's a *dog!* Thought they were all gone, years ago. Last six bullets or not, this is too good to pass up.

Got him! A big one too. Ten or fifteen pounds of good meat on him. Today must be Christmas Eve or something. What Luck! Christmas Eve in Times Square - there's a thought. A man and a dead dog. Merry Christmas. Oh well, I'd better get out of here before the Times Square Boys come.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Home again. Now to build a fire and cook me some dog. What a day. This will last me ten days if I'm careful. I bet I'm the best-fed guy in the city tonight. Well, I'd better get to bed. I've got a long day ahead of me tomorrow . . .

FOR BIRDS ONLY

— Tom Strand



This dirty creature is called a funky. He is identified by his distinctive stink. His diet consists of tobacco juice and mustache hairs that fall in his mouth. He is a gregarious creature nesting with his own kind. His driving ambition is to avoid the draft.



This cute number is called a Chandler girl (no offense, Cheryl). If she can be weighed, she is distinguished by her weight (this is all in jest, Cheryl). If she can be looked at, she is distinguished by her looks (I'm only kidding, Cheryl). If all else fails, ask Cheryl.



This nice boy goes to B.U. His mother sent him. He can be distinguished by his gaudy high school ring, his genuine shirt-pocket Playboy emblem, his paucity of cool, and his over-abundance of earthly goods. It is irrelevant what he eats and otherwise does.



This boor is an MIT meat. His fingers are usually found in close proximity to his nose. Like the funky, he also stinks. He can be recognized by a few key words which constitute the bulk of his "vocabulary". These words are: infinitely, random, VooDoo, trivial, and echaipfak. He is found where there are not women, soap, Kleenex, and cultured people.

People are always complaining that they cannot identify birds they see. Now, isn't that right? Well, in Boston birds are always complaining about identifying people. This would pose no problem in Artichoke, Mo., for example, because there are only two types of humans there (boys and girls).

But this is Boston. Accordingly, the editors respectfully submit this portfolio of indigenous Boston types for the birds.



This creature is also indigenous to MIT. The gender is unknown. In fact, it's an unknown. Let's call it "x". The following statements may then be made about x: $x=0$; even though x is equal to 0, x is odd, and x's are never multiplicative.



This rare breed is known as a "Harvie". He is well read: he reads Sartre, Updike, and Uncle Piggly Wiggly. He is well-dressed: he wears a tie, tinted contact lenses and Red Goose sandals. His diet is metaphysics and crap like that. He roosts in a pretty green pasture about two miles up Mass. Ave.



This number is a close relative of the cat family. She is a Wellsetite. She is identified by the number of Rolls-Royces owned by her daddy. She claims ties with the funky family, but don't you believe it. She lives on men and anything that can be crammed in a syringe.

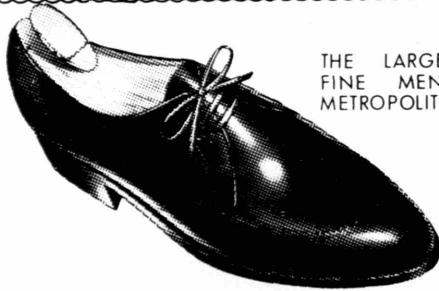
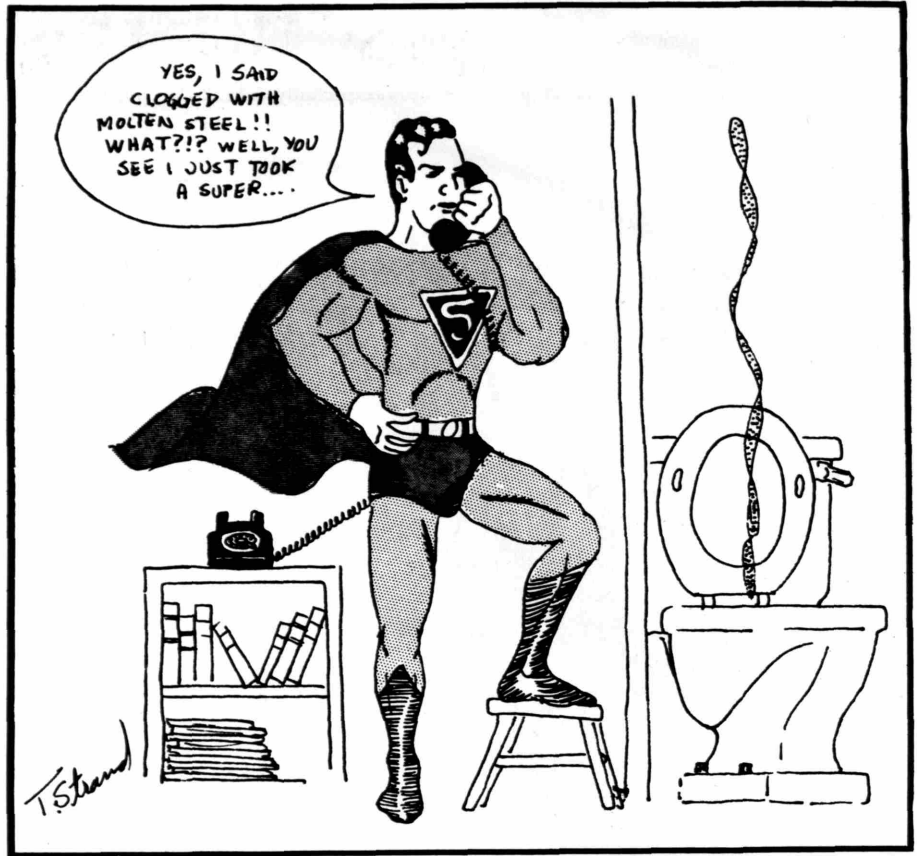


This weirdo is called a "bikie". He can be identified by the phosphorescent glow of his few teeth, which results from numerous collisions with phosphorescent bug abdomens while smiling. He is a direct descendent of Marlon Brando. His diet consists of exhaust fumes. He loves his bike and his mother (in that order).

CHRISTMAS POEM

Christmas trees are green, by golly,
 Nora's hangin' on the trolley,
 (That's from Pogo, by Walt Kelly)
 Shake your fat and rotund belly,
 Like a bowl of apple jelly,
 Even though your navel's smelly,
 Make it round and roly-poly,
 Celebrate for all that's holy.
 Cut your last remaining classes,
 Leave your books, forget your
 glasses,
 Put a sandwich in your briefcase,
 Leave the soggy Commons grease-
 cake,
 Take your sad, receding hairlines,
 Fly there via Eastern Airlines,
 No more T.A.'s, no more booking,
 Go back there to Mama's cooking,
 What the hell, it's home.

— Goe



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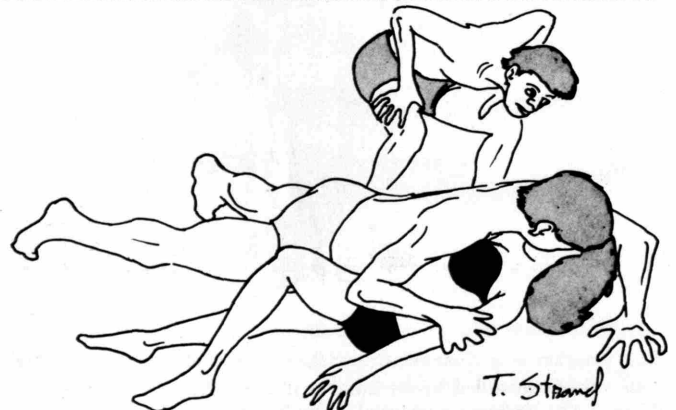
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Harv — a gentleman would ask for him gum back. Hey Harv . . .

THE DAY THE BRIDGE FELL

by Mike Levine

Of course, when we look back on it, it is perfectly clear that the day was inevitable. Everyone knows how to do the quiz after the papers are in. But for those who are still not clear on the exact details, they are worth recounting.

The old Harvard Bridge began showing signs of collapse long before it finally did tumble. Anyone who walked across it must have been aware of the considerable vibration of the sidewalks when any heavy vehicle crossed the spans. In fact, this same vibration had caused the concrete of the sidewalk to crumble apart, until finally it had to be replaced with a thicker layer of surfacing. While this measure may have prevented pedestrians from accidentally stepping through the walk into free fall, it hastened the coming demise. For the heavier layer not only added a considerable load to the girders, but by increasing the mass, lowered the natural frequency of the spans to almost exactly that at which the two axles of an MBTA bus travelling 35 mph cross the seams of the roadway. All that remained was for time to crack the concrete enough to slightly "soften" each span and make the resonance exact.

In its last week, the up and down motion in the centers of the spans was several feet. Even this was not remarked upon, as the motorists, used to poor roads, didn't realize these were non-stationary bumps; pedestrians were too busy fighting the wind to notice what the road was doing.

In the late afternoon, three cantabridgian urchinesses met on the bridge. They had nothing better to do, and one of them had brought her jumprope, so they began to jump rope right where they had encountered — at the center of the bridge. As fate would have it, the speed of a

game of jumprope is just such that the jumping girl hits the ground with the same frequency as that at which the axles of an MBTA bus etc. By the merest coincidence, this is also the frequency at which the coxswain in crew shells yells "stroke" and hits the side of his craft. The girls just happened to be synchronized with a passing shell as an MBTA bus came along at 35 mph (which was possible because the bus was going the opposite direction from the heavy rush-hour traffic). The center span rose about three feet, then dropped into a low arc. The arc ruptured (was bisected) spilling the bus, cars, urchinesses, rope, and several tons of concrete into the shell, which of course was unprepared for the load. The two adjacent spans, lacking the tension of the middle span, slipped off their piers and followed into the murky river. The reaction spread in like manner to either shore, until the entire bridge had fallen like a string of power companies (Southeast Asian countries, if you prefer).

The first reaction of those on the nearby shores was relatively calm. (The reactions of those on the bridge itself may also have been calm, but, alas, those reactions were, shall we say, dampened.) At least 50 motorists made left turns from Memorial Drive onto Mass. Ave. so fast they never realized anything had happened. Another 75, seeing an opening in traffic, rushed headlong onto the non-existent bridge. Further back on Mass. Ave. a crush of Techmen made it halfway across the street.

Others, not right "on the scene", reacted only to the unusual sound. Hundreds of research assistants, abandoning the food machines, rushed back to their labs thinking their unattended experiments had gotten out of hand. Dean Wadleigh immediately assumed that *VooDoo* had done whatever-it-was and dispatched

his entire staff to locate the Managing Board. Most of the students assumed that it was the overhangs of the Student Center falling off, or perhaps the entire upper stories crushing through the big windows to roost on the Coop. Others assumed the Earth Sciences Building had toppled at last.

The Police, acting on scant early reports, were at a loss. While it did not seem desirable to have the bridge in the river, it did appear to have gotten traffic moving freely. They finally decided to dispatch several officers to the scene; for while they might be too late to save those who had gone down with the bridge, they could at least restore the traffic situation.

As usual, the fire departments rushed to the scene, but due to the recently created traffic snarls could not get near the brink. Since the main function of firetrucks is to pump water into an area, they seemed superfluous anyway.

As it happened, the most useful agent was the first one who correctly diagnosed the disaster — the WBZ helicopter. Hovering over the water, they managed to save the only three survivors, the three urchinesses whose game of rope had set off the chain reaction.

Now that the investigating commission's report and recommendations are in Governor Volpe's hands, much of the initial anger has died down. The twenty-two measures the Commonwealth has adopted to protect its citizens from the possibility of a repetition of the disaster are as sure as human fallibility can make them. One may now cross the reconstructed Harvard Bridge in complete safety and security (though not comfort).

Have you noticed how wobbly the B.U. Bridge has been recently?

Do you know what's better than having a tiger in your tank? A lady lion on the front seat.



The young man wanted to become a tree surgeon, but he couldn't stand the sight of sap.



Then there were the two honeymooners who wanted to fly United, but the stewardess wouldn't let them.



"Your beard is starting to melt."
 "I knew it would."
 "What are you going to do about it?"
 "I'll just have to let it drip."
 "But it's getting all over you."
 "There's nothing I can do."
 "Why wear your beard at all?"
 "Frankly, I have no place else to keep it."



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"How did you learn to kiss like that? she asked in ecstatic tones.
 "I used to siphon pimentos from olives," he replied.



First guy: How'd you get your piano up to the fourth floor?
 Second guy: Hitched it to my cat.
 First guy: Your cat? How can you get a cat to haul a piano up four floors?
 Second guy: Used a whip.

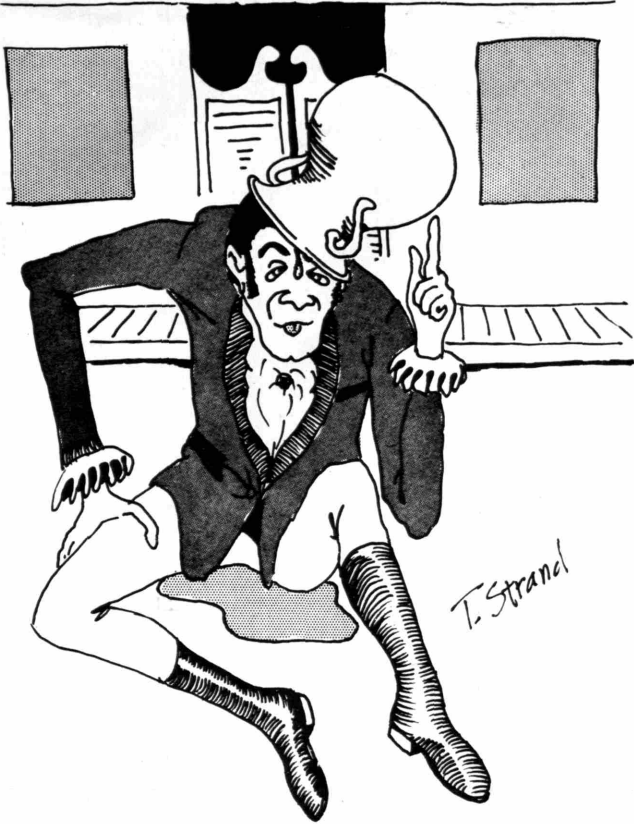


Efficient nurse — one who can make a patient without disturbing the bed.



Nurse: Mr. Wong, Mr. Wong! Your wife just had a white baby. It must have been an accident.
 Mr. Wong: What! Two Wongs don't make a white.
 Nurse: It must have been an Occident!

SCUZZY'S SALOON



Setting: 1860 or thereabouts, out West somewhere.

It sat over in a dark corner of Scuzzy's Saloon, the immediate area around it peppered with dark, smelly blotches. Its existence was a humiliating one; the only time people paid it any attention was when they spat at it. The atmosphere of the saloon wasn't conducive to good marksmanship, so generally the missiles landed *on* it rather than *in* it. Consequently the spittoon looked like hell.

There was a time, however, when the spittoon hadn't held such a low station in life. Originally it had been purchased as a fine drinking cup. (From time to time it relived its past splendor when a drunk would chug it on a bet, but that's not quite the same.) But alas, the purchasers soon realized that it made a poor chugging cup due to its flanged lip. When someone would attempt to chug the cup, most of the contents would run down his chin, inundate his navel, and finally wind up keeping his athlete's foot company in his shoe. This sort of thing was contrary to good breeding and common sense, so eventually the cup found its way into the hands of a saloon owner purchased for less than half of its original selling price.

The owner (Scuzzy), being a very narrow-minded man, envisioned the cup as a perfect depository for his

patrons' phlegm. And so, the cup's gradual degradation finally culminated in its purchase by Scuzzy, the dirty old saloon owner.

Were it not for a well-dressed college man who happened to stop in for a beer, the spittoon might have sat there gathering spit until doomsday. As it turned out, however, the young man drastically changed the course of fate for the spittoon.

This fact was, of course, unknown to the youth as he hesitantly approached the bar.

"Gasoline and milk," he said timidly to the barkeep. (The young man was a far-sighted person with peculiar tastes, as it turned out.) The barkeep handed him a beer.

"Thank you," said the youth.

Mimicking the more experienced customers of the saloon, he leaned back with his elbows atop the bar and scanned the room through squinted eyes. After a boring five minutes of squinting at squinting people, he spied the lonely spittoon. Involuntarily, he began to salivate. Without further ado he answered nature's call and let fly. Owing to his lack of experience in such matters, the projectile fell short of its mark. It did make a wonderful splash in the blacksmith's beer, however. Unfortunately, the blacksmith had a very bad sense of humor, so the youth found himself sitting in the street with the inverted spittoon perched atop his head.

He looked up at the spittoon and thought, "I've got your spit to keep me warm." The thought startled him. He had always prided himself on his sobriety and reserve, but found this new type of thought strangely pleasing. He took the spittoon from his head and immediately felt the sobriety creeping back.

Puzzled, he put the spittoon back on his head and thought, "How are a cuspidor and 'Goldfinger' alike?", (as stated previously, he was a forward-thinking lad), and giggled as he answered himself, "They are both spy tunes."

"Amazing!" he thought as he removed the spittoon. Examining the object in his hands, he realized what a stroke of luck walking into the saloon had been. The spittoon was a source of inspiration when worn on one's head.

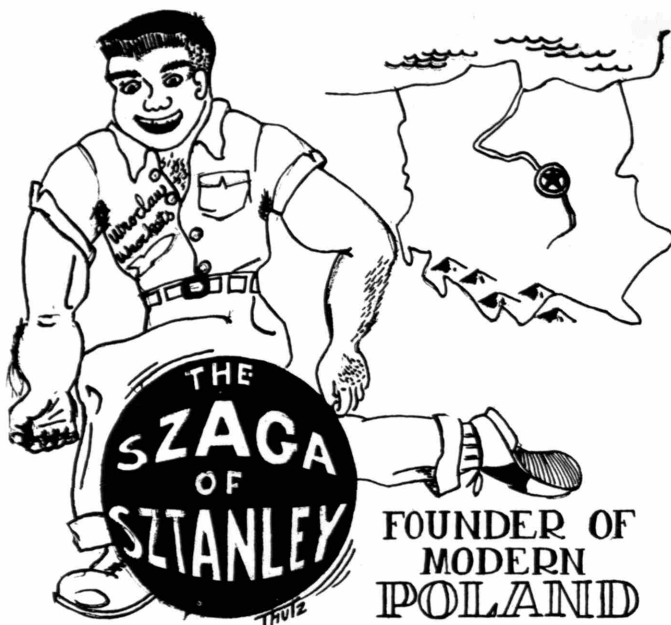
He further experimented several times and found that this was indeed the case.

Elated, he hurriedly made the journey back to his alma mater in Cambridge. Upon arriving, he contacted some of his literary friends, to see if the spittoon would work its magic on them. And indeed, they all underwent a similar metamorphosis.

Being bright young lads, they decided to capitalize on this rare gem by selling their inspirations in print.

Now, many years have passed since that time in Cambridge, but the wondrous spittoon is still being handed down from generation to generation, a fitting source of inspiration to the writers for its (slightly altered) namesake, *The Lampoon*.

The latest fad, through no fault of VOODOO, seems to be telling "jokes" concerning what can only be described as "the inability of certain minority groups to handle everyday situations with maximum efficiency." Thus, we thought we'd sort of extend the theme to a full-length story, with malice toward none, of course, and with the intention, as usual (we hope) of offending nobody, since it's all in fun. Really.



The academic world was recently overjoyed to hear of the discovery of important historical artifacts in the dismal swamps of central Poland.

Late one evening, three workers, on their way to their bowling league, strayed from the muddy, rutted Polish highway, and soon found their shoddy, salami-smelling car stuck in a deep, unpleasantly muddy, inescapable ditch.

"What will we do?" cried Kowalski, who had been steering the car (somewhat ineptly, we might add).

"We'll miss our first game, and forfeit to those gzanks from Stanley's Meat Market, is what we'll do," shouted Siemenowski, who had been in charge of shifting gears at the time of the mishap.

"Let's strike out through the swamp, in search of help, as our mighty ancestors would have done," announced Wyzanski, somewhat self-righteously, (for everyone knew that Stanley Wyzanski was an ancestor of his, and had defeated the King of Prussia in single combat in 1345 merely by lifting his armpits, thus preserving the independence of the Polish state).

"Let's stay in this putrid car and listen to Lawrence Welk on the ra-

dio," offered Siemenowski.

"Yeah, I got some three-month-old sausage in the glove compartment," Kowalski chipped in. "Momma made it when the dog died."

Just then, it started to rain. Afraid they would get wet, for the top of their car leaked, the three top bowlers for Local 346, Warsaw Pipe-Fitters Union, looked around for shelter.

"My God," shouted Kowalski, "we'll get clean in this rain!"

"Look! There's a cave over there in the side of that hill!" observed Siemenowski.

Our three stalwarts raced from the mud-bound car to the low hill protruding from the swamp a few hundred yards away. About halfway to their goal, Kowalski tripped and fell in the swamp, and for the rest of the trip he was dragged along by the other two, weighted down by his water-logged armpits.

"Whew! Made it just in time," sighed Wyzanski, "the sweat on my arms is starting to run."

The three had by now accepted the fact that they would miss their bowling tournament, and faced the prospect of spending the night in the cave. Typical Polish rains lasted for many hours.

"This cave seems to be man-made," marvelled Kowalski, just now recovering from the shock of being totally immersed in the swamp.

"You're right," added Siemenowski. "There is a faint smell of sausage impregnated in the very walls of the cave."

"Let's light this driftwood," contributed Wyzanski. "I'll hold this match, and you, Kowalski, grab hold of Siemenowski and run the bottom of his shoe against it." No sooner had half an hour passed than the cave was lighted by the eerie, flickering glow of the flames.

"This seems to be a tomb of some sort," said Kowalski.

"You're right," added Siemenowski, somewhat irritated at the fact that Kowalski, who only had an 85 average, to his 89, should be making the observations. "It must have been the tomb of royalty. Look at the cases of mummified sausage, and the armored bowling shirt!"

"There's one way to tell for sure," chipped in Wyzanski, anxious to show off the ancient Polish history that he had learned from the old-timers who had hung around his father's meat market. "Let's look for a bowling ball monogrammed with the royal crest. They buried every ruler's own balls right with him."

The excited lost wayfarers started to turn the cave upside down in their search. They worked hard, sweat dropping from their bodies in cakes. Then, many hours later, Wyzanski let out an excited shriek. "Here, behind this mummified carcass of a young pig!" he bellowed. "Not only a royal bowling ball, but . . ."

"A . . . a solid GOLD bowling ball!!!" added Siemenowski, incredulously.

"This is fantastic!!" stammered Wyzanski.

"But don't you realize," whispered Wyzanski between his crooked, stainless-steel filled teeth, "that the only

ruler who was buried with a GOLD-EN bowling ball, was the greatest of them all!!”

“You don’t mean . . .” stammered Siemenowski.

“That’s right!” screamed Wyzanski, triumphantly. “Stanley the Crud, Poland’s greatest ruler, and MY ancestor!”

“We’ve . . . we’ve discovered the tomb of Stanley the Crud!” said Kowalski, incredulously.

The three bowlers spent the night ecstatically. Even though the sausage-stenched cave was cramped and stuffy, they forgot their surroundings as they eagerly discussed the riches and fame which would fall on them after the news of their discovery was spread to the population.

Within two weeks of that fateful night, all of Poland was at the feet of our three heroes. The smell was unbearable. Siemenowski’s bowling team was selected to play in the state finals at Cracow. Wyzanski’s father’s meat market was doing land-office business. Even Kowalski’s brother-in-law in America got Radio Free Europe to dedicate a special polka to the three heroes.

But in the words of an ancient Polish saying, rapid fame is like an unwashed T-shirt. It soon turns to crud before your eyes.

On the day that Wyzanski was due to receive the Pipe-fitter’s Union Order of Merit, a report from the archeologists excavating the tomb changed him from hero to bum. “This is not the tomb of Stanley the Crud,” reported the chief archaeologist, furiously.

“Wh-what??” stammered Wyzanski. “How can you be so sure?”

“We broke open the coffin,” replied the archaeologist, pointing an accusing finger at the now trembling-in-his-sweat Wyzanski. “The mummified body was that of LADY Stanley, better known as Jadine the Acrid!!”

“B-but how could you tell?” pleaded Wyzanski, obviously desperate.

The reply of the archaeologist was crushingly final. “She had braided armpits.”

— Keith Patterson



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BATTLE OF THE BIG SOUNDS

The controversy that exists in this country over the War in Viet Nam is now being waged on a different front. Previously, demonstrators concentrated on marches, rallies, buttons, sit-ins, teach-ins, and lay-ins. They demonstrated against the war and for it, each trying to out-shout the other. Now the scene has shifted to the radio. It all started when one of the great unwashed released two and a half minutes of wailing entitled "Eve of Destruction", and supporters have rushed to the nearest recording studios to get their version of the moral issues involved on to the air. The dissenters got off to the fastest start, as they did with the marches and sit-ins, but the supporters are fast catching up. Their most recent effort, "Christmas in the Jungle" (that's right, mother) unfortunately caught me for the first time while I was eating supper. The hero, presumably a

sort of Pat Boone - in - khaki, laments the fact that he won't be home for Christmas, but he feels better 'insuring' democracy in the jungle than being back home making love, anyhow.

This phenomenon could affect the entire analysis of public opinion in the Viet Nam War. The Defense Department, always keeping a wary eye on the dissenters at their marches, will now begin listening in to WMEX:

"Mr. Secretary, Mr. Secretary, in the past three hours, Woo-Woo Ginsburg has played five anti-war and two pro-war songs."

"Hmm, not so good, Wilson. What's the word from Murray the K?"

"Well, sir, on his show this afternoon he played three pro-war and one anti-war numbers. He also read a poem dedicated to Sarge Shriver."

"Better count that poem as anti-war. Any other news?"

"Lots more, Mr. Secretary. 'Cousin Brucie' is playing, at this minute, a pro-war song continuously. He intends to keep it replaying for six

hours."

"What patriotism!"

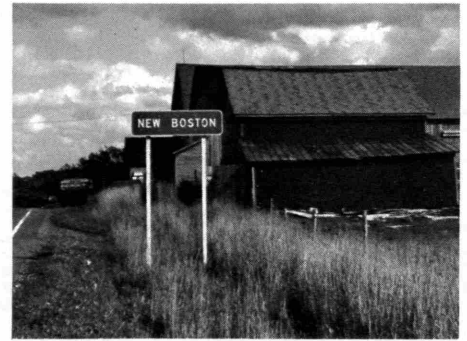
"Yes, Mr. Secretary. His brother-in-law recorded the song."

"I see here that the Rolling Stones have a new release planned, 'Let's Knock The Reds Back On Their Behinds, Yeah, Yeah!'"

"Yes, Mr. Secretary. We gave them a U.S. Government 'cultural grant' to make that record."

"Good work, Wilson. Keep it up. We've got to keep the world informed that our teenagers support this war!"

— Keith Patterson



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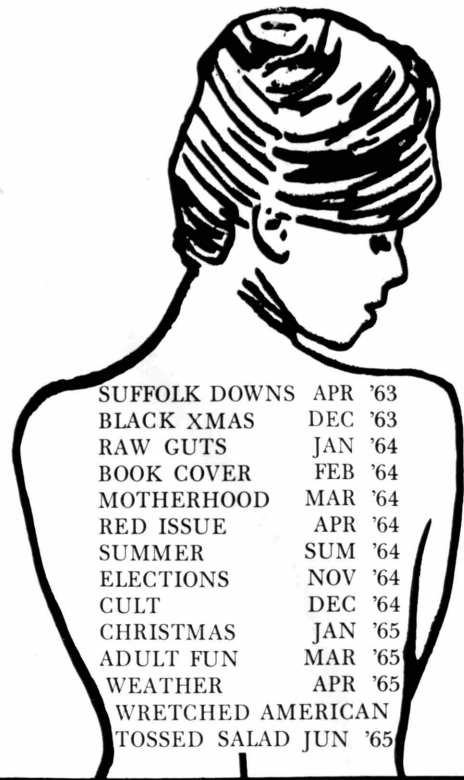


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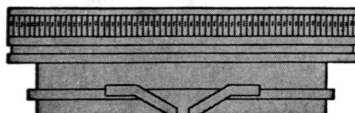
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