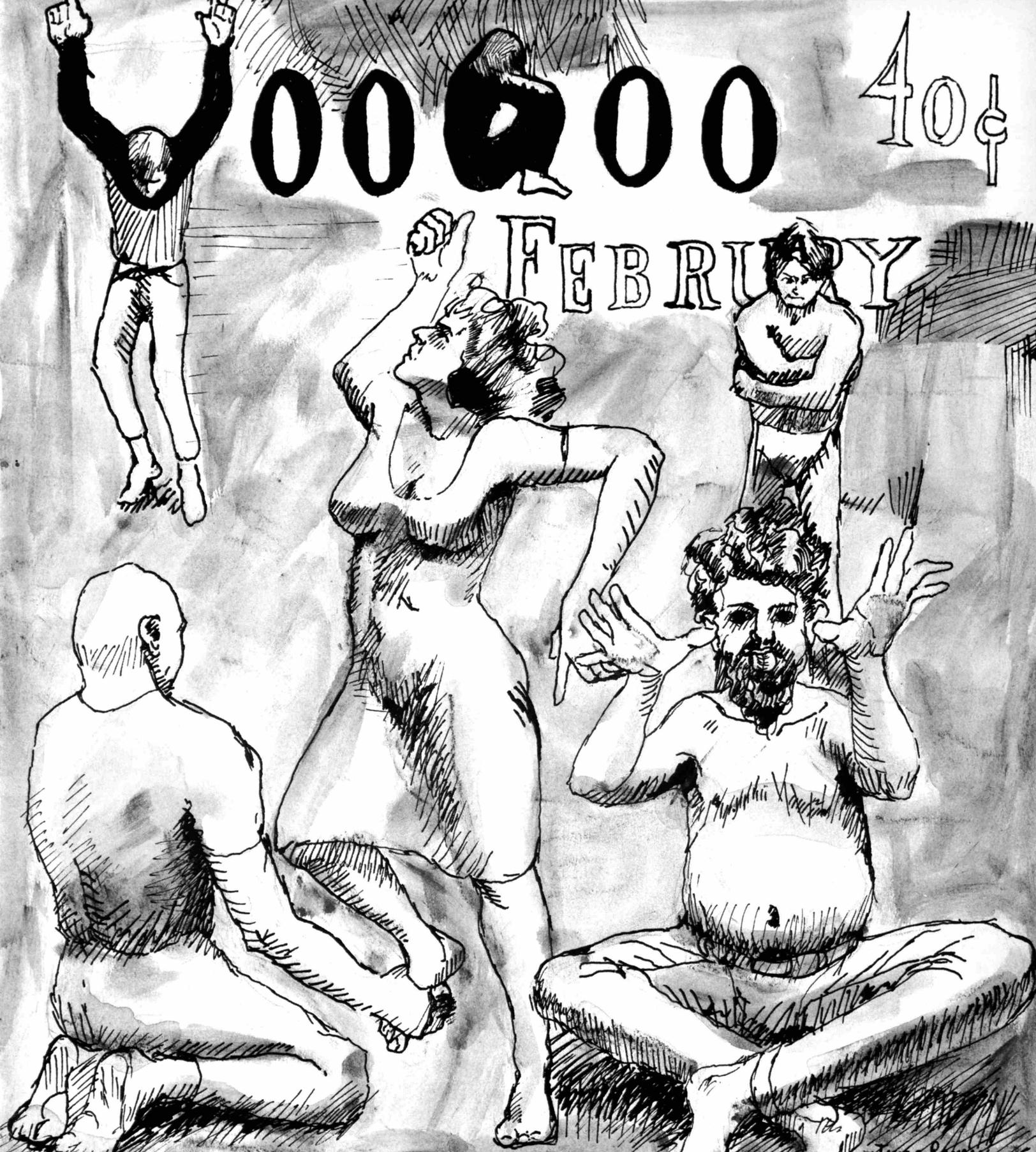


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40¢

FEBRUARY



JAMES RAYBURN

MIXED NUDES

LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE

presents

Juliet of the Spirits

FRIDAY

FEB. 10

THUNDERBALL

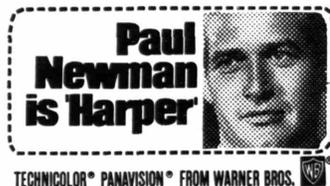
SATURDAY

FEB. 11

KRESGE AUDITORIUM

COMING
SOON

**"THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING
THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING"**



WE ARE GLAD TO ANNOUNCE THAT (DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND):

FRIDAY movies will be shown at 7 and 9:30
SATURDAY movies will be shown at 5:15, 7:30, and 9:45

Yesterday, you may have had a reason
for missing a good, nourishing breakfast.

Today, you don't.



Now you can have
new Carnation
instant breakfast
- makes milk a meal
that's too good to miss.

Each glass delivers as much protein as two eggs, as much mineral nourishment as two strips of crisp bacon, more energy than two slices of buttered toast, and even Vitamin C—the orange juice vitamin. It comes in a lot of great flavors, too. Look for them in your cereal section.



Maybe you'll never race it...but you'll be tempted

Of course you'll be tempted! After all, the Austin Healey Sprite is bred to be used sportingly and competitively. It is a bona fide sports car. The official SCCA rating: Class H or Class G, depending on the year.

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the power you may someday need is there.) The competition-proved Austin Healey engine turns up speeds in excess of 90 mph. There are twin carbs and 4-speed shift. Sprite can sprint...and keep on going!

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the roadability you will surely enjoy is

there.) The steering is never spongy or indefinite; and the redesigned rear suspension encourages impeccable manners. Sprite is as sure-footed through the corners as any other runners.

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the control you must always have is there.) There are big disc brakes up front and 7" drums in the rear. Sprite's stopping power is commensurate with its performance.

Of course you'll be tempted...tempted to prove that *your* Sprite can do as handsomely as it looks. We have wrapped everything in the

smoothest possible envelope—modern, Spartan and rather lovely.

All this and roll-up windows.

All this and 30 plus m.p.g.

All this for under \$2,000.*

Temptation rears its lovely head—
at your Austin Healey dealer.
Give in gracefully.

AUSTIN
HEALEY

SPRITE

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION,
WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO', INC.,
DEPT. C M, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY
*STATE TAXES AND OTHER LOCAL CHARGES EXTRA.



REMEMBER —

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The Incredible Shrinking Staff

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"Many Congrats to Keith and Lainey" — staff

Growing Dim in Flesh, but Strong in Spirit: Ratman, Maury; *Sculpture Consultant:* J. Calvin Randall; *Graphics Gang:* Lynn P', Larry 'Uncle Phyllis' Taggart, Paul Epstein, Mike Bromberg, Hank Dixon, Ann Tambureno; *Writers of Sorts (and articles):* Sam Epstein, Barney Black, Rich Rosen, Barry Schwartz, Earl Withycombe, Bob DeMarras, Steve Cooper, Phil Miller; *Public Spectacles:* Weasel, The Zoomer, Pete Marmorek, The Enforcer, Poor Rosen, Etep LLadnek, J. Worthington Fowlfellow, Gideon, Gepetto, Cleo, and the Blue Fairy; *Flash, Bang, Whallop:* Mike of Earth Meyers, John not so of Earth Roderick, Chicken Little, Foxie Loxie, and little Black Sambo; *Advertising Prince:* Nick 'the Flyer' Johnson; *Subscription Elf:* Bob Zimmerman; *Sales:* Steve Piece, Jerry V'Enema, Bill Floor, Sullen Cracks, Sandbox, Ken Horny, Pete the meat, Chick Pollak, Steve Erection, Arm-pit, Rastus, Wally Elderbait, Rod Wreck, Ken Comer, Big Dan, Little Jimmie, Dad, Follingbody, Philthy Sux, Apathetic Grit, The Kinsport Stud, Cousin Brucie, Supper Stubby, Tom Gravey, Lazy Tommy Tennieshoe, Bob Dumlop, Don from Mars, Roarshak, Tom Scald-well, You Betchersweet, Larry Peeeeeetro, Jim Bringafinger, Me Hairy, you Jane?, Jim Bardee, The Little Pollak, Dave Swamp, Karl Read, Ranger Bob, Tall Paul, K. K. Kollins, B. McReady, Rich Walleigh, T. Derby, Tim Dalton, Hugh Jorgasm, G. I. Wanda Eata, Iban Kuffintoff, Clyde T. and the whole gang.

Show the world that you're not scared. Walk out into the lethal smog and take a deep breath. Get an apartment in a smokestack. Buy many copies of our mag, which is actually a front for great MIT pro-Polutiona conspiracy. The headquarters are the 461 caves of the J. Stratton Student Center, on Massachusetts Avenue, in Cambridge at 02139. There our Managing Board runs 9 issues yearly on secret hate presses and also sprinkles coal tar into the air ducts. We sell subscriptions for three dollars per year and can be persuaded to sprinkle coal tar on your enemies for even less. Remember: Buy and Pollute. In hoc signum.

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FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

25 TYLER STREET BOSTON 11, MASS

Last Christmas Eve, a rather well-lit young woman strolled into the evening service, having forgotten to wear any clothing at all from the waist up. The bishop at the door told her politely that she couldn't enter like that. "But why?" she asked. "Don't I have a divine right?" "Oh yes," replied the bishop, "and a divine left, too, but you do need a blouse to enter."



Why are lice better than friends? Friends always bug you to lend them a hundred dollars, but lice only demand a little scratch now and then.



Doctor: "How is your cold today?"
Patient: "About the same as yesterday."
Doctor: "Didn't you drink some orange juice after the hot bath as I suggested?"
Patient: "No, I couldn't get the orange juice down after drinking that hot bath."



"What are you doing down there, children?"
"Shooting craps, Mother."
"Now you stop that! Those poor little things have as much right as anything to live."



"Hey you. Slow that truck down. Don't you have a governor on it?"
"No sir, the governor's back at the state house. That's fertilizer you smell."



A local bunch of urchins went fishing in the bayous on a recent trip to New Orleans. While there a large alligator bit the leg off one. He shouted, "Hey man, an alligator just bit my leg off!"
"Which one?"
"How should I know? All those alligators look the same to me."



What do you call a Negro physicist with a doctorate from MIT?
A coon.



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Our Inventory Changes Weekly.
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2 Amp Silicon Rectifiers 500 P.I.V. 6 for \$1.00
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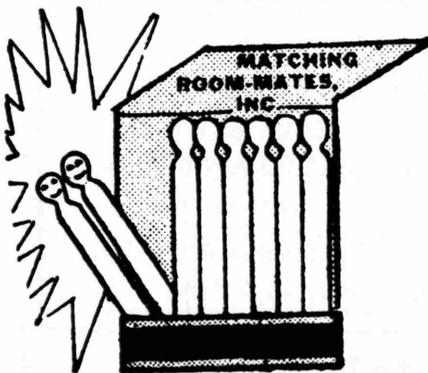
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PERSONAL INTERVIEW

INTERPLANETARY GLOBE-MAKERS & FITTERS INC. will make and fit globes to order - all planets, all sizes. We will drill your models (Venus, etc.) for \$5. Special rates for a hole in Uranus. Call your campus rep: Flash Moon, dorm line 9-683.



The pregnant bed bug that had a baby in the spring.



We were traveling through Vermont the other day when we happened upon this old Yankee farmer, out feeding the chickens in his front yard. We thought that he might have some folksy bit of wisdom to tell, so we pulled over and asked him, "Hey there, typical old Yankee farmer! Let's hear some folksy bit of wisdom."

"Well," he said, "the way I see it, if you don't plant 'taters, you don't get 'taters. Heh, heh."

We smiled over his simple philosophy as we dumped our travel trash bags on his property and drove off.



The city horse agent was out on old Bill's farm to buy a horse. Old Bill was trying to push off his oldest mare on the not-so-unsuspecting trader. When asked for a quick plowing demonstration, Bill hitched the hoary old steed up and sent her speeding down the furrows. And speed she did. However, at the end of the row, the horse continued on, crashing right into a tree. The agent started and shouted, "Why she's blind!"

The farmer replied, "No she's not. Just don't give a damn."



**178 HARVARD AVE.
ALLSTON
Algonquin 4-1600**



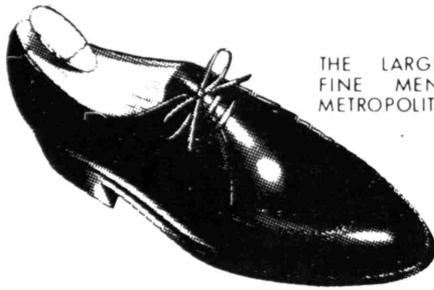
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FINE MEN'S SHOES IN
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YOUR FAMILY SHOE STORE

**HEY
KIDS!**

LIKE WAR GAMES?

DO YOU

PLAY THEM ALL NIGHT?

*Then have we got news for you! Three BRAND
New Games . . . Announcing:*

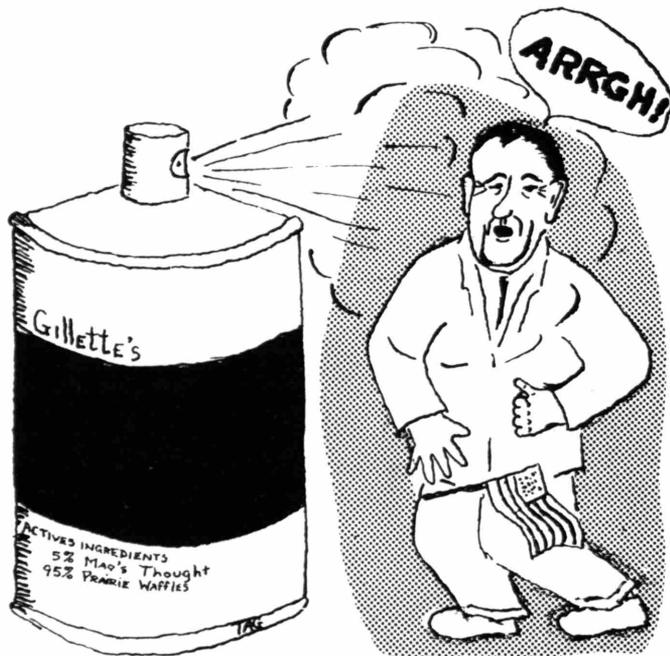
I. The Laconia Summer Fun Set . . . In this game each player has his own roving motorcycle gang, complete with mamas and miniature hogs. The object of the game is to overrun small resort towns chosen by the throw of a die. Fun! Complete with riot victim cars; just fill with lighter fluid, turn over, and ignite. Game sanctioned by Mother before his mishap.

II. Watts Riot Set . . . Game board is a large map of Los Angeles, with roving bands of black nationalists as players. 45 RPM record of "Burn Baby, Burn" chants is included for background music. Special black dice with white spots. Flip side of board is map of Harlem for different game. Blank sheets to draw down-town Cleveland, Rochester, or your favorite race-riot grounds upon.

III. In preparation . . . Red Guard Kit.

To get your sets: run to the Coop and begin to throw money on the floor. After a while, they'll get the idea and give you what you want. Be sure to bring lots of money.

All games made by Weird-o of Warsaw. Makers of Games for Warped Little Minds.



CHAIRMAN MAO SAYS:

"Kills GERMS & Other IMPERIALIST StooGES

twice as fast as ANY OTHER
LEADING DECONTAMINANT..."

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

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Sew on buttons
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N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the
lowest prices.

A VOO DOO SAMPLER OF MIXED NUTS

A guide to various communicative nuts on the American scene, complete with mailing addresses.

Soon after Christmas each year, the fog that covered our minds during the Holiday Season begins to lift and *the truth appears*. Christmas and Holidays are basically by and for nuts.

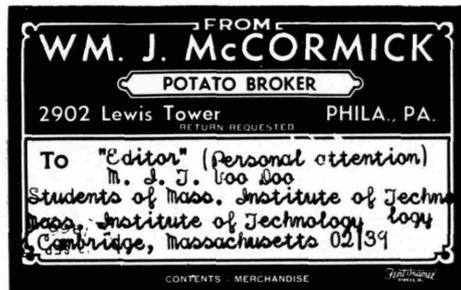
Look at the entire Holiday Spirit. It's absurd. Pleasant, yes, but absurd. Two weeks of official frolic time. That's the essence of the Winter Holidays.

But please don't anyone misunderstand us. We are whole-hog in favor of this Winter Dementia. It is the very mainstay of our existence. All we want to do is give credit to the true stalwarts of insanity: the year-round nuts. The boys to whom the Holiday Season is just a time when the amateurs try to crowd them out. We really feel that people just don't appreciate the value of a good nut, a character so far out that he alone can balance out millions of we near-regulars on the cosmic scales.

The pure professional nut is, however, fast disappearing from our society. Most of the former idiot fringe and candidates for the deep end gang, are straying toward other fields. They now moonlight as Deans of Students, Secretaries of Defense, folksingers, and the like. The profession has but few spokesmen left. But alas, those left are truly fine.

Consider, for example, our dear friend and advertiser, Cecil Kraft. Old Cec' is a prominent citizen of Kankakee, Illinois with a lot of things to tell the world. His programs range far and wide. Why in our very last issue, he sent his annual Christmas message out to the waiting world. He urged trash-can reform in Kankakee during the Fishing Derby "to most induce the guests' best intellectual encouragement." He also favors a "city-wide alley clean-up for YOUR town or mine." Last year found Cecil busy putting signs about burning Bhuddist monks, President Eisenhower, and alley filth up around Kankakee.

Cecil claims to have problems getting published. (The Kankakee Street and Alley Department even took his signs down.) So why don't all you publishers amongst our flock write to



him and give him a little support. Or even a big one. Remember: SERVICES FREE IN KANKAKEE, BROWN CROSS since 1963 . . . Cecil Kraft, 385 N. Chicago Avenue, Kankakee, Illinois.

NUTS

"THE DESTINY OF MAN"

WM. J. McCORMICK, "Potato Broker" 2902 Lewis Tower, Phila., Pa.
The 44th Annual Convention of the National Pigly Wigly Operators A
With members and stores in 34 states including Alaska)
Shoreham Hotel, Washington, D.C.

Chairman Wilcox,
with this fact and with the fundamentals of our faith our many plunges into
the pool of the world's prejudices, twisted reasonings and utter indifference
because I see Hi
The world c
no God it would

William J. McCormick
2902 Lewis Tower
Philadelphia (2), Pa.

THEN

NOW

"Slow me down, Lord. I am going too fast; I can't see my brother when he's walking fast. I miss a lot of good things day by day; I don't know a blessing when it comes my way. . . . Slow me down, Lord, so I can talk with some of your angels. Slow me down to a walk!"

We have another relatively good nut for you. This one with a religious bent, but a nut nevertheless. His name is William J. McCormick; his occupation . . . potato broker. His brand of Truth includes materials like those strewn across this page and later pages in this issue.

Our last selection in the mixed nut sampler is quite extraordinary. This little old ex-professor's bag of goodies is bottomless. All fields, forms, and

Fighting Men Are Never Obsolete

languages rush in and out of his mailbox. He sends out no end of message-containing collages, slivers of truth, and photostats of anything. He also likes to receive things (old magazines, pictures, newsclippings, 18.04 problem sets, and the like).

His name is Virginius B. Brown and his address is RFD 2, Sparta, Georgia 31087. We understand that the entire town of Sparta is Sir Brown's mailbox. His works can be seen in this issue of *VooDoo*. You'll recognize them.

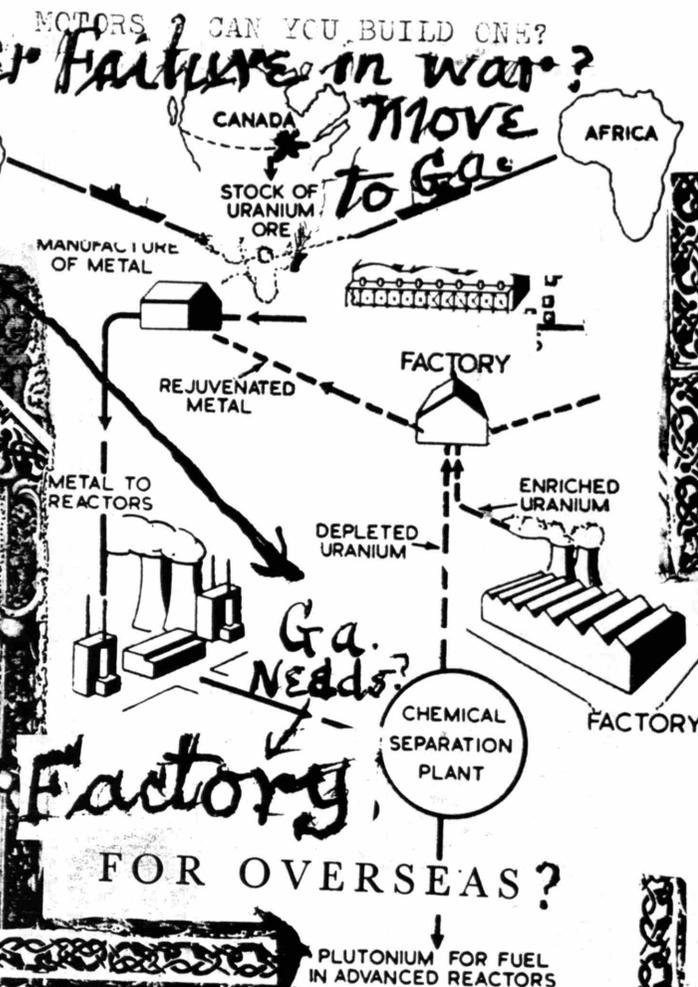
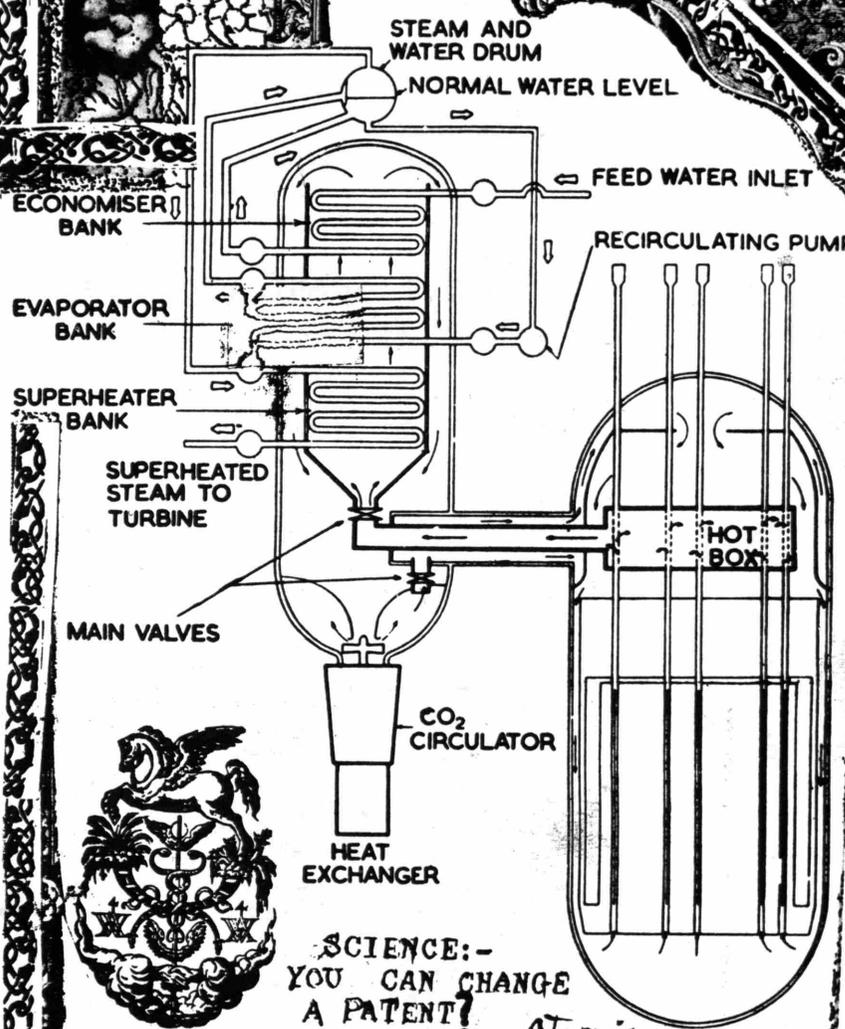


Virginius E. Brown

ATOMIC ENERGY

POWER PLANT DESIGN

Power Failure in war? MOVE to Gas



SCIENCE:-
YOU CAN CHANGE
A PATENT!
Atomic REACTOR

THE POWER SYSTEM

-THE WALK WITH DESTINY
NEED...

Year	Total Fuel	Nuclear	Subsidiary Fuels	Coal
		(Million tons of coal equivalent)		
1965/6	67.1	6.3	7.9	52.9
1966/7	70.6	8.1	7.4	55.1
1967/8	74.6	10.0	6.9	57.7
1968/9	79.0	12.2	6.4	60.4
1969/70	83.8	14.8	5.9	63.1
1970/71	88.8	17.5	5.4	65.9

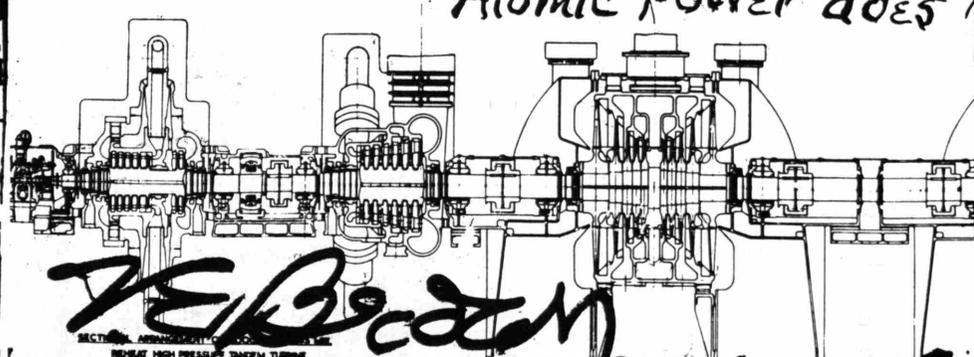
Figures are given to one place of decimals because rounding off would approximate

AMERICANS FOR ECONOMIC

SNEAK PREVIEW

ACCORDING TO RELIABLE SOURCES (WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHO?) THE FOLLOWING DIAGRAM WILL APPEAR ON ONE OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT'S EXAMS NEXT MONTH. WE ARE HEREWITH PREPRINTING IT AS A PUBLIC SERVICE.

ADDITIONAL COPIES AVAILABLE FROM: VIRGINIUS E. BROWN, RFD 2, SPARTA, GEORGIA 31087.



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Virginius E. Brown

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3 BLOCKS FROM M.I.T.

Two mumbling voices in the wee small hours. "Say there Steve, you'll never unlock that door with your cigar butt."

"Damn, I must have smoked the keys!"



The one-fingered pickpocket who could only steal life-savers.



The girl spotted the words, "If you can read this, you are too close." Getting an idea, she went into a local specialty shop, and asked the salesman if she could get a pair of stockings with this phrase imprinted on the top.

"Why, certainly," replied the salesman.

"Only one thing," added the heroine. "I want it in Braille."



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MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 4 P.M. TO 11:30 P.M.
SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
11:30 A.M. TO 11:30 P.M.

AND WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY RAN A NICE PAPER

Perusing through a recent copy of the Boston Globe, we ran across a rather interesting tidbit. It was their London correspondent's on-the-spot report concerning mini-skirts. The concluding paragraph described the reporter at work.

Bright I. Bushytail, the reporter, approached one curtly-skirted Londonite with the question, "How do girls keep warm in those teeny skirts? I'm getting cold here, and I'm wearing pants." (blushes) The reply . . . we quote . . . "She stopped dead still, her fine features galvanized in a hard frigid look, and half hissed between her teeth, 'I know your kind. Bugger off or I'll call a policeman.'"

COMMUNISTS IN NATIONAL TV NETWORKS

It seems like even national TV network people have a few dirty old men amongst their ranks. During a recent Rose Bowl, they broadcast that *Lubricate the Trojans* sign appeared not once but twice. But wait. Maybe they aren't all that bad. Maybe all network people are just Southern Cal Trojan Fans. That could be it. No?

NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS READ VOODOO

We got a letter from the ex-provost of MIT the other day. It read something like, "As provist, Doctor Townes received copies of VooDoo. You need not send him VooDoo any more."

GOOD WORK P.C.

P. C. Clive Bean of London set a record of banana eating when he downed 40 in 40 minutes in 1964.

— N.Y. Times

FAMOUS FISH FINGERED AS FATHER

Flipper, that devil-may-care porpoise, has got his old bod in a bit of hot water of late. The Christmas Seal people are naming him in a paternity suit. Honest.



The Plaintiff

ANOTHER GOVERNMENT CONTRACT FOR VODOO

Speaking of neat and famous people, we also got a letter from the U.S. Information Agency. They wanted a few issues of *VooDoo* that someone at the new University of Cameroon at Yaounde had requested. So we sent a few along, not wanting to keep our government waiting. We also enclosed a rate card and told them all the advantages of advertising in *VooDoo*, the hand organ of the MIT campus. Tomorrow we will write to the CIA, advising them to advertise with us also. I wonder what the address of NKVD is?

YET ANOTHER VOO DOO CONTEST

We were looking through this big yellow folder the other day, with the hope of registering, when we ran across this neat little paragraph in the rules for living. You know, the part about pets. We've always figured that fish just don't count. And people that keep mammals, birds, and reptiles are just taunting the Institute. What we wondered was, how many people keep truly interesting pets that stay within the rules of the Institute. In fact, we want to run a contest among all those living in MIT dormitories. We will award one six-pack of Unusual Pet Food to the person who harbors what is, in our estimation, the most unusual pet on campus; with the proviso that your little beast (Sorry, no plants) does not violate the rules laid down in the registration materials. Send your entry (NOTE: a description will do, DON'T send the animal!) to: Unusual Pet Rode, Room 461, Student Center, MIT, Cambridge, Mass., 02139



WELCOME TO...

Jennie's

Restaurant

In the North End, off Salem Street, is a tiny yard-like spot known as Bartlett Place. Here is located JENNIE'S - a cozy restaurant serving the most delicious Italian foods ever to grace a table, with a fine selection of new and old world wines and beers. Moderate prices, too.

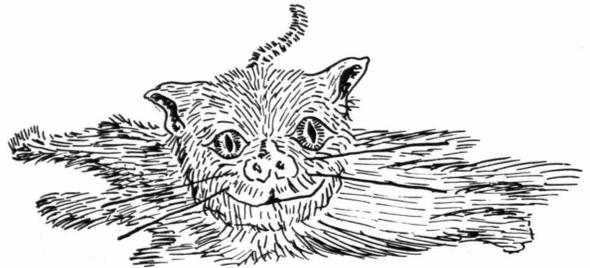
On the Freedom Trail

Daily 4 - 12
Fri. 4 - 1
Sat. &
Sun. 12 - 12

10 Bartlett Pl.
Boston-North End
523-9521

WHAT HAS WHISKERS AND CRAWLS?

On the subject of pets, back in the twilight days (my freshman year), one young man was much grieved when he learned that the Institute wished to separate him from his beloved kitten. The rules then were somewhat nebulous, but anything that walked was definitely out. But our friend eventually solved the problem. He simply broke all the kitten's legs. Honest.



... IF MAILED WITHIN THE UNITED STATES

Once every four years, we at *VooDoo* make it a point to enlighten our readers with one more bit of knowledge that will help them cope with this cruel world. When all those forces out there decide to swamp your mail with special super-offers and clutter your homes with Business Reply Envelopes - Postage Paid When Mailed in the United States, don't shrink back in despair. Why, just think what would happen if you were to send them all back, blank but full of heavy things. Wouldn't that be funny? Think of all the chuckles when all those letters full of gravel and nails reach the companies with postage due. But every four years we on the *VooDoo* staff must warn our readers not to do this. It is really pretty nasty and somewhat illegal. So we must ask all of you that have read this paragraph to promise not to do this dastardly trick. Simply send a signed promise, along with a dollar, to Promise, c/o *VooDoo*, MIT, Cambridge.



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COMPLETE LINE OF
TABLE TENNIS EQUIPMENT

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

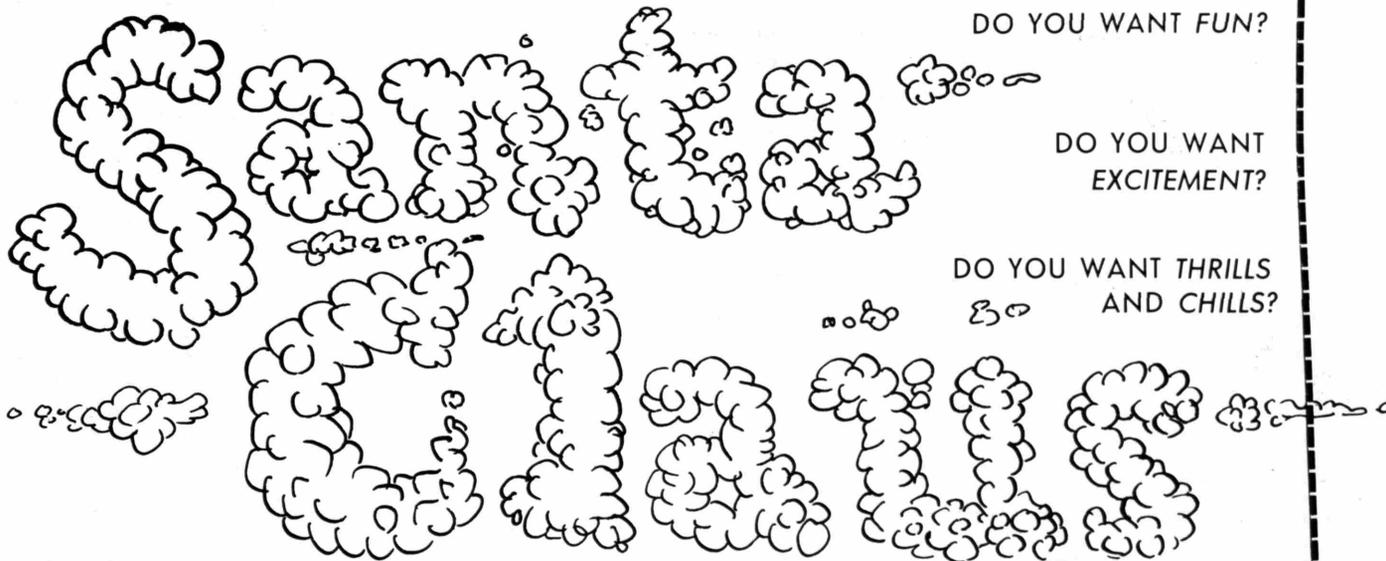
67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
Phone TR 6-5417

What does Santa Claus do off-season? We've told you that he drives a beer truck- which is true. But is that all he does? What does he do with his leisure now that he has a computer programmed to make all the toys and plan his big route? Well people, we found out what he does. He runs premium contests on himself. He is able to pick up a bit of unreported coin on the side simply by doing publicity stunts for groups.

Well, Walt Kuleck and his publicity staff took a quick trip to the North Pole the other day and were able to arrange a contest with Santa for all you girls in the Boston area. Just follow the simple instructions and you might win "An Evening with Santa."



WIN AN EVENING WITH



If you are normal, you want all of the above (and possibly more). So enter the greatest contest of the year and win an evening with Santa Claus.

Just think of it. You will actually spend an entire evening with Mr. Claus, an evening during which you may:

- RIDE IN HIS SLEIGH
- PET HIS REINDEERS
- TOUCH HIS BAG

Offer void wherever voided upon.

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"Oh."



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The Scotsman answered, "The longest you got. We've got five going."



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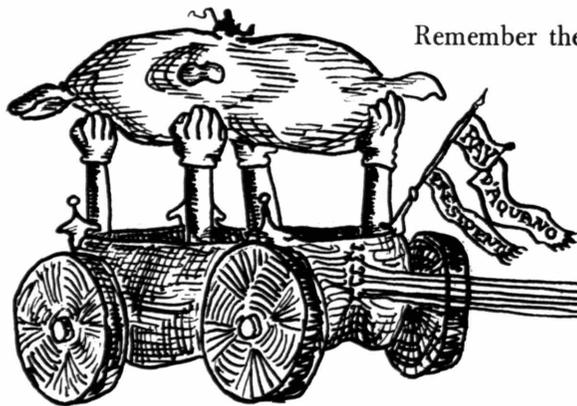
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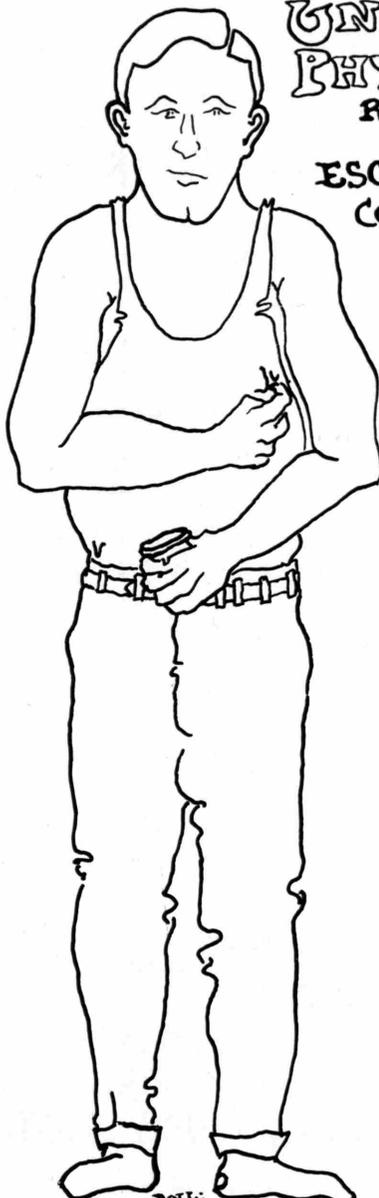
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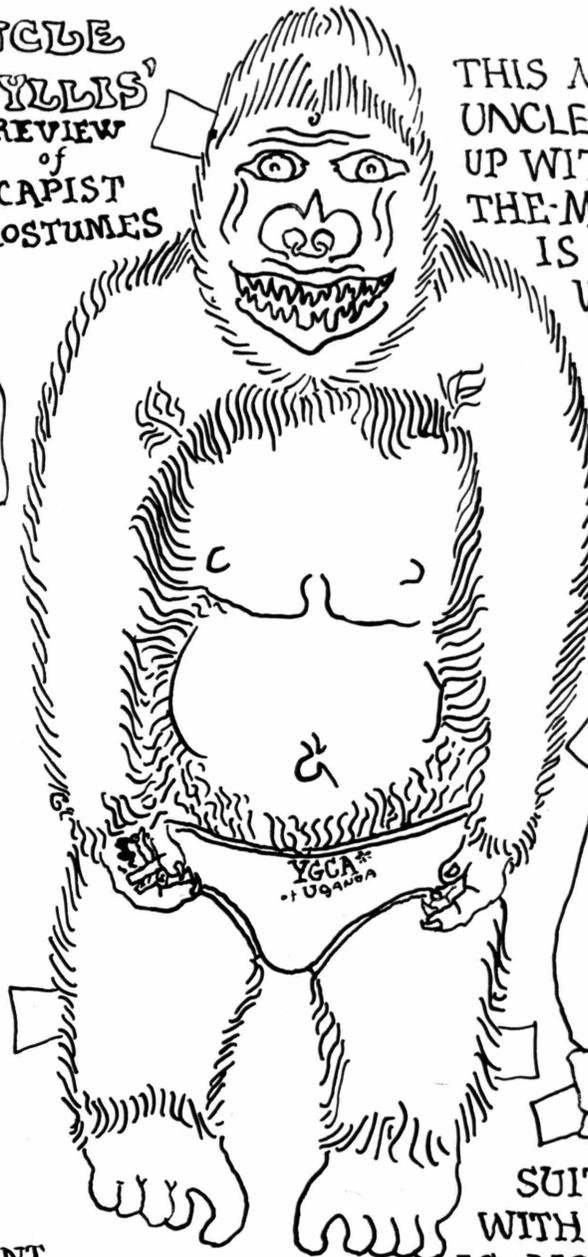
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UNCLE
PHYLLIS'
REVIEW
of
ESCAPIST
COSTUMES

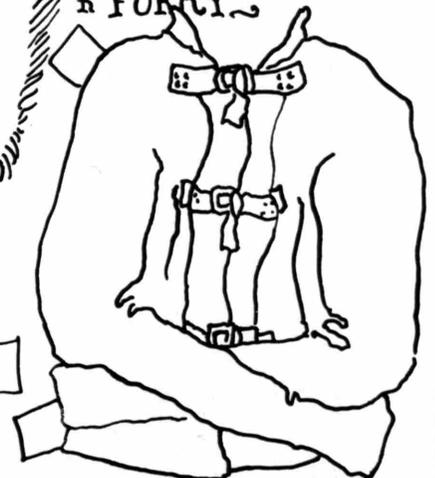


DOLL:
TYPICAL EASTERN
TECHNICAL STUDENT



THIS MONTH WE ASKED
UNCLE PHYLLIS TO COME
UP WITH A DOLL-OF-
THE-MONTH AND THIS
IS WHAT WE GOT.
VERY STRANGE,
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GOOD FOR CRASHN
PARTIES, MEETIN'
STRANGERS...NICE
h FURRY~



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WITH SUIT ONE, BUT
IS NOT GOOD FOR
CRASHING PARTIES AND
MEETING STRANGERS

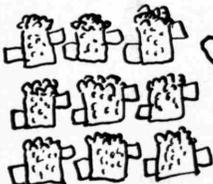
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EXTRA
GASE for
BEERCAN



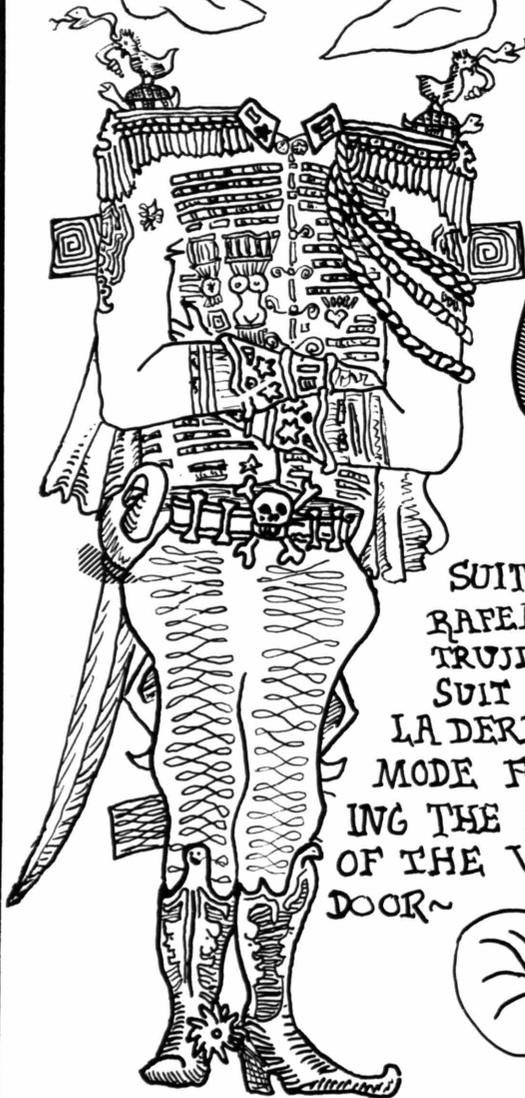
SUIT THREE~ADULT FUN
SUIT~EASY TO PUT ON, HARD TO
GET OFF~



*YOUNG GORILLA'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION

SUIT FOUR~
MUSCLES~
FUN AT THE
BEACH, IN THE
SHOWER~

SUIT SEVEN~
COSMIC OBLIVION
GET-UP:-ANONYMITY, ONENESS-
WITH-THE-UNIVERSE... A FAM-
ILIAR OF POT-HEADS, LSD USERS,
AND FRANTIC PUBLISHERS TRYING
TO FILL OUT THE PAGE...



SUIT FIVE
RAFEAL
TRUJILLO
SUIT
LA DERNIERE
MODE FOR STORM-
ING THE INMATES
OF THE WARD N^{ext}-
DOOR~

BASICALLY BY RODE
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Say there, son! You look like a pretty clever man with the scissors and crayons. Why don't you cut out Uncle Phyllis's fun dolls and paste them on cardboard? Do it right now so that you have to buy another issue to read the other side of this page. Then color in all the spaces very carefully and send it in to us. We will award a six-pack of funny water and a pack of Crayolas with two blacks to the person with the neatest entry. Remember now, stay within the lines. Send to Uncle Phyllis, c/o VooDoo, MIT Student Center, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

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A freshman is a guy who thinks the question "Wet or dry?" refers to *martinis*.



A gnurd is a fella who thinks "Pub" refers to an English saloon.



Have you heard about the Jewish guy who married a Greek girl. She bore him a son, whom they called Zorba the Schmuck. Honest . . .



. . . and the Jewish guy who married the Italian girl. Their son is a janitor, but they own the building.



. . . or the Jewish guy who marries into a Gypsy family. As a wedding gift her father sets him up with a chain of empty stores. It's the truth.



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Our staff has what I refer to as the WH contingent. The WH refers to Wild Hog, for these fellows rout and wallow in our picture files, much in the same manner that wild hogs are wont to rout and wallow in gardens, quagmires, and truffle patches. Well, the other day WH group leader gave me this sheet of prize truffles that his gang had dug up.



Please don't use that phone – I'm expecting an important call and I don't want the lines tied up.



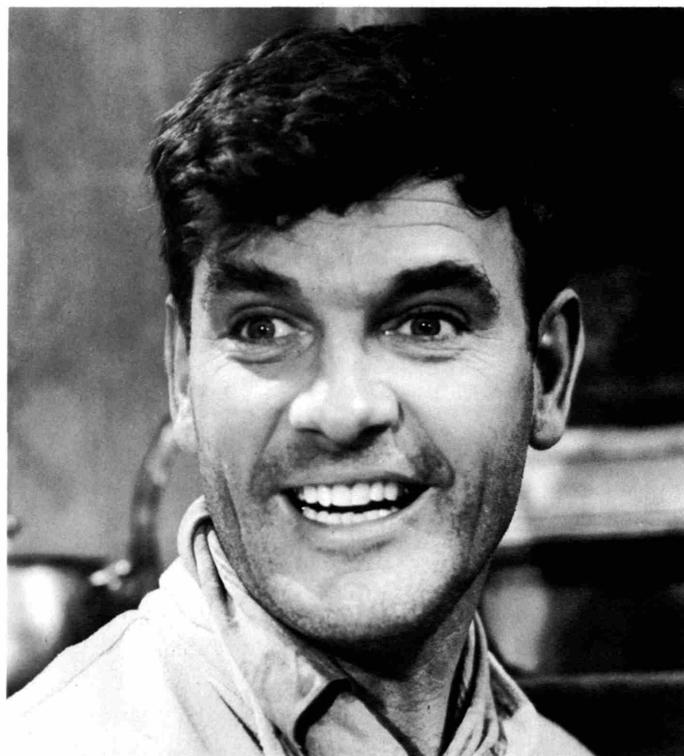
Now watch where I put my hand . . .



"Boy, are these MIT guys weird."



If you don't tell me which hand has the M&M's I'll blow your goddam head off!



"Gee Mom, guess what else has happened since my voice started changing!"



ordered a *small* hamburger with a large olive!



Cover your face before you sneeze!



What a hell of a way to flush a toilet!



The box full of newspapers is right over there, Miss.



Don't you think you're carrying this personal hygiene bit too far, sir?

TWO-EDGED SWORD

OF NOLAN

"My grandfather," said Kendall, "was a genuine grade-A son-of-a-bitch. There's absolutely no doubt about it."

"Is that so?" Kendall's long-time friend James Cartwright idly moved a pawn on the chess-board between them and sucked meditatively on his pipe, cocking an eyebrow slightly at Kendall's outburst. "And what prompted you to make that rather vitriolic outburst? I seem to remember that we were talking about the new temporal-displacement experiments you're working on over at the University — not that I doubt your statement, of course. I'm sure that your grandfather *was* a son-of-a-bitch if you say so."

"I was just thinking about the so-called 'grandfather paradox' you read about in the science-fiction magazines," said Kendall. "You know — about whether you'd disappear if you went back in time and killed your grandfather before your father was born." Kendall shoved a bishop down the diagonal from its place of hiding, and captured Cartwright's pawn.

"I was hoping you'd make that move," said Cartwright, moving his knight onto the square formerly occupied by the bishop, leaving it guarded with his queen and other knight. "Check."

"Oh, damn. I didn't see that." Kendall wrinkled his brow. "It looks like I may lose my queen on this move." He retracted the bishop, taking the knight, and Cartwright took it with his second knight.

"Again — check," said Cartwright triumphantly, settling back in his chair while Kendall pondered the situation. "And yes, I do know about the 'grandfather paradox.' It isn't really a para-

dox at all, as I remember. For, even if you *could* go back in time, you *couldn't* kill your grandfather, because if you did, then you'd prevent your own birth, and hence wouldn't be *able* to go back. It's the so-called principle of conservation of reality. Right?"

"That's one way of looking at it," replied Kendall, reluctantly taking Cartwright's knight with his queen. "On the other hand, you could look at it this way — since you *do* exist, in the present, you could argue that even if you *did* kill your grandfather, it wouldn't be possible to alter the present fact, since you'd be in a sort of temporal "safe zone." You wouldn't exist in the *intervening* time between then and now, but you'd still exist *now*, when you go back."

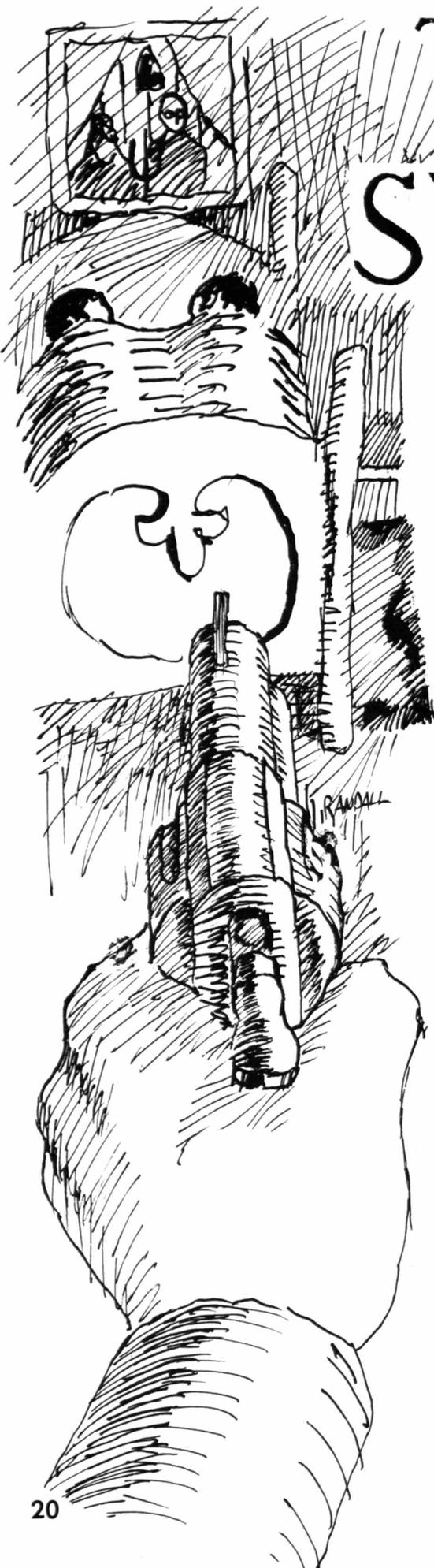
"Maybe," said Cartwright, "but you'd be cut off from the world you'd been born in — you'd come back a stranger, in a world you'd never made."

"Not if you played it right," said Kendall. He moved his remaining bishop into a position where it threatened Cartwright's queen. "You could stop off at a point in time where your parents are married, and take them along with you in your 'safe zone,' and then bring them back to where you took them from, thus assuring your continued existence."

"I suppose that would work, if anything would," admitted Cartwright, moving his knight, apparently oblivious to the queen's danger. "But I still question whether you could change the past at all . . . and anyway, so what?"

Kendall triumphantly swooped down on the queen with his bishop. "Take that!"

"With pleasure," said Cartwright, moving his knight. "Check — and mate."



"Oh, hell. I should have seen that. Well, *c'est la guerre*, as they say." Kendall moved his hand in mock dismay.

"That's three games in a row," remarked Cartwright, picking up the chessmen. "Now about the grandfather business — again I ask why you're so interested in it. You've apparently given some thought to the matter. That idea about taking along your parents on the trip wasn't just something you came up with on the spot."

"I thought it was obvious," said Kendall. "I'm going to try it!"

"You're *what*?" Cartwright sat up straight in his chair. "You must be kidding!"

"Not at all. Why do you think I've been working on this temporal-displacement bit?"

"I never really thought about it. I always assumed it was simple academic curiosity." Cartwright looked at Kendall in amazement. "You mean you've spent four years working on this project so you could go back in time and *kill your grandfather*?"

"Damn straight. That old bastard made my life — and my mother's — miserable. As you know, my father disappeared a few months after he married my mother, and when I was born, we had to go live with my grandfather. It was hell. He never did a damn thing for us he didn't *have* to, and I still hate him for it."

"So I gather."

"He was responsible for breaking me up with Alice, too. And if my grandfather hadn't been so dead-set against my parents' marriage, my father probably wouldn't have deserted my mother."

"But what about your father as he exists in the world where your grandfather was killed, and where, in all likelihood, he *didn't* marry your mother?"

"Simple — I kill him off, too — at a point just before my father married my mother, and my father steps into his place, complete with wife."

"And how do you persuade your parents to go along on your murderous little jaunt?"

"Again simple — they hated the old man as much as I do — at least my mother did. And even if they don't agree, I can just kidnap them."

"I assume you aren't going to tell them who you are."

"Correct."

"OK — just one more question. Why bother with all this switching? Why not just kill your grandfather at the point where you've already been born?"

"Because my grandfather had a great deal of money, which would have gone to his wife — and then to my parents — if he had died when my father was a boy. But, as things happened, my grandmother died when my father was still a boy, and my grandfather became embittered, and when he died, he left all his money to an obscure religious cult."

"I see. And when do you plan to attempt this 'experiment' of yours?" Cartwright wondered whether he should report Kendall to the police, or merely try to convince him to see a good psychiatrist. Probably the latter — he could just imagine the reception he'd get at police headquarters, trying to explain that two murders were about to be committed — *several decades ago*.

"One of these days," smiled Kendall. He glanced at his watch. "Well, I've got to be going now. Take it easy."

"Same to you, by all means," said Cartwright, rising to get Kendall's coat from the closet. "I'll see you at the University Monday?"

"I imagine so," replied Kendall. The two men walked to the door of Cartwright's comfortably conservative bachelor apartment, and Kendall walked out into the clear winter night.

Cartwright thought about what Kendall had said that evening, as he put away the chess-board and made his last-minute rounds of the apartment. Was it possible that Kendall had actually perfected a means of time travel? Or had he merely succumbed to the pressures of a lonely academic life, slipping over the borderline from sanity to insanity? Or had he been joking? Kendall had an odd sense of humor.

He sat down in the large leather chair he had vacated a few minutes before. Somehow, he got the definite impression that Kendall was *not* joking. Which meant that he had either been serious, or was insane. But was the whole thing really possible? Did Kendall really plan to go back in time and kill his grandfather — not to mention his father, or, more accurately, the man who was and yet wasn't his father?

Was — and yet wasn't. In some way he couldn't quite identify, that phrase bothered him. Why? If Kendall killed his grandfather, when his father was still a boy, that would change his father's life — and hence necessitate the switch with his father who *was* his father. So far, so good — or so bad, depending on how you looked at it. Then what?

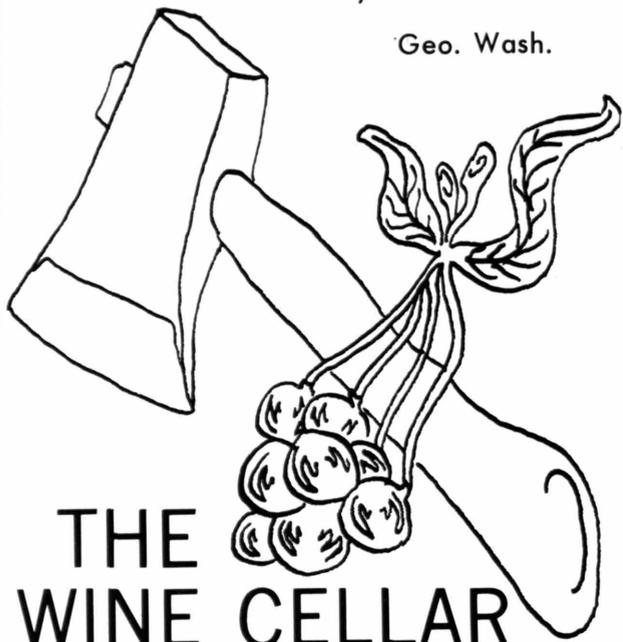
If Kendall's plan succeeded, he would have managed to change his childhood, and thus his life. This would make Kendall someone different from his present self. But would it?

No, it wouldn't! Kendall, trapped in his "safe zone," would not be affected. It would be *someone else* — another "Kendall" — who would benefit from all his machinations!

That was it! Even assuming that you *could* change the past, which still seemed doubtful, the change wouldn't affect you — at least not directly. True, if Kendall committed a *third* murder — the murder of his alternate self — he would have the money from his grandfather's inheritance, but he would still be the same old unhappy Kendall.

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Selma, Ala. Martin Luther King was rushed to a local hospital yesterday. Informed sources indicate that he overcame. King declined comment on his condition . . .



FLASH: AN ARGENTINE NEWSPAPER HAS NAMED HUBERT HUMPHREY AS 'MAN OF THE YEAR' . . .



A stranger had just arrived in the mining town and was spending the evening at the local saloon. After a few drinks, he mentioned to the bartender that he hadn't seen any women in the entire town.

The bartender replied, "Ain't no women in this here town."

"No women? What do the men do for . . . ah . . ."

"Oh, for sex? Did you see all those pigs in the streets? That's the answer."

Shaking his incredulously, the stranger settled back to his drinking. Within a short time, however, his drinks had convinced him that he was willing to try out a pig himself. He had watched several miners walk up the stairs to the rooms with squealing piglets under their arms and was game. He wandered out to the back of the saloon and chose a nice fat, pink sow. As he walked to the stairs, the entire saloon went quiet. All eyes in the embarrassing hush were on him.

"What's the matter? I thought all you fellows did this?"

"Yeah, but that's Black Bart's girl," replied the barkeep.

For his Sunday School project, little Irv turned in a sketch of a cowboy swaggering into a saloon. The horrified teacher asked, "Irv, is that man going into a saloon?"

"Yeah, but he's not goin' to drink anything. He's just goin' to shoot someone."



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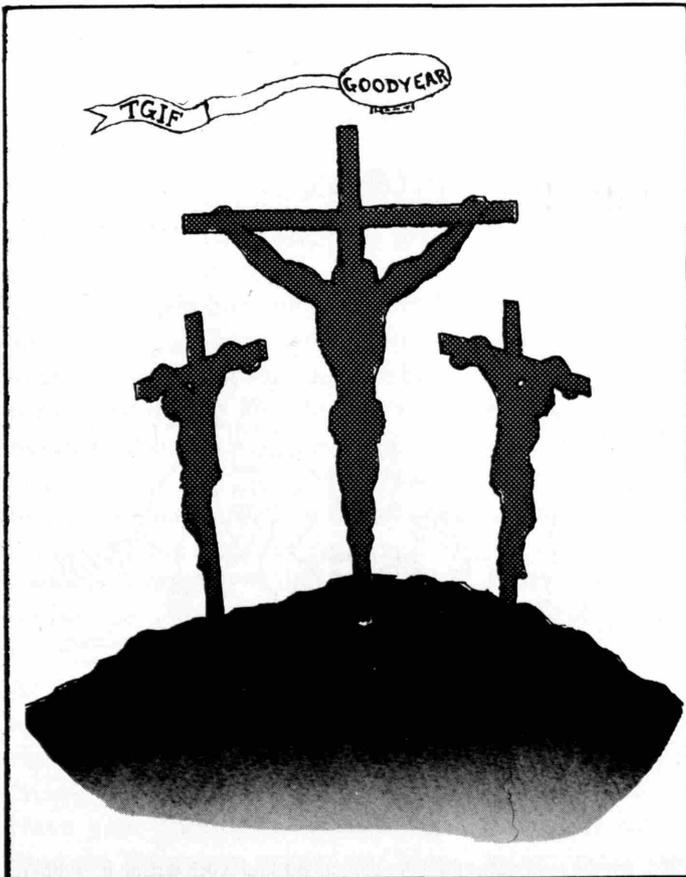
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Strange as it may seem, humans, plants, and animals are made of the same building blocks. Your body and that of Pinkus the Polar Bear, Marmaduke the Whale, and a celery stalk are all made of the same thing. Wm. J. McCormick, *The Destiny of Man*.



Picture if you will a large steel ball the size of the earth suspended from the Heavens with a chain of monstrous links. Every 10,000 years a little hummingbird flicks its wings against the steel ball until he has worn it away. After he has worn the steel ball away he proceeds to do likewise with each individual link to the Heavens until he has worn them away. When he has completed his job, if you can conceive such a thing, the time consumed still does not represent eternity, because eternity is forever. Wm. J. McCormick, *op. cit.*



"Who put the chromosomes in the sperm?" WJM
"Did you?" WR



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The other day at the basketball game, it was announced that an escaped sex maniac was at large in the crowd. A nervous titter went through the crowd.



Teacher: (warning her students against catching cold) "I had a little brother who was seven years old. He took his sled out one cold day, caught pneumonia, and died."

Voice from the back of the room: "Where's his sled?"



It was the final scene of the play as the heroine crawled across the stage, starving to death, crying "Bread, bread . . ." And the curtain came down with a roll.



STOLEN FROM CAL PELLY

"Hey Bill, tell the man about the time you called that witch doctor a "nigger."



WE NEED HELP!

Our Managing Editor is learning how to read. Therefore, he is great need of reading material. Why don't you people help him out and send in things that you have written, stolen, found in the Record American, or have been handed you atop Mount Sinai. Really neat stuff that makes him laugh might even be used in *VooDoo*. Manuscripts accompanied by a bag of Sen-Sen, something shiny, or anything that pleases Managing Editors will, of course, be given preference. He is actually quite interested in seeing what the mails will bring him. Don't disappoint the poor wretch. Run out right now and begin to write great things. Get a friend to help you. Have your friend write great things. Send the things you write to our Man-

aging Editor. Send the things that your friends write to our Managing E. Send the pencil that was used to write the things to our M. Editor. Send your friend to our M.E. Anything goes. We will let you know if we decide that your creation is printable. If you accompany your manuscript with a self-addressed stamped envelope, we will cut off the stamp and use it elsewhere. Send all contributions to: Walt Patterson, Uberschlockmeister, Room 461, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139.

Remember: Even if we aren't able to publish your bit, your pencil, and/or your friend, we will appreciate them and place them on the great cosmic ledger in the sky, our bulletin board.

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' NEXT NEW YEAR'S?

In an effort to set a record dull New Year's Eve, your tee-totaling Managing Editor decided that watching that damn light ball hit the Allied Chemical Building amidst the swarms of snake dancers and pickpockets while listening to 'the sweetest music this side of heaven,' was not quite dull enough. There must be something duller, he thought. And he found it. The plan was to call MERidian 7-1234 at 11:58 and listen to that mellifluous monotone as it ticked off the tens of seconds on into 1967. The main hope was that of all ten-second periods during the year, the one that midnight would be an exciting one. A bit of emotion, a chuckle, even a hiccup might punctuate this one signal. Perhaps, "The time at the tone will be (shouts) Happy New Year . . . (pause) . . . exactly. But alas he overslept. He hasn't been the same since. He sits around and mopes. Maybe you the reader can help us cheer him. Did any of you listen to Meridian 7-1234 between 11:59 and 12:01 on New Year's Eve? If you did, what did she say? Please let us know. A whole year is a long time to go without a Managing Editor.



NOLAN (continued)

He could achieve the same end *without* murdering anyone, simply by going back in time and investing a few thousand dollars in some bank. Given a century at six percent compound interest, that would make Kendall as rich as he pleased.

Cartwright reached for the telephone. Kendall should be told immediately, he thought. The 'phone rang — six times, ten, twenty. Kendall wasn't at home. Where was he then? The lab!

Cartwright rang the lab, and Kendall answered. "Hello, Jim."

"How did you know it was I?" said Cartwright, his literary correctness unchanged by the urgency of the situation.

"Just a guess." Kendall's voice sounded strange, thought Cartwright, almost as if he had been drinking.

"Listen, Kendall. It won't work. *You can't change what you are.*"

"Maybe not, but I'm going to try. I've got nothing to lose. As you yourself pointed out, the worst that can happen is that nothing will change. I can't talk any more — the field is building up."

"Kendall, wait! Don't do anything until I get there!"

"Goodbye, Jim." The phone clicked, and went dead.

Cartwright looked at the phone receiver in silence for a few seconds. Should he go over to the lab? Yes.

26 He had to try to stop Kendall.

He grabbed his coat, and ran out of the apartment. His car was parked up the block. He arrived at the ancient Chrysler out of breath, jumped in, and turned the key in the ignition.

Rushing toward the University, he ran a red light, the first one he had ever run in his life, and a block away a police cruiser pulled away from the curb, its lights and siren going.

No time to stop. He raced the last few blocks, the police in pursuit, and leaped from his car. The cops followed suit seconds later.

"Follow me," Cartwright commanded. "There's a man in great danger in there." He pointed to the lab, and strode off in its direction. No need to talk of murder, he thought.

The two policemen looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders, and followed Cartwright towards the lab. When they arrived, the lab was empty. The only sign of life was the still-burning lights. Kendall's temporal-displacement apparatus was gone.

On the floor was a small empty carton, bearing the label "KNOCKOUT GAS GUN — HANDLE WITH CAUTION."

One of the police officers spoke. "OK, Speed King — where's the fire?"

* * * * *



Kendall smiled in satisfaction as the needles on the dials of his machine slowly swung across to the left. He placed his hand on the main control switch. When the meters registered the numbers corresponding to the year 1931, he would stop.

He stopped the machine. The world outside, which had disappeared into blackness when he had started his trip, now reappeared. He saw that instead of being in a lab, he was now in a warehouse. Apparently, the University had not owned the building in 1931.

He checked the hypodermic in one pocket, the gun in his other pocket, and the gas-gun in the shoulder holster under his jacket. All clear. He left the building.

For the first time in his life, he was thankful that he had not been able to attend college anywhere except at the state university, where he now (well, thirty-odd years from now) worked as a research associate. Having his parents' and grandfather's homes nearby would prove to be a boon for once.

He walked through the streets of the city, noticing the old-style cars, and the lack of people. The population had grown (would grow?) a lot between 1931 and his time. A calendar in a store window said September 7, 1931. He had arrived a little later than he had been aiming for, but this was close enough, although the date somehow seemed disturbingly familiar. He pondered for a few seconds, and shrugged it off.

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows in the street when he arrived at the run-down brownstone building which he had had pointed out to him in his childhood as "the place mother and daddy used to live." He entered the lobby of the building and squinted at the labels on the mailboxes. There it was — Kendall, Roger A. Jr.

He walked up the dark stairs, and rang the bell of his parents' apartment. A man he recognized from old pictures he had seen answered the door. It was his father.

"May I speak to you and your wife about something of great importance?" Kendall asked. "I'm not a salesman."

"I'd be glad to talk to you," said his father, "but my wife is out of town at the moment, visiting her mother."

Dammit! This was something he hadn't counted on. What should he do now? He made a snap decision. "That's OK." It wasn't absolutely necessary to have his mother along on the trip. As long as his father was "safe." His mother wasn't directly descended from his grandfather.

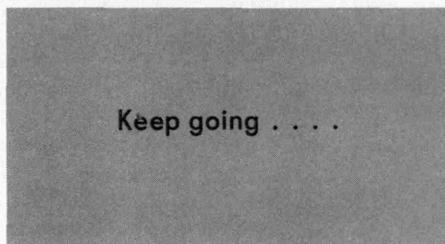


He entered the apartment, and began to lead up to his point. He soon discovered that it wasn't going to be possible to enlist his father's willing aid. However much his father hated the old man, he apparently wanted no part of any plans to do away with him.

There was only one way left, then — the gas. Kendall drew the gas-gun and fired. His father sank to the floor. Kendall took the hypodermic from his pocket, and gave his father a shot which would hold him for several hours.

Now there was the problem of getting his father back to the machine. It was lucky that his mother was out of town, after all.

After some difficulty, he got his father back to the warehouse. He'd had quite a time convincing the cab driver that his father (whom he had said was his brother) was drunk that early in the evening, and that there was a legitimate reason for taking him to a deserted warehouse, but the prospect of an easy five dollars had proven irresistible to the hackie, who obviously hadn't been getting too many fares lately, in these Depression days.



Another hop through time — to 1915. The warehouse was noticeably younger, but still there, thank God.

Kendall pondered whether he should leave his father in the time machine. Better not. He took his father, still unconscious, to the other end of the warehouse, and hung a DO NOT DISTRUB sign on the machine. All he needed was for someone to break the machine, or inadvertently send it off on a trip through time without him. He left the warehouse.

It was night outside. Kendall hired a horse and buggy, and headed towards the outskirts of town, drawing some stares in his half-century-ahead-of-time clothing.

His grandfather's house — a younger and less forbidding structure than he remembered it — loomed up in view. He got out of the buggy, tethered the horse, and headed for his objective.

He mustn't slip up now. So far, things had gone roughly according to plan. Now, for the first of the two murders.

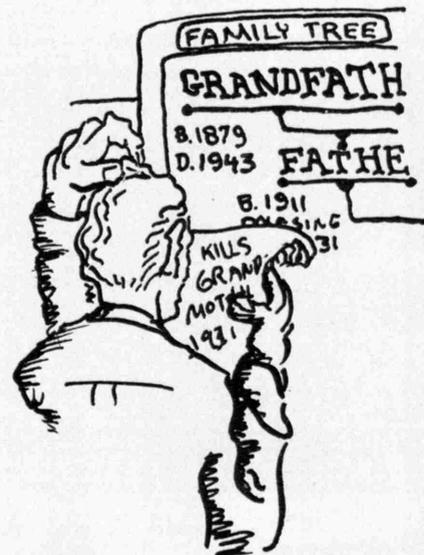
Stealthily, he entered the grounds of his grandfather's estate. He crept across the lawn, and jimmied the lock on the back door.

He was inside! He pondered his next move. Luckily, he knew the layout of the house cold. Assuming that his grandfather slept with his grandmother, the best approach would probably be to go up and shoot the old man, and then deal with her.

He climbed the stairs, and entered their room. His grandparents were sleeping in the same canopied bed the old man had used (or would use, he thought) twenty years later. He drew the gun from his pocket and fired.

A man's voice rang out. "WHO GOES THERE?" Kendall froze. What had happened? His grandfather sat up in bed.

Suddenly, Kendall realized. *He had shot his grandmother, by mistake!* As he stood petrified, a second shot rang in the room. Kendall felt an explosion in his chest. The room started to turn red and so dim, and he fell to the floor. His grandfather leaped from bed, and stood over him, shouting. And as the last spark of life ebbed from him, Kendall realized, too late, why his grandfather had become a hate-filled, bitter man, and why his mother had never seen his father again after that fateful September day in 1931.



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... spincters of Wolverine?

Note: People not known to be warlocks or witches have also subscribed in the past. I think they read the magazine. But I doubt it. They must have some really weird use.

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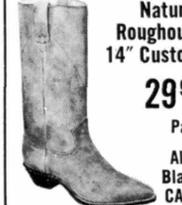
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