

AND NOW, FOR MARCH, 1967...

# VOODOO

MIT'S DECADENT WESTERN  
HUMOR MAGAZINE  
PROUDLY PRESENTS  
ITS

## CHINA NUMBER

FEATURING

AN EXCITING COMIC STRIP

VISIONS BY WALT  
RODE WINGED  
REPTILIANS  
COURTESY OF  
ED. JAVIL  
BUY MAO  
BONDS

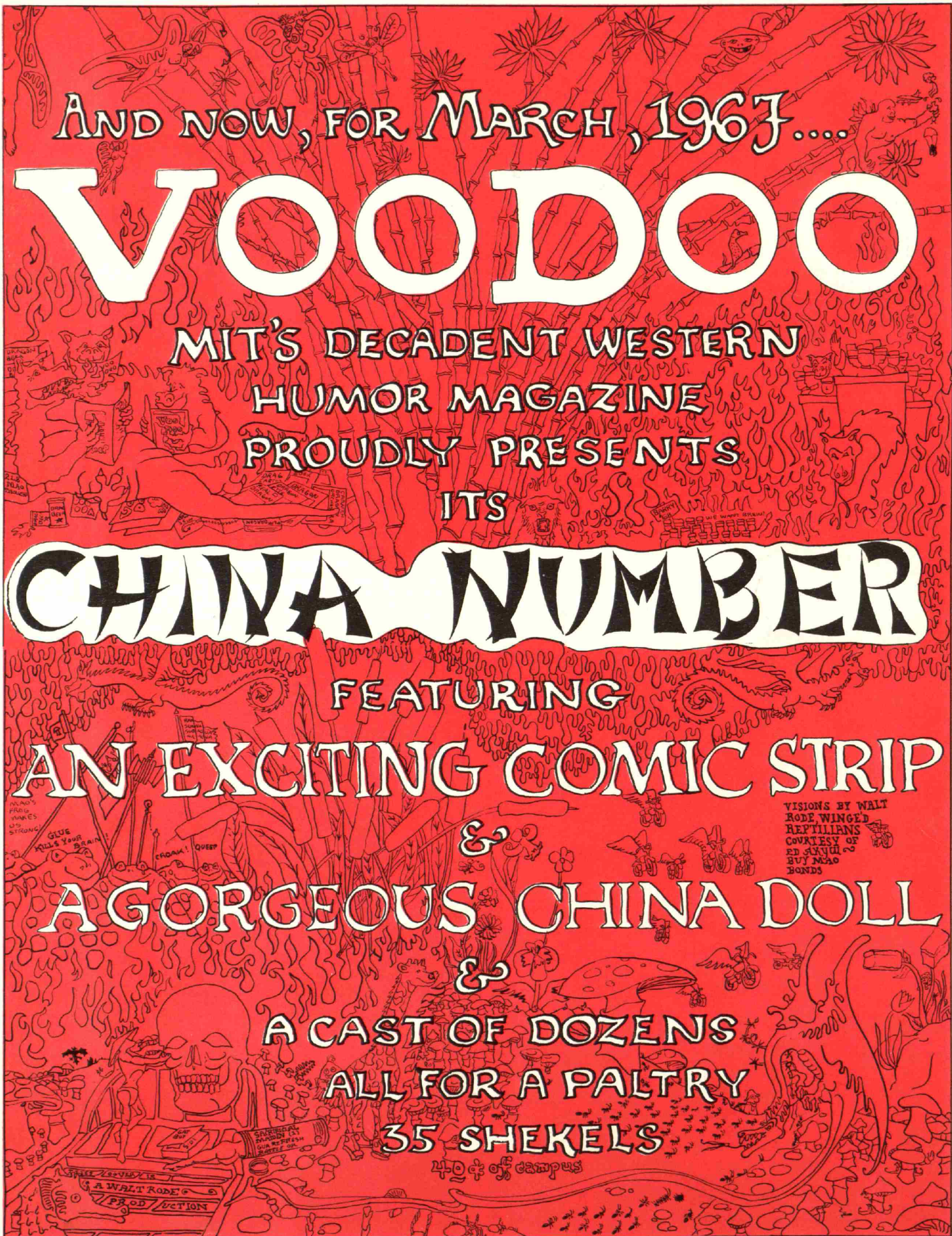
A GORGEOUS CHINA DOLL

A CAST OF DOZENS

ALL FOR A PALTRY

35 SHEKELS

40¢ of campus

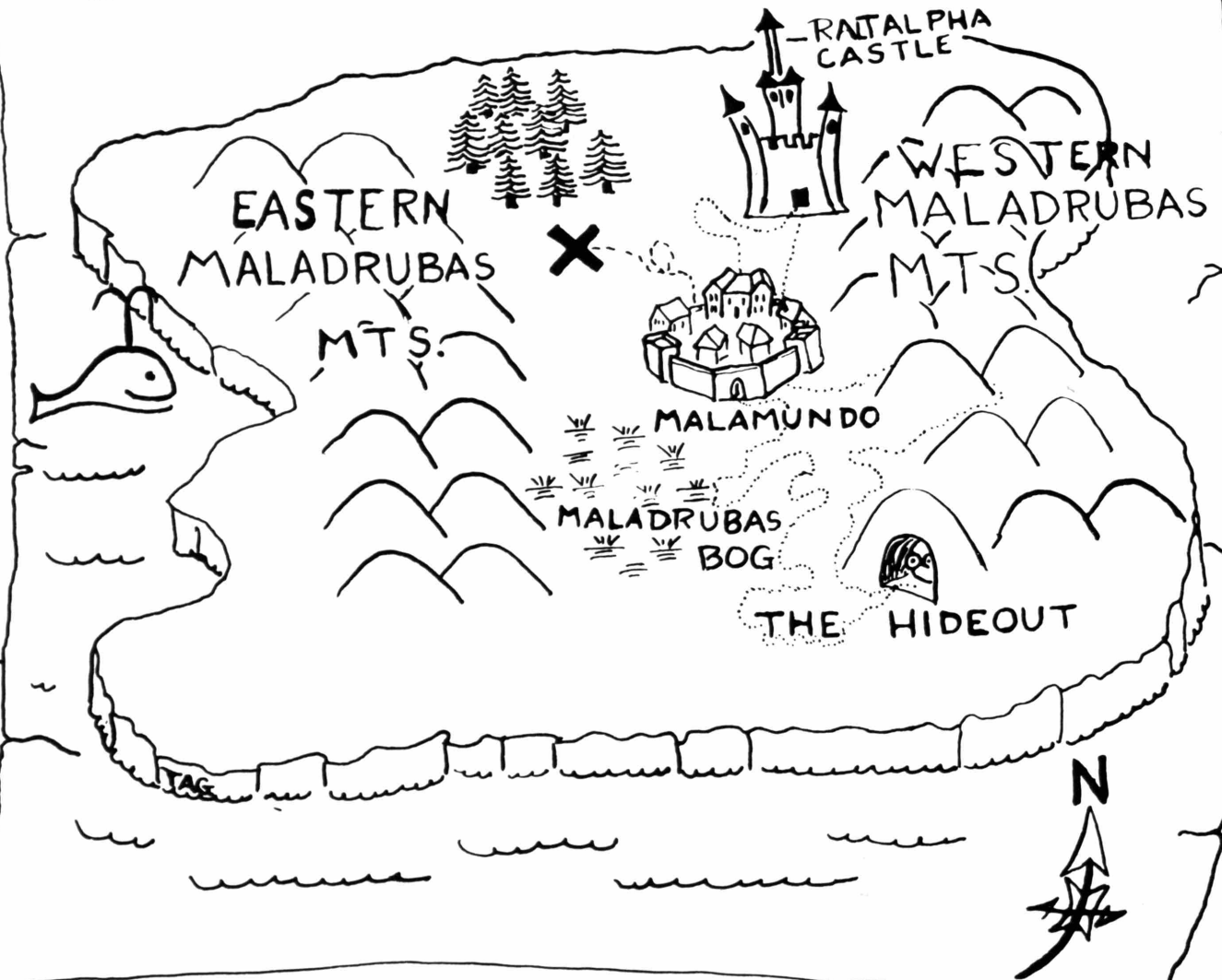


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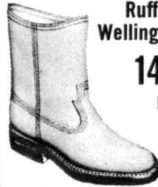
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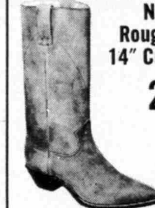
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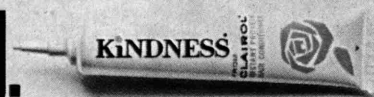
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All of Mao's subjects  
read



750 million illiterates can't be wrong.

Vol. 50 No. 5

### Our Protectors

<b>General Manager</b>	Kimball Thurston
<b>Editor</b>	Keith Paterson
<b>Business Manager</b>	Robert Calvert
<b>Savanah-puma-quru</b>	Walt Rode
<b>Chairman</b>	Mao

### Our Defectors

<b>Carthusian Monk</b>	Ed Jakush
<b>Publicity Manager</b>	Walt Kuleck
<b>Hired Assassin</b>	Dave 'Quickdraw' Chanoux
<b>Arsonist</b>	John Marshall

### Our Defectives

<b>Man with the Golden Razor</b>	Irv Simon
<b>Man with the Golden Checks</b>	Paul Ware
<b>Man with the Golden Tongue</b>	Steve Gallant
<b>Man with the Hairy Beard</b>	Alan Chapman
<b>Man with the Silver Paper</b>	Art Kalotkin
<b>Man with the Silver Razor</b>	Hal Rosenblit
<b>Man with the Shiny Fore-head</b>	J.G.
<b>Man with the Golden Cackle</b>	J.G.

## The Read Horde

**The Office Cat:** Phos

**Kittens:** Lynn P., Lee C., Debbie., Bonnie, Laurel, Nancy, Sandy, Lenore, Paula, Judy K., Abigail C., Jan, Rella, Margie T'er and her roommate, Lainey, Ellen.

**Skeletons in our Closets:** Pontius P., Boob of Earth, M.L. et ux, Mark, C.D./H.S.C.

**Just Plain Bodies in our Closets:** Ratman of the West, Maury the Missing, D. F. Nolan (ret.), Shelley and Amy, Little Johnny R.

**Sculpture Consultant:** J. Calvin Randall

**Draw Pictures:** Lynn Porsche', Uncle Phyllis Taggart, Mike Bromberg, Hank Dixon, Annie Tambureno, Paul Epstein.

**Draw Words:** Sam Epstein, Braney Black, Rich Rosen, Gorilla Monsoon, Barry Schwartz, Earl of Withycombe, Bob of DeMarrais, Phil Miller, Steve Cooper, Riki-Tiki-Tavi, a case of Cobras, and of course, Mao.

**Draw Crowds:** The Weasel, Loki the Punster, the Original Zoomer, Poor Rosen, Pete Kendall, The Enforcer.

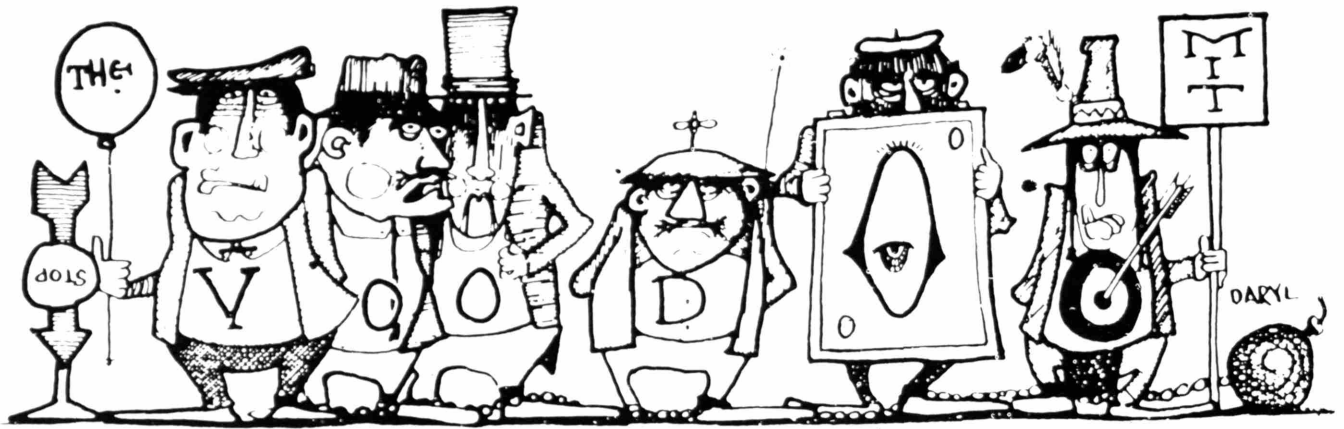
**Draws Flies:** W. Rode

**Hog Inspector and Herald of Climo:** Dr Doom

**Advertising Right Arm:** Nick Johnson.

**Sales:** Steve Piece, Jerry V'Enema, Bill Floor, Sul-len Cracks, Sandbox, Ken Horny, Pete the meat, Chick Pollak, Steve Erection, Arm-pit, Rastus, Wally Elderbait, Rod Wreck, Ken Comer, Big Dan, Little Jimmie, Dad, Fallingbody, Philthy Sux, Apathetic Grit, The Kinsport Stud, Cousin Brucie, Supper Stubby, Tom Gravey, Lazy Tommy Tennieshoe, Bob Dumlop, Don from Mars, Roarshak, Tom Scald-well, You Betchersweet, Larry Peeeeeetro, Jim Bringafinger, Me Hairy, you Jane?, Jim Bardee, The Little Pollak, Dave Swamp, Karl Read, Ranger Bob, Tall Paul, K. K. Kollins, B. McReady, Rich Walleigh, T. Derby, Tim Dalton, Hugh Jorgasm, G. I. Wanda Eata, Iban Kuffintoff, Clyde T. and the whole gang.

Mao's Thought, Installment Five Thousand Seven: Thereis but one decadent Western magazine and it is VooDoo. This book in your hands is a decadent Western Magazine. By use of Mao's four hundredth invention, logic (see Mao's Thought, Installment Four Hundred) we can conclude that this is VooDoo. All decadent Western magazines are printed in Room 461, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. Therefore, this being a decadent Western magazine, was printed in Room 461, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. All decadent Western magazines appear eight times during the school year, but Honorable VooDoo Managing Board out to prove Mao wrong. Tune in next time and see if we have an issue. Entered as second class mail, Cambridge, Mass.



If you like fried rice, you'll like this issue of *VooDoo*. On these pages, printed in soy sauce, you will find the result of months of painstaking research carried out by *VooDoo* staffers who were smuggled into Red China disguised as egg rolls. Those who were not accidentally eaten returned to Cambridge with the amazing tales contained herein. So read carefully – every third baby born in the world today is Chinese, so if there are already two kids in your family, and your mother's pregnant . . . .

On a recent foray through the Greater Boston area, our man in the alleys reports that he chanced upon the secret storage place of Getzel's Pretzelmobile. A very obscure nook it was, too. We are almost afraid to tell you where it's kept for fear of your running out and desecrating it. You might write hate words like 'bagel' or 'donut' on it. What we finally decided to do was to

check out the alley reconnaissance capabilities of our readers by running a contest to see who can find the Pretzelmobile first. It might seem silly to run this as a contest, but no one ever has entered a *VooDoo* contest anyway, so what the hell. First prize is really terrific. We of the *VooDoo* will wine and dine you for a fabulous ten minutes at the famous Pretzelmobile, curb-

side on Mass. Ave. Just send in your description of exactly where the Pretzelmobile lives after hours to: *VooDoo*, Room 461, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139, Attn: Pretzel. First correct entry wins. Sorry, all members of the staff and management of the Pretzelmobile are ineligible. And so is the garage owner (oops).

Yesterday we were down at Ye Beef and Great Shakes and we watched this argument develop. It seems that the girl behind the counter was asking the boy on the sandwiches to build a roast beef sandwich. But the slightly inebriated B.U. girl that had ordered said edible chortled and said, "You don't build sandwiches, you make them silly." "Madame, we at Ye Beef and Great Shakes build our sandwiches, we do not make them. We pride ourselves on that." "Whaa? How do you build a sandwich? You just take a piece of bread, slap on some mayonnaise, drop on the meat, 'nother piece of bread. All set. No?" "No, definitely not madame. We build all of our sandwiches. First we lay down a foundation of bread. Nice and level. Then we apply the mayonnaise. I think we are a bit careless there. But it doesn't matter because when I lay the first story of meat and lettuce down it all levels out. Like axle grease, you know. But anyway, I begin to submit

4 bids for the first layer of meat. Then I pick the highest bidder and cut off a few slices of him. Got that, the highest bidder. We don't mess." "Right, don't mess." "Then I go into the back room and talk with the boss about the next layer. When we finally decide about that layer, I come back out front. Then I consult with the sandwich as to what it wants to be atop it. But finally I just run out and decide all by myself. I build the rest of the sandwich right away. And so, pow. I build it. So there." "I'm impressed." "Don't be facetious." "No really, I am impressed. Really I am impressed honest." "Well if you really want to, I'll let you watch me as I build one. Is that all right with you? I'll even let you watch me as I build up the second inch of food." "Wow! You don't really make your sandwich taller than two inches!" "In that respect you are right. We do, however, BUILD sandwiches more than two inches thick. We pride ourselves on that point. Two

inches or we give them back to the cow. Nothing less than two inches. Understand?" "Oh yes, two inches." "Good girl – let me tell you about our special offer. For all you people that read and believe in that magazine *VooDoo*, we have a special offer. We will give you a free iced drink if you just shout the words, "Voo Doo." That's how easy it is." "Oh really, it's that easy? Well, here goes, 'Voo Doo!'" "Here's a free drink, there kid." "Oh thank you." "Here's your free drink!"

I could go on forever about all the fun things at Ye Beef and Great Shakes but I seem to have filled all the space I was supposed to fill. Adios, but we do wish you to remember that Ye Beef and Great Shakes will give you a free iced drink if you have the fortitude to shout out, 'Voo Doo.' Next time you're there (of course you will go there), shout out, 'Voo Doo,' and get your free iced drink.



VIDI, VICI, VENI!

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"Can't you whistle something else besides 'Red River Valley'?"

Stolen from Yale Record



Professor Samuelson was busy writing the eightieth edition of his book when the phone rang. A small voice at the other end said, "I question your statistics on the high cost of living nowadays. My wife and I eat well and pay only sixty-eight cents a week."

"Migod," gasped the professor, "I can hardly believe that. Tell me how. Please speak a bit louder too."

"I can't. I'm a goldfish."



They all laughed when the peacenik came to the costume party dressed as a bird. They didn't know that he had been tarred and feathered.



The drunken barber was trying his best to keep from cutting the priest he was shaving. But careful as he was, he managed to slip and nick the good Father. The barber apologized profusely but with rather aromatic breath that led the priest to comment, "Ah, demon Rum is a terrible thing."

"Sure is Father, makes the skin so soft."

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One night with Venus. Six months with Mercury.



The little old man would come downstairs into the hotel dining room every morning to pour over the menu yet end up ordering ham and eggs. One day the young waitress decided to kid him a bit. She scratched all the entries off the menu and handed it to the old gent. But he wasn't phased in the least. He took the same amount of time to go over the now blank menu. Eventually, without looking, he mumbled, "Gimme some ham and eggs."

"But sir," she giggled, "didn't you see? I scratched something you like."


"Oh yeah? Then wash your hands and get me some ham and eggs."



The indignant BU girl snarled, "I'll give you just forty-five minutes to get your hand off my knee."

The young Czech woman was at the end of her rope. The world was too heavy for our buxom young protagonist. She had finally decided to commit suicide. However, she didn't want to disturb anyone too much when she did commit suicide, so she went to ask a doctor's advice on the neatest way to go. When he got over the initial shock he described his plan for an unobtrusive suicide. "Go home, undress, get into bed, and shoot yourself about two inches below the left breast." So home she went, she got undressed, got into bed, and shot herself in the kneecap.

A couple was out driving through the woods on a cold morning in a horse-drawn wagon when the girl spotted a baby skunk shivering aside the road. They decided to pick the creature up and raise it as a pet. However, the trip back was colder than they had expected and the little skunk seemed about ready to die. The girl asked what to do and the boy suggested that she put it up under her skirt. A bit repulsed, the girl answered, "Ah but it smells," to which the boy replied, "That's O.K., the little skunk will get used to it."



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Two pints makes one cavort.



"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked the first grade teacher. "Why so sad this morning?"

"I didn't get any breakfast this morning."

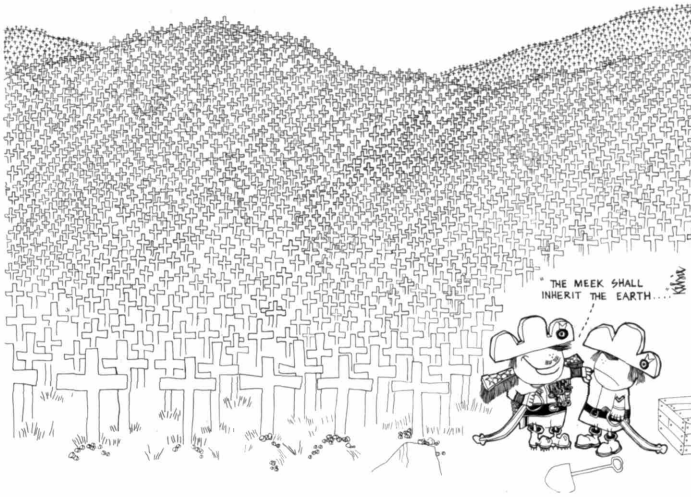
"Oh, that's too bad. Let's return to our geography lesson anyway. Now, Johnny, where is the Polish border?"

"He's in bed with my Mother, which is why I didn't get any breakfast this morning."



"Say," said Paul as he stared at the girl across the bar. "Isn't that Hortense?"

"I don't know," replied Dave. "She looks relaxed to me."



If the Chairman had been born twins, China would today be witnessing a Mao Mao uprising.



What do you use to gather rice?  
A paddy wagon



Kids are made by every mother, but only two Chinese can make another.



A Catholic priest was travelling through the South when his car broke down. Walking up to the nearest farmhouse, he asked the farmer if he could use his phone. "Well," said the farmer, "I'm just an old Southern Baptist, and ordinarily we don't cater much to Catholics. But just this once, you can come into my house." The priest made his call and just as he was ready to leave he noticed a giant portrait of Pope Pius XII hanging in the farmer's living room.

"Excuse me, sir, but I thought you hated Catholics," inquired the priest. "That's right," replied the farmer. "Well, why do you have a picture of Pope Pius displayed so prominently in your home?"

"Is that Pope Pius?" mused the farmer, "The guy who sold it to me said it was Harry Truman in his Masonic uniform."

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Mao says: Nothing could be finer than to travel to Red China in the moooorning.



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MAO'S  
THOUGHT  
MAKES US  
STRONG



## MAO SAYS -

Girl who sit on judge's lap get judicial discharge.



Foolish man climbs tree to get cherries; wise man merely spreads limbs.



This is the first in a long series of handbooks to be used by all you enterprising Red Guard Scouts as Guiding Lights. We thereby caution you to keep this handbook dry, for soggy it will not light and will yield no light. The entire project was made possible by the members of the VooDoo (rhymes with voo doo) staff. We must carefully explain that the thoughts of Mao fall beyond all bounds. However, the staff of VooDoo falls short of all bounds. Therefore, they can only present the first in a series, the remainder of which will never be published. With this word of warning I wish you luck and joy in learning the ropes of Red Guard Scout. The VooDoo staff will not take over (in real English).

Yours until the next purge,  
Mao "the Kid" Tse Tung

Girl who fly upside down in airplane have crack-up.



Only way to keep baby from crying is to give it bust in mouth.



Man who fight with his wife daytime get no peace at night.



Girl who cooks carrots and peas in same pot is very unsanitary.



Secretary not permanent until screwed on desk.



Girl should not marry basketball player because he dribbles before he shoots.

# ALOUND PEKING

by Walter Wincherr  
China's No. 1 columnist

## MLISTER AND MLS. AMELICA AND ARR THE SHIPS AT SEA

FRASH! New Amelican movie be-  
gin at Peking Bijou. "Who's Aflaid  
of Virginia Worf?" Typical decadent  
Yankee smlut. Sure to be crosed by  
loyal RedGuald. Prease to see itsoon,  
and be sure to sit crose, or you miss  
all Smlutty lines . . . Madame Ching  
Chiang, Comlade Mao's loyal blide,  
seen at the Peking Waldorf Astolia for  
honorable Red Guald benefit. She reft  
pletty rate in the molning. Pletty dlunk  
too . . . Peking TV's honorable chan-  
nel tlen newscaster (he reports plogless  
of freedom roving Viet Congcomlades)



is now cereblity. Seen at new Chinese  
jet-slet hangout in Tibet with starlet  
Clit T'weak . . . Decadent Amelican  
society band, Rester Ranin, imported  
to pray at Chairman Mao's number  
one daughter's coming-out 'deb' party  
in fashionable sluburb of Fliendship  
Heights. Comlade Mao says he will

show decadent Occidental tastes in  
mlusic . . . EXCRUSIVE! New Pek-  
ing night-spot, Horriday Inn, will open  
tomollow. Rots of flun . . . Nasty re-  
actionary President Liu Shao C'hi's  
number one son vetlothed to Hong  
Kong stlipper G'ee Stling. Honey-  
moon in Outer Mongoria. Rots of  
ruck, kids! . . . HERE'S THE  
RATEST! Nasty fascist Chaing Kai  
Shek thlew a rild party in the base-  
ment of his decadent Taiwan mansion.  
The wild party's name was Cambodi-  
an ambassador Phat Plik . . . BUR-  
RETIN! Shanghai Prayboy Wing  
Ding threw a wild one on his Yangtze  
yacht, Horny Dlagon, attended by  
our honorable atom experts. Must  
have been a brast . . . Who was so  
blash at Peking pliemiere of honorable  
ballet, Swan Rake? Plobably those  
nasty Lussian stludents . . . HEY!  
WOW! How you gonna keep them  
down on the falm, after they've seen  
Peiping?

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# RED GUARD HANDBOOK

In the beginning there was Mao. And Mao saw there was darkness so he made a firecracker to light the way and provide warmth throughout the land. And Mao made the bamboo to grow so the land would be beautiful and so there could be a bamboo curtain and so there could be bamboo foot-spikes. And Mao saw that it was good.

And Mao created the yellow hordes of men so that the land might be overrun and the imperialists conquered. And He saw that it was good.

And Mao created himself a body. And it was strong and lithe and ran on rice. And it was good for running and swimming even if it did look funny. And Mao saw that it was well. And Mao said to himself, "Something is lacking. I need something to help man survive those cold nights when he is not overrunning the land or conquering the imperialists. So Mao created a woman. And he saw that it was no good. So he replaced her with a red chinese woman. The better to conquer the imperialists with. And he saw that it was good.

But alas. In the deep dark recesses of some netherworld, there arose a

monstrous creature with red and white stripes all over him and a white beard.

And Mao was the Word, and the Word was Mao. Words, words, words. Hoo Boy!

Hordes (with a *d*).

Swimming the Yangtze in nine minutes.

Created woman and He saw that the yellow hordes (with a *d*) began to forget to overrun the land and were running after women and hugging and kissing and -----.

And lo, the monster was called Uncle, and was possessed of a mighty appetite, and began engulfing great sections of Mao's People's Socialist Nationalists Collectivized Dialectically Materialist Paradise. Into these once happy lands of discipline, order, revolutionary fervor and beneficial poverty the monstrous Uncle introduced the false god of Money. In the name of Money, the previously pious masses were forced to practice strange pagan rites. Installment Buying, Buy-Now-Pay-Later, Bond-a-Month; visited unholy temples: First National Bank and Savings and Loan, and collect evil — such as houses, and clothes, and even automobiles. Great was the suffering of the people, and loud were

their wails of despair.

And seeing that His people were sorely tried under the burden of Money and His minions Wealth and Prosperity, Mao was greatly wroth. Against the monster and the false god He unleashed the yellow hordes (with a *d*). Armed with selected volumes of the writings of Mao, they bludgeoned the monster. Back, back the monster reeled under the impact of Mao-think. Seeing the hour of their liberation at hand, the oppressed masses joyously rose against the monstrous Uncle and his false deity Money. Ecstatically they burned their bankbooks, ripped their Frumentian Beige Deep-Pyle wall-to-wall carpets, took a hatchet to their late-model two-tone leather-upholstered only 392-more-payments-to-go Puke-mobile VIII's, and in a final burst of burning fervor set fire to all the evil symbols of the pagan god — their ranch-style homes, their Danish modern furniture, their tailor-model clothes. And great was the joy of the masses to be pure and poverty-stricken once again, with all the fierce pleasures of starvation, exposure, and good honest filth.

And Chairman Mao saw it was good.

## RED GUARD WOODCRAFT TO BUILD A FIRE WHEN NO MATCHES ARE AVAILABLE:

- (1) Remove two limbs from nearest Occidental.
- (2) Rub limbs together directly over nearest pool of napalm.
- (3) Chop down tree and brace in poor of naparm.
- (4) Lun for your rifle!

## MELIT BADGES

Pioneering: Heat pie to 2400 F. and cool slowly.

Brothelhood: (Plintel: please not

to change sperring) Rove your brothel a whore rot.

Rifesaving  
Animal Husbandly

A  
Lairloading  
Erectlonics  
Ladio Lepailing



The Red Guard Handshake:

For other Red Guards:

Rotate left hand through 90 degrees counterclockwise. Place right thumb

on bottom of left elbow, palm down. Wrap right index finger in a clockwise fashion around left forefinger with left pinky extended.

Twitch middle ear.

Stick left eyetooth in right eye.

Bow to East four times.

For non-Red Guards:

Advance in friendly manner.

Place right hand in right back pocket.

Wrap fingers of right hand in a clockwise fashion around handle of 14-inch stilleto cleverly concealed in back right pocket.

Wrap thumb of right hand around stiletto handle in a clockwise fashion. Remove hand and knife from pocket and stab dirty capitalist imperialistic warmonger in fat decadent western belly.



BE PREPARED! A right-thinking Red Guard should carry with him at all times:

One 14-inch stiletto (see "handshake" above).

Volumes 2, 4, 7, 8, 12, 17, and 31 of Mao's Thought.

Official Red Guard combination secret ring, magic compass, and secret compartment for dehydrated won ton soup.

One month supply of dehydrated won ton soup.

Little Orphan Annie secret decoder. Chinese-Russian dictionary.



THE OFFICIAL RED GUARD SIGN:

Raise right arm and hand in a perpendicular manner, palm towards yourself.

Fold right thumb, first, third, and fourth fingers into palm.



A Guard is:

Sneaky

Fanatical

Resourceful

Unfriendly

Mean

Sadistic

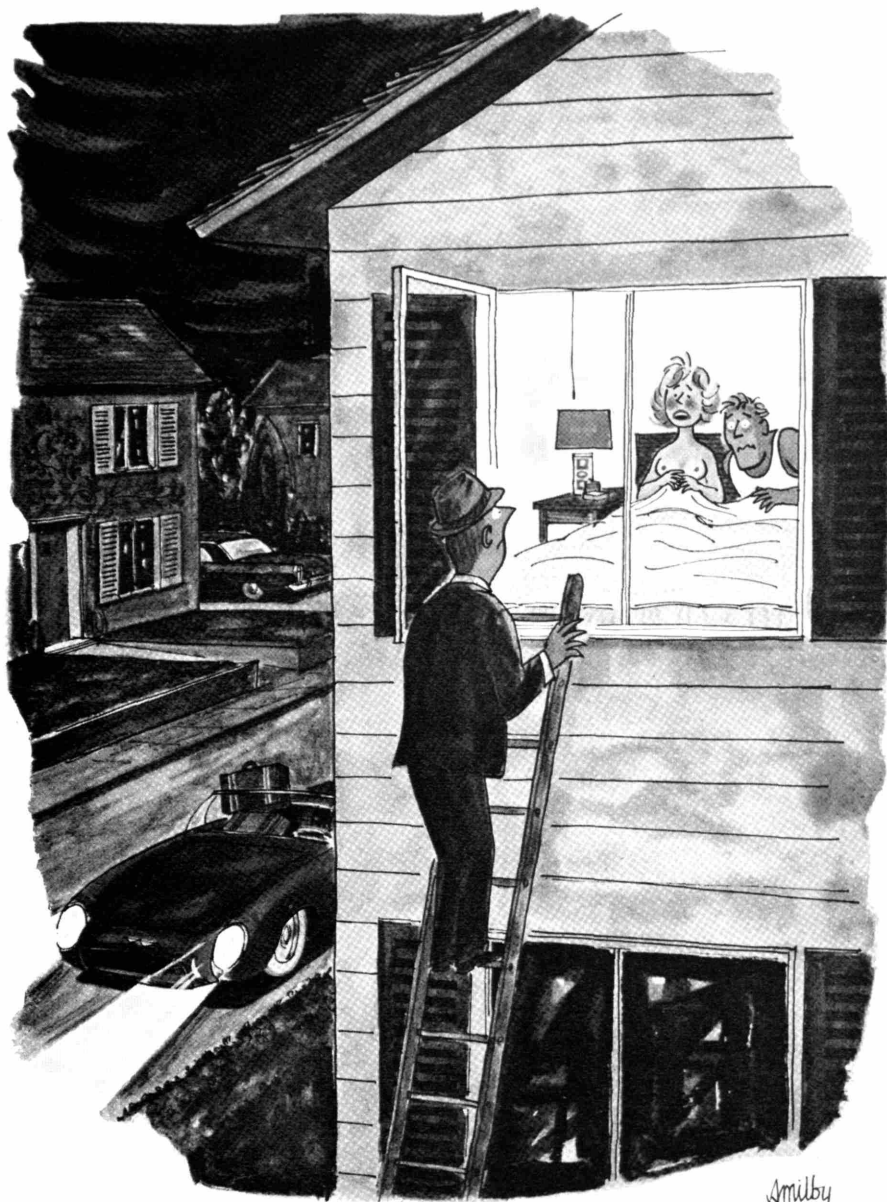
Like, mainly a bastard

Devious (not deviate, you idiot!)

Blave, crean, and levelent

A believer of Mao's thought

Gullible as hell



"But, Barry, you didn't tell me the Allston Tower of Pizza went out of their way to make deliveries."



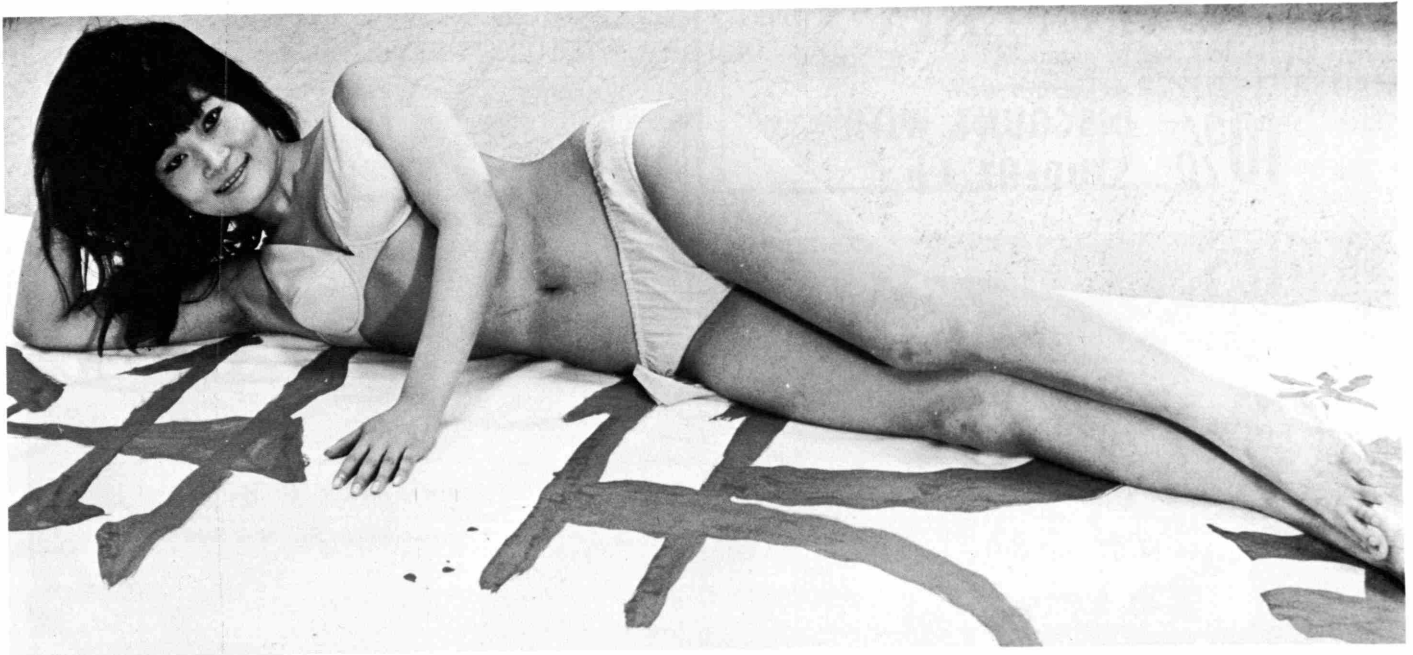
# VOO DOO'S ORNAMENTAL ORIENTAL

PHOTOS BY ART KALOTKIN

Yum Ya Yim, or Yum-Yum for short, is a psychology grad student at a local college. I'll bet she knows what you're thinking. You've all heard that Oriental girls had their feet bound to keep them small, but we think Yum-Yum's are just fine.







## THE BEARDED WONDER'S GUIDE TO CHINESE FOOD

by (WHO ELSE) Alan Chapman  
the bearded wonder

Hey, gang, with all the people going to China these days, I thought it would be a good idea to tell you a little about the most popular Chinese dishes, so in case you go to China you will be able to order exactly what you want, even without the aid of an interpreter. So here they are:

**TING TANG BANG BANG** – A delicious main dish prepared from the intestines of cats. The intestines are simmered gently for several hours over a wood fire. They are then cut into four-inch pieces and garnished with water chestnuts. **NOTE:** Occasionally the insides of the intestines are not completely washed, leaving a slight residue. This, however, has never bothered a true Chinese gourmet.

Thus arose an old Chinese proverb, Nuku azwa moo kai nema, haga foo naha kuru – What a useful animal is the cat! Nothing is wasted except the meow.

**CHAR LEE TOO NAH** – A mouth-watering appetizer made from the wings of Formosan horseflies. It staggers the imagination to realize that as many as a thousand, yes 1000, horseflies go into each serving. It is, therefore, understandable that it is a high-priced delicacy, due largely to the scarcity of good wing-pickers in China today.

**BAI TEE BAGA** – A skillful blend of vegetables and dirt, used widely as a side dish. The true gourmet smothers this concoction with soy sauce and is often pleasantly surprised when he finds that his BAI TEE BAGA contains a KRAW LEE TING (earthworm).

**WAI ZOO HO SRED** – A delectable dessert carefully made from the

sex organs of baby wombats, sugar, spice, and everything nice. Often served a la mode nowadays (due to Western influence), it is a taste sensation not soon to be forgotten.

So there you have it – all the ingredients for a tasty Chinese meal. And as the Chinese say: EM AI TEE – BEE TEE BEE, (which, freely translated means: Have your wombat and eat it too).

New MIT fraternity for Chinese students: Sigma Alpha Mao and Zeta Beta Tung.



What do you call Mao's wife the day after their wedding?  
Forked Tung.

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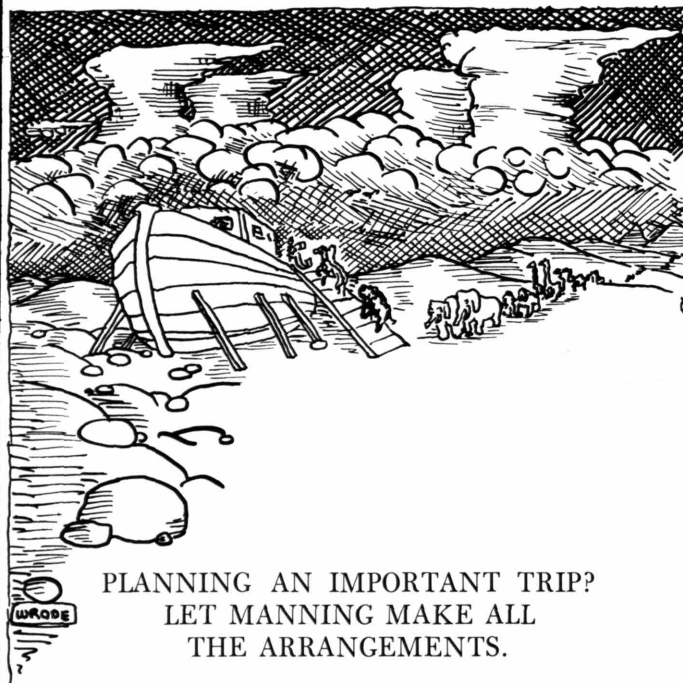
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OVERHEARD:  
TRAINING SESSION AT A RED  
CHINESE MILITARY BASE

by Alan Chapman

Those involved:

General Tee Nee Wang, commander  
Major Plentiwa Zu, pilot  
Sergeant Fung Yu, bombardier  
Private Jock Lee, navigator

(General Wang is addressing his men)

GENERAL WANG – Gentlemen, our mission is top secret. Our noble nation, under the able and benevolent leadership of Chairman Mao, has at last perfected a portable atomic weapon. With it we intend to conquer the world. Our assignment is to show the American pigs that we not only have such capabilities of destruction, but also that we will not hesitate to use them. Therefore, our assignment is to provide the proof to the Americans, by dropping a small atomic weapon inside the boundaries of their country. However, we shall not be ruthless about this. We shall drop the bomb on the most useless and unproductive area of their country presently known to us.

MAJOR ZU – Is Death Valley?

GENERAL WANG – No.

SERGEANT YU – Is Bonneville Salt Flats?

GENERAL WANG – No.

PRIVATE LEE – What is?

GENERAL WANG – Is Harvard University. . . . Now, . . . Major Zu, you will be flying us on this mission. Private Lee, since you received a degree from MIT, we feel you are best qualified to be navigator. In addition to navigation, however, you will have the vital job of figuring the trajectory of the bomb, taking into account the velocity of the airplane, wind speed, air currents, and all other relevant data. Needless to say, you will be equipped with the best possible calculating device our advanced society has to offer.

PRIVATE LEE – Is IBM 7094?

GENERAL WANG – No.

SERGEANT YU – Is Keuffel and Esser duplex log log decitrig?

GENERAL WANG – No.

MAJOR ZU – What is?

GENERAL WANG – Is abacus . . . Oh yes, Sergeant Yu, your role as bombardier is extremely important. Once Private Lee has made his calculations, it is your responsibility to guide the bomb along the predetermined course.

SERGEANT YU – Will do same no doubt by radio control?

GENERAL WANG – No, . . . unfortunately such equipment is beyond our means. So we will do the next best thing. You will ride the bomb.

SERGEANT YU – (Incomprehensible Chinese outburst.)

GENERAL WANG – Now, now, Ser-

geant, it will be very easy. To turn left, you lean left; to turn right, lean right. Then, 200 feet above the ground, you will pull a yellow chopstick out of the bomb, activating the detonating mechanism.

SERGEANT YU – (Incomprehensible Chinese outburst.)

GENERAL WANG – Now, are there any questions?

SERGEANT YU – May have permission to vomit?

Mao says: The soy bean is the soy source of soy sauce.



Chinese Techman: coolie toolie.



Wonton soup – two thousand pounds of chowder.



The name MAO TSE TUN spelled backwards is GNUT EST-OAM, which is Latin for truth is beauty.

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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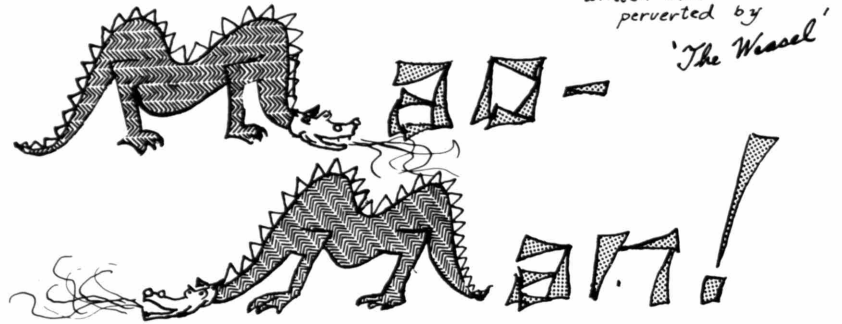
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ALL RIGHT, KIDS  
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OF MAO TSE-  
TUNG", 'CAUSE  
IT'S TIME FOR



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perverted by  
'The Wessel'

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...WIPE OUT THOUSANDS OF ANTI-MAOIST DEMONSTRATORS...

SPLAT!

... OR EVEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE ♪ LOUDSPEAKERS!

MAO LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW.

IN THIS MONTH'S ADVENTURE, MAO-MAN DEPARTS FOR THE UNITED STATES (!) TO PROCURE ANOTHER SCIENTIST FOR THE PEACELOVING ATOMIC MISSILE PROJECT!

IN THE QUIET NIGHT SKY OVER BOSTON, STRANGE LIGHTS ARE SEEN MOVING TOWARDS A WELL-KNOWN TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE...

PROBABLY SWAMP GAS... WOULD YOU BELIEVE — VENUS?

LET'S SEE... AERONAUTICS, OR NUCLEAR ENGINEERING?

HIDING HIS AIRPLANE IN THE CHARLES, MAO-MAN STRIDES BOLDLY INTO THE CENTER OF M.I.T., TRAINING GROUND FOR THE WEST'S DIABOLICAL SCIENTISTS.

HIS PLANS FOR A SECRET STRIKE ARE FOILED, HOWEVER, BY THE QUICK ACTION OF AN ALERT TOOL

NO, I DON'T THINK HE'S DRUNK...

AT ONCE THE FORCES OF BOSTON ARE ARRATED AGAINST MAO-MAN, WHO RETREATS TO THE GREAT DOOM.

WHAT WOULD CHAIRMAN MAO DO?

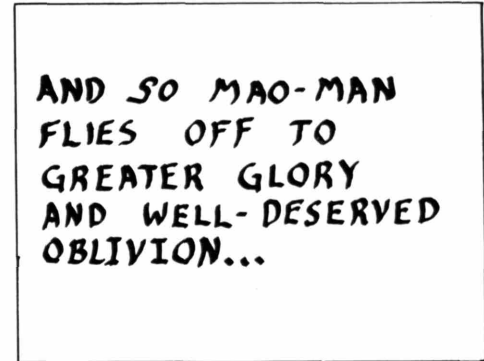
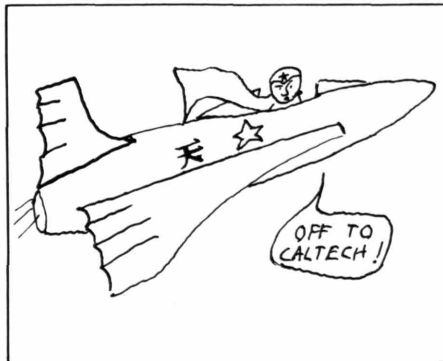
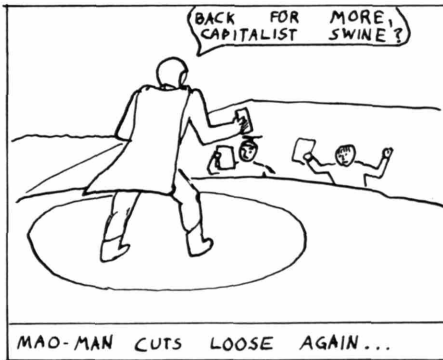
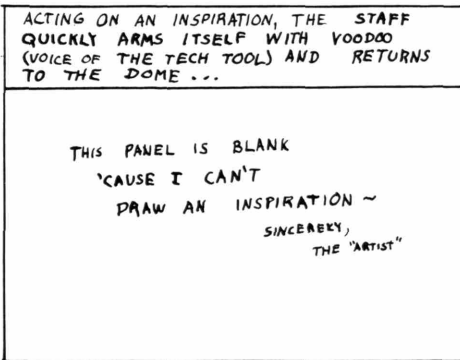
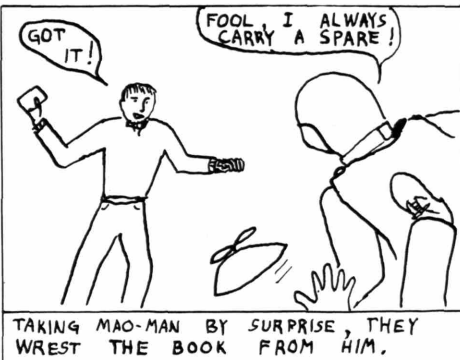
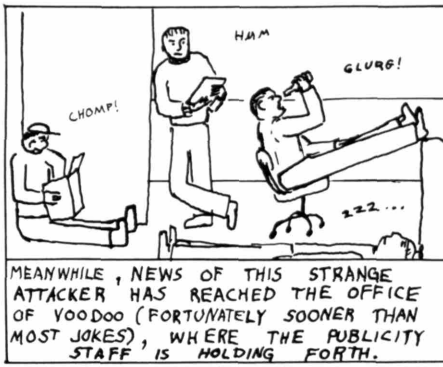
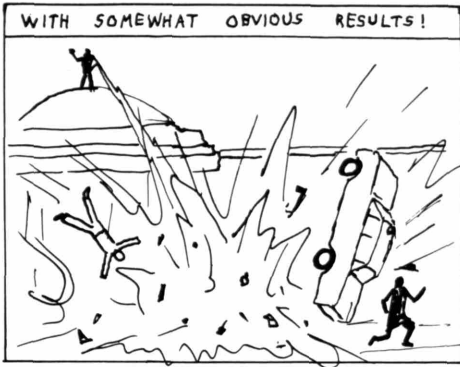
WHERE DO ALL THE NUTS COME FROM?

DOES HE LOOK DRUNK TO YOU?

JUST DON'T STAND THERE, DO SOMETHING!

COME DOWN WITH YOUR HANDS UP!!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE ADVERSARIES ACT...



## JOKES – SO PREASE TO RAUGH.

Once upon a time in Shanghai, lived a poor little boy named Shung Ching. One day, poor Shung came down with a terrible cold, probably Asian flu, except it hadn't been invented in those days. Mrs. Ching insisted that poor Shung lay in bed, and stay there quietly until he felt better. Two days passed, and Shung had not eaten a thing. Mrs. Ching, very worried, decided to call Dr. Lao Shi Ch'u. Dr. Ch'u arrived shortly, and upon examining the child, the good doctor agreed that Mrs. Ching's orders for her son to lie quietly in bed had been correct. "The boy cannot get well unless he has strength," the doctor cautioned, "therefore he must eat."

The boy's mother began to prepare some broth, but the doctor stopped her. "No," he said, "for this type of illness, I think that the boy should chew on a fried chicken leg." (Actually, the doctor pronounced it chicken reg, but for your dumb Americans, we shall Occidentalize the spelling.)

A fried chicken leg was presented to young Shung, and he tried to sit up, in order to chew on it. "No, no," cautioned Doctor Ch'u. "You must lie down while you chew this chicken leg. Is not good for you to sit up."

"But Doctor," pleaded the poor boy, "I don't think that I can Chew and lie."

Ready for another from Keithie? OK, hang on.

Back in the middle ages, the invading hordes of General Tung were besieging the castle of Prince Walt. Only the moat around Prince Walt's castle was keeping the invaders at bay. Every time the attackers tried to swim the moat, Prince Walt's archers, stationed along the battlements, were able to pick them off in the water. Food within the castle was running out, and a plan to stop the invaders had to be

"Prince Walt, my liege, I have an idea," cried Duke Irv, the captain of the guard.

"What is it, trusted Duke," asked the Prince, eagerly.

"Well, my Prince, if we allow the invaders time to swim the moat, and begin scaling the walls, we can pour the last of our boiling oil over the battlements, and drive their whole army into the moat at once. It is our only hope."

"Let's try it, noble Irv," replied the Prince, hopefully.

Soon, the invading hordes of General Tung noticed that the castle guards were not firing back at his army.

"The swine are starving. They do not have the strength to stop an all-out assault," he cried to his army.

"Hurrah," shouted Tung's invading hordes.

"I will lead the final attack myself. Follow me, my hordes," cried General Tung, as he dove into the moat.

Soon, the entire invading army had swum the moat, and were scaling the wall.

"Now, pur the boiling oil," cried Prince Walt to his loyal soldiers.

The oil was poured over the battlements, and the invading hordes were cast into the moat, in great confusion.

"We must find our leader, General Tung," cried one of the invader's lieutenants, sputtering in the moat. "Does anyone in the Moat see Tung?"

Are there red guard agents in the Pentagon?

No, but there's a chink in the wall.



ANNOUNCEMENT FROM RADIO PEIPING: It was made public today that upon his death, Chairman Mao will be cremated so that the entire population may enjoy smoked Tung.



Then there was a Chinaman who was looking for a nice chick because he wanted an egg roll.



How did Mao Tse Tung discover that Lin Piao was queer?

He caught him Peking.



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# CHAIRMAN MAO'S GREATEST FEATS

- 1921-Chairman Mao invents television
- 1867-Chairman Mao invents electric light bulb
- 1453-Chairman Mao invents printing press
- 1923-Chairman Mao invents *VooDoo*
- 20,000 B.C.-Chairman Mao builds ark
- 10,000 B.C.-Chou en-lai receives 10 Commandments from Chairman Mao
- 1945-Chairman Mao invents computer; MIT saved from ruin
- 1573-Chairman Mao invents laundries
- 1924-Chairman Mao invents Course XV; cuts MIT flunk-out rate
- 1919-Chairman Mao invents Western decadence
- 1186-Chairman Mao builds Great Wall of China
- 1964-Chairman Mao sets world record for 50 yd. dash
- 1966-Chairman Mao swims entire length of Yangtze River
- 1875-Chairman Mao invents slide rule; created Tech tool syndrome
- 1846-Chairman Mao cures smallpox
- 1954-Chairman Mao invents air pollution
- 1959-Chairman Mao invents LSD
- 1674-Chairman Mao develops pizza
- 1965-Chairman Mao lifts Shanghai and places in more favorable location



The new stewardess was nervous as she brought the afternoon meal into the cabin of the big 880. Understandably, then, she gasped audibly when she saw that the pilot was stripped to the waist and busily lifting barbells. With her composure somewhat regained she silently placed a tray before the co-pilot, who was at the controls. Just as he tasted his soup the plane hit an air pocket. The stewardess lurched backwards and there was a loud clattering of dishes. When the huge jet steadied and resumed its normal altitude, the co-pilot, somewhat angered, noticed that the pilot's barbells had landed on his tray. The new stewardess, shaken and close to tears, was overcome with nausea as she heard the co-pilot retort, "Flyer, there's a weight in my soup."



## WELCOME TO...

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Handwritten numbers and text including "HAPPY NEW YEAR" in a speech bubble. The numbers are organized in columns and rows, with some circled or underlined. The text "1961" is written near the bottom right, next to a drawing of a skeleton.



HAPPY NEW YEAR





# IMAGINARY IMAGINARY

by Bruce Leslie

"Oh, this is all so senseless!" exclaimed Alice as she violently slammed her literature book. "So useless! What do I care about Greek wars? And philosophy? Why can't I study something meaningful?"

Feeling athletic that morning, the coded climbed up one of the trees in the great court. She came to a fork in the tree, and continued upward along the principal branch. This was her mistake.

Suddenly, without warning (as most sudden things seem to be) a small rabbit darted up the tree and right past Alice. "Goodness, where are you going so fast, and I didn't know rabbits could climb trees, and who are you?"

The rabbit stopped short. "I'm late, that's why. 'Path independent' they said. Ha! It's much longer this way. Much, much longer. I'm late, and I have three appointments. One, two, three. And I'm late! And rabbits can

climb trees, really. And I'm the Infinite Hare. And I'm late, late, late!" Then, he disappeared into a small, round hole in the side of the tree. "Come on down!" he called as he ran into the trunk. "Follow me!"

"But I'll never fit in that little hole," said Alice. "Oh, what's the use? I'll never find him now, and he can't hear me. Oh! 7.01 and 18.81! Of course! A human being is just a long tube inside another tube, and that's like a doughnut, and a doughnut is a torus, and they're topologically equivalent, so . . ." Thusly, Alice was transformed into a small Stouffer's doughnut, and fit easily into the hold. But then, she fell, and kept on falling, and falling, until she hit bottom on what appeared to be a flat and level plane. "My, but this is complex," she remarked.

Suddenly, the whole plane ceased to be a plane at all, but an infinite set of Riemann surfaces, stretching up and down to plus and minus infinity, respectively. Alice immediately defined here surface as the principal one, since she had, after all, been on the principal branch of the tree when she met the Infinite Hare.

Her senses detected something way down along the negative end of the Riemann spiral. It was a strange animal, running up the spiral, circling the origin again and again, getting larger and closer each time it went around. Soon it got close enough so that Alice could hear what it was saying. It repeated one phrase over and over, once each time it circled the origin. "Two pies in your eye! Two pies in your eye!" it said. "Two pies in your eye!" Then, as the strange thing vanished uniformly as it curved away toward infinity, the Riemann surfaces collapsed into the singular plane once again. "How strange," remarked Alice. "What a strange animal. I wonder what it was."

"Purely imaginary, my dear, purely imaginary!" The Infinite Hare was back again. "I'm late! And that was

a wrestling kangaroo. Some people call them Wresidoos for short. But they're imaginary. Purely imaginary. You didn't see it at all, my dear! Not at all!"

"But I know I saw it. What can I believe, if I can't believe what I see?" asked Alice.

"What you see, what you see! Perhaps you need glasses. Yes, glasses. Purely imaginary. Go see the i doctor. Imaginary. Come along. I have to go to the i doctor too. And I'm late, I'm late!"

"Silly rabbit," thought Alice. "I don't need glasses. And I saw that thing, and I heard it too. It's even sillier than Plato." Abruptly, her thoughts were interrupted. A big, round eyeball stared down at her. "It isn't real; it can't be!" thought Alice. But of course it wasn't real, since it was all eye. Purely imaginary, as the Hare had said. "Maybe he was right. Maybe I *am* seeing things."

The Hare spoke. "Crazy, that's what you are. Crazy. You'll have to see an analyst. Here comes one now. The i doctor can't help."

Alice approached the man in the large hat who was walking along a contour. "Pardon me, sir, but are you a psychiatrist? My friend over there said you were, and I was wondering if you could help me."

"Not here, little girl, not here. I have to see you in my office before I can help you at all." Just then, the rabbit hurried off. "I'm late!" he shouted.

Alice had read too many dirty stories about psychiatrists and their offices. "But why can't you help me here? The rabbit isn't here to bother us."

"Elementary, my dear," the doctor replied. "I am an analyst, but I can only help you in and near my office, where I am analytic. And now, if you will excuse me, I really must be on my way." So saying, the man strode off along the negative real axis.

"What am I to do now?" moaned Alice. "All alone in this crazy place, 23

and I don't know if I'm crazy myself." She looked down at her feet, and noticed that her dress was torn. "Oh, dear! And I don't even have a needle. What to do!"

As if in answer to her plea, she saw a small man, with needle and thread. "Oh, a tailor! Just what I need." Her happiness was short-lived, however. A second tailor appeared, and a third, and a fourth, and so on until there was a whole series of tailors, each claiming that he was unique. A voice boomed from above, "You are all removable!" With that, the tailors all disappeared.

Alice began to walk. As she approached the limit of her endurance, she saw a road sign, "This Way Out to the Tree Trunk." "That's where I want to go!" exclaimed Alice. She followed the arrow. Another sign came into view, "Tree, bear right. Hollow Log, bear left." "A log sign, how wonderful!" She turned to the right, following the indicated contour. A

road branched off to the left. "Where does that go?" she wondered. "Should I take it?" She walked just far enough down the fork to see what the sign along it said. "Infinity, 5 miles. E-19, 6 miles," it read. Alice quickly retreated. "Oh, dear, I wouldn't want to end up *there!*"

Finally, she emerged at the base of the tree she had climbed earlier. She gathered up her books, and walked to her advisor's office. "I want to transfer to course 21," she told him. "It's so much more meaningful!"

What do you call a male child obtained in a raffle?

Number-won son.



Peking Barber: China Clipper.



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# BIG BROTHER SCHMOTHER

My name is John Doe. I represent the Internal Revenue Service, an agency dedicated to truth, justice, and the American way.

Recently, *Playboy*\* magazine launched a smear campaign against our antiseptic organization, imputing that the IRS has *knowingly* and *maliciously* eavesdropped on, bugged, and invaded the privacy of every man, woman, child, and crapper in the land. Masquerading behind their spokesman Senator E. Long, they have branded the IRS "Big Brother", ". . . the Service", ". . . this agency". Nothing could be further from the truth.

As a typical member of the IRS whose reputation stands in judgment as a result of this pernicious "expose", I would like to set the record straight, and restore the image of the IRS to its proper alongside that of "motherhood", "hot-dogs", and etc.

In the article "Big Brother in America", *Playboy*\* charged that the IRS educates all of its agents in "snooper school", where they are taught the subtleties of "surreptitious entry", "microphone installation", and "amplifiers and recorders". These allegations hardly merit comment, but I shall do my best to discredit them.

Speaking as a dispassionate impartial observer, the only thing that I can conclude is that *Playboy*\* deliberately perverted and intertwined the functions of our innocuous "Snoopy Club" and "IRS Radio Hams" to its own malicious ends. Typical of the magazine\*, this is an erroneous conglomeration of partial truths. As a charter member of both organizations, let me elucidate the functions of each.

The "Snoopy Club" meets bi-weekly. The members are required to attend the meetings costumed as one of the "Peanuts" characters. For example, just yesterday I came as the Red Baron. To add a little excitement to the proceedings, we all tippy-toe into

an unlit room at 10:00 p.m., swap our favorite "Peanuts" episodes, giggle not a little, and at the stroke of midnight turn the lights on. Then Joe and I leave and the meeting is over.

And this is the basis for "surreptitious entry" and their "snooper school"? Now you have some inkling of the demented *Playboy*\* mind that can twist the truth so cleverly.

As for the "microphone installation" and "amplifiers and recorders" charges, let me say that the "IRS Radio Hams" have been scouring the organization for people who even know what these things *are*.

So once again we see that these charges are wholly without foundation or substance. And by induction, everything else they said is also a dirty lie.

Now that I have cleared the IRS, I would like to say a few words to the persons who read or purchased the Jan. 1967 *Playboy*\*, or who subscribe or have subscribed to *Playboy*\* magazine.

First, let me suggest that everyone else forget that any of this nasty business ever happened. Just stop reading right now and go on about your own affair. Before you go though, remember, IRS stands for - Integrity - Revenue - Sanitary.

Now, *Playboy*\* readers/subscribers, I feel that all of this cloak and dagger business has been blown all out of proportion. Honestly now, have you ever been spied on? Have you ever found one of our bugs in your telephone? No, of course not (If you have, you are required by IRS Provision D-43, paragraph 1, to report the incident immediately to the Internal Revenue Service, Wash. D.C., at which time you will be advised of your Constitutional duties regarding the matter).

We here at IRS realize that the material in *Playboy*\* is prone to the wild, fanciful international spy/science fiction type of material. And that you as readers usually have a propensity to drift off into an imaginary world when reading this sort of thing. Don't get

me wrong now, I think the world of imagination is a wonderful thing. Why, stories like "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", "In Her Majesty's Secret Service", and "Big Brother in America"\* seem almost real when we read them, don't they? Of course they do! They are supposed to! But then again they were just written for entertainment's sake. Nobody really *believes* in Snow White, do they now? Of course not!

You people are just a little too imaginative and creative sometimes. But that's *good*!

Now, we at the IRS are holding a swell contest for all you creative *Playboy*\* readers. Participation is more or less obligatory. The contest is entitled "How Sympathetic Am I With A Story I Have Recently Read? In order to standardize the contest, our panel of judges has chosen the fairy tale "Big Brother in America"\* on which to base your answers and essays.

The rules of the contest are simple. All questions are to be answered on the "Truth or Consequences" principle. The essay will be judged on sincerity, submissiveness, uniformity, public interest, and, of course, originality and humor.

Forms for the contest (Standard Form 38-C, Revised Dec. 1961, Form 19-C, Established by UnAmerican Conspirators Investigating Committee, IRS, Jan. 1967) must be procured from your local agent, notarized, and submitted in triplicate no later than February 20, 1967.

The prizes and their recipients will not be announced until all of the forms have been reviewed.

There now, doesn't that sound like fun? Sure.

Now I want you all to remember, the IRS is basically a service organization. We are daily expanding to meet your increasing *needs*. If you have any problems whatsoever, be sure to give us a ring. Remember, the IRS is always as near as your phone.

\*Not suitable for Public consumption by Federal standards.

To itch is human, to scratch, devine.



A young maiden had recently escaped to Formosa from the mainland. After her first after-hours encounter with one of the natives, she set about to clean his hovel. While making the bed she found a curious item from the previous night's escapade. Upon questioning her beau, he asked with great surprise, "Don't you use those in your country?" "Yes," she replied, "but we don't skin them first!" . . . chortle, chortle.



"You can lead a horticulture, but you can't make her think."

- Luther Burbank



What's a South American rodent who acts in the movies?

Elizabeth Tapir.



What's green and writes equations?

Amadeo Avocado

or

Max Plant.

Part Time Job at the Bronx Zoo circumcising elephants; large tips and a change to get ahead.



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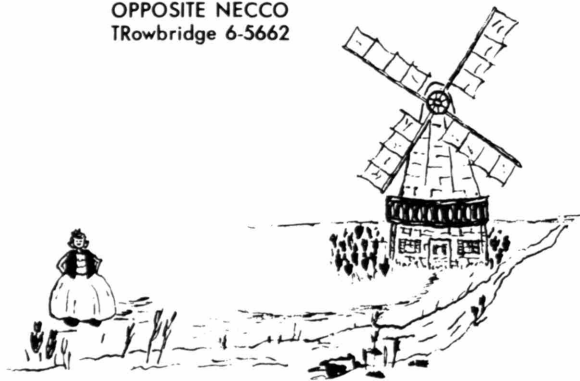
What's white and cuts down trees? Paul Onion.



A well-known national magazine is stealing VooDoo's "Doll of the Month" idea. The new feature will be called the "Fortune Cookie."

# DUTCH CLEANERS

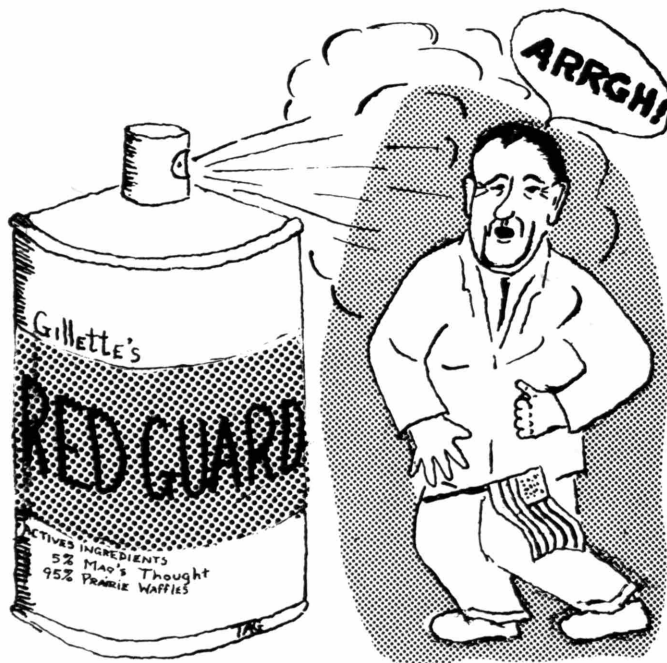
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## FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

-adv-



To get drunk in China is to Taiwan on.



Chinese Radio serial: Ma and Pa Goda.




She stood there, her hair blowing in the wind, too proud to run after it.



"Mommy, Mommy - Daddy just poisoned my kitty."  
 "Don't cry, dear. Maybe he *had* to do it."  
 "No, he didn't. He promised me *I* could."





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A Harvie and a Cliffie were parked on a lonely road. "Now," she said, "you can go as far as you like." So he drove a few more miles out in the country. You can take that any way you want to.



"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Oh yea, what's so great about that? I have one bottle which does both."

"You do? What's in it?"

"Gin."



"I was once a quarterback for Yale!"

"So? I was a hunchback at Notre Dame!"



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