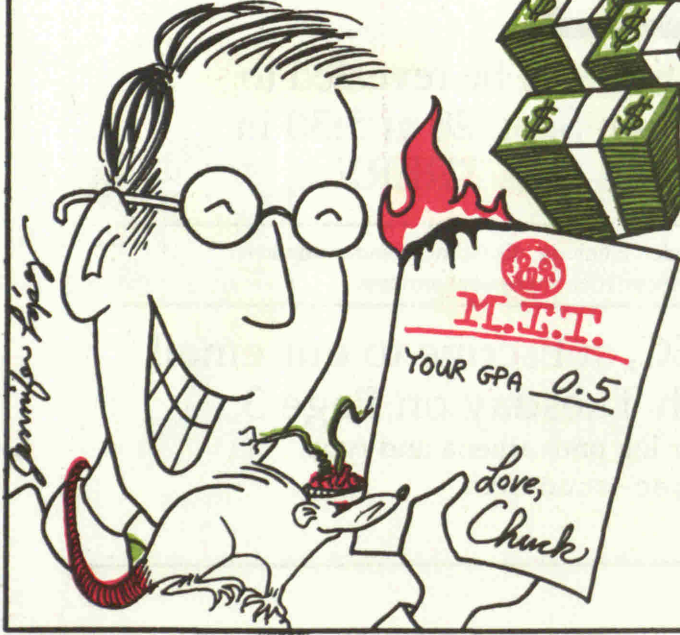


# WOOO

THE  
MIT  
JOURNAL  
OF  
HUMOUR  
#2 FALL '94



VOLUME 76, No. 1



*Come on, you know you want to...*

# RUSH GSC!

*The only Coed Fraternity on Campus!*

We're looking for grad students who want to spend less time in lab, and more time working to make the world a better place for you and me!

ΓΣΧ is waiting for you!

**Graduate  
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All the secrets of our organization will be revealed to you at our first general meeting on Sept. 20 at 5:30 in Walker Memorial Room 222 - BE THERE

---

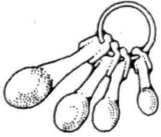
\*The GSC does not discriminate on the basis of race, gender, ethnicity, disabilities, course number, home town, favorite baseball team, lack of a social life, or physical prowess.

---

For up to date news from the GSC, subscribe to our email list\* and read the Tech ad each Tuesday on Page 3.

\*send email to [gsc-request@mit](mailto:gsc-request@mit) or log onto athena and type  
blanche -a *your userid* gsc-students

## In "Back to School" Voo Doo



**Letters to Voo Doo — page 5**  
*More of the same spew from readers.*



**No Darkroom Flamage — page 6**  
*More of the same spew from our editor, courtesy of Physical Plant.*



**Freshman Sensitivity Exam — page 8**  
*Fear of offense got you clammed up? Test your sensitivity with our quick quiz!*

**A Monkey On My Back — page 9**  
*Voo Doo's wit shines on a recent controversy.*

**Ask Phos — page 11**  
*Another heapin' helpin' of advice from Phosphorous, with help from Jennie López.*

**Voo Doo's One Wishes in the World — page 14**  
*A glimpse into the inner minds of the Phosphorites.*

**Building — page 16**  
*Another grad-school horror story, by Jim Bredt.*



**The Unreleased Works of Harold Edgerton — page 26**  
*A few flashes into the life of 'Doc' Edgerton, by Echo Love.*

**The Man from Hot Springs — page 29**  
*A not-so-balanced view of the Clinton Presidency.*



**The Decoy — page 30**  
*The story of one duck's search for Meaning, by Jason Sachs.*



**Crying Man — page 32**  
*You think you've got problems?*



**Find this, buddy — page 35**  
*Another piece of entertainment from the depths of depravity, by Raluca Barbulescu.*

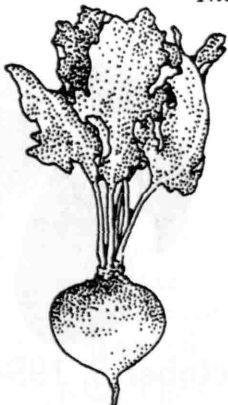
**Electric Voo Doo — page 37**  
*The story of Phosphorous' ascent into the computer age, and the woman who loved him.*

**"We Went To Dollar-a-Pound And Found A Toaster" — page 38**  
*Did we mention straight jackets? By Max Lord.*

**Snapdragon Chronicles - Special Edition — page 41**  
*Henry Chiu uses his mutant powers to draw another great SDC.*



**Empty Bubble Mania — page 45**  
*Proof that even regular folks like yourselves can submit.  
Just use our pre-drawn cartoon panels!*



FROM THE PUBLISHER



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Volume 76, Number 1

Voo Doo Magazine  
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**Voo Doo** (voo'doo) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; *an ideal name for a humor magazine.*

**Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron** (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, Voo Doo got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNoble Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price:\$3.00 Subs:\$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage  
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/voodoo.html>  
<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/chm.html>



Next Submission Deadline : October 5, 1994.

# LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Phosphorous,

What strange times we live in. And here I am to interpret things for those who will not strain themselves over such a mess.

I see anti-Semitism growing and spreading so much as to endanger even religion. Those emboldened by weak resistance to their aggression - are about to deny God the choice of picking His Own Partners.

God's Chosen People have had a very long association with the Deity and absorbed so much wisdom that God is thinking of promoting them.

But those impudently and religiously incorrect individuals are about to bring Armageddon down over our devout and praying heads.

Can *Voo Doo* save us - or is the risk too great?

I will pray that you see the light in time.

John L. Coffin  
Springfield, Missouri

*Sorry, John, but this is a sophomoric college humor magazine. You probably want to contact a sophomoric college political magazine. Have you tried the Thistle?*

Dear Phos,

We have found the center of the universe. This is a great achievement for all mankind. The science that we will be able to uncover by exploring it will benefit all humanity. Unfortunately it is in your darkroom, and we are moving in this weekend.

Professor Bob Jackson

*Thanks for your interest, Bob, but venting Pritchett fumes takes precedence over Big Science.*

Phos :

I am sick and tired of hearing you whine about your stupid little darkroom. You're such a pussy! Nobody cares about your problems and your stupid little magazine. Everyone around M.I.T. has to deal with unannounced inconveniences. Just shut up and take it like a, uh... a, err... a cat.

Betsy Jilldaughter

Dear Sirs,

Wasn't the problem with the Picture Book's cover... uh, intuitively obvious?

sincerely,

Maleeta Coen-Brewster, President  
and the members of the Committee Adjudging  
Taste At MIT, Earnestly (CATAMITE)

Dear Phos,

All this exposure to the OK soda ad campaign spurred me to break down and buy a can of the trendy stuff. I've just tried some, and frankly I'm disappointed. I just cannot see the reason for all this hype over a can of Fresca with cherry extract thrown into it. Tell me it wasn't an accident at one of the Coca-Cola plants; I dare you! And the ad people think they're so *fucking* clever by naming the stuff "OK" so that when you try it and think it's kind of cool you automatically answer "it's OK." Wow, such wit. Well, MAYBE they could have called it "Tastes like shit" soda and people REALLY would have gotten a kick out of it! Who the fuck do these people think they are, plastering frenetic commercials all over daytime tv with wild flashing images and so chock-full of subliminal suggestion that I involuntarily start tearing around the house screaming "MY MOTHER IS THE ANTICHRIST" at the top of my lungs everytime I watch too many of them?! And the fucking polar bears! What, did Coca Cola monopolize the polar bear market?! Where the fuck do THEY get off throwing these huge man-eating mascots in my face?! I can't watch TV anymore without seeing seventy or eighty of them on the screen at a time!! I flip channels too fast and they start shooting out the side of the set!! And, look, there's one climbing out the top of this can of OK!! Jesus, they're all over the kitchen floor, stealing all my Cheez-its!!! OH CHRIST, they're climbing up my legs, I can see them burrowing into my intestines and chewing up my liver!!! THEY'RE CLIMBING OUT MY HEAD!!! OH GOD!! WHY DOESN'T THE FCC DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!?! AGHGHGH- GAHAGHHAGHAGHAAHHGHGHAAHHAH!!!!

*Thanks for writing. And don't worry, things will soon be "O.K."*

# The Unbearable Lightness of Phys. Plant

*and other incoherent flamage*

by M. Redacteur

Well, here we are again. After almost two years of unfettered usage of *our* darkroom, physical plant has again taken its icy tendrils of death and applied them to our precious bodily instruments of production.

Actually, they've taken several very large sledge-hammers and punched several very large light leaks in the wall of our formerly dark room. Their aim: to deliver any noxious by-products from the various Walker kitchens safely into the Cambridge air. Attentive readers will recall that was what provoked them to lay seige to darkroom last time.

This was another one of those "strategic strike" visits by Physical Plant. They started their work with absolutely no warning, and when approached, promised to be done in a few days. Well, they were finished in a few days, FINISHED RIPPING OUT THE WALL. And now, a month later, they are nowhere to be seen, and we still have holes in the floor and walls large enough to lose MBTA buses in. (Walker cockroaches, however, seem to have no difficulty navigating the new expressway from the kitchens to the gym. In fact, just last week, Campus Police had to break up a basketball game between two rival cockroach gangs that had turned violent. Two officers were hurt.)

Needless to say, we were not pleased.

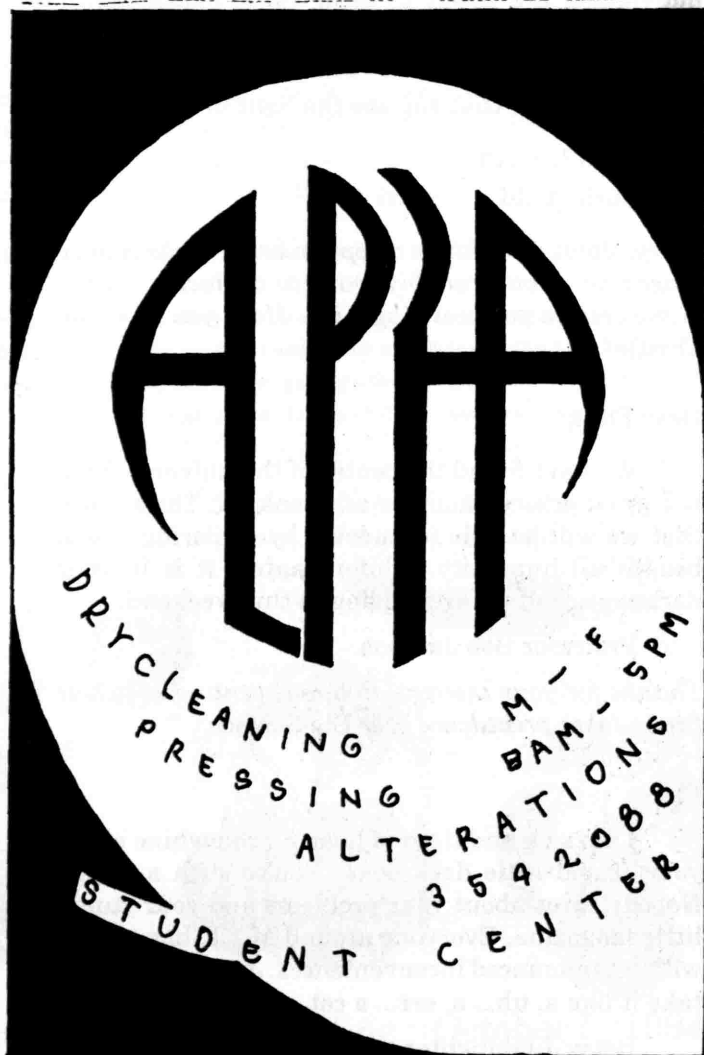
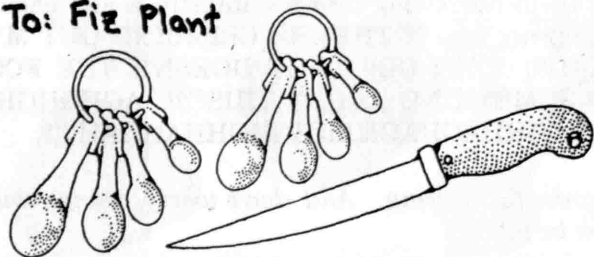
As it happens, things have worked out if you ignore the pain in the neck and the extra expense. Other than that, I'm sure Mrs. Lincoln enjoyed the play. Seriously, LSC let us do shots in their darkroom. Wait, no... What I mean is that we did our camera work in LSC's darkroom. Yes, that's it. And used a lot of clip art. Hoo wee, did we use clip art.

None of this is to say that we didn't have our usual good time putting this rag together. They *are* refinishing the gymnasium floor in Walker. Oh, the fumes. There's nothing like varnish to really knock out those excess brain cells in a hurry.

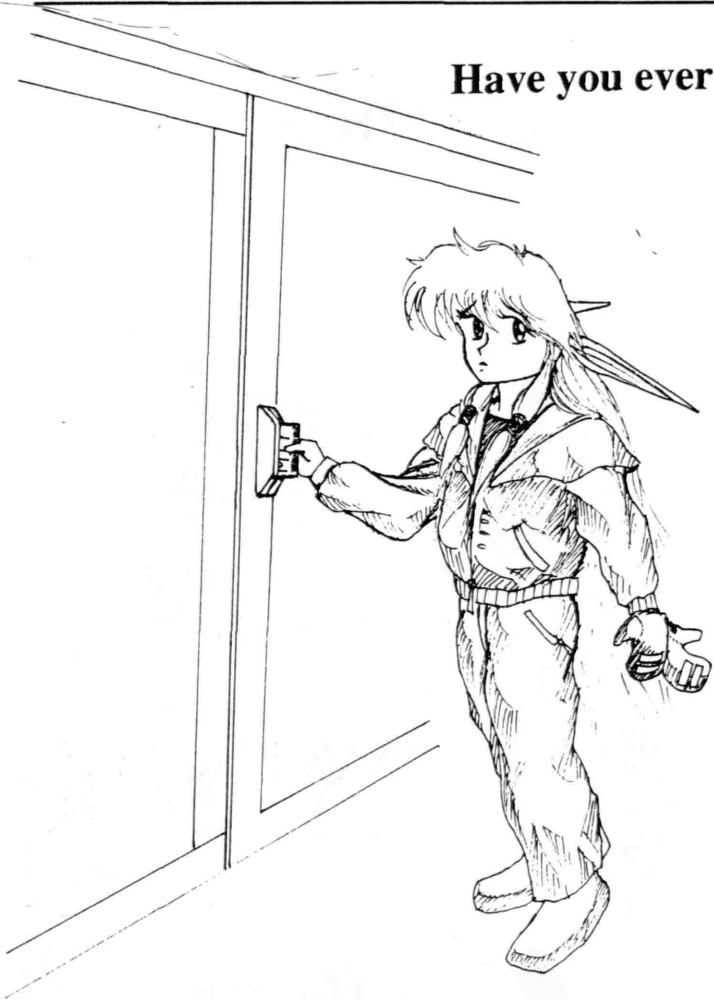
But hey! We're not complainin' about being in Walker or anything. If you live in a trailer park, you just gotta get used to the tornados.

And finally, a note to whoever is sending pictures of Jodie Foster to the office, addressed to the editor: Don't stop.

To: Fig Plant



**Have you ever had your whereabouts monitored**



**... by Campus Police?**

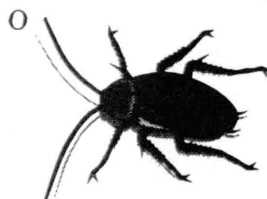
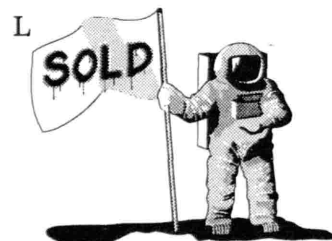
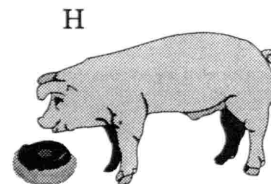
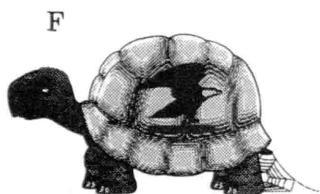
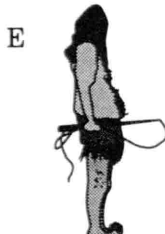
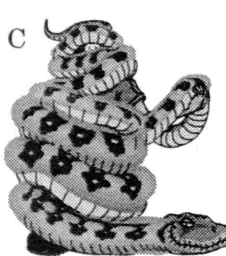
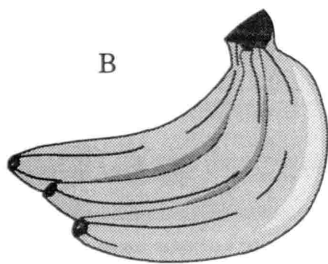
**YOU  
WILL**



# Freshman Sensitivity Exam

by Susanna Llen

Label the following pictures with the ethnic group, student group, organization or person that they offend.



## ANSWERS :

A. African Americans, B. Gays and Lesbians, C. Lawyers, D. David LaMacchia, E. Michael Fay, F. United States Postal Service, G. Jimmy Buffet Fans, H. Campus Police, I. Sabor-Latino Poster Makers, J. Thistle Distribution Staff, K. Delta Upsilon Pledges, L. Students for the Exploration and Development of Space (SEDS), M. Counterpoint Readers, N. Solar Car Club, O. M.I.T. Administrators, P. Voo Doo Darkroom Staff.



# A Monkey On My Back?

by Bob Frankenberg

As many of you know, this year's Technology Community Association's Freshman Picture Book was printed with a cartoon of a monkey on the cover, asking "What does 'intuitively obvious' mean?" M.I.T. President Charles Vest prohibited the distribution of the book with this cover on the grounds that it might be offensive to African-American students<sup>1</sup>, claiming that the drawing "could be misinterpreted as racially derogatory."

Mind you, there was no reference to Africa or African-American students on the cover. It was just a drawing of a monkey in a lab coat. Somehow, though, Dr. Vest inferred that this drawing might be offensive to African-American students. Are the statements "African-Americans could be offended by depictions of monkeys" and "African-Americans are monkeys" that dissimilar? Doesn't Dr. Vest bolster this outrageous viewpoint by making the implication himself? Does high octane fuel really get you higher gas mileage?

Assistant Dean for Residence and Campus Activities Susan Allen supported the decision, saying "the concern about the picture was that the symbolism of a monkey-type creature has traditionally been used negatively in a racist manner in the United States to depict African-Americans." Does this mean that all drawings of monkeys are racially insensitive? Isn't Susan Allen more responsible than the artist for perpetuating any such bigotry<sup>2</sup>?

Wouldn't I be considered anti-Semitic if I pronounced, "All depictions of large noses and greedy bankers are offensive to Jews?" Aren't I then as guilty of perpetuating these evil stereotypes as anyone who would purposely depict Jewish people in this manner? Wouldn't demanding that Lobdell not serve beans, because of Mexican students, be similarly distasteful<sup>3</sup>?

I am Gay, and I love fruit. Apples, plums, bananas, and oranges: I could eat a couple of pounds of fruit a day.<sup>4</sup> The "Fruit Festival" at Senior House a couple of years ago was my favorite Rush event of all time. Should Dr. Vest and Ms. Allen prohibit this Rush event? Should they regulate the uses of fruit on campus, for my sake, so that I never become offended at a misplaced tomato, or an inappropriate kumquat?

Charles Vest and Susan Allen have made a terrible decision, bumbling through the whole issue of racial insensitivity, and setting a very dangerous precedent. I call upon them to immediately reverse this decision and apologize to the Freshman Picture Book people and the African-American community, before we decide that they should be offended by blocks-of-wood and vacuum-cylinders.<sup>5</sup>

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9  
8

What Does  
"Intuitively Obvious"  
Mean?!

## FRESHMAN PICTURE BOOK



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

<sup>1</sup> completely ignoring the real issue, which was that the cartoon wasn't funny

<sup>2</sup> and responsible for blatantly mistreating prepositions in the preceding quote

<sup>3</sup> The beans at Lobdell are pretty offensive, aren't they?

<sup>4</sup> if it weren't for the "consequences"

<sup>5</sup> or worse

## ATTENTION!

MIT students, staff & faculty: Are you ...

**Driven to Drum ?**



**Devoted to Dance ?**



**Smitten with Song ?**



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in making your  
concert,  
performance, or  
recital a reality?

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**Call 253-2372 for information,  
or drop by the Office of the Arts (E15-205)  
to pick up Grants Guidelines and application forms.**

# OS/2

**M.I.T. Users Group**

Meets on the third Thursday  
of each month at 5pm in  
M.I.T. Room 2-105 to discuss  
the use and advocacy of OS/2

## Next Meetings:

**September 15**

Porting Windows Apps,  
Writing OS/2 Games,  
IBM Internet Access Kit.

**October 20**

Topics TBA

For information about joining our  
electronic mailing lists (the  
announcements-only list or the  
discussion list), or for information  
about writing for our monthly  
newsletter, "OS2@MIT",

Contact : [os2admin@mit.edu](mailto:os2admin@mit.edu)

WWW Homepage : <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/os2/os2world.html>

# ASK PHOS\*



AS IF I  
COULD CARE.

Dear Phos,  
Why is President Vest  
always smiling? Does he  
know something we don't?  
  
Sincerely,  
Perplexed

\* actual letters, really!

I'LL GET THIS ONE FOR YOU, PHOS...  
... I'M ALWAYS SMILING BECAUSE I'VE  
MAXED OUT MY WHOLE CAREER  
POTENTIAL AND I'M  
SITTIN' PRETTY!



ANOTHER  
"SNAPPLE",  
SIR?



©1994 Jennifer Lopez

more ▶

Dear Phos,

Last year, everytime I sat down in a lecture hall, I fell asleep. I didn't hear a single word my professor said all year.

I tried:

- coffee
- Jolt
- going to bed before sunset
- aerobics
- good nutrition
- bad (Lobdell) nutrition
- strange and forbidden oriental exercises
- actually reading my textbooks
- even painfull shoes ...

... EVERYTHING!

This year, I won't be able to rely on pass/fail to survive. I've got to come up with something.

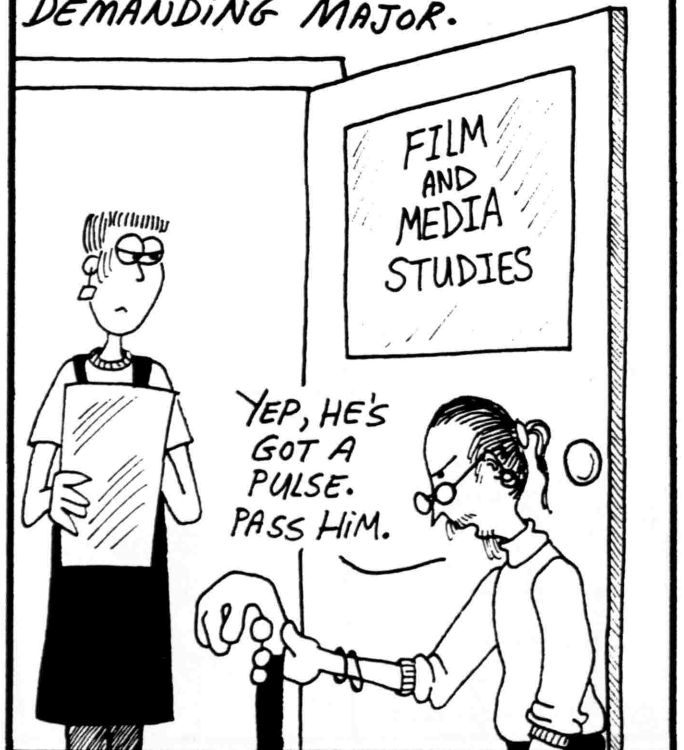
Any suggestions?

- Dozing and desperate

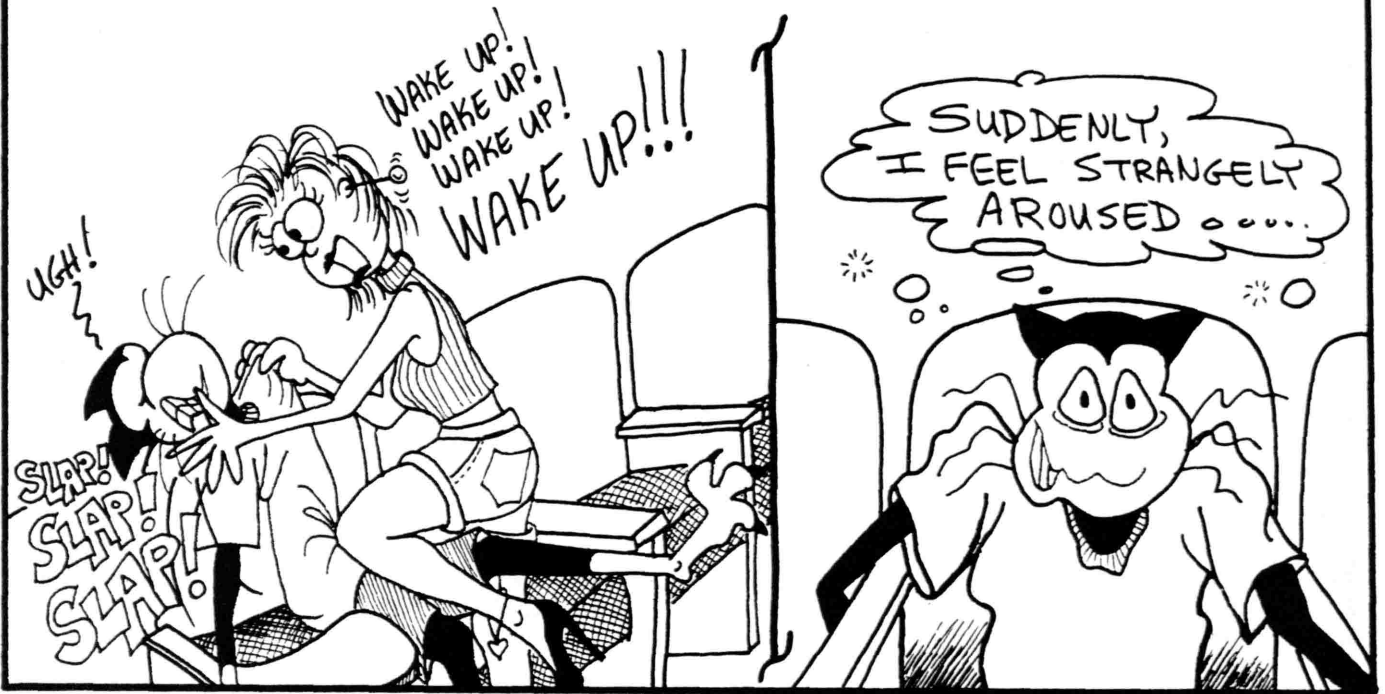
TAKE A SEAT NEXT TO LORENA BOBBIT AND YOU'LL BE SURE NOT TO DOZE OFF.



TRANSFER TO A LESS DEMANDING MAJOR.



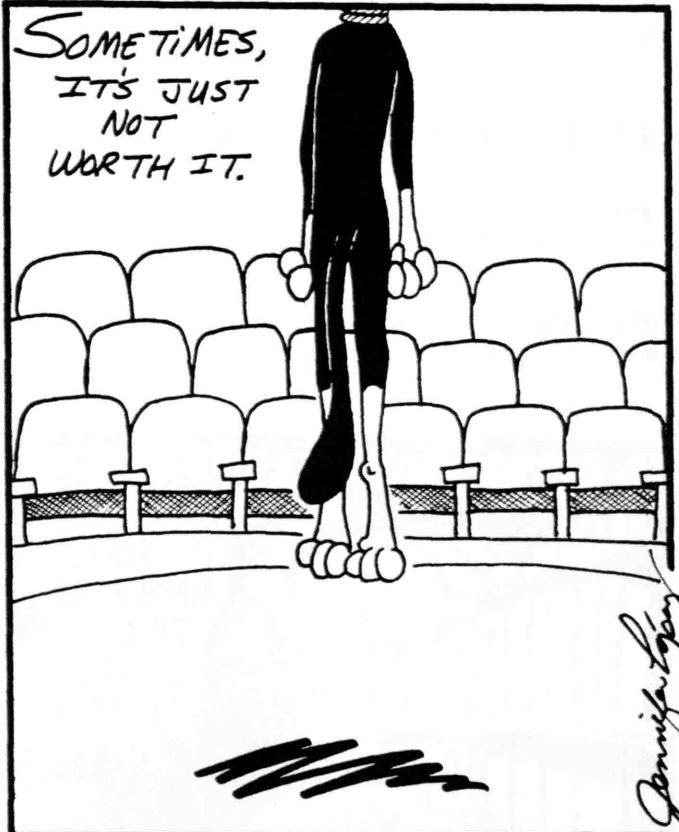
TRY SLAPPING YOURSELF. IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, ASK A FRIEND TO HELP.



THERE ARE CERTAIN TEST-TAKING TECHNIQUES YOU CAN USE TO ENHANCE YOUR PERFORMANCE.



SOMETIMES,  
IT'S JUST  
NOT  
WORTH IT.



# Voo Doo's One Wishes in the World

conceived, compiled, and in some cases invented by John Dzenitis

*Voo Doo's Summer Outword Bound Retreat* was a smashing success. We thought that it might help our readers to get to know us if we published one of the exercises' results. Compare your response with ours. Oh yeah? Well if you're so funny, maybe you should be writing for us, Mr./Ms Smarty Pants. Anyway, the question is, "If you were given just one wish to be granted, what would it be?"

**Gary D., Frequent Pseudonymous Contributor:** I wish I was paid actual money for the stuff I write for this rag.

**Hoyt B., Editeur-en-Chef:** I wish that someone would make a TV movie about me.

**Kent L., Former Everything:** I wish that you would **JUST LEAVE ME ALONE SO I CAN WORK ON MY THESIS!**

**Jason B., Layout Slave:** I wish that Philip Glass, Sympathy Fuck, and the Five-Six-Seven-Eights would make a collaborative tribute album of Metallica covers.

**John Dz., King of Soul:** I wish I was crazy.

**Jim B., Soon to be Doctor Jim:** I wish for sledgehammer holes in the phys plant offices.

**Mark H., Occasional Contributor:** I wish that this wish not be granted.

**Samuel B., YoYoYo FunkyFresh Def Contributor, Boyee:** I wish God didn't make little green apples.

**Kyle G., Senior Staff Gadabout:** I wish I could take all of your heads, smash your faces against the pavement, rip your faces off of your twitching skulls, grind your faces in a food processor, paste them back on your skulls, punch your processed faces in, then kick your lifeless bodies until my legs broke. Also, I wish that they would adjust my medication. If I only get one wish, I'll just take the first.

**Raluca B., Keeper of Class:** I wish for ultimate consciousness, please.

**Samuel J. J. K., Funny Prof:** I wish that I could have Andy Rooney's job. "Have you ever noticed...?"

**Jennie L., Contributing Artiste:** I wish that there were no monkeys in this issue.

**James F., Editor-in-Waiting:** I wish that dogs could speak, then they'd spend all their time following you around saying, "Walk! Walk! Play! Play! Food! Food!"

**Harlen N., Contributor of Fiction:** I wish I hadn't gotten my haircut at Krazy Kuts.

**Henry C., Snapdragon dude:** If I had one wish, what would it be? Well, DUH - more wishes!



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TO: **VooDoo** 50-309



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7 p.m.	MSO	MSO	Intro	Working
8 p.m.	Matlab	Matlab	Basic WP	EZ
12 noon	19 Sep Latex	20 Sep Thesis	21 Sep Intro	22 Sep Basic WP
7 p.m.	Latex	Ser. Emacs	MSO	Matlab
8 p.m.	Thesis	Dotfiles	Maple	Xess
12 noon	26 Sep Working	27 Sep EZ	28 Sep Ser.Emacs	29 Sep Dotfiles
7 p.m.	Intro	Working	Latex	MSO
8 p.m.	Basic WP	EZ	Thesis	Matlab
12 noon	3 Oct MSO	4 Oct Matlab	5 Oct Xess	6 Oct Maple
7 p.m.	Maple	Intro	Working	Latex
8 p.m.	Xess	Basic WP	EZ	Thesis
12 noon	10 Oct Holiday *	11 Oct Intro	12 Oct Basic WP	13 Oct Info Res
7 p.m.	✓ No Classes	Intro	Working	Info Res
8 p.m.		Basic WP	Latex	Dotfiles

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I/S Athena Training Group

All Classes in Room 3-343

# BILLY THE BUILDING

A FULL-LENGTH  
21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY  
ROMANCE

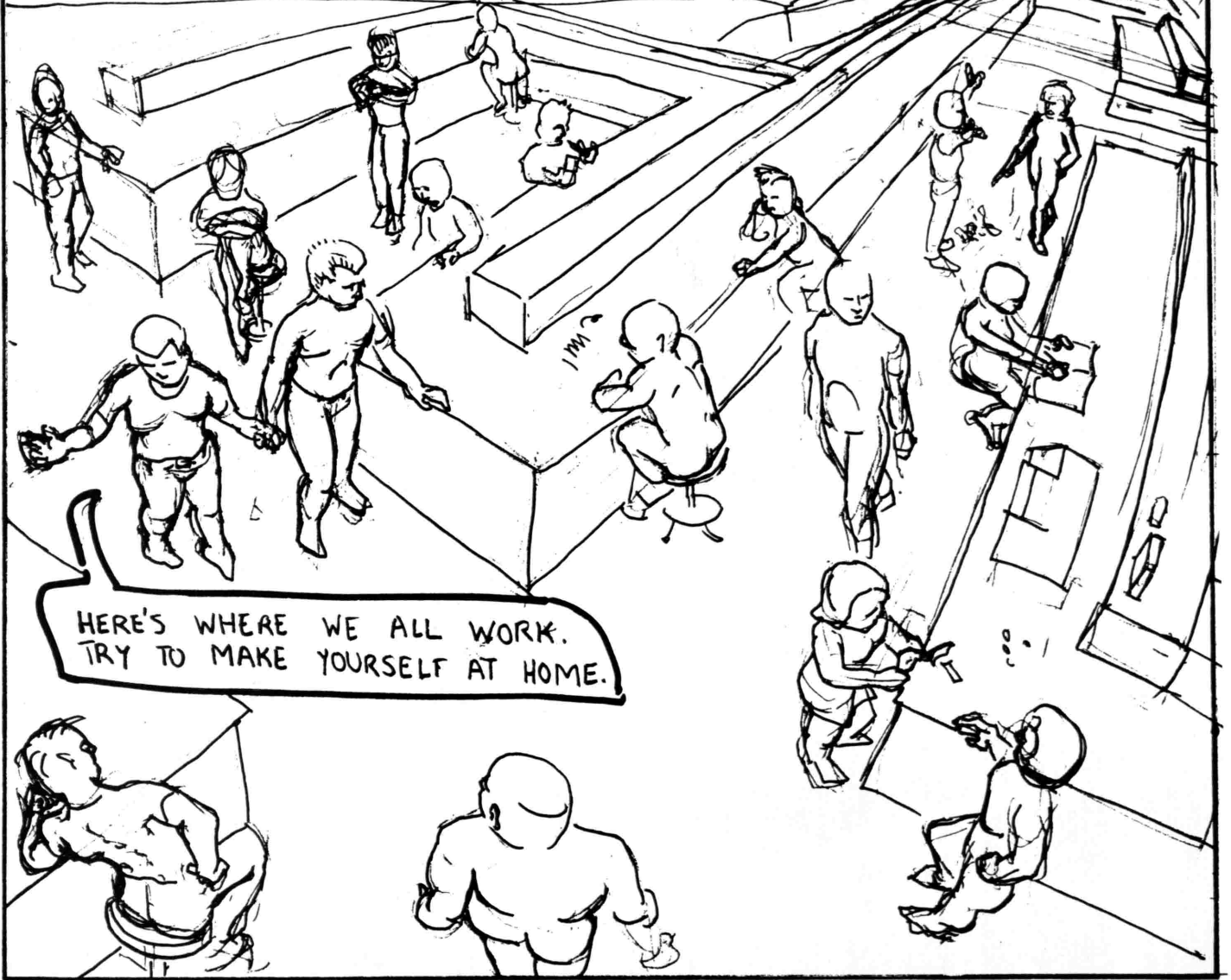
## PART 1

BY JIM BREDT



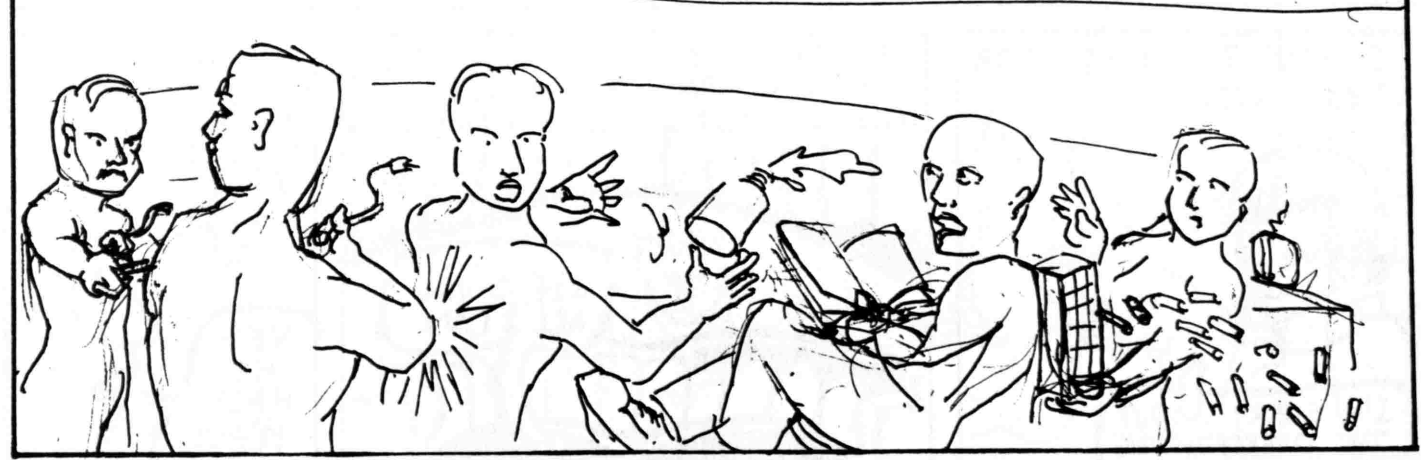


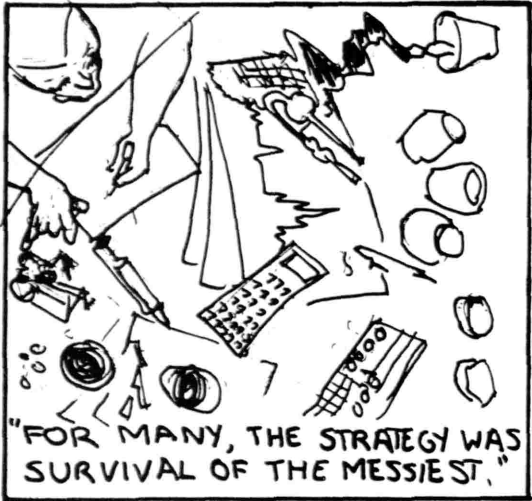
"THE LAB WAS TERRIBLY CROWDED."



HERE'S WHERE WE ALL WORK.  
TRY TO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

"I GOT ALONG WELL ENOUGH WITH THE OTHER STUDENTS, BUT WE GOT IN EACH OTHER'S WAY. COMPETITION FOR SPACE WAS QUITE FIERCE."





"FOR MANY, THE STRATEGY WAS SURVIVAL OF THE MESSIEST."



"OTHERS WORKED VERY CLOSELY."



"THERE WERE NOMADIC RESEARCHERS WHO WOULD SET UP ON ANY OPEN SPOT..."



"SOME MADE ROOM FOR THEMSELVES BY BEING NASTY AND VIOLENT."

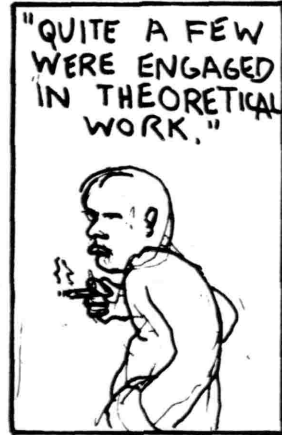


"SOME BY BEING CLUMSY."

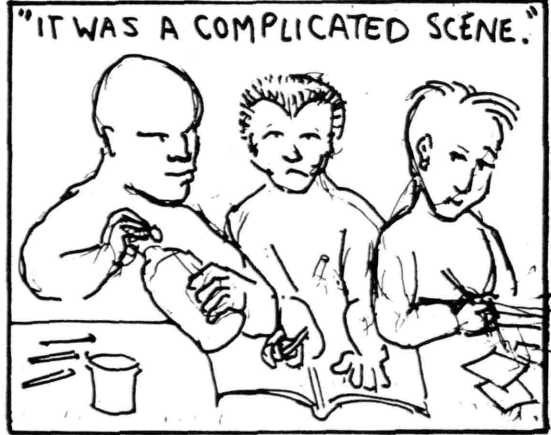
DARN, I HATE THAT.



"SOME WORKED ONLY AT NIGHT"



"QUITE A FEW WERE ENGAGED IN THEORETICAL WORK."



"IT WAS A COMPLICATED SCENE."



"I WENT TO MY ADVISOR PROF. WELK."

I'M SORRY ABOUT THE OVERCROWDING



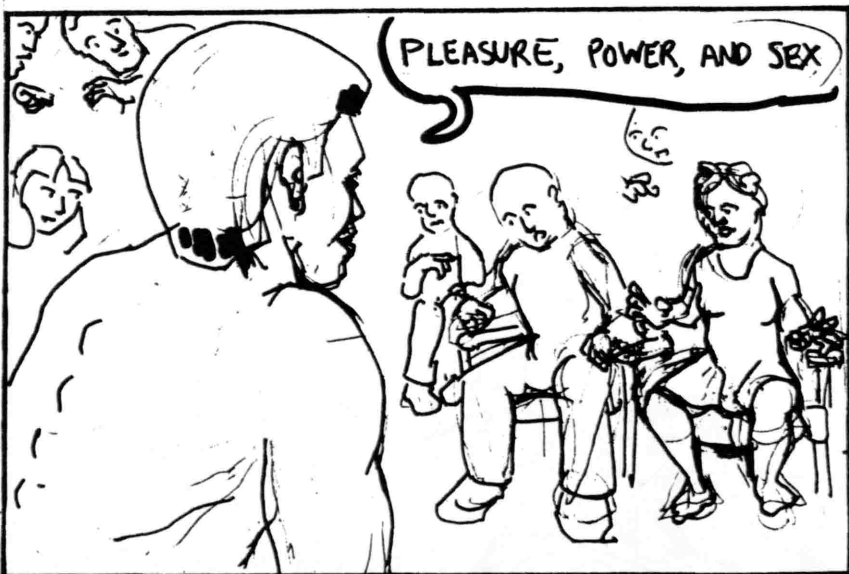
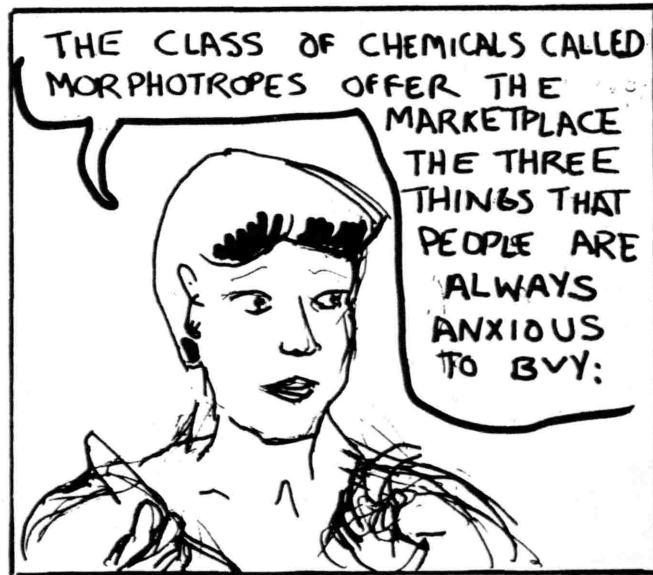
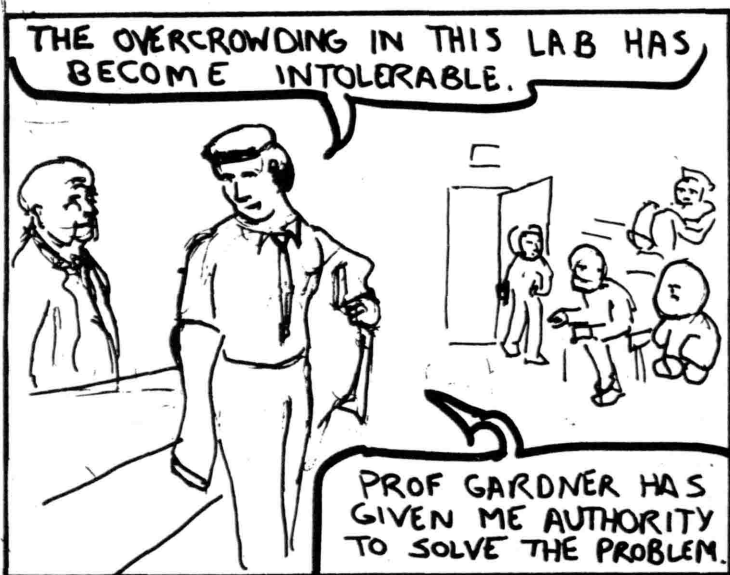
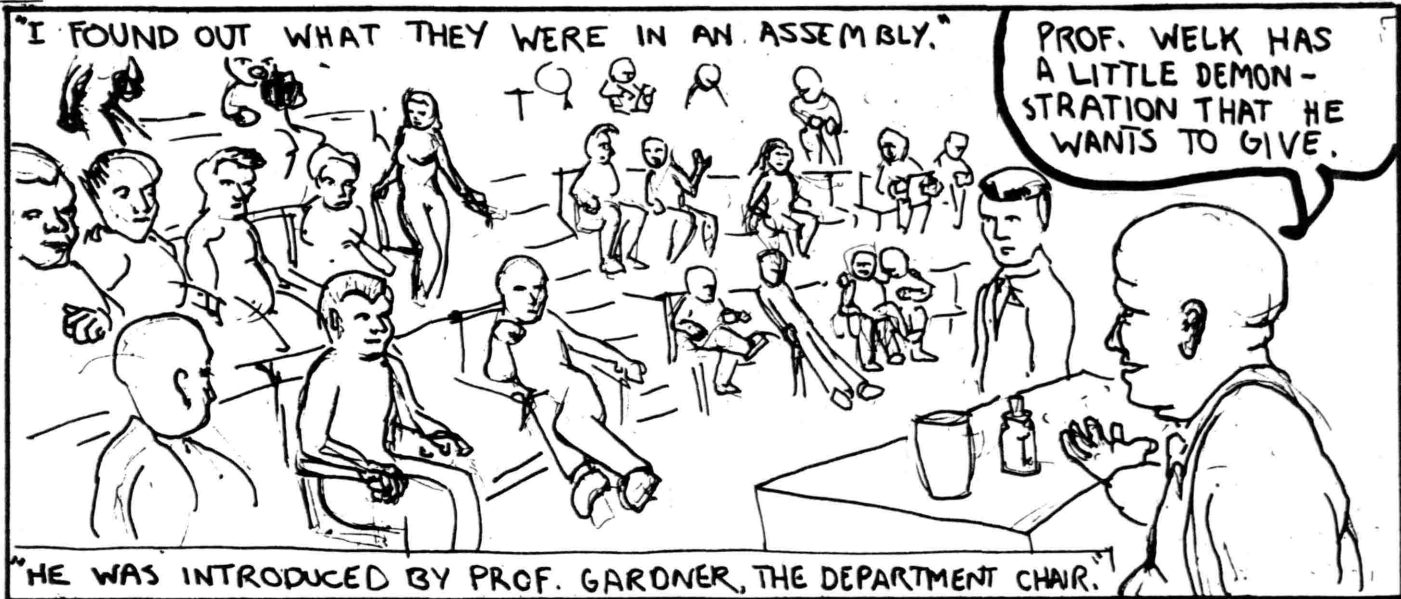
"HE WAS A YOUNG PROFESSOR MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF IN THE EMERGING FIELD OF TERATOGENICS."

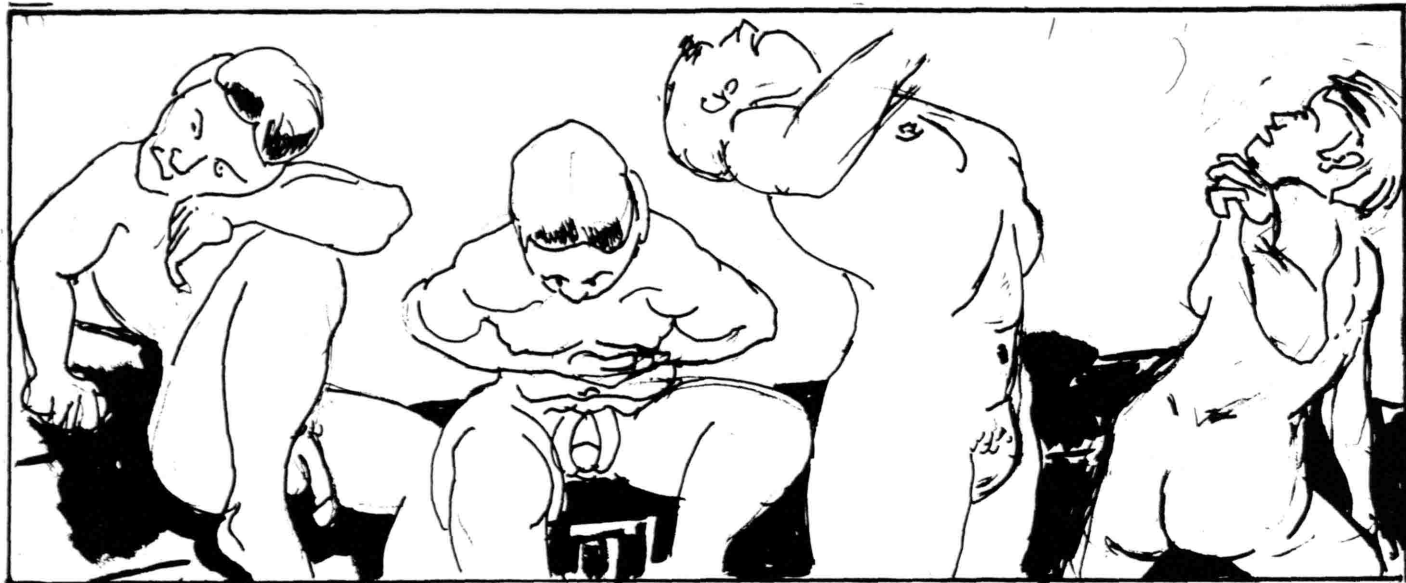
I'M DOING ALL I CAN

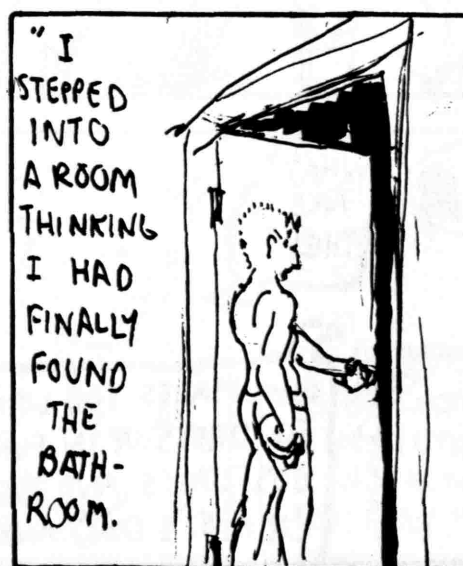
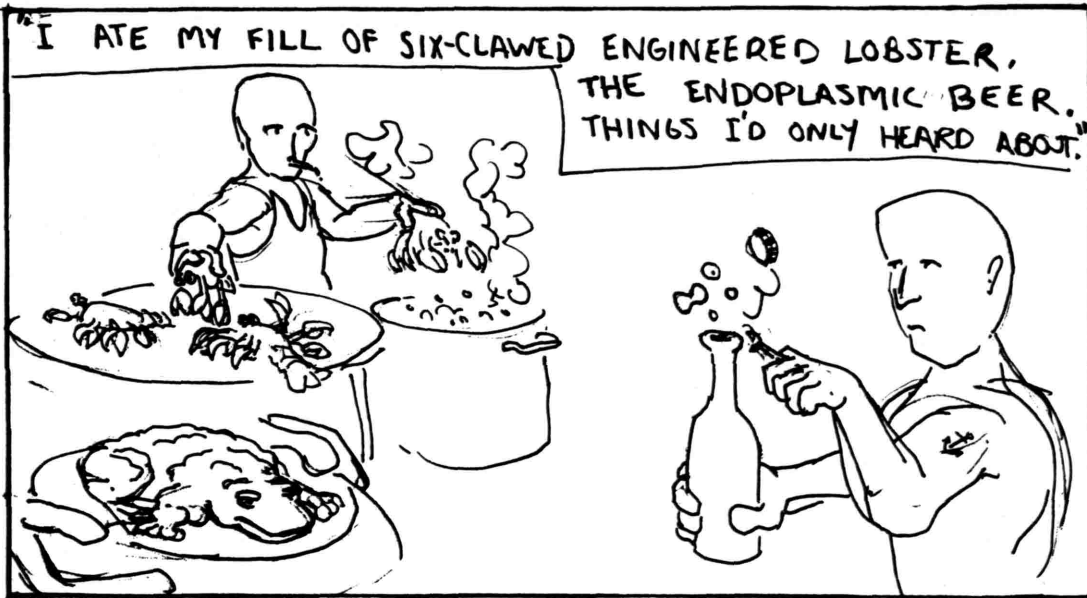


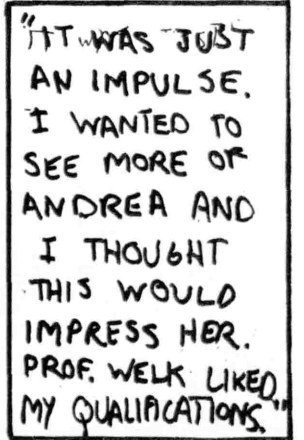
... DID YOU SAY HE ...

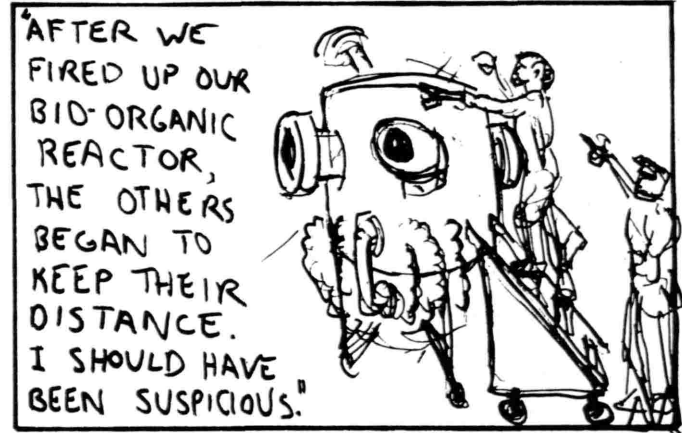
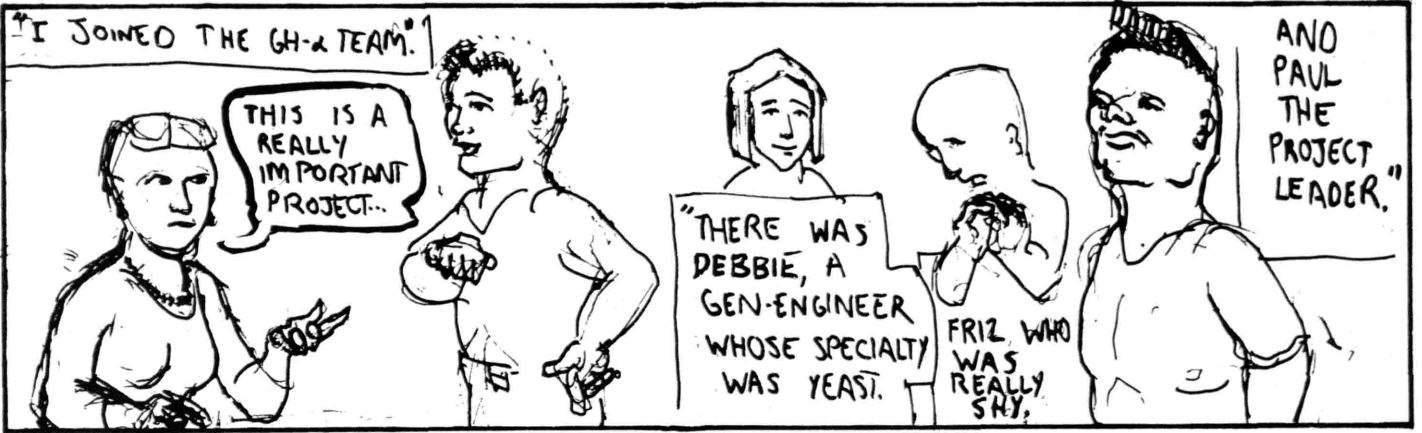
YES, HE HAD PLANS...











"AND SO WE BEGAN SYNTHESIZING A KILOGRAM OF GH-2. ENOUGH FOR A NATION OF SUPERHEROES WITH A STREET VALUE OF NEARLY A BILLION."



"THE PROJECT MOVED ALONG QUICKLY. IT SEEMED THAT WE WOULD HAVE OUR BILLION IN NO TIME. IT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY."

"I ASKED ANDREA WHY SHE WANTED THE DRUGS."

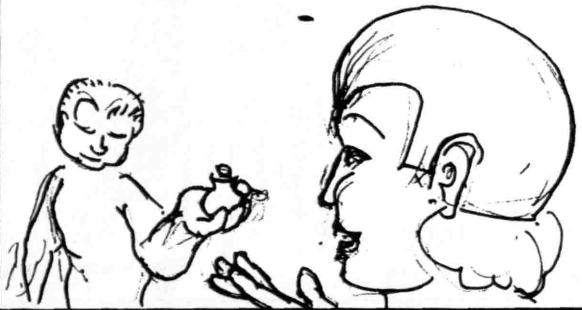


ALL THE SUPERHEROES OUT THERE TAKE THEM. NOBODY TAKES YOU SERIOUSLY UNLESS YOU HAVE A BIG BODY

TAKE SPIDERMAN FOR EXAMPLE. HE'S LIVING PROOF THAT YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SMART TO BE A SUPERHERO. JUST SUPER. I'M MAJORING IN LAW NOT PHARMACOLOGY AND I WANT TO SERVE JUSTICE

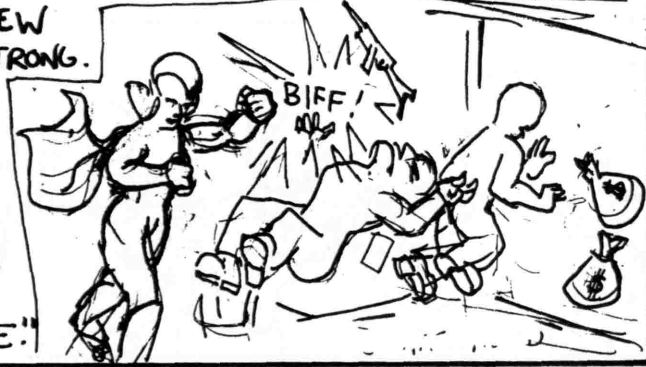


"SO I GAVE HER A FEW HUNDRED OF OUR MILLIONS OF DOSES."



"ANDREA RESPONDED QUICKLY TO THE DRUG. SHE GREW VERY STRONG.

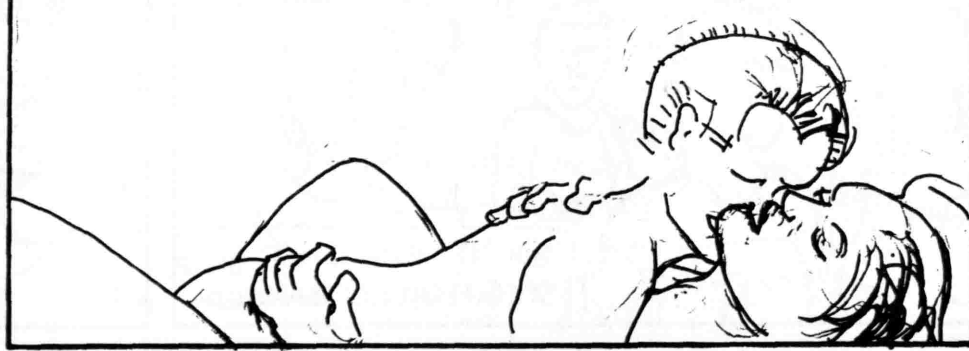
SHE FOUGHT CRIME AND HAD A SILLY COSTUME!"



"LOVE BLOSSOMED."



"THOSE FEW NIGHTS WERE IDYLIC."



"BUT SOON PROF. WELK HAD HER BILLION DOLLAR BOTTLE."



"SUDDENLY EVENTS STARTED MOVING VERY QUICKLY. PROF. WELK CALLED UP HER BANGKOK CONNECTION AND NEGOTIATED A SATISFACTORY PRICE. SOMEONE HAD TO CARRY THE BOTTLE TO THAILAND. SHE DIDN'T TRUST ANY ORDINARY COURIERS. SHE WANTED HER STUDENTS TO DO THE JOB."





JOBEY  
DRCZ-120C

# The Unreleased Works of Harold Edgerton

by Echo Love

"Where's the wench?" the old man asked me.

"Uh, she's at a meeting right now," I answered, just as I'd done so many times that summer, "can I take a message?"

"She's with one of those NEA posers, isn't she?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Are they in that office back there?"

"No sir, they went to lunch."

"Okay, I'll wait right here," he said, sitting down next to a couple of would-be sculptors and a pseudo-painter in the waiting area. "That is, if you don't mind."

"Uh, no, not at all."

"Good."

• • •

It was my worst MIT summer job ever. At least at Pritchett I could be rude and make chicken puck, pickle and mustard frappes. Of course, the cockroaches were disgusting and the never-ending stream of Grateful Dead tapes drove me insane, but overall it was better than this desk job. The official title was Student Assistant to the Public Relations Department of the List Visual Arts Gallery, and as it turned out, the List Visual Arts Gallery consisted of nothing but a public relations department. The job was sitting at a desk in a windowless office of a horrendous I.M. Pei-designed abomination of a building, and running interference for the director, who was constantly beset by remarkably incompetent fifth-rate self-proclaimed artists. Most of my days were spent telling bearded, black-clad, art school drop-outs that the director was at a meeting of some sort and agreeing that their collection of candy wrapper bras was a searing indictment of the shallowness of the paternalistic American capitalist system. Occasionally, I was given some minor clerical task, such as typing gallery labels for some pretentious creep who had managed to get a grant for his hackneyed artistic concept.

The old man in the office that day was a different story altogether. He was Harold "Doc" Edgerton, inventor of the strobe light, Institute Professor,

co-founder of the EG&G corporation, famed photographer and certified living legend. Although I regularly treated visitors with polite condescension then returned to my typing or to whatever sleazy fantasy novel I was reading, with Doc it was different. I could do nothing but stare at him and wonder. Doc was an artist of enough merit to get one of his photographs (the milkdrop as I recall) permanently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art. What he was doing at the List, amidst the local arts pond scum, was beyond comprehension.

It took twenty minutes for Miss Elizabeth Rogers, director of PR, to come back from lunch. From the redness of her cheeks and the smell on her breath I deduced she had been hitting the *Chateau Bimbeaux* at the Boston Sail Loft again, an undeniable sign that the NEA had been paying for lunch. Elizabeth was, as Doc put it, a bitch, and especially after a few glasses of *Bimbeaux*. She had rather repellent notions about art. Her theories can best be summed up as "art is too complicated for the mob of unwashed brutes to understand, so they should let me spend their money on what I think is art." Apparently, art was broiled salmon and white wine.

Doc stood up when she entered the room, cut in front of the three professional losers, and followed her into her office. After closing the door he berated her for fifteen minutes straight. From what I could make out, Doc had a radical exhibit proposal that Elizabeth was avoiding. Elizabeth replied with nothing but vague promises until Doc grew so angry that he stormed off. After Doc left, Elizabeth summoned me to her office. "Echo, darling," she said, "first of all, get rid of the java jockeys in the reception area, they're starting to collect dust."

I went back outside, gave five cheap excuses and four vague promises, and cleared the room. Once I did so, Elizabeth called me again.

"Echo sweetheart," she began, "you are not to say a word about this little encounter with Mr. Edgerton to anyone, anywhere, ever. Doc is quite advanced in years, and frankly, he doesn't have all his faculties anymore. But he's still an MIT role model, and we are to do everything in our power to keep that reputation intact. Understand?"

"Oh sure, I won't say a word," I said.

"You better not dear, you better not."

The incident had been odd, but I forgot it in a few days. Doc didn't return until two weeks later. I gave him the usual smoke-screen, except this time, Elizabeth really was in her office. "Sweetie," he said to me gently, "I may look like a pathetic old fart to you, but I can smell overpriced white wine from a mile away. I know she's in her office, and I'm going in. Excuse me."

He pounded on her locked door a few times and when she refused to answer he took out a couple of wires and picked the lock. She sat at her desk with an amusing look of astonishment for the duration of Doc's tirade. "Listen you incompetent yellow-bellied bitch! I'm sick and tired of every pimple-assed New York art-fag getting all the credit for crap that I came up with years and years ago and never received credit for. This Mapplethump asshole, this Serrado pinhead, I did it first, they ripped-off my stuff, and I get no credit. I'm the ONLY REVOLUTIONARY PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICAN HISTORY! EVERYTHING COMES FROM ME! I'M THE ROSETTA STONE! THE BIBLE! THE BIG BANG! I DID IT ALL! I DID IT FIRST! I DID IT BEST! AND I CAN PROVE IT! IN TEN GODDAMN PHOTOS! You can stop me for now, but I promise you, people will know someday. These works will be seen, with or without your help. The only reason I want to do it in your pansy-ass little gallery is so every PATHETIC WANKER WHO THINKS HE'S AN ARTIST CAN SEE THAT A REAL ARTIST HAS TO BE A GREAT SCIENTIST FIRST!"

As Doc left, he threw an envelope on Elizabeth desk, Once he was gone Elizabeth called me into her office. "Echo dear," she said, "I must repeat once again that everything you hear from Doc cannot leave this room."

"Of course, Miss Rogers."

"I don't think you quite grasp the gravity of the situation Miss Love. If you even mention this to that stoner boyfriend of yours you're both out of this institution. If you're lucky, that will be the biggest problem you'll have."

"What?"

"Think, darling, for once in your life. Do you really think there are as many suicides on campus as the Tech tells you?" With that she motioned me to leave.

Stunned, I went back to my desk. A few minutes later I heard Elizabeth shriek in horror. My intuition told me I didn't want to know why. I heard her pick

up the phone and call. She spent the rest of the afternoon on the phone. When I left at five she was still on the line.

The next morning Elizabeth dropped Doc's envelope on my desk.

"These are Doc's photos. You are to type up labels for them. Nobody is to know of the existence of these photos. Do you understand?"

I nodded, then made a mistake.

"Does this mean we are putting up Doc's exhibit?" I asked.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? OF COURSE NOT! You'll be doing this to pacify the old bastard until he forgets about this whole sordid scheme. He's a sick, old, decrepit man, he doesn't know what he's doing. Now, I'll be in my office, and I don't want to see a single human being today."

I opened the envelope. First I read Doc's handwritten specs and titles then I opened a smaller envelope containing 5x7 preliminary prints.

All my life I had been interested in photography. I took a few visual arts classes; I volunteered for Technique; I subscribed to American Photography. I always had the feeling that there was nothing I had seen that I couldn't do myself, given enough money or time. Doc's regular photographs were easy enough to replicate. However, the ten photographs that I held in my hand that morning showed a sense of depravity, nihilism, technical expertise and pure undiluted artistry that would be impossible for any so-called artist to replicate. It was a case of a great genius looking into the abyss, finding the abyss looking back, and loving the experience. My reaction was a combination of awe and fear. That the man that produced such uncompromising art, a man that felt himself above all that humanity found sacred, had been in my presence, had even spoken to me, was more than I could bear. The man was a monster and a genius, and you could not separate one from the other. That very day I sold my Nikon and my lenses for beer money and I have never taken a photo since.

The ten prints were so shocking, that even though I wasn't allowed to keep written proof of their existence, I remember them, or more to the point, I am haunted by them to this day. These are the titles and descriptions:

1 - BULLET THROUGH KENNEDYS 63/68 - These two side-by-side exposures showed two human models made up to resemble John and Robert Kennedy being shot in the head. The bullet wounds are far too realistic (there are visible bits of bone in the spray of blood) to have been made without

shooting live human models. The title refers to the illusion of a single bullet piercing both of the heads.

2 - **WHEN THE BULLET HITS THE BONE** - This shows an extreme close-up of a bullet penetrating a human kneecap. Unlike his regular photos, for which he used a .22 caliber rifle, Prof. Edgerton gleefully tells us that he used a .44 Magnum at close range. The explosion of red and white on a blue background gives the photo a nauseating patriotic feel.

3 - **KICKING BUTT** - Another close-up, this one of a military boot penetrating the orifice mentioned on the title. Again, Edgerton uses human models. The photo lacks any of the kinky eroticism of Mapplethorpe's work. It is a piece of unrestrained aesthetic violence and nothing else.

4 - **OBLIGATORY CUM SHOT** - A medium shot with multiple exposures, the trajectory of the ejaculation is traced vividly on a red background. The photo creates an uncomfortable clash between the scientific and the erotic.

5 - **KNIFE THROUGH ARM** - This one is a sickening close-up of a kitchen knife perforating a human forearm between the radius and ulna. The tension of the well-developed arm muscles gives the work an aura of unexpected beauty.

6 - **PISSING ON CHRIST** - This multiple-exposure shot shows a bearded gentleman with rather large equipment urinating on a crucifix. Edgerton achieves the maximum blasphemous effect by setting it in an actual cathedral. From the fluorescent green color of the urine, it is apparent that the model drank from Edgerton's famous "piddler," a device used to demonstrate the properties of a falling stream of water.

7 - **PROJECTILE VOMITING** - The title is self-explanatory. Doc mentions on the notes that the subject drank a half-gallon of the cheapest Gallo white wine, with a bowl of Ramen for texture, and a glass of Hawaiian Punch for color. The vomit greatly resembles a Jackson Pollock painting.

8 - **LET THEM EAT CAKE** - This re-creation of Marie Antoinette's beheading was done in a multiple exposure medium shot. The facial expression of the

falling head is different in each of the four exposures.

9 - **BRUCE LEE** - Taken in 1969, this multiple exposure shows the martial arts expert inserting his hand through a model's abdomen, pushing his arm in up to his elbow, removing an organ and placing it in front of the model's face. On closer inspection it is clear that the organ is a heart and that the model stands at the same spot throughout the action without changing expression. From the exposure specs indicated by Doc the action took place in less than .04 seconds. This piece would be of purely scientific value except for the breathtaking color and composition of the shot.

10 - **BLOW** - The man shown snorting is alleged to be John Belushi. The shot would be uninteresting, there were many such photos taken in the 1970's, except for two details. First, you can see the powder going up the clear straw, though the use of multiple exposures. Second, the cocaine is piled up on the head wound of the JFK model.

• • •

Doc came to the office again a day later. He was visibly weaker than he had been the first time I had seen him that summer. He was much more pleasant that time. I handed him the typed labels, he thanked me and left. I never saw him again. He died the following winter. A heart attack did him in. I never heard anybody mention the photos, so I never did.

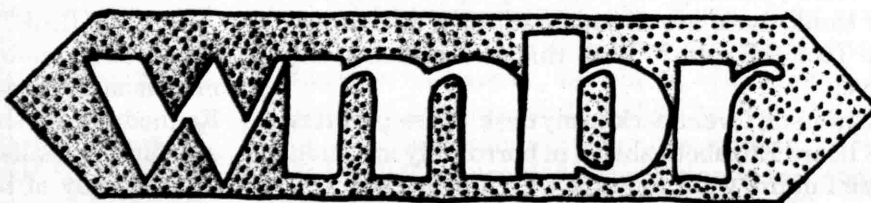
The summer ran its course. I wasn't invited back to work during the term, so I went back to flipping burgers. But my life was not the same. I dumped my boyfriend, stopped drinking, stopped socializing. I stayed in my room and stared at the walls.

Somehow I managed to finish out my program and get a degree. After graduation, I moved as far away as physically possible.

I'm sure nobody will believe my story. In the end, it really doesn't matter. It is the truth and it is horrible.

---

fm  
88.1





*Hi! Do you know me? Well, you probably didn't know me five years ago, because I'm just a dipshit Bubba from the South, and I don't know a fuck about running the country, but now I'm the PREZ-EE-DANT of this here United States! Yee-Haw!*

**DANGER**  
**FLAMING**  
**CARTOON**

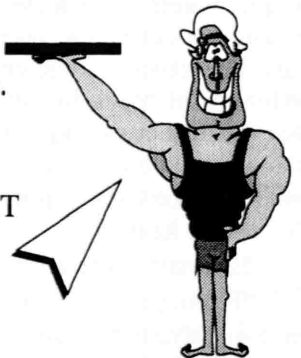


If you watched as much CNN as I do, you'd be a little worried about this country. You see, Arkansas isn't exactly the center of civilization as we know it. In fact, it's a little backwards.

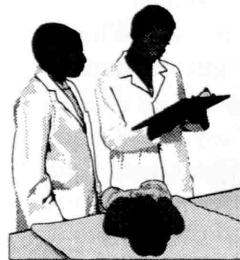


Actually, it's the armpit of the U.S.

ARMPIT



You see, Little Rock (the capital) has the highest crime rate of any American city.



Arkansas has one of the highest infant fatality rates in the country (and Clinton wants to "fix" the Health Care system of the whole United States).

And the literacy rate in Arkansas is the worst. Abysmal. Rock bottom. (Only Mississippi is lower).

? ? ?



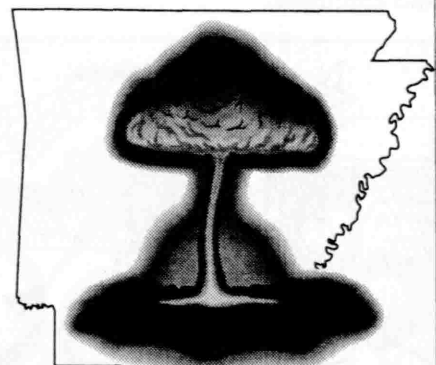
So what can we do?

What can we do to save us?

**Note: This cartoon does not mention Vincent Foster.**



Well, he's packed Washington full of his cronies, so the only thing we can do is send him and his kind back to Arkansas, all of them,



and nuke it from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

# The Decoy

by Jason Sachs

Once upon a time there was a duck, who was sleeping very soundly until a thought occurred to him and he woke up in a sweat.

*My goodness, thought the duck, I wonder what the collective direction of the species is.*

He mulled the idea over in his head all day. It began to impede upon his ability to eat, sleep, and find ducks of the opposite sex, and even then he didn't stop thinking about it. He watched some people nearby who were moving things around and making lots of noise. They seemed to be accomplishing a lot, which only aggravated his dilemma. When he looked at his fellow ducks, he didn't see *them* accomplishing anything, although perhaps they were all part of some covert project of which he was not aware. Were they supposed to be doing something? He did not know.

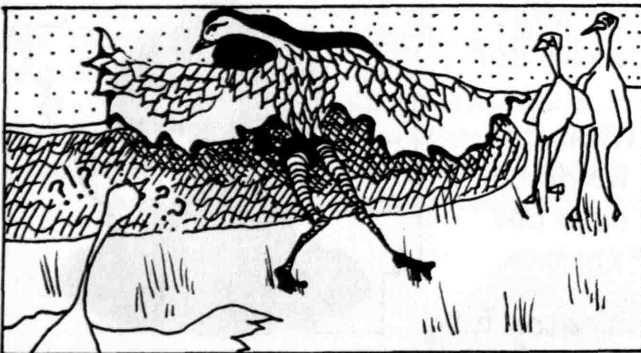
He went up to a few of them and asked.

"Excuse me, but can you tell me anything about the collective direction of the species?"

They looked at him and blinked. "What?"

"What are we all doing here, I mean? What's the plan? What are we supposed to be getting done?"

They laughed at him and flew away, all except for a female duck, who smiled at him coyly and said, "Most of us are just trying to eat, sleep, and find ducks of the opposite sex." Then she flew off to join the others, looking back every now and then to see if he would follow. He did not; he just sat there, alone and confused.



He tried joining various kinds of societies, such as the Association of Bills and Beaks, and the Quick Quack Club. He was never turned away, but on

the other hand, he soon realized they weren't really accomplishing anything and were just excuses to eat, sleep, and find ducks of the opposite sex.

One day he decided he didn't want to live with these other ducks anymore. He told the ones that were present that he was leaving, but they weren't listening; they had found some duck calls that people had dropped, and were trying them out on a few good-looking females in the vicinity. So he left them there, and went many miles without seeing another of his kind, until he ran across three little ducks who were laughing and singing a song.

*Great Duck Guru sits all day;  
He won't ever come and play.  
When the Great One goes to bed  
No one cares what he has said.  
If you see him in the trees,  
Kick the Guru in the knees.  
If he comes to you instead,  
Kick the Guru in the head.  
He won't ever come and play;  
Great Duck Guru sits all day.*

"You have a guru around?" asked the poor lone duck.

"Sure, he's the silly one on the other side of that hill off in the distance. If you see him, tell him he's still 'It' 'cause he hasn't tagged us back."

So the duck went further, avoiding the stones the three little ducks were dropping on his head, in search of the Great Duck Guru, who would surely know the answer to his problem. The Guru would have infinite wisdom. The Guru would welcome him with open arms. He wondered why he hadn't heard of the Great Duck Guru before.

The next day he arrived at the pond of the great master, a bright blue-headed mallard, and approached him.

"O Great Duck Guru, I have a question for you," said the duck.

"What is it, my son?" said the great master, floating effortlessly across the water.

"O Wise One, I was wondering, what is the collective direction of the species?"

The great master thought for a bit, and then responded: "You are very wise yourself, my son, to

have thought of such a question. There is, as you have guessed, a collective direction of the species."

"What is it, O Most Clever of Them All?"

"I am not going to tell you!"

"Oh," said the duck, feeling dejected.



"Hmnm," said the great master, not wanting to disappoint a strong, young duck, especially one who might be good at helping the great master with his chores, "perhaps if you study with me you shall become enlightened."

The duck was delighted, and stayed with the great master, studying earnestly, so he, too, could know the secret. He watched the other ducks who came nearby, especially ones of the opposite sex, trying to figure out what they were up to, and longing to go back, though he knew he could not, because he was different from them.

One day the master came up to him. "Have you discovered yourself yet?" he asked.

"What?" said the duck. "No, O Great Duck Guru, I've been trying to ascertain the collective direction of the species."

"That is the collective direction of the species, my son. We must all find our inner selves and see how we relate to our environment. That is the way in which we are traveling, so to speak."

"What about eating, sleeping, and finding ducks of the opposite sex, O Great One?"

"That is but the preliminary step."

"Oh," said the duck, feeling dejected again.

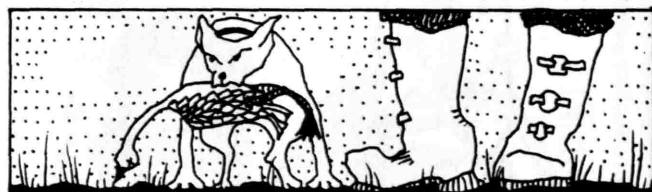
Autumn came, and the duck reminded the master that it was time to migrate, but the great master merely nodded. Flocks of birds flew overhead. The great master continued with his studies. The duck became anxious of the coming winter, and was tired of doing the great master's chores, so he slipped off when the next group of ducks flew by. He tried to join them, but he had forgotten his V-formation flying and was concentrating so much on the philosophical problem at hand that he began to fall behind, and he made a few wrong turns as he flew further along the migration path.

He drifted south, alone.

And then one day, when he was sleeping almost as soundly as he had been when he first became aware of his predicament, it came to him: *there was no collective direction of the species!*

Freed of this burden, he flew through the air, making dips and loops and U-turns, unaware of the two hunters that were lurking below until they shot him.

As he fell down from the sky, he heard a flock of ducks laughing at him, and he had a strange notion that the collective direction of the species was to be prepared for this very moment; various kinds of psychological training had been passed from generation to generation, making sure that when the time came and he was killed, they could properly rub it in.



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# The Crying Man

(formerly published in California Monthly under the title "The Crying Dude")

by John M. Dzenitis

Her voice seemed to be getting louder. "To put it in your terms," she said, "my *proof* of your problem is: you never cry. You're so logical, so analytical, so cold that the rest of us can't get close to you. Humans, especially women, are formed and filled with passion. We have emotional dimensions, and they are like mountain ranges all over our bodies." She spread her arms and undulated for emphasis. Her earrings swung precariously, panic-stricken, but maintained their grip. "When we relate to someone, we're matching our surfaces with theirs, fitting our peaks into their valleys, you know? The tighter the fit between the surfaces the better. You fit with no one. You're a flat sheet of metal!!!!!" She slapped the front of the refrigerator, leaving five sweaty exclamation marks.



Tom did not respond immediately. He was having trouble fishing the olive out of the narrow glass of vodka and tonic. How did a black olive get into a vodka and tonic? He was thankful that he had turned down the banana daiquiri. It's a mistake to look up, he thought, but it could be worse otherwise. Since she was still glaring when he finally raised his eyes, he tried to think of something to say. The confusion from her diatribe and the frustration from her olive conspired against him, and he could only come up with, "I don't completely agree with that."

If she had been expecting a reply of that genre, she did not show it. In fact, her jaw dropped, her nostrils flared, her eyes widened, her pupils dilated, her vessels ballooned and her nerve cells showed signs of osmotic swelling driven by a hormonal imbalance. She inhaled.

The force of the subsequent expulsion blew Tom out of the kitchen, down the hall, past the cat pictures, and out the door. She seemed to be caught up in the gale too, somehow, but she managed to slam the door before she was swept out as well. She was crying, but he, unfortunately, was not.

That night, as he lay awake in bed, he thought that she was probably right. She was certainly right in saying that he didn't cry. Of course, he oozed a normal amount of saline solution from his tear ducts. His eyelids slid across their charges as freely as anyone's, he supposed. On the other hand, when he was born, the midwife thought he was dead because he calmly puked the amniotic fluid and then hung there with a steady stare. His last relationship ended in a manner similar to tonight's. (They had attended "Schindler's List" after his mother's funeral, and he wasn't even misty-eyed.) Not one teardrop had escaped in the interim.

Although he didn't understand the cause of his placid state of mind, he did understand the result: isolation. Notwithstanding accusations of his coldness, Tom disliked being alone and he feared being unloved. If he was truly cold, perhaps he needed to gather warmth from others. He decided that it would be best if he could muster some tears, "get in touch with my emotions, so to speak" (or more accurately, "so to think"). To accomplish this task, he began thinking about every heart-rending and depressing event and situation that he could.

He began by mentally replaying some of the touching cotton cloth advertisements that had recently aired. This led him to think about the comfy material itself, which was no cause for sadness. Checking himself for faltering so soon, he moved on to losses of special female friends and eyeglasses. They had all been cherished in a mild, if remote,



way, and they were now gone forever. A few minutes' work along this path was rewarded with a quiet *sproing* of feeling in his chest. Disappointed by the dry state of his tear ducts but encouraged by the *sproing*, he continued to leaf through more melancholy little pages of his memory, printing some new ones as he went along.

There was a book about a dog who saved a boy's life but perished in the process. He was sure that the boy, in turn, became old and died a horrible, painful death. On the other hand, even if the tale was a happy one, each word brought him closer to the lonely ending. He didn't have to read, but everything else that he enjoyed either caused cancer, was illegal, made him fat, or all three. One exception was sex, which caused AIDS, and he didn't have a girlfriend anyway. Womanfriend. The only women he understood hated him. From what place did all of this hate originate? Humans seemed to have evil as an integral part of their nature, or they were at least bent on destruction. True, there were some good and even great people. We were so petty, though, that even the greatest people were quickly forgotten. The highest achievements of mankind led to little more than buildings bearing the person's name. Other people then razed these buildings overnight when parking became scarce.

He couldn't even look forward to his own building. Look at his apartment, for that matter. This bold attempt at bettering the world was a predictable failure with an unforeseen atmosphere; the room was somehow both fetidly messy and institutionally stark. The ugly bedcovers were weighing oppressively on his toes, and sweat was being pressed out of his pores. He was becoming claustrophobic, but couldn't muster the motivation to change his position in bed. His back hurt. He was hungry, but mold almost surely covered any food he might have. How could it not? Green bananas purchased at the local grocery turned brown and soft before he could unload them at home. At least he had a home. There were homeless people all over the world, and the few people who cared were impotently suffering in their knowledge of this. He was probably impotent since his equipment hadn't been used in months.

He was failing at Life's petty purpose: redistributing genes. His jeans were too tight. He could blame that on the clothes dryer, but it was a result of being so fat, of course. He had become so fat and fatigued over the past months that he was depressed by his own face. Why did he persistently look for answers in the mirror, or on his face? Peo-

ple persistently used the word "interface" as a verb. They couldn't communicate through language without using their hands and pictures. Language was a barrier between people, even if they spoke the same tongue. His tongue hadn't been employed for pleasure in months. That was a disgusting way of looking at the world. He disgusted himself and all around him. No one was around him; he was lonely.

This went on through the night without pause.

She stopped by the next morning to apologize but to also reclaim her "Young Fresh Fellows" tape. It took her a long time to summon the courage to knock, but it took Tom longer to open the door.

She was not so cruel as to be delighted to see him crying, of course, but she was glad that he wasn't some kind of automaton. She did think that the rivulets of tears that ran down his face were beautiful, in a way. Wouldn't anyone feel the happiness that she felt? Wouldn't that happiness border on elation? Wouldn't anyone's elation stir the same coals of sexual passion that hers did? And wouldn't those freshly stirred coals cause the same hot flash and sweat as hers?



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"Oh, poor baby," slipped from her mouth and started caressing his face even before she could. As she stepped forward to reach him, her foot hit the water puddle and slid forward, and she splashed to the floor.

Though she was expecting "water," the taste of the liquid that now soaked her was more that of tears. Although she was thinking "puddle," the span and depth of the water really belonged to a pond.

Tom seemed to be upset that she had fallen, and a low but loud groan poured forth from his contorted mouth. Looking up through the drizzle of his tears, she couldn't help but think that he looked a little ill, like a zombie with salmonella. His somewhat less beautiful rivulets of tears gave way to more torrential streams, and his pitiful animal howls had to spatter their way through as best they could. He sloshed across the room to the kitchen sink, positioned his twitching mouth under the faucet, and began to drink. Sensing that something was amiss, she arose and began to console him.

"Really, don't worry about it," she reassured him. "This shirt dries really fast. Really."

"There is nothing, ..." he managed to spit out between sobs and swallows. He labored on, haltingly but with manic determination. "... there's no point in anything that we do. We may not even exist now ... .. but if we do, we'll certainly cease to exist ... ..

and fall into a blacker, colder, emptier ... .. gap than we can grasp."

"Aren't you being a bit too melodramatic?" she asked. He finished rehydrating and faced her, his eyes showering her with a hot spray as he spoke.

"Don't you see? There is no almighty, no right, no reason, no purpose, no goal line, no playing field, no center, no creamy filling. Our being is a house of cards, but the cards don't exist, and the house is built in a void which is relative to itself, and it itself is nothing. What are we? Nothing. What is? Nothing. What? *Nothing*."

"Nothing exists, except that it exists in our perception. That's it ...." He closed his eyes as best he could.

"Well," she said calmly, drawing closer to him, "if everything is only perception, then why worry about it?" She raised her hand to his cheek and touched him.

Peace settled lightly on the city of cacophony. The clouds broke above and swept out to the horizon, leaving a clear sky of purest Spring. Sunlight streamed into the apartment, which quickly dried to a resplendent sheen. Every object, every person, every spirit, every feeling vibrated with the energy of glory.

Tom looked up, and he smiled.



*Don't forget this year's*

# **Ig Nobel Prizes!**

Ig Nobel Tickets go on sale: Thursday, September 15th, 10am.

Where? The MIT Museum Shop in the Student Center.

## **1994 Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony:**

Kresge Auditorium, MIT. Thursday evening, October 6.

*You are cordially invited to attend. Lab coats and other ceremonial regalia are recommended but by no means required*

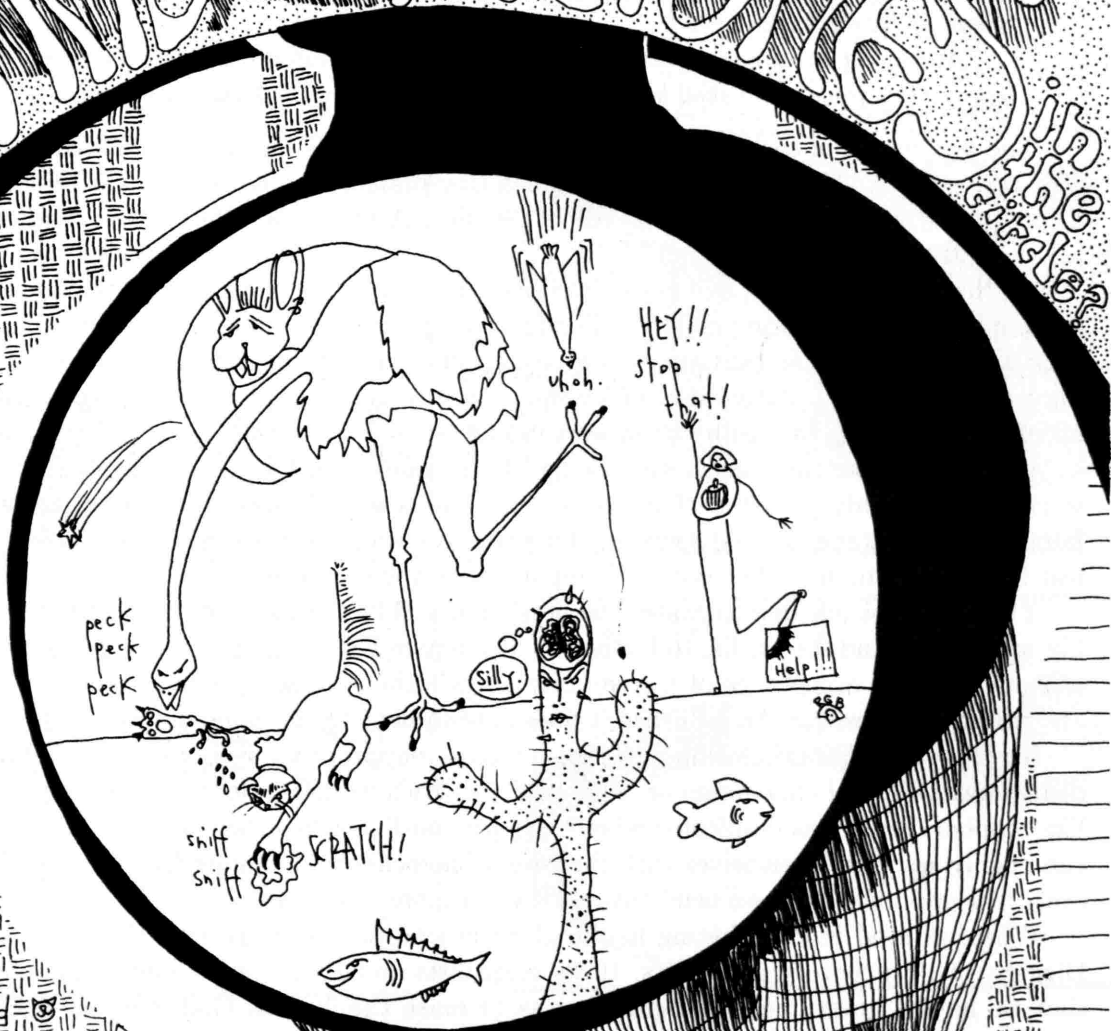
*This year underwear, too, is optional.*

Post-Ceremony Live Ig Radio: Friday afternoon, October 7th.  
on NPR's 'Talk of the Nation.' Check your local NPR station for times.

info: 253-4444

# Can You Find the Pictures in the Circle?

For each word there is a picture in the circle. Can you, good reader, find them ALL? (hee hee hee hee hee hee)



- 1 ant
- 2 pumpkin
- 3 maimed cat
- 4 dismembered cat's arm
- 5 ostrich toenail
- 6 crumpled tissue
- 7 my friend Caraidi (missing for wks. now - pls. find her)
- 8 rabbit on the moon
- 9 my brain ((also misplaced))
- 10 other [perhaps you've found OTHER interesting things not mentioned]

## Priest-Hating – An Agenda for the Nineties

by Mr. Social Control

*Ettore Gagliano, 83, known as "The Priest Basher" of Milan, Italy who has been charged 58 times with assaults upon clerics and church personnel. His latest target was a Greek Orthodox priest who had gone to the cathedral for morning prayers when Gagliano leaped out from behind a pillar and hit him. Upon being arrested, he told police, "I don't like priests. When I see one I just have to give him a punch in the ear."*

*Gagliano is always acquitted because of his advanced years, but still manages to assault a priest every month on average. He is a great-grandfather whose offspring are said to adore him and are proud of his reputation.*

*At his last court appearance, Gagliano told the magistrates, "There is nothing you can do to save priests from me. I shall bash them all until my last breath. I hate them all."*

The percentage of socialworkers who are active Christians has been estimated as much more than 30% and is rising. This infiltration has enabled Christians to set agendas for the profession and to have direct power over the lives of thousands of families. A particular effect is the creation of the satanic abuse controversy.

To the Christian mind, evil is extraordinary and so comes from outside the nuclear family. Worshipping Satan and abusing children therefore acquire a logical link. To the non-Christian mind, evil is as banal as family life itself and so sexual exploitation is emblematic of the choking conformity that pervades all families. Allegations of satanic abuse therefore appear to be preposterous fabrications, effectively obscuring the reality of widespread incest.

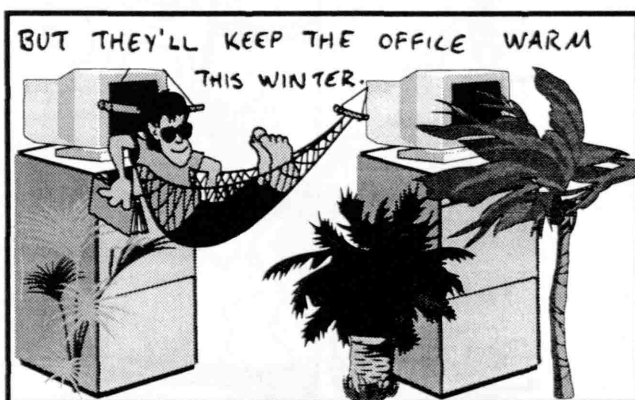
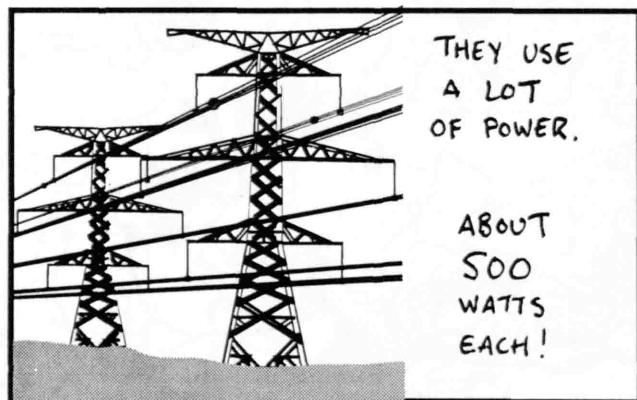
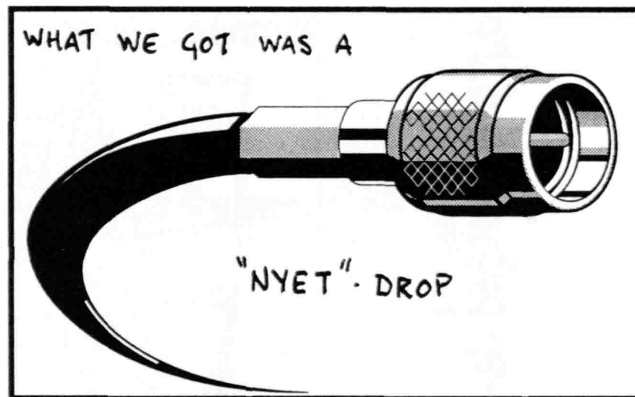
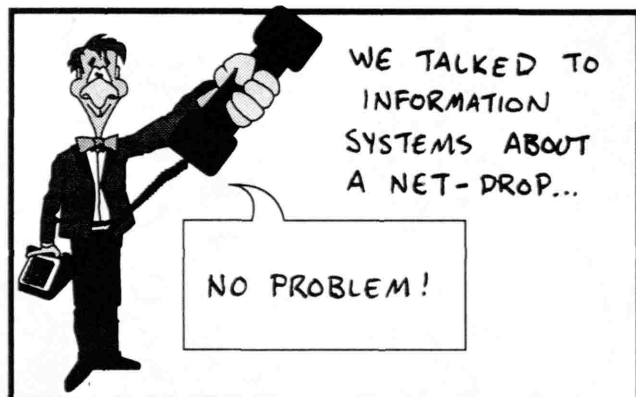
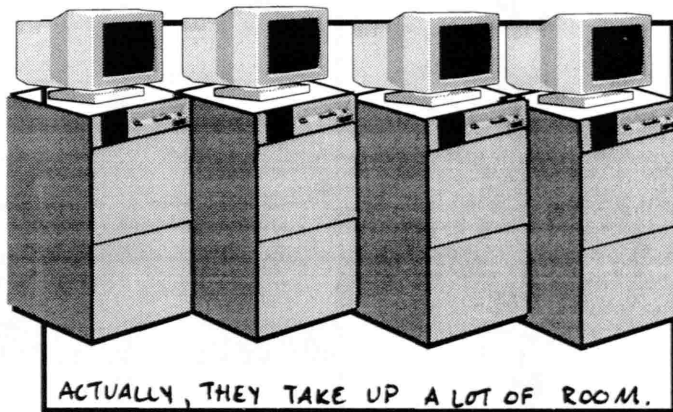
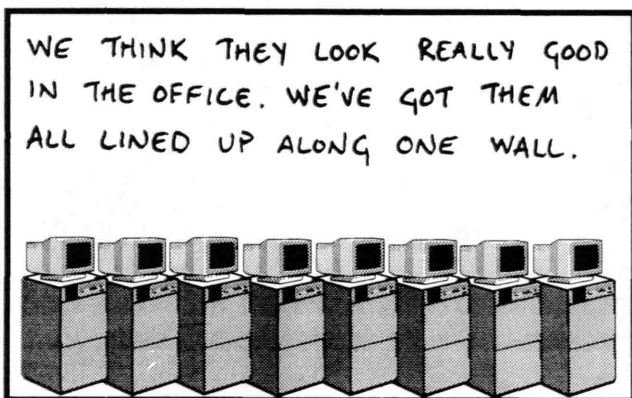
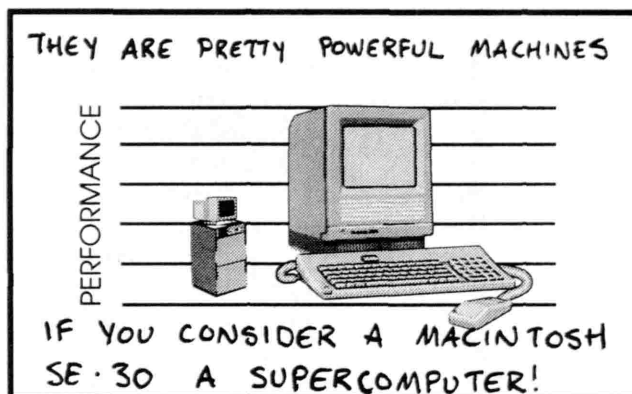
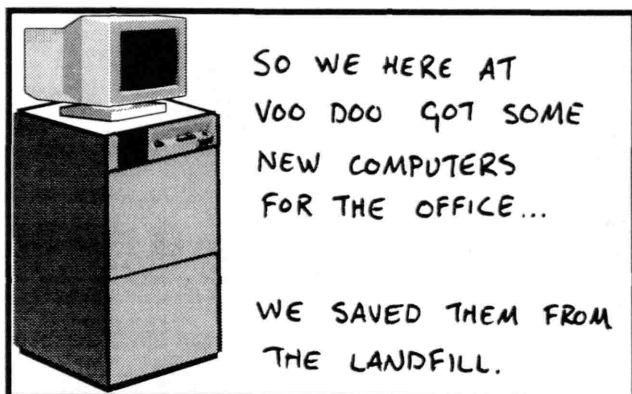
In Orkney, once the alleged victims had been shown to have been 'coached' (by Christian social workers) into relating stories of foetal sacrifices by cowled figures etc. they were returned to their families. Once satanism was disproved, abuse was forgotten and the original case-files were mysteriously lost in a 'wicker-man' style conspiracy apparently involving local clergy.

The whole episode demonstrates the persistent ability of an ancient religion to use new structures, like social work and the media, to further its ideology of Father power. Such a feat would be impossible without a diffuse acceptance of Christianity outside the specifically Christian sub-cultures. That the anti-abortion lobby has the influence it does is testament to the same diffuse acceptance.

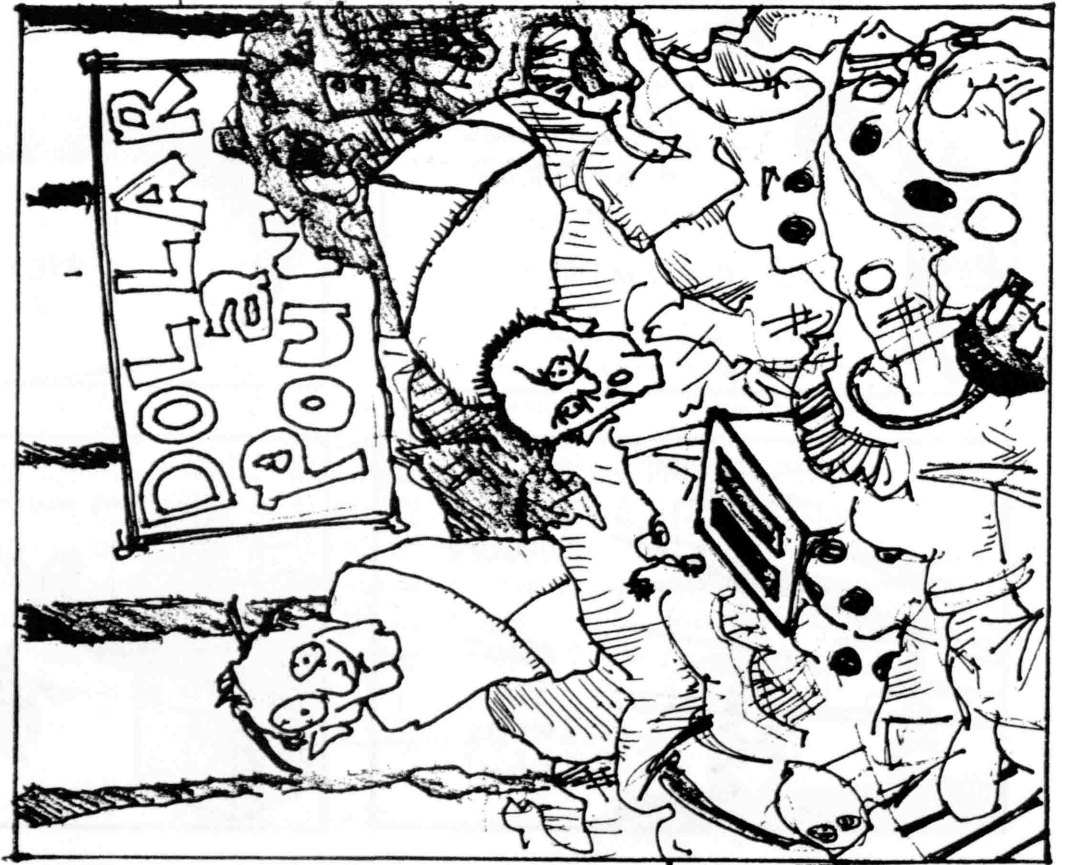
It is for this reason that amused tolerance is an inappropriate response to the Christian propagandists, be they liberal churchmen or 'wild-eyed' outreach workers. Both are the coppers of the soul and like coppers they are as despicable when they are 'hard' as when they are 'soft'. In an age when vicars can openly associate themselves with the issue of homelessness, despite God having an empty home in every village in the land, we need anti-clericalism more than ever.

What we need is Priesthating in the glorious tradition of Blake and Shelley, of the Ranters and Diggers, of 19th century anarchists, 1920s surrealists and 1980's heavy metal album covers. The fact that we have a government so right-wing as to make the Jealous God look like a Guardian-reading softie is all the more reason to be clear about what we are for and what we are against.

We need also to be clear that Priesthating without Godhating leads only to less superstition forms of repression, witness Luther, Christ or the Ustasi. We need to realise that misogynistic nun-hating is not the same as Priesthating at all. Many nuns are extremely cool and deride their feeble priests as much as we do. Finally, we need to know in our hearts that ridicule and hatred alone will not do and, if the theme-parking of our cities has no other advantages, it will at least provide us with plenty of heritage lamp-posts from which the lying, snivelling apologists for the rapist Führer of heaven and hell, will gurgle their last sermons.

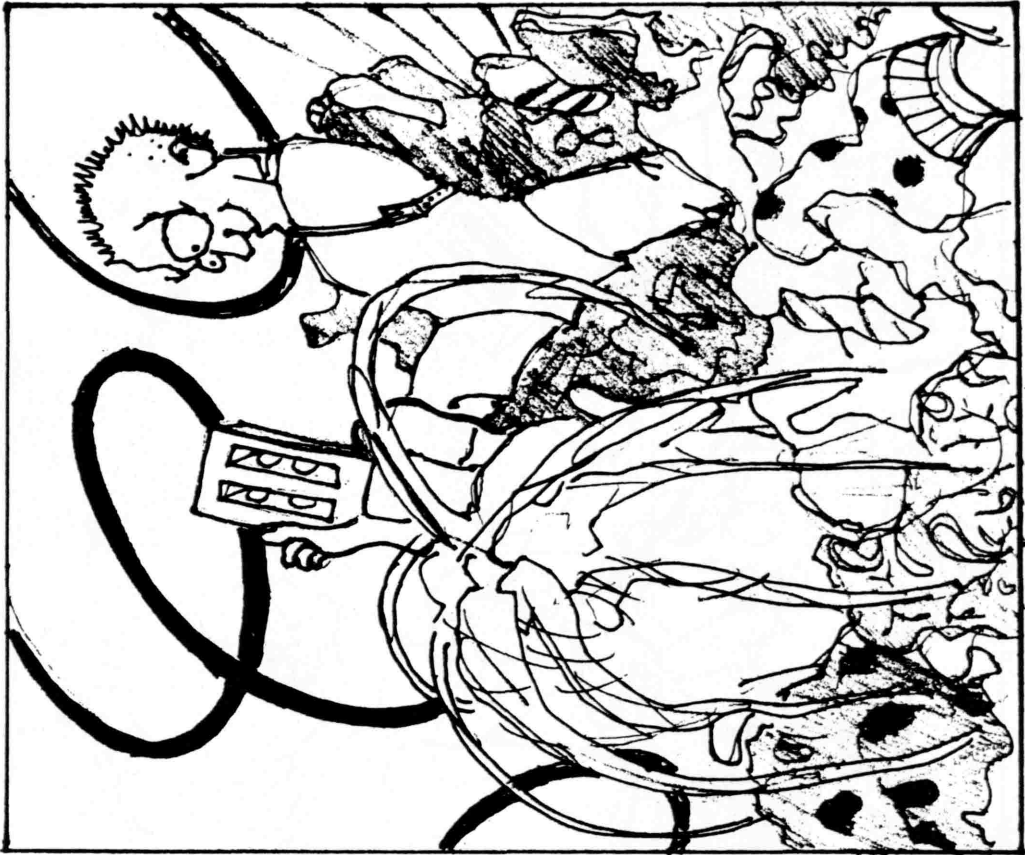


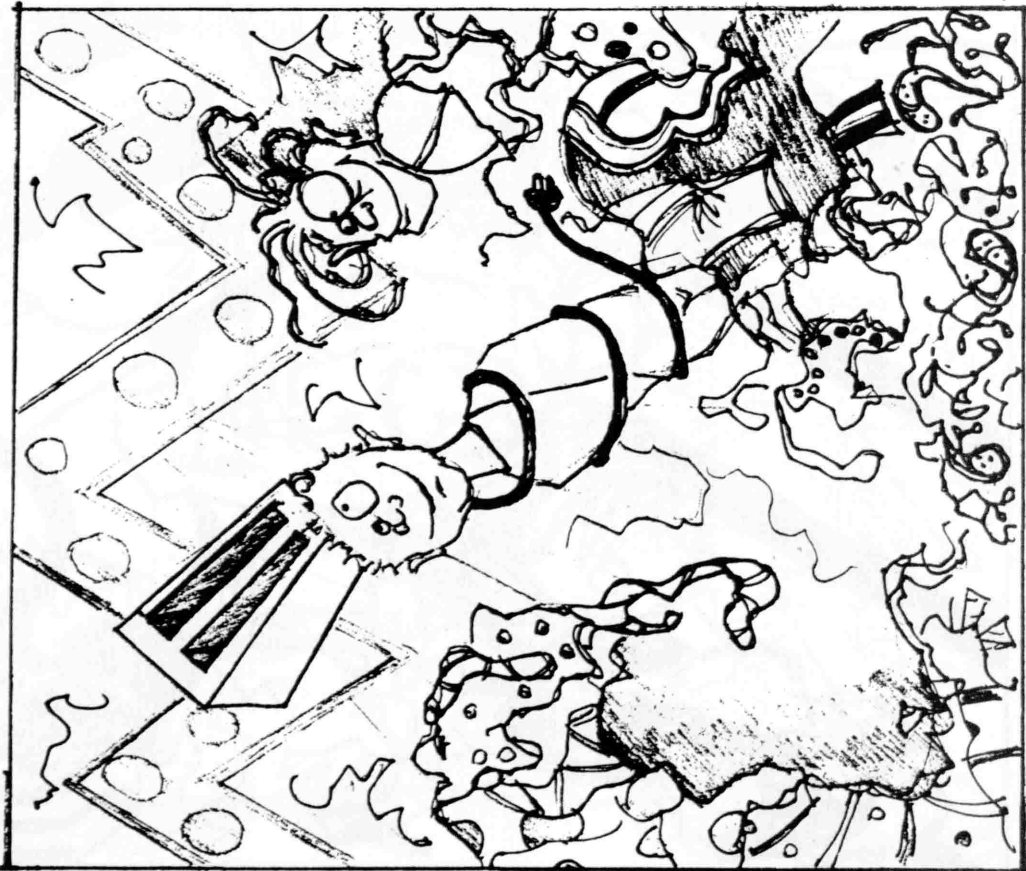
We went to dollar-a-pound in straight-jackets and found a toaster.





by max lord.

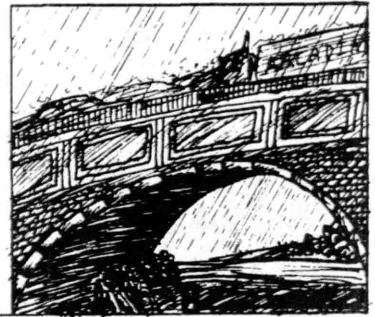
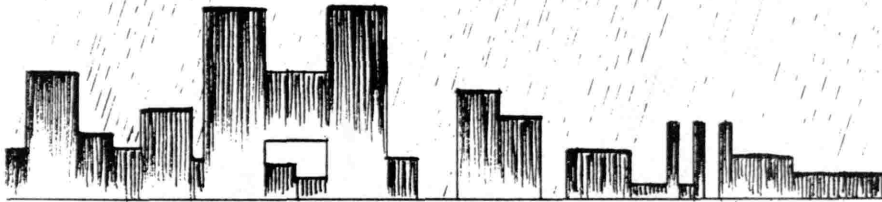


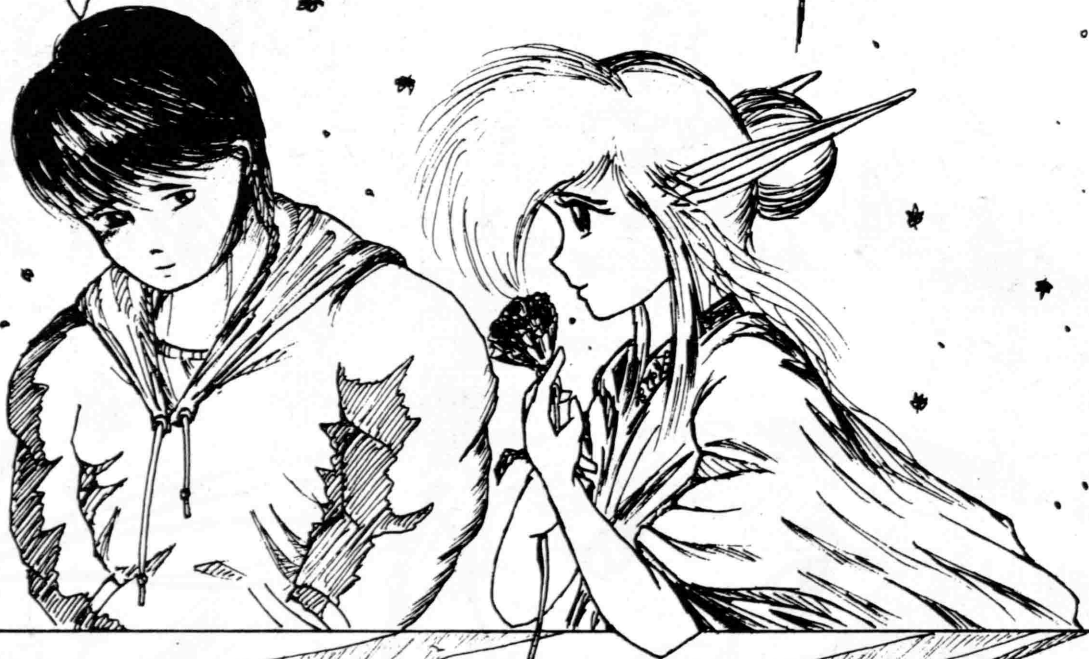
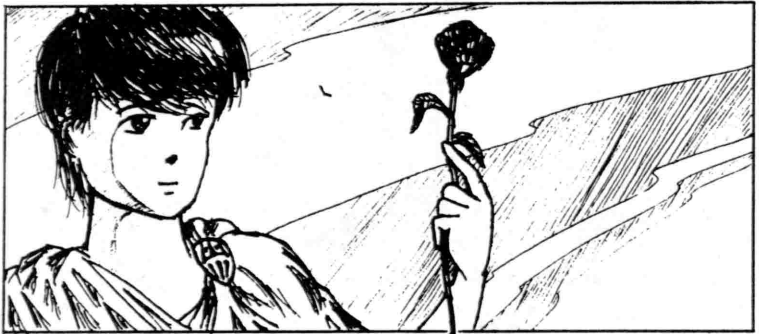


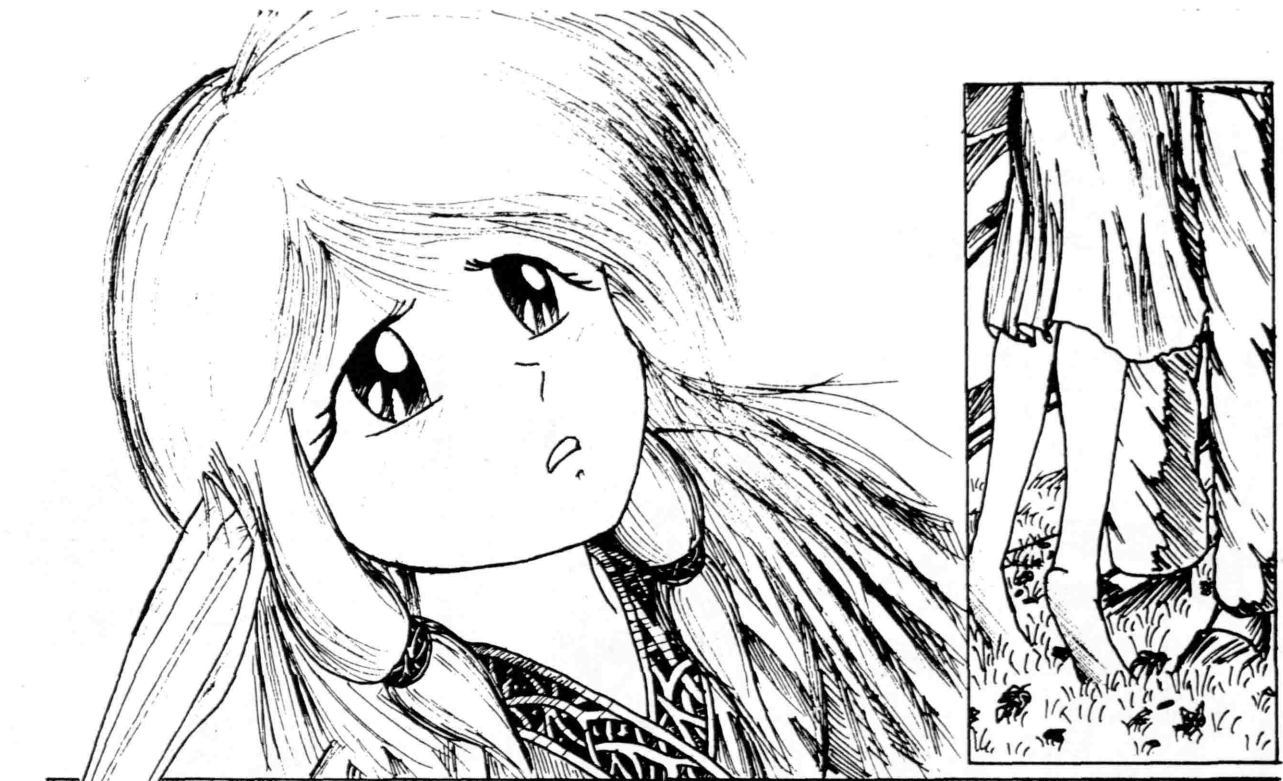


# THE Snapdragon Chronicles

Special #1: Where the Unicorn Will Tarry









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Evaporation

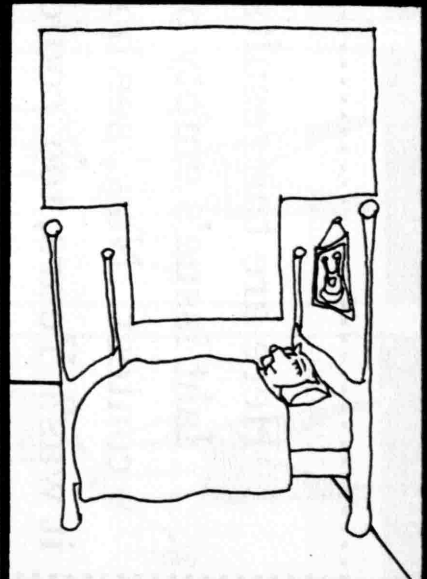
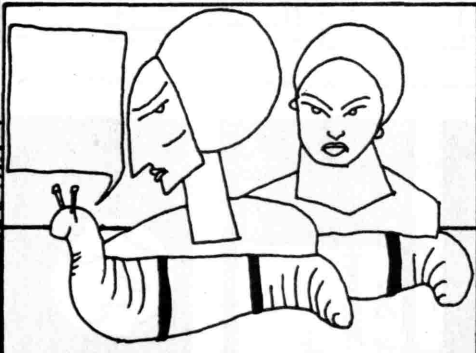
Author's Note: due to the darkroom problems I've opted not to publish my already finished SDC #6 since the reproduction quality would suck monkeys *[inoffensive ones, of course. -eds.]*. Instead this is an older work that never got published. I'll give 5 bucks to the first person who figures out exactly what's going on in it.

I suppose you could say that this is the quiet issue of SDC. Next issue promises to have all of the mindless violence you've come to know and love. As an added bonus I've included a few pages out of my sketchbook to give you an idea of the design and layout stage involved. The next issue of SDC will begin to bring together all of random elements I've put into it (on purpose of course!). And from now on SDC will be shorter and somewhat more cohesive - after all, I'm on grades now.



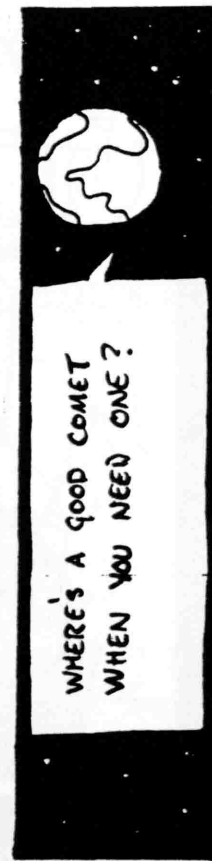
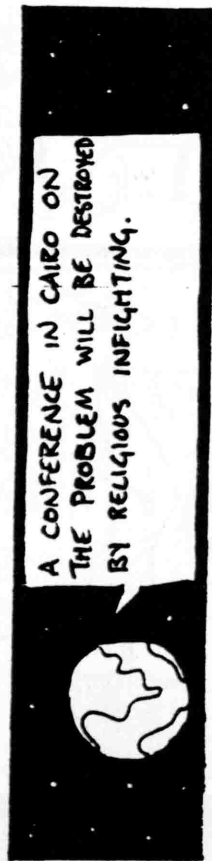
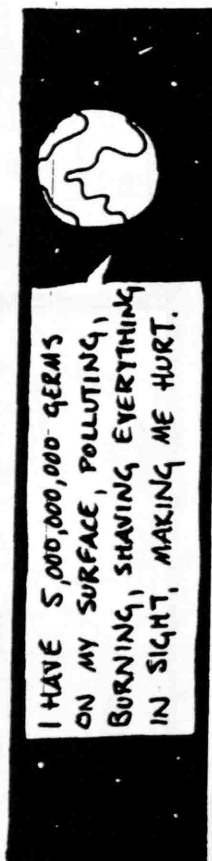
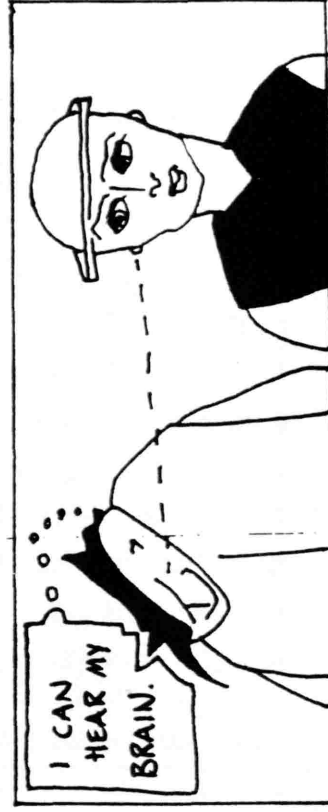
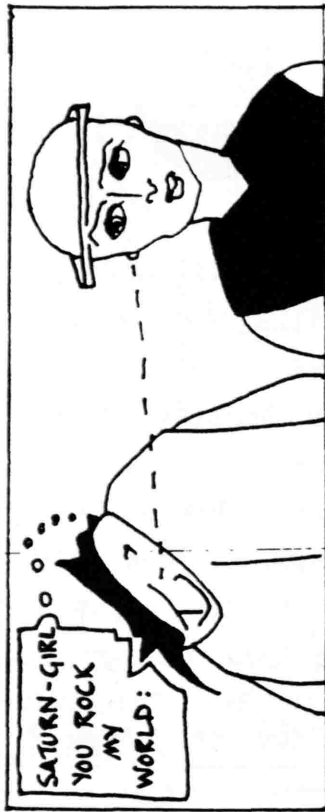
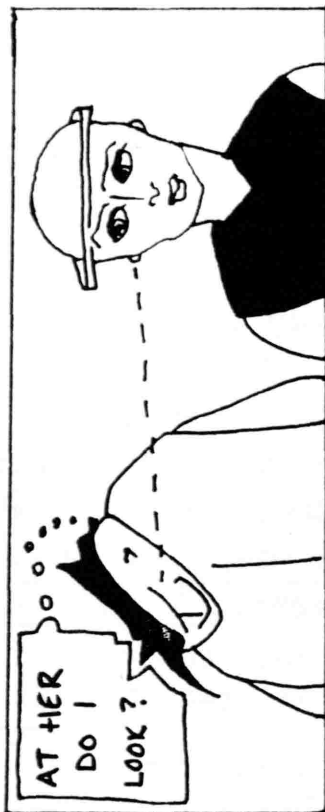
# ARE YOU SUBMISSIONALLY CHALLENGED?

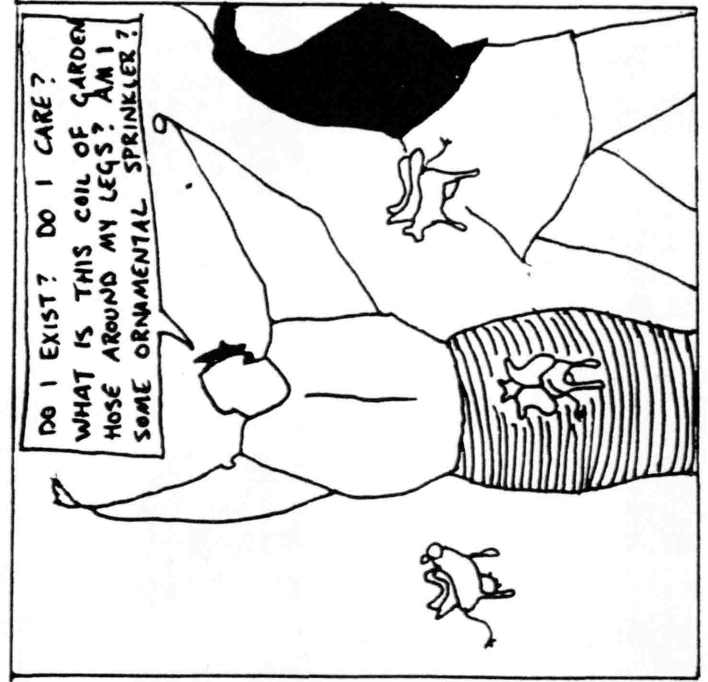
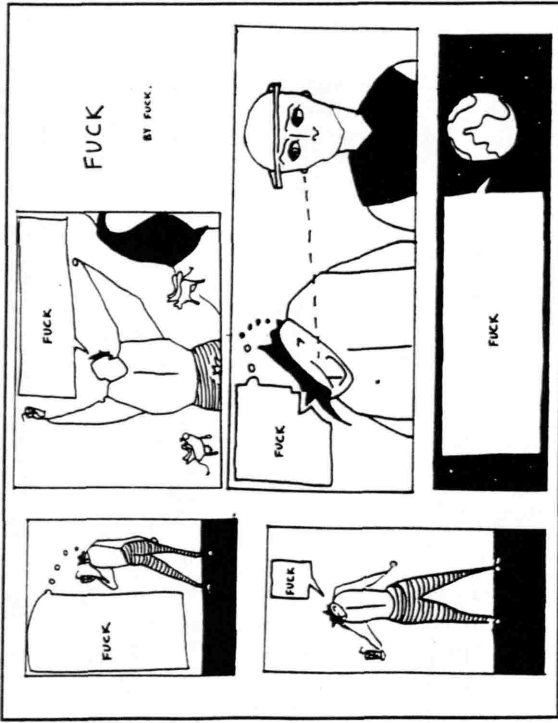
I THOUGHT SO. BUT LET NOT HOPE TAKE FLIGHT. WE HERE AT HUMOUR CENTRAL (AKA: Voodoo) ARE HERE TO HELP YOU, YES, YOU! TAKE A LOOK BELOW. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE REALLY MESSED UP, HUH? NO WORDS!! YOU, BEING SOME SORT OF PROBLEM SOLVER, THINK NOW OF WHAT SHOULD BE BEING SAID... NOTHING COMING TO YOU BUT THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE AND EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY? THAT'S OK! THERE'S PLENTY OF HUMOUR THERE I'M SURE. SO, FILL IN THE BUBBLES. NOW, QUICKLY MAN, I SAID QUICKLY!! STUFF THIS IN AN ENVELOPE + ADDRESS IT TO: **Voodoo 50-309 WALKER MEMORIAL**, WHILE RUNNING TO YOUR NEAREST SNAIL MAIL POSTAL BOX. FEELS GOOD, YES. SO, STAY TUNED UNTIL NEXT TIME WHEN WE HEAR FROM OUR HOPEFULS AND CONTINUE HELPING YOU, YES, **YOU!**



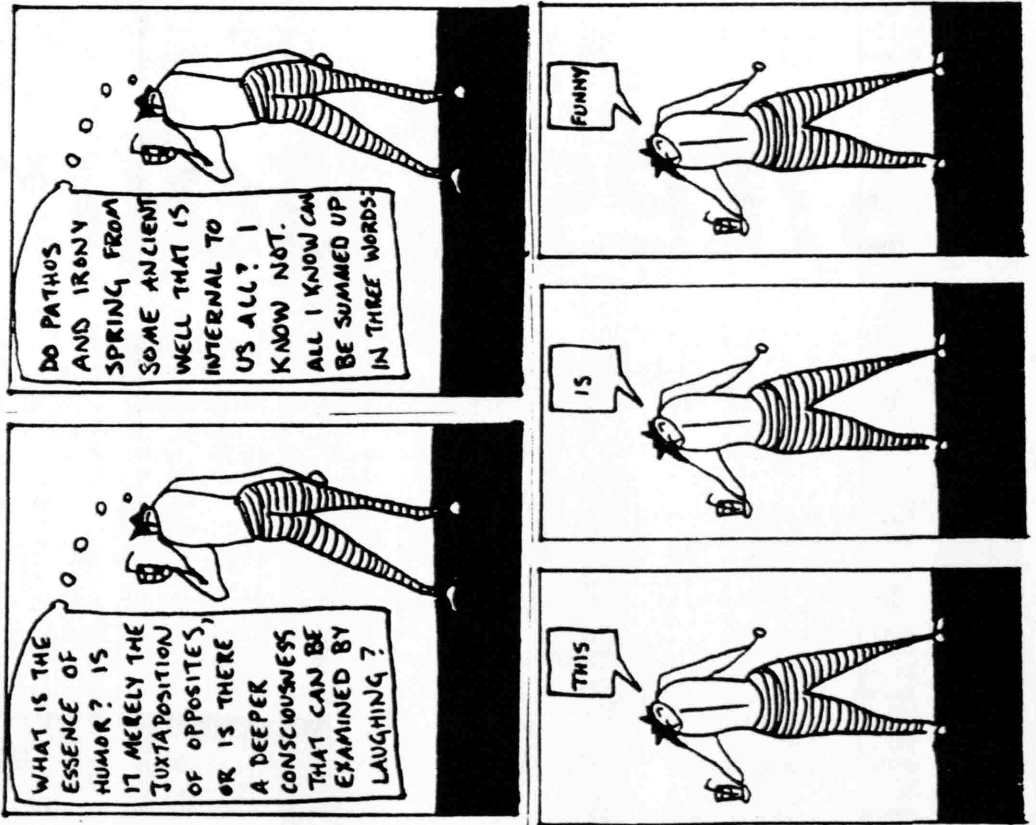
Here are the results from last issue's empty bubble contest. Now, see how easy it was? Yours, too, could be here...

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