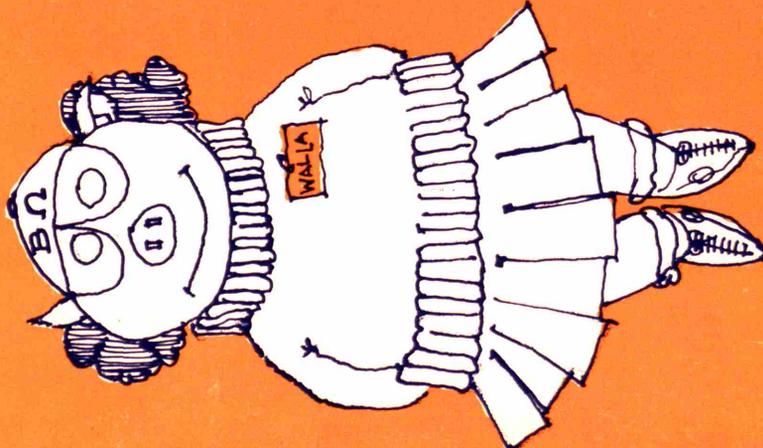
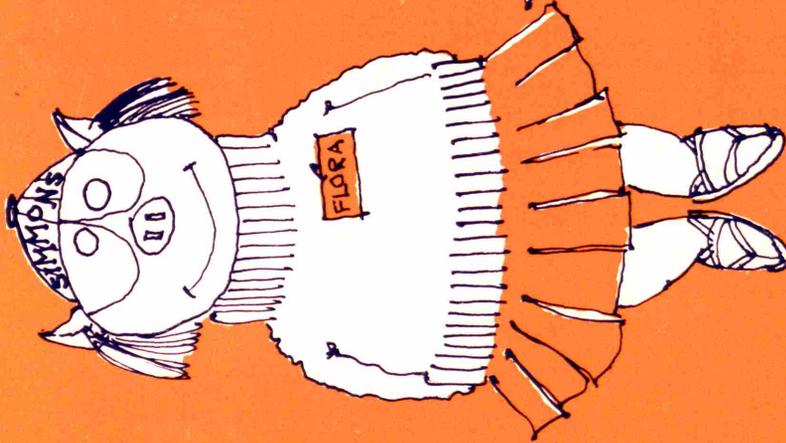
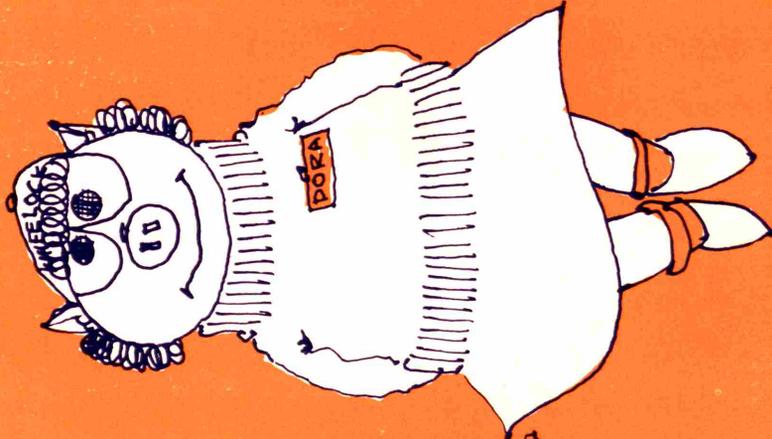
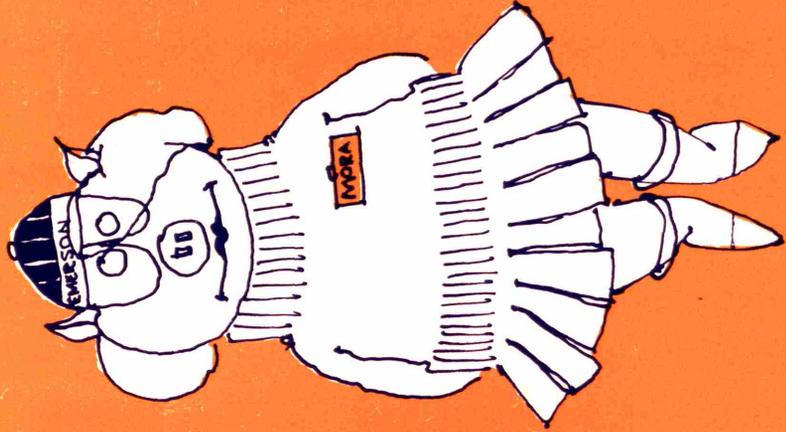
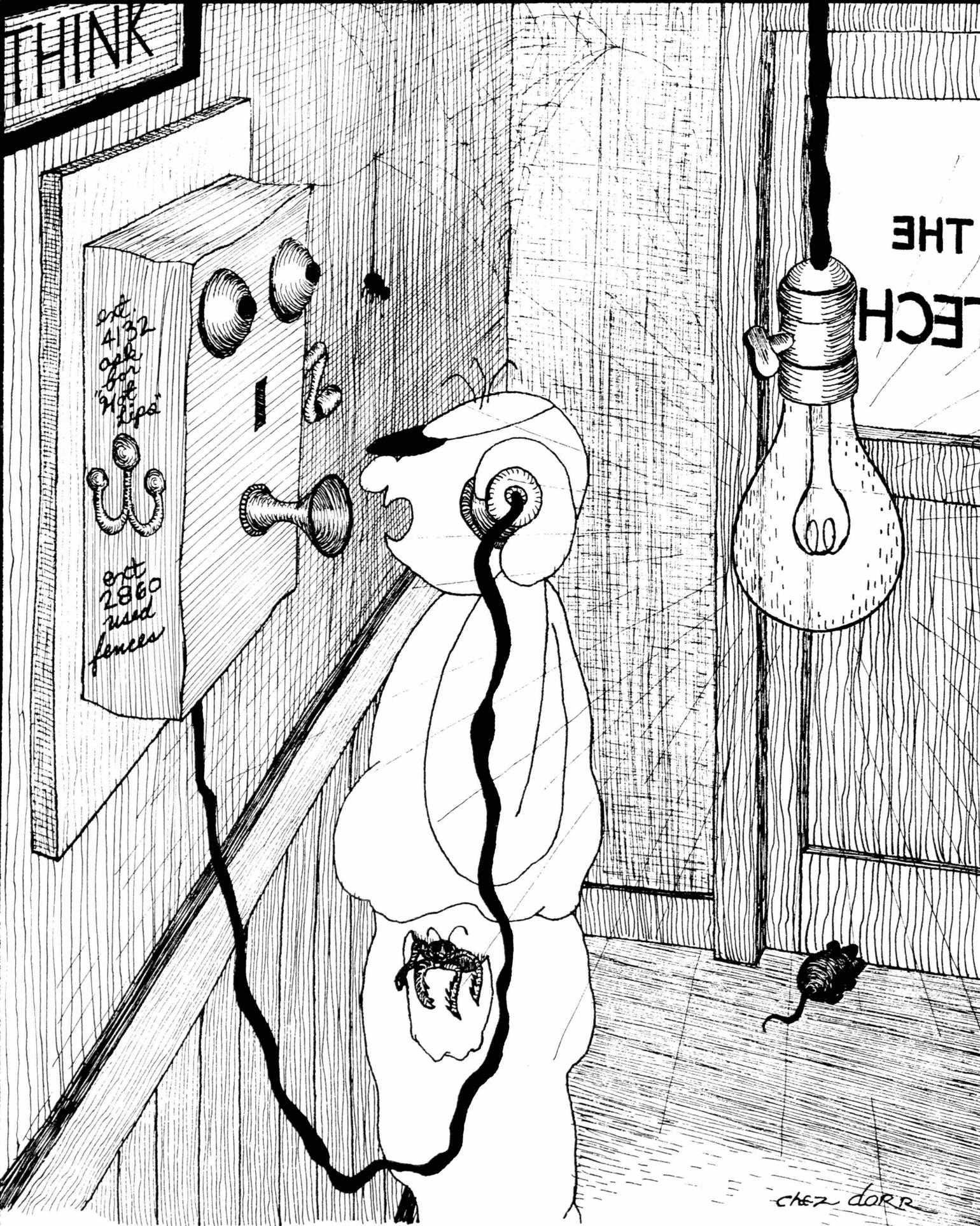


MIXER ISSUE NOV. 55#

VOODOO





THE
TECH

ord.
4/32
oak
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"Hot
tips"

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chez dorr

"Hello, Roto-Router? What can you dig up for the front page?"

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NERVOUS?
TIRED?
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AND RELAX**

**Better yet,
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Enclosed please find \$2.80 so
Please send the next eight issues of Voo Doo to

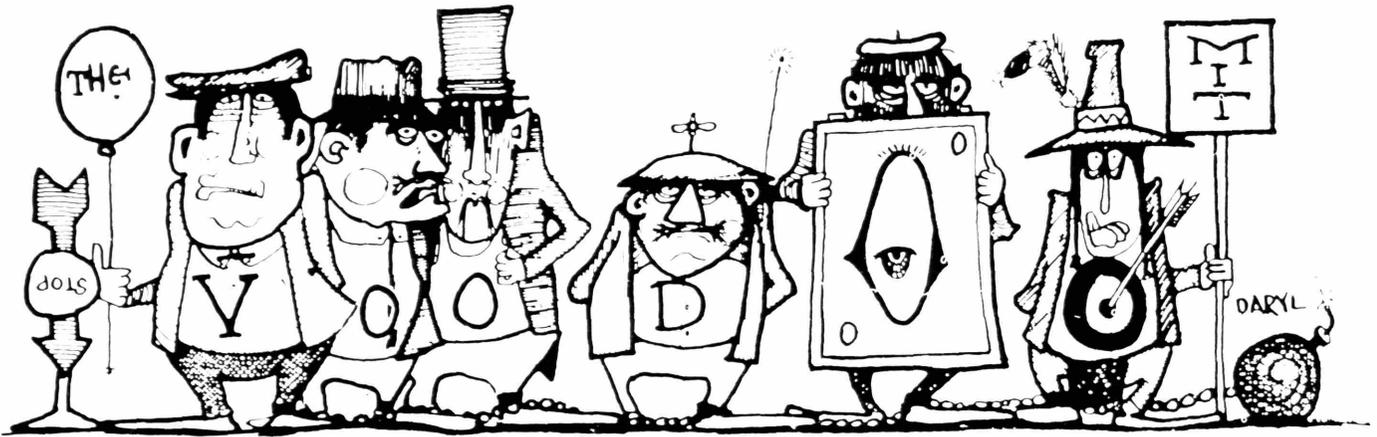
Name

Street and No.

City

State

Telephone (if female)



After having received several inquiries, we would like to point out that, in the *Catalog Issue*, the 6.07 Lab was a photographic reproduction of the actual sheet handed out this term. Ask any Course VI Senior. The advertisement "*Gifts by Will*" was *not*, as most of our readers thought, a fake ad. No kiddin', sports fans this is a real ad, which the Institute uses to squeeze that last Dollar out of its' alumni! We thought it was funnier than any parody we might have done.....that is, if your wallet has a sense of humor.

A reliable monger of rumors tells us of a Tech tool who took, of all things, a coed out to eat. Came time to pay, the waiter brought the check. The tool motioned to his pet coed. She brought a slide rule and handed it to him. He pushed the slipstick for a while, then looked at the check, nodded, and handed the slide rule back. What a brain!

Have you seen the temporary outhouse in Building Ten? The scrawl upon it started out as "Protect your eyes! Do not look". Some Right Thinking person added "at coeds". Then some Wrong Thinking coed stuck on "Right! We're tired of being stared at."

Gentle coeds: have you ever stopped to think WHY people stare at you?

A sale at Radio Shack during the Summer heralded genuine "Geranium Diodes." (Four for a dollar) Those clever Japanese!

We hear that one Tech tool is such a fan of Kennedy that he went to a chiropractor last summer to have his back dislocated.

We noticed, while perusing the latest *R.P.I. Bachelor*, an advertisement for the *Red Front Restaurant*, in Troy, N.Y. We wonder how the John Beech Society has allowed this one to slip by....

One of our Senior Board members reports on an unusually efficient Techretary on the second floor of Building 20F. Hearing a commotion next door to his lab, our intrepid informant peeked in to behold a large group of people gathered around a Techretary and a Graduate Student. Closer inspection revealed that she was giving him a haircut! What else do they teach in Secretarial School, girls?

A board member was staring out at Beacon Street, we hear, when a large yellow Municipal-type truck drove up. Four men got out, They worked energetically for some minutes, then re-entered the truck and lumbered away. They left behind one small portable NO PARKING sign - set squarely in the middle of a yellow-painted no-parking zone.

In the humanities senior seminar recently the stu-

dents were announcing their research topics. One fellow stood up manfully and blurted, "I'm studying scientific dissemination."

With commendable equanimity the prof remarked, "I assume you mean the dissemination of scientific information."

On Sept. 18, 1957, Gama-liel Smoot of Coke Falls, Nebraska, fell 3000 feet without sustaining injury. After performing this amazing feat, he fell one additional foot to the ground and was killed.

Think that over, Archimedes.

During J.P. weekend, the NRSA house received an unexpected visit from the Cambridge Police. It seems they found out about the girl throwing her knee out of joint doing the twist.

To The Bursar, Wolly Hokanson
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Dear Sir:

It is a well-worn cliché around the institute that the undergraduate student only pays for approximately half of the cost of his Tech education. We take this to mean that there is an approximate subsidy of \$1500 each year for each and every M.I.T. student.

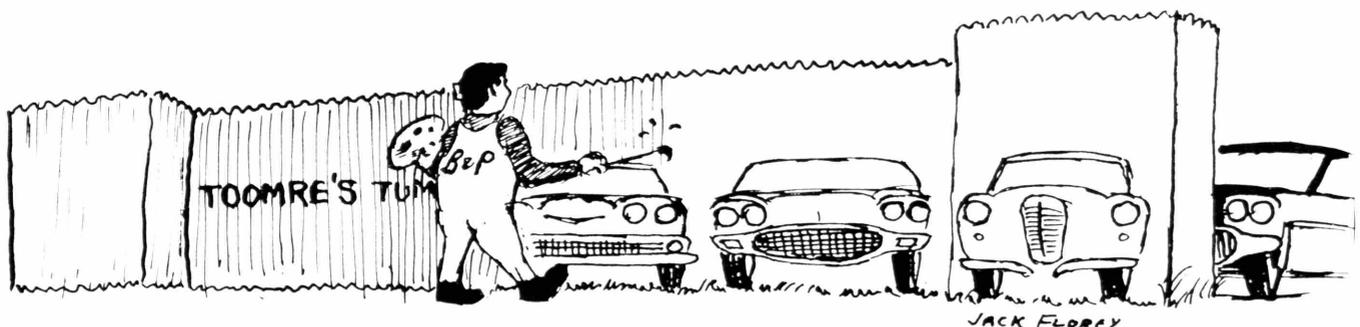
Last week a letter appeared in the tech from Mssrs. Gerald W. Leehan, Robert Fiorenza and John Rykowski as a protest for the \$1200 grant Voo Doo received from Finboard to clear up a long-standing bad debt. (As everyone knows, this bad debt was accrued in 1957 when the institute faculty club purchased 3600 copies of the Field Piece issue and decided not to pay for them.) The protest of these gentlemen was based on the weak argument that Voo Doo's "filth and garbage" were not "in keeping with the ideals and traditions of the majority of Techmen." To refute this argument is so tres facile that if it were not for the fact that our typesetter needs the work we would forget it altogether.

The gist of the matter is that each month the traditions and ideals of Techmen are faced with a great decision: which, among all of M.I.T.'s publications, should they purchase? Keeping in mind that discounting M.I.T.'s yearbook, which comes out only once a year, Voo Doo is the most expensive of all campus publications, it is interesting to reflect upon the various publication sales. If TEN, which also comes out once a month, could sell just 1000 copies they would probably throw two \$600 banquets at Joesephs in Boston. Tangent would be even more delighted to have that many sales. While the Tech, with its miserable letters to the editor column would be delighted, yea-ecstatic, if sales would climb to 2,000. But last month Voo Doo, in just five hours low pressure sales (VOO DOO!! VOO DOO!! HEY GET 'CHUR VOO DOO YOU FINKS!!!) sold out an entire edition of 2800 by two o'clock. So much for Voo Doo and the majority of Tech men.

But simply from this misconception of Voo Doo's catholic function on campus, these gentlemen protested our needed \$1200 grant. Voo Doo therefore feels compelled to protest the \$6000 cumulative grant to Mssrs. Leehan and Rykowski who are in their second year at Tech ($\$1500 \times 2 \times 2$), and the total of \$6000 granted to Mr. Fiorenza alone. Obviously these men, in protesting Voo Doo instead of buying it, in writing to the editor of the tech and in paying attention to the activities of finboard, are not, in their own words: "in keeping with the ideals and traditions of the majority of Techmen." Using their own logic, Voo Doo therefore asks you, as bursar of M.I.T., to withdraw these men's grants and ask that they reimburse the institute the \$1200 they have already cost it.

Sincerely yours,

The Voo Doo Senior Board





After hearing some really wild stories about mixers, (a VooDoo man has no need for mixers), we decided to visit one and report back to you, our horny readers. Thus, on a balmy day last week we followed a typical Tech Tool to his very first mixer. This particular one was held at Mt. Ryder, the oldest non-accredited girls school in the country. As you will see, a good time was had by all!



The girls were rather pleased to see the boys and welcomed them warmly.



One fellow seemed to be quite in demand. It was the first time that the police had heard of such a thing.



This girl seems to be working her way through school.



You've heard of the Cha-Cha and the Twist.
This is called the Rump-Romp.



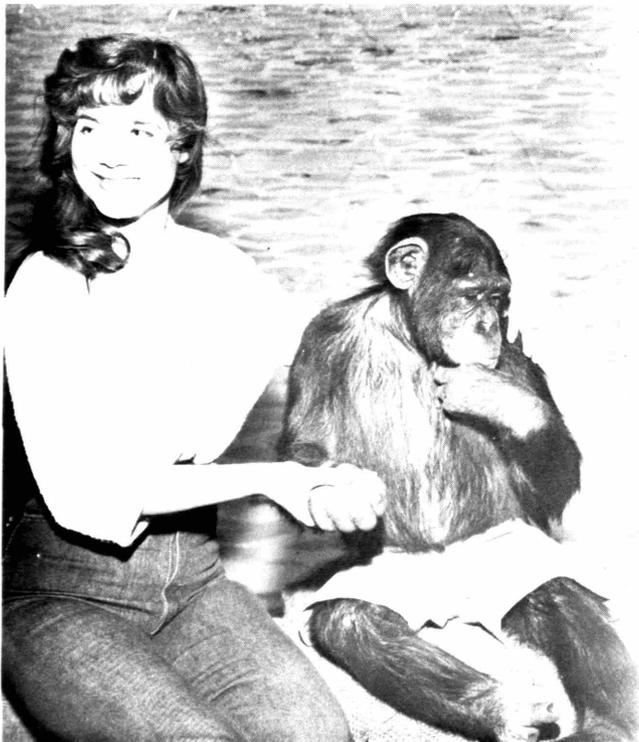
We spotted this fellow saying goodnight to a
very special girl.



You can get a man with a gun!



Our MIT man seems to have done rather well for himself, but

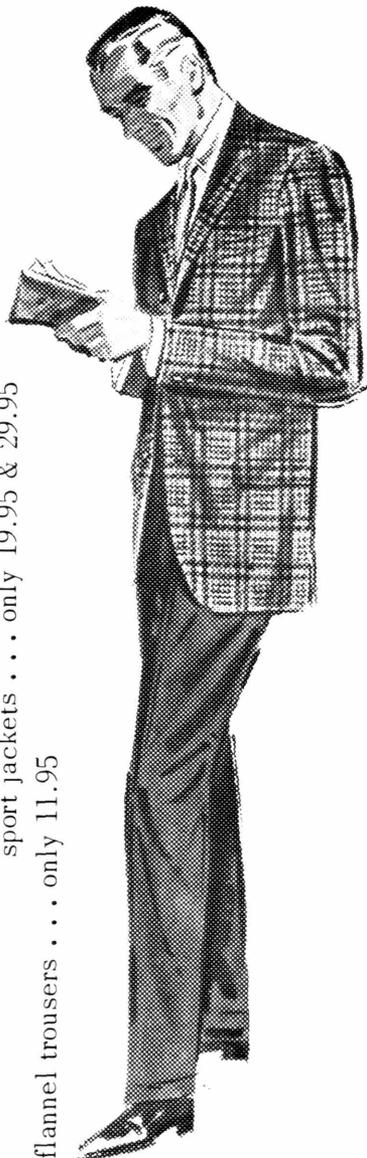


... a guy from Harvard walked off with the belle of the ball. (He used two dabs of Dillcream.)



This girl is of the shy retiring type. She holds her own mixers.

sport jackets . . . only 19.95 & 29.95
 flannel trousers . . . only 11.95



Stan Gaynor, '38, says: -

You won't need a slide-rule to figure your savings on quality fashions when you come down to the city's leading men's store...just 1/2 mile down the Ave.

Harvard
Bazar

576 Mass. Ave. at Pearl St. 4
 Central Square - Camb.



VANGUARD

Recordings for the Connoisseur

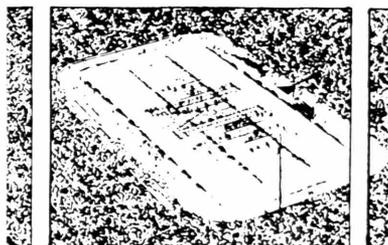


JOAN BAEZ, Vol. 2

Wagoner's Lad, Plaisirs d'Amour, Lily of the West, Barbara Allan, Banks of the Ohio, Engine 143, Silkie, Old Blue, Cherry Tree Carol, Once I Knew a Pretty Girl, Lonesome Road and other songs. VRS-9094 (mono) VSD-2097 (stereo)

"An achingly pure soprano voice." *High Fidelity*
 "A major new folksinging talent." *Saturday Review*
 "I was enthralled!" *Nat Henoff, The Reporter*
 "Sends one scurrying for superlatives." *N.Y. Times*
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TOUCHDOWN, U.S.A.
THE "BIG TEN"
 and Other Great College Marches of the Gridiron
 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN BAND - WILLIAM D. REVELLI Conductor



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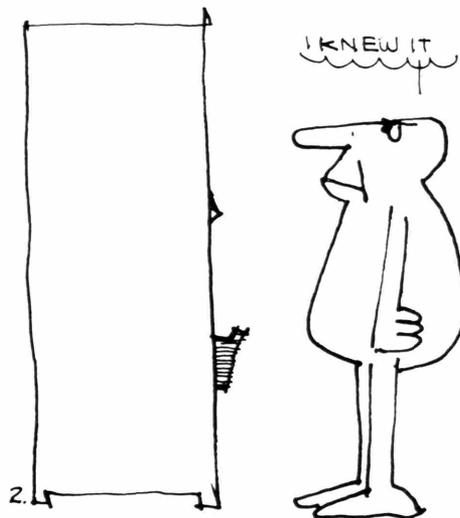
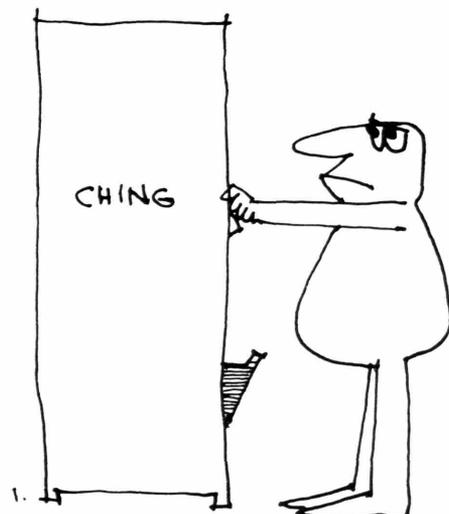
College Marches of The Big Ten, Army, Yale, Princeton, Georgia Tech, Navy, Columbia and others. William D. Revelli conductor.

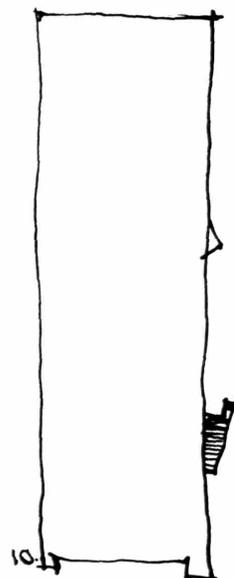
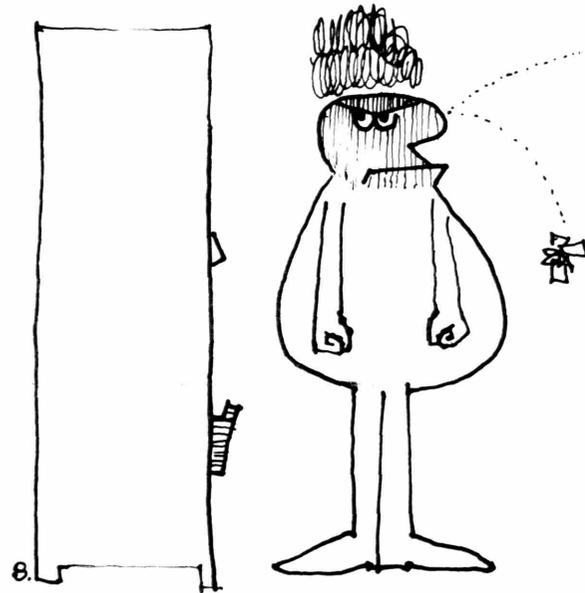
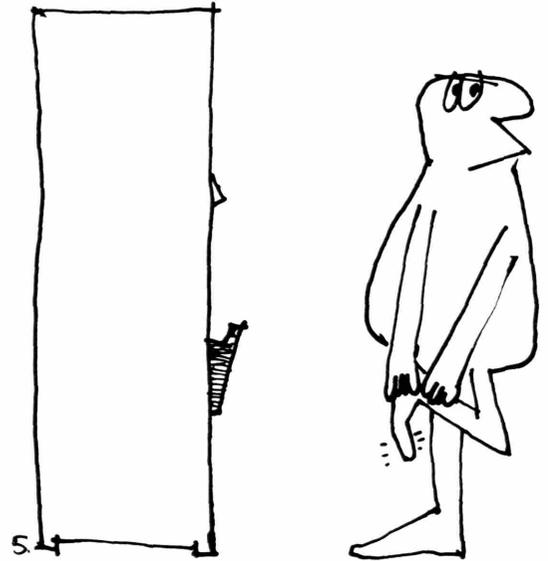
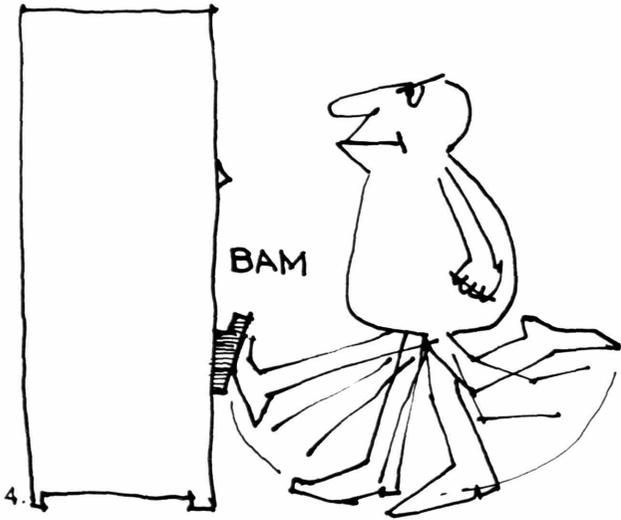
VRS-9095 (mono) VSD-2100 (stereo)

"They made a success of every single concert throughout their trip in the Soviet Union . . . they illustrated admirably the America of which we are all most proud." *Lieuellyn E. Thompson*, U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

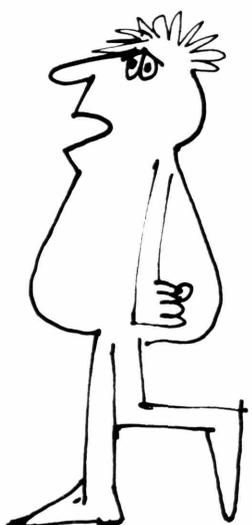
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Dept. U, Vanguard Recording Society, Inc.
 154 W. 14 St., New York 11, N. Y.

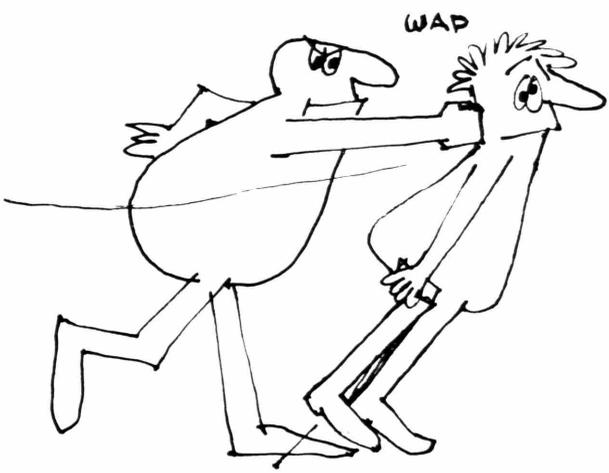
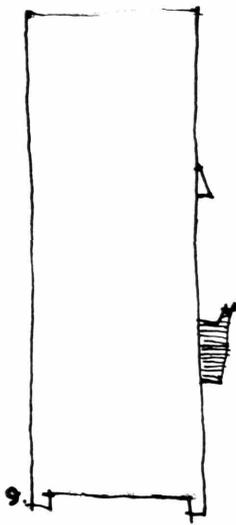
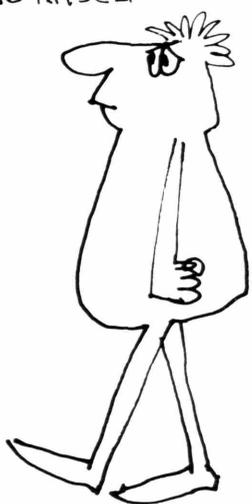
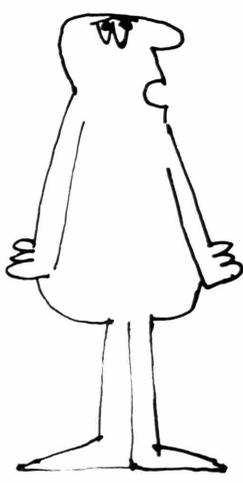
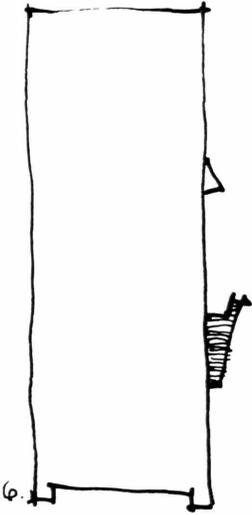




HEY, THIS MACHINE WORK?



I WOULDN'T KNOW.
NEVER USE THE THINGS MYSELF



YOU CAN HAVE MACHINES.. I'LL TAKE
PEOPLE ANY TIME.....THEY'RE SOFTER..



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Heard in a hotel lobby:

"Just think, John, we don't have to pull
down the shades; we're married now!"



The birds do it....
The bees do it...
The bats do it...
Join the Air Force!



"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid
down a royal flush in a game of strip poker.



Dizzy Daisy, the bathing beauty, says the
water came up to her expectations and tickled
her fancy.



In a water safety class the instructor was
quizzing her students on common sense in life-
saving techniques.

"What articles of clothing," inquired the
teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in
the water with all your clothes on?"

One little freshman raised her hand.

"The blouse," she said. "Air gets under it
and acts like a buoy."



The famous German surgeon, Dr. Rudolph Von Schlicer, was famous for having developed many remarkable surgical techniques, but the most spectacular of all was an appendectomy which required only a half inch incision.

The doctor came over on a tour of this country just about the time a wealthy playboy was advised to have his appendix removed. Since his wedding was only a month away and money was no object, he decided that he would have the operation performed by Von Schlicer and avoid the usual appendicitis scar.

The operation went off as scheduled in a hospital, but when the playboy came out of the ether the next morning he was horrified to find his entire lower region a veritable mass of gauze. He called the nurse over and demanded to know why a half-inch incision should require so many bandages.

"Well," she replied, "there you were in that huge amphitheatre with half the prominent surgeons in the country looking on. The doctor went through the operation with consummate ease, and every move was a thing of beauty. When he had finished, the doctors began to applaud. Before long, the ovation was deafening. Well, they simply wouldn't stop, so for an encore the doctor circumcised you."



We've seen so many articles describing President Kennedy's house at Hyannis Port as rambling and comfortable, that we'd almost think he lived like the rest of us - if it wasn't for that expensive winter cottage his father bought him in Washington.



Did you hear about the guy in the park doing push-ups and along came a drunk who took one look at him and asked. "What's the matter fella, did you lose your girl?"

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"Est. 1918"

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<i>Have</i>	Mend your clothes
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THE

MISTAKE

It all started as an innocent bridge date, honest. How was I to know that it would end with two girls and I all in the same... But let me begin at the beginning.

Like any other fall Sunday afternoon, I went by the girls' dorm to pick up Comet (you see, her real name was Halley and she once dated an Astronomy major) for our weekly bridge game. This in itself would not have led to my downfall and utter disgrace. However, Maris had broken up with her steady the night before, leaving us without a fourth. The three of us talked it over and decided to go to the Student Union and find some random stranger to fill the table. And so it came to pass in this strange land of the Collegians that it was accomplished.

After the game I offered to buy supper for Comet, as the dormitory dining hall was closed on Sunday. SO the three of us – me, Comet, and Maris – trotted off to eat. Then somewhere from the evil depths of those two scheming, female minds came the sanguinary thought that it was too early to return to the dorm and the boring, but safe, academic pastime of study. Nothing would do but that we go to a movie. We rushed to the nearest drive-in theater, where, to my dismay and the wenches' delight, was showing a raunchy double feature consisting of "The Weak Flesh", a melodrama of the London woman of the streets, and "The Amoral Imagination of Mr. Libido", which, for my peace of mind, must even now go undescribed.



We were all sitting in the front of the car and blissfully enjoying "The Weak Flesh", not to mention a fifth of old Napoleon brandy that had been carelessly left in the car, when Maris decided that she was cold. Being the perfect Southern gentleman that I am, I offered to turn the heater on. But Comet, as flighty and airy as her namesake, had a "better" idea. Nothing would do but that I move to the center so that one of the girls could cuddle on each side of me, thereby using the heat of passion as well as normal body heat to renew our chilled circulation.

As is usual in such circumstances, I was concentrating most of my attention on one of the girls, leaving Maris feeling slightly neglected. She decided to rectify this and jabbed me a hard one in the ribs. I jumped and landed on Comet, who in turn lay down across me and slugged Maris on the jaw. She followed this pugilistic accomplishment with the startling revelation that she was very comfortable lying there and had no intention of moving. This was satisfactory to me, but as soon as everything

was once more peaceful, Maris gave me another one of those vicious pokes. The explosion which resulted made the previous one seem like a soap bubble.

Things quieted down until two men walked past the car. As soon as they saw the men, both girls grabbed and kissed me simultaneously. This, to say the least, drew stares, whether of admiration or fear of contagious lunacy I know not.

After regaining my breath from the surprising performance, I sent Maris to get a pack of cigarettes. She returned to find Comet and me in a tight clinch and retaliated with still another of those bone-breaking jabs. About this time, I noticed that several of the multitudinous passersby (of which there was an astonishingly large number for such a near-vacant drive-in) had already made about five trips to the refreshment stand since we had been there.

And then the secondfeature started. True to its title, it was both amoral and libidinous. It was not bad when the actresses just stripped down to the waist. In fact, that only brought forth comments like:

"Just think what the girls back in the dorm

will say when they ask us what we did and we can tell them that we went to a drive-in movie where we saw a strip show, drank brandy, and wrestled with Carl!"

But then the screen showed one of the actresses in the nude. Comet yelled that she was embarrassed and threw her coat over her head. With a shouted "I'm too young to be out here alone!", I followed her under the coat.

Several minutes later when we emerged, Maris was waited with her headscraf, which she brutally entwined around my neck like a highly experienced garrotter. It was after I had manfully fought my way out of this sordid death trap that my horrified gaze fell upon the uniform of the strong right arm of the law peering into the car with his beady little eyes shining over the edge of the flashlight that he was pointing in the window at us.

So, Dad, that's why I want you to come down here to the police station and explain to these nice gentlemen that I am an innocent victim of the Fates, not the lustful, drunken, aggressor in a case of criminal assault.

Tex



Deke: "See that fellow over there?"

T.C.: "Yes, what about him?"

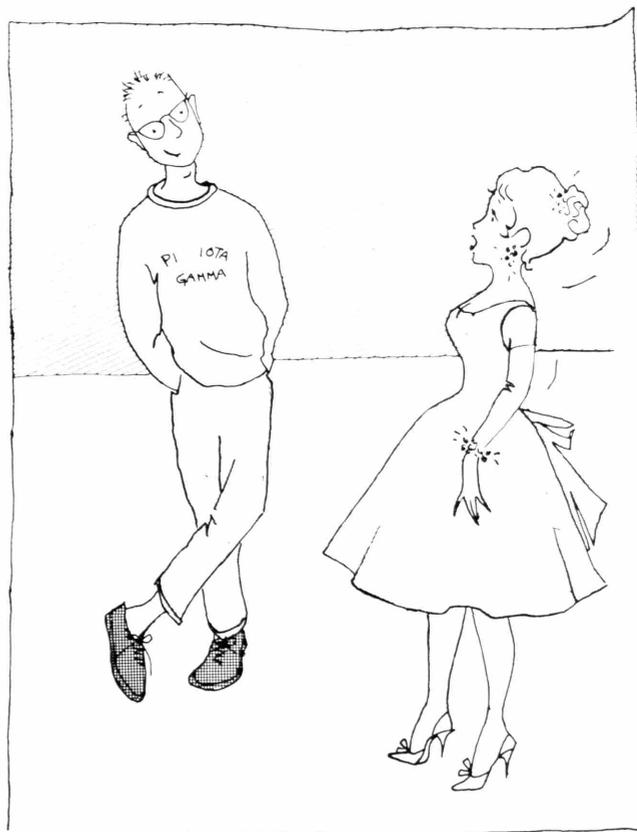
Deke: "Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low life; let's ostracize him."

T.C.: "O.K. You hold him and I'll do it."



Do people make fun of you when you step out on the dance floor?

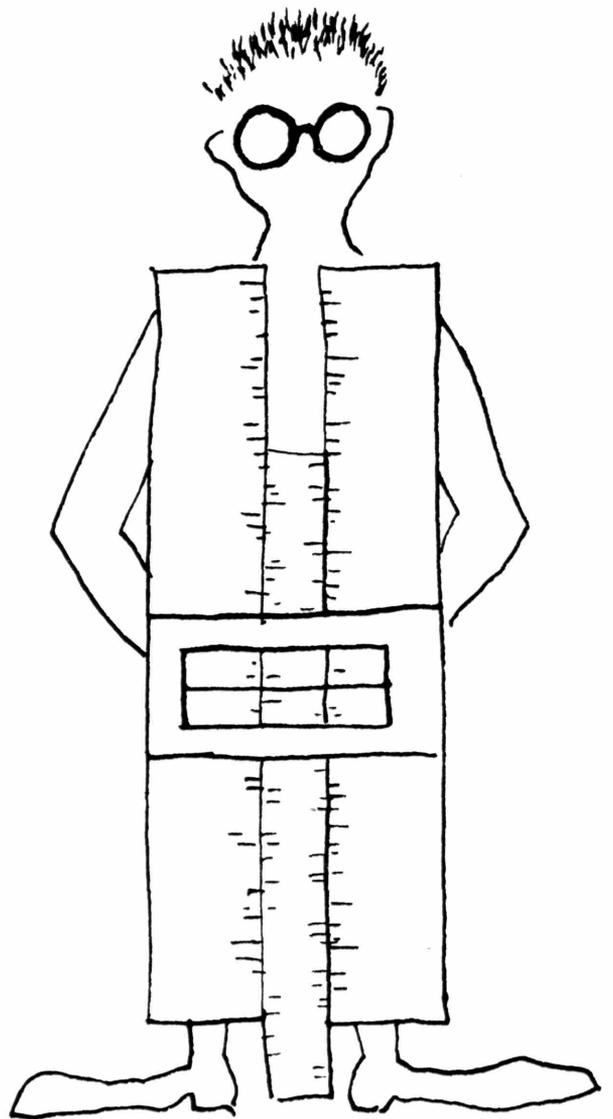
Next time, bring a girl.



THE MEN ONE MEETS AT ... "MIXEAS"



... the protester



...the tech tool



...the detached observer



...the freeloader



...the sophisticate

- "Gee, I think my roommate's looking for me."
- "Let's not play "who do you know" – I believe in serious conversation. Ahhhhhh....er..... mmmmm.....er,,ah...."
- "The funniest thing happened in physics lab the other day."
- "Simmons? Where's that? Is that some kind of a Cooking School?"
- "Would you like to come up to my room and see my slide rule?"
- "I think my roommate's looking for me."
- "I'm lost. Give me your name, address and telephone number."
- "Now that you're a junior I'll bet you're *really* looking for a husband!"
- "Personally, I've always thought that free love had distinct advantages....."
- "Excuse me, I think my roommate is looking for me."
- "Whew! (1-2-1-2-3) These Latin American dances (1-2-1-2-3) sure keep you (1-2-1-2-3) hopping."
- "Honest? A waltz, you say?"
- "You must have taken lessons from Arthur Murray."
- "....took out a girl from Dix Hall and then there was a cute little trick from Chandler and a real mover from....."
- "I hate to rush off, but my roommate is still looking for me."

THE UNWRIT



"I don't see how anyone can keep a straight face around here with so much money changing hands"



"Anyone want my flower?"



"Whadd'ya think I am an armrest?"

TEN SCRIPTS

35mm. - WEIL



"Sorry, Mr. Hokanson. You'll have to show your Bursar's Card."



"Who put the sand in the birdseed?"



"...and the whole thing is run by steam."

“What do you mean, your college board scores will get you into school?” my high school counsellor yelled. “Your character and teachers’ recommendations come first. You won’t go to college with that attitude. You can go to hell!” And so I did.

After acceptance came the deluge. First the propaganda, then the form letter from the Student Aid Center explaining why underendowed MIT, one of the poorest colleges in the country, can’t give you the aid you need; then the letter from the President explaining the tuition rise and pointing out that generous financial aid is available (the fact that the tuition rises biannually was neglected); and finally the bill from the bursar’s office offering

infinite ways to incur and to avoid the five dollar fine. Basically the best way to do this is to send in your family’s life savings and arrange to pay the balance in monthly installments for the next ten years.

I arrived in Boston early one morning and soon learned the evils of the street numbering system, which reads something like the random number table of the CRC. The cab driver became lost. I learned much later that for 20¢ I could have taken the MTA and ridden a luxurious 1890 train or a streetcar called subway.

Once at my new home, I was slightly shocked and highly disgusted to find out that the large spacious room I expected was a broom closet

HOW I BECAME



A TECH TOOL

with a scenic view of the Cambridge factory and urchin districts. Even with the window closed I could still smell chocolate. Cambridge is probably the only city in the world where one can contract bronchial acne.

When I entered to register in building 7, I saw above the door an emblem saying “Mens et Manus.” I thought this meant the whole building was one huge public bathhouse, but an upper-classman translated this for me as “Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.” However, I found that there were others even more snowed than myself. While standing outside I was approached by a coed (female, I think) who pointed to the chapel and asked, “Is that round building with the moat around it the Nuclear Reactor?” After

a couple of hours spent looking for the course nine headquarters in building nine and trying to find out why they use “V’s” instead of “U’s”, I was ready to call it quits.

In dire need of a status symbol, I picked up my shiny new COOP charge card (which had better remain shiny and new considering that I paid the outrageous price of \$216 per sq. yd). I did manage to buy an MIT sweatshirt. Only fairies wear them on campus, but you’re a big man back home. Because of the high cost, I’m getting a large refund.

I soon discovered that Tech has a complete program of extracurricular activities (and innumerable extra-curricular extra-curricular) for the students to pass their “spare” time partici-

pating in. These include LSC reruns of last year's hit movies, occasional LSC lectures designed to make one a well-rounded conservative, and a chance to play "democracy in action" - which is a game played by student government modeled after the one in Washington with even more graft.

If you're looking for a more fanatic activity, you can help God take surveys or join a group seeking to abolish nuclear bombs. If you're a little more conservative, you could claim that anyone who'd rather be red than dead is really yellow. MIT always will give you a chance to express your ideas, even though they rarely listen to you, no matter how infantile they are (e.g. the tech).

Freshman courses are quite varied. My studies range from playing with trains in Physics lectures to playing with BB's in lab. I also take courses in alchemy, arithmetic, and advanced vulgarities. There are really only three things I must remember for my three major courses momentum is conserved, I can't divide by zero, and under no circumstances may I return my non-returnable bag.

However, life soon became complicated. After a few weeks of telling jokes, my math lecturer surpassed my knowledge of high school calculus, as 8.01 had done several weeks before. Which meant I had to study. But that wasn't

too difficult, since the term was three weeks old and was four months behind. I began to tool. This is a system of cramming similar to a crash program. It works on the principle that nine pregnant women can have a baby in one month.

Somehow I have found the time to make this testimony for V.D. If it can save just one naive high school Senior I will be happy. I guess the moral of my story is: If you must go to hell, try the other one. At least it's free.

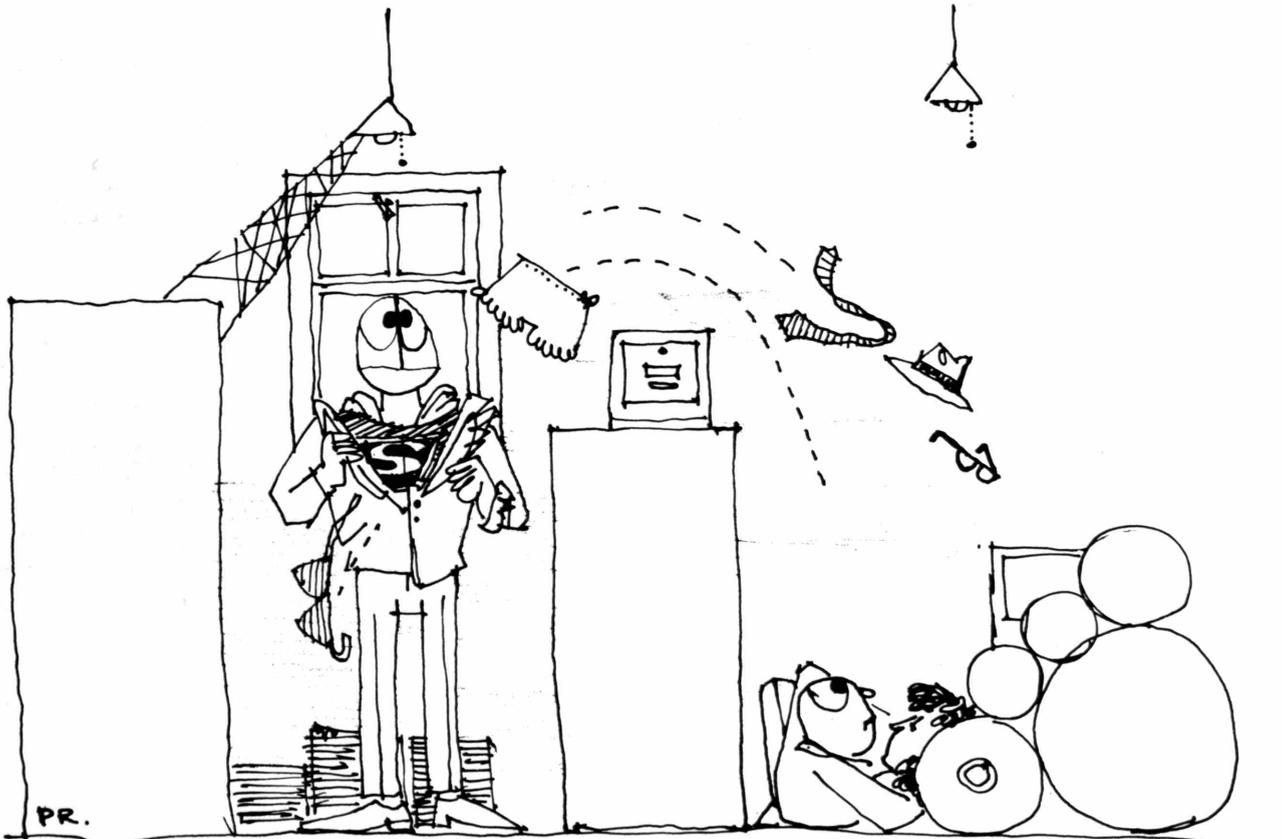
by MARSHALL BROWN
(As told to staff psychiatrist no. 42537 - VI)

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You stayed up all night cramming for an exam and then slept through the exam the next day? You say you went out one night and got bombed and told your date you would marry him and now you can't remember his name and he keeps calling you to set the date? Is that what's on your mind?

You say the house mother knocked on your door to collect for the dorm drive just as your boyfriend was climbing in your third story window and you had to push him out? You say your bed was short-sheeted and filled with crumbs and some slob put Saran Wrap under the toilet seat and when you went to get the mop you got your roommate's pony tail instead?

Well, Kid C'est la vie!



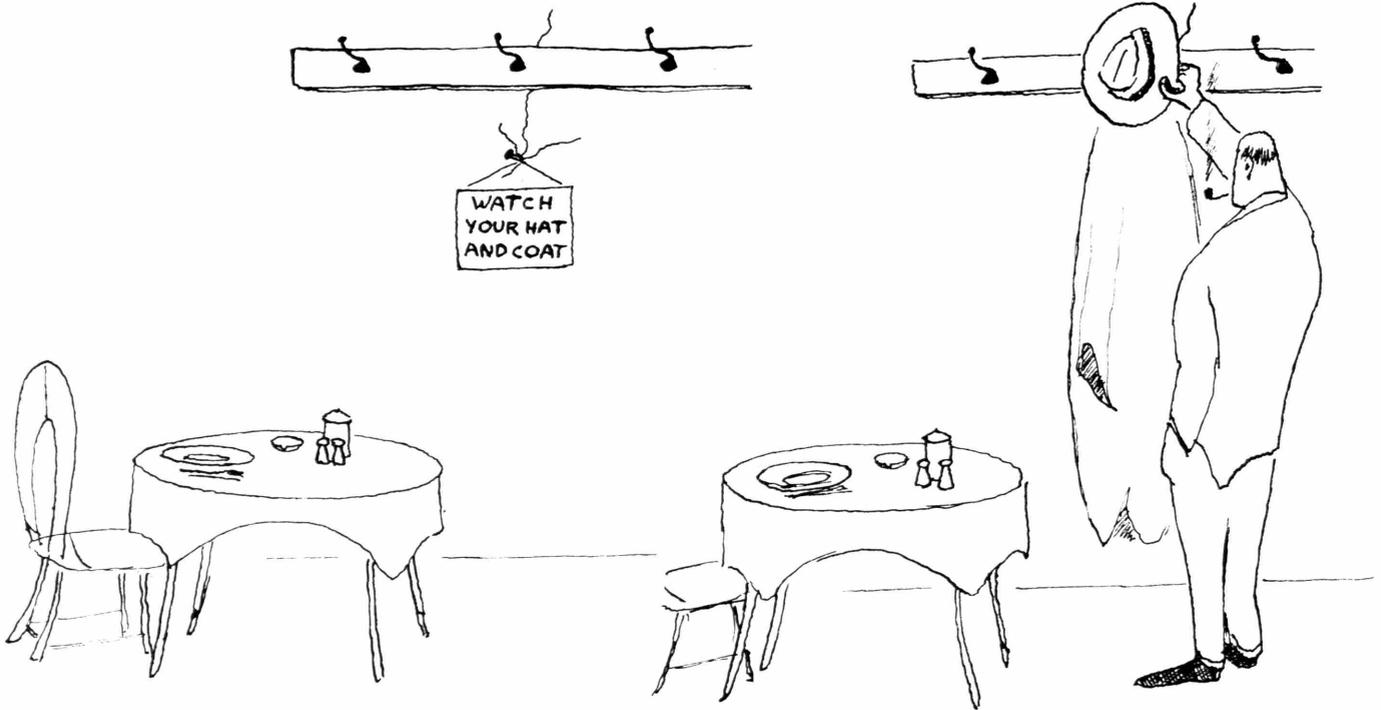
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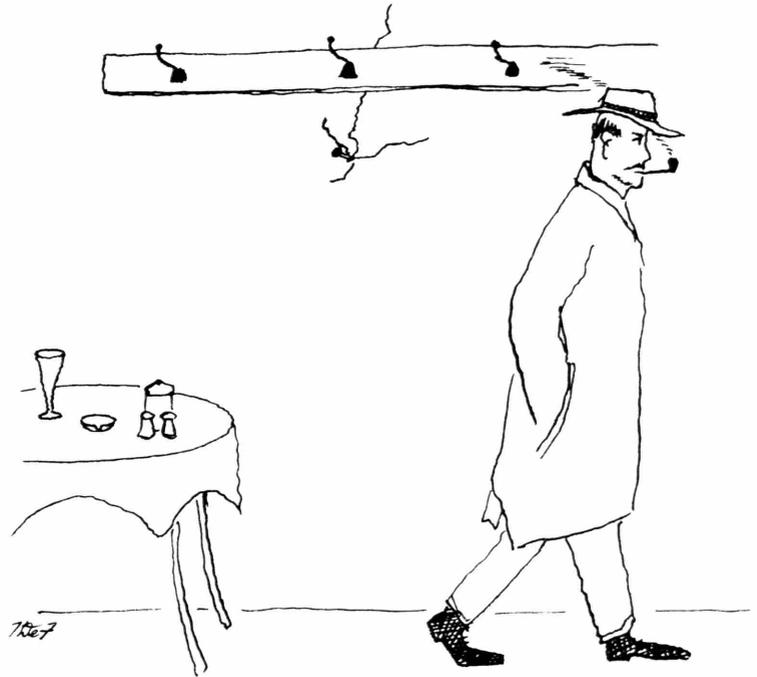
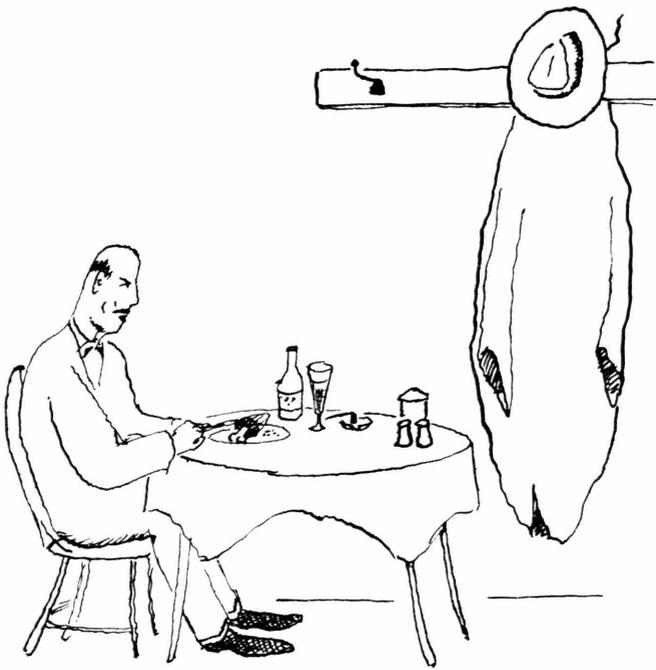
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EDITOR'S NOTE:

The character of Munich in 1908 was not unlike the present outlook in our country; disillusionment and a sarcastic outlook on life was the stimulus to one *Heinrich Kley*, a commercial artist who published innumerable cartoons in the local Munich newspapers and art publications. These drawings were of amazing technical quality, and even more amazingly, displayed one of the most imaginative, and at the same time warped, and often nearly obscene, senses of humor in the history of cartooning. VooDoo discovered a collection of these cartoons stashed away at the Coop, and after perusing (no, kiddies, perusing is not synonymous with stealing) the book, (*Kley: The Drawings of Heinrich Kley*, Dover Publications, New York 14, N.Y., \$1.85) we decided that these were too good to keep to ourselves. Here are just a few examples, which we are reprinting with the permission of the publisher; although Herr Kley is of another place and era, we wish we could make him an honorary member of the *VooDoo* Art Staff.

HEINRICH KLEY



Committee for Public Morals
Die Sittenkommission



Doctor of Engineering
Dr. ing.



Dance Craze
Tanzpest

Love's Labor Lost
Verlorene Liebesmüh



The Maiden's Prayer
Das Gebet der Jungfrau



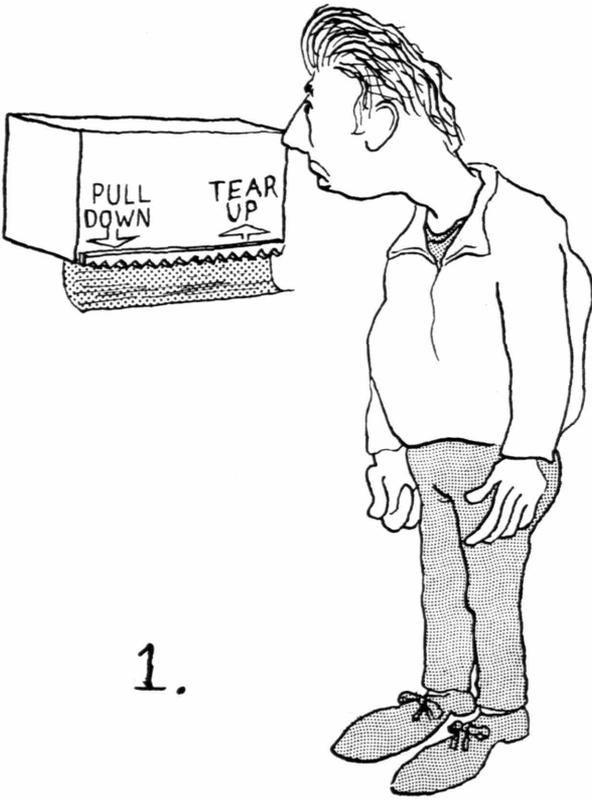
After the Ball
Nach dem Ball



The Child Prodigy
Das Wunderkind



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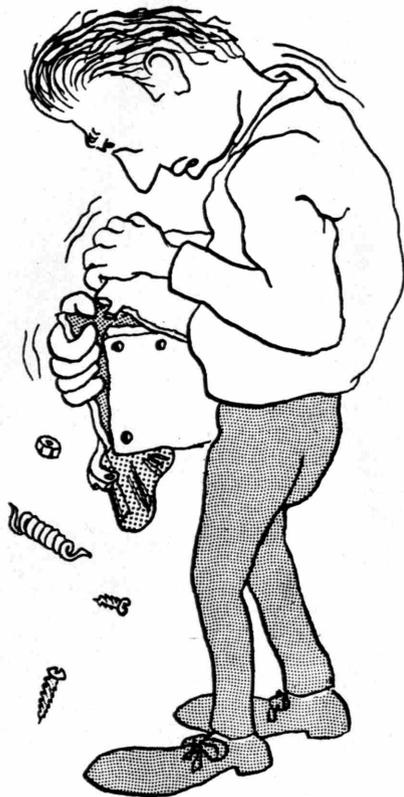
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