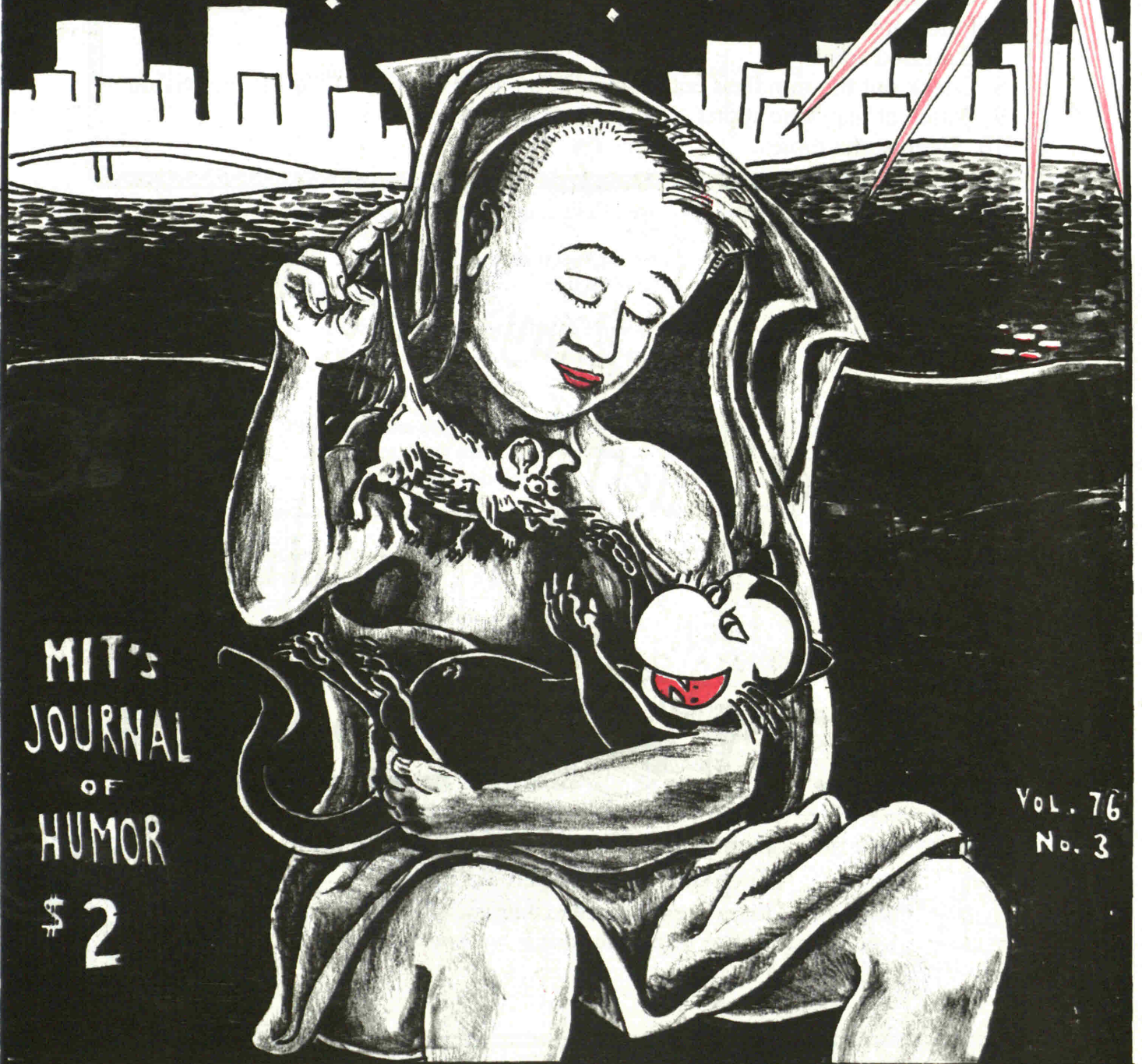


VOODOO

CHRISTMAS 1994



MIT'S
JOURNAL
OF
HUMOR

\$ 2

VOL. 76
No. 3

*With the holiday season now upon us, here's
some tips for a truly relaxing winter break.
Enjoy!*

1. Spend at least part of the time out of Cambridge
2. Read something because you WANT to
3. Sleep
4. Don't call your friends in Florida. You don't want to know how warm it is
5. Call an old friend
6. Find someone to kiss on New Year's
7. Eat good food
8. Check out the mindless entertainment on an invention called the 'television'
9. Watch at least one sports event
10. Sleep some more



*Happy Holidays!
Have a Wonderful New Year!*



**Graduate
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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 or log onto athena and type
blanche gsc-students -a *your username*

In "Happy Holidays" Voo Doo

Like a hearty handshake



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You write 'em. We print 'em. It's that simple.

An Alternative Housing Plan — page 6
At last, a sensible counter-proposal!

Commander Coriander — page 8
Episode 3: Bored in the Coffehaus.

Let us do it



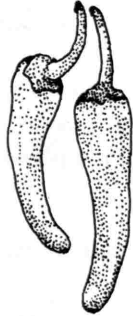
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Echo Love tells the story of the revolt against campus art.

Fish Puke Man — page 14
Not for the faint of stomach.

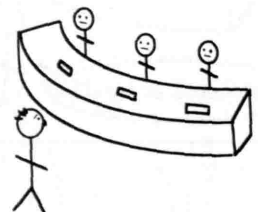
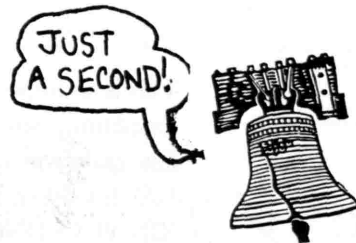
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The Further Adventures of Joe Smug — page 22
Rush week begins for our hero...

Obligatory Holiday Piece — page 27
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Proposal from the Strategic Comics Planning Cmte. — page 30
We've been doing some thinking about consolidation ourselves.



FROM THE PUBLISHER



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Volume 76, Number 3

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Voo Doo (vōo'dōo) 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 <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/voodoo.html>
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/chm.html>

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Next Submission Deadline : January 20, 1995.

LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Sirs:

"Oh, no! I think they're going to start in on our darkroom again," said Hoyt, bleakly.

sincerely,
Tom Swifty, Phys. Plant

Hey Phos -

Q: What's the difference between John and Lorena Bobbitt?

A: She's crazy and he's **JUST NUTS!**

Q: What do you call a midget fortune-teller who recently escaped from prison?

A: A small medium at-large.

-Jim

Ha ha ha... SMACK!



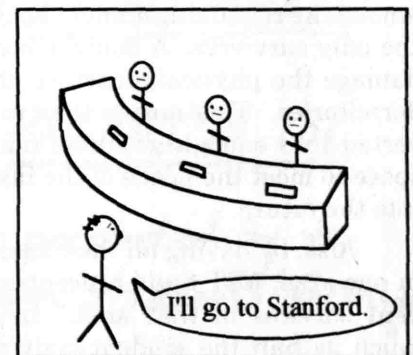
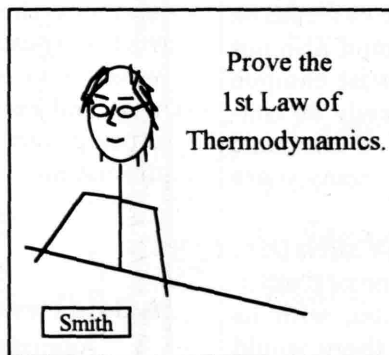
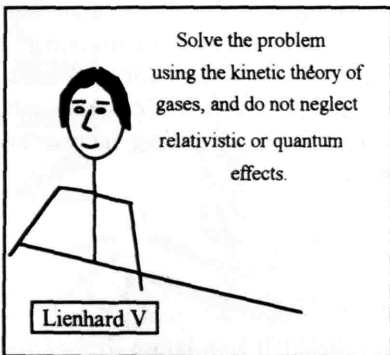
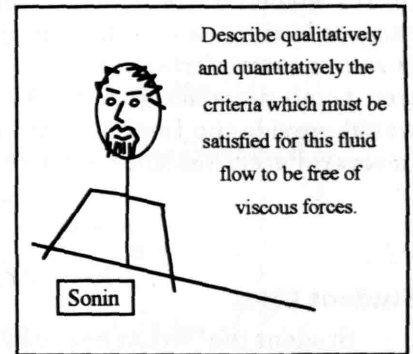
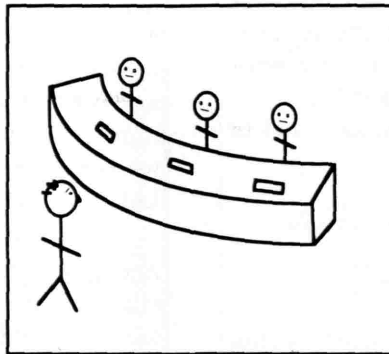
Dear Phos,

With all the doctoral qualifying examinations coming up again this January, I would like to offer a helping hand to all of the pitiful, stressed-out souls who will be forced to endure all of the degradation and humiliation that the Institute generated for myself one year ago. Before and during exams, I saw them as nothing more than cruel torturings imposed on helpless peons by the forces of evil and darkness for only the purpose of their amusement. Having passed these examinations, I realize now how gifted I am and how necessary they are to insure the timeless grandeur and prestige of our hallowed graduate school. My conscience weighs heavy, however, and for this reason alone I would like to offer my shoulder to all those who must tread the path on which I went.

Kevin L. Wasson Enfield, NH

Kevin, if you think the qualifiers were humiliating, just wait! Thanks for the cartoon, which we've reproduced below:

The MIT Mechanical
Engineering
Doctoral
Qualifying
Examinations



Ha ha ha... SMACK!

An Alternative Housing Plan

or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the 'Tute

by Till Eulenspiegel

In recent weeks there has been a large amount of controversy about a plan being looked into by the Strategic Housing Committee to move all the undergraduates westward. This would apparently lead to a more cohesive student body and a centralization of student services. While these are all fine and well, this plan would also require a large amount of money, effort, and alienate a lot of students forced to move for rather vague goals. To say the very least, it leaves a lot to be desired.

So I propose another solution. This plan would present many of the same benefits that the current relocation plan has with some additional improvements and without the problems of displacing large amounts of the student body. I propose that the Institute detonate a small neutron bomb somewhere on west campus. Note that the plan would work just as well on the east side of campus, but the west campus location was picked because President Vest is rather uncomfortable with the thought of a neutron bomb detonating in his backyard. This plan would provide the Institute with incredible benefits in several areas for little expense.

• • •

Student Life

Student life¹ would be greatly improved by this proposal. Although the initial carnage would be atrocious, it would bring a large sense of cohesiveness among the remaining student body, as they would be the only survivors. A neutron bomb would also not damage the physical structure of the west campus dormitories. This means they could easily be converted into enough graduate housing or academic space to meet the needs of the institute many years into the future.

Also, by having all the remaining student body in one area, MIT could concentrate some of its student services in that area. In addition, with as much as half the student body dead, there would be much less strain on student resources in the future. This would produce such tangible benefits as

smaller lines in the cafeterias and better food service. The Institute could even finally get rid of ARA. Although the EMPs of the neutron bomb explosion would disrupt network service for a while, Athena² would also improve afterwards. With fewer students, there would be less crowding in the clusters and no more overloading of some services such as zephyr and news.

• • •

Research Benefits

The neutron bomb idea is better than the forced relocation plan in that it will boost research at the Institute in future years. The design and implementation of the neutron bomb would make a wonderful thesis topic for a few lucky course 22 majors. An experimental controlled nuclear blast of this sort would be sure to bring in large amounts of DARPA funding to the Institute again, thus helping the UROP office and other departments that have fallen on financial hard times lately. There is also the possibility that we could use the resources of Draper and Lincoln Labs, affiliated with MIT, on this project.

A project of this magnitude would also prominently display to the world once again that MIT students are real engineers who can tackle any problem. It would also boost student pride in their school as a world power. Having nuclear strike capabilities would also be a useful tool to conquer Hahvahd and force them to pay tribute to MIT before we convert their campus into graduate student housing. It would also provide us more leverage for the Institute and more effective lobbying in Congress and other government offices when funding issues are discussed.

• • •

A Bold New Vision

Admittedly, the plan still has some difficulties and unresolved issues. For instance, the final location and blast radius of the neutron bomb still need

to be discussed.³ Also, there is always the annoying questions of legality and liability insurance. However, the committee doesn't have to deal with any of those problems anyway; we can worry about these problems of implementation after the decision to go forward with this plan comes.

So there you have it. An alternative proposal that combines all the features of the westward relocation plan⁴ and adds new benefits sure to help MIT well into the next century all at a cheaper cost. I think it has real potential, and I hope the Strategic Housing Committee selects it.

¹ What's left of it at least.

² I will admit to the slight fear that a nuclear blast on campus might trigger some ancient defense code in Athena causing MIT to launch a nuclear strike against Russia and start World War III. Hopefully, the administration can work with I/S and avert this.

³ To put it more bluntly, how do we kill the maximum number of students without affecting other west campus buildings like the Student Center and the Chapel?

⁴ Buzzwords, vagueness, centralization, and a total lack of regard for its victims.



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MIT Pagan Students' Group
during IAP! Don't miss it!

THE ADVENTURES OF COMMANDER CORIANDER

and his trusty sidekick CILANTRO BOY

Episode 3: Bored in the Coffeehaus

by Jason Bucy

Saved by his psychic defense shield, Cilantro Boy crawls from the rubble of Cinnamon Girl's penthouse lair...



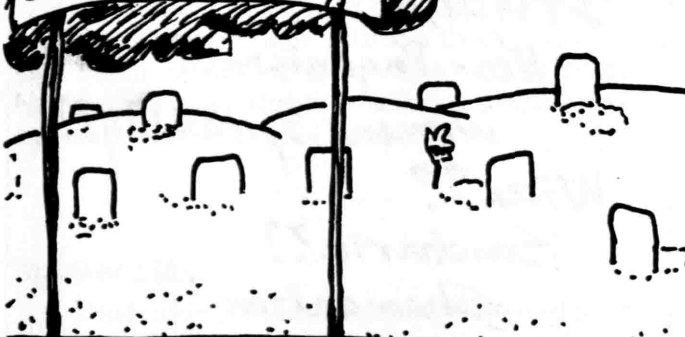
Great Fennel!



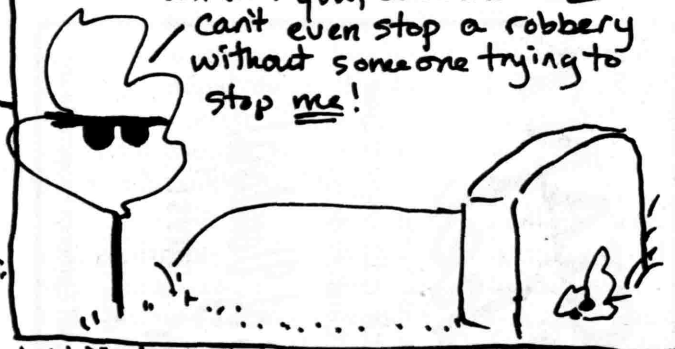
Commander Coriander was dead. Mace and Cinnamon Girl had also been killed by the rocket Mace had fired at Cilantro Boy. Weeks later, Cilantro Boy visited Commander Coriander's grave, incognito....

Don't despair! CCTCBorigins coming soon!!

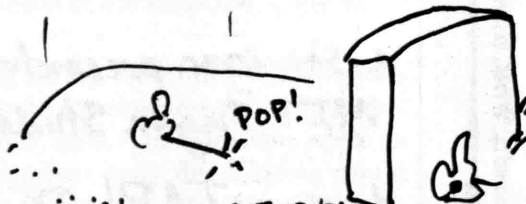
COGNITO Cemetery



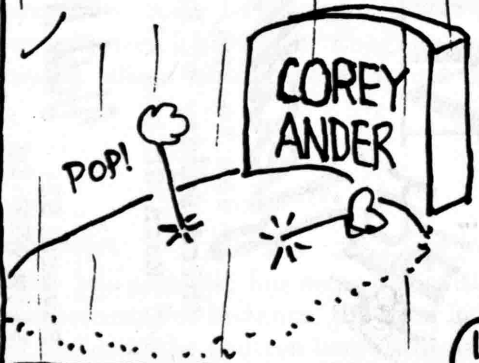
Crime-fightings' not the same without you, Commander. I can't even stop a robbery without someone trying to stop me!



Some gift these psychic powers are. I have to disguise my eyes or the cops will ignore the crooks and chase me down.



See you next Sunday, Commander.







There must be some other way to fight crime. Maybe I'll talk to Doctor Cumin and join Operation Mindfuck...

Oh fuck it. I'll just whine about Mary for the next decade and get a job at a bagel bakery breaking kneelaps...

- CRASH!
- BOOM!

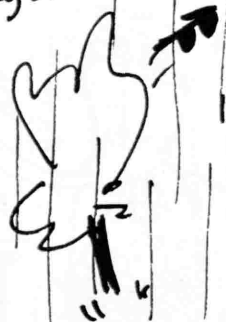


Mary? What are you doing in the rain? Is that you eating that Buick?



Help! Help!

Muh-Mary? Wha?? Someone's going on a rampage over there! I must stop the wreckless fool!!



Great Nutmeg! That spice is the man! That man is the spice! He's returned from the dead!



He is called Commander Crowiander!

I must stop him. Many have tried.



They tried and failed? They tried and died.



Commander? HADOKEN!



to be continued...

3

Kielbasa Man

A love story by Echo Love

The first time I met Peter, he was at Steer Roast sucking on the biggest bong I had ever seen. The thing was about six feet tall and could belch out enough fumes to keep all the past, present and future members of the Grateful Dead happy for a week. As I saw him sitting there with his blank stare and long unwashed hair, I said to myself, "Echo, babe, anybody with that much of an oral fixation has got to be worth knowing." It was love at first sight. Or something.

Peter was the perfect boyfriend for me. He was a carbon-based form of life with the correct plumbing and no needs other than a constant supply of sinsemilla. I, myself, had very few needs other than my weekly case of long-neck Coors and the occasional oral gratification that Freud-boy had no problem providing. It was the perfect relationship, if you could call it that.

Since I had never expected much out of Peter, it very much surprised me that he could be capable of an act of heroism for which future generations of MIT students will forever be indebted. For it was he, my pathetic stoner loser boyfriend Peter, who single-handedly took on the MIT administration and stopped the installation of the most abominable work of public art ever devised. It was Peter who stopped "Mold Mountain" from being built in front of the Student Center.

We were sitting in Peter's room one boring Tuesday night, him puffing on his micro-bong (he saved the macro-bong for parties), and me sucking down my first Coors, when this geek from the hall burst through the door. After ten minutes reassuring Peter that it was just Kim the Nerdette and not the DEA, and that as far as I knew, Kim was not a narc, Kim broke the news.

"You guys seen the Tech today?"

"Huh! Yeah, dude. Huh!" Peter said. He had this annoying constant laugh whenever he was stoned. Which was anytime he was awake.

"I never read that fucking rag," I said, "what about it?"

"There's this article in the front page about this sculpture they are going to build in front of the Student Center."

"Huh! You read the articles? Huh! What a geek! I just read Jim's Journal. Huh! It's funny as shit, dude." I often wondered how Peter got through life, let alone MIT.

"Let me read it to you guys; 'Organic Sculpture Planned for Student Center' The MIT Corporation announced yesterday that the 1% for the Arts building fund connected to the Student Center renovations will be used to install an environmental sculpture by renowned German artist Otto. The sculpture is entitled 'Mold Mountain' and will consist of fettuccine alfredo provided by ARA and left out to decompose in a twenty foot diameter plastic container...."

"Kim," I interrupted, "will you kindly remove your head from up your ass? You are reading the Daily Reamer. It's a fucking joke."

"Huh!"

"I wish it were, check it out."

I took the paper from her hands. I almost dropped my beer (but not quite). The Corporation assholes had signed a deal with some pompous one-name waste-of-DNA to build an "organic environmental sculpture." I said to myself, "Echo, WHAT THE FUCK?! WHEN DID THIS SHIT HAPPEN!? HOW CAN THEY FUCKING DO THIS?! I'M GONNA RIP THE INTESTINES OUT OF THIS FAT BASTARD ARTISTE AND I'M GONNA MAKE ME SOME REAL ENVIRONMENTAL ART!"

"See, it's for real. People are sending flamegrams to the Corporation people right now. If you would like to join us, we could use more help."

"Huh! Fuck that!" Peter said, exhaling locoweed smoke.

"Peter, you dumbfuck! This is horrible! This is the worst crap I have ever heard of! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, THIS MAKES TRANSPARENT HORIZONS LOOK LIKE REAL ART!"

"Huh! E-mail's not gonna help shit."

"Well, it's a first step," Kim responded, "we seek to form a student coalition so that we may get our voice heard and so we can..."

"Huh! Yeah, right. Huh! That'll work. Huh!"

"Well, Thomas Paine, what the fuck do you suggest?" I asked, for once pissed off at Peter's total

antipathy.

"Huh! Fire with fire. Huh! You'll see."

I went with Kim. I wrote some of the vilest, most offensive e-mail that the world had ever known, but to no avail. The Corporation pressed on with the project, telling the Globe what a great coup it was for the Institute to have obtained a world-renowned genius like Otto. The deluge of flameage had no effect whatsoever.

Meanwhile, Peter was growing distant. He stopped going down on me, although not on the micro-bong. I was getting frustrated and desperate. Not only was I going to have to see a huge bowl of increasingly decaying pasta every time I went to LaVerde's, but I was getting so desperate I contemplated going to a dorm party in order to get laid. The horror. the horror.

Whenever I broached the subject of Mold Mountain with Peter, he mumbled something about how something would soon happen, something wonderful. I told him, yeah, sure.

Exactly three weeks after Kim burst into the room, she did again. Again I had to talk Peter back from the ledge and tell him Kim was not a narc. This time, Kim had more interesting news.

"You guys seen the Tech?"

"Shit! What did the bastards do this time?" I asked, bracing myself for the latest outrage.

"Some guy ran through 8.01 lecture yesterday wearing nothing but a jockstrap, a Radio Shack fireman's helmet, sunglasses, and, I quote, 'what appeared to be a polish sausage protruding from the jockstrap.'"

"Okay," I answered.

"It gets better. The guy yelled 'Down with Mold Mountain' as he ran through the room."

"Who was this guy?" I asked.

"They don't know, they didn't catch him. Plus everybody was so busy looking at the sausage and the fireman's helmet that nobody saw the guys' face."

"Huh! That's fucked up, dude! That's cool!" said Peter coming out of his catatonic phase. "That is fucking bizarre," I concurred.

The next Tuesday it was the same thing. Kim burst in, Peter tried to jump out the window, I talked him down.

"The guy did it again, he went through 6.001 lecture yelling 'Down with Mold Mountain', wearing a jockstrap, shades, a polish sausage and a Radio Shack fireman's helmet. The Tech wrote an editorial supporting him."

That day I resolved to make a sacrifice: I started reading the Tech. This guy, who was soon dubbed Kielbasa Man by the Tech headline dweeb, was the talk of the campus. Vicious arguments erupted over whether he was a legitimate protester or a shameless idiot. The alt.sausage.man.run.run.run newsgroup went up soon after the second incident, with the overwhelming majority of flammers in favor of the man with the meat. The Thistle ran a whole issue devoted to the subject, and, although I couldn't quite bring myself to read it, I heard it was also favorable. The guy did all the major lecture halls: 26-100, 10-250, 6-120. Students started chanting "down with Mold Mountain!" after his visits, interrupting and, sometimes, effectively ending lectures. But that was nothing. He was building up to the most awesome display of rioting that the campus had ever seen.

Despite the growing popularity of Kielbasa Man and the increasing protests of students, faculty and staff, the Mold Mountain project had progressed. The aluminum stand, the transparent plastic bowl and the 2,000 word explanation of the artist's objective in designing the work were already in place for the grand opening on the Saturday of Spring Weekend. In fact the great Otto had flown over from Berlin to see the three tons of decaying ARA pasta dumped on the giant Rubbermaid bowl.

That Friday night was the first night of Steer Roast. I had plans to drink myself silly and screw the first thing that had the right appendages. Peter had not put out in over a month, and, had I cared about him, I would have killed him.

I was putting on my sluttiest clothes when he banged on my door.

"Huh! Hey!" he said, clever as ever.

"Hi, Mr. Thumb Dick! What the fuck brings you here?"

"Huh! You want to, like, go see the new Star Trek at LSC?" I think it was Star Trek XII, or something, the one where they travel in time to search for Shatner's original hair.

"No, Mr. Dead Man's Penis, the last I checked, they don't serve Coors at Kresge."

"Huh! Okay. Do you, like, you know, uh, what do you think about this Kielbasa Man guy?"

"I would fuck his brains out in a minute."

"Okay. Come over to my room."

Out of a sense of curiosity I did. In his room, laid out on his bed, were the celebrated fireman's helmet, jock-strap and a Hillshire Farms Turkey Kielbasa.

"They're less greasy, you know, and I do have to eat the evidence."

He really didn't have to explain why he had to go to Star Trek XIV or whatever, I understood. I told him I would meet him inside.

The 8pm showing was packed. I got there twenty minutes before and had to sit in the back of the auditorium. But that was okay, I knew I wasn't there to see a movie.

The slide show progressed in all its lameness, complete with the obligatory audience participation bits. They showed the previews of the two other movies that weekend, then went through four or five 'No Smoking' slides before starting the feature. With impeccable timing, Peter ran in right as the house lights dimmed. He yelled his rallying cry as he raced down the aisle, then jumped onto the stage. His voice was remarkably loud, filling the auditorium with his one message:

"DOWN WITH MOLD MOUNTAIN!"

The crowd started booing until they made out who it was. In spite of his original reception, Peter pressed on with his message:

"DOWN WITH MOLD MOUNTAIN!"

Soon, the crowd caught on. Even with the film credits rolling behind him, he had everyone's attention. They soon took up his cry:

"DOWN WITH MOLD MOUNTAIN!"

Even the dumb-ass projectionist caught on. He stopped the movie but left the projector light on. Peter was bathed in not very flattering but still stunning white light. He repeated his mantra, over and over again, until every single soul had but a single thought:

"DOWN WITH MOLD MOUNTAIN!"

The crowd took a life of its own. For a brief moment I feared for his safety. There was murder in the air and I doubted it could be stopped. I was looking for the nearest exit when he held up his hands and the crowd quieted. There was an

unbearable moment of silence as he surveyed the crowd. Then he yelled for the last time: "WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!?!?!?"

The crowd went apeshit. They climbed over each other on their way to the exits. It was the nerd stampede to end all nerd stampedes. By the time I managed to exit the auditorium they had already removed the bowl, and were destroying the stand and plaque. It was an epic moment: a thousand geeks carrying a plastic bowl that was twenty feet in diameter to the Charles River. The CP's arrived but did absolutely nothing. As I recall, the mob dumped it at the 300 Smoot mark.

Peter was nowhere to be found so I went back to the dorm. He came back some fifteen minutes later, wearing a trenchcoat over his K-man outfit. He smiled but did not say a word. Neither did I. The earth moved, a Red line train went into a tunnel, Michael Jordan dunked, all was well with the world. I polished off a couple of brewskis and we did it again. Life was good.

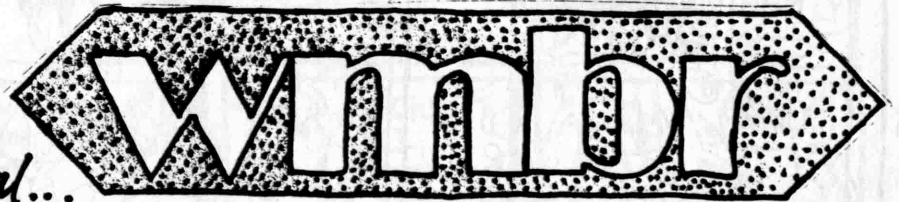
The little incident made the front page of the Globe. Apparently, this Otto character had been doing an interview with German TV in front of the installation when the pack of wild geeks descended on him. The physical injuries were minor, a broken arm, a punctured lung, a major concussion, but the psychological scars were said to be deep. "I will never work in America again," he was quoted as saying. "Zeese peepoll, Zay ah insane. No, never."

The Corporation came up with some harmless non-organic compromise project for the Student Center. There had been so many students involved in the uprising that no major disciplinary actions were taken beyond cancelling the Spring Concert, and since it was Juliana Hatfield, it wasn't much of a fucking loss.

Peter and I had a pretty good run, almost two years. As it turned out, Kim really was a narc. Oh, well.

No Commercials...

First on your FM dial...

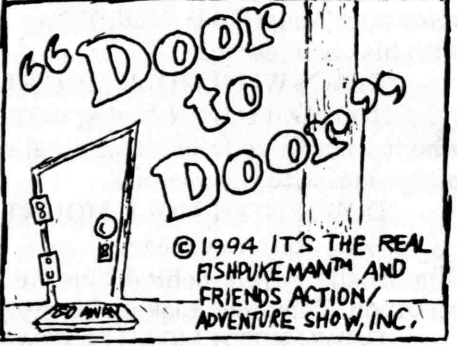


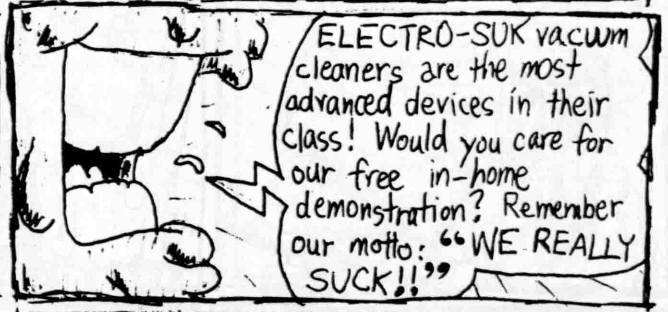
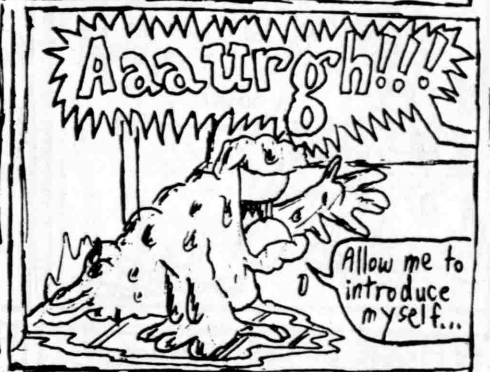
88.1 fm

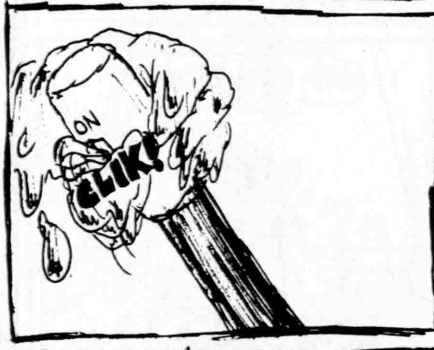
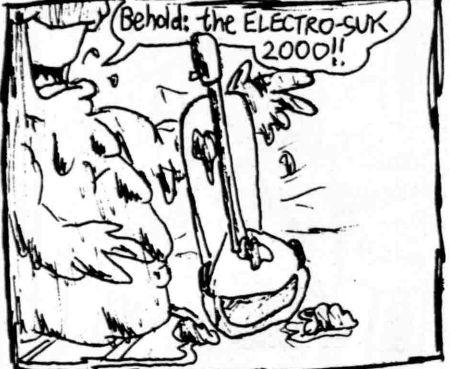
THE GREAT EIGHTY-EIGHT

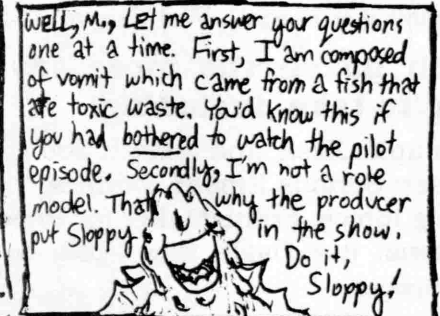
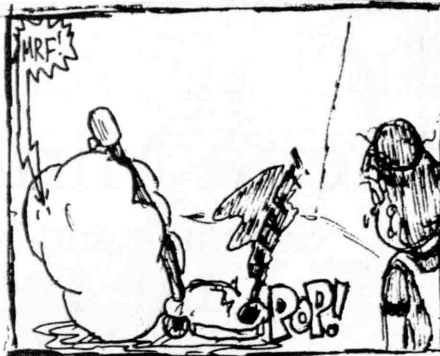
It's the Fish Puke Man & Friends Action/Adventure Show!!!

jcalz











Athena Minicourses

Schedule and Index for

IAP 1995

	Mon		Tue		Wed		Thu	
12 noon	9 Jan	Intro	10 Jan	Basic WP	11 Jan	Working	12 Jan	Latex
7 p.m.		Intro		Working		Latex		Matlab
8 p.m.		Basic WP		Info Res.		Thesis		Xess
12 noon	16 Jan		17 Jan	Frame	18 Jan	Emacs	19 Jan	Dotfiles
7 p.m.		Holiday		Frame		MSO		Emacs
8 p.m.		No Classes		EZ		Maple		Dotfiles
12 noon	23 Jan	Info Res.	24 Jan	MSO	25 Jan	Matlab	26 Jan	Xess
7 p.m.		Frame		Intro		Working		Latex
8 p.m.		EZ		Basic WP		Info Res.		Thesis
12 noon	30 Jan	Latex	31 Jan	Thesis	1 Feb	EZ	2 Feb	Maple
7 p.m.		MSO		Ser. Emacs		Intro		Working
8 p.m.		Matlab		Dotfiles		Basic WP		Latex

☞ **Four opportunities to start learning about Athena[®], the campus-wide computing resource.**

- Begin with Introduction to Athena (Intro) taught 4 times this term, then take Basic Word Processing & E-mail, Working on Athena, EZ, Latex.

☞ **Or use IAP to catch up on the more advanced minicourses you've been meaning to take, including:**

- Math topics: Matlab, Maple, Xess, and a Math Software Overview (MSO)
- For the experienced user: Serious Emacs, Dotfiles
- Special word processing topics: FrameMaker for Reports, Latex Thesis
- **For course descriptions:** use Dash: **Help** ⇨ **Help on Athena** ⇨ **Athena Minicourses** ⇨ **Minicourse Descriptions**

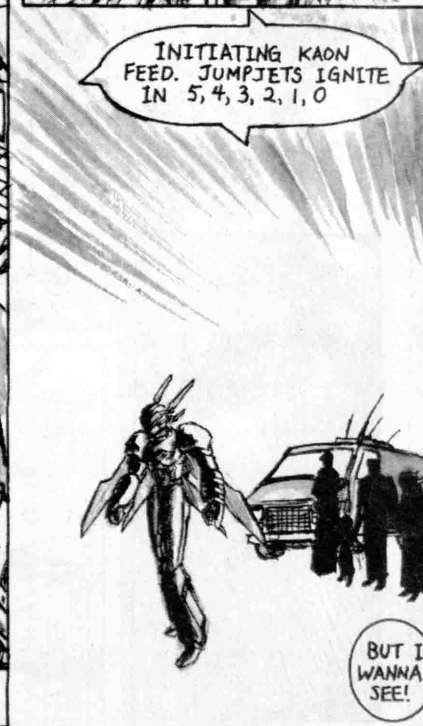
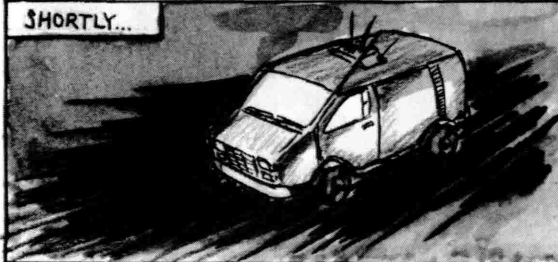
☞ **All minicourses are one hour each, and are taught in Room 3-343.**

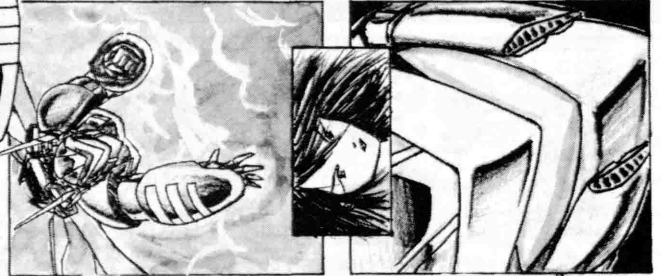
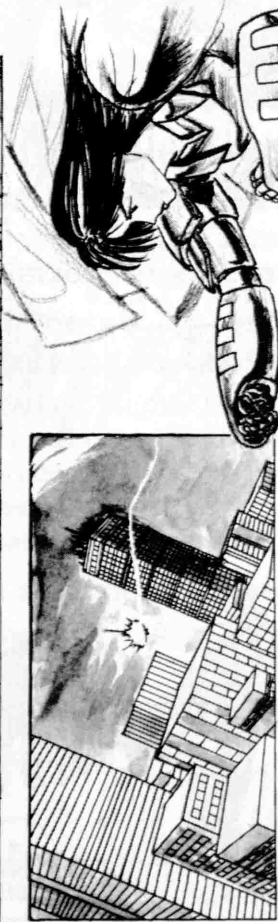
- Contact the Athena Training Group at <training@mit.edu> or x3-0184, for more information.

**PLEASE NOTE: No Pre-registration or Reservations available...
Just show up for the class.**

THE SNAPDRAGON CHRONICLES 7

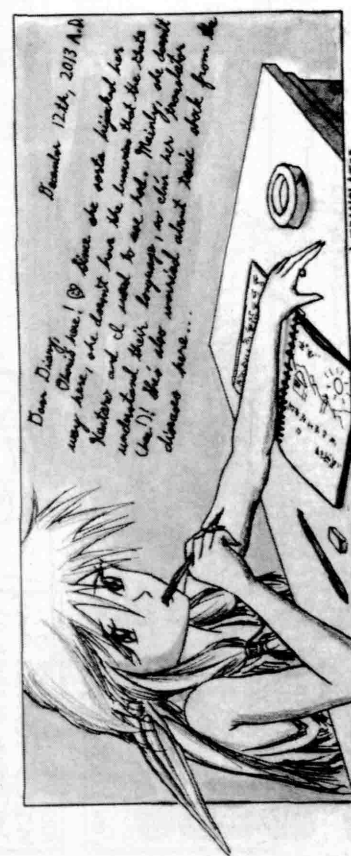
YUNA'S SECRET LAB.
MUTAGEN PROJECT







★ TRANSLATED

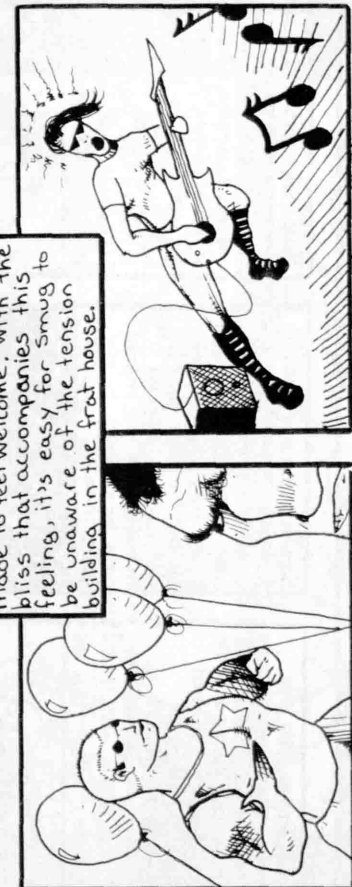
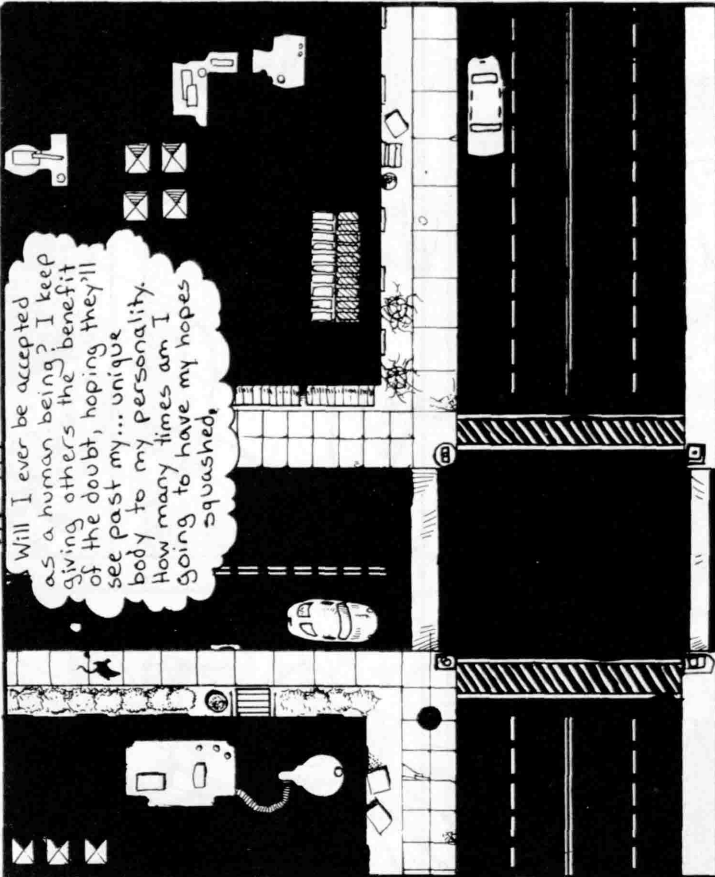


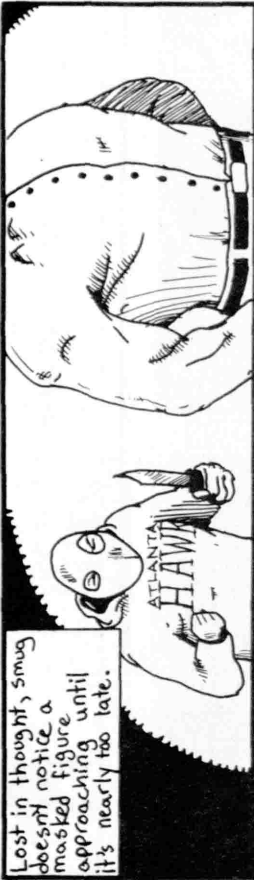
★ TRANSLATED



IT'S TIME TO GET SERIOUS

-- 3:07 AM --

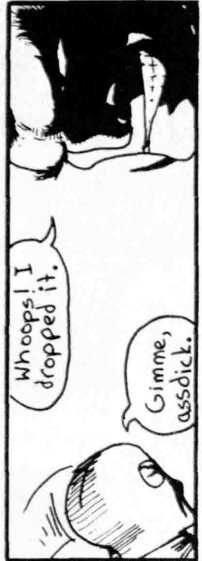




Lost in thought, Smug doesn't notice a masked figure approaching until it's nearly too late.

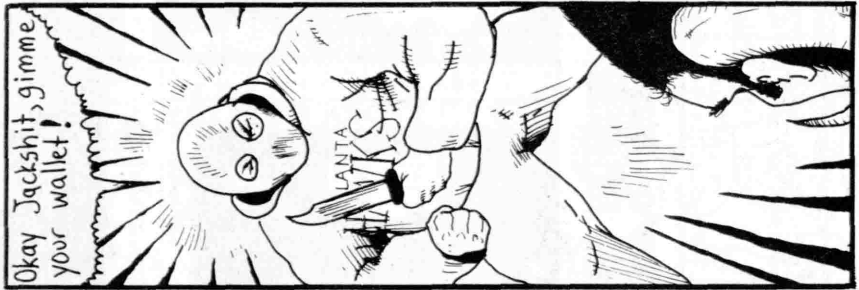


Yes sir, just don't hurt me!



Whoops! I dropped it.

Gimme, asshole.

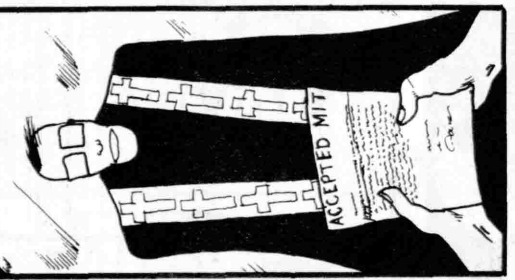


Okay Jackshit, gimme your wallet!

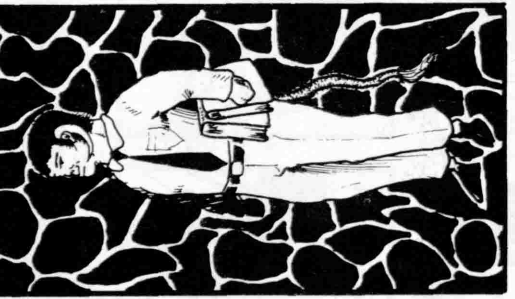


But to be perfectly honest... I don't even know if I'm human!

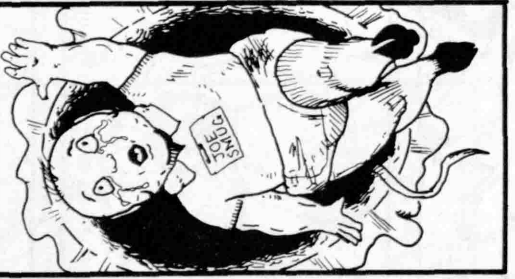
Thus, with his combination of streetwise smarts and hardworking attitude, Smug not only got accepted to M.I.T., but also lined up the scholarships and financial aid needed to carry him through.

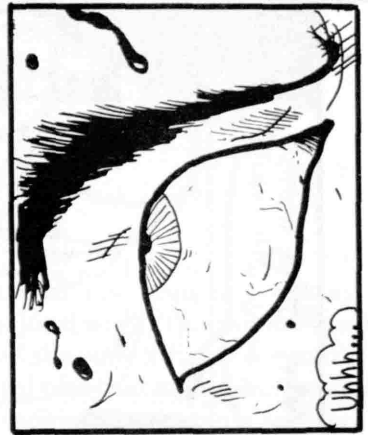


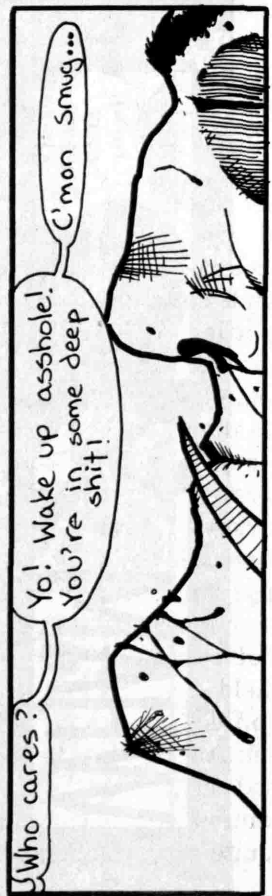
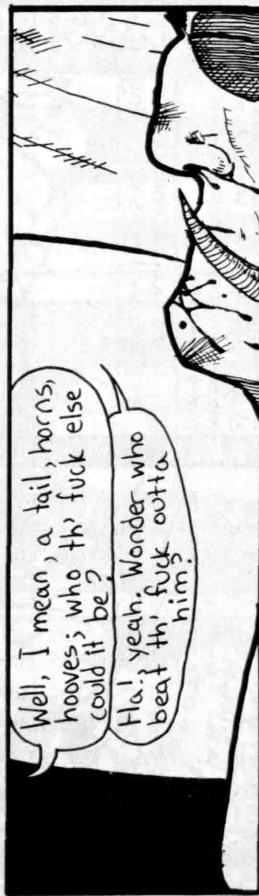
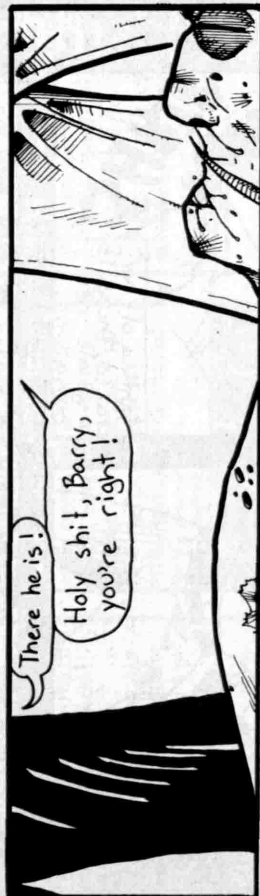
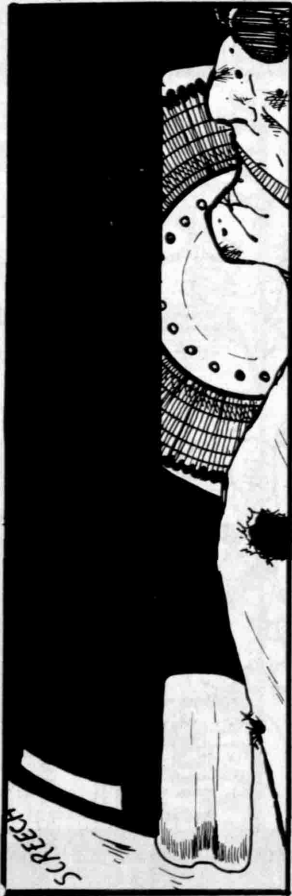
Needless to say, due to Smug's "unique" appearance, the monks and nuns shielded him from any prying eyes of the outside world and took a special interest in his moral and academic development.



Joe Smug, you see, was abandoned as a baby. He was found in a basket outside St. Mary's School for Orphans in Brooklyn. Pinned to his shirt was a note containing only two words: Joe Smug.







Obligatory Holiday Piece

by John Dzenitis

The Clark and Markson Families of rural Indiana had an eight-year tradition that they called "Combined Thanksgiving and Christmas." The tradition began in early December of 1986, following a particularly tragic and extraordinarily gruesome farm-machinery mishap that claimed the lives of the patriarchs of the families. There were no witnesses to that event, but agriculture investigators surmised that Leon Clark and Eli Markson were standing together at the business end of a Helix 600 "Masticator" Combine when it popped into gear. So effective was the combine that there was considerable argument about how to properly honor the remains. Although most of the children wanted to split the pulpy pile according to their fathers' former weights, Lucy Clark and Clara Markson prevailed in their wish to have their husbands buried together. Having found common ground on this issue, they decided that their newly matriarchal families would find mutual support in having a big dinner together the next week. Instead of letting the incident ruin the holidays, they would use it to bring the families together in that trying time. They celebrated the holidays together every year thereafter.

What began as a quiet, nurturing day of rest escalated over time into a raucous, no-holds-barred cooking competition. Each year the meals became more complex and lavish, merrily funded by the out-of-court settlement from the Helix Corporation. This year it was Clara's turn to supply the turkey, and, as each woman had sworn in turn over the past years, she swore that this year she would surpass all previous turkey efforts. She had begun soon after the last celebration by having her sons retool her recombinant turkey DNA laboratory to serve as an *in vitro* fertilization room and incubator. She had twelve viable eggs and traveled to Texas A&M University that winter to obtain a liter of their finest experimental bull semen. Although her work on stochastic genetic field theory remained unpublished, her labor paid off in early spring: she produced the world's first Black Angus/Butterball hybrid. The Bullbird was raised on a carefully designed combination of food, vitamins, and steroids. By the next fall it had become quite large and tasty-looking.

Lucy Clark had not been idle during Clara Markson's year of hard work. The dessert was Lucy's responsibility, and she vowed that she would produce the most wonderful pies that anyone in the state had eaten. Her approach was as organic as Clara's was scientific. In the early spring, she marked a 50 meter wide circle in her best field. She christened this the "Circle of Wholeness and Goodness," and planted the most delicious and purest fruits there. Lucy tended the Circle of Wholeness and Goodness with incredible devotion and even less credible techniques. All vegetable scraps and fecal material went into the Circle as compost because, as she put it, "It connects the circle of life and death with greatest oneness." Presumably this was also the reason that she sacrificed various and sundry reptiles, birds, and mammals in the center of the Circle during full moons. The three Clark girls (Leona, Lucy Jr., and Wendy) were a bit distressed about the "creepiness" of their mother's activities. Furthermore, Leona and Lucy Jr. were not that happy about spending the nights of their menses chanting in the Circle.

The hard work paid off, though. In the late summer, Lucy harvested bushels of wondrously developed fruits, heavy with the earthy juices that she had showered upon them (in some cases, literally). She made sweet, fermenting stews with the best and placed them in handmade pots back in the Circle of Wholeness and Goodness. She and the girls watched over the pots, "Lest the benevolent yet mischievous earth spirits be tempted by them." Leona and Lucy Jr. drew double duty during their time. The day before the celebration, Lucy reduced the fruit stews and made them into pies with cute pentagonal patterns on the top. When she baked the pies that night, the skies were filled with delicious aromas and strange voices.

Meanwhile, the three Markson boys (Eli Jr., Karl, and Billy) spent the last two weeks of November constructing the cooking pit for Clara's Bullbird. The week after that they spent arguing about who would have to "put the Bullbird down." This reluctance sprang from deep feelings of uneasiness, if not from tenderness. In the end, Eli Jr. drew the short straw, drew his sidearm, drew a bead

on the Bullbird, drew blood (and brains), and drew an analogy between ostentatious writing and public masturbation.

Skinning and eviscerating the Bullbird's carcass proved to be an all-day extravaganza. Cute but gory little Billy Markson remarked, "Sure don't know why Ma calls this 'dressing,' because we've done about everything to the Bullbird *but* dress it."

"Shut your yap and get back in there," said Eli Jr., grabbing his younger brother's ankles and shoving him headfirst back into the Bullbird in Mapplethorpesque fashion.

Two days before the holiday, they lit the cooking pit and lowered the Bullbird onto the rotisserie. Eli Jr. was careful to check inside first for little Billy, who had taken to sleeping inside the carcass and calling it "Mommy." Eli Jr. told Billy that he was proud of him for crying only a little; he then smacked Karl across the face when he called Billy "Edible Oedipal Cannibal."

Everything was wonderful on the special morning. A sweet wind kneeled to kiss the hills and nooks, drops of dew slid from moist gourds nestled in the grass, and the air had a vulval scent of burning leaves. Now, where was I?

Anyway, Clara had not let the boys see the finished Bullbird because she considered that bad luck. She chased them into the dining room and had them set the table gloriously in puffy country pastels. The patterns depicted flowers, ducks, kittens, and large-headed, bonnet-clad cherubs frolicking in flowers. When the Clarks arrived, the food preparations at the Marksons' were complete. As they sat down at the table and said grace, Lucy Clark noticed the cherubs (again) and wondered (again) if they were some kind of dig at her family's hydracephaloid tendencies.

"Well now, Clara," Lucy remarked, "this looks just lovely! You've outdone me once again. But where's that turkey you've been hinting about?"

"I do declare! I've forgotten the turkey!" declared Clara. They all chuckled and shook their heads with good-natured merriment. "Just stay right there, you jokesters. I'll be back in a jiffy!"

They were all atwitter with anticipation about the turkey, and spirited conversation quickly sprang up. Perhaps that was why everyone was so startled when the forklift smashed through the south wall of the dining room. Since they were of strong farm stock, no one screamed, but there was scattered gasping with a chance of hollering. Clara deftly maneuvered the forklift to the table and lowered the

tines. As the full weight came to rest on the table, the legs snapped. The overloaded top fell painfully on the laps of all those seated around it, pinning them to their chairs. Clara chirped perkily, "Here it is!"

"*What is that?!*" Lucy screamed. She was making motions as if she was backing away from the table, but the tabletop held her in her seat.

"It's the turkey, silly," Clara explained with a grin, and indeed it was. The Bullbird was fully two meters in diameter and length. Even at its eviscerated fightin' weight, it was over 400 kilograms. Clara had been diligent in the basting and seasoning, and the Bullbird was roasted to a succulent brown. It was an immense, beautiful turkey.

"It's our immense, beautiful turkey. I made it myself. The boys helped me with the cooking pit, of course; I've never been good at building things. But I did the genetic engineering and all that."

Lucy was aghast. "That's a crime against Nature! What have you done? It's just not right. We can't *eat* that thing. We can't put that monstrosity into our bodies, for Heaven's sake."

"Oh, so now you're appealing to Heaven?" Clara asked. "Over the last year I've heard about Mother Nature, Centered Wholeness, Field Sprites, Wymyn Energy, Karma, Pan, Good Vibrations, and Riot Grrrls." Leona and Lucy Jr. exchanged guilty glances. "It's nice to know you've had time to get back to Heaven. Well, while you've been doing your hocus pocus, I've gone right to the limit of what humans can *really* change. I'm doing it, Crystal Chick, and that's proof enough that it's right. Now let's eat." While she was speaking, some of the goo from the charmed pies had begun to flow across the broken table towards the Bullbird.

"That's your justification?" Lucy asked rhetorically. "If it can be done, it should be done." There's no soul to that, no center. A natural course is the only one we can pursue successfully. If we attempt anything else, we're doomed to unhappiness."

Mercifully, the charmed pie filling reached the mutant turkey and got some action going in the story again. The greenish liquid was sucked across the surface of the Bullbird, and its skin began to glow with a bright yellow aura. A wind whipped around the room, dragging flowers and silverware with it. The light bulbs in the chandelier burst. Twelve tremendous blue arcs bzzzzted from the sockets to the corpse; it was a display that would have made Drs. Van de Graaf and Frankenstein click their heels with glee.

When all became quiet again, the Bullbird rose stiffly from the table, seemed to collect himself, and then leapt deftly to the floor. All who had been pinned down by the table top in their laps sighed with relief, the Markson boys most passionately. The Bullbird surveyed the room with the supernatural senses that were required since all other conduits had been stripped from him by the boys. It was with a similarly plausible supernatural voice that he addressed the two women.

"You two are so earnest, yet so foolish. The very things that you fear you come to embrace, and the very things that you argue against you prove. Your views are so extreme that you seem like clumsy plot devices in a hastily written tale."

Clara smirked, "Yeah, well at least we're not giant, re-animated, telepathic turkeys."

"Silence!" the Bullbird telepathically shouted. "I have not come here to bandy words with you; I have come to instruct." He turned and pointed a mouthwatering, golden brown wing. "Clara, how did you presume to play with fundamentals of life, like some kind of chicken-fried god, with no organization aimed at soul? Lucy, how can you reject science, yet systematically invoke the most powerful spiritual

powers available? Did either of you ever consider the implications of your actions?"

"Tasty pies," said Lucy.

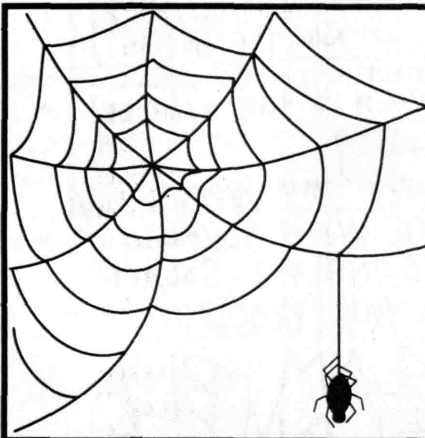
"Big, juicy turkey," said Clara.

The Bullbird was exasperated. "That's not what I meant..."

"I'm pretty darn hungry," interjected Karl, looking at the siblings.

"Let's get the sucker!" shouted Eli Jr., and the children all sprang to their feet and went after the Bullbird. Though he did operate through supernatural means, the Bullbird soon found that his exposed-bone feet (nee knees) had little purchase on the hardwood floor. He pumped his legs frantically, but his bony nubs just clacked and skittered on the floor, and he ran in place comically. The children fell on him and tore him limb from tender limb, chomping at his delicious flesh as they might have consumed his omniscient discourse. They did feel quite satisfied when they finished, days later.

In the end, it is the children of the world who will save us from boredom, who will wrestle us to the ground, who will eat us because we are too slow and they are too hungry.



ELECTRIC VOO DOO

from Athena :

add voodoo ; voodoo

or Voo Doo on the Web!

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

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:

December 15

Mesa/2 Spreadsheet and
Writing Native PM OS/2
Programs in C and C++

January 19

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",

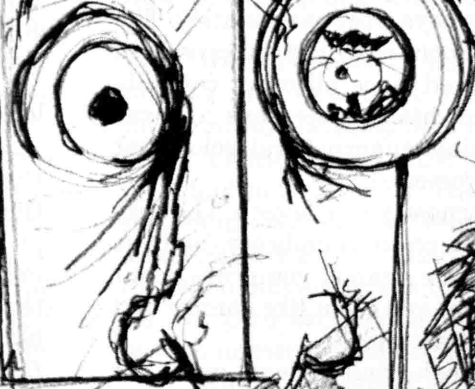
Contact: os2admin@mit.edu

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

AND I AINT GONNA TELL YOU AGAIN, YOU UNDERSTAND!



INCLUDE PHOS IMMEDIATELY, WORK OBVIOUS OEDIPAL RELATIONSHIP.



I'M GOING OUT!



START WITH SCOLDING FATHER, AND EXTREME CLOSE-UP. GO FOR MAXIMUM IMMEDIATE GEN. X

PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION USE POETIC REFERENCE TO INCLUDE WEAK WILLED WHO ARE TURNED-OFF BY VOODOO (I.P. POETS)

I'M GONNA GO WRITE GHOST A POEM!



KEEP ASSOCIATIONS STARTED WITH 'ONE NIGHT' IN MAIN CHARACTER'S FASHION. (I.P. DRUGS AND THE 'GOTHIC')

RIDE RECENT SUCCESS OF 'INTERVIEW W/ THE VAMPIRE'

MY DEAR GHOST, SO LONG SINCE MY NOCTURNAL SPIRIT SPOKE WITH YOURS.

ONLY THE PIGEONS FOR SOLACE MY BLOOD FOR YOUR BLOOD.

INTRODUCE LOVE INTEREST ('GHOST')

I WANNA GO KILL SOMETHING!

INTRODUCE BAD GUY. USE EXISTING HORNED THINGS


FUCK ART LET'S KILL

BLAM BLA AAK! BLAM BLA

GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE

HOYT THE FOLLOWING IS A PROPOSAL FOR THE CONSOLIDATION OF VOODOOS FAR TOO DIVERSE BIT OF COMIC MATERIAL - MAX HAR HAR

CAPTAIN CORE PHOS SWAP DRAGON SLUGBUNNY RELUKA



NOTE FACIAL DIMENS.
CHARACTER IS OPTIMIZED

FULL FRONTAL FOR MARVEL READERS AND IN PROFILE FOR GEN. X VERTIGO AUDIENCE

GREASY HAIR (BLACK)


BLACK T-SHIRT

ANKH

BROWN CORD ROPE

BE SURE TO GET THE ARTISTS TO GET THIS RIGHT & MUCH LIKE THE LEMON HEADS! RIDE ON HIS CHEEK BONES!

(CAN SHE LOOK A LITTLE MORE LIKE KATE MOSS?)

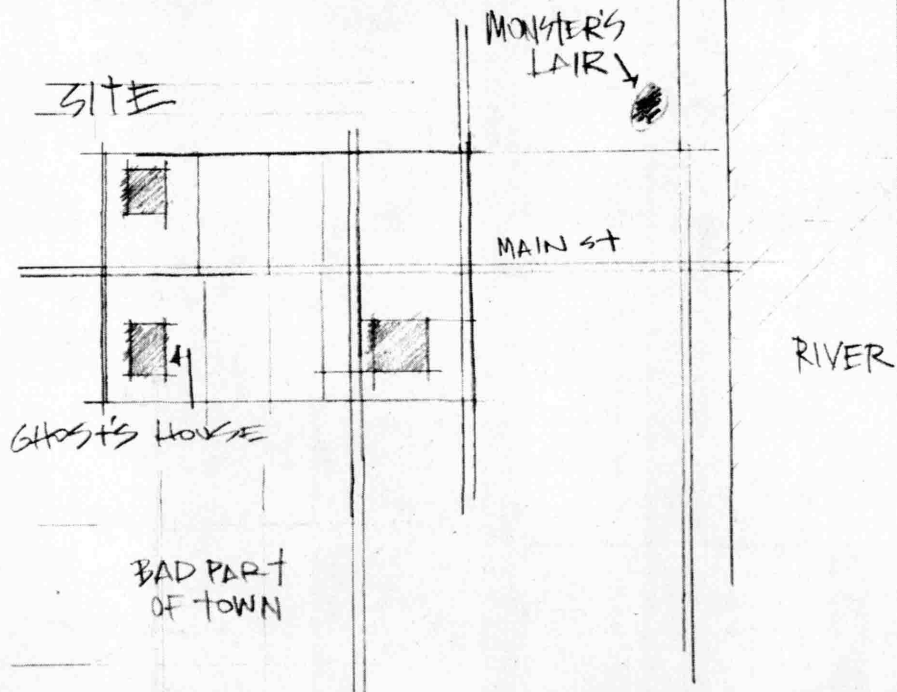


LOVE INTEREST

MONSTER

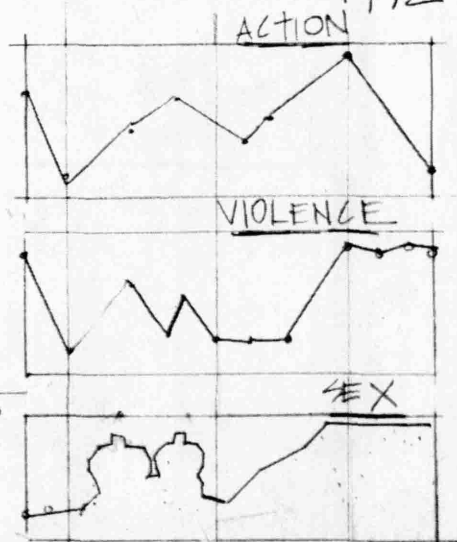
FASHION DETAIL

TECHNICAL DETAILS



BUDGET PROPOSAL

ARTWORK	
PENCIL/LETTER	\$5
COLORING	\$10
SCRIPTWRITING	\$2
PHOTOCOPY	\$5
ARTISTIC BULLSHIT	FREE
PROMOTION	\$150
	<u>\$172</u>



PLOT REQUIREMENTS

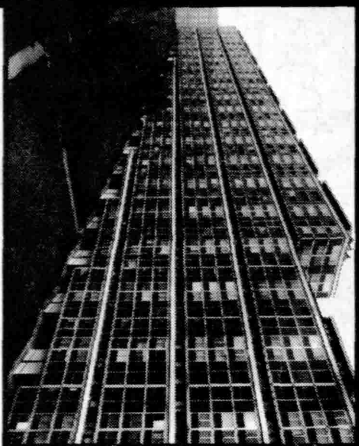


OTHER VODOO CHARACTERS TO BE ASSIMILATED

OPENING CREDITS INTRODUCTION CHASE CLIMAX END

ESTIMATED COST OF PURCHASING RIGHTS TO EXISTING CHARACTERS IS \$25

SEASON'S READINGS



THOMAS STRUTH: STRANGERS & FRIENDS

Photographs 1986-1992
Thomas Struth
edited by James Lingwood and Matthew Teitelbaum
with an essay by Richard Sennett

German photographer Thomas Struth explores the social space and mental state of the modern metropolis. This book covers the entire trajectory of Struth's career and his work in several subject matters, including his restrained and rigorous architectural photographs, intimate family portraits, and frenzied museum interiors. 10 1/4 x 12 3/4, 108 pp., including 2 four-page foldouts, 6 halftone, 37 duotone, 20 four-color illus., \$39.95

CHAMBERS FOR A MEMORY PALACE

Donlyn Lyndon and Charles W. Moore
This collaboration between two distinguished architects is a joyous celebration of admired places and a thoughtful consideration of the role that design has played in giving these places their memorable qualities. 6 1/4 x 8 1/2, 256 pp., 182 illus., 1 in color, \$29.95

THE CITY OF COLLECTIVE MEMORY

Its Historical Imagery and Architectural Entertainments
M. Christine Boyer
"An innovative clearly written, detailed study of the modern city."
—Richard Sennett
7 x 10, 400 pp., 65 illus., \$45.00

LE DÉSSERT DE RETZ

A Late Eighteenth-Century French Folly Garden
The Artful Landscape of Monsieur de Morville
Diana Ketcham
The Désert de Retz, the supreme surviving example of the folly garden, is one of the most amply and beautifully documented of France's historic gardens. 10 1/2 x 8 1/2, 176 pp., 100 illus., \$39.95

MANHOLE COVERS

text by Mimi Melnick
photographs by Robert A. Melnick
foreword by Allan Sekula
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DIGITAL MANTRAS

The Languages of Abstract and Virtual Worlds
Steve Holtzman
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Digital Mantras CD 73:33 minutes \$16.95

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Stanley Abercrombie
foreword by Ettore Sottsass, Jr.
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REMOTE CONTROL

Power, Cultures, and the World of Appearances
Barbara Kruger
"A feast of insight into gender, sex, and contemporary culture, staged as sneak attacks filled with devastating grace, acuity, and wit."
—Carole S. Vance, Columbia University
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THE RECONFIGURED EYE

Visual Truth in the Post-Photographic Era
William J. Mitchell
8 1/2 x 10, 273 pp., 110 illus., 30 in color, \$24.95

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