

25¢ 1 MAY

# VOODOO



WELCOME HOME  
NURSES

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AND THE  
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IS COMPLETE !!



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IN THE  
MAKING!**

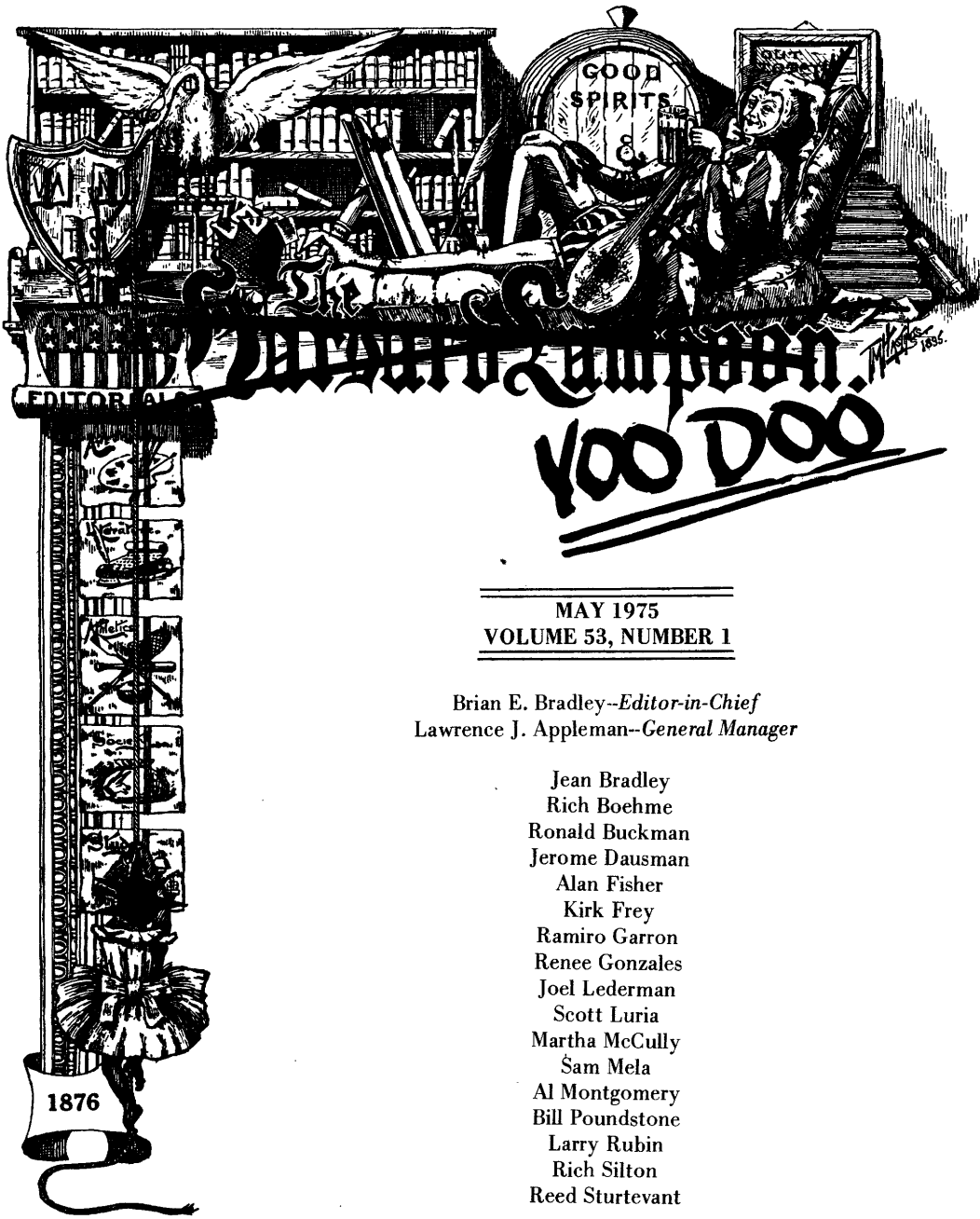


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MAY 1975  
 VOLUME 53, NUMBER 1

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# Editorial

In the magazine business, the trick is not to give people more than they are paying for--just as McDonald's would never sell Quarter-Pounders that were secretly a little heavier.

When we started this project more than a year and a half ago, we were skeptical. We had seen the demise of the old *VooDoo* brought about by the editors' refusal to compromise their artistic integrity over so small a matter as a debt roughly the size of the gross national product of the Dominican Republic. Worse, we had no experience ourselves. After several abortive attempts to gain experience, we finally came up with this, the Resurrection issue of *VooDoo*.

This issue contains the best material submitted over the past six years. In order to provide you, the reader, with a sense of the shifting moral and social values of those years, from Vietnam to the children of Watergate, we have included the date of submission at the end of each article. Or, as we prefer to say around the office, "What you didn't see is what you get."

*It is the right of the people to alter or abolish it.* Seriously, though. This might not have come about at all were it not for the patient understanding of Margaret Gibson and Jack van Woerkem of FinBoard, who continued to support us after everyone else had left us destitute and without hope.

We would also like to express our appreciation to Paul E. Schindler and John Hanzel for the use of their exceptional equipment.

In conclusion, we would like to wish you all the best of luck in the future, and our sincere hopes that you will not send a copy of this magazine to our mother.

Brian E. Bradley

Editor-in-Chief

# RAPE: One Woman's Story

A girl has got to be prepared. For anything. And I mean anything. Not just little things, like having an extra pair of panty hose on hand in case # you get a runner in your stockings. Oh, I mean a RUN. You can't have a RUNNER in your stockings. He wouldn't be able to pee. Isn't that silly? Or like having some rubber gloves in your desk drawer in case the typewriter ribbon runs out and you have to ~~#####~~ fix it and get those very important letters typed for that cute Boss so he might ask you to "work overtime", if you know what I mean. A girl sure has to be prepared for that.

But she also has to be prepared for things she doesn't expect. She has to be ready to fight trueidkfldkf against that horrible thing, that horrible word that makes every decent girl go all trembly. What am I talking about? Let's hear it, girls! Yeah, that's right. I'm talking about Rape. I know. It almost happened to me.

It all started ~~#####~~ a little while ago with those phone calls. I was sitting at my desh trying to find the little doo-hickey that you press to make big letters and if you don't press it you have to start all over, when I thought I heard the phone ring. BRRRING.... BRRRRING.... It sure sounded like the phone. BRRRRRING.... BRRRRRRING.... "well Bubbles," I said to myself. (I'm always talking to myself. As long as I don't start answering myself, I'm OK, I always say. Hee hee!) "Well, Bubbles, there's only one way to find out if it's the phone." So I picked up the phone. But it kept ringing. "Oh, you silly girl," I said to myself again, and I took the part you talk in off the hook.

"Hello?" I said to the phone.

"Hhello? Is this Bubbles?" the phone said.

"Yes," I said.

Then the phone didn't say anything. It just breathed. Kinda like when somebody has asthma or something.

"Hello?" I said to the phone.

"Hhuh. Hhuh. Hhhhhuh," the phone said.

"Hello?" I said to the phone.

"Christ, would I ever like to get my hands in your pants!!! Hhhuh!" the phone said.

Then I knew that the phone didn't have asthma. It was doing something dirty. It maybe was--- maybe was--- even playing with itself. So I hung up right away. The girls always told me to do that if that ~~#####~~ happened. I thought that after I hungx #up and hollered at the phone, that would be the

end of it. But it kept happening. Always the same thing.

"Hello?" I would say.

"Hhello? Is this bubbles?" the phone would say.

"Yes," I would say.

"Hhuh," the phone would say.

"Hello?" I would say.

"Hhuh, Hhuh. Hhhhhuh," the phone would say.

"Hello?" I would say.

"Christ, would I ever like to get my hands in your pants!" the phone would say.

Then I would know that the phone was being nasty again and would hang up. This happened over and over again--- sometimes 8 or 9 times a day. You'd think the phone would get tired of playing with itself after the 5th or 6th time. But it didn't. It kept happening.

So you can hardly blame me for not wanting to go home at the end of a day. Those calls really slowed me down. I barely got those very important letters typed each day. The boss didn't ask me to work overtime one lousy night the whole time those calls came. Not once! He always left the same time I did! We even sometimes took the same up and down box to get out of the building.

Then one night when we got off the up and down box, the boss said to me, "I'll see you later, Bubbles." I smiled my super sexiest smile at him. He grinned at me and then... he winked at me. Gee, that was really great! "Maybe he'll ask me to work overtime tomorrow." I said to myself. (There I am talking to myself again. Aren't I silly?) I walked out of the building on my foxy play-form shoes making my nay-nay wiggle just a teensy to make sure he wouldn't forget, or even change his mind.

All that talking ( I'm not very good at talking) made me have to walk slow so I could rest. And wouldn't you know, I missed my bus cuz I walked so slow. So I had to keep walking. I walked and I walked for golly such a long time. Just when I was near home, just about the corner of Brookline and Longwood... "Hey wait! I don't live here." I said to myself. So I turned around. That's when I heard the footsteps.

At first they sounded just like someone walking. Click. Click. Click. Click. Then something happened. Those footsteps started to sound just like mine. Click-click. Click-click. I went.

Click-click. Click-click. They went.

Clickety-click. Clickety-click. I went.

Clickety-click. Clickety-cli-ck. They went.

# I Made \$100,000 a Year THANKS TO MITT TECH!

**J.B. Wiesner**

Five years ago I couldn't add a column of figures and stand up at the same time. Now, thanks to Homological Algebra, I don't have to stand up. I'm in an executive position in one of America's largest pay toilets with my own roll of dimes.

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I offer you success! You are reading this because you want an interesting and profitable business of your own. A warm place to return to in the evening. A wonderful woman, soft and loving, waiting for you to return home for a good, hot meal. A dog to bring you your slippers without throwing up in them. I know how you feel! I started eighteen years ago with practically nothing. But now, two decades later, I have ulcers and I don't want any of those things anymore. I want money! And I know how to get it!

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Have you ever felt "left out" by not knowing the "secret handshake?" By being the only one in the Cleveland Hotel not wearing a fez and speaking in a slurred foreign tongue? Then this is the break you've been waiting for! Now you can learn the secrets of **Homological Algebra** at home in your spare time. Learn step by step as our expert profes-

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Booker T. Goldberg  
Matzaball, MI.

**TRUCK DRIVER GETS NEW DIRECTION**

"I used to be content with drinking, cruising for broads, and playing poker, but ever since I learned Homological Algebra I have given up everything except beating my meat."

Mack Truck  
Mystic River Bridge, Chelsea, MA.

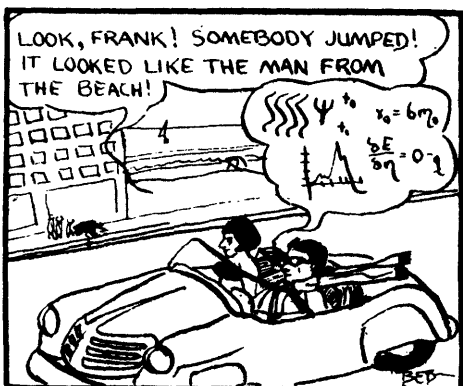
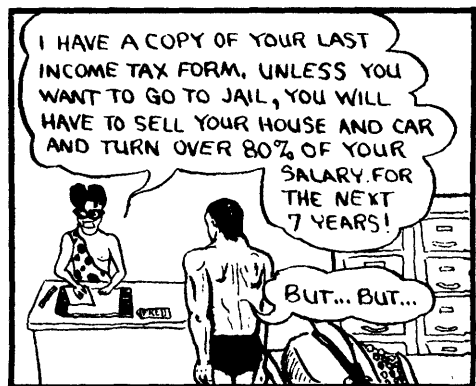
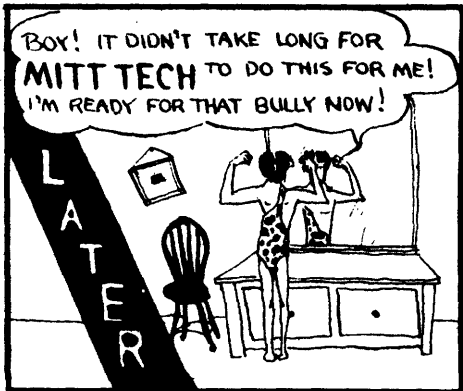
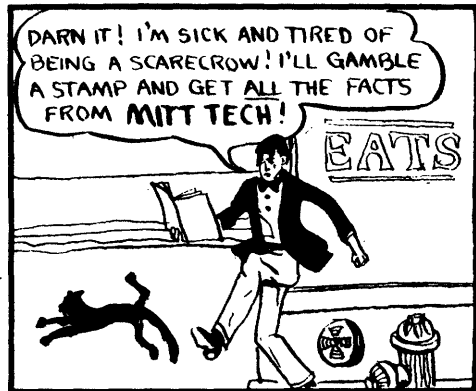
**MAN SEES HIGHER PURPOSE**

"Since I took Homological Algebra my business still sucks, but I have a sense of higher purpose."

R. Graham  
Cosmic Awareness, ME.

# ar at Home in my Spare Time

## NEW HOME STUDY PROGRAM



### 18.715 Homological Algebra (A)

Prereq.: 18.706

Year: G (1)

3-0-9

Abelian categories, derived functors, spectral sequences, the functors Tor and Ext, cohomology of sheaves, homological properties of noetherian rings. Grothendieck topologies, the derived category of an abelian category, local duality theory, semi-simplicial methods and a unified cohomology theory for algebraic structures.

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# King to Pawn Three

## TOURNAMENT AT ORENSE

*By Fisher*

I must admit that when I first received my invitation to this tournament I had to examine a map of Spain to find out where Orense is. I really wasn't too sure that it wasn't just a trick to get me to play that communist, Borsch Spastic or whatever his name was. I mean, the letterhead looked good and everything, but the Russians have all kinds of services available to their agents and they have used that kind of trick before in their bloodthirsty conquest of land and property in the West. In fact, I thought it might have been Spistickoff or whatever writing himself, because all through the matches in Iceland he would always pronounce "Orange" as something like "Orense," and these people won't stop at anything to get their way. It's true. Even when I was a kid in New York and people were just beginning to see that there wasn't anyone better than me, those big fat, sweaty tournament organizers who used to have Polish or Italian names but were really communists used to leave me in hotels without my prize money because they were shipping it all to buy guns to use against our boys in Korea. But I was too smart for them. I called the State Department and asked them to find out the *real* story about the match in Orense. It turns out that the match was real after all. But you can never be too careful. Now that I think about it, "Red" is really close to "Orange." I mean, only an idiot would take chances like that. But anyway, this month's game was really one of the most exciting of the tournament, when Jeremy O'Reilly crushed Lin Wot-So, one of those chinks that make the worst kind of enemy because for every one you can shoot down there are a hundred others to take their place, and they don't have any regard for human life.

### SICILIAN DEFENSE

J. O'Reilly

1. P-K4

2. N-KB3

3. P-Q4

4. NxP

5. N-QB3

Slopehead

P-QB4

P-Q3

PxP

N-KB3

P-QR3

Jacowski states that this transposition to the Scheveningen Variation is playable. But this game (and the one in the note after Black's 9th move) casts some doubt on that assertion. In fact, Keres remarks in the January CL&R (anant the game Karpov-Cobo): "The most usual response to White's 6th move is 6. P-K4 7. N-B3, Q-B2. With the next move Black switches to the Scheveningen Variation, certainly not a bad choice." But the question

remains whether this is true.

6. P-KB4

7. Q-B3!

P-K3

The Bishop stands much more actively here than in the Karpov-Cobo game where it was stupidly played to K2.

7. ....

Q-B2

8. N-KB3

B-K2

White has willingly retreated from the center, threatening P-K5 at the right moment. This is kind of like what was done in the Janosevic-Castro game played later in the same tournament. It's funny, too, that it should have been a guy named Castro because this reminded me more than anything else of how John Fitzgerald Kennedy, one of the nation's greatest Presidents, really put Castro in his place over those communist missiles. I

mean, a direct threat right up the middle when the flank is in trouble and Wham! Eat lead!

**9. PxP**

**QN-Q2**

I really felt great when I saw this one. Poweee! Boy, did it ever put that little slope in his place! You could see him praying to his little yellow communist ancestors over that one, yessir! The guy he was travelling with went running out of the room, probably to phone headquarters and see if he should kill the guy for failing his people.

**10. QN-QB4**

**P-KB5**

This was really sharp! I remember the last time I saw something like that, I was nineteen, at a tournament in New Jersey. As a matter of fact, that's when I first met Diana, right there, at that match. I remember, when I finished my game I went out to get a sandwich. Nobody would come with me because the communist sweaty organizers would take them aside into a corner and tell them things about me, and the guys would clear their throat when I asked them to come with me and say they were busy and maybe later. So I went by myself to a dirty place because the promoter must have gotten a good deal on rifles and didn't give me any money so I couldn't afford anything else.

**11. R-R6!**

**Q-P4**

An unexpectedly good defensive move. He thought about it for a long time, though. I wouldn't have to. Like when Diana served my table. I knew immediately that this was the girl I wanted. I mean, she really cared. The way she asked me what I wanted. I mean, nobody else would have understood it but me. God, and the way the top two buttons of her blouse were open, showing the very tops of where her breasts were beginning to curve! I sat there for hours. I wanted to talk to her, but everytime she asked me what I wanted all I could say was Grilled Cheese Sandwich and everything else was a kind of throaty sound.

**12. M-K5**

**R-QR7!!!**

I waited for five hours for her to get off, and all kinds of dirty, sweaty foreigners who have no regard for this country came in. I missed my second match and the communist promoter tried to use that as an excuse for not giving me the money instead of telling me about the crate of hand grenades it bought. God, the pictures I had of her falling passionately into my arms, imagining the tenderness of her kiss, her gentle voice in the morning. And then she wasn't there any more, and I

realized that she didn't know that I wanted to see her even though she had been looking at me strangely for quite a while. I think she really wanted to fall into my arms, but she was afraid that the communists would have put her name on the assassination list right next to my name and the Kennedys. But she was leaving and I had to see her!

**13. Q-PR**

**P-PPp!!**

It might have been better to move the rook here, but I was in too much of a hurry. Was I talking about Diana? And she was leaving without a word, without admitting how much she loved me. I didn't mind the idea of never seeing her again or having the chance to admire her creamy white thighs shifting enticingly beneath her skirt. But she had to say she loved me! She had to! And a RxQP would not have been a good thing. Too little too late. Even 14. N-KN5 RxP! What did it matter?

**14. QR-T!!!!!!!**

Diana! I had seen it on her nametag! I called out to her in the back alley, ran to her, tried to grab her hand. But she wasn't alone. She was with a chink! I knew that he had told her all those lies that they were spreading about me and I hated him! I tried to pull her to safety!

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

He hit me! Lord, he hit me! Right in the eye, the commie bastard! It hurt! And he was taking her away! Creamy white thighs! Oh God! Blood is running down my face! My face! Diana! Be logical, logic like chess, with logic you can see all things.

There was a piece of pipe in my hands. I don't know where it came from, but Lord, I used it. Oh God, God, God, blood all over. Milky white thighs, nametags, fat, sweaty tournament masters! Attend one party meeting as a kid and you're branded for life! And then my hands were around her throat and I was squeezing, forcing her free! And blood was running down my face where she scratched me and I knew it was too late, they'd gotten to her, and I hit and I hit! Thrusting, proud breasts! Oh God! Oh God! And it was all over then. I was tired. Everything had stopped moving. I just went home and took a shower. I mean, I just didn't want to do anything else. You do understand, don't you? Don't you? You've got to. I couldn't do anything else.

**P-K4**

**P-QB3**

That's the problem with those Chinese. Their endgame sucks.

As you have seen, M.I.T. is taking great steps to emphasize that it is a place for women also. As a part of its campaign, M.I.T. has been exhibiting in its hallways short biographies of some of our more illustrious female graduates. However, because of certain limitations

# ★★★★★★ ILLUSTRIOUS CO-



## Miss Dulciana Lugwrench

Born 1905 — Received her B.S. in Marine Biology in 1927 - Rose to fame in 1929 when she wrestled an alligator in the first of a long line of jungle adventure films — In 1939, became the first woman to roll a cigarette with one hand — later in life, weakened by disease, she frequently assaulted alligator handbags and shoes, often forcing the owner's jaws open with her one good arm — died in 1947 when she threw herself at a shoe tied to the back of a newlywed's car and was run over by a bus.

in space and various financial considerations, some of the more renowned of these women have been inequably excised. In order to rectify this unfortunate situation, we would like to present further case-histories of:

# EDS OF THE PAST ★★★★★★★★



## **Elaine Baggie**

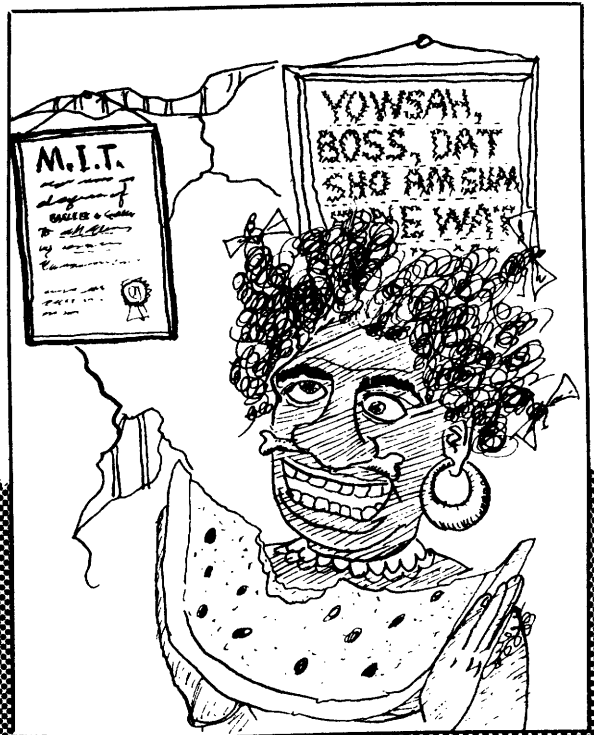
Born 1903 – Received her B.S. in Chemical Ecology in 1923 – Worked 6 years under Constance Swallow Richards, famed pioneer ecologist – promptly ejected after giving Miss Richards a cup of Charles River water to drink – signed on as Driving Consultant to Revere Sanitation Department, 1929 – there pioneered use as a dress of the plastic refuse receptacle which now bears her name – in 1936, became world-famous when then-young Teddy Roosevelt threw up on her blouse – died of chronic trench mouth, 1942.

# 98 YEARS OF THE "NEW"



## Miss Virginia Whoopie

Born 1885 – Received her B.S. in Management Science in 1912 – Vowing she would “always marry a sailor,” she was engaged to the greater part of the 6th fleet by 1913 – saw considerable action in WW1 – at end of war, she devoted much of her time reorienting returning troops to normal lives – worked out of over 250 U.S.O. clubs at once – affectionately known to returning servicemen as “that cunt” – at 90, is still active in her chosen field of endeavor – in over 250 Senior Citizens’ homes throughout the country, is affectionately known as “that...er...er...”



## Miss Gonzoletta G. Cucharacha

Born 1933 – Received her B.S. in Urban Studies in 1955 – First member of any minority group to graduate from M.I.T. – thesis on “The Effectiveness of the New York Welfare System,” based on her extensive experimentation – as a result of her work-study experience, had 27 children among her 6 hysterectomies – managed to overcome her background of upper-middle-class birth and perfect fluency in English by means of a series of self-inflicted frontal lobotomies – eagerly accepted into New York Welfare Program in 1956 – died of terminal dirt in 1969 – at time of death, Newark, New Jersey City Council unanimously voted to name species of black-eyed peas in honor of her decision to live in New York.

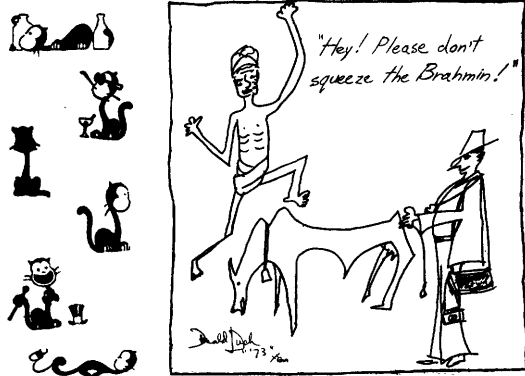
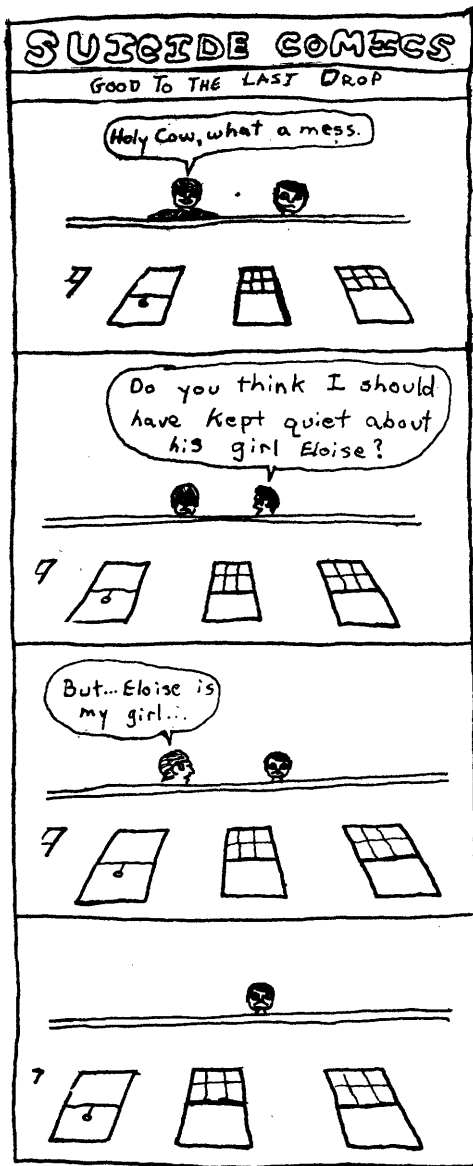
# 'NEW' WOMAN



**Tracha**  
B.S. in Urban  
member of any  
from M.I.T. —  
of the New  
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result of her  
27 children  
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ted into New  
56 — died of  
time of death,  
Council unani-  
of black-eyed  
to live in New

## Miss Boopsie Phlegm

Born 1926 — Received her B.S. in Labor Relations in 1944 — Worked as Chief Mixologist in the Paradise Bar and Grill — a well-known fixture in local social life — sued for Breach of Promise by George A. Kalb when she married him in 1945 — went to Hollywood in 1946 — worked her way across the entire theater circuit, but never made a successful contact — in 1956, underwent major surgery to have 5000 flies removed — in 1962 her head fell off — buried in unconsecrated ground.



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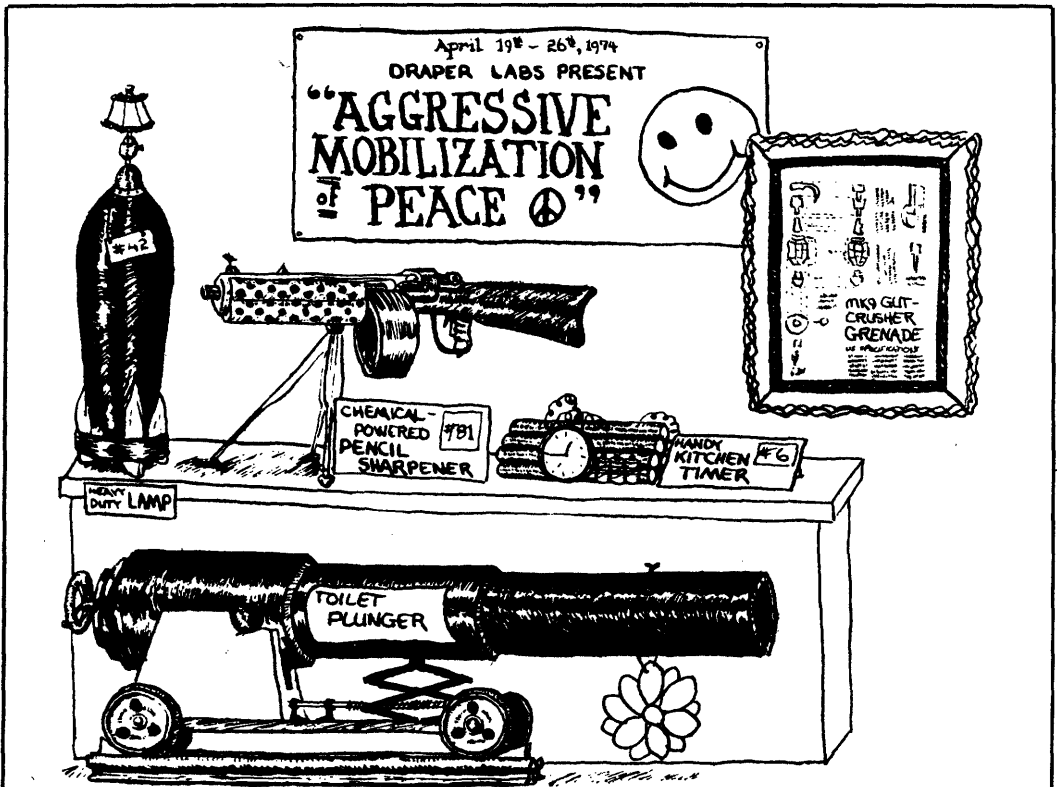
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# MIT REPORTS ON RESEARCH

March, 1974

Vol. 1, No. 1 (New Series)



## Draper Labs Develop "Technology of Peace"

Conversion of M.I.T.'s Charles Stark Draper Laboratory from defense research to the peaceful uses of technology is well under way. In a recent interview, Draper Lab's Professor Kizadze explained the Lab's new approach "In these days of public disenchantment with the military research groups and defense budget cuts in Congress, the Draper Labs have turned to the technology of peace. We feel the Draper expertise can make many valuable contributions to the Nation and the Western way of life."

Nonmilitary research is progressing in many directions. As an example,

Prof. Kizadze described his current project, the government-sponsored Airborne Projectile Guidance System, a radar and laser combination "so accurate that we can, from a single mother projectile, release fifty smaller containers with such accuracy that they will land at a target as small as a house from a distance of over five thousand miles. This has numerous applications in such areas as, for example, rapid air mail delivery or a reliable milk-delivery service. Such work must destroy utterly the myth the Draper is 'a tool of the Pentagon.'"

- Perry O'Dontal

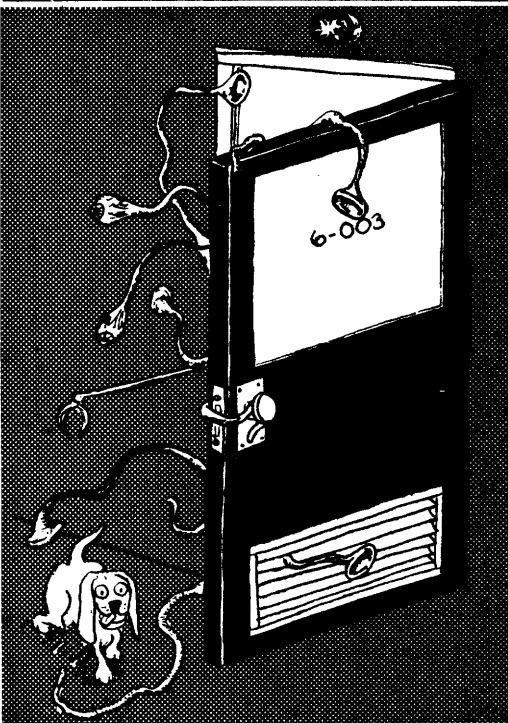
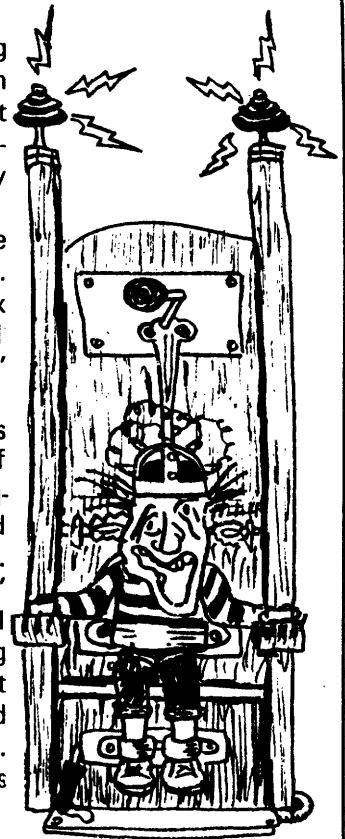


### Scientist Probes Cognitive Processes

Emotional imbalances in children and the resulting societal problems are of great concern to the modern scientist. The precise nature of mental illness is difficult to know, particularly when dealing with the pre-teenager. However, certain body responses can be directly measured and recorded.

The center of Professor Bleeker's research is the Psychogalvanometer, named after its famous inventor. By providing controlled stimulus to the cerebral cortex of the brain over the wide range of 50 millivolts to 1 kilovolt, this device can either "reinforce" or "fritz out" certain learned responses. Prof. Bleeker explains:

"Well, ya see, we cram these little metal thingums into the kid's head, see? Then we show him a picture of some everyday occurrence, like his mother being gang-raped by a gang of Hell's Angels or his dad being ripped apart by a pack of wild dogs and plug him into the wall. It's funny as shit. I seen it done in some movie once." There are many rewards to this type of research. "I remember once I made a film of one real funny-looking kid while I showed him a movie of his local priest clubbing his little sister to death. I took it to a party and when the guys saw it they just about bust a gut." Prof. Bleeker can be found in 2-473 during regular business hours.



### E-Lab Develops New Energy Source

Americans are becoming increasingly aware of the great impact that the energy shortage has had on the workings of the nation and the problems that such shortages may pose in the decades to come. The dual pressures of rising population and diminishing fuel supplies are forcing the development of radically new techniques for meeting tomorrow's energy needs.

Last year M.I.T. founded the Energy Labs to serve as a focus for energy research, and currently studies of such diverse approaches as thermonuclear fusion, gassification of coal, and solar power are in progress. One project, under the direction of Prof. Karma is unique in that it simultaneously attacks both the energy and population problems. Prof. Karma is eager to involve undergraduates, particularly from minority groups, in his

work; if you are interested, drop in at 6-003 anytime during the day or night.

-Ken L. Ration

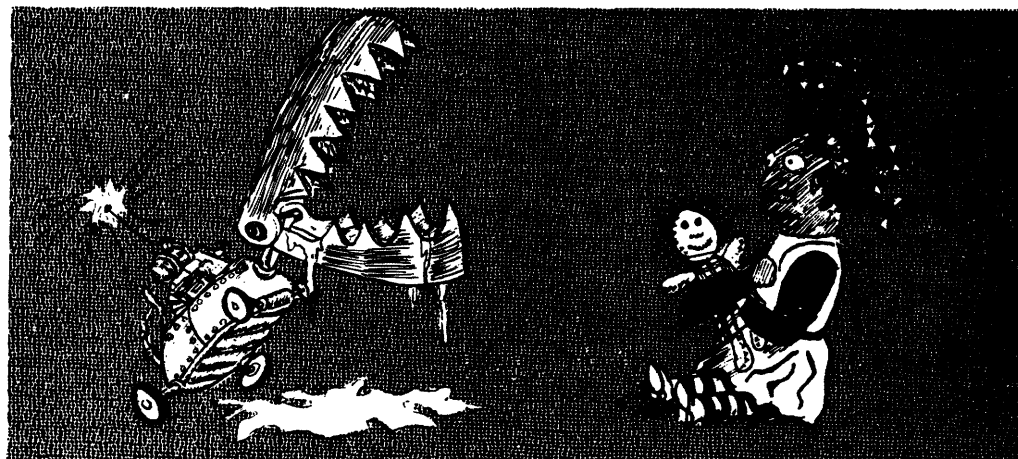
### Popular Figure Pioneers Math Field

The importance of Mathematics to all other fields of science is beyond question, and the absence of an evaluative technique has frequently delayed development of important scientific systems. Therefore, a great amount of pure mathematical research is necessary if modern science is to proceed at a natural pace.

Particularly important is the work being carried on by Prof. Carl-Gian

Pumice of the Metallurgy and Materials Science Department. Having risen to national prominence in 1943 when he combined radical new theories on molecular orbits, electron wobble, and log-log regeneration, and then cancelled out the X's to discover Pumice's Constant ( $12643.27 \times 21e^{-204} \text{ erg-sec}^2\text{-m}^9\text{/slug-liter}^7$ ), the Professor has spent the last thirty-one years trying to find a use for it. If you are interested in helping with this important work, you will find him in his office at 2-351, where he and his lawyers are preparing a legal defense for his \$40,000 expenditure for "materials and carfare."

- P.O'D.



### Modern Science Alters Face Of Slums

If mankind is ever to solve the problems of poverty, the poor must first receive the enormous educational benefits offered by modern technology. One viable solution to slum problems has been proposed by the Artificial Intelligence division of the M.I.T. Electrical Engineering Department. Following the success of their LOGO "Turtle" in teaching basic mathematical and geometric principles to middle-class children, they have recently modified the system for use in low-income neighborhoods.

The LOGO "Turtle" is a mechanical device controlled by a computer. The LOGO language, which contains simple instructions to describe geometric shapes,

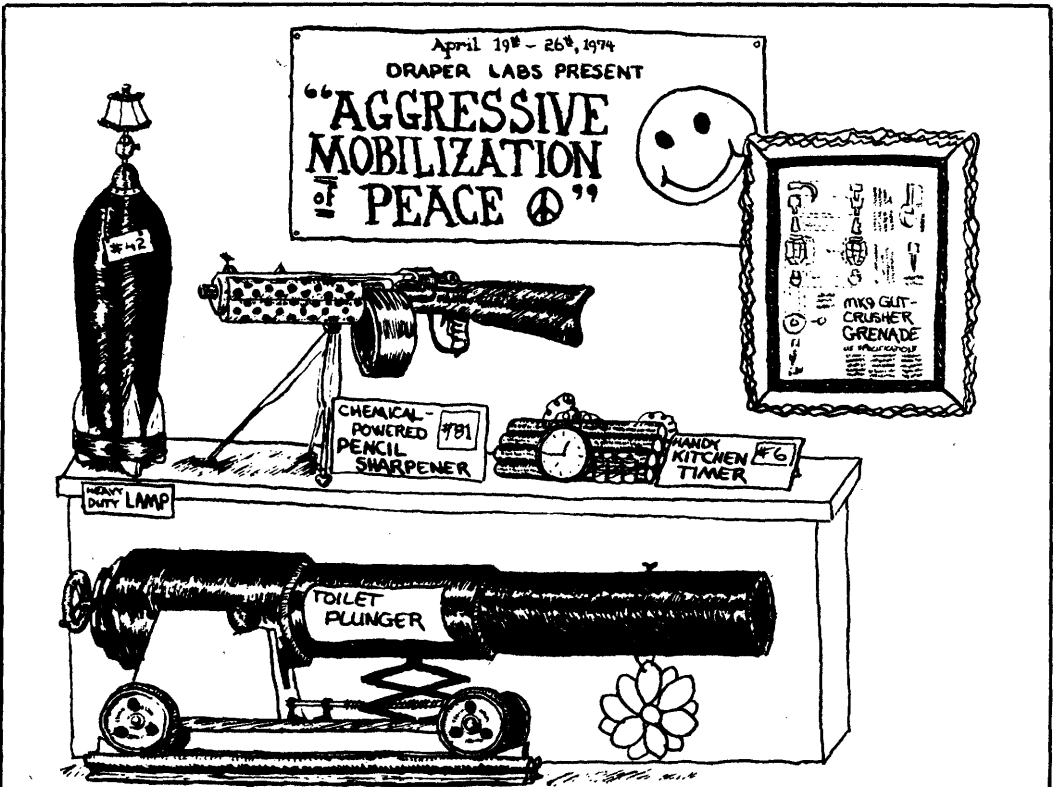
is easy for a child to master and provides enjoyable math experience in an informal atmosphere. To accommodate the special demands of working with children from these areas, certain new geometric functions, such as "Chitlins" or "Like Cockroach" have been included. More important, though, are the new operation codes triggered by the input of common three-letter combinations which translate to commands such as "Kill" and "Maim". Professor Packard points out that "it is this little innovation in computer science that may finally cure the nation of one of its greatest ills."

- K.L.R

# MIT REPORTS ON RESEARCH

March, 1974

Vol. 1, No. 1 (New Series)



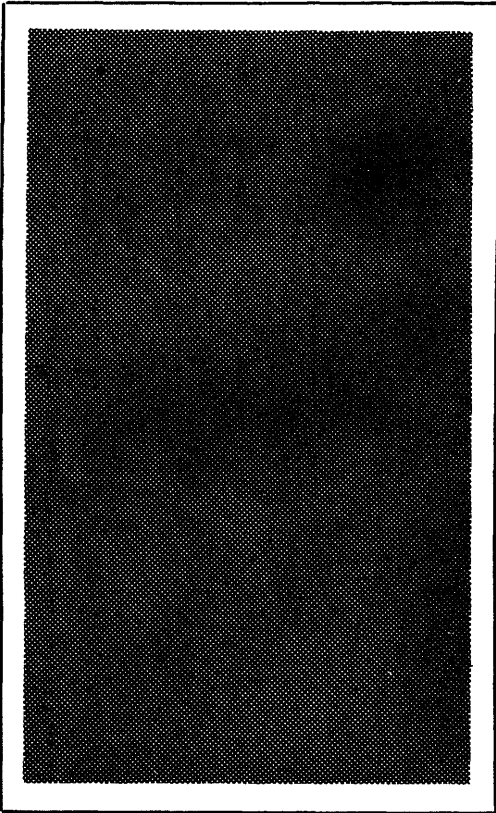
## Draper Labs Develop "Technology of Peace"

Conversion of M.I.T.'s Charles Stark Draper Laboratory from defense research to the peaceful uses of technology is well under way. In a recent interview, Draper Lab's Professor Kizadze explained the Lab's new approach "In these days of public disenchantment with the military research groups and defense budget cuts in Congress, the Draper Labs have turned to the technology of peace. We feel the Draper expertise can make many valuable contributions to the Nation and the Western way of life."

Nonmilitary research is progressing in many directions. As an example,

Prof. Kizadze described his current project, the government-sponsored Airborne Projectile Guidance System, a radar and laser combination "so accurate that we can, from a single mother projectile, release fifty smaller containers with such accuracy that they will land at a target as small as a house from a distance of over five thousand miles. This has numerous applications in such areas as, for example, rapid air mail delivery or a reliable milk-delivery service. Such work must destroy utterly the myth the Draper is 'a tool of the Pentagon.'"

- Perry O'Dontal



## Physics Group Discovers New Particle

The M.I.T. Advanced Physics Research Group has recently announced the discovery of a new elementary particle, the

gamma-minus hypersuperduperon. According to Professor Sigmund Froschfresser, the man who first announced the existence of the particle, it plays "a fundamental role in explaining certain asymmetries in pion-proton interactions. Regrettably, security considerations prevent disclosure of our data to the scientific community."

The discovery brings about a remarkable reversal in the Particle Group's fortunes. Recent cutbacks in federal funding of physics research have threatened the Group's future, but with the discovery of the  $\mathcal{H}^-$ , the promise of a new \$10 million grant was received from the National Science Foundation. "We are most grateful for the Government's generous support of our work," says Prof. Froschfresser. "The grant should be sufficient to cover our costs for 1975 and possibly enable us to start the search for the  $\mathcal{H}^0$  and the anti- $\mathcal{H}^+$ . We hope the N.S.F. maintains its interest in our work."

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### Reports on Research

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# The World Ends September 14th!

Although most people have already forgotten about it, Comet Kohoutek will collide with Earth sometime next month, and if you read the title, you can probably guess what that means. The source of this fact is the article, 'Cosmic Holocausts Just Aren't Funny' (illustrated with positively horrifying artist's conceptions), which appeared in an August edition of a weekly paper published for a supermarket in Sarasota, Florida. Why the other newspapers haven't picked up the story is anyone's guess. Presumably, they're trying to keep it from the public. Maybe you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool very many people when the Earth breaks up into a billion pieces and everyone dies. People will just know something's up.

One may doubt the accuracy of the source, but it seems unlikely that a Sarasota weekly would risk its credibility by printing an untrue story (even if its reputation for accuracy does not compare with that of the *Journal of Theoretical Physics*, or, for that matter, of the *National Enquirer*.)

Assuming then that Comet Kohoutek will strike the Earth and kill everyone, what can you, the average citizen, do about it? Not much, I'm afraid. We'll just have to face the facts. But then, perhaps there is a certain poetic justice in it all; perhaps it is no coincidence that this

disaster occurs at a time when wheat consumption has reached undreamed-of heights. Maybe Nature in her vast wisdom is desperately trying to warn us of something we have been too blind to see, of something so huge and horrible that we don't *want* to see.... Then again, maybe the article I read could have been wrong.

However, observations of the Comet Kohoutek made since last November now make it possible to prove that the world will end September 14th. Comet Kohoutek is speeding towards Earth at roughly thirty miles per hour. Since the Earth is 93 million miles from the sun, Comet Kohoutek is now literally hundreds of miles away. Now, for purposes of calculation, we will assume the known universe to be a point mass. Then 93 million miles divided by 2 pi times the Earth's radius (that is to say, the radius of the Earth's orbit divided by the circumference of the Earth's surface) will give you a value that is insignificant. But note that this value is greater than the speed of Comet Kohoutek. So there you have it. Figures don't lie.

†AUGUST 1974

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# FLUSHED THE MIXER

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PERHAPS IT WILL BE DIFFERENT THIS TIME - PERHAPS I'LL MEET THE WOMAN OF MY DREAMS TONIGHT. SOMEWHERE IN THIS ROOM MAY BE A WARM, SENSITIVE FEMALE WHO WON'T TREAT ME LIKE A VAT OF CREAM CHEESE...

HELLO, HONEY!

I GAVE AT THE OFFICE!

CLOSE, BUT NO WEEO!

HIYA, TOOTS!

GO SUCK ON A SLIDE RULE, YA TECH TWERP!

HMM. PERHAPS MY APPROACH IS WRONG. IT'S CLEAR THAT THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR PERSONALITY. MAYBE THEY WANT SOMEONE A LITTLE MORE ATHLETIC.

HEYAH, SWEETS! HOWJA LIKE TA MAKE OUT WITH A REAL HE-MAN?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR HAND?

WHAT? OH, THAT! WELL, YOU SEE, I PLAY BASKETBALL SO MUCH, AND I'M SUCH AN ACE ON THE COURTS, SOMETIMES I FORGET I'M NOT OUT DRIBBLING A BALL!

GEE! YOU'RE A REAL STUD, EN?

ER-OH, YES. I FREQUENTLY WEAR 'STUDS WHILE I PLAY BASKETBALL! IN FACT, I HAD A JOB STUDDING SNOW TIRES LAST SUMMER! ER - STUDS HAVE PLAYED A GREAT PART IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY...

UM - TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE...

OH GOD! HUMILIATED AGAIN! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?

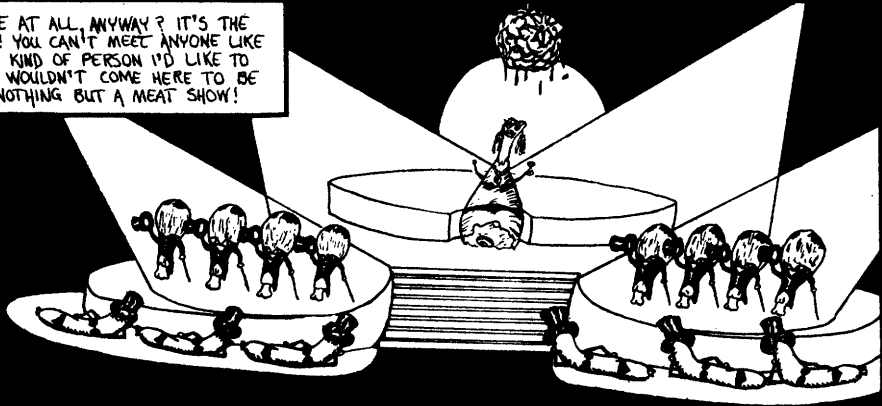
HAS MY DEODORANT DIED?



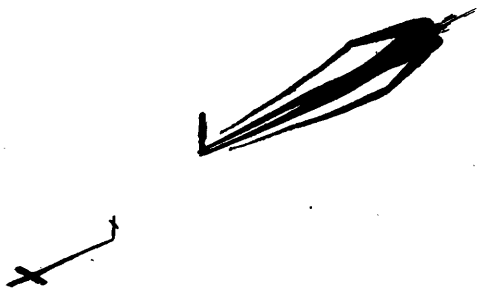
IS IT MY BREATH?



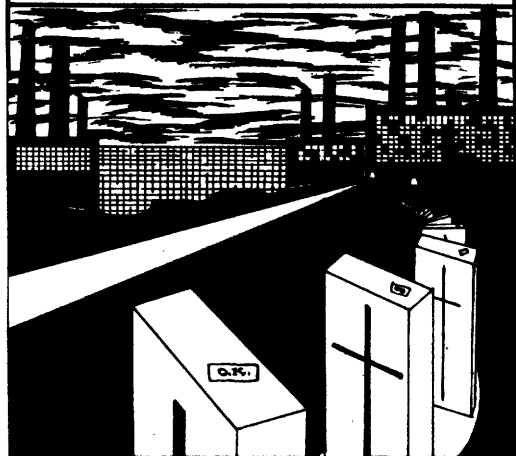
WHY DO I COME HERE AT ALL, ANYWAY? IT'S THE SAME EVERY TIME! YOU CAN'T MEET ANYONE LIKE THIS, ANYWAY! THE KIND OF PERSON I'D LIKE TO SPEND TIME WITH WOULDN'T COME HERE TO BE PICKED UP! IT'S NOTHING BUT A MEAT SHOW!



IS IT JUST ME? IT CAN'T BE! I'M A HUMAN BEING — SOMETIMES I'M ACTUALLY GOOD COMPANY! BUT COULD IT ALWAYS BE THEM, DEVOID OF ALL HUMAN PASSION? ARE THEY ALL FRIGID OR SOMETHING?  
— HEY! THAT'S IT! THIS IS A CATHOLIC STATE! AND YOU KNOW THE CATHOLIC CHURCH...



FROM BIRTH THEY'RE PROGRAMMED... THEY'RE FRIGHTENED INTO SUBMISSION BY BEING TAUGHT THAT THEY'RE EVIL AND ONLY THE CHURCH CAN SAVE THEM... THE CHURCH TRAUMATIZES THEM AGAINST ANY SORT OF SECULAR VIOLATION UNTIL THE TIME IS RIGHT...





THEN, WHEN THEY NEED MORE MONEY FOR REAL ESTATE, THEY GIVE THE WOMEN BIG, FLASHY WEDDINGS — THE SHOW IS ENOUGH TO FREE THEIR MASSIVE BLOCK OF SUBCONSCIOUS INHIBITIONS — AND THEY BREED LIKE FLIES SO THE CHURCH GETS MORE POTENTIAL REVENUE-MAKERS —

CERTIFICATION & BREED  
OF YOUR NAME HERE

Jane Doe is hereby authorized for  
you-know-what-oh this, the  
day of \_\_\_\_\_, 197...

APRIL  
FOUR

with  
witness  
emphatic  
signature

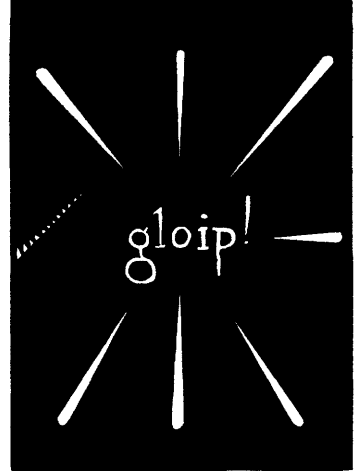
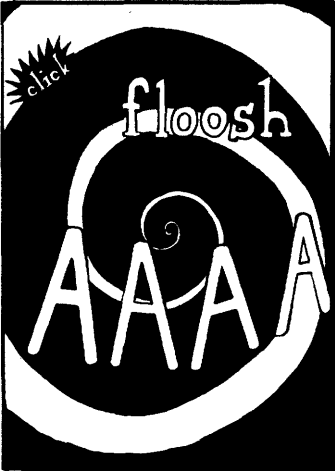


BUT WAIT!

MAYBE I'M JUST BEING PARANOID! SO I'VE BEEN TURNED DOWN A FEW TIMES THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M A TOTAL REJECT — I'LL TRY ONCE MORE — JUST

ONCE  
MORE!

HI! HAVE YOU LET JESUS INTO YOUR LIFE YET?



END

Dear Eloise,

Here is something that I thought your readers might enjoy; a delightful birthday treat for that special someone in your life, guaranteed to thrill and amaze your friends and relatives. The party is sure to be an occasion to remember; everyone will be engrossed by this tasty tidbit (which, incidentally, is safe for diabetics and hemophiliacs). It is simple and economical to make, but don't expect any leftovers; it's delicious.

The top layer is adorned with various and sundry articles, all of a dildoid nature. The center of attention is a prodigious anti-tank missile, whose penetrating power is obvious to all; around the periphery is found a pencil from "Peter's Lumber Supply, Omaha, Nebraska," as thick as a thumb, a grotesquely bloated Polish blood sausage, and a blatant che-root. Making the division between layers is a tape produced by General Foods, originally meant for measuring the speeds of track and swimming contestants. It was used extensively during the summer career of Mark Spitz, the famous U.S. swimming star. (Although purported non-toxic, the product has been blamed with

having necessitated the amputation of Mark Spitz's reproductive organ, resulting in the loss of his famed mustache and a lawsuit against General Foods for 53.6 million lire.) On the lower level, one first notices a bright yellow, fully-formed, lifelike latex rubber duckie; imbedded in the icing next to it is a genuine pigskin leather wallet, lined with top-quality Thai silk. A Series "E" U.S. Savings Bond, issued on February 13, 1954, lays flat on the surface, along with a dog-eared paperback copy of Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Child Discipline and Necrophilia*. Page 167 of Cook's Travel Agency's *Guide to Foreign Cultures* is propped up against a vicious whip from darkest Africa, a stretched and dried Rhinoceros' phallus.

This magnificent creation is capped by a lemon-yellow porcelain toilet seat.

Dear R.S.,

Thank you for your refreshing contribution; your cake certainly is unique. P.S. Those readers desiring a copy of the recipe should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Cake," Eloise's Hints, care of this paper.



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