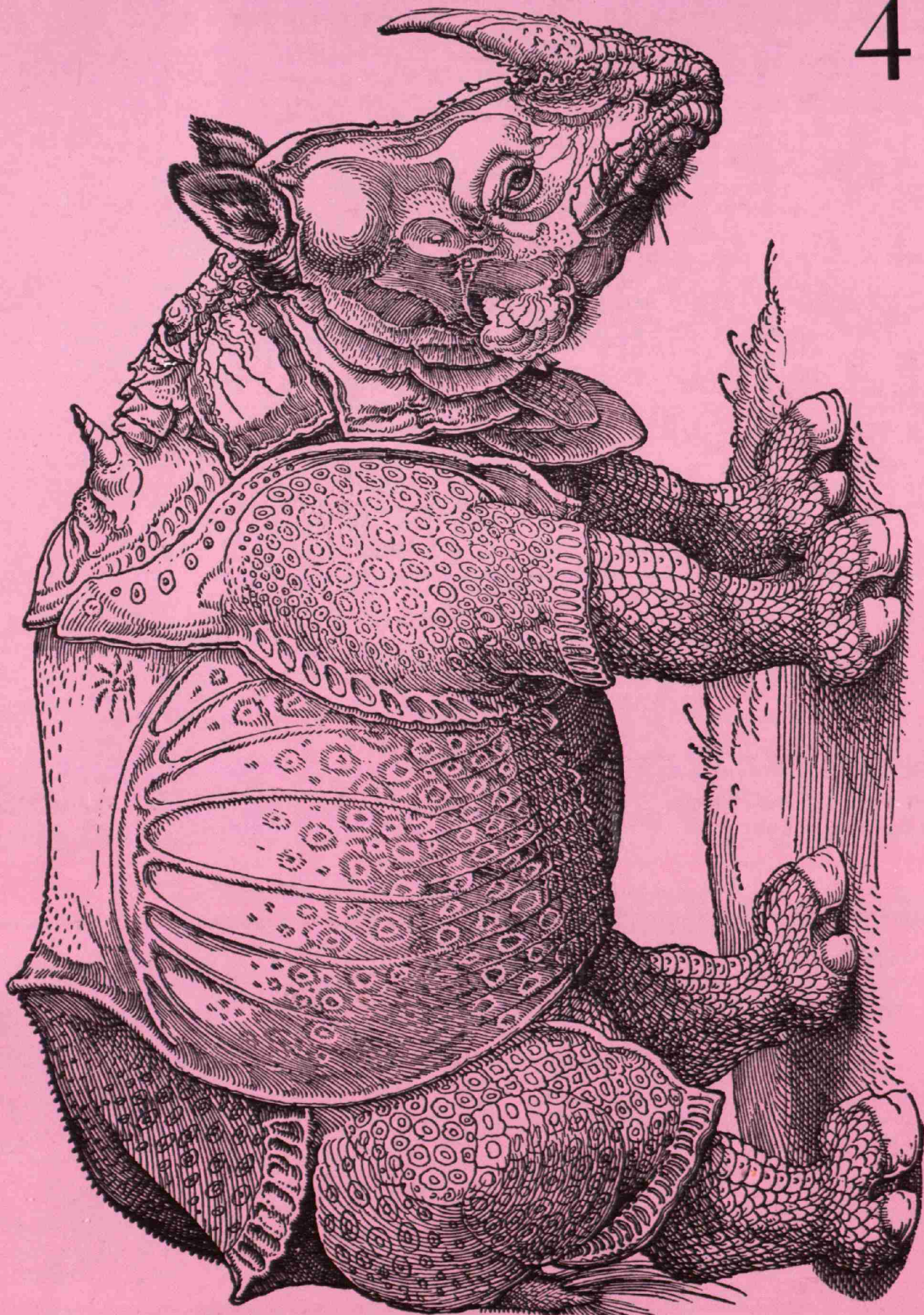


VOODOO

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RHINOCERYS

LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE CALENDAR

**a
woman
is a
woman**



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA • ELKE SOMMER

VIRNA LISI • MONICA VITTI

bambole!

"THE KNACK"
...and how to get it

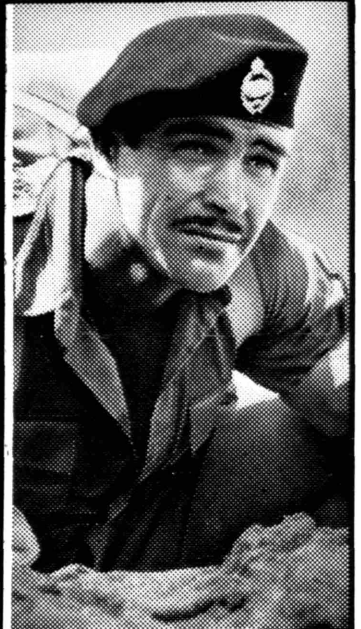


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A LECTURE

" THE McNAMARA REVOLUTION "

by

Alain C. Enthoven
Assistant Secretary of Defense
for Systems Analysis

and

Henry S. Rowen
Assistant Director of the
Bureau of the Budget

Tuesday, March 22 8:00 PM 26-100 FREE

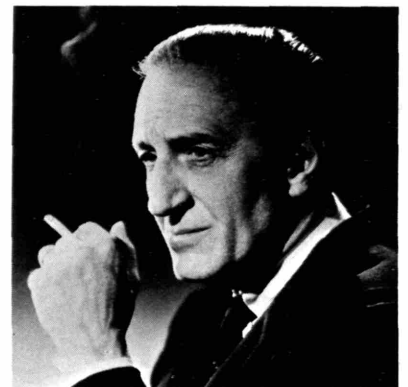
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1966**

APRIL 29

APRIL 30

Friday

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Who in the world buys a Raleigh Bicycle?

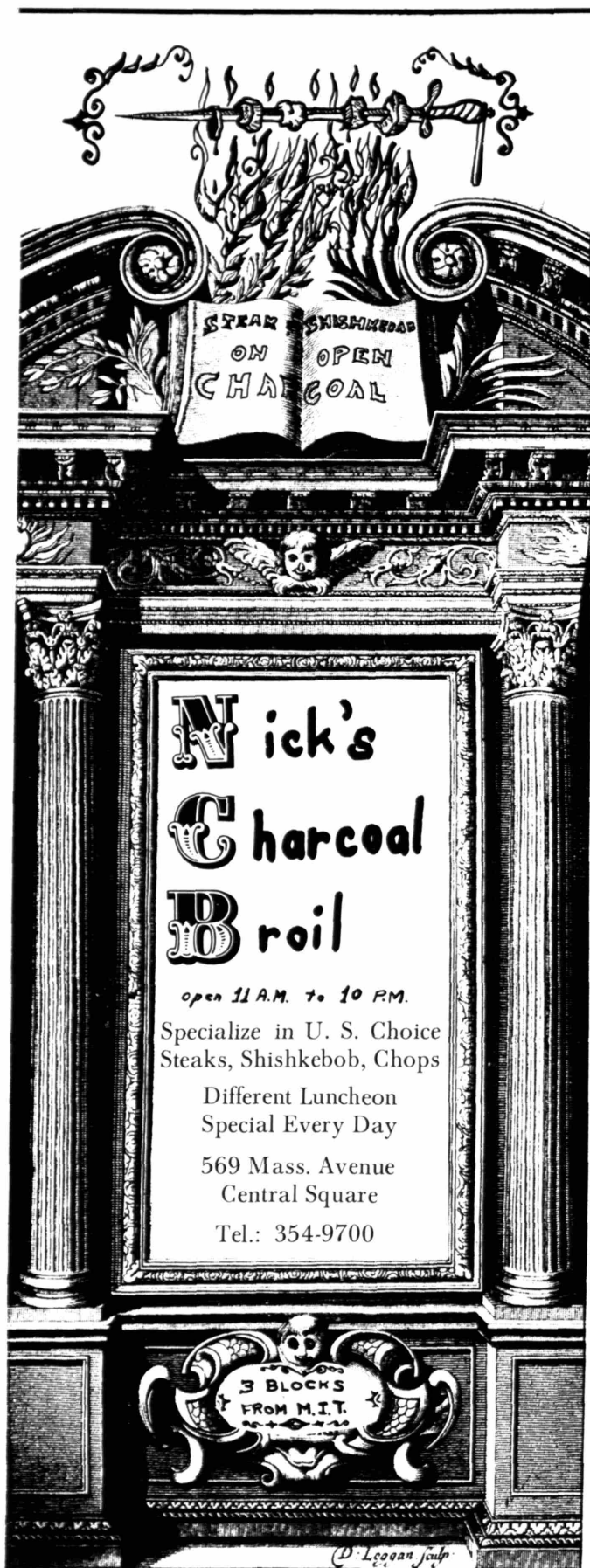
Afghans . . . Africans . . . Americans . . . Arabs . . . Argentines . . . Australians . . . Austrians . . . Belgians . . . Brazilians . . . Burmese . . . Canadians . . . Chileans . . . Chinese . . . Colombians . . . Costa Ricans . . . Danes . . . Dominicans . . . Dutch . . . Ecuadorians . . . Egyptians . . . English . . . Estonians . . . Ethiopians . . . Filipinos . . . Finns . . . French . . . Germans . . . Greeks . . . Guatemalans . . . Haitians . . . Hondurans . . . Icelanders . . . Indians . . . Iranians . . . Iraqis . . . Irish . . . Israelis . . . Italians . . . Japanese . . . Jordanians . . . Koreans . . . Latvians . . . Lebanese . . . Liberians . . . Lithuanians . . . Mexicans . . . New Zealanders . . . Nicaraguans . . . Norwegians . . . Panamanians . . . Paraguayans . . . Peruvians . . . Portuguese . . . Saudi Arabians . . . South Africans . . . Spaniards . . . Swedes . . . Swiss . . . Syrians . . . Turks . . . Uruguayans . . . Venezuelans . . . Slavs . . . 3 1/2 million people every year . . .

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VOODOO



STAFF



LISTINGS

VOL. 49

NO. 6



THE

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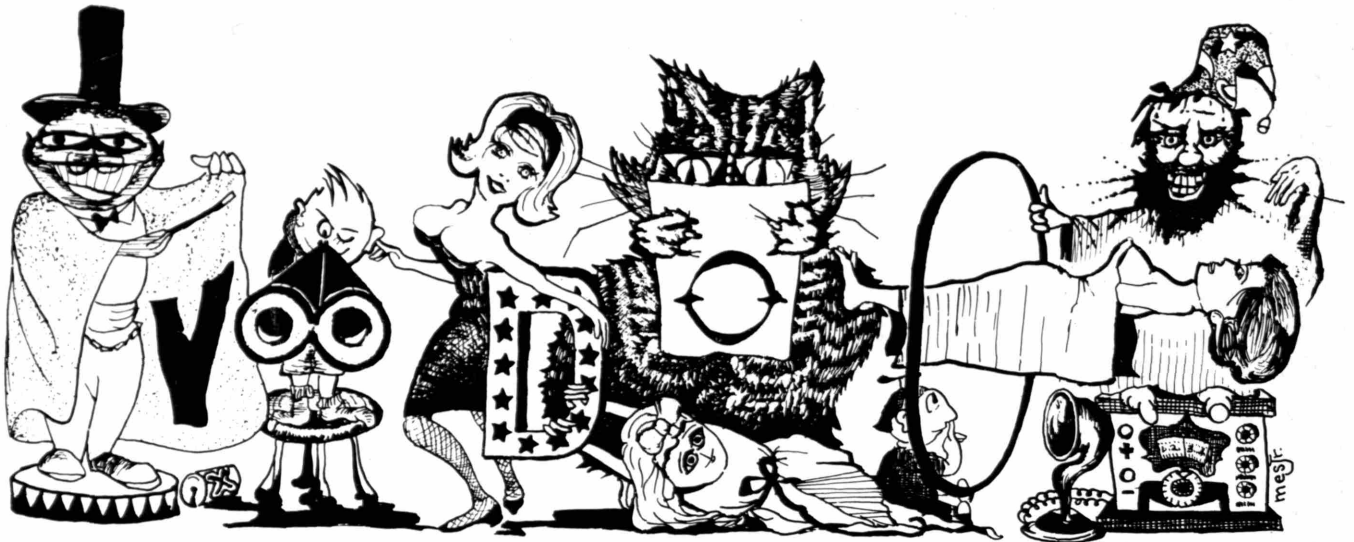
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Look! Down on the floor! It's a magazine! It's an atrocity! It's VOO DOO! (Fade in theme music!) Yes, it's VOO DOO- strange visitor from another planet (M.I.T. Student Center, Cambridge, Mass.) that came to earth by second class mail entered at Cambridge, Mass. 02139 with powers and liabilities far behind those of mortal mags (Probably because this is Volume 4, Number 6, copyrighted March 18, 1966 by the Managing Board of VooDoo.) Its publishers at M.I.T. fight a never-ending (every month, November through June, plus in August) battle against truth, justice, and the American Way! (Fade out music as soon as announcer says subscriptions are \$3/8 issues (\$69 in Pago-Pago (Bet you thought I couldn't get it all in!)!))!



This is a travel issue principally due to the close proximity of Spring Vacation. Vacation was discovered by the Englishman Edward Jenner (1794-1823), who, while studying the nocturnal behavior of British milkmaids, noted that persons exposed to cowpox were thereafter immune to smallpox. Vacation thus comes from the Latin *vaca*, meaning cow. A pox upon thee!

It pays to cover your steps when you're planning a joke. Take for instance the joker who returned one of our subscription blanks filled out for "James Bond, Pago Pago." He enclosed a check for the standard \$69 — with his name blanked out and the signature "James Bond". What said joker didn't know was that modern computerized banks look at that funny long number in one corner of the check to decide whose account to debit. The check cleared; we are credited with \$69, and, knowing banks, we strongly suspect our benefactor will find he has donated that amount. Somehow though we expect the issue we mailed to Pago Pago will be returned for incorrect address.



We hear that President Johnson, having enlarged the Cabinet from 10 members to 11, is now trying for 12. If he succeeds, and it keeps on growing at the rate of 20% every 6 months, there will be more Cabinet Members than people in the United States within 50 years. Maybe that is what he means by "The Great Society."

About a month ago, we were invited, along with a number of other school publications from the Boston area, to a "Press Conference" to be held by the inimitable, inscrutable, excruciating Jean Shepherd, in promotion of his Boston radio show (8:15 to 9:00 P.M., Mon.-Fri., 10:30 P.M. Sat., WNAC-AM, 680, and WRKO-FM, 98.5; this is a free plug). We sent our incalculable reporters, Charlie Deber and Jerry Goe (actually, we didn't send them, we just couldn't stop them from going). Shepherd, "The Man With The Golden Gums", originally from Hammond, Indiana, has done a show consisting of reminiscence, philosophy, nostalgia, iconoclasm (And now, a salute to the greatest force in the history of mankind — BOREDOM!), and kazoo or jew's-harp solos on radio WOR in New York since about 1956, has published a number of short stories in *Playboy* (Hairy Gertz and the Forty-seven Crappie, Ludlow Kissel and the Great Dago Bomb), and has written a novel due to be released next summer. Entering the Unicorn for the press conference, he was confronted with an audience varied from old Shep fans

to maive high-school girls; he managed to separate the men from the boys by using the word "horseshit" in the first sentence he spoke. During the following two hours he discussed the nature of humor, the history of *I Libertine* (the best-selling, non-existent book, and the greatest literary hoax ever), where protestors go wrong, the difference between "day people" and "night people" ("Day people are people who believe - really believe - in filing cabinets."), the relative merits of the foreign policies of Dean Rusk and Joan Baez, the nature and literary purpose of the allegory, what happens when a small boy in Hammond, Indiana gets a Red Ryder Air Rifle for Christmas ("You'll shoot your eye out."), and the definition of art. For those of our readers who remember "that nut" (that's what our parents called him when we were kids) from the old days, we should tell you that he has shaved his old beard, he still doesn't wear a tie, and he is as cool as ever. For those of our readers who aren't familiar with this philosopher-comic (or comic-philosopher), all we can do is recommend that you listen. Excelsior, you fatheads!

While we're on the subject of radio personalities, we'd just like to extend a vote of thanks to WBZ Deejay Dick Summer, who on his all-nite show has mentioned *VooDoo* several times, and always in glowing tones. M.I.T.'s humor mag appreciates the good word, Dick, and you can be sure that many of us *VooDoo* staffers appreciate your unique approach to an often hackneyed profession.



While returning from our last makeup night at four in the morning a staffer passed through the electric doors in front of the Tute. At the side of these doors was a double milk carton and a piece of paper. On it: No cottage cheese today, please. Big Julie.



One of our more worldly staffers while on a recent trip to the center of Megalopolis New Yorkus decided to take a short walk down to the Village for a short snort. After visiting several of our favorite variety of establishments our staffer found himself alone and bleary-eyed in a small palace of imbalance on 8th Avenue.

Well, not quite alone. There was the proprietor, of course, but over in one of the darker corner tables was a real one. Sandles, dirty white jeans, long stringy blond hair, the entire works that you might expect if you were on your first visit to the section. Our staffer, being quite friendly by this time, wandered over and settled his body in a chair. Since this was one of our more polite members, he offered to buy the young "lady" a cup of espresso or some such refreshment. She didn't even look up from her book or speak. Now *VooDoo* staffers are not used to being ignored, so he proceeded to move himself behind the young lady and peered over her shoulder expecting to see a book of poetry or some such similar literature. Guess what it was dear reader - go on, guess! Nope, you were wrong! It was a bound volume of 1930 vintage *VooDoo's*!

Snowed, aren't you? He was, in fact he flipped. Upon further intense investigation it was found that it was a part of a collection owned by one of the Village's foremost inhabitants. All goes to show that everyone reads *VooDoo*.

(P.S. The staffer says girls who read *VooDoo* are very friendly.)

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PICK UP A PHONE,
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Rear of
Fenway
Park

Ralph dropped the second token into the slot, and felt the turnstile give way to his forceful thigh. He wrinkled his brow and stared for a moment at the girl — poor, sweet thing — who had gone through the turnstile the moment before he did. The prospect of what was to come didn't *exactly* frighten him.

"We get off at the next stop," said Ethel, all excited and everything. "I hope you're thinking about what we should buy her."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I hope you're thinking about it. Why do you think I asked you to come along? How am I supposed to know what girls want for their birthday?" said Ralph, neatly bouncing the pit from his nectarine off the head of an old lady sitting opposite them in the subway car.

"Look, Ralph, darn it, she's *your* sister. If you want to buy her a present, that's *your* problem," retorted Ethel, neatly bouncing the pit from her nectarine off Ralph's head.

They emerged from the bowels of the earth in the heart of the downtown area, which, in a big city, as well as in Boston, has lots and lots of stores, and hence ample opportunity for extensive window shopping. Ralph didn't really have to be anywhere in a great hurry, but for some reason he was quite impatient.

"C'mon, already, will you?" urged Ralph to a hypnotized Ethel.

"Ohhhh, look at these, Ralphie. Aren't they just beautiful? Someday we're going to have one just like it, okay?"

Ralph peered into the store window in question. It was one of those stores where they sold cut-rate firc'h & gnurr & other novelties. Specifically, it seemed that Ethel was pointing at a green furry thing with blue wooden things sticking out of it and anyway it had a red hat.

"Why not get two?" said Ralph, quoting an old cleanser commercial. "One for the kitchen and one for the bathroom." Ethel thought she detected a bit of sarcasm in Ralph's voice but she wasn't sure.

They weaved their way through the Saturday morning mayhem as bargain-hungry Bostonians emptied various basements of their irregular merchandise. They realized that the BIG decision was close at hand.

"What should we buy her?" said Ethel.

"I don't know. I don't know," said Ralph.

"How much do you want to spend?" said Ethel.

"I don't know. Five dollars. Ten dollars. I don't know."

"How about a few pairs of stockings?"

"No, no, something else. Something nicer."

"Well, how old is she?" inquired Ethel.

"Nineteen, no eighteen, no nineteen," asserted Ralph.

"How about some kind of jewelry? Ankle bracelet, charm bracelet, necklace . . ."

"Nahhhh, she's going with this guy from Harvard. Let him worry about getting her jewelry. She already wears his Crimson Ring through her nose."



"Ralph! This is not getting us anywhere. Ohhhh, how about a nice pair of gloves?"

"Gloves. Nope, gloves are out. She has to have hers specially made."

"Doesn't your sister have ten fingers?"

"Yep, six on the left hand, four on the right."

"Ralph, be serious!"

By this time, a crowd had gathered around them as they had unwittingly allowed their voices to get a bit loud.

"Ralph! Shhhh! Everybody's watching."

"Whatsa matter with you people?" said Ralph, addressing the crowd. "Ain't none of you got sisters with uneven finger distributions?"

Ethel grabbed her boisterous companion by the arm, and dragged him into the department store. Boy, the place was huge. They strolled from counter to counter, considering this gift and that, rejecting each. Suddenly Ethel's face lit up.

"Oh, Ralph, look."

"Have you found something we can buy her?"

"No, we're in the hat department. Oh, goody," said Ethel, as she proceeded to try on one atrocious-looking hat after another. Why do girls always have to try on hats, thought Ralph, as he watched Ethel admiring herself in the little mirror. In this hat, she looks like an orang-utan, he thought. Ha, in that one, she looks like a garbage can. Ho ho, in that one she resembles a fly-ing saucer with hair. . . .

The ordeal over, they marched onward, Ethel continuously straightening her messed-up hair, until they came to the. . . .sweater. . . .department.

"That's it! We'll get her a sweater," said Ralph, who was not one to pull the wool over someone's eyes.

"Great idea," said Ethel. "What size does she wear?" Ethel had never met Ralph's sister.

"How should I know what size girl's sweaters come in?"

"Well, er, how is she built?"

"Wow is she built!"

"Ralph! Now answer the question. Is she, er, broader than me?"

"My dog is broader than you."

"Ralph, this is not getting us anywhere," said Ethel under her breath, her eyes ablaze, her lips taut. "The lady behind the counter is getting impatient."

"Talk about tragedies. Look, I don't know how you judge this stuff. Her, er, bosom, er, is about this big." Ralph gestured with the palms of his hands.

"And I suppose she's got two...."

"Ethel! Is that a nice thing to...."

"Well, if her fingers are uneven...."

Thus did the impatient lady behind the counter witness this unorthodox altercation. But what the heck, she had nothing else to do except sell sweaters until six o'clock.

"I guess we'd like to see something nice in a size 40 sweater. Something nice, not too expensive, a bright color, maybe a turtle neck, maybe a V-neck, something nice," explained Ethel.

"Well," said the sales lady, "this is one of our most popular numbers . . ."

The present purchased, the crisis over, the young couple searched for an exit. Ralph felt much lighter on his feet, probably due, he figured, to the decrease in weight of his wallet. He had one additional traumatic shock as they passed through the ladies underwear department; some of those mannequins — womannequins? — looked almost human, which was more than he could say for Ethel. But soon they were in the furniture-for-doll houses department, and things seemed o.k. until he felt an elbow in his ribs.

"Ralph, I have to go powder my nose."

"Don't tell me you're all out of powder."

"No, I mean, I have to go to the bathroom. Ralphie, ask the information lady where the ladies room is."

"What? Gee, you're the one who's gotta go. You ask her." You're gonna be even more embarrassed if you don't ask her."

Reluctantly, Ethel inched up to the information booth and Ralph watched the brief exchange of conversation from a distance, and then watched Ethel totter off in the required direction. He kind of liked the way she wiggled when she walked. Yeah, all things considered, he had to admit it. Ethel was a good kid. Even though she would certainly want something to eat as soon as she came back.

Ralph stood there near the information booth, clutching the gift-wrapped present close to his body, waiting for his Ethel, anticipating the up-coming meal.

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Boston-North End

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Those of you who keep your eyes open when traveling in Boston, are undoubtedly aware that it is a city which exists in the past. The average Bostonian can never forget that which is behind him (after all, it has contributed in a large part to the development of his personality). For this reason Bostonians as a group have worked over the years to protect those areas which in other cities would be the targets of urban renewal. The objects of his veneration are heaped together in an antique dealer's steep-lechase known as the Freudom Trail.



- 1) The Freudom Trail begins at the Boston Common — a former cow pasture which has gone downhill. The conversion to a common was effected by Ezra Stouffer who attempted to retain the original flavor of the area by replacing a brook with the cement frog-pond, the cows with loitering Chandler girls, etc. The Stouffer family has carried on Ezra's tradition and to this day they are engaged in turning cow pastures into commons.
- 2) The State House: Massachusetts has discovered a unique way of dealing with the problem of organized crime running houses of commercial amusement. Instead of leaving these 'houses' in private hands, the government has taken them over and operates them as "State houses." The governor is assigned the job of keeping a hand in at the state houses so he knows how things are coming. At the present time there are two State Houses on the Freudom Trail, but a third is being built in the Scollay Square area to handle new business.
- 3) The Old Granary Burying Ground: Because of the quiet and seclusion of this area, it was a favorite haunt of young people in colonial times. It was here that they would meet after dark and engage in the art of spooning (mastery of which often led to forking).

- 4) Site of the Boston Massacre: Here, on December 24, 1774, 21 colonists, who had assembled to sing Christmas carols, collapsed and died when the wind shifted on a platoon of Polish mercenaries.
- 5) Faneuil Hall: Known during the Revolution (It should be noted in passing that Boston is known to historians as the "most revolting town in the colonies"), as the headquarters of all the radicals and weirdo groups, it has come down to this day as the center of the largest fruit district in New England.
- 6) Bank of the Charles River: It was here on the night of April 18, 1775, that Paul Revere, at the request of General George Washington, started his famous ride, shouting, "the British are coming!" It was later learned that the Redcoats had merely taken over the State house.
- 7) Paul Revere House: Home of famous patriot (see above). George Washington slept here, April 18, 1775.

- 8) Old Ironsides: Known in history as "the largest floating crap game on the Atlantic," she was saved from being sold as scrap metal when it was discovered that she was a wooden garbage scow operating under an alias.
- 9) Bunker Hill monument: On this site the American militia beat off the Redcoats for three straight days. (In commemoration of this event, Boston has erected the largest phallic symbol in the whole state.)
- 10) Liberty Tree Site: Famous in pre-revolutionary days as the "best piece of ash in New England", it soon became the hang-out of colonial leaders.

Here you have the Freudom Trail. You may have noticed that it starts in Boston and ends in Boston (thereby accomplishing nothing). When traveling on the Freudom Trail you would be well advised to carry dramamine, a first-aid kit, and most of all — MONEY. (Actually, you would be better advised *not* to travel on the Freudom Trail at all.)

— John F. Kaar

"Ma can I go out and play?"
 "With those holes in your pants!"
 "No, with the kids next door."



A hotel guest complained over the phone, "I've got a leak in the bathtub."

"Go ahead, the last tenant always did."



The little old lady chorckled over the babe in the cradle, "Oohh, I could eat you!" The reply, "Like hell, you don't have any teeth."



"Do gooseberries have legs?"
 "No."
 "I just ate a field mouse."



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Martin Lucifer Koon, upon being told that his wife had just given birth to triplets: "Lawdy! I has OVER-COME."



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... See Jerry"**

The young gas station attendant sauntered over to the car asking, "Juice?"

The reply came, "So vot if vee are? Dohnt vee get no ges?"



The late Latin lover Osgood
Loved a hare-lipped young thing named McLood
And when placed his kiss
On the mouth of his miss,
He shouted, that felt twice as good.



Husband and wife out fishing —
Wife: Oh look, oh look, I've got a bite, I've got a bite! Now what do I do?
Husband: Reel it in, stupid!
Wife: But I have. It's tight against the pole. What do I do?
Husband: Shinny up the pole and strangle it.

And then there was the ex-Nazi that became a hired gun in Tucson after a short respite in Argentina. He became famous for practicing his trade dressed in the latest three-piece suit. In fact, he was known as the fascist gun in the vest.



The local priest was spending his day off playing golf. Having finally made the green, he missed the putt by several inches. "God damn, missed!" The nun, who was acting as his caddy, protested, "Father, you really must watch your language. What would He think?" But the reverend father was a second-rate golfer and this was but the first of a long line of missed putts. Each time brought a "God damn, missed!" and an "Oh, father!" However each curse brought a more menacing look to the sky until toward the end the sky had gone completely beserk in a towering mound of storm clouds. And then at the sixteenth hole the straw broke der Himmel's back. "God damn it, missed again!" The clouds part and from the blue heavens a thunderbolt lashed out, evaporating the nun. Aghast, the priest gaped at the heavens as he thundered, "DAMN IT, MISSED."



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Happiness is . . .

Getting a summons to appear in court for a traffic ticket you didn't even know you'd gotten.

Losing you II-S deferment the day after you read in the papers that the draft boards in your state are seriously considering drafting women, they're so desperate for recruits.

Hearing a rumor that class average on your most crucial final was 87, when you know that the absolute maximum you could have gotten was a 51.

Having your girlfriend a week overdue for her period.

Receiving a statement from the bank that your checking account is overdrawn by \$37.42 when you were sure that you had \$119.28 on deposit.

Finding out when you get your grade-report that you're credited with having flunked two courses that you thought you'd dropped at the end of the first week in the term.

Finding out that your roommate is a queer.

Getting a threatening letter from the Mafia, sent to you under a misspelling of your name, so that you're sure they've got you confused with someone else.

Reading in the paper that the innocent-looking "liberal" political group you circulated petitions for last spring is a Communist-front organization.

Discovering that your humanities instructor is Jewish, after having just turned in your term paper entitled "In Defense of Hitler."

Getting picked up by the police on suspicion of assaulting small children.

Assaulting small children.

Finding out the hard way (no play on words intended) that your fun-loving roommate (that clever little devil) has put itching powder in your "toy balloons."

Finding out that your mother was raped by a gorilla nine months before you were born.

Drinking Bloody Mary's.

Having the runs during finals.

Being alcoholically incapacitated the night she finally surrenders.

Finding out that your mother has been throwing away all the nice letters you've been getting from the Selective Service.

Losing your one and only copy of your 99%-completed thesis.

Discovering that your fun-loving roommate (he really gets around) has put sleeping pills in your No-Doz bottle the night before the quiz.

Discovering that *Candy* was based on your girlfriend's diary.

— *Der Fuhrer*

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POSITION WANTED

- Intro.* All of you students here will finish your studies, sometime (we hope) and then you'll have to earn a living. We suggest that a certain unmentionable profession might suit some of you. Perhaps an interview for it would go something like this.
- Student* (Walks in). Good morning.
- Interviewer:* Good morning. I understand you want to enter the oldest profession.
- St.* Yes. I'm afraid I'm a little ignorant of the ins and outs of your trade, but I'll be willing to learn.
- Int.* Yes, well, first of all, I'll tell you about our organization. We are WAL, Worldwide Amusements Limited, the largest company of its sort in the world, and we have branches in every major city and seaport.
- St.* Yes, of course. So I'd have plenty of chance to travel in my job?
- Int.* Well, we do like to keep our house managers fixed at one establishment. If you wanted to travel your best bet would be as a member of the recruiting staff.
- St.* (Eagerly) That sound interesting! Would my languages be of help?
- Int.* Certainly. They'd be essential. You have no color prejudice?
- St.* No.
- Int.* Good. You see, we have to cater to the tastes of all our customers.
- St.* Of course. (Eagerly) So I could start right off on recruiting?
- Int.* Oh no. First of all you'd undergo a very intensive training period. Most of the candidates fail to complete the course through exhaustion. At the end, there is a stiff test and only 5 percent of would-be recruiting officers make it.
- St.* (Disappointed) Oh. But why?
- Int.* Well, before a recruiting officer signs a new recruit on, he must test her for stamina and adaptability. This requires a considerable staying power on his own part.
- St.* Well, I don't suppose they last very long, do they?
- Int.* They're given yearly checkups to keep them up to our rigid standards. You'd be surprised to what lengths the human body can be made to go. We give them a generous pension when they retire.
- St.* Do they live very long after retirement?
- Int.* (Uncomfortable) I haven't any statistics on the subject. The post of recruiting officer is naturally demanding. Apart from his outstanding physical characteristics, he needs to have charm and a good eye for quality as well as a fine judgment of character. It takes a lot out of you.
- St.* (Not so keen) Hmm. I don't expect I would stand up to that.
- Int.* Well, good recruitment officers are so rare that unless they have tendencies in the opposite direction, all entrants are expected to go under the training for these posts.
- St.* What about employment in the establishments themselves?
- Int.* Naturally, our male employee's services on the shop floor are not normally in great demand, though occasionally there is a short-term demand. The great Kink craze of 1963 in Great Britain strained our resources and personnel to the utmost and we are still trying to recover. If you are that way inclined, I'm sure we could find a post for you.
- St.* Yes. Of course, there are more shop-floor vacancies for women I suppose.
- Int.* We take very few women graduates for this sort of work because most of our girls don't need to be educated. We are, of course, always trying to bring as much variety to our customers as we can, and we have a newly opened establishment in London that caters for highly intellectual tastes.
- St.* Hmm. Yes, I suppose you're always on the look-out for new sales lines.
- Int.* Indeed we are. We have our own Research Laboratories just for this purpose. The scientists in them are constantly on the look out for new openings or new ways of utilizing the more familiar ones. Again, for this research, we need highly adaptable guinea pigs.
- St.* (Amazed) Guinea pigs!?
- Int.* (Smiles) Ha-Ha. Well, their official title is Prototype Testers. Actually, this sort of research is very artistic. If you have that sort of mind, I strongly recommend it. (Smiles: to himself) It's amazing what those guys think up.

St. Is that all the research you do?

Int. Oh no. We also have to constantly strive to improve the efficiency of all our sales lines. Thousands of essential things like the optimum working surface, working temperature, the most suitable diet for our workers — that's the sort of thing.

St. Yes. I suppose a medical qualification is necessary for that.

Int. That's right. Medical students can also join our travelling Medical Inspection and Treatment staff. I don't need to say that we keep both establishments and our employees in tip-top working order. Of course, we do have the occasional little accident, although we take the usual preventive measures, but our medical staff are highly skilled in dealing with such cases. But you're not studying medicine, are you?

St. No. I'm not. If possible, I'd like some sort of work where I could use my general education.

Int. Ah — this is where we come to the graduate's role in our organization. Although our company commands some respect in high circles, we still haven't a sufficiently high class clientele. This is where we hope to use you and your intellect and connections to attract the customer of the highest in the country.

St. I see. A sort of salesman. With free samples to distribute?

Int. Er - no. Of course, in doing this work you'd be accompanied by the more intellectual of our shop floor workers, but no free samples. Your work would be that of introducing possible clients to the services we have to offer.

St. You certainly have a wide range of means of entry to the trade. Any more?

Int. Well, we do take on a few house-managers, but most of them are shop floor employees who have worked themselves up through internal promotion. Middle-aged ladies are usually more suitable for this work than young men.

St. I see. I suppose, once again I'd have to undergo a training scheme.

Int. Certainly. It would include a course in applied psychology, in which the candidate is taught how to keep the company's employees in the right frame of mind for their work.

St. You like to keep them happy as well as the customers. (Eagerly) Would I have full use of the company's services?

Int. (Offended) Certainly not! We are a high-

ly respectable company, and we insist on the highest standards of conduct from our employees. Besides, such concessions are detrimental to efficiency.

St. (Disappointed) Oh.

Int. The training course also has exercises in self-control. Male House Managers undergo a rigid self-control test every six months and, of course, they must be married before they start work. One of our subsidiary companies will take care of that if there's any difficulty.

St. Well, I never did!

Int. (Clears throat) Now I've only given you the briefest of outlines of the organization. Have you any questions of a general nature. Or something more specific?

St. Hmm-Well, what is the trading position?

Int. (Patiently) Well, normally flat on their backs with their legs wide apart. But as I've explained, we make our employees as flexible as we can.

St. Oh — Well, what I meant was how's business?

Int. Oh, expanding mostly. (Smugly) There's plenty of demand for our services.

St. Hmm. I think that's all.

Int. Well, you know this interview doesn't count for much either for me or you. It would be very useful if you could fill out this form — weight, height and other personal statistics, previous experience — that sort of thing. Do I have to take a medical examination?

St. Oh yes. That's very important. You'll want to visit some of our establishments, of course, and see what I've told you in practice.

St. Yes, of course.

Int. My secretary will deal with that. You'll find him on the left hand table as you go out. Anything else?

St. When can I start? (Eagerly)

Int. As soon as you've finished your studies. You ought to collect a recommended reading list from my secretary. You'll find him very friendly.

(Student stands up to shake hands)

St. Goodbye then Mr. Goodtime.

Int. Goodbye. We hope to see more of you later.

Student Exits. Curtain.

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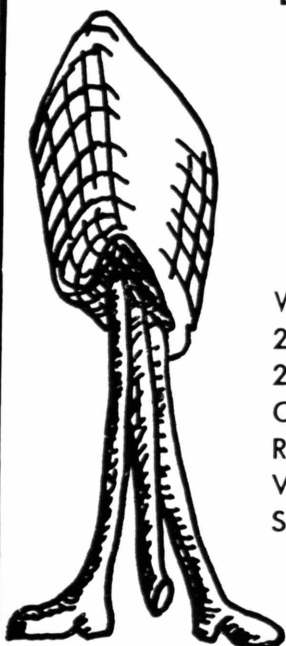
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Hi there sports fans and athletic supporters! Well, 'ol' Phos has been on the prowl again to find a bit of aesthetic relief for the hard-pressed Techman. Meet San Dee, a delectable morsel from that wonderful sunland of the old South.

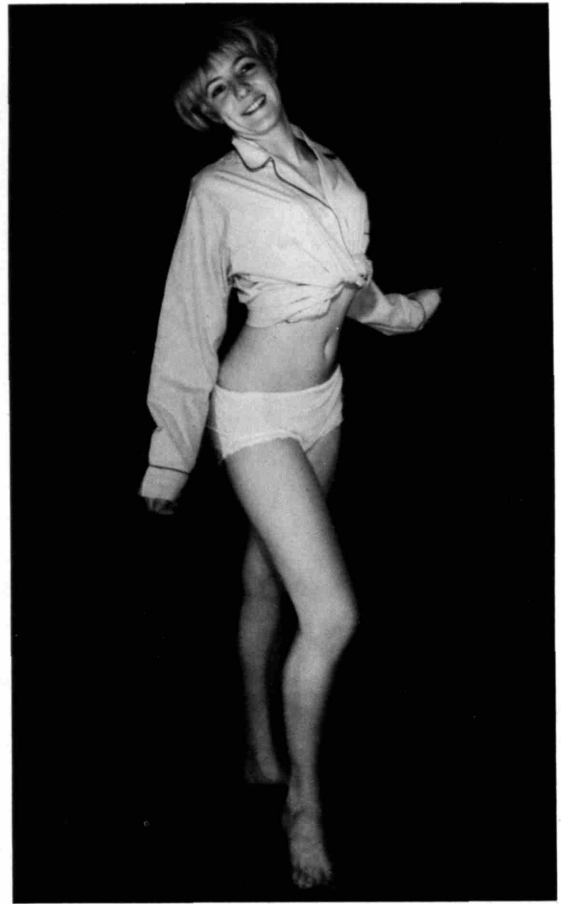
Here, at last, is a sight to drive winter from your mind to be replaced by thoughts of warm, warm Spring. Take another look. Are your eyes defrosted now?

San, a lovely blue-eyed blonde, wandered to this wasteland of the North in search of a career in television. (Make a nice Batgirl, huh guys!) At present, she works in a local television station while also attending classes at a Great Metropolitan College. Surfing, skiing, and billiards are among her favorite pastimes as well as an occasional song. Why not? Spring is damn near here!



PHOTAGS
by
HARRY OTAGURA





Your grandfather is a little deaf, isn't he?
 Why yes, last night he led the evening prayers kneeling on the cat.



The indifferent girl is the one that after coffee is spilled in her lap doesn't care which leg it runs down.



An inmate at the insane asylum was being examined for possible release. The first question the examining doctor asked was: "What are you going to do when you leave this institution?"

"I'm gonna get me a slingshot," said the patient, "and I'm gonna come back here and break every god-damned window in the place!"

After six more months of treatment, the patient was again brought before the examining doctor for possible dismissal, and the same question was put to him.

"Well, I'm going to get a job," the patient replied.

"Fine," said the doctor. "Then what?"

"I'm going to rent an apartment."

"Very good."

"Then I'm going to meet a beautiful girl."

"Excellent."

"I'm going to take the beautiful girl up to my apartment and I'm going to pull up her skirt."

"Normal, perfectly normal."

"Then I'm going to steal her garter, make a slingshot out of it, and come back here and break every god-damned window in the place!"



The traveling salesman walked along the streets of the town and was surprised to hear this young woman crying in the streets, shouting, "Schultz is dead, Schultz is dead!" Several minutes later another young woman sat sobbing the same thing on her porch. By the end of the evening the streets rang with the cries of young women crying, "Schultz is dead!" Curious the salesman made it a point to find out who Schultz was. Next morning found him at the town's only mortician. The undertaker smiled and led the salesman in to the back room. Doffing the deceased Schultz's pants, the undertaker demonstrated Schultz's claim to fame. The salesman thought that Schultz's pride would make an excellent souvenir and was eventually able to convince the undertaker to sell it to him, detached. When the salesman finally arrived home he produced the unusual item to show to his wife. To his surprise she fell back crying, "Oh no, Schultz is dead!"

1870

1966

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(The camera fades in on Roy Gene Hopalong (RGH) and Fat Ugly Grubby Slob (FUGS) riding slowly down a dusty trail as RGH sings the theme song of the movie . . .)

RGH (sings): We punch cows all day

long,
Punch, punch, punch,
yippee!

And we can't do no
wrong,
Punch, punch, punch,
yahoo!

Cause we're cow-
punchers of the sage-
brush,

Yippity - yip - yip - ya-
hoo,

Do - de - i - di - ay -
dah - wip - dip - a -
dip - a - doo,

Yukh! (Strum, strum)

FUGS: Gee, Roy Gene Hopalong,
that shore wuz a purty song. Why
doncha sing it again?

RGH: (does)

FUGS: Yas suh, that shore wuz
purty. But tell me, Roy Gene Hop-
along, what fur we riding' along
this dusty trail fur? How cum we
don't git jobs lak ordinary cow-
punchers?

RGH: How many times do I have to
tell you, Fat Ugly, that we *aren't*
ordinary cowpunchers? (Note per-
fect grammar and pronunciation —
the hero has to be a good influence
on the kids who watch the movie).
Before long, we'll find some nice
ranch owned by an old widower
with a beautiful daughter, and their
cattle will be rustled, and I'll save
their ranch, and then we can ride
off into the photogenic sunset. Just
like we always do.

FUGS: Gee, Roy Gene Hopalong,
whut makes yuh think that'll hap-
pen?

RGH: It says so in the script, stupid.
Besides that, I hear shots and a
woman's screams in the distance!
Let's go!

(They ride off down the trail, FUGS
vainly trying to keep up with RGH's
magnificent white palomino horse,
Top Trigampion. Coming over the
top of a hill, they see a runaway
buckboard, a young pretty girl on
the front seat. Four quadrillion bad
guys in black hats are chasing after
her and shooting. RGH draws his
gun and takes out after the outlaws,
raining lead into their midst. His
gun makes more noise than all the

bad guys' guns put together, so they
abandon the chase and ride off into
the distance. RGH then proceeds to
save the girl. He tackles the lead
horse and gets dragged along the
ground, but the gloss on his white
Stetson is not marred by a single
speck of dust. As RGH and the girl
gaze lovingly into each other's eyes,
FUGS finally rides up, huffing and
puffing.)

FUGS: (Huff, puff.) Tarnation Roy
Gene Hopalong, those guys were
really tough! Gee! Shooting at
girls! Oh, 'scuse me, ma'am, Ah
furgot muh manners — mah handle
is Fat Ugly Grubby Slob. Ah'm
Roy Gene Hopalong's famous fat
ugly grubby sidekick.

Girl: How do you do, Fat Ugly. I'm
Sally Rumpelstilskin, daughter of
George Rumpelstilskin, local cattle
rancher. I just got back from
school in the East, and discovered
that Daddy's ranch is being plun-
dered by rustlers! Daddy thinks
that Banker Stevens is behind it —
he's been buying up land around
Gopher Gulch for the last year and
destroying lots of small ranchers —
but no one can prove anything.

RGH: Hum, must be a railroad

coming through. I have a plan, Miss Rumpelstiltskin . . .

Sally: Oh please, call me Sally!

RGH: . . . All right, Sally. You may call me Roy Gene Hopalong. Anyway, my plan is that your father will hire Fat Ugly and myself as ranch hands, and we will spy on your ranch foreman, who is Banker Stevens' henchman! The dirty dog!

Sally: Why Roy Gene Hopalong! Hank Watkins, our foreman, is very loyal to Daddy! What makes you think he is supervising the rustlers?

RGH: Well, in the first place, he's the only person with enough knowledge of the goings-on at the ranch to be in charge of the rustlers. Besides, the foreman is *always* the rustlers' boss in Western movies, and in cahoots with the banker besides!

FUGS: Speak' of movies, Roy Gene Hopalong, we better git movin'! "We're almost through the fust reel! (As RGH, FUGS, and Sally ride off, singing "Cowpunchers of the Sage-

brush", the camera shifts to a bunch of trees on top of a nearby hill, where two men have been watching the whole scene. They are, of course, Banker Stevens and Hank Watkins, foreman of Sally's father's ranch. Both have moustaches and black hats, and ride black horses.)

Banker: Curses! That meddling fool! If that cowpuncher on the white palomino and his fat ugly grubby sidekick hadn't happened along, we could've taken care of that meddling girl for good! What's the matter with those henchmen of yours, Watkins, that 7,000 of them can be scared off by one ordinary cowpoke in a white hat?

Watkins: That wasn't any ordinary cowpoke, boss! Did you hear that gun of his? Besides being bigger and louder than any of our guns, he fired it 473 times without reloading! There's something funny about that guy!

Banker: Yeah. You know, the good guys have unfair advantages in these Western movies. In the *Eastern* movies, the *bad* guys — George

Raft, Edward G. Robinson, Bogart — are *always* the heroes. Dammit, I'm *tired* of this endless circle of rustling cattle so I can buy a ranch where the railroad is going through, and then having some singing idiot in a white hat ruin the whole damn scheme! And I'm tired of setting traps for the good guy or trying to kidnap the rancher's daughter, just to have it ruined because the good guy's grubby sidekick overhears the plot! And if I ever have to watch another one of faked fist-fights in one of those smelly Western-type saloons, I think I'll *barf*! At least in Easterns they *shoot* people! Hank - what do you say we get the hell out of this movie and try to get a job with George Raft?

Watkins: I'm with you, boss! Besides, it's the end of the reel.

(They ride off into the distance and everyone lives happily ever after, as the sun sinks slowly behind the western hills.)

T H E E N D

— Goe



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What about the moron, who killed his mother and father to go to the orphans' day picnic — and then it rained.



The sharecropper came home to find his son shot dead on the front porch. He went inside to find his daughter raped and dying. Running upstairs he found his wife in similar straits. With her dying words she warns her husband, "The stranger, the stranger in black....." He wandered away dazed, to find all the animals killed and the entire farm aflame. Months later, after an intensive search, he rode into a town where a giant black horse stood tethered in front of the saloon. In the bar he saw a tall stranger dressed in black with black boots, black socks, black belts, black shirt, black tie, black kerchief, and black hat. Trembling, the sharecropper approached the bar, and leveled with the stranger. "Hey you, are you the one killed my son, raped my wife and daughter, burned my farm, and killed my dogs and cattle?" "Yup." "You better cut that shit."

Two NYC call babes enter and seated themselves at a plush bar and the bar-jockey, without being asked, served them two bottles of their separate brands of beer. The girls were amazed and asked him how he'd known what they had wanted.

"Aw, I'm just a smart bartender, that's all."

"Baloney! you only guessed what we'd order."

"Oh, yeah? See that guy that just came in? He'll want a scotch on the rocks. Now watch, I'll go and ask him." The barkeep then walked down the bar and sure enough, the new customer ordered scotch on the rocks, to the girls' astonishment.

"Smart bartender, better believe it!" said the barman as he passed the girls again. A while later, when business slowed, the bartender leaned over the bar toward the two call girls.

"Look," he asked confidentially, "I've always wanted to ask this question. Can prostitutes get pregnant?"

"Why," quickly answered one of the girls, smiling at the other knowingly, "certainly they can. Where do you think all these smart bartenders come from!"



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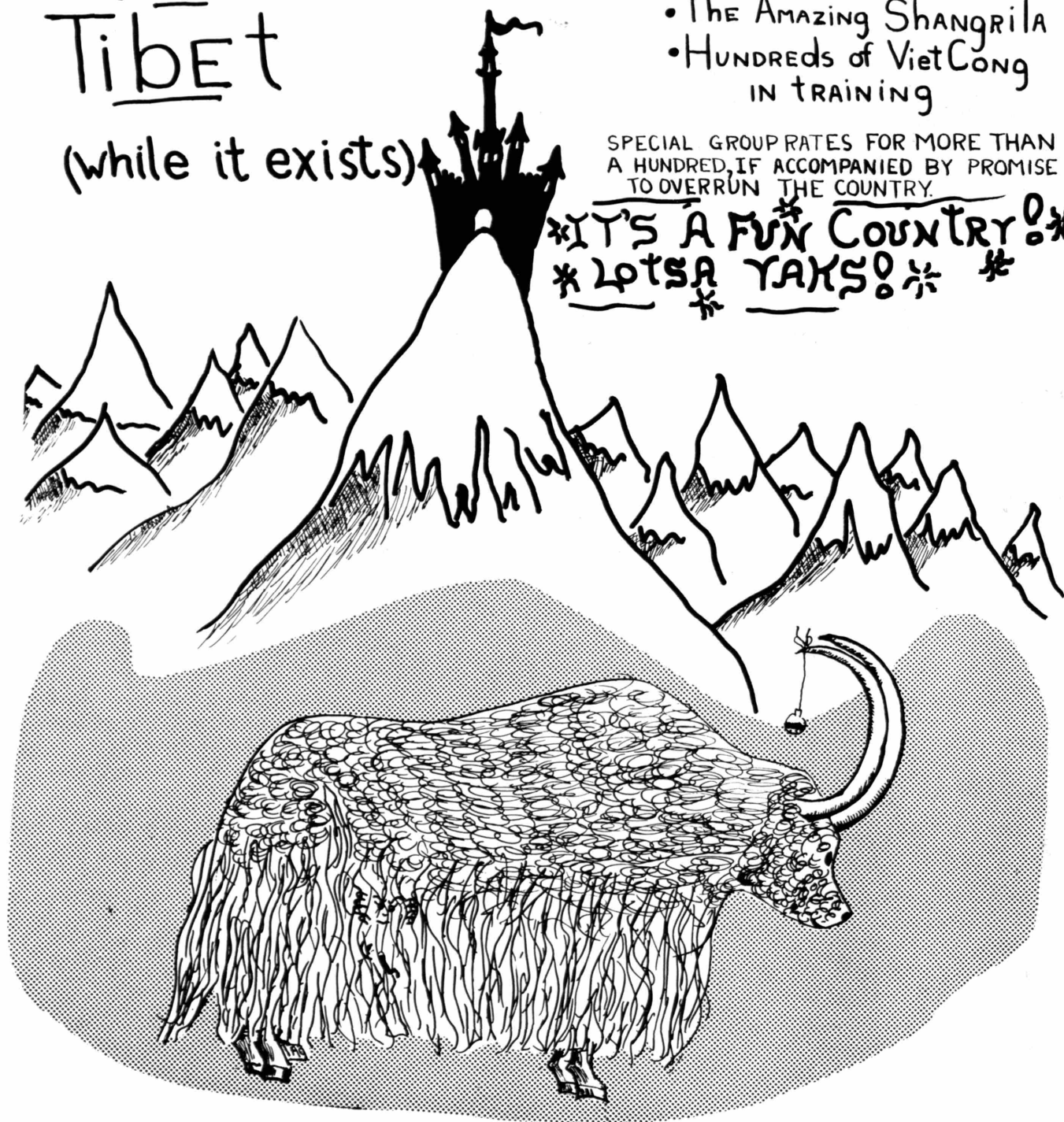
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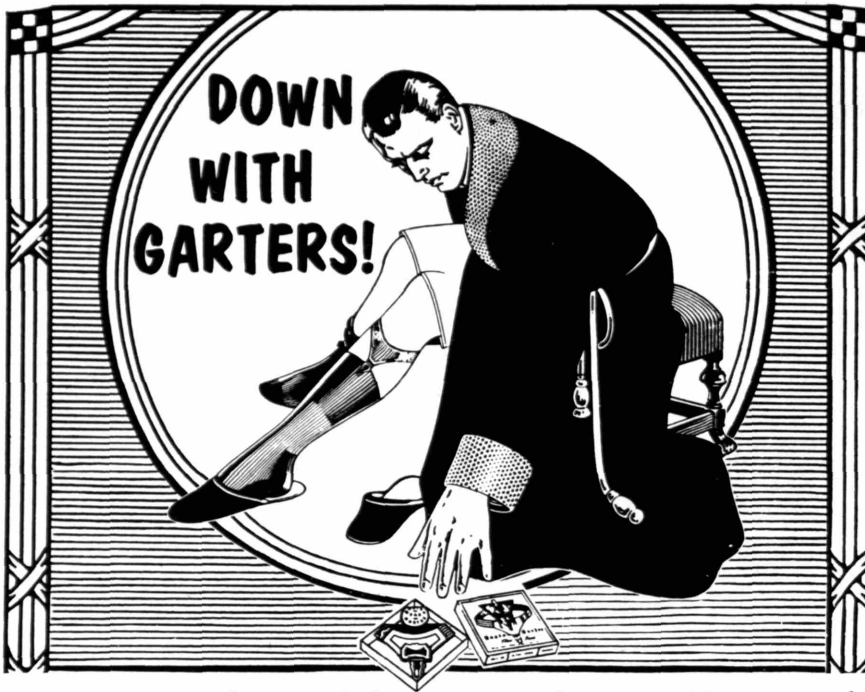




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By now everyone has heard about the Inner Belt, but very few people outside of the local underground knows about the Outer Belt. It is the purpose of this article to inform the populous of the dangers involved in the already existing, so-called Outer Belt, better known as the "Bathtub Ring".

The leaders of these Belt Supporters are known as the Black Garters. They operate out of an elite bomb shelter in the basement of the Cambridge City Hall, but their influence is highly concentrated as far out into the real world as Route 128. There is at least one Black Garter in every plant on Route 128, thus insuring no leakage of information outside the Belt. The Black Garters are an evil bunch with evil ideas.

The Outer Belt is a plan devised to run MIT into the ground. Of course the first step in the plan has already been exposed: The Inner Belt. This first subversive plan called for MIT to lose much of its vital defense laboratory space and other buildings vital to the life of the Great Institute. The Inner Belt plan seems to have failed, but there is more to fear. The Black Garters are tightening their grips. For example, only last week, the Crotch Supporter Co., a research firm under a Project Apollo contract was closed down by the Black Gar-

ters. Of course, CSC is manned by the best members of MIT's Physical Plant.

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, the Garters are out to choke off every subsidiary organ of MIT within the Outer Belt, Route 128. Future plans will cause more damage than can be expected. Here are some of the long

range schemes which have been designed by the underhanded Garters:

1. Damming the Charles River to flow through the Great Court.
2. Removing fire extinguishers from Building 20.
3. Overthrowing MIT Campus Patrol.
4. Taxing every member of the MIT community an Intelligence Tax (Physical Plant exempt).

These are only a few of the revolting ideas of the Black Garters, more are in the making. It is a civic duty to help the fight against Black Garters. After all, what would Cambridge, or Boston, or Massachusetts, or the U.S., or the world, or even Dean Wadleigh be doing if it weren't for MIT?

Remember our motto:

DOWN WITH GARTERS!

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Most of you have probably thought at one time or another about the so-called "grandfather paradox" — what would happen if you tried to go back in time and kill your grandfather before your father was born. To round out our travel issue, we therefore present the following short time-travel story, which gives at least one logical solution . . .

BOOMERANG

Lemeul Hawkins was a stupid man. Of this, there can be no reasonable doubt. Perhaps, if he had been a little less stupid, he never would have tried to kill his grandfather. Then again, perhaps he would have, for Lemuel was vindictive as well as stupid.

But, whatever the reasons may have been, Lemuel *did* try to kill his grandfather. Taking advantage of his position as maintenance man at the research facilities of the most outstanding university in the southern United States, he broke into the laboratory where the world's first time machine was kept, and stole it (the time machine, not the laboratory). He managed to cut his thumb in the process, and then proceeded to swear a blue streak for three minutes solid — thus demonstrating that he was clumsy and vulgar, as well as stupid and vindictive . . . but this is essentially irrelevant to our story.

For, despite his numerous deficiencies, Lemuel managed to get the machine going, and shot himself some fifty-five years into the past, back to 1931 — losing his way three times, and mistakenly winding up six million years in the future on one jaunt — but he got there nonetheless.

Once at his chosen destination, he walked the mile and a half to his ancestral home, and lay in wait near his grandfather's corn-likker still, seething with rage. As he held his vigil, he thought of his broken childhood, and how his father had been driven to alcoholism by the peregrinations of the man who had lived in the house before him (although Lemuel did not use the word "peregrinations", even in his thoughts, for five syllable words were alien to his vocabulary — "drunken carryin's-on" is a closer approximation of the phrase which passed through his mind). As the hours passed, Lemuel became increasingly absorbed in his dreams of vengeance, paying increasing attention to the hip-flask he had brought with him (alcoholism was another of Lemuel's virtues) and correspondingly decreasing attention to the mission at hand.

30 Perhaps it was for this reason that when Lemuel's

grandfather finally appeared, late in the evening of that fateful day in the summer of 1931, Lemuel didn't even see him, until the old man (who was actually younger than Lemuel, at this point) was practically on top of him. Caught by surprise, Lemuel leapt up, brandishing his gun and shouting, "Now I gotcha, you lousy boozier!" At which point, in response to this sudden confrontation, his grandfather muttered something about the "durn revenooers", and promptly shot him.

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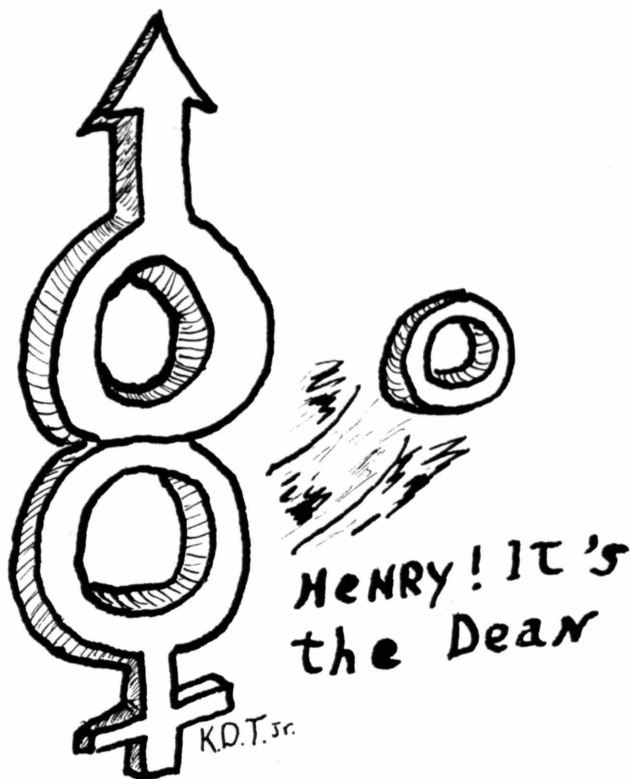
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WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO CRY

One of us is cute. The other two are, well, *eccch*. You've probably seen us around. This year we ran a magazine, a magazine that some people call a way of life. We found out that it's more than that.

Good god, you cry, what else can it be? Plenty. For example, *VooDoo* is staying up until five in the morning, trying to write some material to fill up page 21. *VooDoo* is trying to figure out a way to put out a 33-page issue. *VooDoo* is walking into a Thursday morning class with a slice of cold pizza in your back pocket. Or trying to clear out an MTA car so that we can use it to photograph a feature. Or having someone walk up to you in the halls and ask "How do you guys get away with that stuff?"

And *VooDoo* is getting to know the Deans. All too well. *VooDoo* is having the Great Court made into a heliport. Or hearing a line you once wrote quoted somewhere. *VooDoo* is constantly trying to get away with printing the word "f-k." (See! we still haven't done it.) *VooDoo* is a continual argument between the Managing Editor and the Editor, over whether something is worth printing. Of course the Editor is always right . . . What do you mean the Editor is always right? . . . The Managing Editor is always right.

VooDoo is explaining fifty times a month where we got the Doll. Or trying to find a funny joke at four in the morning. Or trying to find a funny joke at three in the afternoon. In fact, if you know any funny jokes . . . But that's not *our* problem now. And *VooDoo* is getting up at eight o'clock Saturday morning to go to the printer. Or dealing with all the Mickey 32 Mouse politicians. And of course the

beer. And putting into print what most people are afraid to think.

Some day, if you have nothing to do, try thinking up things that would make other people laugh. Or even make yourself laugh. Then sit in the corner laughing for a while. Even though ads and pictures of girls filled up most of the magazine, we still had to write *something*.

Still, it always gave us added incentive when some guy would walk up to us and say "Boy, your last issue was terrible." It made us want to try harder. After all, continual failure can really get to a Managing Board.

But anyway, how the hell can you reminisce about something like this? What we want to say at this tender moment is "Dad, there's a boy outside. His name is Chuck." But actually, the three of us spent most of our time this past year putting out a magazine. One of us gave up dating on Wednesday night. One of us almost started his thesis. And one of us got engaged. But none of us got folded, spindled, or mutilated.

And now it's over. We turn over the reins of management to a younger, more enthusiastic, slightly grosser crew. This trip passes into the ranks of the Woopgaroo Society. That society is so secret that even we don't know what's going to happen to us.

For forty-nine years before us guys have been putting out *VooDoo*. Next year, without us, guys like Keith Patterson, Walt Rode, and Kim Thurston will no doubt continue doing it. We may even drop up to the office some Wednesday night and look over their shoulders.

Well, cheers.

Mike Levine
Bob Pindyck
Chuck Deber

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GOODBYE CHARLIE

The old Board is no more. There they go. Into the inner sanctums of the Dean's Office. Forever. What goes on in there? If we knew, they probably wouldn't let us tell you. But remember, faithful readers, a newer, even more dedicated herd of staffers have emerged from the beer closet and will take over where our leaders of old have left us.

It'll be tough. Sure it will. No Boob Pindyck. No Chuck. He's so cute. No Mike Levine — hey, wait a minute. We actually managed to get RID of those guys. That's something the Deans couldn't do for two years. We've taken over. It's up to us to fill the mag. And we're probably going to have to fill it with all sorts of drivel just to fill up the page. Like this.

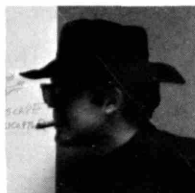


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Wayne Moore



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LEN HAIRLIP



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Junior Bores



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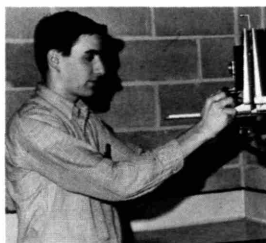


Dave Chenoux

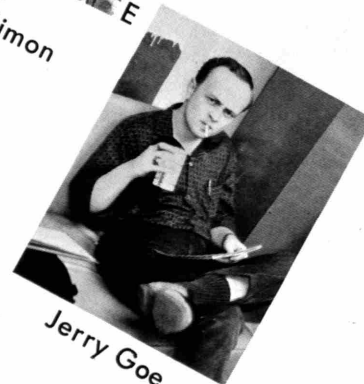
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2. Raw Guts (Jan '64) - puts your back to the wall
3. Book Cover (Feb '64)
4. Motherhood (Mar '64) - is hard to beat
5. Red Issue (Apr '64) - better read than Dad
6. Summer (Summer '64) - what else?
7. Elections (Nov '64) - we came out for Barry
8. Cult (Dec '64) - cultivate your taste in backs
9. Christmas (Jan '65) - yep. They have it every year
10. Adult Fun (Mar '65)
11. Weather (Apr '65) - or not
12. Wretched American (May '65)
13. Tossed Salad (Jun '65) - barf
14. Class of 69 (Oct '65)
15. Grape Society (Nov '65)
16. Drunk Santa (Dec '65) - we got drunk that night too
17. Noo Yawk Times (Jan '66) - "Grate." *Boston Globe*
18. Batcrap (Feb '66) - Boy Wonder's back

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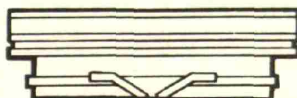
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Hamlet Act 1 Scene 3

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