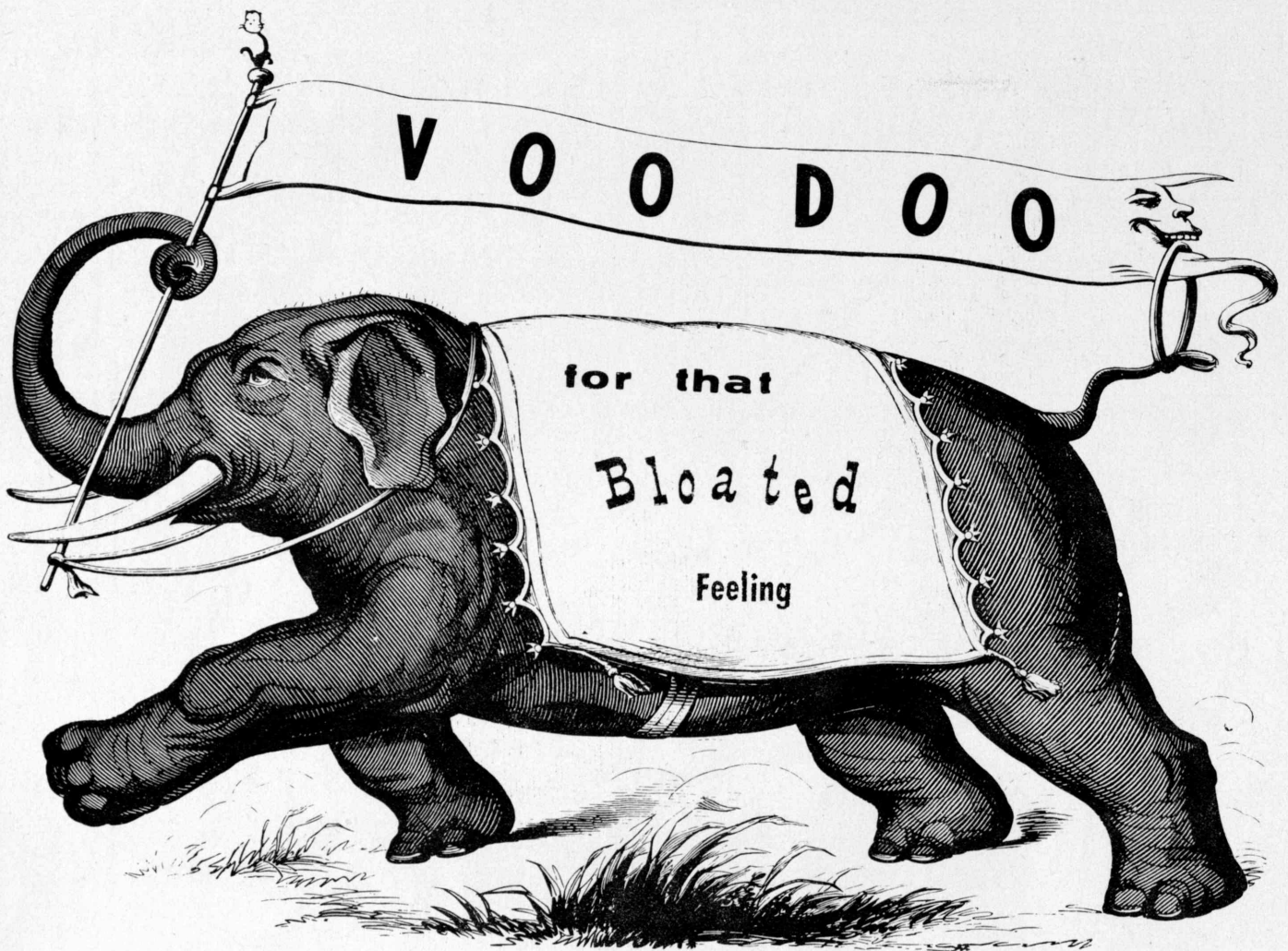


WE WHO
ARE
ABOUT
TO
DIE...



VOO
DOO

JANUARY-XXXV F
MEMBER-THREE



Yes, when you've finished your Eight Issue Subscription, you'll really feel Bloating that same pleasant, Carbohydrate and Fat feeling you get after a delicious Commons meal. Just think! For only \$2.80, VooDoo gives you at least 112 sheets of first quality rag-content paper (not to mention 8 stiff, deliciously crunchy covers); besides which, VooDoo gives you more Protein and Vitamins than any Commons meal! Come on, now, you can't resist this fantastic offer, can you, you gullible fool? Of course not! Just fill out the form, and sign away your life oh yes enclose \$2.80, too.

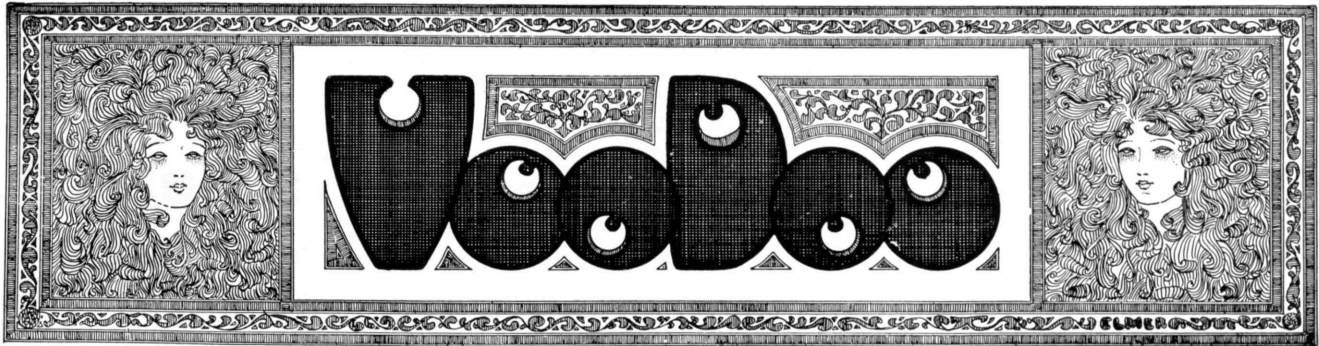
Yum, Yum! Send the next 8 delicious issues of VooDoo to:

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VooDoo Subscription Manager, 304 Walker Memorial, MIT, Cambridge 39, Mass.



We were informed, via postcard from "RJB" at Tufts University, that currently posted on campus bulletin boards there is the neatly typed and mimeographed advertisement:

TYPING

I'll do it for you!

Standard Campus Rates
Mary Jones

Just give me three
days notice.

Needless to say, shortly, most of the signs were folded as to eliminate the top line....

In deference to the better interests of MIT's municipal relationships, and to relieve our valiant representative to the "outside", Dean Wadleigh, we have decided not to print the second annual "I Hate Cops" issue. We pause, however, in memoriam of a great and eloquent issue, of last January, which did more than a little to repay the daily injustices perpetrated against col-

lege students, in a town which is largely supported by the college population.

Even among those enlightened beings that enjoy Rock 'n' Roll, few really pay attention to "flip sides." We had thrust upon us t'other day a copy of a Randy's catalog (the Schwann of Rock 'n' Roll), and we've gleaned the following flip sides. Look what you've been missing:

Come On / Nowhere to Go
(Johnny Adams / Ric Records)

Messed Up / I Don't Care
Who Knows

(Harold Burrage / Cobra Records)

Be Prepared / It Happened
to Jane

(Doris Day / Columbia)

Trust In Me / Anytime

(Eddie Fisher / Victor)

I Live The Life I Love / Evil
(Muddy Waters / Chess)

One of our informants was trudging through the East Parking Lot a couple of weeks ago when he spotted a lonely Volkswagen, sans parking sticker, parked against the curb. On the windshield was the following hastily scrawled note: "Have Mercy! It's out of gas and I have a class..." There was something else on the piece of paper, but our man couldn't read it. It was obscured by a large green tag tied to the windshield wiper.

From page 69 (no kidding) of the December 23rd. edition of the *Boston Sunday Globe*, a column entitled "The Stamp Hobby" declared:

The mid-February issue will mark the centennial of President Lincoln's proclamation that freed the slaves. It took effect Jan. 1, 1963.

We know some southerners who will be mighty unhappy to hear about this!

A couple of girls wandered into our office a while back,

'Only presidents, editors, and people with tapeworms have the right to use the editorial 'we'.' -- Mark Twain

and somehow or another the conversation worked its way around to a Harvard mixer they had gone to earlier this year. Oddly enough, they had nothing positive to say for the Redmen, but they did admit that the mixer contained "the nicest bunch of girls we've ever met!")



A Junior Board member came a-stompin' into the office the other day, screaming and hollering about a 6.05 quiz he had just gotten back. It seems it was such a screw, everybody had made below class average.



Our man was rattling back from a trip to Boston on the M.T.A. when he spotted one of those obnoxious Mental Health signs on the wall of the car. Penciled in the corner of the poster, in a barely legible psychotic scrawl, was, "Go crazy and really enjoy life!"



We were thumbing through a copy of one of those folksy Sunday magazines, *This Week*, when our attention was drawn to an article entitled "The Ten Wonders of Science," or some such nonsense. Well, being men of science ourselves and all that, we just had to read it to see what kind of pseudo-scientific pap the pub-

lic was being exposed to these days. Man, it sure straightened our day up—the first "Wonder" was the set of Maxwell's equations! In vector differential form, yet! We'll bet the "public" was impressed!



for better classroom work



CONTINENTAL '100'

PORTABLE Tape Recorder

100% transistorized—uses ordinary flashlight batteries...no cord, no plug, no outlet. Take the Continental '100' right into the classroom...record the lecture in full. Records/plays back up to 2 hours on a single 4" reel. Weighs only 7 lbs.—wear it over your shoulder as you do your camera. Heightens the fun at parties, games and songfests. Simple to operate?—push two buttons, you're recording...push one, you're playing back. Constant-speed motor with capstan drive. Complete with wide-range NORELCO speaker and dynamic cardioid microphone, permitting distant pickup. Ruggedly built, decorator styled...surprisingly low-priced.

...see it now at camera shops, hi-fi dealers and leading stores near the campus. Write for brochure: B



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High Fidelity Products Division
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In Canada and throughout the free world, NORELCO is known as 'the Philips'.

A metallurgist is a man who can take one look at a platinum and tell whether she's a virgin metal or a common ore.



Don: "What well-developed arms you have."
Cute Coed: "Yes, I play tennis."
Don: "Ride horseback, too?"



What can I do about this terrible headache?" a suffering victim asked his friend.

"Well," said the friend, "when I have a headache my wife puts her arms around me and caresses and comforts me, and the headache seems to go away."

"Wonderful," exclaimed the sick man, "Is she home now?"



And then there was the inebriated fellow who was arrested for feeding the squirrels in the park. He was feeding them to the lions.



"I heard you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why that's wonderful."

"Yes, but it's h-h-hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."



TECH COOP

ANNUAL JANUARY PIPE SALE

ALL FAMOUS NAMED PIPES
INCLUDED

BUY 2 AND SAVE 25 %

PATRONAGE REFUND TOO!

REGULAR PRICE	SALE PRICE	
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3.95	3.19	2/ 5.85
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6.95	5.59	2/10.35
7.50	5.99	2/11.25
7.95	6.39	2/11.95
8.50	6.79	2/12.75
8.95	7.19	2/13.35
10.00	7.99	2/14.95
12.50	9.99	2/18.75
15.00	11.99	2/22.45
19.50	15.59	2/28.45
22.50	17.99	2/33.75

TECH COOP

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

I never really read *The New Yorker*; I just thumb through looking at the cartoons. About 2/3 of the way through, the cartoons peter out into page after page of really slick ads. In between the ads are thin columns of prose and reprints of typographical errors that are supposed to be witty and urbane. I had been reduced to reading these columns while waiting for my appointment with Dean Lucre, Dean of Financial Aid at NYET, the New York Educational Trust.

I say "my" appointment with Dean Lucre though it was hardly "mine." I had been told: "Make your appointment with Dean Lucre by February 15, 1963." So here I was, waiting to discuss my financial position for the coming year.

The door to Dean Lucre's office opened and out darted what was obviously a freshman. He looked neither to the right or the left, but brushed past me to pick up his overcoat and books and shot out through the open door to the safety of the corridor. The Secretary called out my name and, putting down *The New Yorker* I entered the office of the Dean.

The office was rather small, and simply but comfortably furnished. Behind his dark, well-polished desk stood Dean Lucre, smiling in a kind, fatherly way. As we shook hands, he looked me in the eye and said firmly "No!" Somewhat puzzled, I sat down in the large comfortable chair before the desk.

The desk was covered with a large green blotter and on it lay open my folder. I say "my" folder because I recognized the white spot on the lefthand side under "Budget for the Coming Year" where I tried so vainly the year before to change some figures without leaving messy erasure marks. It had been carefully annotated with a red ballpoint pen in handwriting so small that I could not read it upside down.

The Dean was explaining: "You see, whenever possible I try to start an interview in the right spirit. You need financial aid; we have it, but not enough to go around, so naturally everyone is a little disappointed, so a negative start is best." He paused to look at my folder and then looked up and said: "Well, I guess you've had a little trouble gradewise this year; I guess that means you'll be needing less money next year, eh?"

"Why, no Dean Lucre," I replied, "as a matter of fact I was hoping that perhaps I could have a little more money this year. You see, my father writes me that things are a little tight; he says the cost of living has..."

"Now, now young man," interjected the Dean, "has your family's income fallen drastically during the past year?"

"Why no, Dean Lucre, my father is salaried. I guess his income hasn't changed since last year, but the cost of living is always rising... and besides he says the amount you ask him to contribute isn't realistic; it doesn't leave any money in his budget for emergencies or savings for retirement!"

"Humbug," cried the Dean. "Young man, our figures can't be wrong; do you know how they were arrived at?"

"Er, no Dean Lucre; it's just that they don't seem to..."

"Well, young man you remember that Parents Secret Statement you filled out last year? Well in the early fifties, Parents Secret Statement asked the parents of Harvard Undergraduates to fill out a questionnaire in which

An Afternoon

they asked each Harvard student's parents to state their incomes and how much money they were contributing that year to their child's college education. (Of course there was no way to check the accuracy of the parents' statements.) The data from that survey was tabulated and averaged and an "income vs. funds available" chart was made up. We have been using that chart now for about ten years and it has worked just fine; I see no reason to believe that the chart, rather than your father is wrong. (Of course, a few progressives, like National Merit, claim that the chart is inaccurate and have started using other ways to estimate ability to pay, such as the annual income tax paid, but they don't count. If we listened to them we'd have to let parents set aside hundreds of dollars per family member as an emergency fund!)

"But Dean Lucre, prices for goods and services have gone up quite a lot since the fifties, and besides no family spends exactly the average, some spend more, some less. The cost of living is even a function of where you live, North or South, town or country."

"Well young man," the Dean smiled pleasantly, "your father has his financial problems and I have my charts. Unfortunately for him, I'm the one in charge of financial aid. But your problem is not that we disagree about your parent's ability to pay, but that since your grades have slipped, your financial aid will have to go down."

"But I need more money next year, not less," I argued.

"That may be true, but fortunately for you, you will also need to spend less. This is an empirical law that I have learned as Dean. I call it the Marginal Propensity to Dispend - Stupidity Relationship, or simply MPDSR. MPDSR works something like this: Suppose a student is in the top ten percent of his class. He eats regularly, goes out on dates, shops at the Coop, has time to dress well. Naturally, all this costs money, so his budget is high and he needs lots of financial aid.

"Now suppose this same student should fall to the lower ten per cent of his class. He will be on academic probation. He will be worried, nervous and anxious and spend lots of time studying. What need will he have for regular meals and other luxuries,

with Dean Lucre —by Solon

he will be too nervous and have too little free time to enjoy these. Thus the student who is doing poorly needs far less financial aid than the student who is doing well. We have always distributed financial aid on this basis."

"But Dean Lucre, fifty per cent of the students at NYET receive some kind of financial aid. If they all wanted to get maximum aid they would all have to be in the top ten per cent, but at no time can more than ten per cent be in the top ten per cent of a class (This can be shown using elementary set theory or by the use of Venn Diagrams.) Doesn't this mean that at any time forty per cent of the students are receiving less than they would like to have?"

"Well, young man, obviously you haven't understood MPDSR very well. Besides there just isn't enough money to go around. For one thing, we undoubtedly give a certain amount of money to people who don't need it at all. This is because it is so laborious to check the validity of the students' statements."

"You mean some people get money by not reporting their true financial status?" I enquired.

"Well not for long," replied the Dean, "but it does put an unnecessary drain on our resources. Take, for instance the case of Cecil Vanderbilt III. He said his father was a Kentucky coal miner and made about \$2,000 a year to support his wife and eight children.

Cecil came here and bought a bright red sportscar. He maintained two mistresses in Boston during his Junior and Senior years. He ate dinner downtown every night, dressed extremely well, and had a 200 watt hi-fi set. We first became suspicious of Cecil a few years after he graduated when my secretary called my attention to the fact that his forwarding address was on Park Avenue. It didn't take much checking to find out that Cecil's father didn't work in the mines at all, he merely owned them!"

"Gee, what did you do when you caught up to him?"

"Why we made him pay back every cent, with interest!"

"Wouldn't some sort of legal requirement, some type of say income tax form like the W-2, help avoid giving money to people who don't need it?" I asked hopefully.

"Well perhaps," replied the Dean wearily, "but it would make so much extra paper work, and besides we've never done it that way before. I prefer to rely upon our own shrewd evaluation of the students. The real problem is that we don't have enough loan funds. While students prefer outright scholarship money, adequate loan funds make it possible for the same amount of money to be used more than once over a period of years."

"But if your loan fund is not large enough to meet the current demand, why didn't you join the Federal Loan Plan? Then additional loans would have been available to NYET students."

"Well, we honestly and truly would have liked to join that program, but we couldn't because of, ah, moral reasons. You see, in order to get a loan under the original program the student would have had to sign an oath that he was not a Communist or planning to overthrow the government. We felt that this was an infringement on the rights of those students who were NYET Communists or were planning to overthrow the government. It was unfortunate that the many had to suffer to protect the rights of a few, but we must protect the rights of those helpless subversive minorities."

"But shouldn't NYET have joined the program and then given the individual students the choice of boycotting it or not?"

"Er...Well, you must remember that we were acting in concert with some other poor schools like Harvard, and well, once we gave our word we could hardly go back on it just for a few paltry dollars in loans. What would I have told the boys at the

(Continued on page 24)

Official Communiques are not really as formal as you think they are; lately, in fact, certain World Leaders have simplified the task of protest-writing, etc., by instituting official form letters.....since they always say the same thing, anyway. Here, smuggled from the pouches of official couriers, are the heretofore unpublished forms.....

Date _____
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear ☐ Khrushchy
☐ Fidel
☐ Gov. Barnett
☐ Jackie

☐ Your recent Unprovoked Aggressive Actions are unacceptable to the people of the Free World, making Nuclear disaster inevitable. We demand an immediate apology, and withdrawal!

☐ World Peace has been endangered by recent advances in _____. We trust you will cooperate in stamping out _____.
☐ Federal Troops will be forced to intercede unless you desist in your attempts to _____. Moreover, economic pressures may be brought to bear.

☐ Why do we have to have French Peas every night? I'm getting sick and tired of them. How about some Borscht?

☐ I hear tell you've been looking around for a good Ambassador to the United Nations. It just so happens.....

☐ Think of what the Uncommitted Nations will say, if we practice _____ at home!

☐ Why must it always be your friends?

☐ We're having a little game of Touch Football today.....

☐ We won't stop testing unless you stop testing, if we stop testing, if you stop testing, if we stop testing.....

Sincerely,

J.F.K.

Date _____
The Kremlin
Moskva

Dear ☐ Jack
☐ Mao
☐ Fidel
☐ U Thant

☐ Your recent Bourgeois Reactionary Tricks are unacceptable to the USSR and her peace-loving socialist allies, making Nuclear disaster inevitable. We demand an immediate apology, and withdrawal.

☐ Comrade! Smile as you read this letter! You are going to be liquidated! Don't look behind you.....

☐ The workers and peasants of the world are alarmed at the warmongering activities of your ruling Capitalist clique, and as their representatives, we have instructed our operatives in New York to drop all our holdings in the stock exchange and come home.

☐ Don't worry! We are on your side! We really can't trust you with missiles or bombers, but we will help you with economic aid, advisors, technicians, and tutors. We will also send _____, as soon as we can figure out how to _____.

☐ We will bury you!

☐ Although your invitation has gotten lost in the Glorious People's Postoffice, I am coming anyway, so I may express the cause of ~~Communism~~ Peace and Friendship in person. Refinish the tabletops.....

☐ Please stop undermining my wall. This sabotage must stop at once! I like the wall.....I designed it myself! It will stand as a lasting memorial to me and my regime.
-Jurin Toomer
(Oooops, wrong letter.)

☐ Unfortunately, you have not heeded my Dec. 31 deadline to _____. The Great Humanitarian Red Army will be forced to intercede. Moreover, economic pressures will be brought to bear.

☐ We won't stop testing unless you stop testing, if we stop testing, if you stop testing.....

Sincerely,

Uncle Nik



Since this column itself is unprecedented (in recent years) in *VooDoo*, I'm going to do two unprecedented (in recent years), in *VooDoo*, things; to wit, agree with a *the tech* editorial and sympathize a bit with the much-maligned Tech coed.

The cause for alarm *this* month, brethren, is the Institute's housing policy as revealed in a flash of mystical insight to one Ryer, relayed by him to Mankind (in the travesty on sociological analysis which bears his name), and made Flesh in the brand-spanking-new coed dorm. Several years ago, in a letter to our illiterate downstairs neighbors, the then-president of East Campus (where else?) said: "Individual autonomy" is a phrase we hear a lot of around the Institute...." Hmm.... Have *you* heard that phrase lately? I guess it's incompatible with the Wholy Man—They've even stopped paying homage to it in the propaganda.

It certainly wasn't mentioned when they started talking about the new dorm. As even the most unenlightened of you *must* know by now, eventually all coeds will be required to live in the Bald Pagoda. Not only will they have to live there, they'll have to *eat* there. Or rather *pay* to eat there—The difference is important to the Dining Service. Twenty—count them—*twenty* meals a week! I wonder which one they don't get?

Hypothetical telephone conversation (*circa* 1966):

"Well, Stella, baby—I, uh, thought maybe we could, uh, you know, go out to dinner before the LSC or something..." (Silence) "Are you still there, doll-baby? I mean, say something!"

"I'm just thinking, Clarence—I don't think I'd better go. After all, I've already paid for Saturday supper."

"But, sweetums, you say that every time I ask you out for dinner. Boston has many fine restaurants which offer cuisines from authentic Chinese to traditional New England. Eating out in Boston is an educational tool! When will you go to a restaurant with me, beloved mine?"

"Well, Clarence, how about for Sunday breakfast? Stouffer's doesn't serve then...."

Now, I'm sure the Institute hasn't set out on purpose to bilk the coeds' filthy-rich parents out of their ill-gotten lucre. (I'm *not* so sure about Stouffer's.) I'm certain that whichever bureaucrats formulate this sort of policy (Notice I didn't say "plot these fiendish plots."), they are convinced that it's all in the coeds' best interests, but apparently the coeds don't agree—the upper-

classwomen, anyway. (And freshmen are notoriously ignorant—That's why they're freshmen.) Here's where a dose of that oldtime individual autonomy would be in order—for the reasons mentioned in *the tech's* excellent editorial of 12 December.

In better days, *the tech*, writing on compulsory commons, maintained that the negative aspect of compulsion "far outweighs any educational or nutritional benefits" which commons might offer. I'm pleased to see that a spark of that spirit remains and that the present staff is capable of generalizing the objections to coercion which they expressed in 1955. I extend my sympathy to our hapless coeds and wait dejectedly for the unveiling of the next marvel.

--Reed

It is not true that VooDoo is going to print another parody.

It is not true that Scientific American is trying desperately to obtain a court injunction against us.

It is not true that this issue will be our best parody yet.

It is simply not true. (Note to the VooDoo printer: under no circumstances is this note to appear in the Mag.

- The Editors)

A student was very indignant at being arrested. He staggered into the police station and before the captain had an opportunity to say anything he pounded his fist on the desk and said: "What I wanna know is why I've been arrested."

"You were brought in for drinking," answered the captain.

"Well, thass different — thass fine—let's get started."



"What did you say when Jack threatened to kiss you?"

"I told him I'd just like to see him."

"And then?"

"Well, Jack always tries to do what I like."



DE 8-8882

麗 香 飯 店

HOUSE of ROY

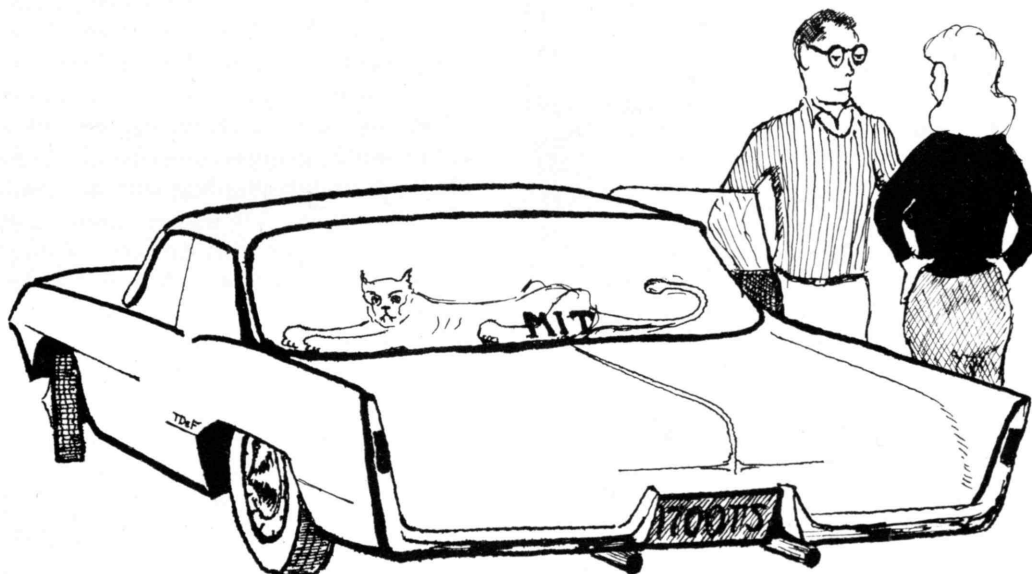
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FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

12A TYLER STREET

BOSTON 11, MASS.



NO, HE'S NOT STUFFED. . . NOBODY BLOWS THEIR HORN

AT ME IN TRAFFIC MORE THAN ONCE, THOUGH!

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE TRAVELLING

When your roommate is a freshman you don't answer the door much. You know his name automatically gets onto the sucker lists of a lot of undesirable people such as dope peddlers, newspaper boys, insurance pushers, and god squadders. And if he's not too offensive a freshman, as mine wasn't, and you're a paternal sort of roommate, as I was, you want to protect him from life's nasty shocks, keep him out of the hands of bad influences, and so on. I especially wanted to keep the usual dormitory solicitors away from him. To say nothing of me. So I never let him answer the door, and mostly ignored it myself. But that day I was expecting a visit from Grover, who had promised to smuggle some beer in to me. In my own defense I can only say that it sounded like Grover's half-hearted, furtive knock.

My eyes were dazzled when I opened the door. The last water fight had smashed the only remaining light-bulb in the hall, which was dark and dingy enough even when lighted. And there was this creature, standing in the gloom outside—but with his foot in the door, you bet—making me blink with the glow of his head. At first I thought he was a lightning-bug with a hormone problem. No such luck. It was a halo. But he did look like a beetle, with his earnest, bulging eyes and the somber clothes with thin hairy forearms protruding.

"You must be Khephra," I told him, covertly trying to shut the door. He was stronger than he looked. He said, "Who?"

"Khephra," I told him. I couldn't shut the door. I leaned forward so as to block the way into the room. "Khephra was an Egyptian god, a celestial beetle who rolled the sun across the sky. A dung beetle."

Ostentatiously, he sniffed three times. He wrinkled his nose. The atmosphere of my room was pretty rank, at that. I'd had a quarrel with the janitor two months before. For that matter, I was pretty rank. It was a choice of buying soap or enough food to stay alive on. I didn't want to be a clean corpse. Leaning forward a little farther,



ABOUT THE SALESMAN

I sniffed at the haloed one. He smelled of soap, naturally.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," I remarked brightly.

He sniffed again. "I place you," he said. "You're the comparative mythology type. You go around telling everyone that Christ was a solar myth. You're hopeless."

"Nobody's hopeless," I whined. "Where's your Christian charity? I know, you left it in your Sunday pants."

He drew himself up and reached for a pocket. I thought he was going to thrust a crucifix at me in hopes I might disappear in sulphurous flame. But all he came up with was a notepad. He consulted it carefully, as he would a Bible, and said, "There is a freshman named Clyde J. Clyde 2d. living here with you."

"No, I drank up all his blood and sent him down to the Commons kitchen. You can't come in now, anyway. We're right in the middle of our weekly black mass."

"You're withholding the light of truth from a fellow human!" he hissed. His eyes bulged some more. Probably he was trying to make them glow with the light of truth. I grinned.

"You're corrupt!" he howled at me.

I grinned some more and told him to judge not lest he be deprived of his parking sticker. He started to quote passages from Revelations in a progressively more strident tone. Saliva foamed out and dripped onto his brown Puritan-cut jacket. All the time he was shoving at the door with that spindly foot. I kept grinning, but it was all I could do to hold the door, even with all my weight on it. I was hoping Beaufort Beaulieu would come by on his way to the shower, stark naked and singing dirty songs, and maybe scare away the pest. But I remembered suddenly that Beaufort had quit MIT to join the Caodai ministry.

From the other end of the hall a voice shouted, "Hey Joe!"

I shouted back, weakly, "What?"

"Send over another, this one's full up!"

Maniacal laughter, in which I joined. The devout one jumped back from the door. His halo turned deep pink.

"Phone, Joe!" shrieked the faraway voice, between laughs.

I stepped into the hall and locked the door behind me. "Where did you hear that joke!" I sneered. I didn't wait for an answer. I went down the hall, turned to look about halfway. The Pyn-like character was slinking toward the elevators. His halo was pale and shrunken. I grinned.

It was Grover on the phone. "No beer today," he crowed.

"What'll I drink!" I asked him.

"Stick your tongue out the window. It's raining. That's why I ain't coming over."

"My pal," I growled. "I nearly got trapped by a bible-toter on account of you not showing up." I told him about it.

"You know what, Joe?" he said in an awed tone. "It's a miracle. All this rain was miracle-ized just so there'd be an opportunity for you to be saved. See? A miracle. Gee, I think I'll go out and just sit in it and let it trickle all over me. There's nothing like a miracle-ized rain to wash away your—"

I hung up and went back to check on my freshman. As I locked the door from the inside he looked up at me with that trusting face and asked, "Wasn't that Grover at the door?"

I patted his sleek little head. "No, Clyde, that was a monster known as Bible Bill. I hope you'll be properly grateful that I managed to fight him off and so save you from a fate worse than—"

Somebody knocked at the door again. "There he is again," I whispered. "Quick, get a wastebasket full of water and we'll douse him." He smiled ingenuously and hopped to it. I went over and opened the door. But when my eyes cleared this time, I saw that the halo was pale blue. It surrounded a cadaverous fellow in a white robe, who dragged behind him a little cart on wheels. A sanctified sandwich man? But no, the cart was full of tiny lifelike plastic figurines, some with eight arms, some with instruments in their hands, some in animal or half-animal form. Each one bore a tag with a name scribbled on it: I saw OSIRIS, VENUS ANADYOMENE, KORE, SEMELE, CERNUNOS, KHNEMU, QUETZALCOATL, VELIKOVSKY, ISAAC NEWTON, BIG JULIE. The man in the robe was holding up one for me to look at.

He said, "How're you fixed for gods?"

G.N.G.

Post Christmas Special

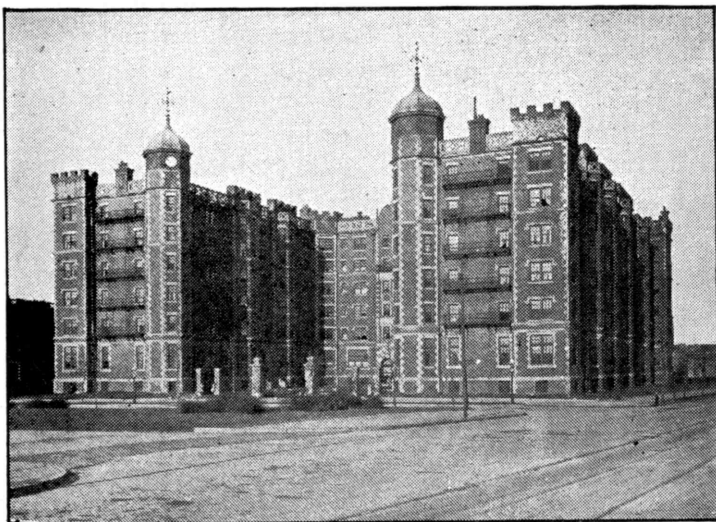
Rek-O-Kut NL33 H turntable	\$79.95
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(From MIT; down Mass. Ave to Putnam Square, left up Mt. Auburn St., the 2nd right is Plympton Street)



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Excellent Café

Table d'Hôte and à la Carte

Special facilities for Banquets, Luncheons and Assemblies

Menu Submitted

Phone Cambridge 2680

William W. Davis, Manager

Dave: "Do you always drink your beer that fast?"

Cary: "Yep, ever since my accident."

Dave: "Oh, you had an accident recently?"

Cary: "Yep, some guy knocked my beer over."



He: "Why wait 'til we get home before you tell me if you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared. This is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother."

He: "So what?"

She: "Well, on the way home the horses ran away and my father was killed."

The Transfer's Lament

Oh, pity the poor College Transfer
 Who once was so gay and so free.
 Oh, pity the poor College Transfer
 Who transfered to old MIT.

Gone are the halls he once hallowed,
 Which protected and sheltered him so,
 And gone are all the gut courses
 Which profered an easy 5.0.

No longer wrapped in green ivy
 Like the buildings that he once knew,
 His school's emblem which once was a football
 Is now a left-handed screw.

Liberal arts and the big college weekends
 Are now in the mists of the past.
 It's just days and nights full of tooling
 Richt up to the last dying gasp.

The beer drinking bouts down at Morey's
 And Rousseau in original French,
 Are forgotten thanks to Prof. Guillemin
 Or the 5.01 lab's awful stench.

To hell with all this engineering
 Which gives us no time but to cram.
 Take me back to my old Alma Mater
 Where at least I become a "Whole Man."

photography by -

Art J.







Our January Doll was discovered right here at M.I.T., where she is employed in the basement of building 14, in the Micro-reproduction Labs. She was, at first, reluctant to pose for so worldly a rag as VooDoo, but after much coaxing, she consented. She wouldn't, however, allow us to publish her name, weight, or measurements. (But, as you can plainly see, she is well-proportioned and petite.)

Her taste in literature runs to the plays of Ibsen (her favorite being *A Doll's House*); she is terribly afraid of all kinds of Cats (we kept Phos from making a nuisance of himself by locking the old fellow in Ye Editor's roll-top desk.); and she loves little girls.

Her ambition is to someday vacation in the sunny Caribbean...although she intends to bypass the tempestuous land of Sr. Castro, and might stay away from Haiti, too, for fear the natives might be inclined to stick pins in her.....



More Fun For The Feeble-Minded Dept.:

Hey, gang, what time is it? You guessed it! Grab yourself a newspaper, a razor blade (double edged and rusty), some slick-um, and join us in another four pages of journalistic idiocy...

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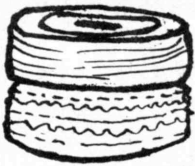
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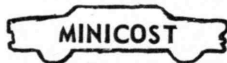
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Brutus was a beautiful dog, with a long, fine fluffy tail. He was, in fact, rather vain about that tail. He always carried it high and spent endless hours brushing it before he would go out on a date.

It was unfortunate that near the home of Brutus ran a railroad track, which Brutus had to cross to see a very special Cocker Spaniel named Ida. One day, as Brutus was on his way to see Ida, and as he was crossing the track, he was very much caught up in how pretty, well, how handsome, his tail was. He was, in fact, so caught up in his thoughts that he did not see the train coming until it was right on top of him. He jumped quickly off the tracks, but alas, not before the train had severed the tip of his beautiful tail.

His mental anguish was far greater than the physical pain. He ran up and down a nearby street thinking what he would do without that beautiful tail. He was sure he was a ruined dog so far as his happy bachelor life was concerned.

So, in desperation, he decided to go back to the tracks and get the tip of his tail and see if the good vet could sew it back on, as good vets were beginning to learn to do.

He rushed back to the tracks, but in his excitement he did not look for trains and a freight train cut his head off as he leaned down to pick up the tail in his teeth.

Moral: It is not economic to lose one's head over a little piece of tail.



"These are Grandmother's ashes."

"Oh, did the poor dear pass away?"

"No, she's just too lazy to find an ashtray."



There was an old woman, who lived in a shoe
Had so many children,
She didn't know what to do.

Evidently.

Two English gentlemen were sitting in their club reading. One approached the other one, "Excuse me sir have you ever been in Sussex?"

The second gentleman paused for a minute, took out a little black book, paged through it and replied, "As a matter of fact, Yes."

The first gentleman settled back, and then approached him again, "Did you know a Lady Chumley there?"

The second gentleman again took out his little book, repeated the same process and replied, "As a matter of fact, Yes."

The other gentleman after a brief pause asked, "Did you know her intimately?"

The second gentleman after again rifling through his book, replied, "As a matter of fact, Yes."

The first gentleman retorted, "Well, I happen to be Lord Chumley, and I don't like it one bit."

After rifling through his book again he replied, "Neither did I."




Wife: (to husband doing setting-up exercises before open window) "John, pull down those shades. People will think I married you for your money."



And then there was the forlorn engineer who, upon seeing a seagull flying overhead, exclaimed, "Go ahead, everyone else does."



Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop and the other made a duck under the porch.



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Continued from page 5

University Club?"

"But didn't the Government recently remove the offending part of the Loan Law so that the boycotting colleges and universities could participate?"

"Well, yes," replied the Dean. He leaned over the desk and whispered confidentially: "But there are certain, ah...certain reasons why we haven't joined the program which I am not at liberty to reveal now. Perhaps some day when I write my memoirs...But even if there aren't enough funds to go around the terms of the loans are almost the same."

"But isn't it true that under the Federal Loan Program if a student goes into teaching after graduation he can deduct ten per cent of the principal for each year he is teaching up to fifty per cent of the original loan? That means that NYET students who enter teaching, say while trying to earn higher degrees, can save several thousand dollars under the Federal Program."

"Well," replied the Dean, "The NYET Loan Program has a similar clause. It works like this: Suppose a student enters teaching after graduation from NYET. Each year he is teaching we ask that he pay back ten per cent of his loan. At the end of five years he has paid back fifty per cent and only has fifty per cent to go; this is just where the student on the Federal Loan would be after the government cancelled fifty per cent of his loan."

"But...Dean Lucre, I understand that you are retiring shortly. I imagine that it must have been very difficult to find and extensively train a successor. Naturally you would expect a Dean of Financial Aid to have an intimate knowledge of economics and be very well acquainted with the present problem facing students going to college today. You must have "stolen" some young man from

Continued on page 25

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some educational foundation who has had years of experience in Financial Aid."

"No, no," said the Dean as he chuckled at my naivete. "We found just the right chap right here in our own back yard. Rod Oak, our tiddlewinks coach is an all-right guy. He thinks **our** way, not like some of those punks at the National Foundations. It's true he knows very little about economics, and even less about the financial problems of college students. You don't have to know a lot of new-fangled economics to give out money, you just have to be shrewd."

"Why when I started as Dean I didn't really know beans about financial aid, but I learned on the job. When we gave a student too little money, he didn't come back to NYET. The next year we raised the amounts a small percentage. After four or five years you reach the point where students can just make it back. I call this the "Threshold" level of student aid. A lot of people think that we have an obligation to students to annually give all our policies a rigorous inspection, to conduct polls among the students to find out if our aid is adequate or merely minimal, to work in consort with other colleges to constantly meet the problems of changing costs and purchasing power."

"This, of course is unnecessary. All the minor changes needed each year are made without a lot of this research business. Fear not, young man, in our own way, no matter what the students may moan, we of NYET have, and will continue to meet the Challenge."

--by Solon

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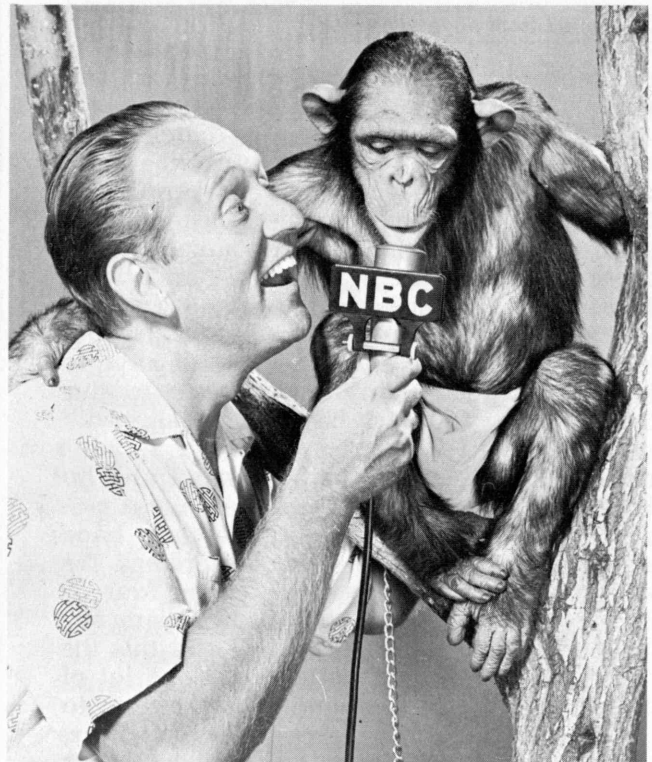
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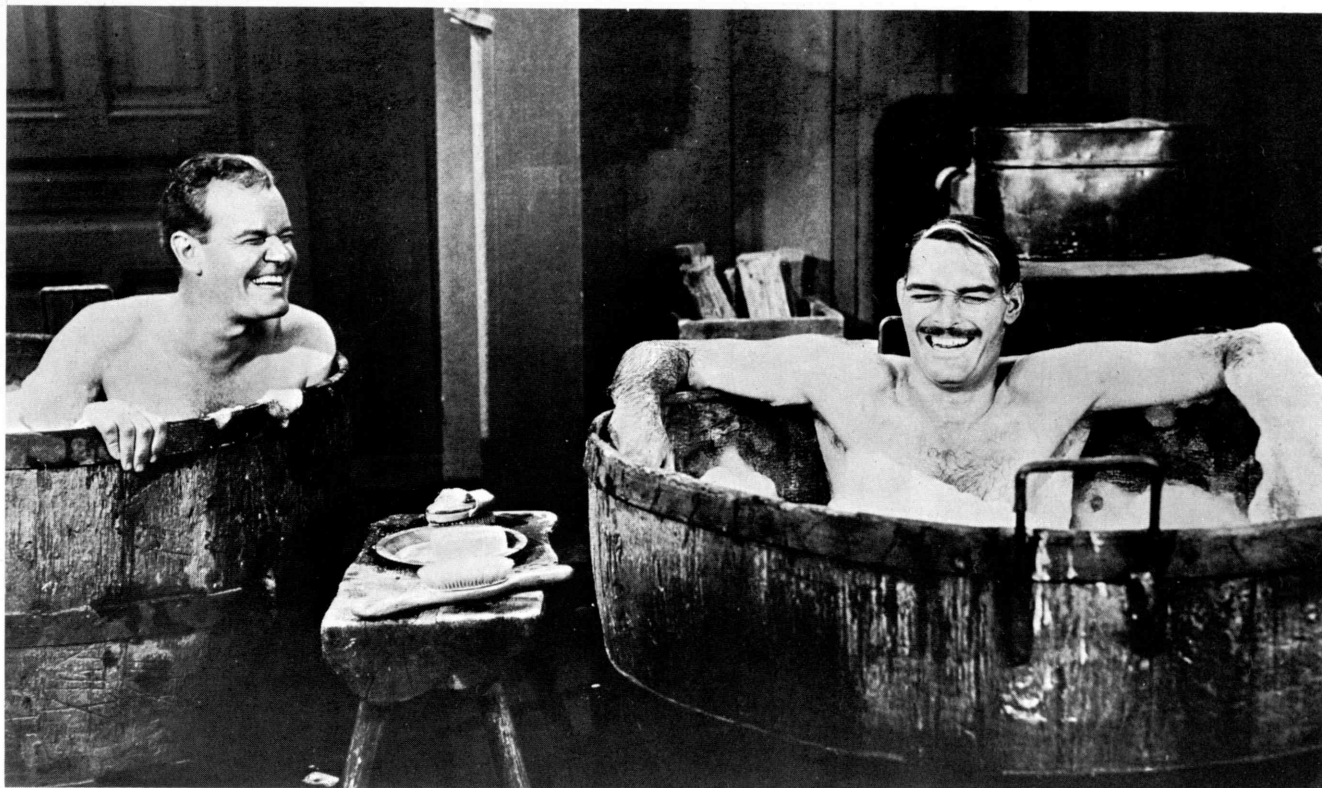
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More Handy Cutouts:

The Power of the press is not to be underestimated. Many have profited by its ability to duplicate valuable items in large numbers. (Unfortunately, many of these same people are being sought by the Treasury Dept.) VooDoo has, in the past, brought you such useful things as the cover of the *Traveler's Aid Issue*, (1956), which displayed exact replicas of the East and West parking stickers, The Huxley Lecture Tickets (1961), Identification Cards and Postage Stamps (1962), and the cover of the first issue, this term, a "Civil Defenseless" emblem to make your whip-festooned jalopy more official looking. To maintain our tradition of public service (or disservice, as some would have it), we present a few more.....

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