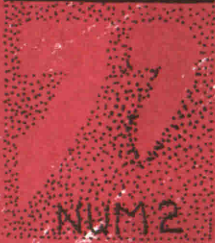


VOL



NUM 2

MIT'S

JOURNAL OF HUMOUR

VOODOO

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mit.edu/
lsc/www**

In ' [redacted] Voo Doo



Letters to Voo Doo — page 5
You, too, could be here.

The Adventures of T.H.C. and L.S.D. — page 6
Crazy net.fun.



Letters from [redacted] — page 8
A real life exchange with Jason Bucy.
There is a lesson to be learned here: Do not taunt the Editor.

The Further Adventures of Joe Smug — page 10
by Zachary Emig.

One Night, part VII. — page 14
This time he means business.



The Class Clown Admonition — page 19
Everybody's a critic, we suppose.

Battle of the Bands and Why It Sucks — page 21
More art criticism by Echo Love.

Waif Girl and Nipple Woman — page 25
"Origins."

Pablo Goes West — page 27
By Spraxlo Lines.



Voo Doo Humour Contest! — page 30
Details!

And throughout...

Wacky illustrations by froshling Shihab Elborai.



FROM THE PUBLISHER



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Volume 77, Number 2

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Voo Doo (vōō'dōō) 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:\$2.00 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 : March 18, 1996. (Humour Contest!)

LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Editor,

...So I opens up da rafrijamator door, and inside deres dis cute lil squirrel. An' I sez Hey lil squirrel, whatchoo doin' inside mah rafrijamator? An' so da lil squirrel, he sez, Well dis here's a Westinghouse innit? An' den I sez Yeah, so what? An' so da lil squirrel he sez, Well... Ize westing!

Sunny Jim

No, really, we used to be funnier.

Dear Phos,

You strange people. Being English, one isn't used to such humour in fact it appears quite shocking at times. It appears that satire and satanism have been entwined into an orgy of self indulgence, but what the hell, you only live once.

LOVE YA!!!

ANDREW

Thanks, Andrew, and BTW it's spelled "humor."

Hey!

How DARE you remove the title of "Voo Doo Guru" from the Staff Box! For two years, I toiled with BLOOD, SWEAT, and TEARS to keep Voo Doo alive. When I took over as Editor-in-Chief, [REDACTED] was driving Voo Doo into the ground. And I SAVED it! You OWE ME more than a mere MENTION of "Senior Staff." I AM THE GURU. You ought to BOW in my presence! I made Voo Doo what is is today! I built the pyramids! I invented SHOES!

Kent Lundberg, Editor-in-Exile

This job really gets to some people.

To the Editor-in-Chief,

My late father, Vincent Mooney '35, would have been thoroughly DISGUSTED with Voo Doo Magazine and would have wondered what had come over me for wasting my time reading it.

Keep up the good work.

Martha Anne Mooney

Hey, I'm stuck on the can at a federal office building and I'm out of TP. Can somebody out there just bring me another roll? Geeez it's awfully quiet out there! Hello? Hello? Is anybody out there? Can somebody just bring me a friggin' roll of TP fer chrissake?! Hellooo? Hellooo? Hey, can anybody hear me, dammit? Hello?? Where the hell is everybody??

A disgruntled taxpayer

E-mailed to Phos from her contact in Net Ops: Several people here found the article [IP Address Shortage Spurs Black Market, vol 77, no. 1] to be nastier than it had to be (and technically inaccurate too!).

Does this mean that we can kiss our hopes of a free net-drop goodbye?

Re-engineering Update

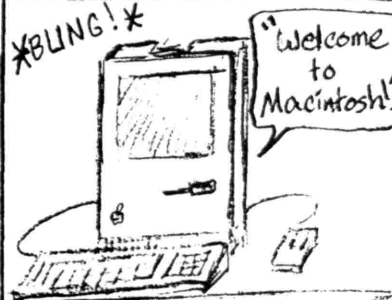
Now that the M.I.T. Mail System has set the paradigm for re-engineering, sacrificing security for savings, Phosphorous thought the he might help out with a few ideas of his own.

- 1) Eliminate the entire payroll department. Just leave a big pile of money in Lobby 10 every Friday. People will just take what's theirs.
- 2) Forget all the MIT-net security and Kerberos crap. I'm sure that I/S could save a lot of money if everyone just stored their files together in one great big account.
- 3) As long as we're trading security for budget, fire all the Campus Police. There's probably \$10 million in savings right there!

• • •

Got a hare-brained scheme that could save the Institute millions? Send it in to voodoo@mit.edu. Future columns will feature your ridiculous ideas with a few genuine ones just to see if there's a discernible difference.

ONCE UPON A TIME...



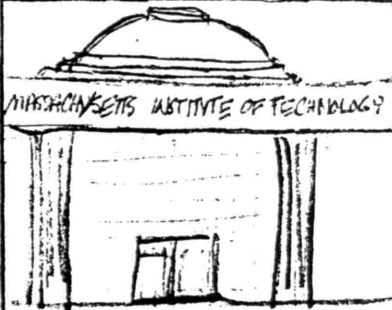
THERE WAS A BRAND SPANKING NEW MAC SE/30!

HOWEVER, SOON HE WAS TEMPTED BY VIRUSES AND TRITAN HORSES



AND NEW HARDWARE...

AND SUFFERED.



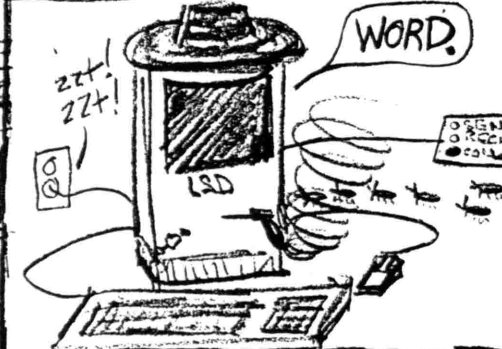
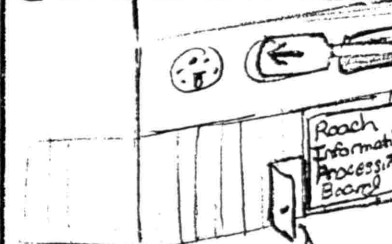
THEN HE CAME TO MIT...

AND FOUND THE PORNOGRAPHY ON THE INTERNET!!



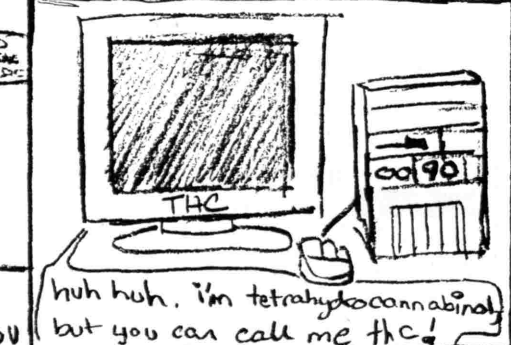
AND SO THEY SET UP RIPPB...

SOON HE WAS INFESTED

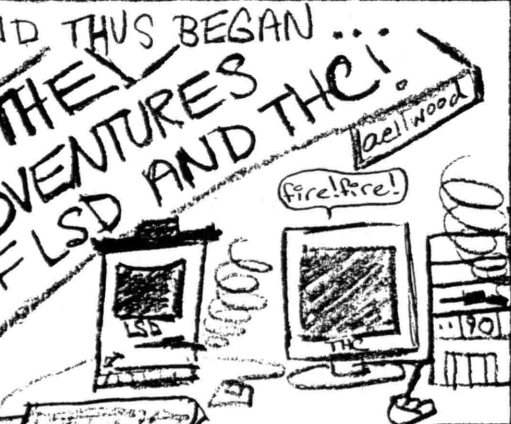
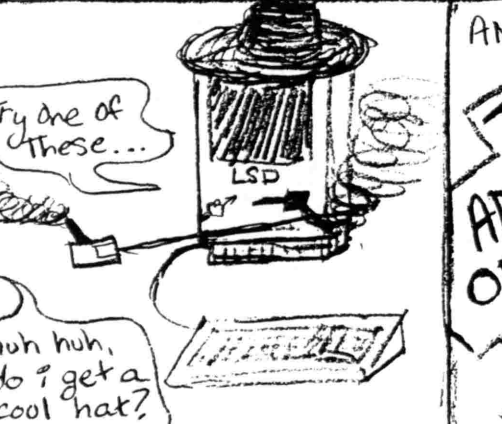
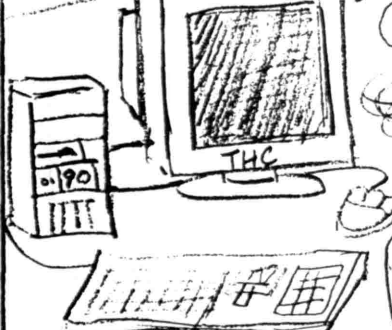


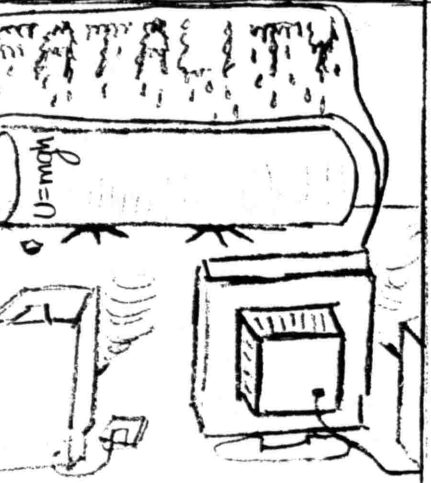
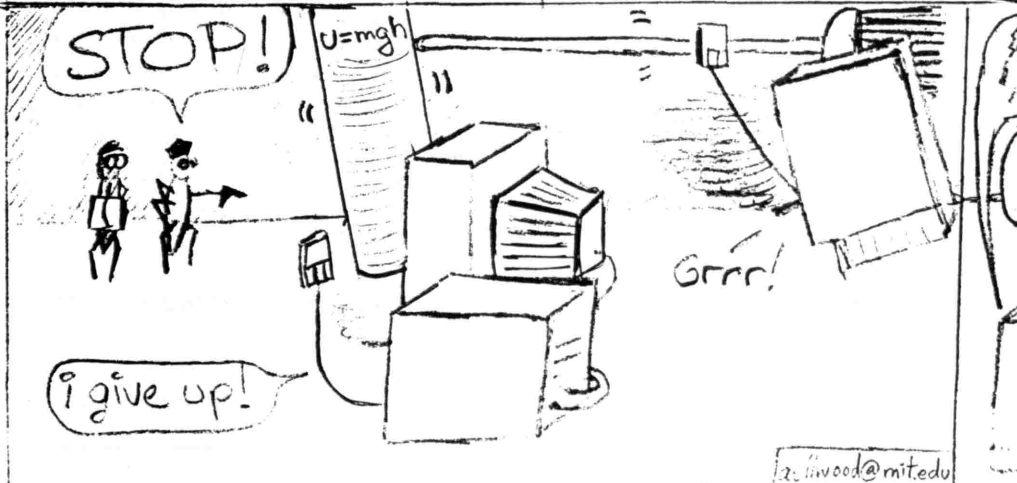
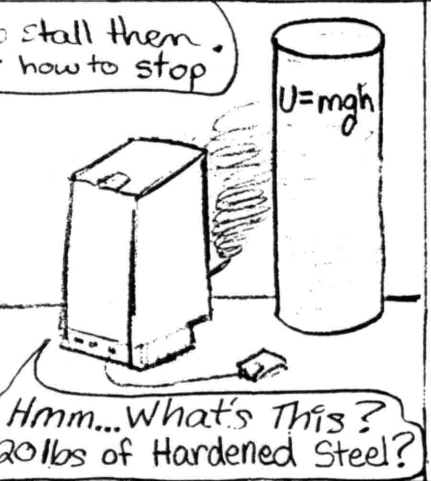
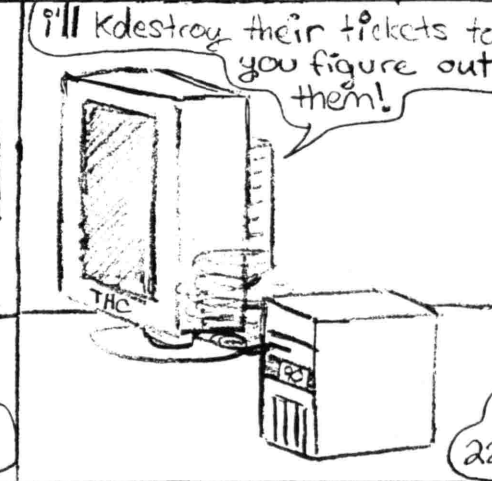
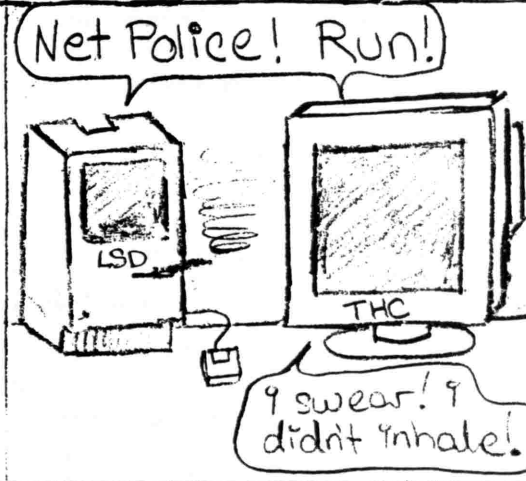
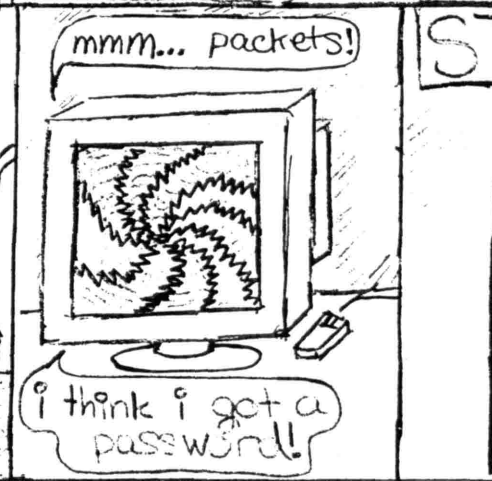
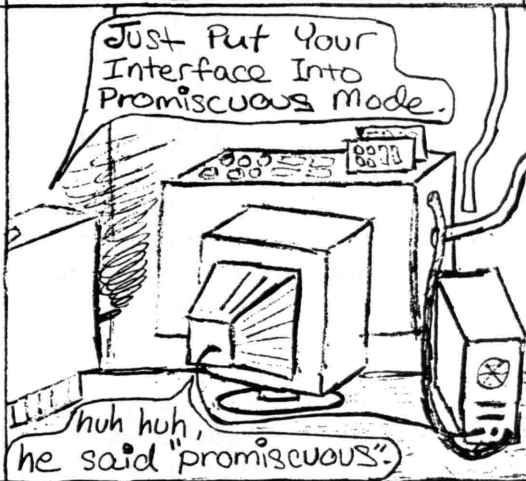
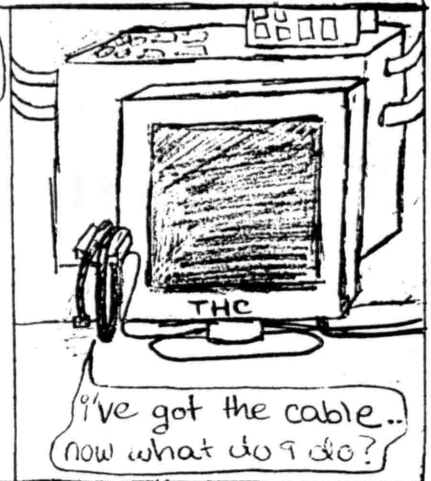
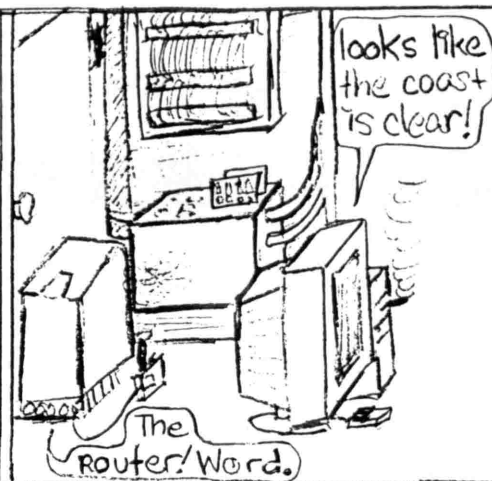
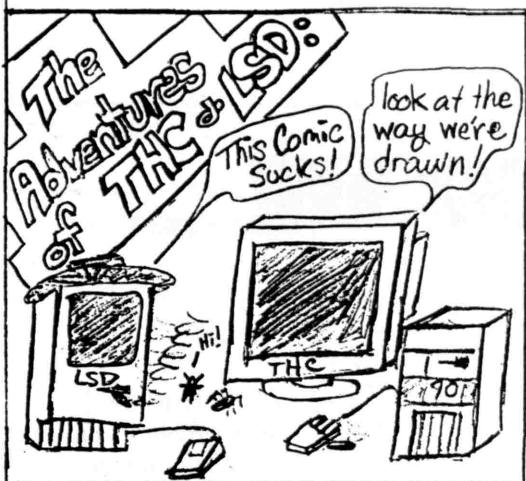
AND THUS WAS BORN: LYSERGIC-ACID-DIETHYLAMIDE MIT.EDU

THEN ONE DAY, A NEW COMPUTER ARRIVED...



do you know what my name means?





z.livood@mit.edu

Letters from [REDACTED]

A real life exchange with Jason Bucy

Dear Editor,

What on earth was your motivation for such a mean-spirited and slanderous invocation of my name?
[REDACTED]

Don't even start. I would like you to remove your personal belongings from the Voo Doo office. Your things should leave before the end of November, since the staff will have an issue to work on.

Dear Editor,

I am looking for an explanation for your actions.

Right now, it appears to be a mean-spirited and ill-advised slander. The professor in the Media Lab I am working for is in the midst of judgement of her tenure case at MIT, and my application to the Graduate Program in the Media Lab is currently under consideration. Your accusation of felony cocaine trafficking involving Media Lab professors and myself, amplified by your unusually large distribution of magazines within the Lab could not have come at a worse time. And, it is a complete lie.

I am strongly inclined to make a formal complaint to the Dean's Office and the Committee on Discipline for your actions. I feel that you have seriously crossed the line, and your rude and snippy response to my inquiry strengthens that opinion. Your attack was unprovoked and shows very poor judgement. Are you a malicious child, or an adult?

I await your explanation with great interest.
[REDACTED]

Editor:

In case it wasn't clear from our previous communications, I want for you to cease your harassment and stop using my name in your publication without permission.
[REDACTED]

Thank you for being clearer in your last message. I encourage you to point out the disclaimer regarding satirical content to anyone it may concern. They may contact me if they want to be assured that the passage in question was merely satire. Your name will never

appear in another Voo Doo, as you have requested.

I do, however, resent some of your exaggerations. I must remind you that in light of these and prior events, your relationship with Voo Doo is over. I insist that you remove any personal belongings from the Voo Doo office and darkroom before the end of November. I further demand that you return any office or darkroom keys you have by the end of this month. This decision is final. I never want to see you at Voo Doo again. Also, if I see you near the Pagan Students' Group office, I will consider it suspicious behavior. The PSG office was recently robbed, and finding you in there several months ago tells me you have a means of entry. My temper is extremely short regarding this theft.

Let me repeat, however, that I apologize for the offending passage in Voo Doo and will correspond with anyone involved in the tenure or application decisions over the phone or by e-mail. I remind you that fanciful satire is not slander. I can only offer as an excuse that this issue went to press before your initial complaint, obviously.

Sincerely, Jason

Dear Editor,

Please explain "satire" involved, as you see it...
[REDACTED]

Talk to the author. They might be on phos. It was submitted under a pseudonym.

Personally, I believe it is satire because of its complete unbelievability. It's also funny. That's why we printed it. I think this discussion is pointless. You will doubtless call into question my abilities as editor-in-chief, and I truly don't see what you will gain by antagonizing me. Do not address me further on any of these issues.

Who was the author?
[REDACTED]

It was submitted under a pseudonym. Ask around on phos, I guess.

What is the e-mail address of the author who

submitted the article to phos?
[REDACTED]

I do not know the e-mail address of the author.

I told you to ask people on phos. I have no information for you. I don't see why your ridiculous assertions would interest the author anyway. I've offered to discuss the situation briefly with people in your application process or your boss' tenure decision. I have nothing further for you. I consider the matter ended.

phos seems to be inaccessible... How does one go about it?

Send mail to phos@mit.edu. Do not send more mail to me. Remove your stuff from the Voo Doo office and darkroom. Return your keys.

...

Editor's Note: At this point in the dialogue, Mr. [REDACTED] opted not to contact other members of the staff, but instead my mother in Ohio. A panic-stricken Mrs. Bucy called me minutes later and screamed at me that Mr. [REDACTED] told her that he had been approached by the Campus Police regarding his depiction as a cocaine dealer, and that the Campus Police were going to talk to me about, not to verify, but rather because the article in question also referred to Anne Glavin. He also told my mother that the Dean of Student Affairs would contact me soon, and that he was concerned I would be as short with them as I had been with him. Never mind that deans are people I respect and with whom I cooperate, unlike Mr. [REDACTED] whom I have only known to lie, cheat, and be in offices that he no longer has permission to enter. Be that as it may, my mother told me that while she didn't know what satire meant, or that Mr. [REDACTED] is forty-some-odd years old and needs to grow up, or that he's been *persona non grata* a few times, I had better get my ass out of whatever mess I was in. So in the morning I visited the Campus Police. It turns out that Mr. [REDACTED] had lied to my dear sweet mother, surprise, surprise, and that the Campus Police don't consider Voo Doo investigative reporting, or even read it, and certainly didn't approach Mr. [REDACTED] about cocaine

dealing. Instead, he had come to them, entering the police station without handcuffs to their surprise, and filed a report against me for slander, with which they doubted they could do anything. A few calls made it clear that the Dean's Office was not aware of any reason they would be hunting me down, and so I filed a harassment report with the CP's against Mr. [REDACTED] and talked it over with a dean. I have not decided whether to pursue harassment charges, but I do want Professor Wood to know that I didn't work on this issue of Voo Doo much at all, really, and I owe a lot to the senior staff of Voo Doo, and didn't punt all weekend on the magazine instead of writing that paper for her.

...

A Different Editor's Note: Of course we knew the true identity of the author, but in an instinctual fit of self-preservation, the staff of Voo Doo has sworn to protect each other from sociopathic paranoids like Mr. [REDACTED]

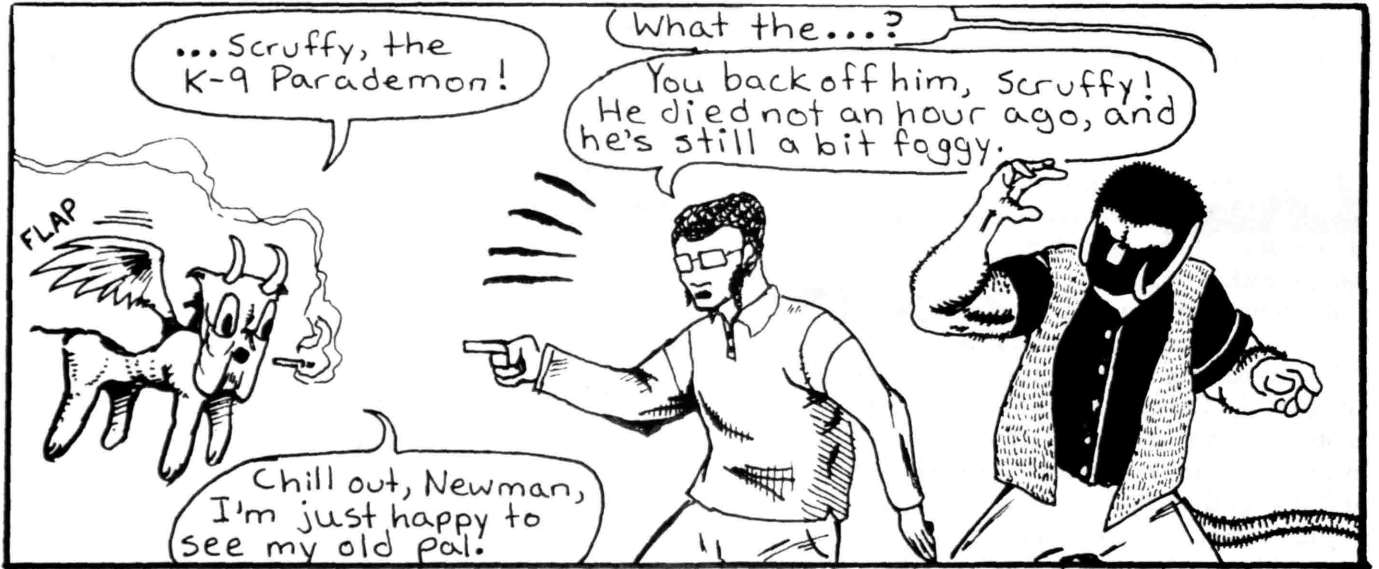


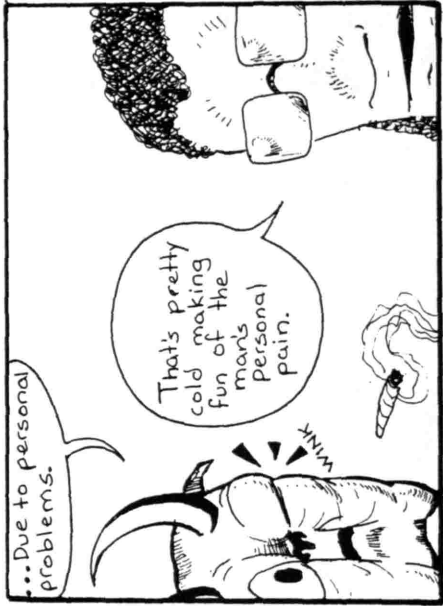
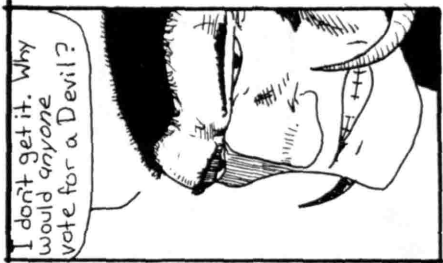
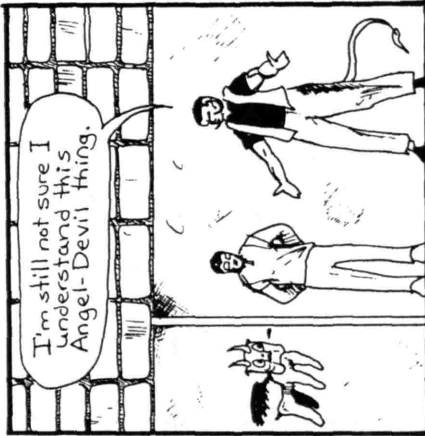
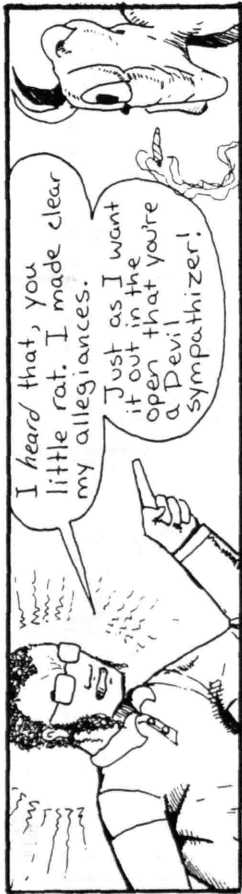
JOE SMUG

By Zachary Emig


HEAVEN & HELL
PART 2

After being killed by his twin brother, Joe Smug found himself in the afterlife-- a huge city called Upper Jersey. He met an apparent friend named Newman who's now helping Smug overcome his "amnesia".






Good question. Traditionally, they haven't. There have been only two times in all history that Upper Jersey has had a Devil Prime minister. Once was back in the dinosaur age and once in the Middle Ages.



As for why...
 Hey, let me answer that one.




Jesus!



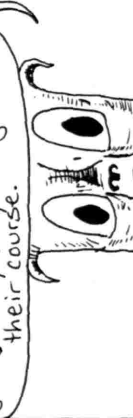
Oh, don't even get me started on him!



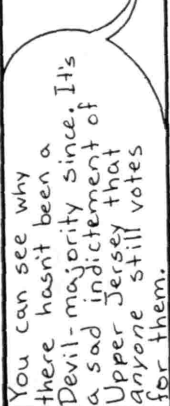
Have you ever felt some people were too emotional, too nice? Like when some serial killer is captured and some people say, "We're just as guilty if we execute him as he is." Devils would say, "Look, he raped and tortured thirty people. Fry th' bastard!"



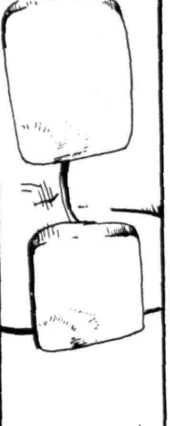
I'll give you a more concrete example. Back in the Middle Ages, human evolution was heading in the wrong direction. The state of learning was declining. The quality of life was disgusting. Hygiene and civility was terrible. The Angels said, "Humans are by nature good; surely they'll right their course."



You can see why there hasn't been a Devil-majority since. It's a sad indictment of Upper Jersey that anyone still votes for them.



Uh... whatever.



On the other hand, we said "No! We can't stand for this! It's time to intervene and kickstart societal evolution!" Eventually, things on Earth got so bad Upper Jersey elected a Devil majority, and we fixed the problem.



...no... not really...
 Hey, tough times call for tough measures. I'm sorry if Upper Jersey is too wussy to stomach it.



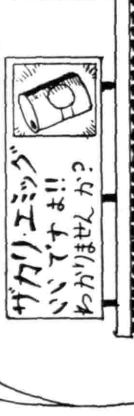
I guess you probably don't want to hear what we did to the dinosaurs eh?




Hey, what's this building?



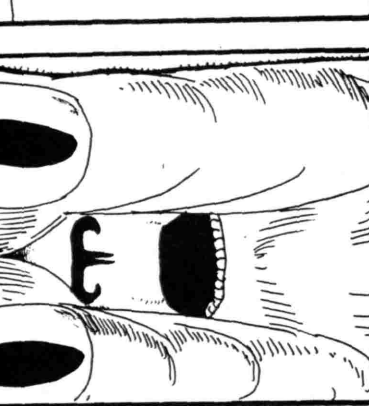
ザカリエシッ
 いてすま!!
 ちかほはたか?



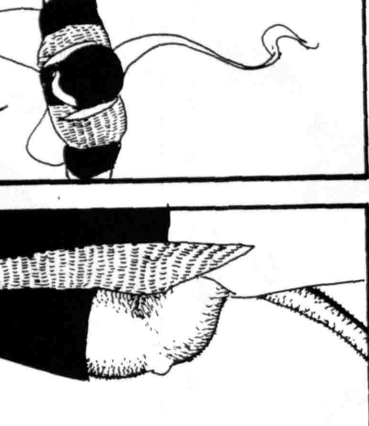
How?
 BYRNE'S COMICS
 ISLAND CARDS.
 Ever hear of the Black Plague?

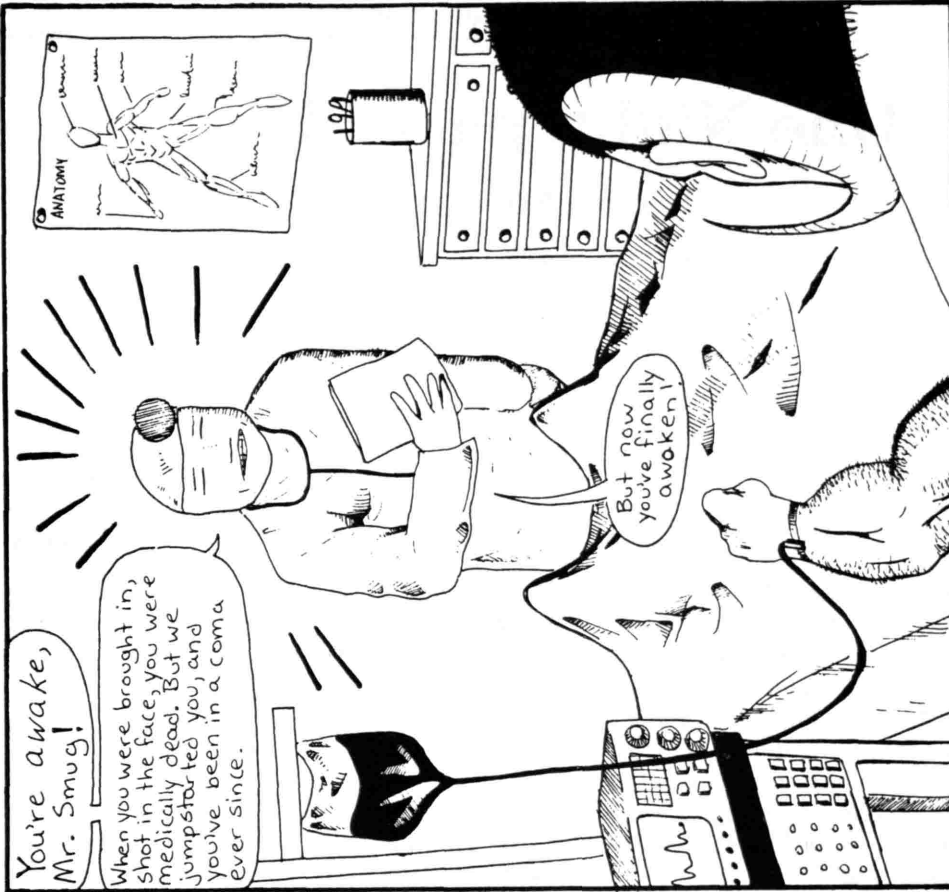
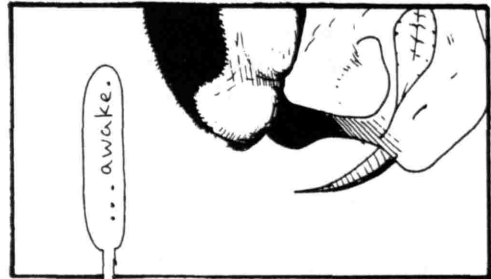
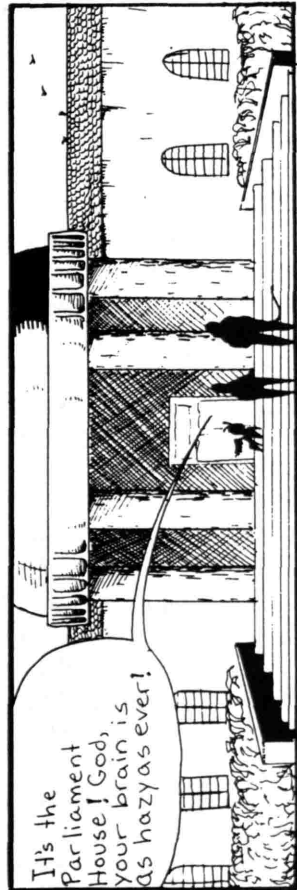


Uh... whatever.



Hey, what's this building?





JOE SMUG ^{VERSUS} HARVARD
NEXT ISSUE

One Night, part VII

The Price of Sobriety

By James Fleming

Author's note: For those of you who read the first episode of this story in the Winter 1992 issue of Voo Doo and are still alive today: congratulations on your longevity. It's been three long years, and I figured if I hurried there might still be some juniors and seniors who remember this series when it started. There's probably some tenured faculty who still remember, and of course all you grad students working on your PhDs remember the first episode and will probably be around for my next series. Heh.

Rather than recapping the story, I thought I'd simply refer you to the old episodes in back issues of Voo Doo. But of course the paper it was printed on (I have a sample preserved in argon in my study) has all long since decayed into nothing more than vaguely humorous mulch, a change of state that many readers may not even notice.

David, our drug and drink addled anti-hero has just had a big confrontation with his brother who has revealed that they are both IMMORTAL (!!!) or at least very very old, but are thankfully not vampires, and are simply freaks of nature, trisomic, with 47 chromosomes, an extra copy of chromosome 15.

David was involuntarily lured to his brother's posh secret hideout in Disney World after one or more centuries of separation. Relations between the brothers are strained, as David's brother murdered his latest girlfriend, just to get his attention. David was living in Boston, eeking out a strange living among gangsters, drug dealers, super models, and even shadier characters. He's lived there for fifteen years after undergoing electroshock therapy at Mc-Clean's; a treatment that left him without memory of his previous life as an immortal. Those wishing to review the series may look at the Voo Doo Web site.

David is left in a strange shocked daze after being stalked and devoured by the memories of cen-

turies gone by, memories that until his brother restored them, were safely locked away. We join him now as he stumbles zombie-like into the dinner room to dine with his brother.

• • •

Dinner in his study. Book cases, computers, paintings, statues, rugs, crystal, teak, marble, china, metal. Decanter.

Memories of sun beaten soil and chatting women washing clothing in a stream.

He was sitting across the table, linen, silk, scent, slick hair, bright teeth, red lips.

Decanter on my side. Full glass.

"David? David, are you quite all right?"

Look up, voice quiet. "You can call me Tizkan, Melesh. After all, it's my name."

Sudden beaming smile, gleaming eyes. "Tizkan, you remember! Tiz. Brother!" He pushed his seat back and started to get up.

"Stay seated. Don't touch me. Don't even think of touching me. Now if you would, tell me of the very beginning, our beginning."

Melesh sat down again, slowly. His hand reached over to my decanter, wavered, then grabbed a silver pitcher, poured water from it to his glass.

"Certainly, of course, dear brother. We were civilization back then. Upper and lower Egypt spent their time and energy fighting with each other. Easy prey for invaders. Stupid primitives. They learned everything from us later: farming, warfare, pottery --"

"You're a prissy bastard!" The words rang out of my mouth and across the dinner table to land in the ears of my brother, rudely interrupting his

fascinating narration.

"Tizkan," he besought "I was just explaining our past. I'm sure you want to hear..."

"I want to hear nothing but my own beligerent voice you bastard. You were about to tell me how I was born in 3471 B.C. in lower Mesopotamia. How our father was an irrigation ditch planner for the state, and how our mother slaved for years to provide us with a nice home and a good upbringing only to be horrified that neither of us made it to puberty during the thirty years she new us!

"You were going to tell me how we both whined and whined for years because we never looked like the other men, had stragglng little beards, but virtually towered over them all young and gangly and awkward looking for HUNDREDS of years.

"You were going to tell me how I spent my first hundred years stoned off my ass in a rinky dink village somewhere pretending to be an oracle while YOU went and trained yourself to be a warrior and slowly assembled armies.

"Oooh.. I'm so impressed. Well, I'm here to tell you Melesh, leave me alone! Leave me the hell alone! Stop killing my girlfriends! Stop invading the countries in which I live! Stop burning down all the black lotus plants in Kush!!!"

The hateful man sitting across the table from me, my brother, tried interrupting "Brother! That was thousands of years ago... There is no more black lotus... You never even lived in Kush"

"Thanks to you! Bastard!

"Tizkan, look at yourself, you're upset. Why don't you have some wine."

"Some wine! Some wine! You have manipulated me and countless others shamelessly for over THREE THOUSAND YEARS!!! Look at you, you're still just a kid. A nineteen year old kid.

"I work out."

"Doesn't matter! Godamn, not a line on your cute little face. Your beautiful golden skin, your commanding hazel eyes, your damn pony tail. And look at you, what do you do? You're a costume designer at Disney! At Disney. And now look at me!!! Puffy face, broken blood vessels, wrinkles about the eyes and forehead. Scars crisscrossing my body, what the hell" and I pounded my hand on the table "What the hell! What the hell!"

He grinned suddenly, disarming me. "I always did get all the girls."

I collected my arms. "You didn't even want them! Always your armies, always your plans, always your little schemes and secret organizations

with your passwords and handshakes and intrigues. That's all you ever cared about you supercilious neo grunge nazi prig!"

"Not true, brother, I always cared about you."

"Cared about me? Cared about me? You're always dragging me out of my stupors and benders and wild hundred year binges. You're always trying to fiddle with my life, always trying to get me to work in your nasty little organizations. Ooooooh. Big man. So organized."



At this he became outraged. I was amazed. Three days under his supervision and I hadn't seen him lose his temper or show a real emotion once. Always cool and collected, he now snarled and kicked the dinner table, a really big and elaborately prepared dinner table may I add, solid oak, fourteen feet long, probably over a hundred pounds. He kicked it out of his way, upsetting its contents and slamming it against the wall. "You insolent... pathetic..." he struggled for words "stupid... drug addled moron..."

"Of course I care about you! I don't like to see you strung out the way you are. You take no care of yourself. You look almost *ten* years older than I do. Ten. At your current rate you'll be dead in just another twenty thousand years or so. I'll go on for another seventy thousand. Do you think I want to see you die? You take no care of yourself. You eat bad food, drink incessantly, take drugs no one has ever even heard of. I care about you. I know you. You and I are alone Tizkan. Alone in this world. We have only each other.

I was speechless. He was not.

"I'll admit, my plans used to be childish. The dreams of an adolescent. Conquer a kingdom here, reign as God-Emperor there... I'll admit, it was misdirected, misguided. But now, I have a purpose. A true purpose. One that I need you for, yet again brother. That's why I called you out of your hiding in Boston, playing house with your little girl Jeanine. You and I are made for greater things. We have a gift. Chromosome 15.

I collected my jaw from the ground. "Melesh, do you hear yourself?" I stormed around waving my arms. "I'll be dead in twenty thousand years, you said it. So what? So what? Most people get a tiny tiny fraction of that. I enjoy my life. I can relax. I liked Jeanine. She was nice. She liked me."



Melesh took the opportunity to laugh. "She would have been dead within a year. Living with you, anyone would be. You're death to all who touch you. My men briefed me. She was young. She tried so desperately to keep up with you. She did heroin to please you, you got her hooked. She tried drinking as much as you did and wound up in the hospital, close to death. All those countless lines of coke ruined the insides of her tender little nostrils, while you just went on, abomination that you are, drinking snorting injecting eating smoking whatever you could find... always out of your mind, every second of every day. You've always been like that! Your whole life! All three thousand years of it. You know, once I calculated how many liters of tequila you've drunk. Just tequila. Do you want to know how much?"

Abashed and suddenly slightly ashamed I just shook my head. I needed a drink, badly, and an upper. I started looking around at the wreck of the room we were in. The decanter lay broken on the floor. I needed my bottle, and my bag.

"Just about two hundred and twenty five thousand liters. My men watched you. You drank tequila solidly from 1645 to 1849. Over 3 liters a day. Three a day. Do the math. I studied you and studied you and came to the conclusion that despite your powerful constitution, it was hurting you. It keeps your immune system depressed. Your cells divide and they get errors in them. You don't heal as well. You are left permanently altered, flawed.

I laughed. "Ha! What do you know!" What a lame response.

"Oh I know brother, I know. Indeed. That is what my organization is doing now. That is what I pursue. Knowledge. That is why I need you." He waited.

Interested in spite of myself, I said "Go on."

"I've assembled a secret lab, right here in Florida. I have the best bio engineers from around the world all working together, around the clock, trying to solve one question, one problem. The riddle of why we're alive. You know we're trisomic, 47 chromosomes. An extra copy, a mutated copy of chromosome 15. By all rights we should have been fetuses aborted at three months, deformed monsters without eyes or ears and stubs for arms and legs. Drones, unviable. The men in my lab struggle to clone me, to clone us, to ensure our posterity when I die. I want you to..."

"Ah ha!" I yelled, "You're a cheap dime store novel villain. I've seen this one! 'The Boys from Mesopotamia' I've read it!" I howled. I was getting punchy and nervous, I hadn't had a drink in over an hour. The fresh bloom of my last coke hit had long worn off. I was getting the DTs. Delirium Tremens. Everything seemed far too bright, filled with too many details. I could hear my breath rasping in and out of my chest. I felt hot all over. I kept staring at my brother's eyes. Virtually twin to my own. 27 eyelashes above that eye. I could see em. And I could see the 29 on his other eye. The eyes blinked.

"I need you here to undergo testing of course. But I also need your mind. I need your help."

"What? My what?" I needed a drink bad, every detail in the room stood out in an unholy manner. The linen tablecloth fallen from the table glared white on the floor, stained with sour wine and garlicky sauces. I could hear my heart pounding in

my chest. Double time. Two beats. One fainter. His heartbeat. It was HIS heartbeat. I was sure of it, I could hear it across the room. Gentle wet sucking sound, 50 beats a minute, even this upset. I felt like vomiting.

He sighed. "You've always been the smart one Tizkan. Believe it or not. Of course I have a knack for command. A genius for it actually. A genius for command and organization. I have men planted high up in every government on the planet. Every major university... I've accomplished this over the last five hundred years. In preparation. Only recently, this century, has my research actually been able to go anywhere. But I've been waiting, consolidating. But you Tiz, dear Tiz, you are the key to all of this. I am convinced."

I stared raptly at his slightly flushed face, I squinted, trying to block out all other input. It didn't help. Every smell in the room assaulted me. Melesh's aftershave and deoderant. A fainter smell of his sweat, fresh broken as he implored me. Garlic and wine on the floor. Seafood. I vomited. Right there and then. Doubled over and vomited. He ignored me, staring off into space.

"Don't you see... We could die at any time. I know. A serious fall, an industrial accident. We heal very well, very quickly, and very completely. But our cells have differentiated. They're done. They're just keeping house now. Cleaning up after the ultraviolet, the carcinogens in the air, the food, free radicals..."

I spit pieces of caustic food out of my mouth and choked "Free the radicals!" He continued, not hearing me.

"A gunshot wound to the head would do it. We'd be dead. We can't regrow limbs, organs, anything. We can just heal, it leaves scar tissue. Not much perhaps, but we don't *regenerate*." He looked down at me finally. Noticed my distress.

I straightened. I felt strange, not high or low or confused. No jumbles of crazed thought twirled through my head. I felt dead in a way. I felt like a sponge, or a mirror. Absorbing everything around me, all the sights and sounds and details, sorting them into folders in my head, categorizing by color, height, size, volume. Filling in missing details by extrapolation where I couldn't see or perceive anything with my senses. I knew, just knew from his stance from his expression, from the tension on his shirt... I knew...

"There's a rip in your underwear!" I blurted. I

ran my hand through my hair. "Those shrimp on the floor weren't caught around here, they're the wrong color... they... My god, what's wrong with me, what have you done to me!" Everything was suddenly clear, blindingly clear. The clear of antiseptic, the clear of water, the clear of death.

My brother laughed. "You're sobering up, Tizkan. That's what you're feeling. What I do with men, my genius for command, you do with matter, time, cause and effect. You read reality. I read men. You really *were* an oracle, even if you thought it was just free drugs. We're a team brother, a perfect team, join me again..."

I jumped up and down a little, 178.32 pounds of gradually sobering hyper sensitive oracular genius. I was in the air for .454 seconds, my toes, heel, ankle, shoe sole all decelerating me on the way down. Two seconds from now I could see my hand reaching out to him. Grabbing his as it reached across the mess on the floor to grip mine.

I stood still for two seconds as he watched me, a smile dawning on his youthful face, his hand extending. I grabbed it...

To be continued... No, we're not kidding.

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The Class Clown Admonition

by Kent Lundberg and Hoyt Bleakley

It seems like everybody got their feathers ruffled over the "IP Address Shortage Spurs Black Market" article in the last issue of Voo Doo. In addition to ██████████'s head exploding, we received the following piece of email:

In my opinion, Voo Doo isn't funny these days. Voo Doo today is an example of comedians and humorists getting the wrong message about what's funny. Some popular comedians and humorists of the last twenty years have had funny material which they delivered with a particular obnoxious, in-your-face manner. The manner accentuated the humor inherent in the material, but the material itself was funny, even when isolated from the manner of delivery.

Many comedians and humorists today got the wrong message from this, and are taking material that is not funny by itself (some examples are profanity and anatomy), and delivering it in that same obnoxious, in-your-face manner. Audiences laugh at the material out of surprise, but they rarely actually enjoy the material. This is evident from noting which comedians and humorists people continue to retell jokes from afterwards.

Also, the editors of Voo Doo seem to have trouble keeping their emotions and personal views from killing potentially funny articles. One example is the "IP Address Black Market" article from the last issue. It was a potentially funny premise, but it was evident that the authors had strong personal feelings about the topic. They tried to cram too much text into the article to dispel their feelings, and the article came out as a flame, pretty much devoid of humor.

The editors of Voo Doo would do well to take more lessons from comedians like Monty Python, and fewer from "comedians" like Andrew Dice Clay. If there were more absurdity and less obnoxiousness in Voo Doo, I would enjoy it much more, and would be much more likely to think of Voo Doo when pointing Web surfers towards funny sites.

• • •

We get criticism like this letter pretty often, so we're used to it. Usually the letters come from Alumni, because Voo Doo has never been as funny as "it was when I was in college." Normally, we fire off a suitably ridiculous letter, explaining that we haven't had time to come up with really funny stuff because we've busy building the pyramids, shaving cats, and keeping Richard Nixon's head frozen.

However, it's endemic. Every college humor magazine that we've ever talked to gets these letters, too (except the Stanford Chaparral, or so they would have us believe, those lying rat-bastards). It's not that people don't think that Voo Doo is funny, it's that some people just don't think anything's funny unless it's Dave Barry. Since this letter was particularly well written, we've decided to take the time to respond to it at length. Here's our response:

• • •

Thank you for your thoughtful comments. However, humor critique is the sport of the uncreative. Voo Doo may not be funny to anyone, but the only way to fight bad humor is with good humor. If you believe that your wit is mighty, then use it with pen instead of with sword. You are hereby cordially invited to submit to the next issue of Voo Doo Magazine.

That said, you seem to be under the mistaken impression that the editors of Voo Doo are some how engaged in throwing away the truly funny bits, and only printing the in-your-face bits about human anatomy. Not true.

In your letter, you state

The editors of Voo Doo seem to have trouble keeping their emotions and personal views from killing potentially funny articles.

Here you have confused the concepts of "author" and "editor." The editors of Voo Doo see themselves much more as "common carriers" than "masters of content." We're not so much "editors" as "layouters" and "formatters." Back in the days of "Voo Doo's Tool and Die," the editors used to pride themselves

on never having rejected a submission. While we no longer meet that high standard, we are still limited to printing what we get.

You continue,

One example is the "IP Address Black Market" article from the last issue... They tried to cram too much text into the article to dispel their feelings, and the article came out as a flame, pretty much devoid of humor.

A-ha! You have shown your hand. Now we finally see the true reason for your current distaste in Voo Doo. It seems that we have recently skewered a "Sacred Cow" of yours [the letter writer works for I/S ---ed.]. From this single point of offense, you have created an elaborate argument that encompasses all of Voo Doo. After all, you don't want to have to admit that you're a petty, thinskin, mental dwarf. You want to have your distaste over this incident backed up by impeccable reason. So, in your offended psychosis, you invent some.

This reaction is so common that it's studied by anthropologists. We know we've done this when a person --- or a member of some group --- makes a point of publicly declaring that the magazine isn't funny. Sometimes this is followed by an in-depth discussion of **why** it isn't funny. More often, it's couched in thinly-veiled implications that we are somehow bad people, or poorly educated in the art of humor, for thinking that it is funny. With disturbing regularity, the Offended Party will invoke the con-

tradictory "Class Clown Admonition" and inform us that although people find our antics amusing, they are not actually funny.

Back to your main point:

If there were more absurdity and less obnoxiousness in Voo Doo, I would enjoy it much more.

Fine. Voo Doo sucks, but Voo Doo sucks because you suck. Voo Doo's existence is the proof that M.I.T. likes this "brand" of humor. If M.I.T. liked a different kind of humor, then M.I.T. would write a different kind of humor. The entire M.I.T. community is invited to contribute original humor to the magazine. You are always welcome to "improve" Voo Doo by submitting an article, column, cartoon or joke of your own, and I will personally guarantee that it will get printed. After all, it can't be as bad as "The Cybernetic Kid."

However, I don't believe that you will ever contribute. Why? Because you are content passing on your rewarmed net.humor leftovers like the fat Internet Slug that you are. Your idea of the zenith of humor is rec.humor.funny and the Usenet Oracle. That's fine, but remember that just because you put "HUMOR" into the Subject: line as you pass along your little email chain letters doesn't mean that it's funny. Just because you have a Humor subdirectory in your Athena account doesn't make you a comedian, an expert, or a critic.

Feel free to prove me wrong. Have a nice life.



Battle of the Bands and Why It Sucks

Art criticism by Echo Love

There's about a billion good reasons why this cesspool of an Institute should be dropped back into the Charles River muck from which it spawned, but the one I want to write about is Battle of the Bands. This annual display of unimaginative engineers attempting to play popular music is the funniest geek parade in America. Why in the blessed name of Jerry Lee Lewis do these losers insist on attempting to prove they are cool? Why can't they go back to masturbating in front of their Athena terminals while reading the SIPB minutes? Why do I give a rat's ass?

Okay, I can at least answer the last question.

Last spring I returned to Cambridge for the first time in four years. I had finally faced up to the evil of the Institute in my own way, by writing perverted, nauseating calumnies about the place. I felt much better about my undergraduate experience, so much better that I almost felt nostalgic, the key word being "almost." Still, when these pathetic losers at work invited me to a night of bad beer and bland bands at Slobdell, I said sure, what the fuck.

My companions, whom we shall call Dick and Rod because those are their names, met me at the airport lounge in the Student Center. For those of you who don't know where this is, it's on the second floor, facing the Kresge lawn. You sit there thinking, "shit, where did I put my boarding pass?"

Now, Dick and Rod are utterly worthless dweebs. They think Hootie and the Blowfish are cool, they thought Forrest Gump was deep, they drink light beer in moderation. Of course, they worshipped me like the goddess I am, which was okay for a while, but was getting old at the time. I could just see what they were thinking: "gee, Echo is such a self-destructive, drunken, cynical slut because she hasn't met the right man, somebody caring and sensitive, somebody who isn't afraid to cry while watching the Lion King, somebody like me." Right, yeah, sure.

Since, I knew they were going to bore the shit out of me, I figured I would get roaring drunk, then go home with the first halfway cute Senior House loser I saw. Senior House losers are either incredible to fuck or boring as hell, but I was feeling lucky that

night.

So, anyway, I went into Slobdell with Dick and Rod. They sat down somewhere to the right of the stage while I went out to get my first two beers. They were really yellow and really flat (I'm referring to the beers) but they only cost me a buck, so what the hell.

The two losers started hitting on me in their own pathetic nerdy way, while I entertained myself looking at the first band setting up. Now, you can tell everything you need to know about a band by how they are dressed, and these guys looked like they had just woken up in the back of a lecture hall. They wore sweatpants and sweatshirts in dorky colors like yellow and lime green. Even worse, they had tidy, boring, short haircuts. I knew they were going to be bad, it was only a question of how bad. →



While they set up I remembered another reason MIT bands suck, they take forever to tune up. These buttplugs took a full fifteen minutes to tune up their two guitars (one electric, one acoustic) and bass. They only took fifteen minutes because they used one of those fancy-ass electronic tuners. Jesus, they hadn't been announced yet and they already pissed me off.

They eventually were announced and began playing. The first song they did was "Take it Easy" by the motherfucking Eagles. It is physically impossible to do a cool version of this song, and playing it note-for-note like these guys did should be illegal in the Commonwealth. But God bless Coors, I had to take a leak, so I was able to leave my lame-ass companions alone, grooving to the mellow sound of the Wankers, or whatever they were called.

I came back to the table a few minutes later, after writing nasty things about Paul Gray's manhood in the stall and picking up a couple more brews. The Monkey Spanks were in the middle of performing "Uncle John's Band" which reminded me of this great song I heard once on 'MBR (that's the beauty of 'MBR you only hear songs once) that went "I hate the Grateful Dead/I'll be grateful when they're dead/I HATE/THE DEAD!"

"Hey Echo, aren't these guys cool?" said Rod. "No," I answered, "they suck more than Michael Jackson at a Boy Scout Convention."

They ended with a rocking cover of Elton John's "Rocket Man." It is possible to do a cool cover of this song, but only if you are as shameless as William Shatner. Come to think of it, you can only do it if you are William Shatner.

It finally ended. Rod and Dick talked about how good they sounded and how they were definitely going to make the finals. Sadly, they were likely right.

The next band up showed another danger sign right of the bat. The guitar player was wearing an open dress shirt, his puny hairless chest bare for all to see. This look, just like V-shaped guitars, has never, ever been cool. Not only has it never been cool but you can mathematically prove that it will never ever be cool. Chestboy was not only the guitar player, but also the vocalist. Yes, it was the dreaded power-trio. Thank you Kurt Cobain, you stupid fuck, it was bad enough inflicting Courtney on us, but bringing power trios back was truly evil. Actually I'm being hard on Mr. Buckshot for Breakfast, since this is MIT after all and the blame should always lie with one group: Rush. The first song they did was

a cover of Jimi Hendrix's "Fire." I must say it's a cool song, but only when the three members of the group are playing it at the same time. The band was at least loud, and once you made sure not to look at Dork-Slash on guitar, they were pretty tolerable. But the solo came up, and the guitar god wannabe, full of the spirit of Jimi decided to play it with his teeth. Kids: take it from Echo, playing guitar with your teeth only works if it looks like you do it every day and it's no big deal. Even if you fuck up every single note, as long as it looks effortless it is cool. This guy looked like the guitar was attacking his wisdom teeth or like he was performing an act that is considered a felony in the State of Georgia. It was so painful to watch that I went out to take another leak.

I came back, beers-on-hands, after writing libelous accusations about the Office of the Arts on the bathroom wall. They were doing some lame classic rock crap when I came back. Rod and Dick thought they rocked. Finally they announced the last song. It was an instrumental. I couldn't figure out what it was until the weenies sitting behind us yelled it out: "Y Y Z !!!!! WOOOOOHHHHH!!!!!"

Even more than Michael J. Fox, Rush is the anti-Elvis. Any band that writes an instrumental with a drum solo should be condemned to play State Fairs in Idaho for the rest of their lives.

It ended somehow. The night was a total waste, I thought to myself. There were only two bands left and I wasn't drunk enough to consider any guy there attractive, thanks to the fucking light beer they were serving. Having nothing better to do, I entertained myself by dissing my two companions. It was too easy for it to be fun, but there was nothing else.

The next band was a five-piece "original" band with cheesy Casio keyboards and an instantly annoying vocalist. The vocalist wasn't annoying in a Bob Dylan fingernailson-blackboards way (of course, I like Dylan, since he is an asshole). He was annoying in an Eddie Vedder/Billy Corgan God-It's-So-Hard-Growing-Up-In-The-Suburbs-Because-Your-Parents-Yell-At-You-And-Like-The-Bigger-Kids-Pick-On-You-Because-You're-A-Total-Weenie kind of way. They played loud, I will grant them that, but the keyboards and the overly dramatic tortured artist thing was a bit much. I wanted to go up there, smack the guy upside the head and yell "YOU'RE A WHITE SUBURBAN PUNK, JUST LIKE ME! STAND UP STRAIGHT! GET A JOB! AND STAY AWAY FROM THOSE ROCKS!" But again, it was light beer, so it wasn't doing shit.

I sat through the whole set, just so I could skip out between bands to take a leak. At least then I wouldn't have to talk to my two loser friends. I knew that since I had been pounding away beer after beer, they thought that they had a chance with me. Hell if the Atlantic turned a hundred proof there wouldn't be enough booze in the world to make me fuck either of them. But they always held out hope, just like Charlie Brown with that fucking football.

The last band was four guys and a Wellesley chick. They started by doing a Blondie song. It was getting to me, the futility of that night. No Senior House loser, no buzz, no good music, just me and these two dweebs who wanted to get in my pants. It was exactly like MIT had always been. It sucked a lot.

Rosy Palm and her Four friends did a couple of boring original pop songs, which she delivered as if they were "Meaningful Statements About The World We Live In." Somehow my resentment was becoming focused on this band. They were evil personified. All the guys in the room were paying attention because the Wellesley chick was blonde, sensitive, sincere, cute and absolutely non-threatening. Which is the whole problem with Battle of the Bands, and by extension MIT student society, it rewards blandness. You will never see a real punk band play Battle of Bands, let alone make the finals. Only bands that tune their instruments after every song, play classic rock covers note-for-note and end with YYZ need apply. The whole place needed a high colonic.

The latent Natalie-Merchant-Syndrome of the singer broke free in the next song, which she introduced as a song about her cat. It was so insufferably precious I almost threw up. I had to get out of there fast. The song ended after four excruciating minutes. I should have made my move right there but I didn't. I had the sinking feeling that I had not seen the worst yet, and the experience would not be complete if I left early. After two harmlessly annoying songs they announced the last song. I was right, I hadn't seen the deepest pit of Battle of the Bands hell, because they played "Like a Prayer."

If there's one thing that can suck more than blandness, it is contrived rebellion, and that's what Madonna is all about. They even picked her most pretentious song ever. It was everything I had hoped for in terms of evil. I was morally justified in doing something about it.

Not wanting to be around Rod and Dick anymore, I made my move. But instead of heading towards the door I headed towards the stage. I jumped on, shoved the bimbo off the mike and screamed into it. The band stopped playing, the crowd quieted, I smiled, then yelled:

"AAAAANNNNNAAAAARRRRRCHEEEEE !
! ! ! ! GET PISSSSSSSEDDDDD ! ! ! !
DEEEEESSSSSTTTTRRRRROY ! ! ! ! !"

I tossed the mike stand into the audience, then ran like hell out of there.

Dick and Rod have not hit on me since.



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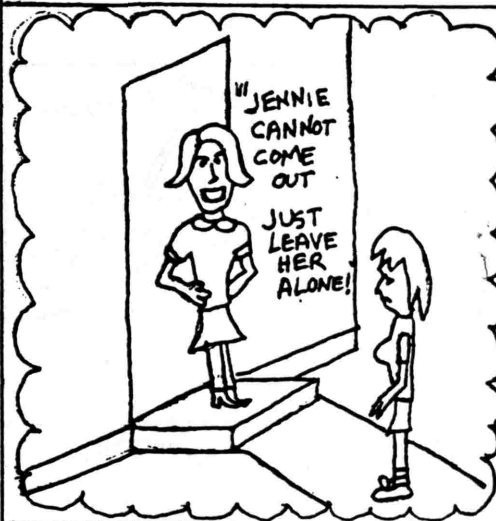
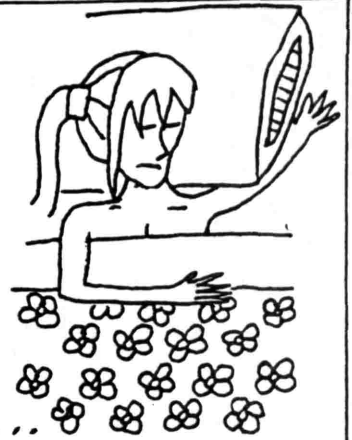
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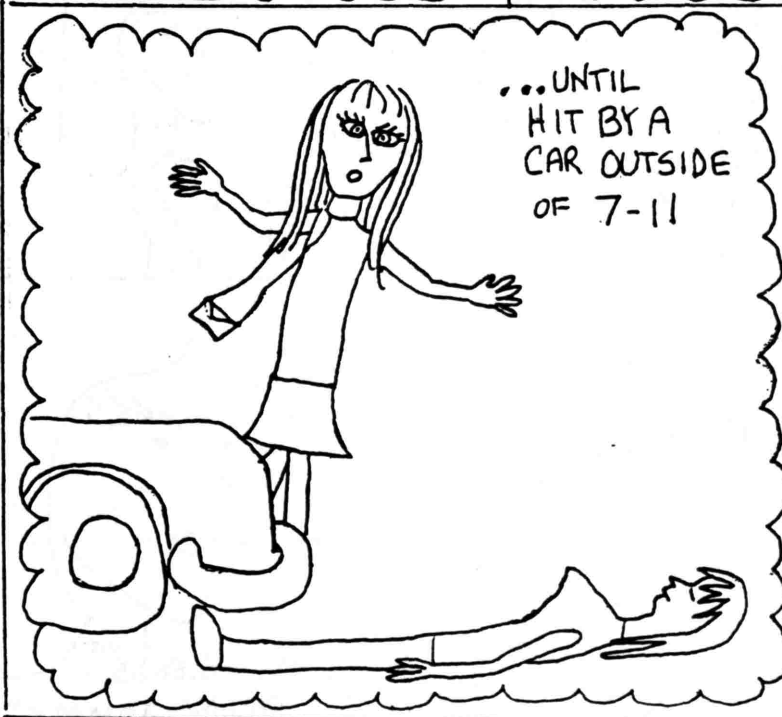


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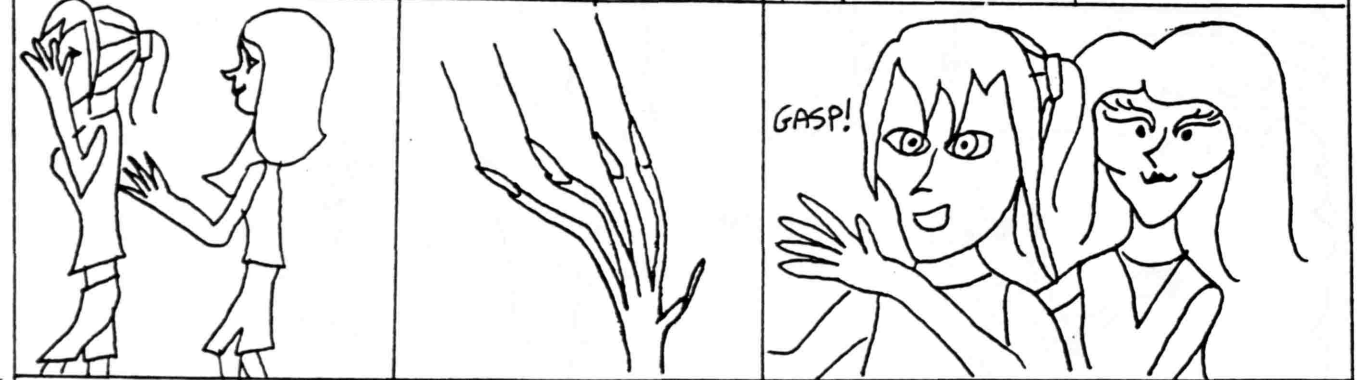
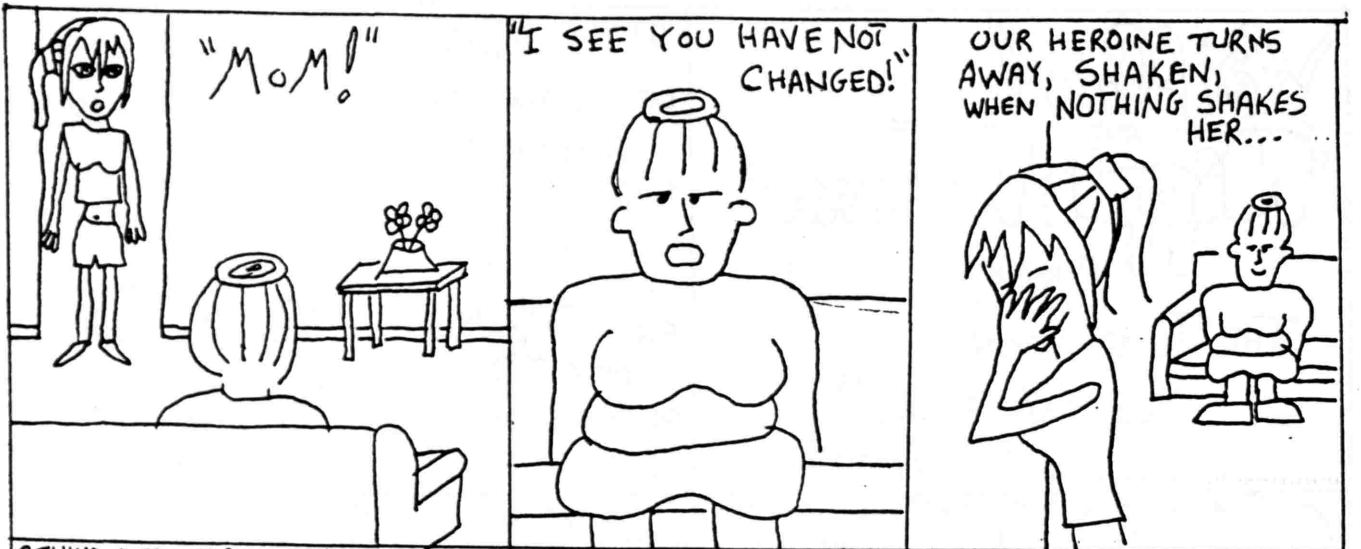
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Pablo Heads West

by Spraxlo Lines

Above an endless range of silhouetted mountains, the cotton candy clouds lounged in an orange soda pop sunset. Jimmy Momson stared at the stationary pink swirls for a long while, then turned back to the western playing on what was supposed to be the gas station's security monitor. It was that old manifest destiny thing --- roughnecks and their families in covered wagons *vs.* the inscrutable savages riding bareback, plus an added twist of small town sheriff *vs.* cosmopolitan rogue. The Indians were just white men wearing loin clothes and a darker shade of makeup, but you didn't notice that so much on the old black and white TV. Anyway, black and white was all Jimmy needed to tell the good guys from the bad.

But Jimmy wasn't really watching the video, either. He'd seen it all before, just as he'd seen all the other movies the station had for rent, just as he'd seen that blazing orange sun sink into its sweet pink bed on top of the purple mountains. There was nothing to do there but wait. He had already waited all afternoon without a single customer, and he could feel the lonesomeness of the night beginning to blow in on the evening breeze. So when an avocado-green Eldorado cruised up to the pumps with a cloud of dust on its tail, Jimmy reached for his ten-gallon hat and stepped out the door with the smile already stuck on his lips.

The airborne dust had overtaken the parked Caddy and was settling all around. Out of it emerged a short plump bald man wearing sandals, shorts, and a striped polo shirt. The black and white stripes made a sharp contrast with his deeply tanned skin, but they harmonized with the lines on his round forehead. He spoke with a heavily Frenchified Castilian accent. "Hoowayer is zee head?"

Jimmy adjusted his glasses under the brim of his hat and stared at the little round man as if he were green and had said in a strange monotone, "Take me to your leader."

The man stared back and insisted, "Le jean, s'il vous plait!"

Jimmy reckoned that the man was probably just Mexican. "Oh, you mean the john," he replied. "It's just around to the side. Fill'er up?"

The bald man pecked at him with his parrot-like gaze, "Oui, Monsieur, feel'er up!"

Jimmy fixed the nozzle in the gas pipe behind the Eldorado's license plate and went back to waiting. The orange sunset had hardly changed, but to Jimmy it seemed carbonated with fire. Eventually the pump cut itself off with a heavy *ker-chunk*, and then he heard a clapping sound wafting in across the desert sand. He turned to see the little bald man round the corner and walk briskly toward him. The clapping was just his leather sandals striking the blacktop; the sound had echoed off the side of the station. Jimmy was a little surprised that he hadn't heard the flushing of the john, but was much more surprised when from back around his stripes, concealed in the place where the devil keeps his tail, the little fat man drew out a huge revolver and pointed it at Jimmy's face.

"Nunc fur zee monee," said the man, and he gestured toward the station door.

Jimmy was petrified.

"Allons! Donnez-moi!" shouted the man.

Jimmy snapped out of it and marched into the station with his hands high over his head. As he rounded the desk, he looked instinctively at the TV monitor. There, in living black and white, an Indian sporting a Mohawk was waving his pistol at a Gringo topped by a cowboy hat.

The Franco-Spanish villain glanced up at the monitor and instantly began waving his gun around in the same way as the mohawked TV Indian, screaming "Zo you zink you will catch me wiss zee tee vee!"

Jimmy's eyes jumped incredulously back and forth between the black-and-white-striped bandit and the black-and-white TV, not sure which he believed less. "No, no," he whined in feeble denial, but it was too late.

The bandito-sans-mohawk raised his pistol and fired, once, twice, three times. The first slug hit the white man square in the eye, punching a jagged hole in the middle of the curved glass and blowing the big cowboy hat to kingdom come. That must have been an extremely lucky shot, for the next one ripped through the two-gallon tub of truck-grade

motor oil that sat on top of the TV, and the last bullet missed everything but a hanging display of windshield wiper blades. Thick brown motor oil glub-glubbed out of the ruptured tub, crawled down the spider-web-cracked TV screen and oozed into the still playing VCR. Jimmy staggered back and nearly tripped on a case of anti-freeze. Realizing that the striped bandit meant business, he pulled himself together as best he could, and quickly set the entire contents of the cash register drawer onto the counter, including the rolls of quarters, dimes, and nickels.

"Zats butter," said the bandit, and the money all disappeared into his pockets. "Tell me, what is zee name!"

"Jimmy," said Jimmy.

"Very good, Jimmy. Call me Pablo." He waved his gun and smiled, "Pablo Picasso."

Jimmy's head bobbed up and down. For a second, he felt much better knowing who he was dealing with. Then he remembered something he had seen in one of the rental videos: now that he knew the bandit's name, the bandit would have to kill him.

"Now, Jimmy, hands behind zee head! You come wiss me!" The roly polly bandit prodded Jimmy with the revolver and then kept it stuck into the back of his ribcage as they stepped around the corner and approached the john.

Jimmy's eyes grew wide; the end had come. He was sweating profusely and the desert was undulating in the twilight, a sunless mirage.

The black and white villain pushed him into the men's room door and said, as it gave way to Jimmy's sagging body, "You lie on zee flewer."

Jimmy closed his eyes and fell to his knees. He had cleaned the toilet only the day before yesterday, but now the stench was unbearable. *This can't really be the end*, he thought, *but it is . . .*

"I donut want you calling zee sheriff," said the bandit.

. . . Please, dear God, don't let this happen!

"Sorry I make zee big mess."

Please, God, please ---

BLAMMO! The large caliber slug slammed into the glistening white head and sent up a geyser of brown slop.

PING! The next bullet ricocheted off the floor and smashed the mirror.

POW! The final round shattered the porcelain tank and ten gallons of water gushed out to join the unspeakable mess already on the floor.

Jimmy's consciousness was fading fast. It was like returning to the womb. He felt his hands, his fingers, his whole limp body being pushed and pulled around as in a chunky primordial soup. Then all went blank.

A few minutes later, the little bald man calmly pulled the door shut and strode out to his avocado-green Eldorado. He wiped his sandals in the dust and casually tossed the gun onto the passenger's seat. Then he donned dark glasses and drove off into the last rays of the cotton candy and soda pop sunset, never to be seen in these parts again.

It was all the way dark before Jimmy woke up and gradually realized that he was not, in fact, dead, but merely half-drowned in a hearty shit soup. He took a long time washing himself off, changing into a spare uniform, and burying the old one out back. Having slipped discreetly into the ladies room, he used up two bars of soap and a whole can of Lysol disinfectant spray. He replaced the oil-soaked video western with the security tape that was supposed to have been there. Only then did he call the police.

The sheriff examined all the physical evidence, painstakingly reviewing the oil spillage and the murdered TV monitor, the broken windows and mirror, the excrement that was still spread all over the floor in the men's room. "That shithead was one hell of a lousy shot," he concluded. He drew closer and sniffed Jimmy's remarkably clean uniform. "So, I think I understand what happened to the security tape. But there's another thing that's been bothering me. I still don't get it."

Jimmy tried not to swallow.

"What were you doing all that time before you called? --- You said he pulled in here at sunset."

Jimmy looked away from his ten-gallon hat, which he'd noticed was still a little damp in the brim. "Listening," Jimmy stammered, "he was just standing there talking at me, waving his big gun, and here I was, listening."

"Listening?" echoed the sheriff, "Listening to some round little guy who called himself Pablo Picasso?"

"Why yes, sir," Jimmy lowered his voice, trying to make himself sound convincing. "That asshole really knew how to shoot the shit."

The sheriff gave Jimmy a long, pitying look.

Jimmy looked down at his shoes.

"Well, you got that right, son. Pablo *who?*"

Jimmy examined his fingernails just to make sure. The flecks of brown were all gone.

The sheriff shook his head, climbed into his

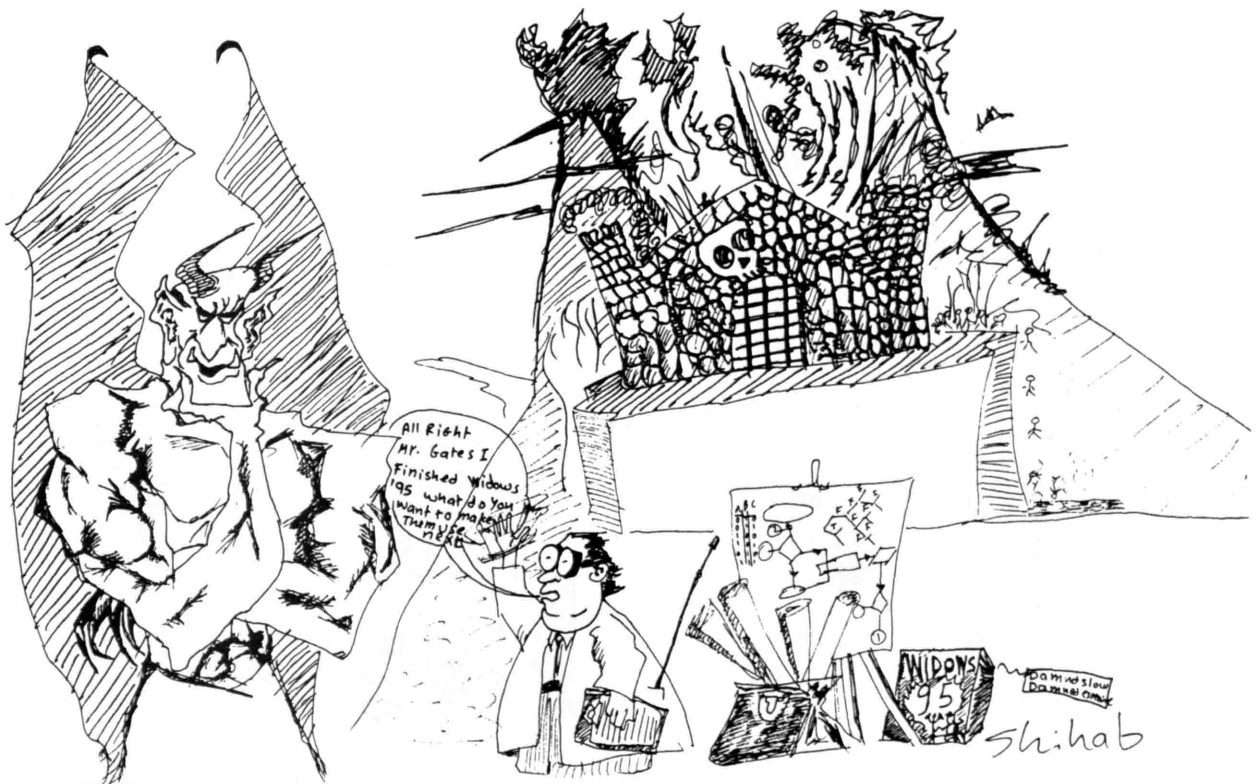
sandblasted old pickup truck, and started her up. "You sure you're alright now . . ."

Jimmy nodded. Then he just stood there. He watched the sheriff's tail lights slowly fade into the invisible horizon like a pair of red, sleepy eyes.

When he finally went back inside the station, he found the sheriff's long silver flashlight lying by the phone. He gazed toward the bucket and mop, then picked up the flashlight and walked out the door. He went around to the side of the building, switched on the flashlight, and, using his foot, pushed open the men's room door. Illuminated only in the narrow beam of the flashlight, the stinking john seemed like the interior of a cave. Jimmy shone the light on the floor, still covered with piss, shit, broken porcelain, and soggy toilet paper. There were drag marks made by his own fingers, as if the bandit had used Jimmy's arms and hands to fingerpaint with shit for pigment. The sight of it disgusted him so much he thought he was going to puke, but at the same time it frightened him, and that made him swallow, hard. He felt anger rising in his throat, but there was also something more, something that wouldn't

let him turn off the flashlight or look away. Out of all that mess, he began to sense, vaguely at first, some kind of form. It gave him an eerie feeling, but the more he waved the light around it, and the longer he stared, the clearer it became. It was the shape of a human, only its head was way too big, and even as he looked, it seemed to grow horns. Like a man with a buffalo head. Jimmy didn't know whether to laugh or to scream. he had always loved paintings of cows, horses, and especially of buffaloes, but now he was beginning to shake just from looking at this . . . this . . . **THING!**

It's only me, he reasoned with himself, it's only the outline of my own body when was I down and that asshole was pushing me around in it. Kind of like a snow angel --- or --- could it be anything else? --- it's the opposite of angel! He felt himself breaking out in a cold sweat. He wiped his brow. *No horns, he reassured himself, but now he was deathly afraid.* He tiptoed backwards, keeping the light fixed on the buffalo-man-thing's head and feeling the cold night air close in around his neck. Then he turned and ran back into the station, locking the door behind him.



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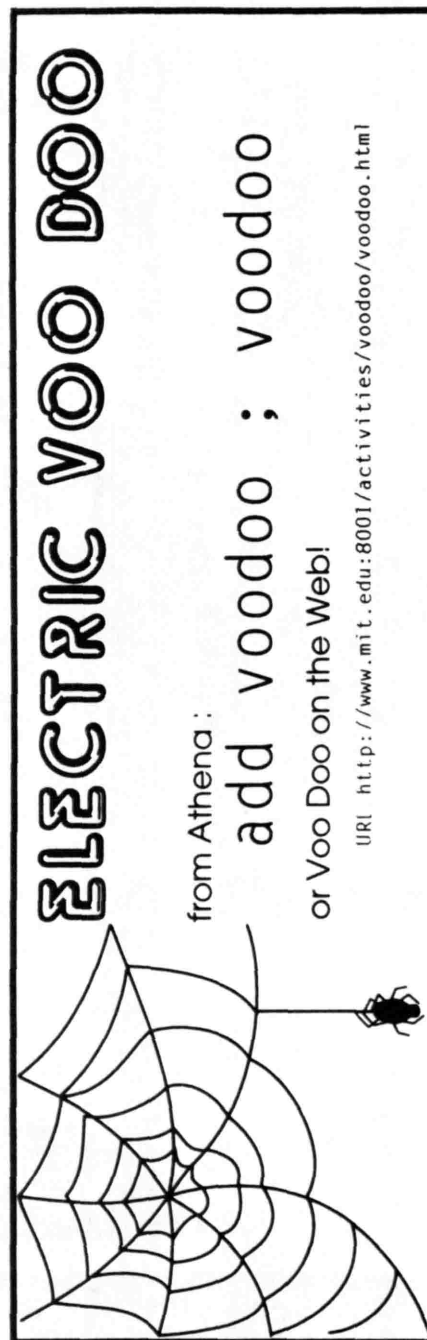


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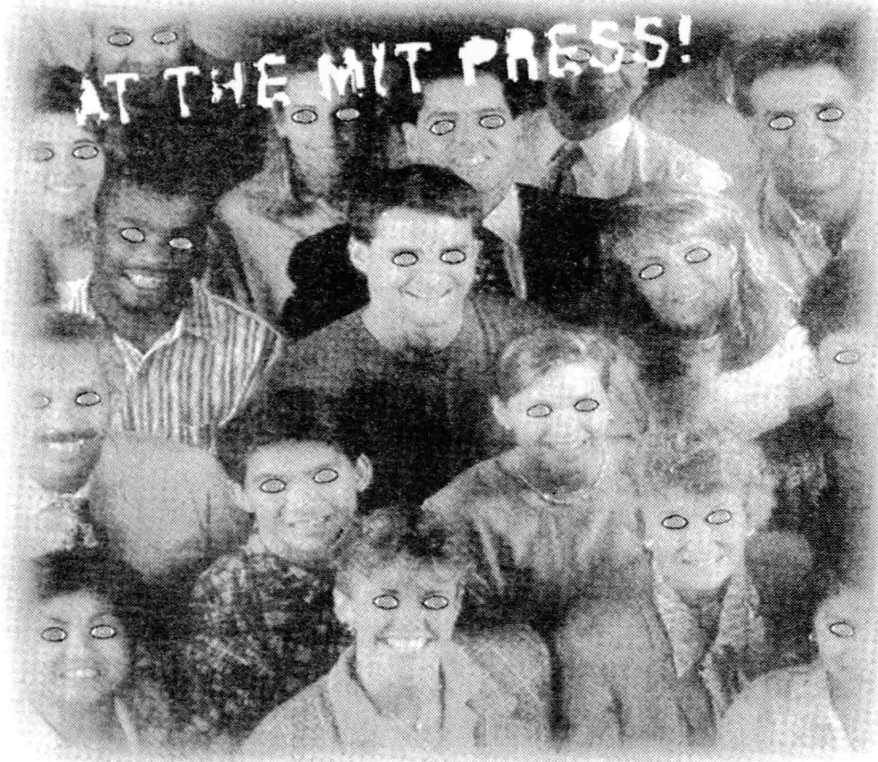
Made possible by the Peter deFlorez Fund for Humor at M.I.T.

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Contest Rules and Regulations

1. All entries must be submitted by 6pm on Monday, March 18, 1996. Text must be submitted electronically by email to voodoo-contest@mit.edu. Artwork must be turned in to the Voo Doo office, third floor Walker Memorial, room 50-309.
 2. The contest is open to all present members of the M.I.T. community: students, faculty, and staff, regardless of age, sex, race, creed, sexual identity, or ability. They must be funny, however.
 3. Entries will be judged by a five member panel of past Voo Doo editors and M.I.T. campus celebrities. Entries will be judged by how much they amuse, entertain, and/or flabbergast the judges. All decisions by the panel are final. Winners will be announced in the April issue of Voo Doo Magazine.
 4. The prize categories are as follows:
 - (a) Cartooning (single panel) \$100 first prize, \$50 second prize
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- A box of Jell-O(tm) brand flavored gelatin non-Newtonian fluid dessert-thing will be awarded to runners-up in each category.
5. All entries must be original and previously unpublished. Entrants grant first publication rights, and all rights to distribute, both in printed and electronic form, both whole or excerpts (including for the use of advertising future contests) to Voo Doo Magazine. All other rights are reserved by the entrant.
 6. Entrants cannot modify regulations or conditionalize their entries.
 7. There is no rule number 7.
 8. Artwork must be camera ready. Black ink originals are preferred (high quality photocopies are acceptable). Text must be either plain and free of formatting, or must conform to the Voo Doo Writer's Guide (please see the Voo Doo Web Page at <http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www/>).
 9. Entries cannot be anonymous.
 10. Entries will be returned only if accompanied by a self addressed envelope with appropriate postage (or interdepartmental address). However, Voo Doo is not responsible for accidental damage or loss of entries.
 11. The judges are discouraged from entering and voting for themselves.
 12. Whilst everything possible is done for the safe administration of this contest, the magazine and persons associated with it are not and shall under no circumstances whatsoever be liable for any injuries or death to any person whomsoever or loss or damage to any property whatsoever and whether suffered by any entrant or other person whomsoever and whether or not such such injuries, death, loss or damage are caused by the negligence of the magazine, the judges, the Editor-in-Chief, the staff or otherwise.
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Maniacally grinning, alien-enslaved personnel at The MIT Press, as they appeared in 1994. (File Photo)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. — They're back. The detested little green creatures, alien beings no more than four feet tall, have once again targeted The MIT Press in their scheme to take over the world. Unlike their attack of two years ago, this time their strategy is more sinister. MIT Press staff, who in 1994 were impressed into service by the aliens as robot slaves, are not even needed. This time the aliens are morphing into the actual books that The MIT Press has put on sale. Wrapped in the guise of irresistible Press titles, the despicable alien pests will try first to seduce you intellectually, subliminally, and then, once your books are read and are sitting on your library shelves — BOOM! — you're outta here.

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