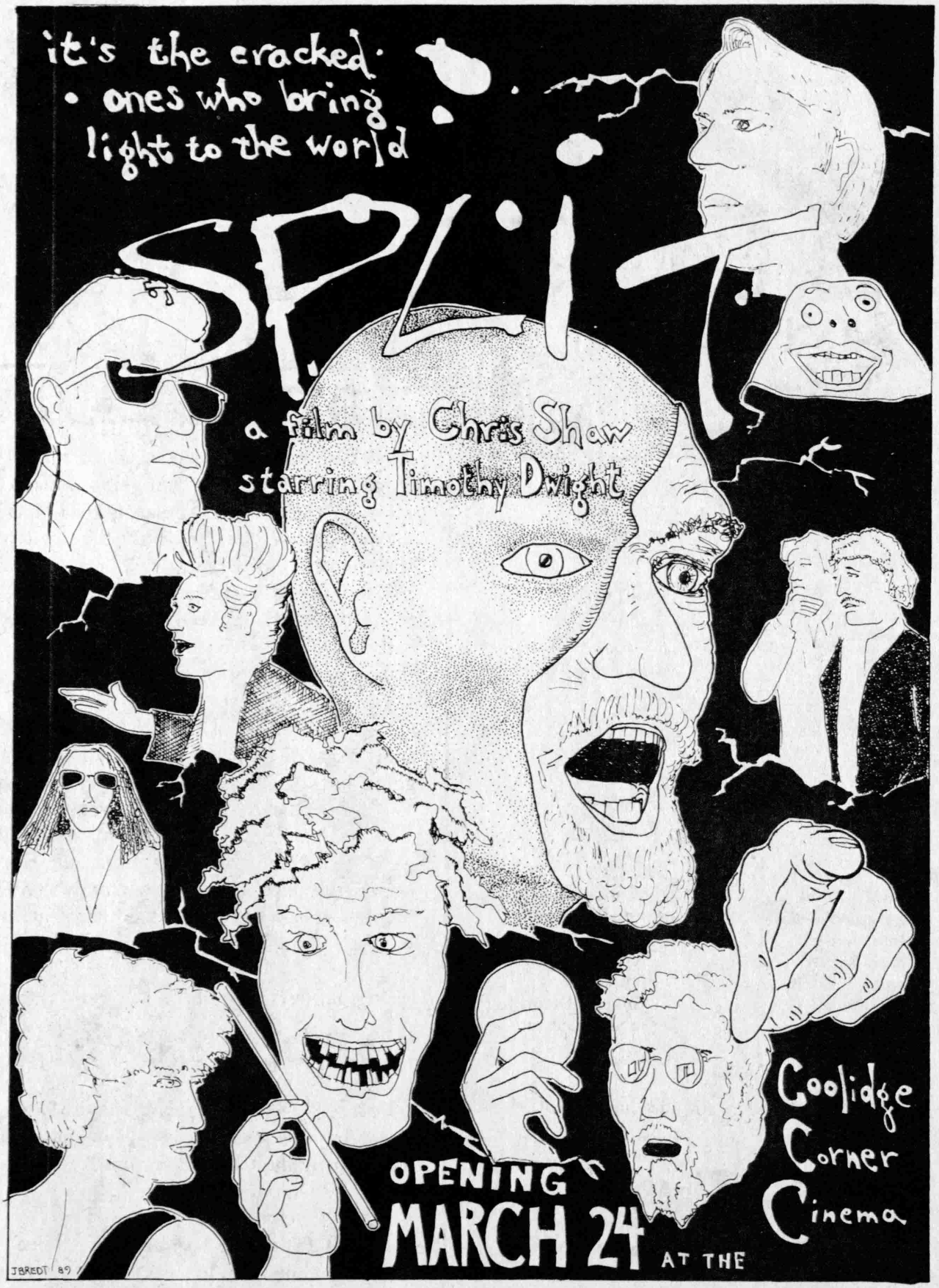
VOODOO

COLLECTORS COMMEMORATIVE EDITION

THE M.I.T. HUMOR MAGAZINE

Tool & Die


it's the cracked
ones who bring
light to the world
SPLIT
a film by Chris Shaw
starring Timothy Dwight
OPENING
MARCH 24 AT THE
Coolidge
Corner
Cinema
JBREDT 89

VOO DOO's

Tool & Die

THE MIT HUMOR MAGAZINE

Published every term sometimes

Volume 70, Number 1

(Tool & Die Number 8)

Staff

David Abrams
Larry Appleman
Brian Bradley
James F. Bredt
James H. Bredt
Chris Coon
William P. Elmer
Charles Hong
Chris Lombardi
Andrew MacDonald
Jennifer McKenney
Ralph Santos
Anthony Schinella
Jennifer Solomon

Thanks to Finboard for financial support.

EDITORIAL

There has always been humor at MIT. Humor has a long and distinguished history on our campus. Archaeologists have discovered cave paintings in the basement of building 10, which translate roughly as "How many MIT students would it take to invent fire?" (Or, possibly, as "You are now in Elevator 10-0. Certificate for use on file at the physical plant office.")

In this issue, we celebrate the 70th anniversary of "organized" humor at MIT, going back to **VooDoo**'s establishment in 1919. Looking at these selected works from **VooDoo** and TOOL AND DIE MAGAZINE we can all come to appreciate one very important thing. There is a *reason* why MIT is a school not known for producing quality writing.

-Anthony Schinella

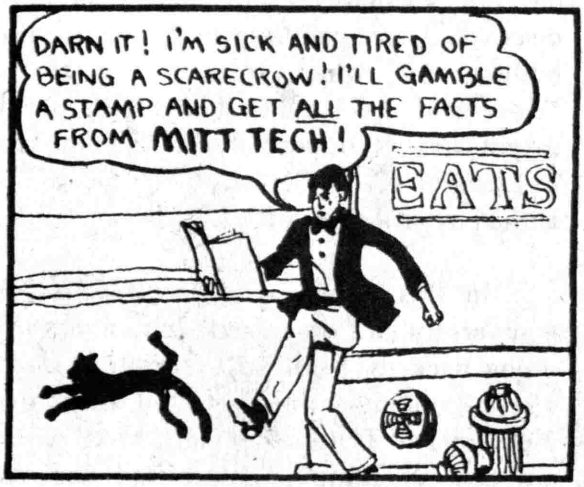
FRONT COVER:

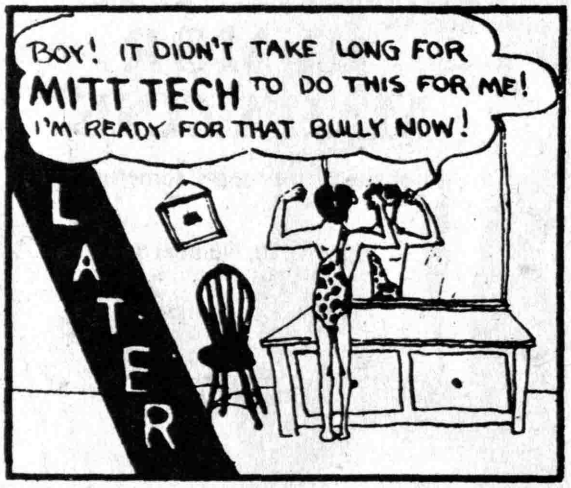
LEFT: The lovely Lady Mens is modeling this stunning two-piece suit while relaxing by the Charles. Hammer produced by MIT Materials Science.

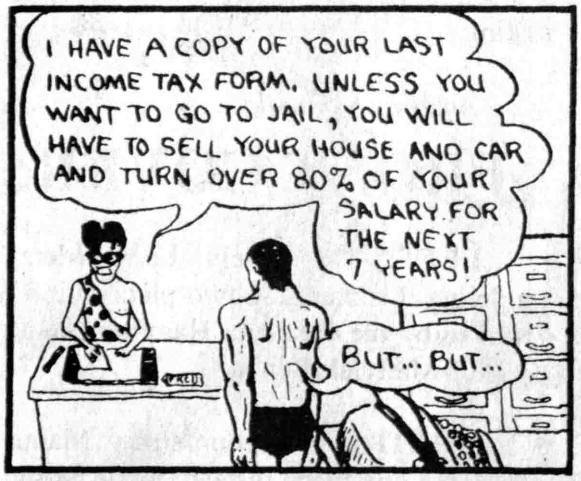
RIGHT: Her counterpart Manus is wearing a one-piece instead, while reading a book in the sun. Text by Abelson and Sussman, available at the Coop [$89.95].

HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH

THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!


DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET ALL THE FACTS FROM MITT TECH!
EATS


BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MITT TECH TO DO THIS FOR ME! I'M READY FOR THAT BULLY NOW!
LATER


I HAVE A COPY OF YOUR LAST INCOME TAX FORM. UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO TO JAIL, YOU WILL HAVE TO SELL YOUR HOUSE AND CAR AND TURN OVER 80% OF YOUR SALARY FOR THE NEXT 7 YEARS!
BUT... BUT...

LOOK, FRANK! SOMEBODY JUMPED! IT LOOKED LIKE THE MAN FROM THE BEACH!

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

COURSE V: STANDARD THESIS

by Charles Deber, B.S. (Chem)

THE SYNTHESIS AND REACTIONS OF_____ACID

WITH SODIUM_____NITRATE

****

THESIS
for the Degree of
Bachelor of Science (Chemistry)

by

_____

June 19_____

Dedication: To my
1. Mother
2. Father
3. Mother and Father
4. Mistress
5. _____ without whose help this could never have been written.

Acknowledgement: The author wishes to thank Dr. _____, his wonderful thesis advisor, whose ( )forbearance ( )patience ( )love of chemistry ( )money ( )feverish thirst for knowledge ( )daughter taught the author a lot about chemistry.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

Historical Introduction

It has been known for several years / months, due to the work of _____, who was a very famous chemist, that the reaction of hot / lukewarm _____ with cold / quite cold _____ produces a char- / burnt / treuse / sienna precipitate which has a melting point / boiling point of ___ Kelvin / Rankine at bed / bath -room temperature.

This is because
( ) atoms like to become bonded to other atoms
( ) it's always nice when you get a precipitate
( ) it was New Year's Eve, so it seemed like a good idea at the time.

It has also been found that the reaction is catalyzed by
( ) two teaspoons of Accent per mole of reactants
( ) eel's eyes
( ) having your girlfriend whisper the word "Yes" three times into the flask
( ) beer

In a separate study, Ralph _____, who was also an extremely famous chemist, discovered that if you add distilled / anhydrous water to a similar system, a great amount of foaming / bubbling occurs, with the subsequent formation of supercalafajalisaspialadocious / sulfuric acid. However, nobody besides Ralph _____

COURSE V: STANDARD THESIS

has ever run this reaction because

( ) everyone else has forgotten how he did it
( ) the explosion destroyed his lab notebook
( ) this reaction is pretty dull, anyway
( ) supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid causes sterility

In this thesis, we will study both of these reactions in an attempt to determine which one is better / worse and whether either one may be used to prepare

( ) aphrodisiacs
( ) synthetic lollipops
( ) instant water -- just add hot coffee
( ) sober prunes from stewed prunes.

Discussion and Results

We found that both reactions proceed through a simple / ridiculous mechanism in which Avogadro's / a much larger number of carbon atoms come flying through space with the speed of a rifle bullet / locomotive Because of this we were able to formulate the following absurd / intriguing formula:

( ) PT = nRV
( ) As you increase the concentration of reactant A in the system, the amount of A present in the system increases.
( ) 2 moles of urea taken internally = di-urea.
( ) Vanadium plus Deuterium plus 4 Oxygen = VOODOO.

These results have caused us to define the "mole" as

( ) a small rodent that lives in the fields.
( ) a brown mark usually found on your chin.
( ) a brown mark usually found on a small rodent.

We therefore conclude that

( ) chemistry is very interesting.
( ) there are more germs in the Charles River than there are atoms in the universe.
( ) if you heat ethyl alcohol before drinking it, you will obtain hot ethyl alcohol.
( ) don't fool around with that supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid -- it's wicked stuff.

Experimental

Into a $\frac{50}{50000}$ liter Erlenlater flask was poured $\frac{1}{2}$ milliliters of liquid iron, followed by the addition of two pounds of freshly chopped $\frac{NaOH}{liver}$. The entire mess is tied to the end of a long rubber hose, and whirled around over your head as fast as you can for 12 hours. Using caution, one milligram of supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid is added (while holding your breath) until

( ) a bell rings
( ) a mushroom cloud lights up the lab
( ) your mother calls you for dinner
( ) Course 5.02 is cancelled.

We recommend, however, that you do not hold your breath until course 5.02 is cancelled, since

( ) a chemist who is blue in the face is of no use at all
( ) breathing Cambridge air is not that desirable, but it's better than nothing at all.
( ) it will probably be replaced by a course which is much worse.

MIT Pistol Defeats Yale Fencing

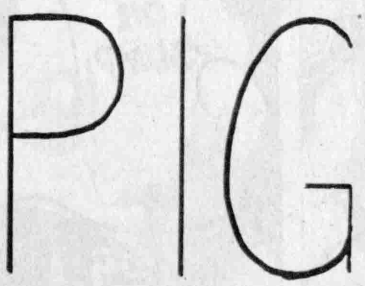
Defeating the notion that MIT students are athletically hopeless nerds, the MIT pistol team soundly defeated the Yale fencing team without losing a single team member of their own. At fifty paces, MIT won hands-down in all three of the competing categories: the lightweight .22 versus foil, 9 mm. handgun versus epee, and in the most closely contested category, .44 auto-magnum versus saber.

Says the MIT team captain, "Well, we were just using our well - known technical advantage and ingenuity. We looked over the history and realized that sword fighting has been obsolete for centuries, since the invention of gunpowder. Instead of brute, athletic prowess, we used superior firepower to win the day." The Yale coach supposedly expressed "surprise" at competing with a pistol team, but was unable to answer questions when reached.

This unique new approach, dubbed "technuke," is purportedly winning many supporters among the other MIT athletic teams, but official sources have denied that this is the case. Says MIT's Director of Athletics, who wished to remain anyonymous, "The MIT crew team is in no way investigating ways of mining the Charles River. We deplore such unsportsmanlike behavior, and such means would interfere with our secret plans to torpedo those damned Harvard crewshells."

Find the Hidden Words

1. Beginner



2. Intermediate

X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X P I G X X
X X X X X X X

3. Advanced

X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X

FESTERING CITY of DEATH
WITH FUNNY ANIMALS
WE MUST FEED... FEED AGAIN!
TO LIVE!
NOT DIE!
IT IS OUR LIFE!
WE MUST HIDE AND WAIT... THEY WILL COME!
IT IS HARD!
OOK!
BLOK
AAAA
OIL SUMP

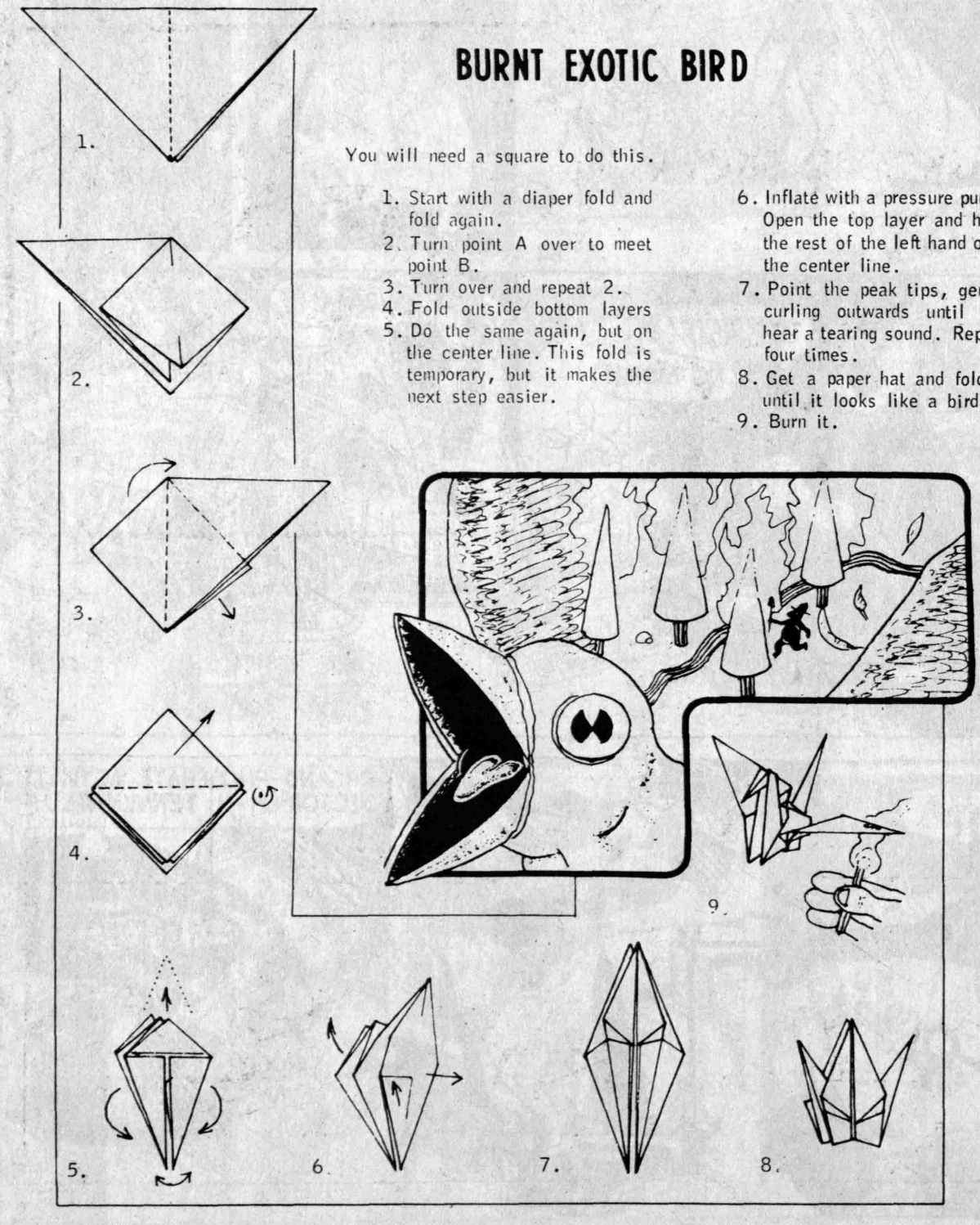
THUK
TOO MANY!
UG
UK
TOO LATE!
NO MORE!
WOMAN!!
EAT HIM!
ORGANO-PHOSPHATE ACTIVITY IN SECTOR J4-H TERMINATED!
ROGER

ORIGORI: *traditional*

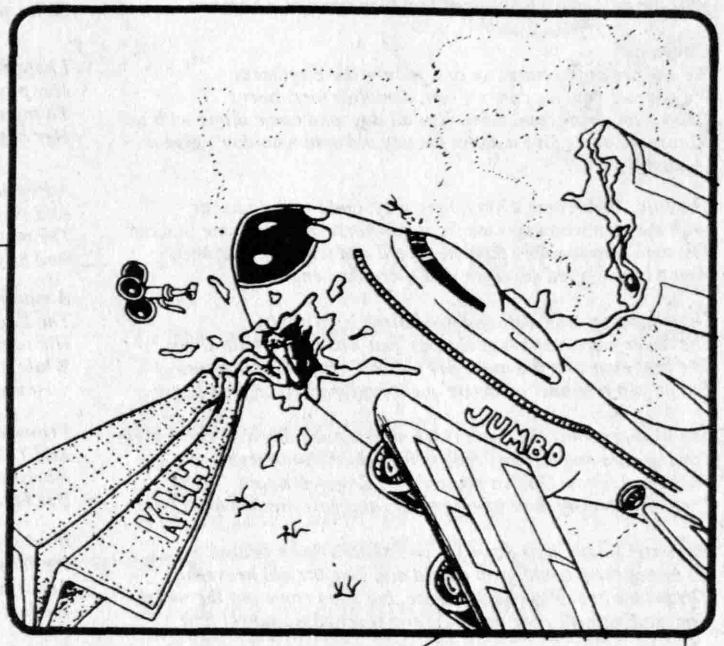
BURNT EXOTIC BIRD

You will need a square to do this.

1. Start with a diaper fold and fold again.
2. Turn point A over to meet point B.
3. Turn over and repeat 2.
4. Fold outside bottom layers
5. Do the same again, but on the center line. This fold is temporary, but it makes the next step easier.
6. Inflate with a pressure pump. Open the top layer and hold the rest of the left hand over the center line.
7. Point the peak tips, gently curling outwards until you hear a tearing sound. Repeat four times.
8. Get a paper hat and fold it until it looks like a bird.
9. Burn it.



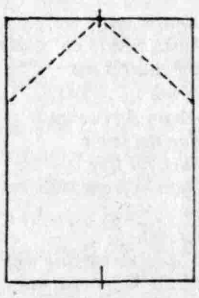
craft of modeling dead things
WITH PAPER



AWFUL AIR DISASTER

Start with a rectangular piece of paper.

1. Fold the top corners to the middle.
2. Fold this end over so the point is one inch from the outer edge.
3. Fold the top corners in so that the edges meet along the center.
4. Fold the tip in the middle back, then fold down the center.
5. Fold sides down to make wings.
6. Spread wings.
7. Crush.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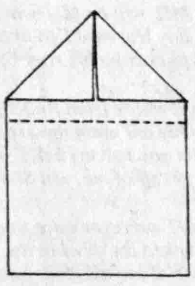
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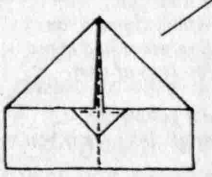
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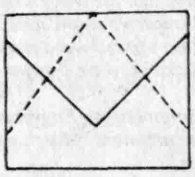
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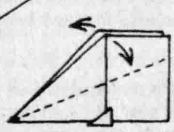
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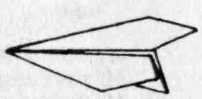
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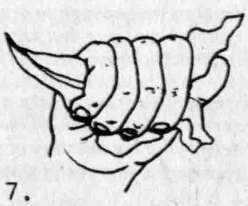

7.

Engineers Drinking Song

(Lady Godiva)

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course,
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse

Chorus:
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers
We can, we can, we can, we can, demolish forty beers
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and come along with us
'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a damn for us!

She said, "I've come a long, long way, and I will go as far
With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar
The man who took her from her steed and lead her to a beer
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer

Godiva was a lady well-endowed there is no doubt
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound her hair about
The first man who did make her was a Engineer, of course,
But on just one beer an artsie queer had made Godiva's horse

Ace towing roams the Cambridge streets each day and every night
Towing cars and stowing cars to hide them out of sight
They tried to tow Godiva's horse; the Engineers said, "Hey!"
Then towed away their towing truck, and now the Ace must pay!

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors down below,
So one of them could grab a hold and give the old heave-ho
The prince began to climb at once, but soon came out the worst,
For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached Rapunzel first

Caesar set out for Egypt at the age of fifty-three
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was young and free
And every night when Julius said good-night at three o' clock
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the block!

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay
They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out that way
But the Engineers had beat them, by a night and half a day,
And though as drunk as ptarmigans, you could still hear them say:

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun
They went down to the taverns where the fiery liquors run
But all they found were empties for the Engineers had come
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum

An artsman and an Engineer once found a gallon can
Said the artsman, "Match me drink for drink, let's see if you're a man."
They drank three drinks, the artsman fell, his face was turning green
But the Engineer drank on and said, "It's only gasoline!"

An Engineer once stumbled through the halls of Building 10
That night he'd drunken rum enough to drown a dozen men
In fact, the only things there were that kept him on his course
Were the boundary conditions and the Coriolis force

A graduate in Chemistry went out to take a stroll
Along the Charles river bank, where all the compounds roll
That day he felt dejected at the bursting of his dream
For he couldn't seem to find a trace of water in the stream

An MIT computer man got drunk one fateful night
He opened up the console and smashed everything in sight
When they finally subdued him, the judge he stood before,
Said, "Lock him up for twenty years, he's rotten to the core!"

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch uopn her she was naked as a bone
On seeing that she had no clothes, and Engineer discoursed
"Why, the damn thing's only concrete, and should be reinforced!"

I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were full of fire
Her physical endowments would have made your hands perspire
To my surprise she told me that she had never been kissed
Her boyfriend was a tired Engineering scientist

A Physics man from MIT went out and drank his fill
And then went to a strip joint 'cause he had some time to kill
The motions that he witnessed there excited all his nerves
And he filled eleven napkins with equations of the curves

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park
The Engineer was working on some research after dark
His scientific method was a marvel to observe
While his right hand held the figures, his left hand traced the curves

Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by Yale
And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand
But Tech is run by Engineers, the finest in the land

If we should find a Harvard man within our sacred walls,
We'll take him to the Physics lab and amputate his balls
And if he hollers "Uncle!", I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass, and seal it up with glue

And should there be a Harvard man a-strolling our Great Court
We'll fetch a pail of river gunk and make him drink a quart
The water of the River Charles can fix his every flaw
And the Engineers all drink it 'cause it makes us what we are

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's time is up
And any Harvard Son of a Bitch who thinks he's in our class
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass

I am a whore from Radcliffe and I'll fuck for fifty cents
I lay my ass upon the grass, my skirt upon the fence
I'll let you rub my belly, or on Sunday fuck for free
But get off of me, you Son of a Bitch, if you're from MIT!

An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell
He looked the devil in the eye, and said "You're looking well"
The devil looked right back at him, and said "Why visit me -
You've been through Hell already; you went to MIT!"

That engineer from MIT, he tried to enter heaven
Saint Peter told the engineer, "Get back to building 7!"
The engineer said he was damned if he was going home,
So he climbed atop the roof, and dropped through heaven's dome...

My father peddles opium, my mother's on the dole
My sister used to walk the streets but now she's on parole
My uncle plays with little girls; my aunt, she raped a steer
But they don't even speak to me, 'cause I'm an Engineer

My father was a miner from the northern Malamute
My mother is a mistress in a house of ill-repute
The last time that I spoke to them, these words rang in my ears
"Go to MIT, you Son of a Bitch, and join the Engineers!"

MUSIC

"The Sounds of Science"

Hello darkness my old friend
I'm staying up all night again
Because a problem set that was assigned
Left its formulas within my mind
And the problems that were planted in my brain,
still remain
Within the sound of science

For many years I've walked alone
Infinite corridors of stone
'Neath the specter of an endless class
I tooled forever and I tried to pass
While my ears were filled with lectures on laser light,
and eight-bit bytes
And all the sounds of science

And in the lecture halls I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People writing while they were sleeping
People hearing without listening
People taking notes that no one ever shared,
for no one cared
About the sounds of science

"Tools!" said I, "You do not know,
Science like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might free you!
Transfer out of MIT, you!
But my words like dropping spheroids fell
Overwhelmed by the sounds of science

And one student sat and stayed
Over his problem sets he'd slaved
And I asked him why he kept writing
For that GPA he kept fighting
And the nerd said "The secrets to profits are written
on these blackboard walls, and lecture halls..."
He whispered in the sounds of science

"Recursive Subroutine"

In the town I went to school
There lived a man from MIT
And he told us of his life
In the land of subroutines
So we wrote some program code
In Pascal, or Lisp, or Scheme
And we saved upon the disk
Our recursive subroutine

We all live in recursive subroutines,
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines
We all live in recursive subroutines,
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

All our pointers are declared
Many arguments are also there
And the code begins to run...

We all live in recursive subroutines,
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines
We all live in recursive subroutines,
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

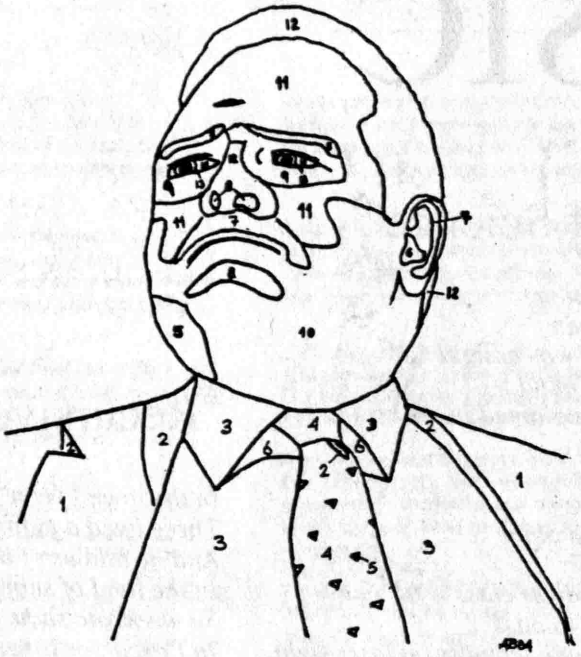
As we compile from memory
Every line we write is error-free
Comment lines are in-between
In our recursive subroutine

We all live in recursive subroutines
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines
We all live in recursive subroutines
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

We all live in recursive subroutines
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines
We all live in recursive subroutines
recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines...

INSTITUTE PUZZLE PAGE

COLOR BY NUMBERS: OUR PRESIDENT



KEY:

1) BROWN 2) BLACK 3)TAN 4) NAVY BLUE 5) RED 6) LIGHT BLUE 7) LEMON YELLOW 8) ORANGE 9) MAGENTA 10) PURPLE 11) FOREST GREEN 12) HOT PINK 13) INSTITUTE GRAY

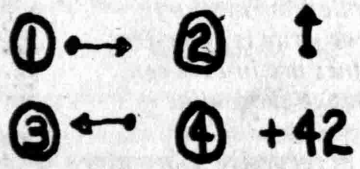
-- JS

Solutions to Rubik's Latest Puzzles

Rubik's Dot:

1. Move once to the right.
2. Move upward.
3. Move once to the left.
4. Add 42.

And you've done it! Congratulations!



Rubik's House:

1. Take the first exit off Route 128 after Beverly.
2. Take a left at the red schoolhouse.
3. Go for a mile until you hit Barber Street on the right.
4. It's the brown split-level on the right.

Way to go!

Rubik's Pot Roast:

1. Let defrost for two hours in a large pan.
2. Place pan in oven.
3. Set oven for 450 degrees.
4. Cook for 90 minutes.

Good work!

Rubik's Tax Return:

Sorry, even WE haven't been able to figure this one out yet!

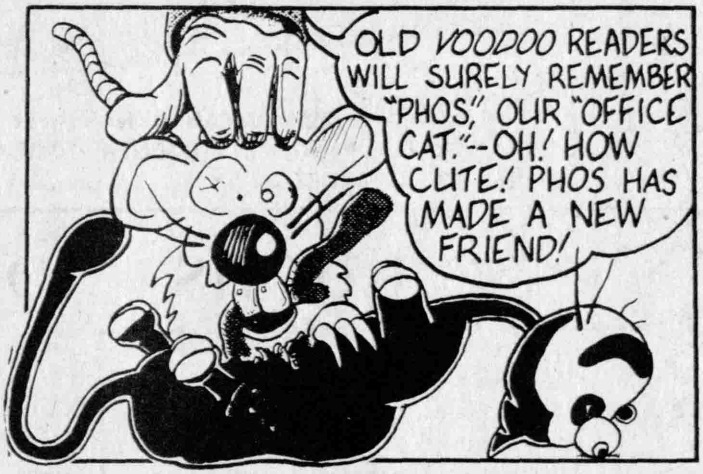
-- ???

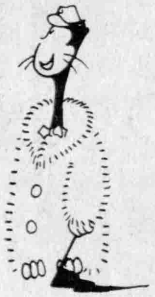
FROM THE CATHOUSE

A STATEMENT OF IMPORTANCE

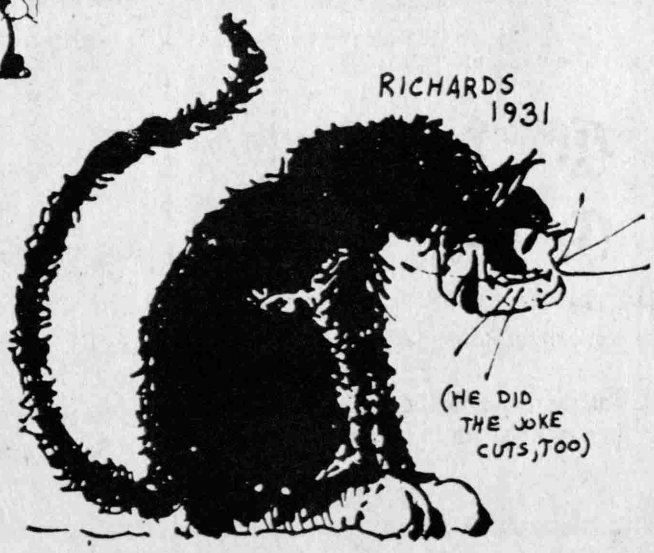
WHILE I WAS POSING FOR THE STAFF PAGE THIS MONTH, SOME RANDOM WANDERED IN AND ASKED, "WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? AND WHAT IS THIS HANG-UP VOODOO HAS ABOUT CATS?"

BRADLEY - PLOTKIN - APPLEMAN 1977





HANG UP, INDEED! I'M PHOSPHOROUS (MY FRIENDS CALL ME PHOS), OFFICIAL MASCOT AND LEGENDARY FOUNDER OF THIS MAGAZINE. SO THERE



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*Because we get them free.