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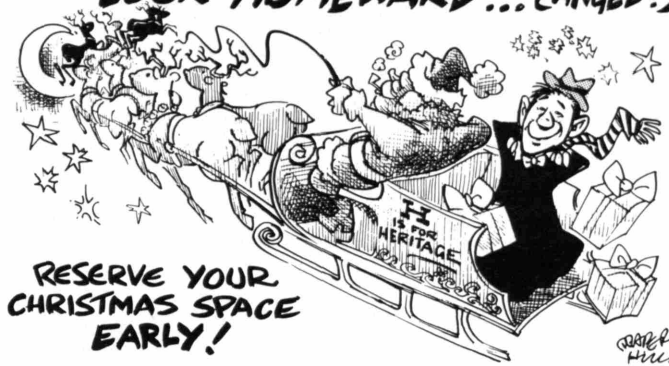
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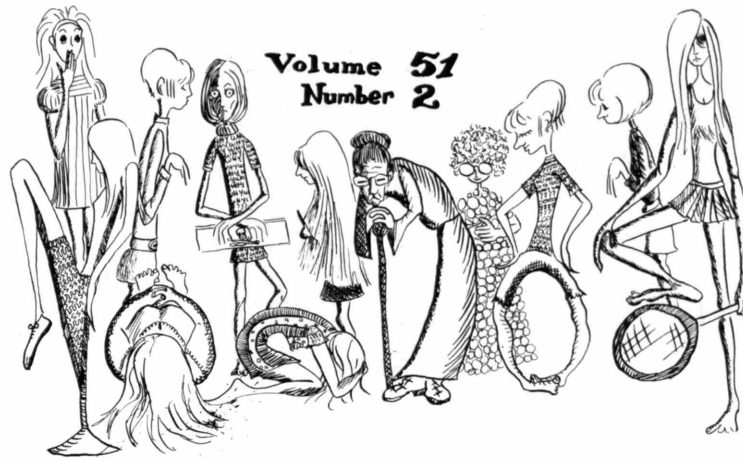
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Voo Doo is published 9 times a year—Oct.—May and in August by the Voo Doo Managing Board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139; entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office, sold for thirty-five cents on campus and elsewhere for forty cents, year subscription three dollars. Volume 51, Number 2. God Bless America.

# VooDoo Magazine

These are the times that try men's souls. Never before in the history of the great Hub City have its people been subjected to the pressures of such vast socio-political and psychological brouhaha. Louise Day Hicks, the great lady who promised to bring Boston forward into a new era of forceful, dynamic . . . uh . . . hmm . . . force and dynamism, suffered a bitter defeat at the hands of an obviously unthinking populace. Dow Chemical Company, long-time friend of students in need (at this point, it would be appropriate to throw in a note of thanks to Time Magazine: F ....dim. ) has categorically refused to supply napalm to the Cambridge Police for use in curbing the rat population of that thriving metropolis. Out of this vast caldron of strife and turmoil arises Voo Doo, to stem the tide of anxiety in the hearts of good thinking people and others. With the usual flair, Voo Doo skitts the important issues, and brings all things down to the lowest common denominator of understanding. Once again, Voo Doo stands alone in the public Service... .. God Bless Free Enterprise

**Y**es, you need help, and now there is a place to get it. The staff of VooDoo magazine now includes Bradford Felch, the world's greatest authority. So, if you want the help you so justly deserve, merely send your questions to VooDoo, Room 461, Student Center, and ASK BRADFORD FELCH. (Bradford Felch's column will start next month, pending receipt of your questions.)

**I** remember when I first came to Boston many years ago. Then, as now, there was a shortage of suitably

comfortable dwellings within my economic means, that is, cheap apartments.

As I sat (on a park bench) pondering my predicament, I realized all of a sudden that if I couldn't find a cheap apartment, I should instead try to find something else which met the basic requirement: shelter from the elements. As my eyes wandered, they fell upon something which appeared to fill the bill: a telephone booth. It had a roof, four walls, a door, plus some really swell extras like a private telephone, a light to read by, and picture windows. I moved in.

**A**t first, for the first few hours or so, it was a really great place to live. Then the shortcomings became clear.

The telephone was far from private. Actually it was public. At all hours of the day and night, people would disturb me so they could use the telephone. In addition, I was plagued by wrong numbers. The picture windows allowed people to ogly my body whenever I changed clothes, a threat to my youthful modesty. When I tried to protect my modesty by refraining from changing clothes, pungent aromas prompted me to compromise on my standard of modesty. The reading lamp was fine when I wanted to read, but when it was time to sleep I wanted it out. The only way to do accomplish this was to open the door. This eliminated satisfaction of the basic requirement of shelter from the elements by letting in the cold night air. In a move to restore warmth, I built a fire in the coin return with popsicle sticks gathered from the street. A mixed blessing resulted. The telephone was melted. This fulfilled my desire for privacy by putting an end to outgoing and incoming calls. On the other hand, it also meant my friends could not reach me at home. Also, the stench of burnt plastic that emanated from the destroyed telephone made it necessary to open the door for ventilation, but this let in the cold air. Then, if I wanted to read, I had to close the door to turn on the light, but this also intensified the odor, so I had to open the door to air out my house, but then the light went out and it was cold, so I would close the door and the light would go on and it would be warm, but . . .

One night not too long ago an amusing incident occurred in one of the rooms in the stud center (no, it was *not* the VooDoo office!). One of our friendly Physical Plant men noticed an anomaly about this room—the door was unlocked *very* late at night. Curious, our hero opened the door, to behold a tool and his woman making out with great vigor. Indignantly shocked, the janitor demanded, “What are you doing here?” The tool, like any good Techie, grabbed his pants and pulled out his MIT I.D., to show that all was on the up-and-up.

#### *The walls have ears:*

Our secret microphone in the woodwork at Endicott House picked up some interesting tidbits during the conference on the MIT Myth. At the beginning of the meeting, your friend and ours, Dean Wadleigh stood up and hesitatingly inquired if there was anyone present representing Voo Doo. After a moment of silence a grin swept across his face, he breathed a sigh of relief and sat down wiping his brow.

The illustrious Dean of Students was also overheard in a conversation with one of his underlings:

Ken: (Chortle, chortle) Those rascals at Voo Doo office asked me to pose for them with a Playboy Playmate on my lap. Of course I refused to accept their offer.

Jay: (Pleadingly) Can I do it!

Unfortunately because of an invisible shield which surrounds all female Playboy personnel, our man Ken was not able to get within a few feet of our damsel.

Even without close bodily contact, however, by sheer super-intellectual powers and poise (note she’s writing with the eraser) she was able to quickly turn the tables on J. H.

One more interesting conversation came to our attention as a result of the conference. Ho Jo was talking to some anonymous spirit, when the poor soul told the Chief that the newly opened institute extension to Wellesley is x6900. Ho Jo flipped out right on the spot and ran swiftly into the next room where he found another anonymous spirit, who just happened to be the spirit in charge of the phone system.

Ho Jo: How was the number 6900 chosen as the Wellesley extension?

Spirit: It was drawn out of a hat.

Ho Jo: *Some hat!*

*Later after extensive research the Wellesley administration discovered the penetrating implications of the new number. A change was promptly demanded. For those interested in the same in-depth research, the number is now x7474.*

#### *Speaking about the Playmate . . .*

as we were a moment ago, it seems that a number of our number were waiting for her outside the Student Center on the day she was to be photographed. A random *typical* coed, seeing the cameras, charged over to the gathering with a cheerful, “Here I am!” at which point our General Manager looked at our Editor, our Editor looked back and shrugged, and our General Manager passed out.

*Around the Voo Doo office we like to keep up with what or who is being eaten around campus. Keeping this in mind, we took a glance at the McCormick Hall Commons Menu and noticed that Thursday, November 9, was to be Jewish Night. In keeping with this theme, the featured dinner was “sherried chicken liver with bacon”—washed down with milk?*

#### *That’s Tellin’ ‘Em:*

A couple of friendly coeds kindly consented to put an advertisement for the old mag in their dorm window. When it appeared it read: “Have Fun, Get V. D.” Evidently the Powers That Be in McCormick Hall were not pleased, for it was shortly changed to read: “Have Fun, Get VOO DOO.”

#### *Space Filler:*

We thought it might interest all you historians out there that Voo Doo has again scored another first. If you will take out last month’s issue (If you don’t have last month’s issue you can get one in our office for a mere 40c) and look at the “Allston Tower of Pizza” advertisement, you will notice that it is a *two-ninths* page ad! Yes, that’s right, one-third by two-thirds. When we made up the magazine (about four in the morning), the last thing we did was their ad—and we only had that space remaining. As a matter of fact, we wanted to tell you about it in *that* issue, but if we had, it would have become a five-twelfths job.

# RALPH

m e t s

# ETHYL

By R

Ralph leaned forward over the sink placing his face not more than four inches from the toothpaste smeared mirror. "Not bad," he thought, turning his face side to side, "with some after shave talc most of the pimples will be nearly invisible." He contemplated taking a shower for a moment, but rejected the idea as a bit extreme for a Friday night mixer.

His blue jacket was not in the closet or on his desk chair. He finally found it on the floor at the foot of the bed. "Just shake it out a little," he figured, "and it will be fine. He removed his white socks and put on a dark brown pair worn only once early in the week. Ralph admitted he certainly looked studly tonight. He winked once to himself and strode out the door whistling "Some Enchanted Evening."

The enormous hall was filled with brilliant red, green, and blue strobes flashing out against the otherwise darkened chamber. The throbbing rock band had just broken into "Light My Fire" as Ralph entered. Already a few hundred people were jammed up against the walls, though the dance floor was relatively empty. Ralph slip-

ped to the edge of the dancing juxtaposed between the crowded edges and the cavorting couples.

He took in the confused scene of light and noise with a practiced eye, checking and rejecting one female after another. Then his gaze focused on an exquisite blonde-haired girl with a green mini-skirt accenting a terribly impressive body. She moved with controlled violence, her body throbbing to the rhythm and the heavy drum beat with a sensualness Ralph had never thought possible. He gulped.

Not wishing to be misled by a mere body, Ralph restrained his enthusiasm. "Not so fast, man," he warned himself, "this chick may have an A-1 bod, but what about the face, man." Ralph always talked that way to himself but it sounded so goddam affected to others that he decided to just keep it to himself.

Walking around until he could see her face, it took him only an instant to note all the features he loved—short, slightly up-turned nose, deep melancholy eyes (probably blue), and a sexy mouth with a delicious tongue visible as she wet her sensous lips.

She concentrated strictly on the music, her face contorted in erotic frenzy, her head up-lift in reverence as her body worked excitedly, even fiercely. Ralph was turned on.

The guy dancing with this vision of loveliness seemed a bit stocky compared to Ralph's lithe frame. "He can't be over 6'1"," thought Ralph, "and yet I bet he weighs close to 185 lbs." Ralph hated muscles.

The rock sound continued for minutes more as his girl (already she was his, Ralph knew) flushed red as she twisted and turned, her long blonde hair swishing around her lovely head, as if in some ecstatic orgastic rite. "Clearly," supposed Ralph, "she can't think much of this guy to concentrate so hard on the music." As soon as the music would stop, Ralph planned to disengage the couple with a few words and then ask for the next dance. Visions of them dancing closely together, walking hand-in-hand, strolling back to his room, flashed his mind. "My room," he thought, "Oh, damn, nothing is cleaned up, the bed isn't made, and I never did wipe that shaving cream off the walls."

The music crescendoed, climaxed, and abruptly ended. Ralph inhaled deeply and took one sure step toward the couple. The girl and the guy finished their exhausting routine and nearly fell into each other. The blonde slipped her arm around the back of her partner, he reciprocated, and the two of them walked gaily toward the exit. Ralph contemplated suicide.

"She's probably pretty stupid anyway," he figured, "after all, if she let herself be picked up so easily, how much cool can she have."

Feeling nature's call with a sudden urgency he headed for the necessary facilities downstairs. Walking off at a brisk shuffle he took one last look over his shoulder at the departing couple. A muffled thud, a ripping sound, then a groan, and he found himself in a tangle of legs and arms on the floor.





Bewildered and confused for the moment, he was on his feet before he noticed he had knocked someone else down. She was sprawled on the floor her skirt indelicately high above her thighs, her hair fallen across her face. "Not bad," thought Ralph, "the knees are kind of knobby, but that's some pretty good thigh there, hmm, a perfect thigh maybe." The poor girl was having trouble regaining her decency by tugging her skirt down in front because she was sitting in such a way on the bottom part to make the attempt a futile one. Ralph finally offered her his hand and she uprighted herself.

"I'm sorry, honest," said Ralph, anxiously waiting for the girl to remove the veil of light brown hair from her face. The body really wasn't that great, but maybe the face would prove

a different tale, thought Ralph.

"Why don't ya watch it?," she whined, more an anguished question than an angry statement. Come on, thought Ralph, let's see your face.

At last she brushed aside her hair. Ralph developed a slight nausea. He first noticed her long thin nose hung slightly over her very wide mouth. He almost wished she would put her hair back. Suddenly he felt a draft across his behind. His pants, he thought. "Damn it, my pants," he exclaimed realizing the southern exposure newly opened.

"Oh, I'd love to dance," the girl remarked, "My name is Ethyl."

"Huh, oh, uh, I'm Ralph, but I didn't, I mean you don't under . . ." Hmm, thought Ralph, on second thought she isn't so bad, if I leave her now she'll be gone forever, there are just too many horny guys around. He remembered the bathroom, but despite the worsening pain in his bowel, he couldn't risk leaving her now. His jacket would cover the rip, and her nose really wasn't that long.

Ethyl swayed to the music, but Ralph couldn't catch the rhythm of the acid rock sound. He observed a tall lanky fellow and decided to imitate him. The music filled the space of the hall; he jumped around and the physical exertion relieved him of the ache inside for now. Looking toward Ethyl he thought perhaps he had too hastily judged her. He remembered her thigh with a twitter.

Ralph's mind leapfrogged over ideas and approaches, over proper remarks and brilliant snatches of conversation. He forgot the gaping hole in his pants concentrating on the moment when the music would end. Then, thought he, he would escort her to the john. Hmm, to the john, that wasn't real cool, he must be more subtle. A walk, good idea.

The music entered a long sequence of prominent drum beatings and long caterwaling. He was reminded of his overburdened kidneys and longed for the end of the piece. Ethyl continued

her dispassionate stepping, staring either aimlessly upward focusing on nothing, or looking forlornly downward at her thin legs and knobby knees. The music drummed on. "Let's go for a walk." Ralph envisioned himself saying, as he would deftly lead her past the Men's room: "Oh, wait here a minute, Ethyl," he would say, "I'll be right out." The music drummed on. He grew tired of the one step he was using and looked around to imitate someone else. Trying to use a more crouched pose he bent his knees slightly to the sound of seams giving way to more open space. He bolted upright, and buttoned his sport coat to keep its protection closer to his body.

Finally the music ended and Ralph found himself saying, "Hey, you want to go for a walk?," as he maneuvered toward the stairwell by the john.

"No, not now," Ethyl replied, stopping eager Ralph in his tracks, "I would like some punch, though."

Ralph groaned slowly under his breath and escorted her to the bowl. The preliminary conversation disclosed much about these two individuals. He told her he was a Junior in Course VIII, and lived in a little town south of Chicago. She was an English major at a nearby school, a Sophomore from Long Island. He never attended mixers much, they were so phoney and unnatural. She told him this was her first of the year, and mixers weren't that bad. Neither of them had missed a mixer since September.

Ralph continued to shift his weight from one foot to the other in an effort to alleviate some of the pain in his bowels. He must have groaned under his breath when it occurred that he had consumed two glasses of punch. "My kidneys will never forgive me," he thought as his skin turned ashen.

"Anything wrong?" asked Ethyl. . .

"Nothing, I just want to . . . C'mon, let's go for a walk."

"Why are you so anxious to walk?," she cocked her head inquisitively, 7

"You're not like all the others, huh?"

"Me? Oh, no," Ralph protested, though he and she both knew he was exactly like all the others. Indeed, Ralph always fancied himself to be even more so, and he envisioned all sorts of pleasant diversions worthy of all the others, cursing himself for his sloppy room.

Back on the dance floor, Ralph decided Ethyl was an OK kid. With his room straightened up things could be different, hmm, maybe with the lights off. And there was that thigh to think about.

"You are figidity," she said, for by now Ralph was genuinely worried about uremic poisoning and it must have showed. "We can go for that walk if you'd like."

"Oh, thank God," Ralph said with relief. She looked at him questioningly, he gave a boyish shrug. Now, just maneuver her down near the john, and...

"Hey, that only leads downstairs," she remarked, "let's walk outside."

Ralph would soon have to confront her with the truth. He felt he knew her well enough to say straightforwardly, "Ethyl, I have to go to the bathroom." But she was already walking toward the door, and he had to waddle after her.

Once outside they both remarked that it was a lovely evening. "This time of year it's always nice," said Ralph.

"Yes, until the weather gets bad," said Ethyl, "but, gee, notice there's a full moon tonight."

Ralph agreed there was.

They began walking in the general direction of Ralph's living area and once more erotic images of darkened rooms and close bodies, and that perfect thigh, filled his thoughts.

They were very near his abode. Ralph's breaths were growing shorter. Was he over-eager, or had pressure on his kidneys affected his respiration? Now, to invite her up to the room,

8 "Ethyl," he was saying to himself,

"why don't I show you my room?"

"Ralph," said Ethyl, "I think it's time I started back."

"Huh are you sure? I mean it isn't that late, and..."

"I'm sorry, but I've got a paper, see, and... but you can walk me home if you'd like."

Ralph hated the thought of trying to walk at all with his condition, but thoughts of the future teased his brain. He remembered her delicious thigh and a delightful number of future scenarios flashed past his conscious.

"O.K.," he said, "Let's go."

They had walked about half way when Ethyl complained of the cold. Ralph gallantly offered her his jacket, forgetting the huge rip in the seat of his pants, until the first breeze reminded him abruptly.

Ralph smiled inwardly because he somehow felt happy, and knew that he would find a john fairly soon. The wind played with Ethyl's hair and chilled Ralph's exposed behind.

They walked hand-in-hand into the full moon.



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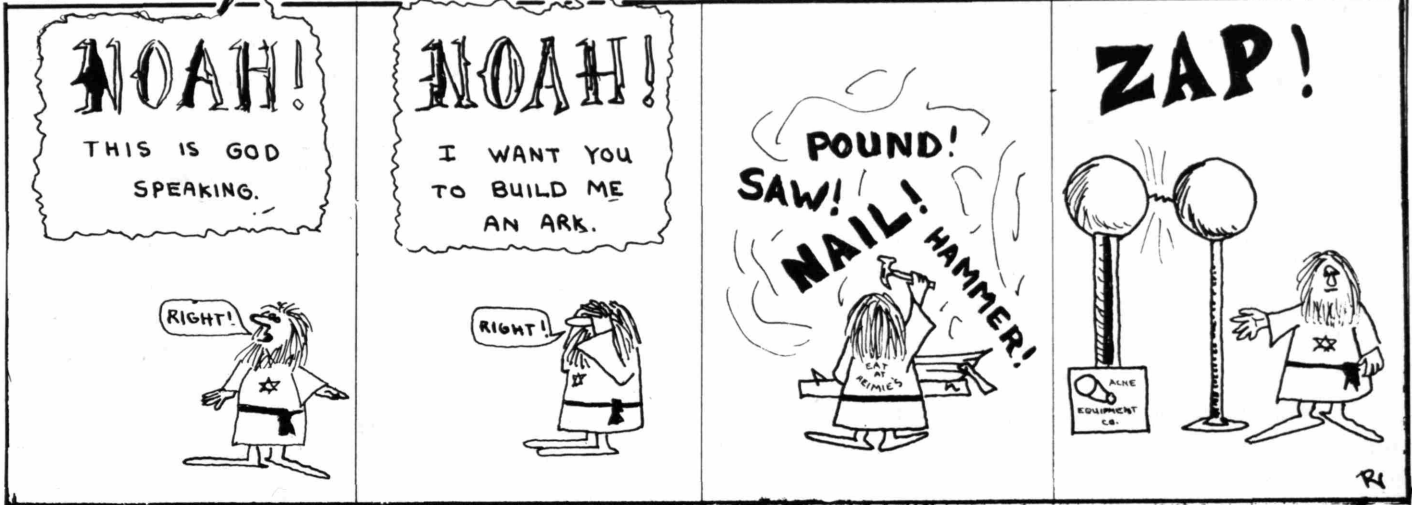
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# Scripture Crawlings

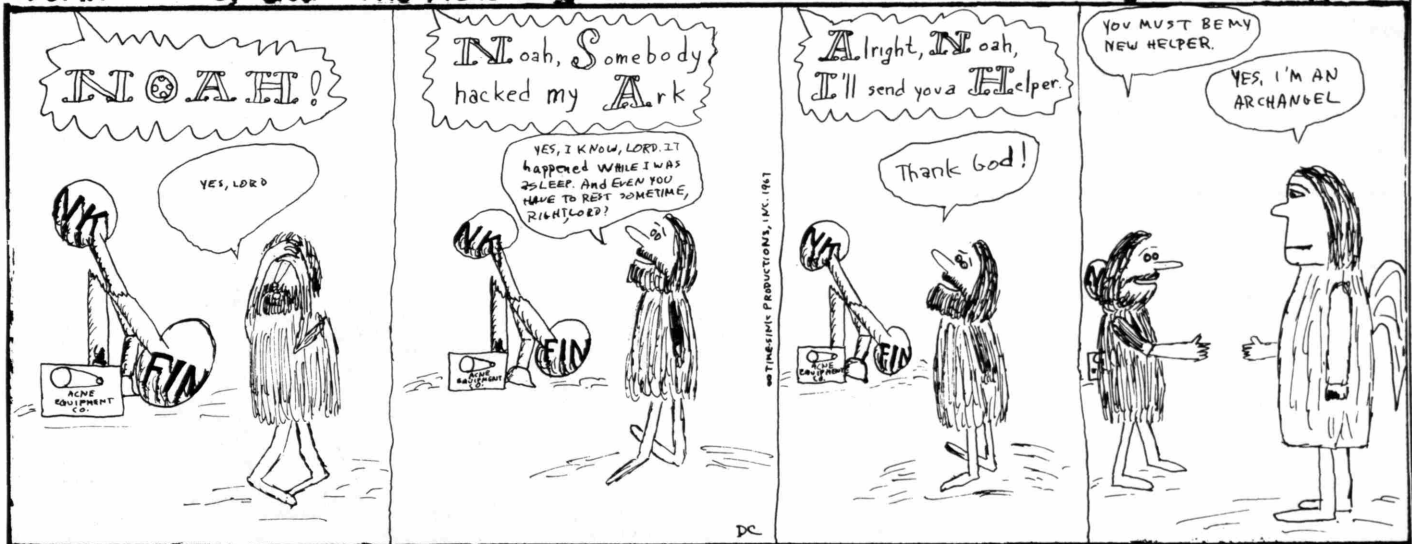
NOAH- Man of God

by Dick Voss



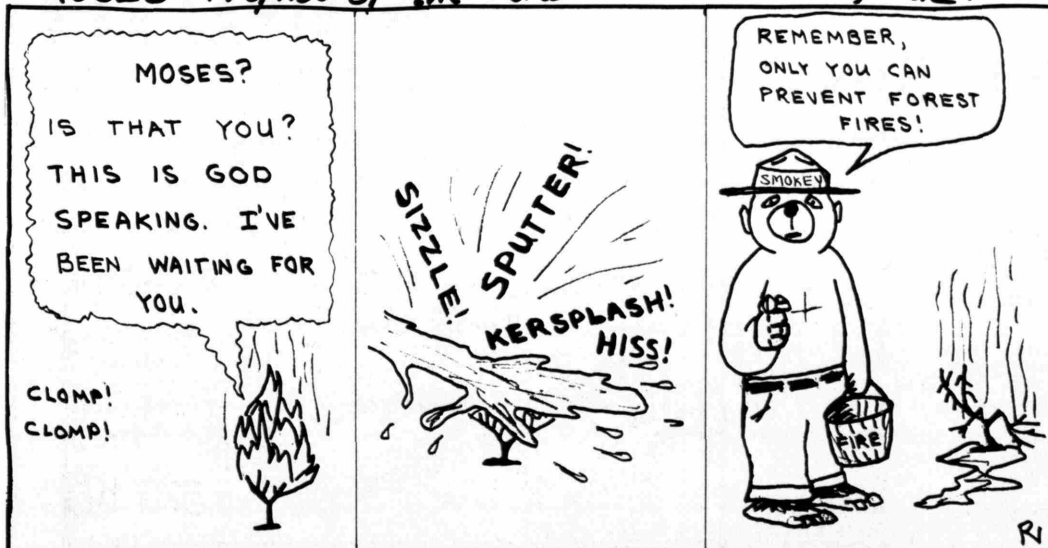
NOAH- Man of God- The Next Day

by Dennis Capps



MOSES- Prophet of the Lord

by Dick Voss



What you lucky readers have just been treated to (suffered through) is a bit of master thievery from the walls of one of the Institute Houses, which will from hereon in be designated as a Guest Page. So if any of you creative geniuses from anywhere on campus, who do not want to debase yourselves completely by joining our mag but still have some goodies that you think might be printed, this is your opportunity to have your name immortalized (er, that should be immortalized) forever by sending your stuff into us.

The judge looked at the defendant quizzically and said, "You stand accused of having perpetrated rape six times on a lady's corpse. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

The accused stood up. "First, Your Honor, I only did it three times, not six. Secondly, it was not a lady, it was my wife. And, thirdly, how could I know she was dead? She always acted that way!"



One evening a large gorilla walked into an uptown tavern and sat down at the bar. When the astonished bar-keep asked the gorilla what he wanted, the gorilla muttered, "A beer," and held out a hundred dollar bill in his hairy fist. The bartender, figuring that a gorilla wouldn't know the value of money, took the bill, rang up the cash register, and gave him fifty cents in change. The gorilla said nothing and picked up his change. While his unusual customer was sipping the beer, the bartender tried to make conversation.

"I don't get many gorillas in here."

"No wonder," replied the gorilla, "at \$99.50 for a beer."



Girl in gym class: "I'll stand on my head or bust!"  
 Instructor: "just stand on your head."

The young father was telling how he'd found a sure-fire method for putting the baby to sleep. "I just toss it up in the air again and again."

"How does that put it to sleep?" asked his neighbor.  
 "The apartment has a low ceiling."



Three plastic surgeons were talking, each bragging about his skill.

First: I worked on a girl who was in a horrible auto accident. Her face was so mauled you couldn't recognize her. Now she's the most sought-after cover girl in New York.

Second: That's nothing. I operated on a girl who was in ghastly fire. Ninety per cent of her body was covered with third degree burns. She just won the Miss America pageant.

Third: (who was older and more modest): I agree that you've done very fine work; but let me tell you about a very difficult case I directed. There was a man in a horse-drawn cart carrying dynamite which exploded. All that was left was the man's Stetson and the horse's ass.' I put them together, and now they're in the White House.



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THE SWEDISH WONDER CAR

329-1100

A student type came home from a weekend in New York and told his roommate he had a case of gonorrhoea.

"Great!" his companion exclaimed. "I'm sick of Manischewitz."



A bum was quietly sleeping in a city park when the keeper of the nearby zoo came and asked him if he wanted to earn some easy money. "Not if it involves work," the bum replied doubtfully.

I'll explain the situation, the keeper said. "Our gorilla died last night. This morning, 300 kids are coming over. We can't disappoint them—just get into a monkey suit and climb into that cage. You don't want to see the kids go home unhappy, do you?"

Always a sucker where kids were involved, the bum agreed to do the keepers bidding. He dressed and was let into the cage. After the children arrived, he decided to entertain them by swinging on the monkey's trapeze. He actually began to feel happy in his work. Such a worthy cause, he thought, and the laughter and cheering of the youngsters rang in his ears. "Whee . . . whee . . . whee!" they yelled. Back and forth, higher and higher he swung. Suddenly, the trapeze broke and he went flying into the lion's cage.

"AAAHHHHHHHEEEEEIIIIIIIIII!" he cried in terror.

"Quiet, you fool," the lion admonished. "You'll have us all out of work."

Fireman, pulling drunk out of a burning bed: "You darned fool, that'll teach you to smoke in bed."

Drunk: "I wasn't smoking in bed. It was on fire when I lay down."



"How is your cold today?"

"About the same as yesterday, Doc."

"Didn't you drink some orange juice after the hot bath, as I suggested?"

"No: I couldn't get the orange juice down after drinking that hot bath."



Two mumbling voices in the wee small hours: "Say there Steve, you'll never unlock that door with your cigar butt."

"Damm, I must have smoked the keys."



"Did you object to the way I danced on the table last night?"

"Yes. How did you expect me to sleep with all that racket going on overhead."



A sickly staffer swears that he went over to the Medical Dept. one day, walked up to a nurse, and said, "I feel so bad it makes me want to kill myself."

"Now, now," said the nurse. "You just leave that to us."

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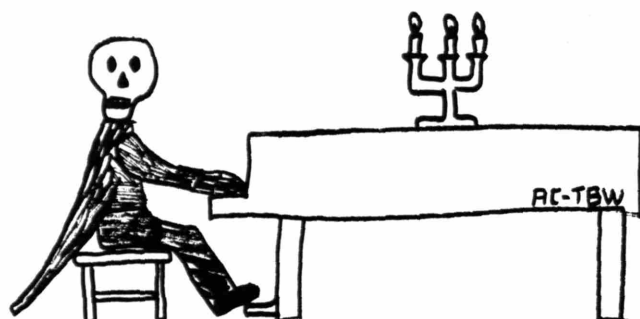
## FENWAY'S SLINEY LIQUOR MART

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536-5051

## MORBID LIMERICKS

written in blood by *Alan Chapman*

If I ever got an M.D.,  
A coroner's what I'd like to be.  
The patients are nice,  
Don't complain about price,  
And they never would talk back to me.



When Mozart's life came to a close  
(At 35, as everyone knows),  
He celebrated this closing  
By ceasing his composing,  
And started instead to decompose.

When Spencer Tracy reached his last curtain,  
Something happened of which we are certain:  
His body was took  
By an MIT cook,  
Who fried him and served him at Burton.

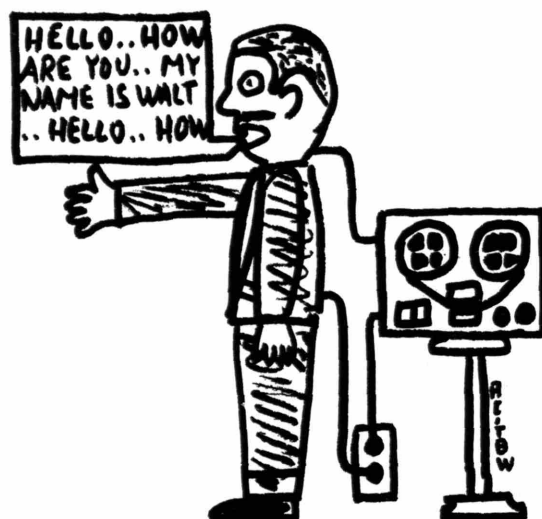
My job in the morgue was a winner,  
But, alas, it made me a sinner.  
'Twas a dead girl (I used to date her).  
I broke down and ate her  
After thawing her like a TV dinner.

Santa Claus is mourning Dancer.  
Santa is also mourning Prancer.  
These reindeer, his pride,  
Unfortunately died,  
From a rare form of uterine cancer.

A Japanese named Koto Tobima  
Died of a case of eczema.  
Some Japs took great pains  
To put neutrons in his veins:  
'Twas the atomic embalming of Hiroshima.

A job in a morgue would be nice,  
With all of those bodies on ice.  
The culinary charms  
Of dead legs and arms  
Would tempt me to devour a slice.

Uncle Joe visited Steve.  
A nice Christmas tree he did leave.  
A live wire hung free  
And Steve, in his glee,  
Was electrocuted on Christmas Eve.

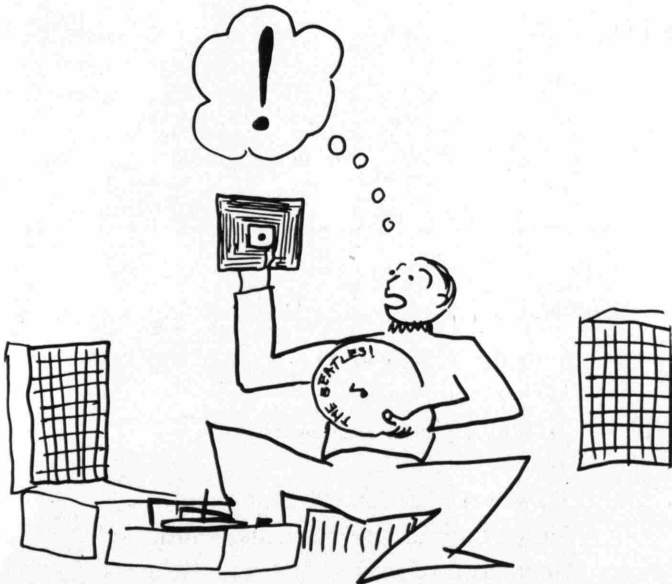


On the day that Walt Disney died,  
His workers put motors inside.  
Now it really is grand;  
The corpse shakes your hand.  
The workers, no doubt, take great pride.

A junior in course XXI  
Took a chemistry lab just for fun.  
He's with us no more;  
He rests in building four,  
On the ceiling of room 261.

Pity poor Archibald Froom,  
Who was caught in a carpeting loom.  
It crushed his insides  
And now he resides  
In a thick-pile, vat-dyed tomb.

A chem lab assistant named Quail  
Amazed all his students without fail.  
He made no bones  
About drinking unknowns.  
And now he's dead as a doornail.



1870

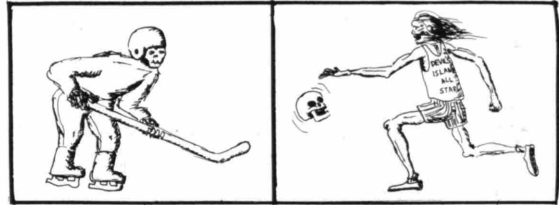
1967

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# NOVEMBER ARRIVES

**VOODOO PRESENTS**

**MISS NOVEMBER**

**Photos by John Roderick**

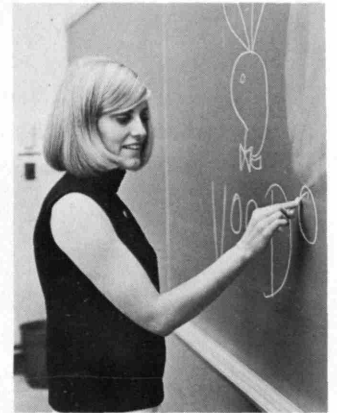
Can you imagine what it would be like to have a pretty girl at MIT—a really pretty girl? Well this might be the case next year because November's playmate, Kaya Christian, is seriously considering attending MIT as a special student in Chemo-Photography, the course V approach to the art.

Several weeks ago, Miss Christian was in town for the auto show and took the opportunity to tour MIT. Naturally our omnipresent photographers were there to capture the action. So here we have Kaya. . .

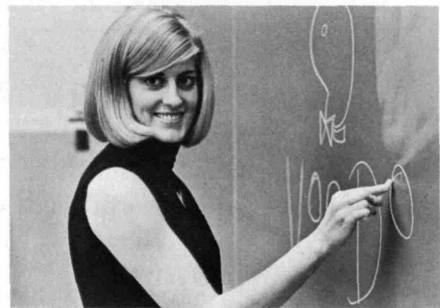




Making her presence  
known to the Institute . . .



Participating  
in  
Discussion & Instruction



Inspecting the  
chem lab. . .



And going to  
her admissions interview  
with Jay Hammerness



Jay, never one to pass up an opportunity,



made a suggestion



which Kaya surprisingly accepted.



So Kaya is now Student Center Chairman (Jay's old job), Jay is now editor of Playboy (Hugh's old job), Hugh is now Senator from New York (Bobby's old job), Bobby is now president, and Lyndon will be featured in the centerfold of next months Playboy.



# I WAS A CANADIAN COED AND LIVED!



When I first applied to MIT, my school guidance department was horrified. "A technical school", they cried. "Why do you want to go to a technical school? Do you want to be a brick-layer?" And then, they coaxed me. "I'm sure if you just studied a little harder, you could get into a university." But, alas, the delights of senior year were greater than those of PSSC, and so I came to Tech.

I first suspected something was wrong when the first of the summer mail arrived. Burton House had eight pages offering to introduce me to Chandler's best if only I'd stay at Burton House. ("But of course, if you can't find a nice girl to take out, there are plenty of other fellows around willing to console you.") But visiting hours for girls weren't too convenient.

Next, the Government warned me that I had better apply for 2S status if I didn't want to Kill for Peace in Vietnam. And at least five helpful organizations offered to teach me English. They kept asking me for the names, ages, and visa statuses of my wife and children. (All foreign students have wives and children.) And they asked me to join ROTC.

After arriving, I was lodged in a high tower named the McCormick Finishing School for Young Ladies, protected by the Munificent Mrs. . . . (Hey Carol, who's in charge of this place anyhow?) For one week, I was introduced to the whirl of the MIT social life, where I heard such deathless phrases as:

"You mean *girls* go to MIT?"

"You're a co-ed? You don't look like a co-ed".

"It's OK, some of my best friends are co-eds."

"Why don't you want to see my room? I need some help in decorating it. And you've never tasted a vodka cocktail, have you?"

"You're abnormal. All co-eds are abnormal."

Soon, I learned the McCormick rallying cry. "I'm not a co-ed. I'm a girl."

I learned that it wasn't necessary to keep boys' names straight. Then, I was introduced to that college tradition—the freshman mixer. (Ta Ta!)

While strobe lights flashed and bands

changed tempo, I learned that not all boys can dance. In fact, very few boys can dance. To be truthful, almost no . . . but they ARE quick with other things.

"Why don't you want to kiss me? I met you at least ten minutes ago."

"Do you realize that you've wasted ten minutes of my time?"

"Gee, I feel like I've known you forever."

"Do you realize that you're the first girl I've ever gone out with? Are they all as pretty as you? Why don't you want to kiss me?"

But, all good things come to an end, and so . . . . . the delights of Freshman Orientation, where I got things off to a good start by missing the foreign students' orientation. Mainly because no one bothered telling me about it. ("Are you foreign? You don't look foreign. You don't even have an accent.") Then, still another letter offering to teach me English, and warning me that I might encounter discrimination because I was foreign. Not to mention the trouble I would have adjusting to American food. ("This is a hot dog. Repeat after me. Hot . . .")

Parties, LSC movies, more parties, more LSC movies. . . . .

"You're awfully pretty. For a co-ed, that is."

"Hello Canada."

"Hello, this is Melvin Fooch. I met you at the elevator going down. . . ."

I even learned things. Like to stay away from the Great Court at midnight. And to stay away from the Voo Doo office at any time. Not to pledge Sigma Alpha Pi. And that it's impossible to get a ride to Canada on the Ride Board. (But, if you want to go to Middleton, Vermont . . .) And that President Johnson doesn't mean Lyndon.

But now, classes have started. And . . .

"What did you want to go to MIT for?"

But I love the place. Really, I love the place. Believe me Carol, I love the place. Repeat after me, I love. . . .

"How do you get a massless pulley?" 17

# on the **POT**

## **Another scathing Voo Doo Editorial (with pictures, yet!)**

Academic pressure in American colleges has grown so intense in the past few years that the average college student, whether male or female (or coed) is turning to bizarre and exotic forms of weekend relief. Study-crazed students, hell-bent on a path of pleasure seeking, have turned, for relaxation, to such vulgar, licentious, and hedonistic activities as drinking, sex, drag racing, glue sniffing, the Tech, listening to old Guy Lombardo records, doing a 8.01 problem sets, and other deeds too vulgar, licentious and hedonistic to be mentioned in a widely-read magazine (or even Voo Doo.) But, still, these young rascallions (?) are **NOT SATISFIED** (pretty scathing, huh?)

Both parents and responsible authorities, shocked and distressed by the rising crisis, demand to know what can be done to stem the tide of civil disobedience and whippersnapping, or, if, as they say, the end is upon us, how they can get a cut of the action.

However, these cults and practices, vile and obnoxious as they may be, have left the structural integrity of this great country of ours relatively intact. A few broken necks, a couple of thousand deaths from lung cancer, but what the hell, we still have baseball, motherhood, apple pie, and laissez faire (God bless free enterprise!) No, fellow citizens, these hedonistic practices are like child's play when compared with the latest menace to the fragile bodies of our American youth.

This new menace, stealing its way into every home in our country, is

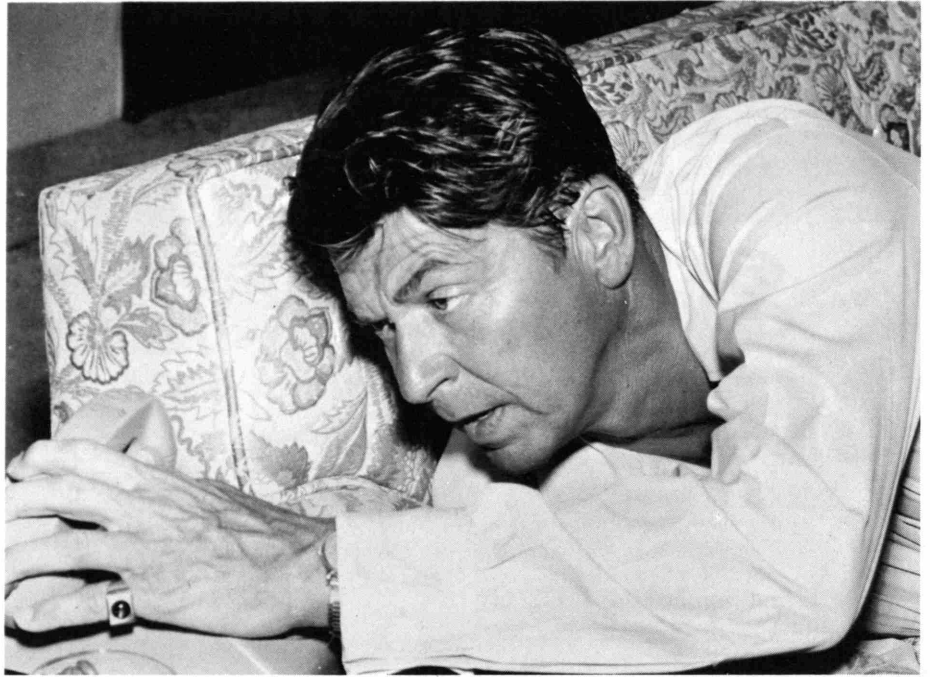


Fig. 1: Like many thousands of other California teens, this once-conservative young man yielded to temptation and experimented with pot-smoking. Now it can be seen that he will never again become a useful member of society.



Fig. 2: Before



Fig. 3: After

Figure 2: shows a nice young couple as they were before smoking marijuana. But in Figure 3 we see these same two people *after* the use of this hideous drug, crazed victims of their own fiendish lust for sinful pleasure!



Fig. 4: This is a rare picture of an actual atheistic-Communitistic Pot orgy.

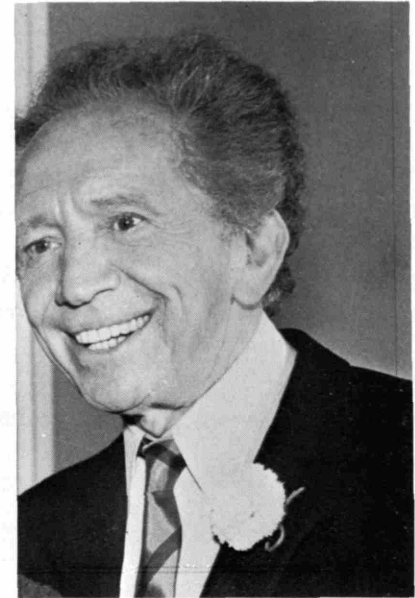


Fig. 5: Our Voo Doo Medical Consultant, Dr. S. German-Zorba had this to say about marijuana: "Personally, I'm all for it. I use the Pot every day." Naturally, we were quite shocked.

The secret pictures presented above were taken by our ever alert Voo Doo photographic staff at a very hush-hush leftist oriented Pot party in a well-known Eastern technological University.

Yes, gentle reader! Pot Smoking has come to M.I.T. Our exclusive expose pictures prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that certain well-respected Tech Tools have been experimenting with this dangerous mind-expanding, mind-destroying drug found in the Student Center toilets for which it was named.

"The Pot", also called marijuana, mary-jane, or in certain remote areas of the world, "Springfield Oval," produces a somniferous, bleary-eyed effect on those who experience its evil vapors. In these respects, it has often been compared with an 8.01 lecture.

The Pot smoker, as shown above, receives an escapist feeling of mental and spiritual uplift from use of the drug. This sinful pleasure is both frightening and sad. (Although it sure looks like a hell of a lot of fun.) United States Government authorities feel that college students should seek escape and pleasure "through more common, socially acceptable outlets such as alcoholism, crime, and sexual perversion."

But still, the use of Pot in our country increases. Ever since its discovery in an MIT Chemical Engineering Lab at the turn of the century, young people have been going to Pot. According to official figures, the twenty year period from 1940 to 1960 showed an increase from 300 to 12,000 registered Pot smokers (Although *Realist* maga-

zine has estimated that 90% of the latter figure are undercover CIA agents). Fortunately for the United States of America, though, Voo Doo has decided to put an end to all this nonsense.

So please, if you care, join the Voo Doo crusade to stamp out marijuana. If you come into possession of any of this obnoxious stuff, just place it in a plain brown envelope and send it to the Voo Doo office, Room 461 of the Student Center. WE will dispose of it. (See above pictures)

So join the crusade. "HELP FLUSH THE POT!"

— Finder & Lavin

A newly ordained minister was scheduled to give his first sermon the next day, and he was understandably a little nervous. Anxious to make a good impression on his new flock, he asked the advice of an older and wiser clergyman.

"Well, my son," the old sage said, "When I feel a little tense, I usually fill a small glass half full of bourbon and toss it down a few minutes before the sermon."

Remembering this, the young man got a sound night's sleep, then did as the older clergyman suggested and proceeded to deliver what he considered to be an inspired sermon. However, he was puzzled and dismayed when the congregation silently avoided him after the services. He asked his elderly advisor what went wrong.

"Well, in the first place, I told you to take a *small* glass. Secondly, I said to fill it *half* full. And thirdly, David *slew* Goliath, he didn't stomp hell out of the son of a bitch."



"Hey, wise guy," complained the well-built young thing. "What's the big idea? You promised to take me to Florida."

"I said nothing of the sort," insisted her gentleman friend. "I merely said I was going to Tampa with you."

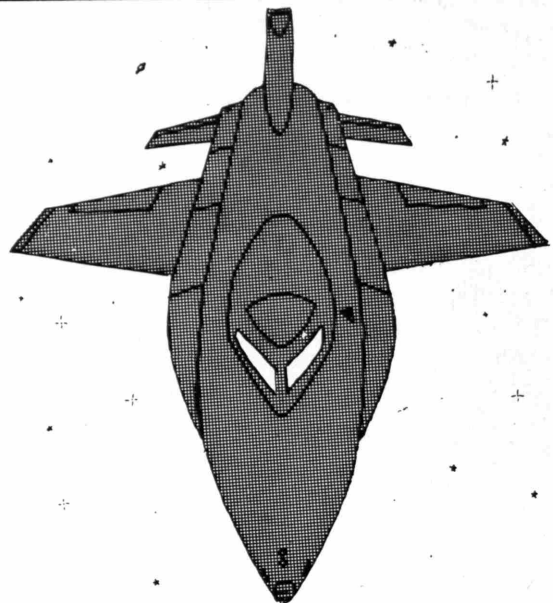
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The new florist's assistant picked up the phone and listened attentively as he heard the order.

"The ribbon must be extra wide," the customer was saying, "with the 'Rest in Peace' on both sides, and if there is any room, 'We shall meet in Heaven'".

There was a sensation when the flowers arrived at the funeral. True, the ribbon was extra wide, but it bore the inscription, 'Rest in Peace on Both Sides, and if There is Room, We shall Meet In Heaven.'



A shiftless bum was charged with living on his wife's earnings as a street walker.

"Aren't you ashamed to be loafing around the house while your wife makes her living in this shameful manner?" asked the judge.

"To tell the truth judge, I am—but she's too dumb to do anything else."

# ART at MIT

Recently the Institute was the scene of yet another in a series of avant garde art exhibits. Voo Doo, in its



never ending search for truth, has decided to air some of the more exciting art forms in the Heinz Hack exhibit for the general edification of the MIT student body. It is our opinion that only through exposure can the scholar become aware.

One of the inherently coolest objects displayed was the "Flight Bag" (paper bag, fuzz balls, and air jet, 1967). (Top left) Unfortunately, the bag was crushed against the ceiling immediately after the picture was taken.

The next work. (top right) Growth Column (earth, grass, 1966), really doesn't have any meaning except that that the artist clearly couldn't put on an exhibition without some sort of phallic symbol.

The work called "Condensation Head" (polyethylene, water, film scratches, and toilet, 1967) is one of the most unusual we've seen (Center left). For some reason, Mr. Hack is very reluctant to tell us just how he came to think of this idea.

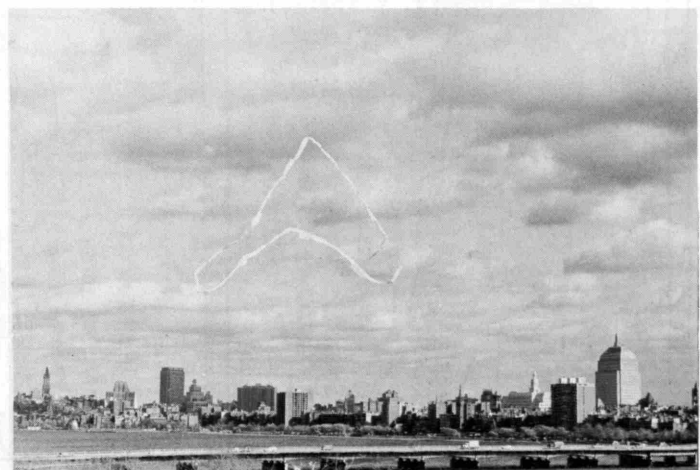
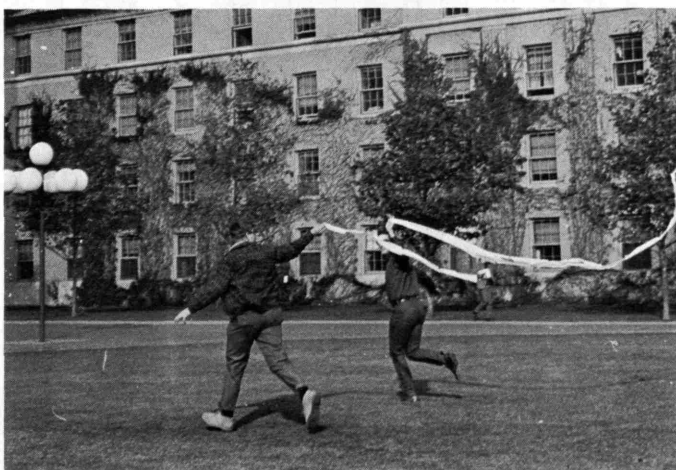
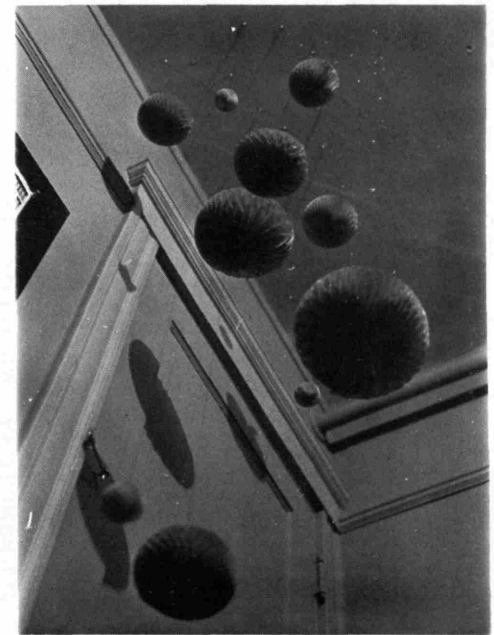
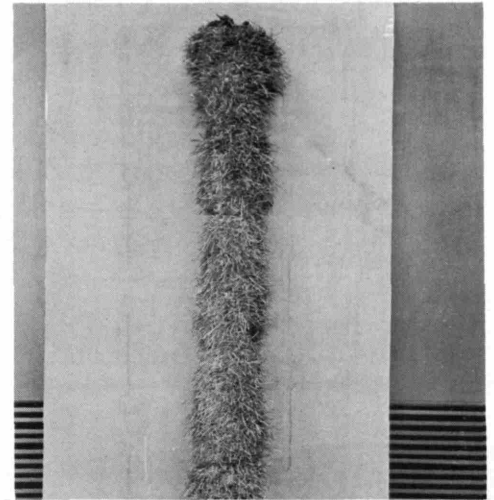
The next object (center right) is completely incomprehensible. All that we were able to extract from the artist was the title, "Pumpkination IV".

Perhaps the most exhilarating presentation by Hack was the launching of the "Springfield Skyline" below. Unfortunately a strong gust of wind carried much of the Skyline over the Charles River and eventually out of sight. Luckily our photographers were able to capture the essence of the work in the second picture. Notice

how the Skyline assumes an oval shape in flight.

We hope this brief introduction is enough to prompt the average tech student to attend the next opening. At least there is free wine.

photos by W. Moore & F. Nemeec



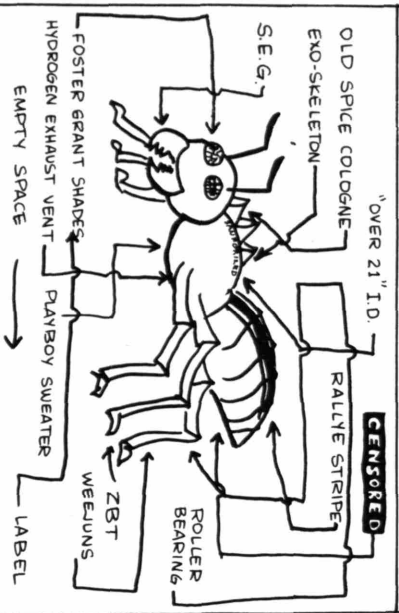
IF I HAVE TO WRITE

# AJAX P. ZOOMER

ONE MORE TIME, I THINK I'LL GO CRAZY! A Weasel Perversion

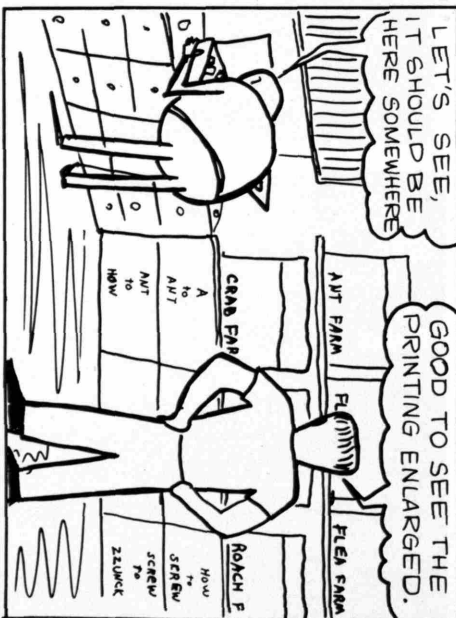
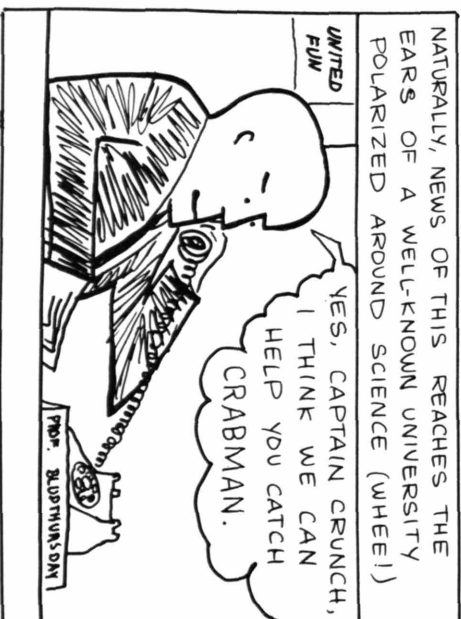
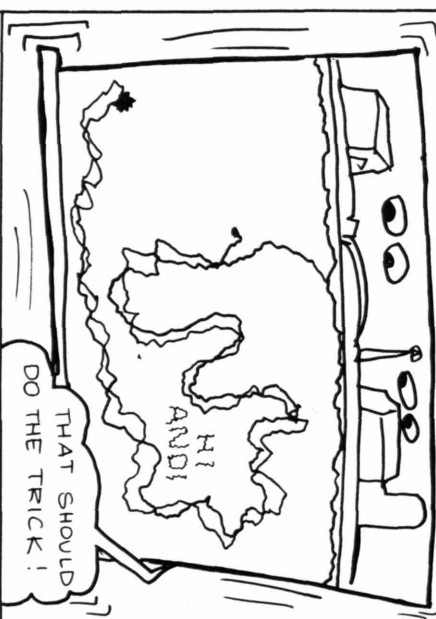
AS YOU ALL DOUBTLESSLY RECALL, WE LEFT AJAX WITH AN ANT INSURRECTION ON HIS HANDS.

"AH, HERE IT IS... THE STUD ANT."

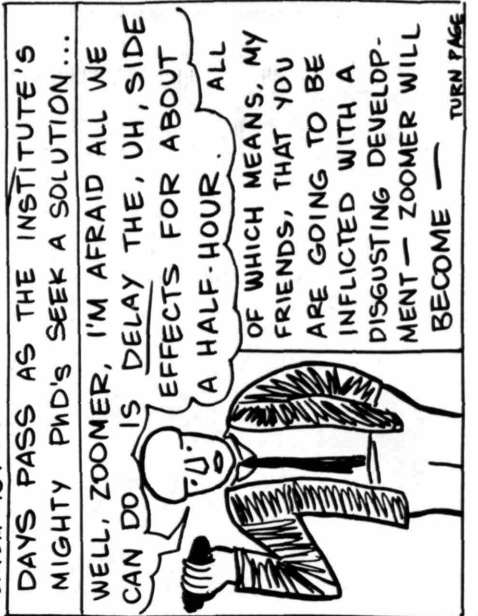
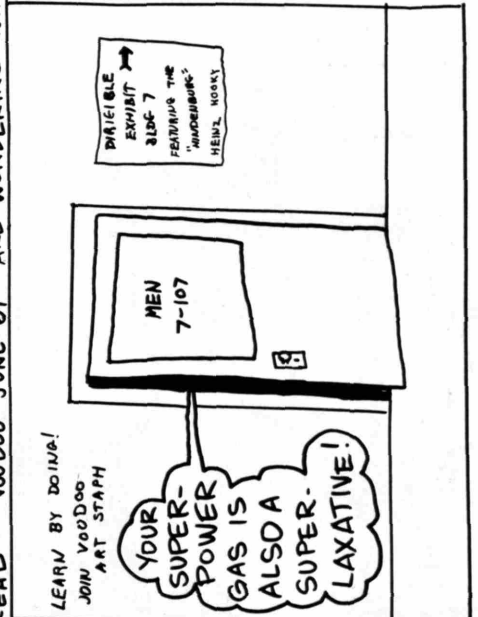
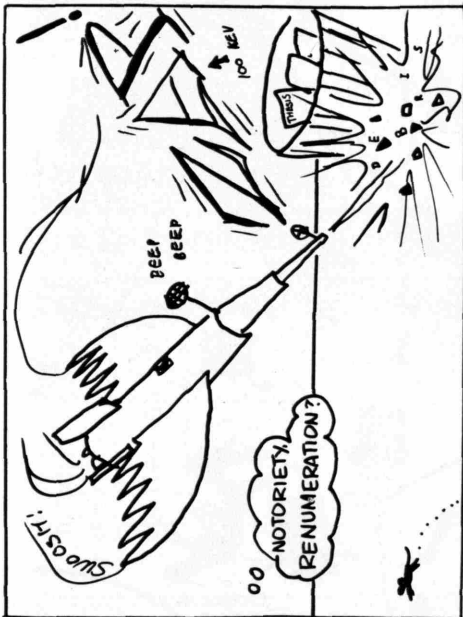


"YES, CRABMAN, THE STRANGE CRIMINAL WHO HAS TERRORIZED OUR FAIR(?) CITY WITH HIS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH."

I'LL BET ALL OF YOU WHO DIDN'T READ







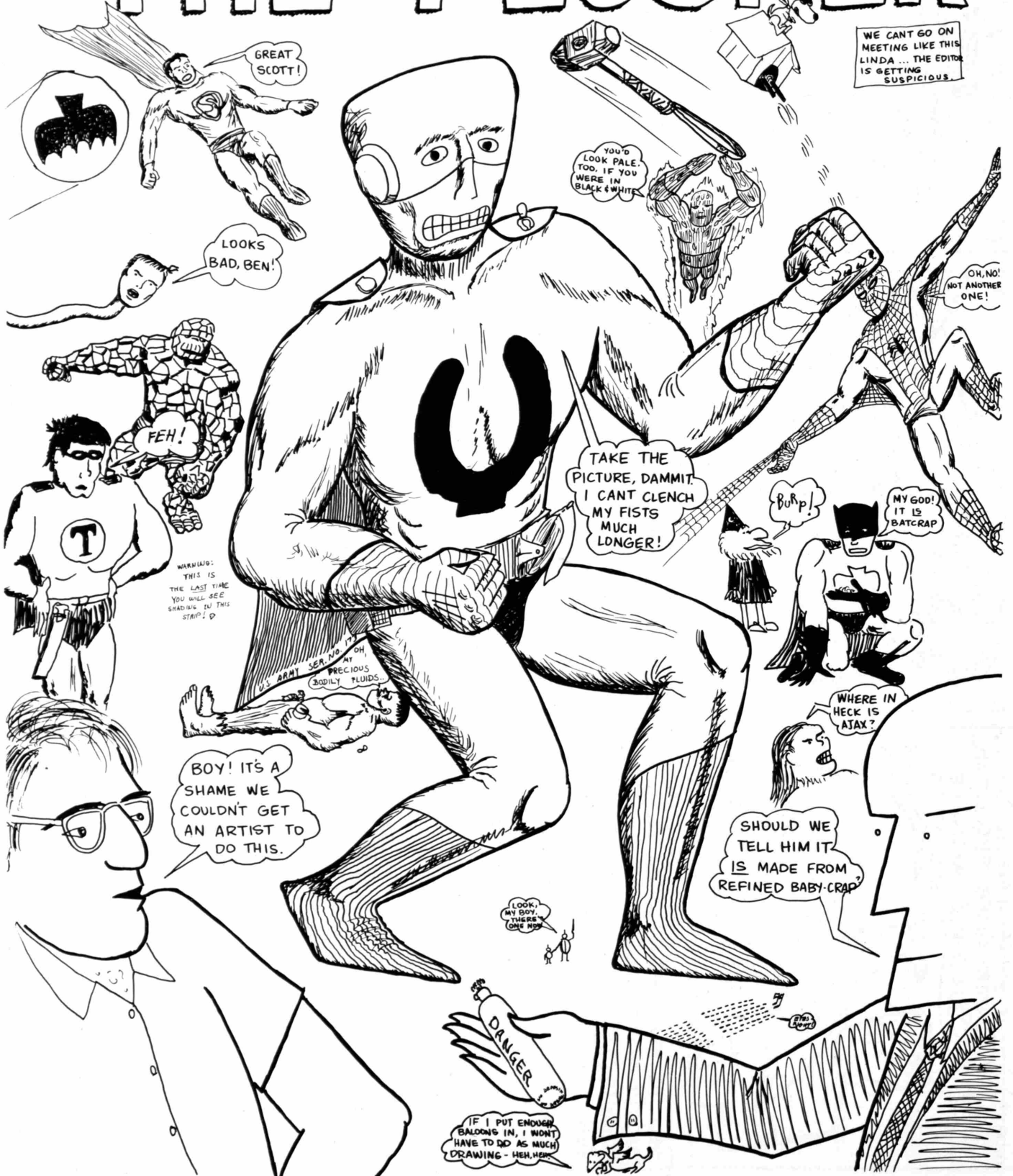
SORRY I MISSED YOU LAST MONTH, LINDA

READ VooDoo JUNE '67 ARE WONDERING WHO LINDA IS!

TURN PAGE

YES, I AM IN COARSE RUI  
AND I KNOW THIS IS  
WRONG!

# THE FLUSHER



GREAT SCOTT!

WE CANT GO ON MEETING LIKE THIS LINDA ... THE EDITOR IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS.

YOU'D LOOK PALE, TOO, IF YOU WERE IN BLACK & WHITE

LOOKS BAD, BEN!

OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE!

FEH!

TAKE THE PICTURE, DAMMIT. I CANT CLENCH MY FISTS MUCH LONGER!

Burp!

MY GOD! IT IS BATCRAP

WARNING: THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU WILL SEE SHADING IN THIS STAMP!

U.S. ARMY SER. NO. 10 OH, PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS.

WHERE IN HECK IS ATAX?

BOY! ITS A SHAME WE COULDN'T GET AN ARTIST TO DO THIS.

SHOULD WE TELL HIM IT IS MADE FROM REFINED BABY-CRAP

LOOK, MY BOY, THERE'S ONE HERE

ANGER

IF I PUT ENOUGH BALLOONS IN, I WON'T HAVE TO DO AS MUCH DRAWING - HEH, HEH

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14. PARAGRAPHS 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the name and address of the trustee or other fiduciary, and the name and address of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the name and address of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the name and address of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting.

15. THIS STATEMENT IS COMPLETED FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS EXCEPT THOSE WHICH DO NOT CARRY ADVERTISING OTHER THAN THE PUBLISHER'S OWN AND WHICH ARE HANDLED IN SECTIONS 112.331, 112.332, 112.333, 112.334, 112.335, 112.336, 112.337, 112.338, 112.339, 112.340, 112.341, 112.342, 112.343, 112.344, 112.345, 112.346, 112.347, 112.348, 112.349, 112.350, 112.351, 112.352, 112.353, 112.354, 112.355, 112.356, 112.357, 112.358, 112.359, 112.360, 112.361, 112.362, 112.363, 112.364, 112.365, 112.366, 112.367, 112.368, 112.369, 112.370, 112.371, 112.372, 112.373, 112.374, 112.375, 112.376, 112.377, 112.378, 112.379, 112.380, 112.381, 112.382, 112.383, 112.384, 112.385, 112.386, 112.387, 112.388, 112.389, 112.390, 112.391, 112.392, 112.393, 112.394, 112.395, 112.396, 112.397, 112.398, 112.399, 112.400, 112.401, 112.402, 112.403, 112.404, 112.405, 112.406, 112.407, 112.408, 112.409, 112.410, 112.411, 112.412, 112.413, 112.414, 112.415, 112.416, 112.417, 112.418, 112.419, 112.420, 112.421, 112.422, 112.423, 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ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN USE THE ARMORY FOR THE WIDOWED MOTHERS OF ORPHANED ISRAELI WAR VICTIMS BANQUET, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GUARANTEE AN ORDER OF 10,000 CHAIRS!

I DONT CARE IF THEY WILL SIT ON THE FLOOR, YOU'VE GOT TO USE 10,000 CHAIRS!

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MARRIAGE TO MORGAN BIAHD  
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AND LATER-

SO YOUR SON WANTS TO STUDY PHOTOGRAPHY, MRS. JOHNSON? I CAN PROBABLY LATCH ON TO SOME SPARE DARKROOM EQUIPMENT.

GEE, KEN - A MEETING!

BENNY THE KING, LORD OF THE MANOR, CALLS A MEETING OF HIS NOBLE VASSALS, AMONG THEM IS OUR UNSUNG (UNTIL NOW) HERO, FORMERLY LORD JAY O'DEAN AND NOW, THROUGH A SERIES OF SWIFT PROMOTIONS, SQUIRE HARMLESS ESQ.

I WONDER WHY ALWAYS KENNY THE KING ALWAYS PUTTETH ME IN THE BACK ROW?

LORDS & LESSER BEINGS, THE HITTING FACILITIES FOR MY NOBLE KNIGHT'S STEEDS BECOMETH TOO FEW. WE MUST ACTETH TO ALLEVIATETH THE PROBLEM.

WHY DOES HE END UP WITH THIS?

CANT THEY IM THOSE

\*TRANSLATION: "GEE GANG- I'VE GOT NO PLACE TO PARK MY MASERATI"

I'LL REDEEMETH MY FAMOUS NAME BY RIDDING YE KINGDOM OF YE SPACE-GRABBING MONSTERS!

THERE IS ONE OF THE SPACE-GOBLING MONSTERS NOW!

YEAH, BUT WHAT DOES IT DO?

SO SAYING HE ATTACKS THE PARK BEAST...

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WHICH PROVES UNYIELDING

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HE WISELY REDIRECTS HIS ARBOUR TOWARD YE HAND DENIM WHO INAGITS YE TALL-LEGGED STONY- STONE TOWER...

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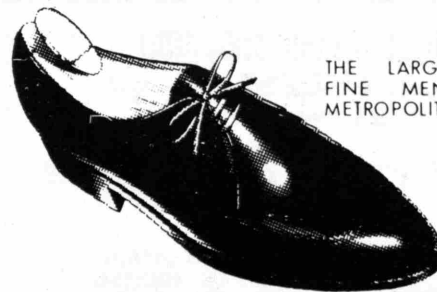
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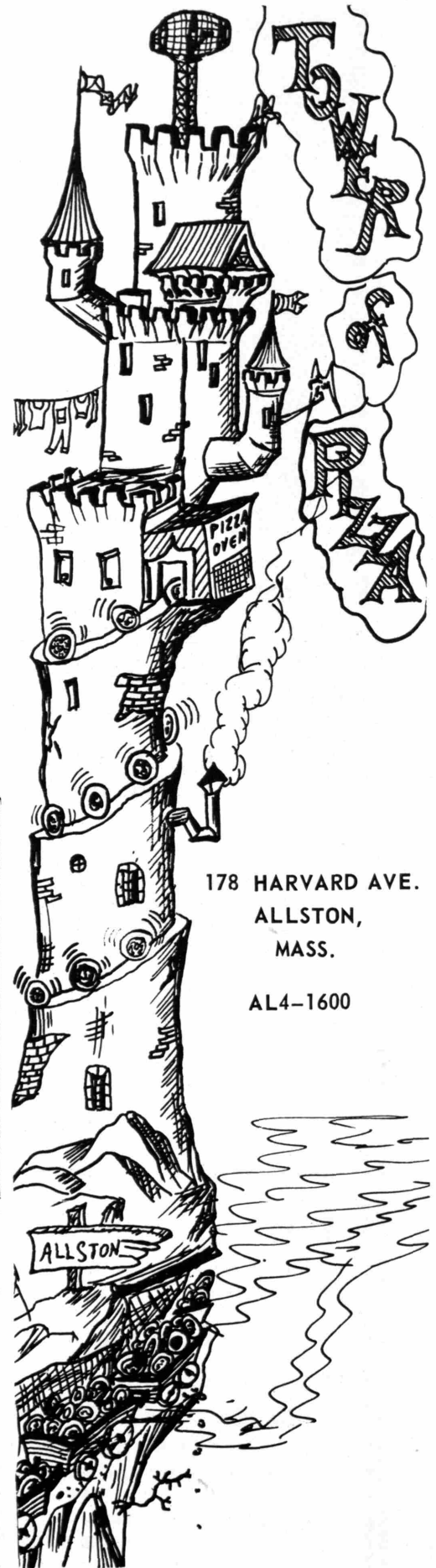
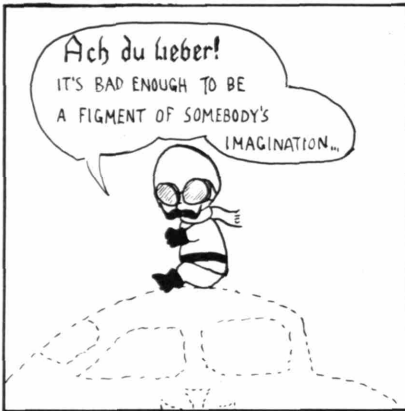
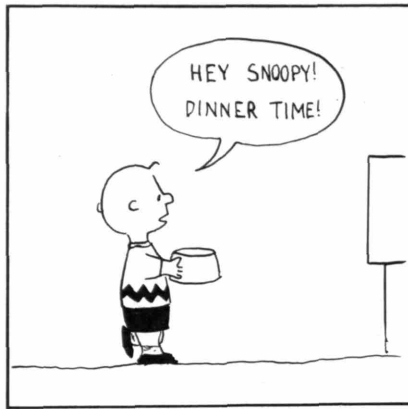
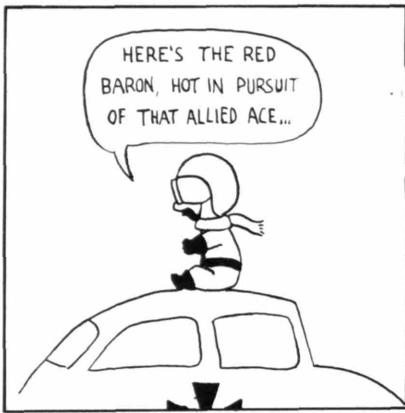
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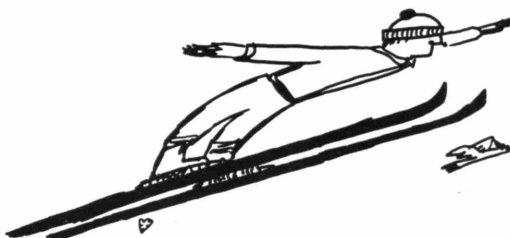
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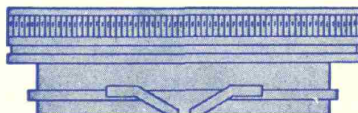
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