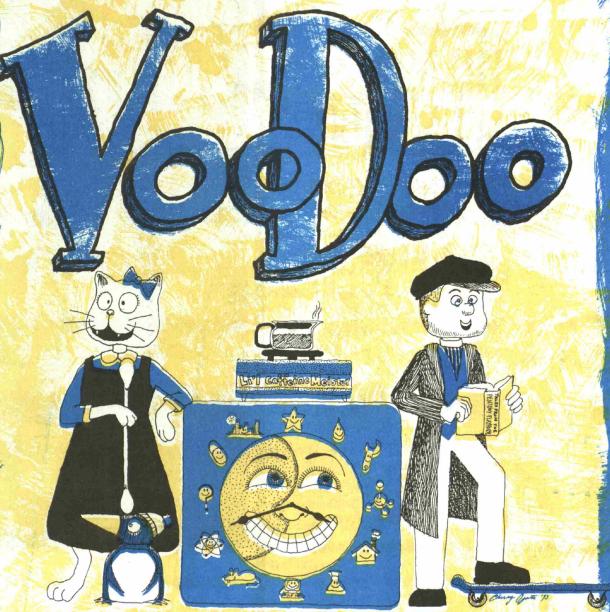
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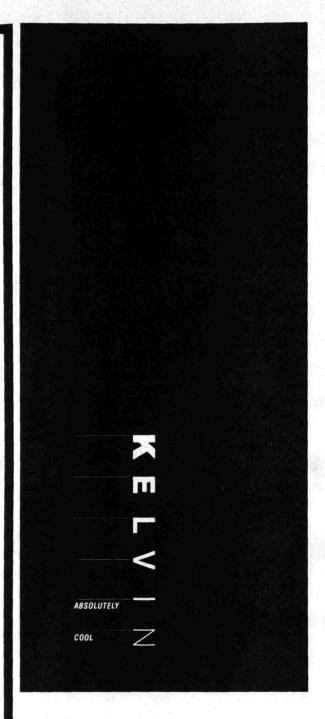
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In "Summer" VooDoo

"a sensible habit"

Guest Editorial — page 5

Egregious spew from an annoying political wannabe.

Letters to the Editor — page 8

Egregious spew from annoying readers.

50 Things to do During Finals — page 10

You might as well have some fun if you're going to fail anyway.

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Phos harasses the class of '96 as freshmen one last time.

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Jim Bredt tries something a little bit different.

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Harley Hydrophobic — page 28

Another one of those rabid father alone in cabin with son stories..

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These came in the mail. We're not sure who's responsible, but we thought they were funny.

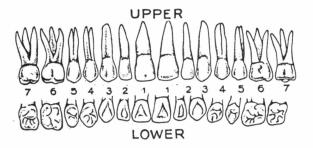
The Cybernetic Kid — page 36

The premiere installment of our new vigilante superhero.

Joke Page — page 47

Was Elvis the second coming of the Messiah? You be the judge.











FROM THE PUBLISHER



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Cartoonist Volumeate
Jim Bredt

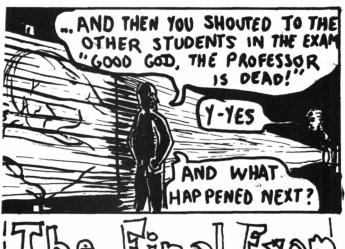
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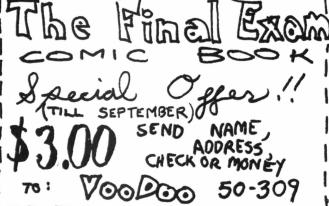
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Volume 74, Number 4

VooDoo Magazine MIT Room 50-309 77 Massachusetts Avenue Cambridge, MA 02139 (617) 253-4575 voodoo@athena.mit.edu VooDoo, MIT Journal of Humour, (ISSN 1066-2499) is published quarterly in September, November/December, February and April/May by Phosphorous Publishing. All material ©1993 VooDoo Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$3, four issue mail subscription \$10. Submissions accepted from any past-orpresent MIT affiliate. Advertisers: call for rates, page sizes and production deadlines. Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is coincidence. Special thanks to the UA FinBoard for financial support. Printed at Chuck River.







Next Submission Deadline: September 1, 1993.

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Godfrey Saran-Crowley

Seniors were still engaged in reversing their beavers, humoring their parents, and writing down the addresses of acquaintances they would never correspond with. The campus was still dripping with rain. Ears and fannies were still throbbing from the length, bombast, and irrelevance of the aural assault-and-battery committed by last year's Commencement speaker, then-Congressman Les Aspin PhD '66.

And across this moist, reversable, humored, and throbbing campus, a passion was beginning to echo: faintly at first, a crisp, whispered annoyance, indistinguishable from the crickets getting peed on in the bushes outside several fine ILGs. But as anger it gathered momentum and volume, as the student body realized that it had been had, building to a dull roar of fury as they realized that their Commencement speech had had nothing to do with them or their Great Day, so long and costly in the making.

As a tidal wave of white-capped rage, it churned and swelled, smashing against the walls and halls of this House of Pain.

A posturing policy-wonk had stood up on his hind legs here? To audition for a cabinet post? Had hijacked THEIR Commencement? For a speech he could have cut to five minutes and slipped in between the questions any Sunday morning on the Sam, George, & Cokie Show? Our Day? OUR DAY IN THE SUN? Rained out, washed out, and used, USED by this... this Thing with a Tongue? How DARE they?

Revenge bloomed like shower curtain mold in the damp convolutions of a thousand betrayed hearts. Plots. Fiendish clever thoughts of exquisite payback, malignant seeds planted by the clumsy hands of indifference and political arrogance, sped through foul gestatation as diplomas were tucked into station wagons and black gowns stripped off.

Then, of course, over long-distance calls to Grandma and dinner at A Nice Restaurant, the coursing Stygian flood of hate crested, retreated, shrank to a small pool, and was push-broomed down a drain in the central parking lot by an alert

member of the physical plant staff. Deprived of this vital juice, the sickly-green shoots of vengeance withered to dust and splinters, lifeless, forgotten.

Now the verdant season of renewal is once again upon us. Soon both the snow and the seniors' painful, horrid memories of their days here will melt and shrink, leaving only the occasional unpleasant, sooty-topped piles in out-of-the-way corners of both the campus and their psyches. The balmy zephyrs of May will do for the former, while the latter, hoarding its frigid heart, will not squander its icy venom against youthful spirits still strong and fortified with not-yet-blighted hopes. Golden sunshine will pour down like Zeus, begetting, if not demi-gods, at least delight, and only the classically educated among us will pause to wonder at the faint sensation of having been screwed by Powers beyond their understanding. Joy will reign.

Into these salad days this author would like to shoot the name of a vegetable. No ordinary leaf, root, shoot, or fruit, but the Queen of the gardener's art, that ruby globe of evanescent perfection, the ripe tomato.

No one who has ever plucked a warm, vine-ripened tomato and held it heavy upon the palm, redder than blood and pulsing with life's fire; who has bitten into it (worship and sacrilege, damnation and blessing, all at once); who has tasted that fierce sudden essence of Summer, can forget that wild, pagan communion, that echoing hint of Eternity, that whispering "Now! Taste! Savor! This moment! Wake up! Pay Attention! Don't think! Taste! Enjoy! This will pass in a instant! Taste! Now!" (There is a legend that Adam and Eve tasted, not an apple, but Eden's first fat ripe tomato. According to this legend, the couple maintained to their dying day that, knowing all that followed, it was a bite they'd bite again with no regret.)

It may be that one of the failings of an MIT education is that, while all of its graduates can perform calculus, so few of them have properly tasted a true ripe tomato. Whether or not this is so, it is

not the *taste* of the tomato that is my theme, but rather its utility in another field: the art of public speaking.

The use of ripe fruit as a projectile expression of audience opinion has a long and honorable history in the elocutionary arts. In an earlier day, before the tomato's first fateful trip across the Atlantic, the classical civilizations around the Mediterranean made use of the pomegranite for this noble and glorious purpose.

The magnificent Iliad of Homer, say experts, still bears in its rhythms the traces of its oral origin. And those same experts have recently begun to realize that it was not by accident that the Blind Bard, after any particularly bad pun, makes reference to fruit, usually as an offering to the gods. Both poet and his works were clearly influenced by an audience that knew what they liked, and how to use a basket of past-their-prime pomegranites to get their point across.

Even the Bible shows the splotches of hurled fruit: from Moses' reluctance to begin a career in public speaking, to the pomegranates decorating the pillars and porch of Solomon's Temple (as a reminder to the entering priests to keep it short and snappy?), to the doleful verses of The Preacher who pointed out that, "To everything there is a season... a time to eat of the fruit of the earth and a time to throw it...", to Jesus' "Let him who is without sin cast the first vegetable"; the theme of airborn produce arcs across the Holy Scriptures like a rainbow.

Ancient Greece and Rome were famous for their orators, but the flying fruits that refined their skills are seldom credited. Who remembers that Demosthenes began his peculiar training, not with sea-stones, but with an involuntary mouthful of pomegranite seeds? And who now recalls that the immortal Marcus Tullius 'Chickpea' Cicero received his nickname from the handfuls of soggy garbanzos flung at him by his early audiences?

During the Dark Ages of Western Europe, an occasional turnip or mangel-wurzel might have been hurled, but, for the most part, crops were eaten, and oratory waned. Although it was not until the tomato reached Europe's shores that popular grocery-honed eloquence reached its height, it well might be that legends of fruit-tossing, recovered from Arab and Classical sources, were the catalyst that sparked the Renaissance. Public speakers, writers, musicians, artists of every kind received public praise, a pa-

tron's support, or a volley of fruit as their work merited. Shakespeare, who spoke of "judgment ripe" certainly ducked or caught his share of offerings from the groundlings. Could it be an accident that an Age named "Enlightenement" followed so closely upon the tomato's arrival?

If, occasionally, a crowd's enthusiasm for produce overwhelmed its pitching judgement, the results, though picturesque, were not long-lasting, and great works survived such baptism. The premiere of Rossini's wonderful Barber of Seville [1816], for instance, not only was a fiasco, it was the very origin and definition of the word. "Fiasco" in Italian means "flask" or "basket", and baskets indeed, large and small, brimful of rotten veggies, were what Rossini's detractors carried into the Teatro Argentino on that opening night. They came, they listened, they flung. And vet, when the seeds cleared, the opera went on to success. Not every gathering of critics was so benign: directly across the street from that very theater is the site of the ancient Curia of Pompeii. where, in 44 BC, Julius Caesar had his final run-in with his detractors. By comparison, then, the befruited Rossini got off easy.

Crop tossing spread early to these shores. (Indeed, some say that it was already wide-spread practice within the great Iroquois Confederation, perhaps even an integral part of that vibrant democracy that so amazed the first European arrivals.) This nation's greatest public speakers learned their craft under the eyes of a citizenry proud of its heritage, its agricultural abundance, and its aim. Mark Twain spoke fondly of his early "fruitful" days on the lecture circuit, and his trademark white suit became an emblem of his skill in sending audiences home with their hearts unburdened and their tomatoes untossed.

Even presidents had to graduate from this school of soft fruit and hard knocks. Washington bore it with good grace. Andrew Jackson reveled in it. Tomato tossing, alas, fell into disrepute in political circles after that fatal night at Ford's Theater. A foolish reaction: Lincoln himself had attributed his oratorical skill and ready wit to the love-apples lofted by the Illinois audiences of his youth. (And, after all, had Booth wielded only a Dixie Delicious instead of a derringer, his "Sic Semper Tyrannis" would have been no less appropriate to the occasion, Lincoln's plans for sectional and racial healing might have succeeded,

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Although aerial edibles continued to play a role in the development of the American theater, their exclusion from the political arena gave them a disreputable aura, and despite a brief final surge in the 1920's, the hardships of Dustbowl and Depression saw the end of the tomato as an expression of the popular taste. As Mencken put it, "When vaudeville vanished, the violent vegetable veto could not long endure." The rise of movies and, later, television, distanced the politician and the performer from their audience, as did the zealous squads that surrounded "public" figures on the increasingly rare occasions when they actually had to encounter the public. Thus, lamentably, in recent years, the title of "Great Communicator" was bestowed on an amiable dunce without the ability to extemporize a single-sentence greeting to his own cabinet, let alone a complex address before a skeptical audience.

However, while oratory has withered to extinction in this country, it has flourished elsewhere. This year's Commencement guest, President Carlos Salinas de Gortari of Mexico, is reputed to be a fine speaker, capable of delivering an excellent and inspirational address, even without the motivation that bushel-baskets of Jersey Wonders can provide when arrayed blood-red across a sea of black gowns. reported that your Mexican politician, in his youth, must still learn his craft the old-fashioned way, before crowds that know what they want, and have the produce to back it up. Perhaps Our Sunny Neighbor to the South has something more to offer under NAFTA than lax environmental regulations.

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But do not despair. All over this great land of ours, thousands of young politicians are doctoring their resumes, buying blue suits, applying to Yale Law School, or running for their first offices: alderman, city council, school board, selectman, mayor, state representative, and so on. Among these, then, are our future senators, congresswomen, supreme court justices, cabinet officers, presidents, and yes... Commencement speakers.

You, my fellow citizens, you can wield with your own hands the tools that might shape American oratory for generations to come. If not for the sake of the art of oratory in general, if not for the sake of the public good, if not for the sake of future generations of MIT students, then for your own welfare. Some Spring day, perhaps, while you sit upon a flimsy folding chair, your own child will be turning the anal pore of a river rodent out towards a hopeful world. As you think of the millions of dollars you have spent to afford him that privilege, some man, woman, or droid of note and consequence will approach the podium.

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LETTERS TO VOODOO

Dear Editor.

We really enjoyed the last issue of the VooDoo. It was pretty funny, except for the essay about Secretary of Defense, Les Aspin PhD '66. Besides being disrespectful of a government official, it was really rude in general. All that stuff about brain cancer especially. Les Aspin doesn't have brain cancer, no matter how much Mr. Wen wishes he did.

You aren't really going to have a "Les Aspin Fun Pages" in every issue from now on, are you? Why do you have to make fun of a dedicated American statesmen like that? Just because you didn't like his commencement speech? It was a pretty important speech and was in all the newspapers.

Anyway, we're writing to let the MIT community know about the Les Aspin Fan Club. We read and discuss his speeches and papers, and we write to him with encouragement and questions about his ideas and policies. Every member will get an autographed picture too, as soon as he sends them.

Anybody who wants to join can write to <aspin-fans@athena>. (Maybe Mr. Wen could learn something.)

Sincerely, Spaniel S. Flanbuck Vice President, Les Aspin Fan Club

You'll be happy to know that the Les Aspin Fun Pages has been replaced in this issue by the rantings of another pompous windbag, Godfrey Saran-Crowley. (See our Guest Editorial.) But don't get too comfortable, LAFP will be back again in our next issue.

Dear Editor,

I am outraged and disgusted! I have recently arrived at MIT as a graduate student, and on perusing a list of various campus activities, I was horrified to discover that MIT has an "Outing" Club.

While I don't believe that Lesbi-Gays and other persons of alternative gender-affinity (like myself) should be forced by Society Norms to hide our manifestory ensexualment, I do recognize that in a period of History such as this, when rampant ongoing prej-

udice and oppression continues to afflict so many of us, we should respect the choice that some of our siblings have made, to conceal their socio-carnal orientation.

That the Institute would support an "Outing" Club – a group obviously organized to force involuntary public knowledge of a person's genderatory preferentiation – is both repulsive and insensitive.

There may be rare occasions when "outing", or the threat of it, might be appropriate in defending an oppressed community against the Hypocracy. But to have an organized, ongoing student activity dedicated to exposing members of The Community to the world's ignorant cruelty is just plain wrong and immoral.

I call on this "Outing" Club to cease their privacy invasions, destroy their files, and disband immediately. And if they will not do so, I call on the Administration to take all appropriate steps to protect the privacy of every member of The Community.

Sincerely,

Maleeta Cone-Brewster

We don't know why you wrote to us about this, but since you did, we suggest you organize a protest march followed by a candlelight vigil. If that doesn't work, maybe you can convince DU to burn down the Outing Club's cabin again.

Dear "Editor" (and I use that term loosely...),

I never cease to be amazed at the total lack of taste, not to mention originality, in your alleged humour magazine, VooDoo. So, in some desperate plea for submissions you accept for publication any printed vomit that spews across your editorial desk? I am not amused. Your latest attempt was the second issue in a row featuring Phos the cat soliciting students to dive off the Green building. I don't appreciate your using that wise-assed flea-bag as a catalyst to get your sick giggles about student suicide. Phos used to be a cute little obsequious mascot, but now he's an in-your-face, sadistic cretin. And what's this crap about selling off Doc Edgertons bones? For

God's sake, he's an ICON! Have you no lower bound to your heinosity? *VooDoo* makes me sick, and I refuse to peruse its lame pages ever again. Unless you print another article about chicks in bondage with mac & cheese. That really got me hot.

Just sign me,

I'm PC and I know how it goes down.

Hey, baby, you bring the pasta and we'll shred the cheddar.

Dear Editor.

"We don't want to turn the White House into the Waffle House," George Bush once said. Nevermind the messenger, the metaphor for Mr. Clinton's administration seems quite attractive, except that it doesn't work.

You see, 'waffling' has come to mean taking a seemingly equivocal position at one time. Mr. Clinton has done something quite different... he's taken totally opposite positions at wildly different points in time (recall the Middle Class Tax CutTM, Haiti, the value-added tax, the gas tax, lifting the ban on gays in the military, etc., etc.)

Therefore I propose that we no longer refer to the President as a 'waffler', but instead as a 'flapjacker', to make the distinction.

Sincerely,

Hoyt Bleakley, Class of ≫ 1993

We just saw an ad in The Globe for Spamburger Hamburgers. This analogy holds much potential.



Dear VooDoo,

First of all, let me say that I don't usually get so upset as to actually sit down and write a letter expressing my anger, but this time is different. This time I could not standby idly while such despicable behavior goes on uncondemned. There comes a time when we all must stand up for what we know to be right! And this time has come for me.

Thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,

Rick Steadman

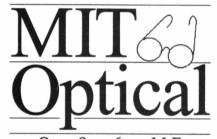
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50 Things to do During Finals

- 1. Bring a pillow. Fall asleep (or pretend to) until the last 15 minutes. Wake up, say "oh geez, better get cracking" and do some gibberish work.
- 2. Get a copy of the exam, run out screaming "Andre, Andre, I've got the secret documents!!"
- 3. If it is a math/science exam, answer in essay form. If it is long answer/essay form, answer with numbers and symbols. Be creative. Use the surface integral symbol.
- 4. Make paper airplanes out of the exam. Aim them at the instructor's left nostril.
- 5. Talk the entire way through the exam. Read questions aloud, debate your answers with yourself out loud. If asked to stop, yell out, "I'm SOOO sure you can hear me thinking." Then start talking about what a jerk the instructor is.
 - 6. Bring cheerleaders.
- 7. Walk in, get the exam, sit down. About five minutes into it, loudly say to the instructor, "I don't understand ANY of this. I've been to every lecture all semester long! What's the deal? And who the hell are you? Where's the regular guy?"
- 8. Bring a Game Boy. Play with the volume at max level.
- 9. On the answer sheet find a new, interesting way to refuse to answer every question. For example: I refuse to answer this question on the grounds that it conflicts with my religious beliefs. Be creative.
 - 10. Bring pets.
- 11. Run into the exam room looking about frantically. Breathe a sigh of relief. Go to the instructor, say "They've found me, I have to leave the country" and run off.
- 12. Fifteen minutes into the exam, stand up, rip up all the papers into very small pieces, throw them into the air and yell out "Merry Christmas." If you're really daring, ask for another copy of the exam. Say you lost the first one. Repeat the process every fifteen minutes.
- 13. Do the exam with crayons, paint, or fluorescent markers.
- 14. Come into the exam wearing slippers, a bathrobe, a towel on your head, and nothing else.

- 15. Come down with a BAD case of Turet's Syndrome during the exam. Be as vulgar as possible.
- 16. Do the entire exam in another language. If you don't know one, make one up. For math/science exams, try using Roman numerals.
- 17. Bring things to throw at the instructor when he's not looking. Blame it on the person nearest you.
- 18. As soon as the instructor hands you the exam, eat it.
- 19. Walk into the exam with an entourage. Claim you are going to be taping your next video during the exam. Try to get the instructor to let them stay, be persuasive. Tell the instructor to expect a percentage of the profits if they are allowed to stay.
- 20. Every five minutes, stand up, collect all your things, move to another seat, continue with the exam.
- 21. Turn in the exam approximately 30 minutes into it. As you walk out, start commenting on how easy it was.
- 22. Do the entire exam as if it was multiple choice and true/false. If it is a multiple choice exam, spell out interesting things (DCCAB, BABE, etc.)
- 23. Bring a black marker. Return the exam with all questions and answers completely blacked out.
- 24. Get the exam. Twenty minutes into it, throw your papers down violently, scream out "Fuck this!" and walk out triumphantly.
- 25. Arrange a protest before the exam starts (e.g. Threaten the instructor that whether or not everyone's done, they are all leaving after one hour to get drunk.)
- 26. Show up completely drunk. (Completely drunk means that at some point during the exam, you should start crying for mommy.)
- 27. Every now and then, clap twice rapidly. If the instructor asks why, tell him in a very derogatory tone, "The light bulb that goes on above my head when I get an idea is hooked up to a clapper. DUH!"

- 28. Comment on how sexy the instructor is looking that day.
- 29. Come to the exam wearing a black cloak. After about 30 minutes, put on a white mask and start yelling "I'm here, the phantom of the opera" until they drag you away.
- 30. Go to an exam for a class you have no clue about, where you know the class is very small, and the instructor would recognize you if you belonged. Claim that you have been to every lecture. Fight for you right to take the exam.
 - 31. Bring a water pistol with you. 'Nuff said.
- 32. Try to get people in the room to do the wave.
- 33. From the moment the exam begins, hum the theme to Jeopardy. Ignore the instructor's requests for you to stop. When they finally get you to leave one way or another, begin whistling the theme to the Bridge on the River Kwai.
 - 34. Start a brawl in the middle of the exam.
- 35. If the exam is math/science related, make up the longest proofs you could possibly think of. Get pi and imaginary numbers into most equations. If it is a written exam, relate everything to your own life story.
- 36. Come in wearing a full knight's outfit, complete with sword and shield.
- 37. Bring a friend to give you a back massage the entire way through the exam. Insist this person is needed, because you have bad circulation.
- 38. Bring cheat sheets FOR ANOTHER CLASS (make sure this is obvious. . . like history notes for a calculus exam. . . otherwise your're not just failing, you're getting kicked out too) and staple them to the exam, with the comment "Please use the attached notes for references as you see fit."
- 39. When you walk in, complain about the heat. Strip.
- 40. After you get the exam, call the instructor over, point to any question, ask for the answer. Try to work it out of him.
 - 41. One word: Wrestlemania.
- 42. Bring balloons, blow them up, start throwing them around like they do before concerts start.
- 43. Do the exam on your laptop. Make sure the simulated keyboard noises are on.
- 44. Play frisbee with a friend on the other side of the room.
- 45. Bring some large, cumbersome, ugly idol. Put it right next to you. Pray to it often. Consider

a small sacrifice.

- 46. Get deliveries of candy, flowers, balloons, telegrams, etc. sent to you every few minutes throughout the exam.
- 47. During the exam, take apart everything around you. Start with your calculator, move on to your desk, your chair, anything you can reach.
- 48. Complete the exam with everything you write being backwards at a 90 degree angle.
- 49. Bring a musical instrument with you, play various tunes. If you are asked to stop, say "it helps me think." Bring a copy of the Student Handbook with you, challenging the instructor to find the section on musical instruments during finals. Don't forget to use the phrase "Told you so."
- 50. Answer the exam with the "Top Ten Reasons Why Professor Sussman Sucks."

Special thanks to the Funny Pages, the best one-liner and joke zine around. For more information about the Funny Pages write to P.O. Box 317025, Dayton, OH 45437.

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Turn the other Cheek and Fire!

A lecture by:

David Koresh

make that April 28 no, April 6
Room 6-120 4pm March 19
ok, maybe April 10



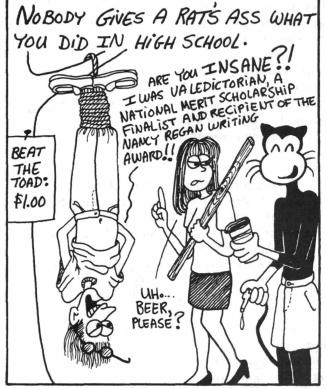


Asks....

Frosh-Burgers:

Now THAT YOU'VE PRESUMABLY LIVED THROUGH YOUR IST YEAR AT M.I.T.,

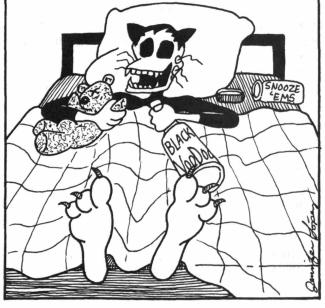
WHAT HAVE YOU LARNED?



THAT BOX OF CONDOMS YOUR MOM SENT WAS PRETTY MUCH A WASTE.



A BOTTLE OF SLEEPING PILLS WILL GO DOWN A LOT EASIER WITH A LITER OF VODKA.











One Night, part II

by James Fleming

(We last left our hero leaving Deirdre's party to examine the mysterious Valentine's day chocolates)

I woke up suddenly sitting next to Deirdre at a lab bench. I was in Steve's room and had nodded off for a bit. Bass from the upstairs rumbled in through the ceiling. A lone desk lamp glared at us in the darkened room. Deirdre had already opened the box carefully with a razor, dissecting six of the chocolates inside. Their individual paper wrappers were carefully flattened and laid against an artists light board, glowing like little brown flowers. I watched as Deirdre took the corrugated cardboard backing out of the box and examined the little corrugations, poking at them with foreceps. I felt happy and tingly, flushed and drunk. I put my arm around Deirdre.

She shrugged me off. "Not now darling, we're working," she giggled, then frowned, putting the foreceps down. "I've been at this for an hour, David. Nothing. We could try the microscope, or open the other chocolates. They're delicious, by the way..." She looked suddenly pensive. "I should go back to the party before they think I've deserted them. I'm not convinced this isn't just some strange druggy paranoid delusion you're having."

She looked at me, at once serious. "You should shave, David. Shower, put on some nice clothes for a change. Really, It's not hip anymore to wear so much black. Lay off the alcohol and drugs for a month or so. Take a vacation in the country, get some fresh air. This is my advice to you.

"Crash here if you want, just lock the door when you leave. If you want to come back upstairs, you can use Steve's bathroom. Swipe some of his clothes, he's about your size. Okay?"

I looked at her serious face, entranced by the cute little vertical line bisecting her brow, the small double parentheses framing her mouth, and all the little sparkles dancing in her eyes. "Thanks Deirdre, sorry to bother you. I guess I'll crash here, it's cold out."

Deirdre left me sitting at the table as she rushed back to the party, leaving a palpable trail of light and health and beauty. I looked at the pieces of chocolate, threw them all into a plastic bag along with the box, and left the apartment. I felt buoyant.

The night was bitingly cold, the sky that awful soupy color you only find in coastal cities at night, but the lights from the skyscrapers were lovely and warm and cheerful. Ten thousand eyes of man winking at me in the night, comforting me in the confusing cold.

I got home, the bums asleep on their gratings, the doorman gone. I went upstairs. Polka music still played on my stereo, trapped in infinite repeat. Black lights lit the glyph covered walls and undulating lava lamp. I dumped the bag of chocolate on my television. Something flashed bright purple in the bag. There, written on the cellophane wrapper around the candy box in bright ultraviolet purple: "MEET MICKEY NOON 2 DAYS USUAL PLACE"

Jeanine, my dead ex-lover, who these chocolates had been intended for, had a black light in her apartment too.

Meet Mickey! Mickey! Alex took the negatives, but I still had proofs over by the developing trays. I grabbed a bottle of tequila, and rushed over to examine them. I couldn't see them very well. I took off my shades. Not much better. I sighed, turned off the black lights, and turned on my overheads. I swilled a bit of tequila, and squinted at the proofs. Vacation photos. Disney World. One had Princess Di holding hands with Jeanine, smiling. Another had Jeanine and Mickey Mouse standing next to a hotdog stand.

That's it! That's where I would go! Disney World! In two days! I laughed and drank more tequila. I no longer thought Jeanine's pimp had killed her. It wasn't that simple. Maybe the royal family had discovered some sort of affair between Di and Jeanine and Elizabeth offed her to avoid further scandal. Maybe Jeanine was supplying designer drugs to Walt Disney's brain, supposedly in cryogenic suspension, to keep it actively producing

block busting animated feature movie plots and a competitor, movie, or drug, had done away with her.

Now all I had to do was call up whoever gave me those negatives and get the scoop from them.

Negatives.

Who gave me the negatives... Ah yes, negatives...

Alex? No. He stole them from me.

That closet transvestite cop I had under my thumb? No.

My contacts in the Weekly World News? No.

I drank more tequila for inspiration. I stood on my head. I did a jig. I snorted some coke and sang "EdelWeiss" a quarter note off key in ancient Sumerian. I couldn't remember! I snorted methedrine and drank absinthe and ran outside screaming "Negatives! Negatives! Who gave me the goddamn negatives!" until the winos woke up from their grates and applauded and windows opened and people shouted at me in sleepy Boston accents to shut the fuck up you jerk.

I went inside and collapsed dizzy on my floor, staring at the worms crawling on the ceiling.

Nothing.

I had no idea who gave me those negatives, or even when I got them. Sometimes I miss having a coherently connected net of synapses that can fire without constant outside chemical stimulation.

I ran outside again looking for my car. I knew I had several, stashed in odd places. I knew that for all my rough manners and appearance I actually had a lot of property, and a lot of money, in numbered swiss bank accounts, in my mattress, in the Vatican.

I ran around the area for a while and found my black Porsche a few blocks away. Panic suddenly seized me. I hadn't packed! I ran back to my apartment, flew up the stairs, and threw the door open. I stuffed a black medical bag full of the myriad little bottles and film containers and foil squares that I keep in my freezer. I found my works in the bathroom and threw them in too along with a toothbrush and toothpaste and a comb. I stuffed bottles of tequila into my big coat pockets and, just in case, stuffed a wad of hundreds in my pants. There, packed. I travel light.

Much relieved, I went for the door but couldn't open it. I tried to collect my squirming brain together. I felt afloat, brilliant, motivated.

I had a purpose. Genius-laden plans swept blindingly through my head, wave after wave of them, crashing on my frontal lobe, washing up bits of mice and black ears, styrene yoghurt containers, guns and all-night diners, frantic french waiters in blue overalls plying arc welders to customers' faces, desperately screaming out orders in polyglot alliterative prose. I stood quite still, waiting for the perfect plan to congeal.

Sweat slowly dripped off my brow onto the floor, where mice and insects gathered and licked it up and danced around insanely to the polka beat, finally collapsing in hysterics, convulsing in their last fevered hallucinogenic thoughts. But this did not concern me.

My planning intensified, plans incomprehensible to mortal men lashed and foamed at hurricane forces through my head, images of satellites and cosmonauts, central heating and hot dog stands. Ten thousand years of spam frozen in the outer atmosphere of saturn, the pyramids, pyramidal saturn spam franchises! Yes! Pyramidal saturn spam franchises! No, I realized, that was an old plan, not appropriate here.

Finally, the winds died down, leaving only broken corpses of planets and wieners, ashes of rebels and ruins of obelisks. And there, in the midst of it all, in the very middle of this plain of entropy stood my plan, solid and gleaming like gold, in letters a hundred feet high, and three hundred feet wide: DRIVE TO DISNEY WORLD. MEET MICKEY AT THE HOTDOG STAND. FAKE IT.

My god, I am a genius.

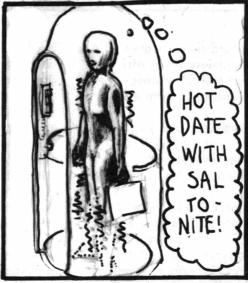
I found the door. Went to the Porsche. I looked for keys in my coat. Not there. I heaved a rock through the passenger side window and let myself in, feeling vaguely criminal though I was breaking into my own car. A shrill car alarm went off. Damn, my own goddamn car. I disabled the alarm and hot wired the ignition. Damn it, I was too tense. Two valium, a xanax, and a swig of tequila should do it.

I drove off, keeping the north star in my rearview mirror. I should be in Disney World in a day and a half. Just in time for the meeting. I popped a tape in the stereo. It wasn't mine. None of the tapes were mine. Some idiot left their tapes in MY car!

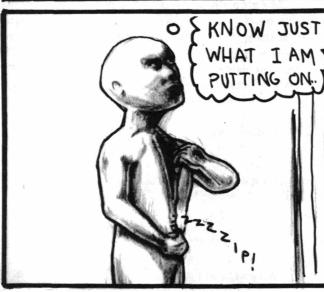
(stay tuned for the stunning conclusion next issue)

21st CENTURY ROMANCE BY JIM BREDT





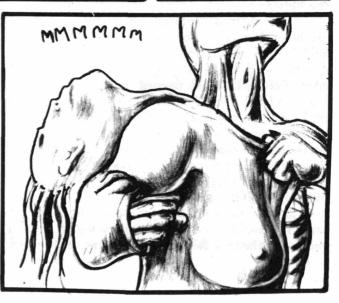








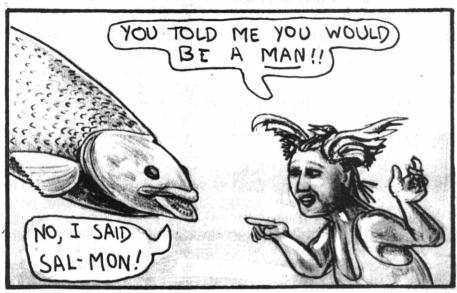














Safety and Security at MIT

An Engineering Analysis

by Captain John Dzenitis
Emmet Field Elementary School Safety Patrol, Retired

Introduction

These are dangerous days. Despite the fact that we have chosen to reside in Academia for some period, the Real World crashes in on us from time to time. Sometimes, the Real World comes knocking at our door with a lucrative offer to become a swimsuit model, or perhaps a lucrative offer from a swimsuit model. More often, though, the real world comes knocking on our heads with a lead pipe and steals our money.

It was not always so. Certainly, there were always dangers for the MIT community: inhaling next to B.U. students fresh out of scotch-drinking class, or being run over by Hahvahd students in their parents' BMW's. But just as many B.U. students have turned to LSD (less volatile) and many Hahvahd students tool around in Lexuses (with pedestrian airbags), there has been an increase in other forms of danger and violence at MIT. The Campus Police swiftly responded with denials. Later, they created an automated spokesperson which issues a semiweekly statement to campus newspapers, "Urban campus. Walk in groups. SafeRide." In all fairness to them, this is indeed a national trend. But so what?

If the important technical challenges of nebaquarknoids can wait for a few moments, perhaps we should turn our gigantic MIT brains towards tackling the more mundane and lethal problem of safety and security at MIT.

Problem Statement

One cannot underestimate the importance of a well-posed statement of the problem at hand. One possibility is, "Evil", but this is too general to be effectively analyzed here. It should be saved for some kind of rally. Another suggestion is, "Getting your ass robbed or kicked or worse", but these are really symptoms more than the essential problem. I therefore select a problem statement that is a compromise: "Some darned people are unhappy and capable of violence."

One term must be more carefully defined: vi-

olence. Here, I use its more traditional meaning of "physical force used to harm". This avoids the new and popular meaning of "something I don't like" (e.g., "charging me this much for a Personal Pan Pizza is an act of violence"). This second definition is not specific enough, despite what some manifesto writers may believe, although it does allow the intriguing possibility of jailing the entire country's population.

Note the importance of both "unhappy" and "capable of violence" existing at once. People who are unhappy but are not capable of violence usually are not a problem; imagine a Patriots fan encased in a block of cement. Similarly, those who are capable of violence but are happy pose no immediate threat, but they should be watched carefully; consider Hillary Clinton.

Solutions

If this were a sociology study or a scientific analysis, I could stop right here. Better yet, if this were a Special Campus Forum, I could stop after stating the title and allowing all conceivable factions to rant and ramble for 20 minutes each. However, this has been posed as an engineering analysis, and engineers have to propose some solutions, even if they won't work.

First, what can we do about making unhappy people more happy? Well, if I knew the answer to this, I wouldn't have to dispense venom in the guise of humor. Let's move on.

Our systematic approach to the problem has reduced to the goal of making unhappy people less capable of violence. This clear goal allows us to state several approaches to improving safety and security at MIT:

1. HIDE. This approach is often dismissed for its simplicity, but often the most simple solution is the best. Jimmy Hoffa has been hiding for some time now with great results, and just consider the number of enemies he had to worry about. In fact, there are probably people hiding somewhere around you right now; you wouldn't know them, because

they're hiding, of course.

- 2. BECOME HUGE. Anyone would agree that a physically intimidating person is less likely to be accosted. To give a margin of safety, I recommend that men increase their weight to at least 400 pounds. I'm not just talking Ted-Kennedy-huge, either; you should include muscle and height gain to accommodate the weight, which would put you at about 9 feet tall. Since women are often viewed by attackers as easy prey, for them I recommend a target size of 600 pounds and 12 feet tall.
- 3. BECOME VERY FAST. It would be difficult to mug someone who can run 50 miles per hour, particularly if they weigh 600 pounds.
- 4. ARM YOURSELF. This is a poor substitute for becoming huge, but might be viewed as an interim solution. Knives and handguns come to mind first, but don't they really just encourage fighting? I know they did in our house. Impressive weapons such as cursed Samoan war clubs, dripping gore, are much more effective in stopping confrontations before they happen. Don't rule out explosives; they're much safer than they were in the volatile times of nitroglycerin. A jacket stuffed with C4 can provide you with the option of mutually assured destruction, a proven deterrent.
- 5. EAT YOUR VALUABLES. If your assailant is primarily interested in money, having your valuables concealed in your stomach might be a good idea. This approach may require some careful scheduling depending on what you're planning to do that night, but it can't be beat for outright hilarity. I mean, what are they going to do about it? On second thought, maybe this isn't such a good idea.
- 6. OFFER ALTERNATIVES TO YOUR ASSAILANT. You might consider traveling with people who are smaller, softer, slower, wealthier, and more annoying than you are. Carrying maps detailing the route from here to Harvard Square might help, too.
- 7. LOOK LIKE A PERPETRATOR. Criminals have a union, and this union prohibits assaulting other criminals if there is an innocent bystander available. Thus, having the appearance of a perpetrator instead of a perpetratee can be a wise choice, and you can improve your fashion status while avoiding harm. Hints can be gleaned from

reading the assailant descriptions in newspaper reports, but we all know the word in urban perpetrator fashion for '93 is "baggy". This applies to shirts, jackets, pants, hats, shoes, and especially bags. If you're choosing new pants, for example, you should be able to put both of your legs into one leg of the pants. The extra space can be used for weapons, booty (of either kind), or hiding (see #1). If you're planning to become huge, you might want to just go ahead and purchase the clothes you'll need for your target size now.

Acting like a perpetrator will lend an air of authenticity to your disguise. Occasionally, slug people as they walk by you. Mug a few of them, too. Go ahead. It's fun.

Closing

This complex problem will not be resolved overnight. In fact, it's likely to get worse during the night. I hope that by logically organizing the problem and some possible solutions, we draw near to really coming to terms with this issue.

Now, go find a good place to hide.

five essential numbers

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Jack's Journal

57 Jack































Concert Review

by Adam Dershowitz

Guns and Fuckin' Roses, at the Garden.

The stage for the evening was already set as I tried to leave North Station. The crowd was pushing and shoving, trying to get out of one door, and failing. Screams of "Welcome to the Jungle" could be heard. I, of course, decided to use the large door right next to the one that this crowd was unable to operate. I was now right in front of Boston Garden, earplugs at the ready, and I was going to see Guns and Roses.

But why? A message the night before said that I had tickets to Guns and Roses waiting at the box office. "Why?" I asked. That story goes back to a concert in St. Louis where Axl Rose allegedly jumped into the crowd and beat up some fans... Now, through a long turn of events, I had tickets that I did not want. But what the hell, they were free, and it was Saint Patrick's Day, and I had seen the Star Trek rerun that night anyway. Besides, maybe I too could fight with Axl. I went and picked up the tickets. Inside the envelope were backstage passes, something that I was not expecting. The passes were something. A circular sticker, with a caricature of a woman. Well really a caricature of breasts, with a head attached. Pretty offensive in my opinion. Even the passes had the band's middle initial on them, "G N F'n R's."

I went and grabbed a beer at a nearby bar to get ready for this event. Then on into the Garden. On the way in I saw a woman with long purple hair. She was up on current events, her shirt said "Sid Vicious is Dead". Then someone else handed me a leaflet explaining that Jesus wasn't. The Sid Girl really stood out, as did I, because the hair color of the evening was blond, and the style, long, both male and female.

Once inside, I discovered a serious problem. They were not selling any beer, and I couldn't handle this event sober. What to do?

The opening band on stage was loud and not very interesting. Time to try to go back stage. At first the guy blocking the door was not too sure what to do. He looked at my pass, then back at something on his side of the wall, then back at the pass. I could

see that the list he was looking at was for different kinds of back stage passes. To make this guys life easier the passes were different shapes. He was trying to decide whether the pass was a circle, a square, or a triangle. It was a circle, the good kind. Finally he let me in. I hung back stage for a while, but there was nothing happening, so I left.

Out front, the opening band was still playing, but had become more bearable. The band all had long hair, except for the one balding guy. The backup singers were wearing high heels and bell bottom pants... are these coming back in or what? The keyboard player's name, as you might expect, was Spike. The acoustics in Boston Garden suck, not that you could really tell with this band.

When the opening band was done, it was time to try backstage again. The hospitality room was still not open. A big guy was standing there, not letting anyone in. All of us with circles, were sent "back there, behind that curtain", where we found free soda. Digging through the ice, there it was, FREE BEER. Well, Bud, which is close enough to beer. There were about a dozen of us waiting there. Mostly people who did not look like we should be at the show. A guy walked into our little area, pointed to the four pretty woman, who had on miniskirts, black leather, and long hair, and said, "Girls". They got up, and followed him away to the more back part of back stage.

I grabbed a few for the road and went back out front, to face the crowd yet again. I overheard one teenager walking by say, "I feel like I look like a little girl." She did. My companion told me that there were men in the woman's rest room. It was not because there was a big line in the men's room. Despite selling no beer, and searching people on the way in, there were lots o' drunks around. In fact the drunkest person that I saw was an MIT student, trying to handle the "walking" concept. Despite smoking regulations, there was a thick toxic cloud which limited visibility in the arena.

When we got back to our seats, still between bands, there was a large drunk guy standing by both seats. He was screaming at the stage. My companion tried to explain that these were our seats. Nothing! He did not get it. I finally stepped in and tried using caveman instead. I pointed and grunted. This time he got the idea and moved back a row. When he was behind us I was finally able to understand some of his poetry, "YAH Mothah Fuckah!!" "Pussy, Yo Pussy!!" were some of his favorites. The crowd was particularly impressed by the technology of video. Sometimes a camera would point at them, putting them on the big projection screen, and they went crazy. In case you were there. I was the one not screaming my head off, and not wearing a flannel shirt. Finally the lights dimmed. The traditional lighters were lit (the first time that I saw this, it was for "Candle in the Wind", and it made sense then), thumbs were burned, and the band came out. There were TelePrompters, with lyrics for the band. Axl was wearing a T-shirt with "Charles don't surf" on the back, and a picture of Charles Manson on the front. For one song he had to slowly explain to the crowd, "I say, 'Nice boys', then you say, 'don't play rock and roll", in case they could not remember the lyrics. After a couple of songs, suddenly Axl wants a spot light. A bottle had been thrown at the stage and he is pissed. He is holding the bottle in his hand, and says, "Have a good fuckin' night", drops the bottle and leaves the stage, with the rest of the band. I guess he was mad that someone else got to throw something first.

Then the crowd got ugly(er?)! Yelling things at the stage. "Fuck You!" Or rearranged their name: "Fuck Guns and Roses!" The neanderthal behind us said, "If I had a bottle I would fuckin' throw it off his head" Then, because things were too calm, a manager came out, and turned up the house lights. He said, "Look around, if your neighbor has a bottle, take it away." Not very neighborly if you ask me. My New York instincts had kicked in at this point, and I was watching my back. Fortunately I only had cans, and they were hidden under the seat. During this intermission, I only saw one fight. I also warned my companion to watch for objects, or people, from the balcony above us, but this turned out to just be my paranoia. The woman next to us said, "Hey I say we fuckin' staht a RIOT!" She was obviously unclear on the concept.

After about 15 minutes, once the crowd was in a good mood, Guns and Roses came back out. They had this really upsetting bank of strobe lights behind the stage, that would have made Doc Edgerton proud. Halfway through the set, the bass player

walked up to a microphone and made his only comment of the evening, "Who ever threw that bottle, I will kick your mother fuckin ass". Axl liked the banner in the audience that said, "Fuck St. Louis", although that is what brought me to this event.

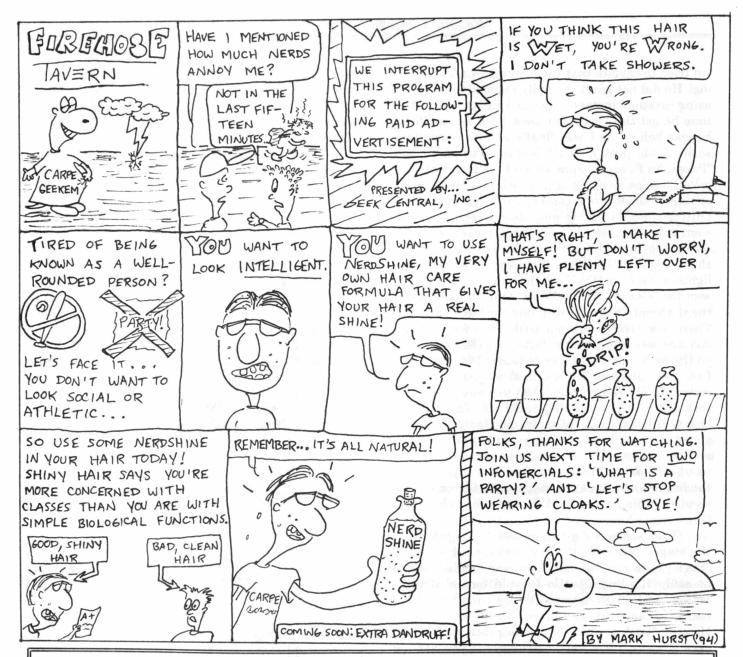
The set included such lyrics as, "I used to love her, so I had to kill her. I knew I'd miss her, so I had to keep her." The favorite lyric of the evening was "Fuck" in all of it's forms. The guitar solo included stolen Who and Led Zeppelin riffs. I am having trouble reading my notes (all that beer, and it was dark) but I think it says, "Jesus, Axl can actually play piano," but I would not swear to this. He also smoked on stage to get that special tonal quality to his voice, that he is famous for.

In conclusion, the favorite clothing color of the evening was black, especially leather. Favorite bra color of the evening was black, especially leather. Tattoos were also a big plus. No, I am not about to get one, or to go buy an album for that matter. I was just there for the experience. It was a lot like going to the zoo. Maybe Axl said it best, as he left the stage, "Happy Fuckin' Saint Patrick's Day!"

SLUG-BUNNY

by Jennifer Lopez





DEATH TO ''BOB''?

The inane prattlings of that consciousness entity known as THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS are a truly FALSE DOCTRINE; the concepts of Time Control, Bulldadaism, the ever elusive goal of Slack Attainment are merely half-clever rants foisted on an unsuspecting world to lull techno geeks and high-intellect introverts into a false sense of pride and accomplishment. What could have been the emergence of INTELLECTUAL PRIDE has fallen prey to the enslaving insecurities of DULL-WITTED elitist college pranks.

We hereby proclaim preeminence in the realm of TRUE CYNICISM for the Men and Women of Science, and cast out not only the False Gods of Slack, but Slack(tm) itself. All who would be SubGenii must face the new dawn of truth, shed the frightened little boy mask of the SubWeenie, and bask in the LIGHT OF TRUTH. We shall not be stayed from this most noble course of humanity! Besides, Stang can't even spell UNIX!

DEATH to the FALSE IMAGE of Bob (no quotes, no kidding!), Death to the Church, Condemnation of the First Water to its adherents, Bobbies each and every one!

Join us! Contact "LIGHT OF TRUTH", POB 44-1358, Somerville, MA 02144



SLUG-BUNNY

by Jennifer Lopez



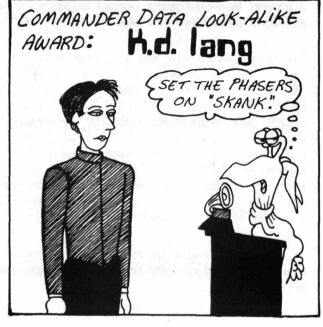
SLUG-BUNNY

by Jennifer Lopez











Harley Hydrophobic

by Dave Jordan

Author's note: The theme of the Rabid Man With Boy has enjoyed a wide range of treatments in fiction and the (continuous) moving picture arts, from the Roman poet Lucretius's epic "Foaming Tipesiod and Son, In Danger" and the Petrarchan sonnet "Rabidicus" to the 1966 Glenn Ford film thriller, "Rage". The following vignette rehashes this tradition of profoundly touching insights into the father/son relationship, to negligible effect.

On a day not so long ago that its memory has faded from the weary brains of the old timers who still congregate at Pops Fontaine's five-and-dime. the blistering noonday electromagnetic soup from a nearby star (Sol, referred to colloquially hereafter as "the sun") beat mercilessly down upon the streets of Carlsville, Mississippi. (The radiation from the sun also contains a number of generations of neutrinos - which "oscillate" and transform amongst each other - but for the purposes of this story we shall ignore their existence.) Ask any one of these old timers - old Phil Maltby, for example, whose wife passed on in '67 and left Phil with upwards of 34 jars of preston-berry preserves that Phil "would just as soon use for spackling compound as try to eat" - I say, ask any one of them about Harley Atwater's confrontation with Dumpy, the town's street cur, and he'll rattle off the story like it had just happened yesterday. Let's pretend that we're querying one of these old timers the day after the incident, so that it really did happen "just yesterday". This will help allay your suspicion that you're being spoonfed this story second-hand by some socio-sexually impotent cityboy college geek who vents his pentup frustrations by quietly sneering at the backward hick characters he writes about.

"Well, sir," our hypothetical eyewitness might begin, "it happened this way. Harley Atwater and his eight year old son, Ben, came strolling down Main Street with that big, bloated old sun just adraining the will to live out of every creature bold enough (or foolish enough) to challenge its dominion. You may be aware of the fact that Harley and Ben live alone – poor Jenna Atwater having passed on during the kwashiorkor micro-epidemic of '48 –

about 50 miles outside of Carlsville town limits, and they only make it into town every couple of weeks or so to pick up a few badly-needed supplies. They're hill people, Harley and his boy, and they're fiercely proud of their heritage: the rich heritage of the Soil, the birthright of the good, flowing Earth that nourishes their bodies (through Harley's okra crop) and, some would say more importantly, nourishes their hearts. A man's heart needs nutrients beyond, say, your niacin or riboflavin or your B-complex vitamins - a man's heart hungers for the intangible sustenance of Pride and Freedom. And Harley's heart flourishes in the wilderness of the Mississippi hill country, even though some would say he's too isolated, too cut off from the companionship of his fellow human beings. Different strokes for different folks, says I, and to each his own. Which is just a fancy way of saying that it takes all kinds.

"Like I said, Harley and Ben came walking down Main Street like it was nobody's business. Harley had just bought Ben an ice-cream cone at old Pops Fontaine's Day-Lee-Mart and the two of them were happy as larks. Which is just another way of saying that a pickup-truck full of staple foods like wheat, barley and golden maize can put a pair of food-consuming human beings in a fine mood, no matter how you look at it."

Okay, now that our eyewitness has set the stage, let's leave him in peace to drink his egg-cream. The quotation-mark stacking will get a little awkward otherwise, and anyway, it wouldn't be realistic to expect a distant observer to overhear (much less remember) intimate conversational details between our two main characters. (Here's a quick test of your story comprehension: Do you remember who the two main characters are? Be sure to record any preliminary impressions that may strike you concerning the "interaction dynamic" at work between them. You'll be glad you did.)

Harley turned to the fruit of his manseed with a loving eye and rumpled the strapping eight-yearold's flaxen hair.

"Does that ice cream taste good, son?" Harley

asked.

"Yes, it tastes very good, Pa," replied Ben.

"Well, that's fine. Just see to it that you don't spill it on the pavement, rendering impotent my act of patriarchal kindness in purchasing it for you."

"I'll be careful, Pa. I enjoy eating ice cream." Harley chuckled.

"You're a good boy. I have a feeling everything's going to be just fine for us for the rest of our lives. The one bad thing that marred our joint father-son existence was the untimely death of your mother. We've weathered that storm, and we're the stronger for it, but I'm pretty sure that we won't have to confront any more unpleasant, or downright awkward, challenges for the balance of our souls' tenure in frames of blood and bone here on spaceship Earth."

Then Dumpy the street cur emerged from the alley behind Herb Westerly's livestock feed store and staggered into their path.

Dumpy was a real "Beatrice 57" - that is to say, a mongrel mix of as many varieties of dog as there are distinct commercial entities crouching under the Beatrice corporate umbrella. He didn't look like the amiable, happy-go-lucky, abandonedand-left-to-die-but-nourished-on-dumpster-mulch canine that everyone in Carlsville (except for hideous old Mrs. Greely) had grown to first tolerate, then like, then love with passionate, all-consuming intensity. For one thing, he was dragging his hind quarters; the two back legs didn't appear to be functioning particularly well, and his rear paws left little trails in the filth layering the ground as his laboring flanks pulled them along. A rheumy, blood-streaked film glazed the dog's eves, which swaved back and forth in their sockets like the deck of the S.S. Poseidon in high seas (if, indeed, one can legitimately compare two little orbs of organic tissue to a submanifold of a several-thousand-ton fictitious luxury ocean liner.) Further, the eyes seemed to have receded in their sockets, lending a peculiar squinting aspect to Dumpy's troubled gaze. Thin rivulets of some foul, steaming discharge streamed from the beleagured canine's inflamed nostrils; and a layer of creamy white foam, driven by hot chuffing gasps of the dog's fetid breath, bubbled in poisonous little eruptions from between Dumpy's lips - not unlike the globules of American processed cheese food that dribble out of a can which has been sitting on the shelf too long, and has forfeited most of its gaseous propellants to the atmosphere.

Harley eyed the dog with kindly concern.

"What's wrong with Dumpy, Pa?" Ben asked with childlike curiosity. It's not unlike a child to voice his questions in this kind of situation.



"Okay, in this round we're going to play for the life of the dog."

"Oh, I expect he's feeling the heat just like we are, son. After all, when you look beneath his fur, a dog's practically a regular little person." Harley advanced toward the wary cur, which began to emit a throaty, liquid growl that seemed three parts menace, twenty-three percent agony, and 1.7 percent miserable bewilderment (with trace elements of instinctual territorialism and, from somewhere deep within the remaining vestiges of the dog Dumpy had once been, cheerful tail-waggin' recognition of a man who had always been kind to him).

"I don't think Dumpy feels very good, Pa. Maybe you should stay away from him."

"Nonsense, Ben. A dog's like a woman – you just have to show them that you mean them no harm, and before you know it, they're cringing before you in abject servility and whining for you to allow them to nuzzle your crotch. And by the way, son: if you can't coerce a woman into doing that

very thing, then you're no better than some impotent cityboy college kid who's more comfortable with a book and the caress of his own right hand than he is with people. A 'man' like that ain't no fit excuse for no human being. And anyone who thinks any different is living in a fool's paradise."

Harley stepped toward Dumpy as Ben struggled to decode the grammatical deep-structure of the triple negative.



"She's locked the door and turned on the gas!"

"Dumpy just needs to cool down, that's all. Don't you, old fella? There's a good dog." Harley stooped and gently extended his hand — a proud hand, a hand that had tasted rain and sun, soil and sand, a hand that had sensed the delicate curves of a beloved woman's torso in the night-shrouded act of Love, and that had helped to return that torso to the eternal embrace of clay in the throes of a soul-rending remorse — and reached down to stroke Dumpy's matted fur.

Dumpy yelped and sank his teeth into the webbing between Harley's thumb and forefinger, then dug his feet into the sun-cursed dirt of Main Street and snapped his head backward. Dumpy's canines tore through the thin veil of tissue and left a gobbet of greyish-white saliva to mix with Harley's crimson juice of life [translator's note: jus de vivre in the original text]. Harley recoiled with a sharp cry of pain and disillusionment, then briskly retreated from the animal.

"Well, I'll tell you what, son. Certain subtle preliminary indications suggest that Dumpy doesn't want to be petted right now, so why don't we just leave him alone. I've seen your dear mother (may she rest in peace) react to my advances in that very same way on occasion. Maybe Dumpy's just going through his monthly 'bad time', if you know what I mean." They made their way back to Harley's pickup and headed home, with Harley muttering under his breath something about "solar neutrino beams burning into everyones' heads" and turning them "goofy."

Every now and then, Harley would suck on the wounded area to help ease the smart.

About six weeks later, Harley began to feel a little... well, goofy. You know how you'll wake up one morning, with the impertinent, relentlessly demanding glare of the snoopy gadfly Sun poking into your eyes, and your eyes seem to rebel, to say, in effect, "Well, I'll tell you what. I'm just not up to the McCarthy witch-hunt interrogation of the Light this morning, to the Stalinesque gulag-feeding inquisition of Illumination, to the intrusive, in-yourface Susan-Cowper-on-weight-loss probing of infernal Daybreak. So instead of functioning normally - directing you as you make your daily rounds, deciphering whimsical bumper stickers on the car in front of you, recognizing (and guiding you to acknowledge or to ignore, as the occasion warrants) loved ones - I'm going to jury-rig a chaise lounge from jagged beached medical waste, bury the whole comfy mess in the soft meat of your frontal lobes, then stretch out for a nice long nap." You arise from bed, the moist sheets adhering to your fishbellygrey skin and smelling both sour and (what's perhaps less palatable) a little sweet. Your head feels pulpy and misshapen. You pause to examine your now vaguely threatening environment and squint to block the rays of trespassing light your new organs of sight find so distasteful; and you realize that your bodily cravings have focused themselves into a gleaming crystalline splinter that's busily working its way underneath your fingernail: you're thirsty. In fact, you can't remember ever being quite this thirsty. It's as if you just baked and devoured a salt pie (the recipe's sinfully simple: a pound of Morton's and just enough flaky crust to cover it) — and then topped it all off with a few spoonfuls of refreshing salt.

Oh, I should guess we've all been there.

And if you're wondering what any of this has to do with our story, simply replace the pronoun "you" with "Harley" and the startling relevance of it all will slam into you like the 7:45 Bullet Train.

Harley Atwater staggered from bed, passed a trembling hand over his face, and tried to construct a reasonable framework for interpreting the range of novel (and almost universally unpleasant) sensations that were presenting themselves for his consideration in the arena of his mortal flesh. And the first thought that crossed his mind was,

"Dang."

The second thought that ran across the turgid, salty tide-flats of his decaying mind occurred five minutes later, when he staggered out to the kitchen, tore open the refrigerator door with a shaky, clawing hand, and grabbed a bottle of Coca-Cola. On a visceral level, he sensed and relished the new plastic bottle's shape: the way it conformed to the fleshy pads of his hand, the sleek flow of its contours, the dull caramel glint off its translucent sides. But it was the drink inside that captured his intellect's attention. "Must quench thirst," Harley thought as he tipped the bottle to his lips. He tried to swallow the refreshing draught of sweet liquid...

...and someone jabbed a Sears Craftsman 3/16 inch Phillips head screwdriver through his larynx and deep into his throat muscles. Or at least that was the startling first impression Harley registered as his throat spasmed, then rejected the life-sustaining liquid. The Coke fountained from between Harley's lips, which had stretched taught in a pale rictus of agony. Harley bent over and fought the crawling army-ant waves of paralyzing fire scurrying down his throat and into his chest, depriving him of the capacity for swallowing and, at this rate, of the ability to simply draw breath. The esophageal cramping subsided in a few moments, leaving a shaken and bewildered Harley in their wake. He glanced down at the Coke bottle, which had fallen from his hand and spilled its contents across the faded green linoleum.

looked at the pool of glistening fluid, which now taunted him, teased him like one of the notorious "bad girls" from nearby Cramer's Gulch, leaning against a light post in their shocking knee-length dresses and mouthing unseemly suggestions in the ear of the passerby:

"Go ahead, big boy. Drink me... if you're man enough.

If you're thirsty enough to die for me."

And somewhere deep in Harley's mind (perhaps directly underneath the hypothalamus), physical craving and the fear of pain entwined, wriggled around together for a while, and spawned a perverse psychoneural complex: hydrophobia.



"My name is Billy K., and I am an alcoholic."

Well, Patient Reader, you're probably flipping anxiously through your "Reader's Digest Family Home Medical Guide" at this very moment, and you've no doubt arrived at the conclusion that Harley's peculiar ailment will turn out to have rather unfortunate implications for the Atwater household. The situation developed in the following manner. Harley somehow managed to dress and appear at the breakfast table, where

Ben sat reading the funny papers. The boy's daily round of chores included preparing a simple breakfast of toast and apple sauce, and providing the pair with beverages (as Harley had explained to Ben on more than one occasion, "I know it's woman's work, Ben, but since your dear mother passed on, you're going to have to be both man and woman for the both of us.") Now, on any given day this beverage might be a glass of orange juice. Or it might be grape juice, or even tomato juice. Nothing quenches thirst like a tall, frosty glass of tomato juice. Consider your own breakfast nook for further examples; I cannot predict what you may find, because I am not Kreskin. But most human beings with a modicum of good taste recognize that water for breakfast simply doesn't "cut it," as the hip young kids say today. For one thing, water doesn't mix well with eggs, which are a traditional breakfast food in this country and throughout the Western world. And for another, most people need a fluid with more "bite" than water to slice through the overnight salivary accumulation that accounts for that stagnant "morning breath" feeling. Well, I could go on recapitulating this week's episode of "Beakman's World" all day long, but let's just cut to the inescapable conclusion that fresh, pure water should be forever banished from the well-appointed breakfast table.

Have I set this up enough yet?

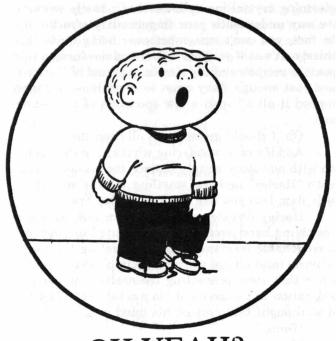
Ben served Harley a big glass of water that morning to wash down his toast and apple sauce.

And the third thought of the morning bubbled to the surface of Harvey's frothy, feverish mind and burst with a little pop that would have been audible, if we lived in a world where we could hear other people's thoughts.

"Ah, water for breakfast. How unpleasant."

His lips curling in the kind of look with which one might favor a cockroach skittering across the countertop, Harvey shot his hand out in a reckless streak and swept the offending glass off the table. The glass flew across the small dining room and shattered against the wall. A splash of cool water hit Ben's head and moistened one of his upstart cowlicks, while an errant stream splattered against the petunia-gilded curtains (one of Jenna's touches) swept to either side of the sole dining-room window. Ben's lip trembled, and a tear threatened to spill from the corner of his eye. He looked at Harley and said, his voice quivering,

"You didn't find the beverage pleasing."



OH YEAH? WELL, KISS THIS!

Harley tried to ease the tension with a shaky laugh.

"Say, son, why would you want to serve a man water for breakfast? It's not that I'm... afraid... of water, you understand. Oh, heck no. Why, put me in the Sahara desert for a few dusty, throat-parching days, then lead me to your basic oasis, and won't you see a thirsty man drinking water just as good as you please? Sure you would!" He reached over and ruffled Ben's hair. "It's just that you can't always be expected to..." (his facial muscles, which fairly itched to writhe at the excruciating, and now repugnant, prospect, bucked against the dwindling reserves of self-control left at Harley's disposal) "drink... water. As they say, it's okay for bathing and washing your car. And it certainly finds its uses in a number of industrial processes which have contributed immeasurably to our standard of living. I'm not gonna sit here and argue with you about that. But do we always have to be drinking it every time a fella turns around, for pity's sake? Look, I'll reinforce my sagging alpha-male standing in your eyes later by drinking a whole bucket-full of scum-laden pondwater, if it's that world-spinning-out-of-its-orbit important to everyone. You'd like to see that, wouldn't you, you scheming little puke."

Perhaps it will not overly surprise the perceptive reader that we can date from this period Harley's aversion to bathing.

• • •

In the nightmarish forty-eight hours that followed. Harvey lived twenty normal lifetimes' worth of misery. 50 lifetimes, even. Maybe more. It's really hard for me to say, since you can never see the world from a man's eyes until you've worn his shoes. Whatever that means. But we can credit Harley with one thing: The presence of mind to take a good, hard look at himself in the mirror. He saw himself stripped of the heroic delusions that turn even the most cringing, vitiated and feeble milquetoast among us into a strutting Adonis, as long as we're surrounded by the comfortable trappings of our private little fantasy world. (This hackneved insight would find a more appropriate place in almost any other story, since it doesn't really describe Harley's mental situation at the time.) He looked at himself in the mirror, and he saw a desperately sick man, a man imprisoned in a palace of exquisite tortures, a man who certainly had no business strutting about like Charles Atlas in his own private Soldier-of-Fortune little-boy power fantasies. The untangling threads of his thought processes struggled to wrap themselves around the cause of his predicament. And, in a brief quiescent moment when the dreadful malady relaxed its grip on Harley's steam-scalded mind (which one could now liken to a slightly-underdone Peking ravioli, white and glistening on the outside with greenish-grey meat occupying the interior), the solution swaggered up to Harley and tapped him on the shoulder with its walking stick.

Tetanus!

Of course, thought Harley, how beautifully the pieces fit together. The headache, the throbbing muscles, the unsightly acne pustules, the cramping, the grinning-death's-head resus sardonicus.... Well, he hadn't actually experienced this last symptom yet, but two would get ya five that it was just around the corner! He could trace his distress to that dark day, about two weeks ago, when he nicked his hand on a flailing strand of rusty "bobbed wire" (as little

Ben referred to it) in the toolshed. He remembered (via vivid mental pictures unaccompanied by words) when old man Morton had turned "lockjaw frenzied" in the spring of '37 and thrashed his cousin Fred with a rake. It was the talk of all Fulton County, and with good reason. Old man Morton was as mild as you please, but add a dose of viral poisoning to his central nervous system, and you might as well just hand him a loaded shotgun with explicit instructions to point the barrel at your abdomen and fill you full of white-hot lead. And if Harley had been infected with the deadly virus, then that meant he had to get Ben away from him and into town as quickly as possible. Otherwise....

Harley grimaced. There could be no otherwise. Harley staggered into the front yard, where Ben was sitting on a bench and reading the funny papers. Ben enjoyed "The Family Circus" the most, because it was very funny. He also liked "Nancy" because of the amusing adventures and predicaments that Nancy (the title character) and Sluggo (Nancy's little friend) found themselves facing on a daily basis. He looked up from this pleasant play-time funworld just in time to see his Pa stumble across the lawn (actually, little more than the grasseous analogue of a freshly-pubescent boy's facial peach fuzz) and fall headlong at the foot of the bench. Harley dragged himself up on all fours, then stood. "Come on, Ben, we've got to get you out of here. There can be no otherwise." He grabbed Ben's hand and piled the boy into the tawny-red '57 Toyota Acryllica utility sports vehicle sitting in the driveway. He fumbled with the keys for a moment, then managed to insert them in a special slot in the pickup's steering column and ignite the (internal combustion) engine. Putting the vehicle in reverse, he promptly slammed the truck into a Lombardi poplar tree positioned at the corner of his property. The two unhappy passengers bounced around for a while (in fact, perhaps even more boisterously than the actual impact warranted), and it slowly dawned on Harley that he would kill them both if he tried to drive the fifty miles into Carlsville.

Dusk was beginning to blanket the Mississippi foothills as Harley and Ben limped indoors. And Harley began to suspect that this would be the last night for both of them, thanks to his devious little son's black magic curse. To think, you breathe life into a human being, you feed him from the flowing goodness of your bosom (Jenna's bosom, actually), and how does he respond? By stabbing you in the

back with his cruel sorcery. Thanks, Ben. Thanks for turning my life into a miserable junkyard of the human spirit. Maybe I should express my thanks for your jackal's treasury. Maybe I should rip into your yielding vitals to demonstrate my profound gratitude. Maybe I should....

Harley shook his head violently. This was his son, his own beloved son! It was becoming increasingly difficult to think. He knelt down, grasped Ben's shoulders and held him at arm's length.

"Ben, I want you to listen to me very carefully. Your daddy's sick, powerful sick. So sick you probably wouldn't even believe it. And it's the kind of sickness that could make me do... bad things... that I wouldn't do in a million years if I were in my right mind."

"You mean, like render my yielding vitals? Is that the kind of bad thing you're talking about, daddy?"

"Well, uh, maybe not that bad, son," Harley replied, but he couldn't look Ben in the eye as he did so. "But still pretty darn bad, believe you me. And we're in a bind up here, seeing as how we don't have a neighbor for 20 miles and the nearest town is Carlsville. Plus the good folks at AT&T haven't installed telephones up here yet, and the word is they probably won't until the late 'forties. And we just don't have that kind of time. So you're going to have to help me save you from me. If that makes any sense. I want you to tie me up with that coil of good, stout hemp rope stored out in the toolshed. Do you think you could do that? There's a good boy, run out and get it."

Ben meandered over to the funnypapers sitting on the couch.

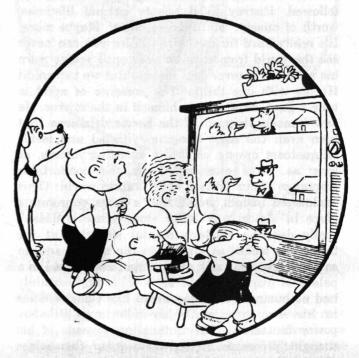
"NOW, Ben. Go get the rope. Thanks, there's daddy's angel."

Ben returned with the rope a few minutes later. Acting in concert, the pair managed to secure Harley to the dining room table with several loops of the rope and a passable 4-cross-and-hop-over Boy Scout knot. At length Harley craned his neck and spoke to the boy. "Ben, I just want you to know that your Pa loves you very much. But when I go behind the dark side of the moon, so to speak, I won't be the same old happy-go-lucky dad you've grown accustomed to. I could say mean things... I could lie to you to try to make you release me from these cruel bonds. But DON'T untie me, no matter what I say, okay? You have to promise me that, Ben."

"I promise not to untie you, no matter how convincingly you argue that I should," Ben replied solemnly.

About twenty minutes later, Harley spoke again.

"Hey, Ben. Tell you what. Why don't you let your dear old dad out of these ropes. They itch and chafe something awful. The creosote on this hemp acts as a powerful skin irritant. So be a pal, li'l buddy, and let me go."



"Did you ever think that there could be a whole universe... oh, wow, I'm rushing again!"

Ben immediately walked over to the table and untied the childishly clumsy, but brutally effective, granny-mounts-the-mare Cub Scout knot and threw the ropes off his father. Harley, in turn, cuffed him one against the side of the head. "I thought I told you not to untie me. You listen to your dad from now on. You kids today think you have all the answers. It's always, 'Oh, we're the next generation, and we've got life by the tail, so who cares about yesterday's wisdom. That stuff's old news.' Well, this isn't a kid's game anymore, Ben. People can get killed playing the games we're playing. So tie me up again and leave me tied up!" Ben once again

bound his dad with the rope.

Let's lay our cards on the table, Friend Reader. You're probably thinking to yourself, "Okay, now comes the ripoff of *The Shining* where Harley goes nuts and chases Ben around with an axe." On the contrary, you bloodthirsty animal – I refuse to have anything to do with a plot that places any child, no matter how deserving, in physical danger. It's just not my style. As a matter of fact (and so sorry to disappoint Your Majesty), Harley's period of torment came to a merciful end a few hours later, as he sank into a coma and died.

The ripoff of Alive follows presently.

Nobody in Carlesville took much notice of Harley and Ben's failure to show up that week for supplies, and only a few of the old timers (who, at the time this story takes place, were actually relatively young) sitting on the porch of Pops Fontaine's Walmart remarked on their absence two weeks later. But when a month had passed, word began to spread that Harley and his son had apparently caught a cab. And by week six, folks were concerned (and curious) enough to form an investigatory committee under the auspices of the Sheriff's Office of the Township of Carlsville. Three weeks later, chairman Hap Jacobs proposed a motion to the effect that an exploratory party be sent to investigate the domestic scenario at Harley Atwater's spread in the foothills; sadly, a minor breach of proper parliamentary procedure (as pointed out by secretary Dale Spencer) invalidated the 5-4 vote, and the motion was tabled until the next meeting. The next meeting, unfortunately, had to be delayed in order for the participants in the upcoming Fulton County Animal Slaughter-fest and Agricultural Fair to prepare their potentially prize-winning livestock and vegetable entries. It was not until almost two and a half months had passed that a contingent of inquisitive searchers after truth ventured out to Harley's okra ranch.

They found Ben, alive and kicking, absorbed in his funnypapers.

And they found what was left of his dad, Harley.

Ben had been... at... Harley, if you know what I mean. Ben explained to his horrified rescuers that he and his father had been desperately low on supplies when Harley "took sick". After his Pa's untimely demise. Ben had quickly (almost greedily) polished off the remaining food; then, as the reality of his isolation sank in, and as the powerful prodding of hunger became more and more difficult to ignore, Ben had polished off his dad. Public opinion regarding Ben's struggle to survive polarized into two camps: Ben had, after all, turned to the pungent meat of his father's flesh (dug out of his torso with a fork at first, then with a spoon as the relentless processes of decay worked their fascinating magic), disdaining an entire field of okra. On the other hand, one would have to be Mother Theresa or Gandhi not to turn up one's nose at an entire field of okra. At length, the good people of Carlesville threw up their collective hands and bade pastor Lyle Brown sit down with Ben and explain to him the moral implications of his act of patricannibalism. Then Ben was installed in his new home, the Carlsville Orphan Asylum.

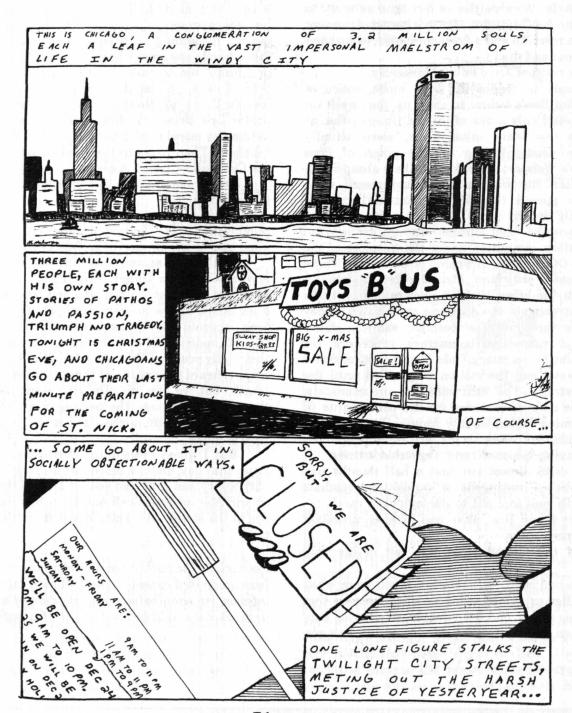
And it was at about this time that Ben started to feel kinda goofy.

Goofy and very thirsty. But somehow... uncomfortable at the thought of water. Oh, not afraid, mind you. Just, ah, maybe a little edgy.

And on the second Thursday before the semiannual Carlsville Happy, Productive Farmers Jubilee, the new Ben – a boy who had been squinting a lot lately, and who seemed perpetually irritable, even paranoid – drove the prongs of a rake deep into the soft melon head of little Jimmy Burlson during their daily round of Garden Detail. No close onlookers overheard the argument that preceded the lethal attack, but we can surmise with some confidence that the issue fueling the seemingly trivial dispute was the relative funniness of the strips "Nancy" and "Marmaduke".

But I guess everything turned out all right. Later that day, under a blood-red, bulging, unspeakably weary sun that had seen it all and then some, Sheriff Mervis Spoonwell put down Ben like a mad dog in the street with a single shot from his .38 Special.

Postscript: The author acknowledges that there have been no verified cases of human-human rabies transmission via cannibalistic consumption of a victim's flesh. But it would be kind of neat if it happened.



The Pentagon wanted a robot super-soldier, one that could adapt to changing battlefield conditions. So they created an intelligent weapon system with the ability to learn from its environment. What they hadn't counted on was the fateful synergy of a careless lab technician and a 24-hour TV station marathon showing of B-movie Westerns.... BERNET WITH HIS TWIN SIDEKICKS, HUG KOCH! HEEKLER ... PR Goldstone Hmm, it don't make much sense that a Toy store would be closin' up so soon, 'specially iT bein' Christmas. Reckon I'll just mosey on To The back and see if ever Things alright



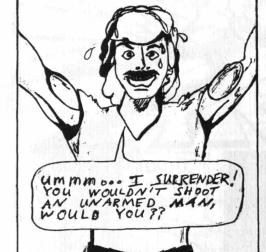


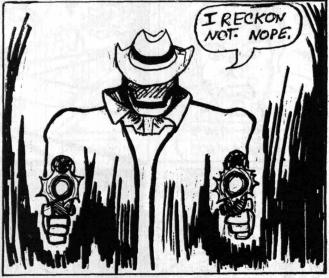
I LIKED THAT HAT.

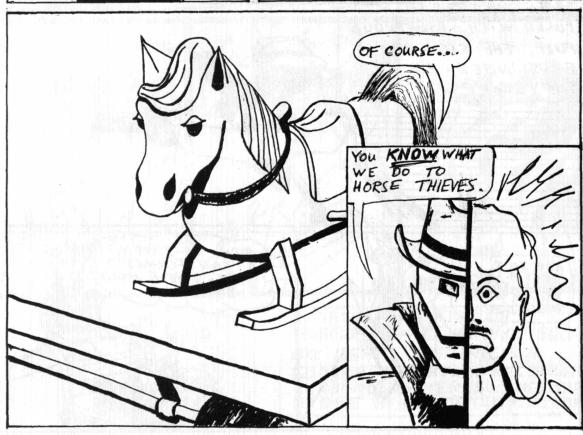
INITIATE ALTERATION IN VERBALIZATION SUBROUTINE: "SQUASH LIKE GRAPE" EMPIRICALLY CONTRA-INDICATED, RECOMMEND TERMINOLOGY"CRUSH LIKE NUT." STORE IN PERMANENT MEMORY.

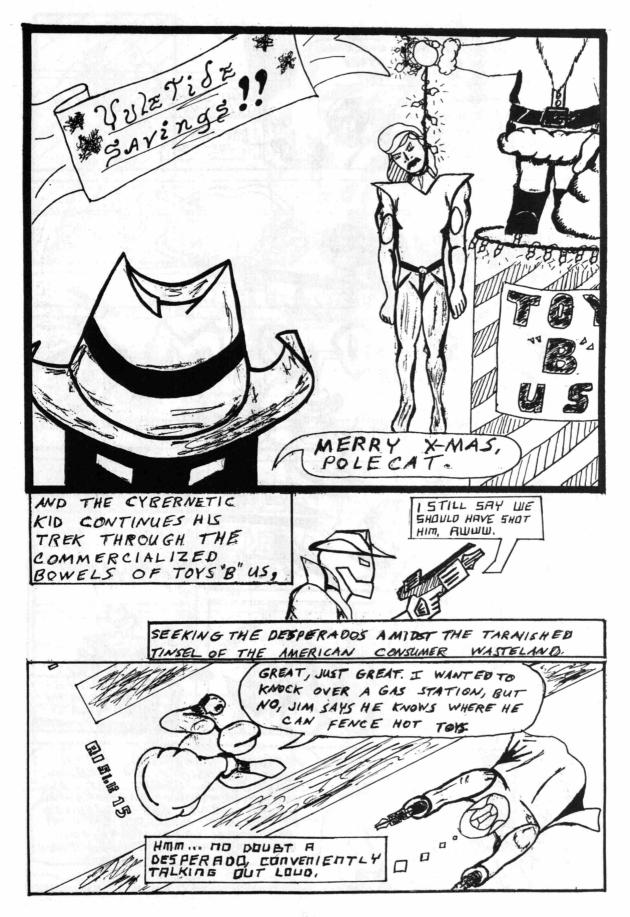








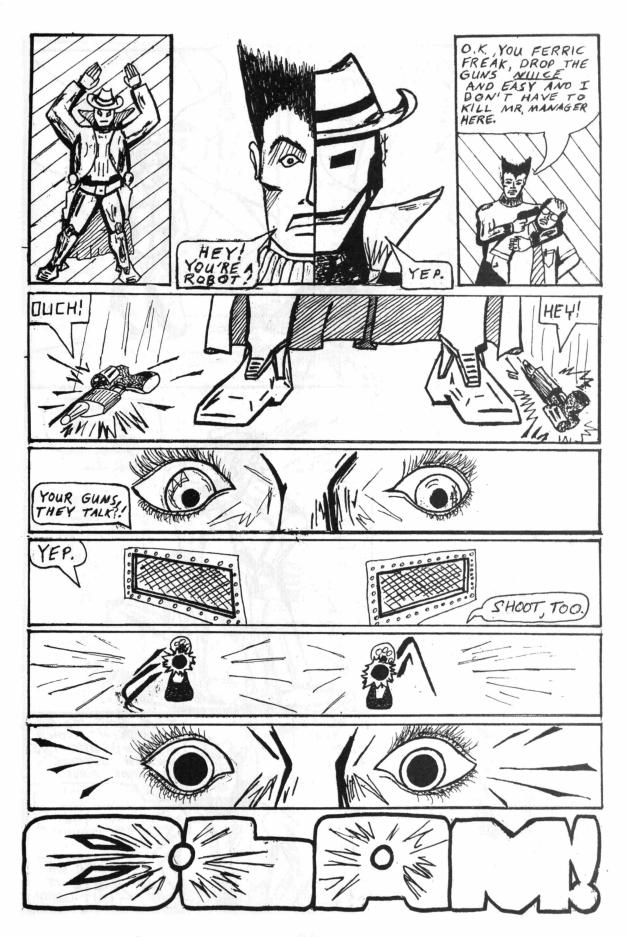


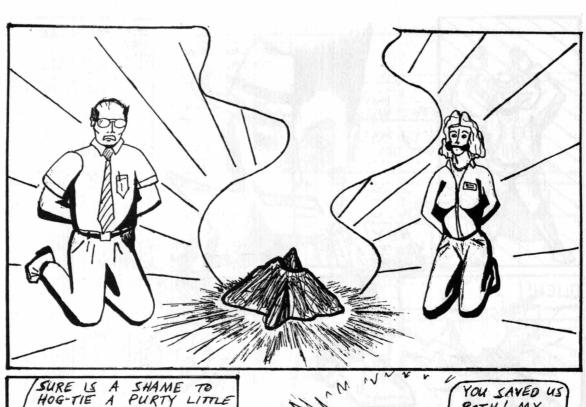




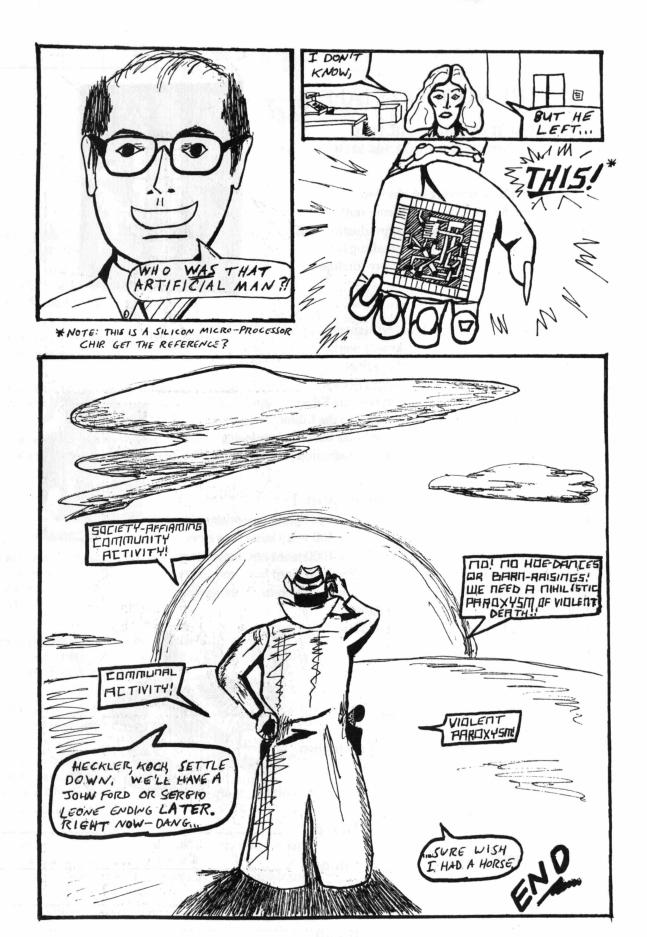


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☐ help with distribution.	send hate mail to the Editor.
	publications and bring them to their knees.
☐ get the Editor in a head	lock and slap the production staff silly.
For the next issue, I will s some cartoons or humor a two page cartoon. a four page graphic now an eight page graphic now a funny letter to the Edit something totally indesc poisonous snakes, letter Also, for the next issue, I help with production. help with distribution. sell advertisements. donate \$1000 to help decent ask my parents to donate	rous drawings. a side-splitting opinion column. a 500 word humorous story. ella. a 1000 word humorous story. ovel. some humorous photographs. cribable, yet hilarious. bombs, razor blades. will fray the costs of publication. \$\frac{GOOFUS}{FRATHER}\$ \$\frac{GOOFUS}{GANANA}\$ \$\frac{GOOFUS}{GOOFUS}\$ \$
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JOKE PAGE

Elvis and Jesus Similarities

Jesus said: "Love thy neighbor." (Matthew 22:39) Elvis said: "Don't be cruel." (RCA, 1956)

Jesus is the Lord's shepherd. Elvis dated Cybill Shepherd.

Jesus was part of the Trinity. Elvis' first band was a trio.

Jesus walked on water. (Matthew 14:25) Elvis surfed. (Blue Hawaii, Paramount, 1965)

Jesus' entourage, the Apostles, had 12 members. Elvis' entourage, the Memphis Mafia, had 12 members.

Jesus was resurrected. Elvis had the famous 1968 "comeback" TV special.

Jesus said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." (John 7:37) Elvis said, "Drinks on me!" (Jailhouse Rock, MGM, 1957)

Jesus fasted for 40 days and nights. Elvis had irregular eating habits. (e.g. 5 banana splits for breakfast)

Jesus is a Capricorn. (December 25) Elvis is a Capricorn. (January 8)

Matthew was one of Jesus' many biographers. (The Gospel According to Matthew)
Neil Matthews was one of Elvis' many biographers.
(Elvis: A Golden Tribute)

"[Jesus] countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." (Matthew 28:3)
Elvis wore snow-white jumpsuits with lightning bolts.

Jesus lived in state of grace in a Near Eastern land. Elvis lived in Graceland in a nearly eastern state.

Mary, an important woman in Jesus' life, had an Immaculate Conception.

Priscilla, an important woman in Elvis' life, went to

Immaculate Conception High School.

Jesus was first and foremost the Son of God. Elvis first recorded with Sun Studios, which today are still considered to be his foremost recordings.

Jesus spoke of the "lambs of God." Elvis had mutton chop sideburns.

Jesus' Father is everywhere. Elvis' father was a drifter, and moved around quite a bit.

Jesus was a carpenter. Elvis' favorite high school class was wood shop.

Jesus wore a crown of thorns. Elvis wore Royal Crown hair styler.

Jesus H. Christ has 12 letters. Elvis Presley has 12 letters.

No one knows what the "H" in "Jesus H. Christ" stands for.

No one was really sure if Elvis' middle name was "Aron" or "Aaron".

Jesus is often depicted in pictures with a halo that looks like a gold plate.

Elvis' face is often depicted on a plate with gold trim and sold through TV.

Jesus said: "Man shall not live by bread alone."
Elvis liked his sandwiches with peanut butter and bananas.

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