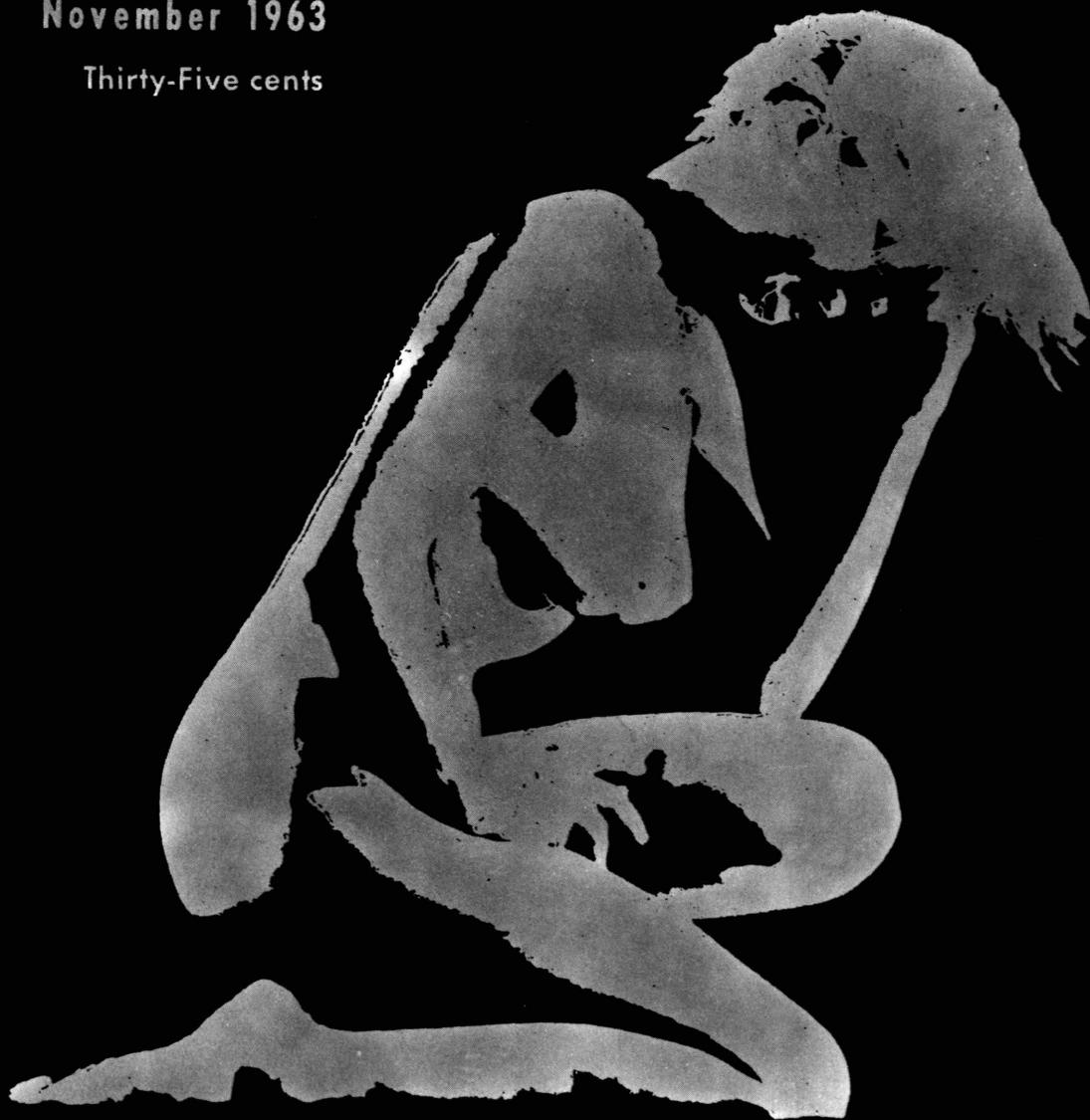


VOO DOO

November 1963

Thirty-Five cents



The Eternal Feminine

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FRIDAY EVENING
NOVEMBER 22
6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
10-250
60c

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5:15, 7:30, & 9:45 P.M.
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A Lecture
Serge Lentz

"Explosive Red China"

Wednesday, December 11
Kresge 8:00 P.M. FREE

A Lecture
Vance Packard

"The Breed That Succeeds"

WARNING !!



Before reading this magazine, you should be aware that (according to a letter in the November 6 issue of *the tech*), you are holding in your hands at this very moment:

- 1) "a gross and flagrant violation of the accepted and established standards of morality and decency"
- 2) "sophistical allusions to obscenity"
- 3) "deprecating comments on MIT's coeds"
- 4) "[a threat] to the American way of life"
- 5) an "appeal to prurient and degrading emotions"
- 6) a "virulent moral cancer that festers deep in the bosom of the MIT community."

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED. Proceed with caution.

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Bill Sonnenberg and Eric Westerfeld are also on the Staff.

We often wonder why people read the postal information. We wonder if they didn't realize VooDoo is published monthly October through May, and once in August, by the Senior Board. We wonder if they are surprised to see it is copyright 1963 by the VooDoo Senior Board. We wonder if they want to know that our office is at 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts. We wonder if they suddenly plan to climb those stairs some Wednesday night to see if we're really there. We wonder if they are suddenly stricken cold to realize that they paid thirty-five cents for their copy. We wonder if they are foolish enough to send us \$2.80 for a whole year (8 issues) of riotous joviality. We wonder if a reader in Pago Pago will see the pertinent line and send us \$69.00, the cost of a subscription there. We wonder if anyone didn't realize this issue was published November, 1963, or if anybody cares that it was entered as second-class mail at 02139. We Wonder if College Magazines, Inc., of New York, N.Y., knows that they represent us for national advertising. But they read, so it's wonderful.



"The substance of our lives is woman. All other things are irrelevancies, hypocrisies, subterfuges. We sit talking of politics, and all the while our hearts are filled with memories of women and the capture of women." (Moore) And after a Civil War Issue, we thought it might be a good idea to turn our attentions to something a little closer to our hearts. So it makes sense that if we're all thinking about them, dreaming about them, and talking about them, we should like reading about them.

This issue is devoted entirely to analysis of Woman, from the Techman's point of view. We even tossed in the point of view of some famous thinkers; in the form of little quotes, such as the one above, all of which we gently lifted from *Women, Pro and Con*, from the Peter Pauper Press. We thought it might be interesting to show that others think the same way we do. . . . Anyway, it's a lot more stimulating than tort feasting.

From page 25 of the 6.41 notes: "Much of the information below is contained in the 7094 and FAP manuals, but for most students such manuals can be understood only after they have been understood."

The *Twilight Zine*, put out by the Science Fiction Society, is probably the best 25c worth of reading around (but they'd rather not take their money straight — they'd rather have you join, or write letters, or something, and get it free). It's almost entirely devoid of the usual mind-rotting obfuscation generally found in science fiction fanzines and we get the general impression that they don't even *care* whether the baboon on the twenty-seventh page of some obscure Edgar Rice Burroughs book is right or left handed. In their latest, we particularly liked ARLewis's characterization of political MIT as "orthodox indifferents shading into reactionary anarchists and technocrats."

We think all the sex scandals at Harvard are a sign of improvement. At least now they're taking *girls* up to their bedrooms.

One of our freshman staffers, responding to the "Get Eaton at the Coop" ads in *the tech*, went over the other day and said that he'd like to get Eaton. The saleslady replied, "Well, the manager's out to lunch right now and I just got back." We don't know what *she* was talking about, but. . .

The Boston *Herald* said that, now that B.C. has coed cheerleaders, Harvard is the only school in Greater Boston (whatever that means) without female cheerleaders. (We're not so sure about that — they have some very sweet things out there leading cheers.) Note that MIT was not mentioned as having no cheerleaders. Well, before we called this to the *Herald's* attention we investigated: Sure enough, a group of coeds, at the request of the basketball team, is practicing yells and cheers. They're serious about this (four practices per week) and hope for student support and large crowds at B-ball games. The Athletic Dept. has promised to outfit the girls with

skirts and sweaters if they're good. We anticipate that the one with the biggest buck teeth will get the role of Beaver Mascot.

An excerpt from the latest issue of the *MIT Observer*: "Although there are 287 co-eds at M.I.T., Tech men are still holding their own."

Our congratulations to Baker House Committee for getting up enough guts to suppress the "Virginity Poll." For those who didn't hear about it, BHC authorized two house members to poll house residents with a secret ballot containing the question: Are you a virgin?"

The poll, sad to say, did not come off, for the House President, suddenly feeling the pangs of conscience, called a phantom meeting and succeeded not only in revoking approval, but in striking the whole business from the record.

We feel that the time has come to appeal to you to support the ugly duckling of MIT's student publications. Do you realize to what your adamant refusal to buy *Tangent* has reduced its staff? One of our Board members was in the Walker basement recently when he saw two of Tech's grungiest pause before the door of our literary brethren. "Tangent—Contributions," read one of them—whereupon he shrugged, reached into his pocket, and dropped a nickel in the slot provided.

Since our Lincoln-esque staff member did not get a chance to deliver his commemorative version of the Gettysburg Address in the lobby of Bld. 10 last sales day—seems as though some Southern boys decided to keep history from repeating itself—we feel duty-bound to present the text of that speech for your intellectual edification:

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS

Fourscore and eighteen years ago William Barton Rogers brought forth on this continent a new institution, conceived in oppression and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created unequal.

Now we are engaged in a great scholastic struggle testing whether that institution or any institution so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met in a great lobby, adjacent to the classrooms of that struggle. We have come to dedicate a portion of that lobby as a final tribute to those who were flunked out that that institution might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do so.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground, for it is sterile. The stalwart students, living and transferred, who struggled here and failed, have con-

(Continued on page 6.)

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...there's this paper I have to do...

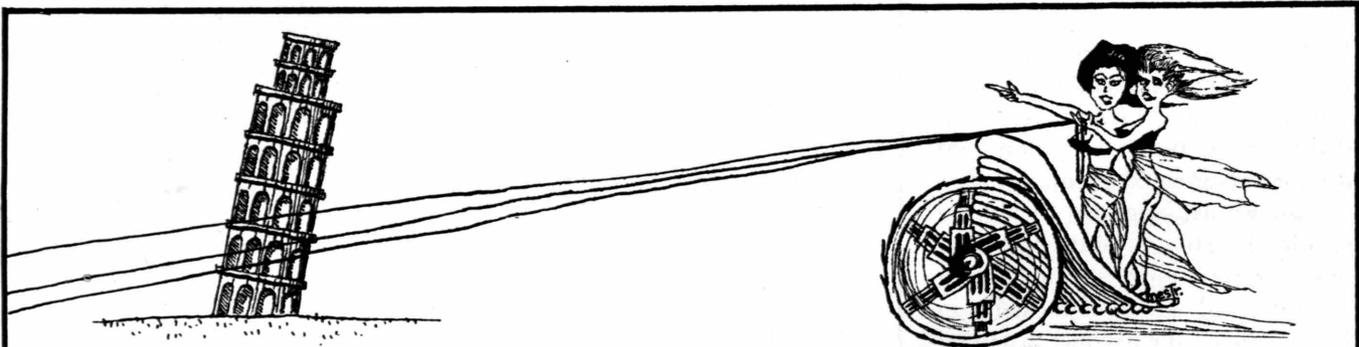


The old engineer pulled his favorite steam engine up to the water tank and briefed the new fireman. The fireman got up on the tender and brought the spout down all right, but somehow his foot got caught in the chain and he stepped into the tank. As he floundered in the water, the engineer watched him with a jaundiced eye.

"Just fill the tank with water, Sonny," he said. "No need to stamp the stuff down."



My parents are coming for the weekend...



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We had a hot debate on whether to print a story about Tech coeds in an issue devoted to women. We decided, though, that creatures responsible for 300 Techmen's risking life, limb, dignity, and liberty in a *Halloween panty raid* for Crissake! must have more than meets the eye. Hence the following charming allegory. If you don't understand it all, ask any coed.

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Alice, who was the daughter of an itinerant Scottish Vicar and freelance illiterate carriage checker. This tale tells of Alice's most remarkable adventure in a town called Hades-on-the-Charles.

It all began one day as she was chasing a rolling diploma across the fields of Masstech. Suddenly a gust of wind blew the parchment down a deep black hole.

"Oh, I must catch it," said Alice. And with that she jumped down the dark shaft!

It seemed that she had fallen for about three years before she reached the bottom. Looking up from her sprawled position, Alice found herself in a corridor with rows of doors on either side. The doors were numbered consecutively 4-101, 4-102, . . . and were of colossal size. When Alice's eyes became accustomed to the dim light, she saw the diploma roll down the hall and out a large pair of double doors. But before she could reach the doors, they slammed shut. On them, however, was printed the name, Ellen Richards¹.

"How can I ever reach the doorknob," said Alice, "I'll never get out of this place!"

And with that she began to cry large salty tears. She cried so hard that she created quite a pool of water. Just when she was about to give up hope, a chest labeled 8.02 floated by. In the chest were many strange objects. There were frictionless planes and massless pullys and weightless strings and there were some small wafers bearing the exhortation *eat me*. Thinking that nothing could worsen her situation, Alice obeyed and promptly grew to the height of twelve feet. Though she was now tall enough to reach the doorknob, she found to her dismay that the door was locked. Being past ten P.M., the janitors had locked all the rooms.

Unable to retain control of the situation, Alice again resorted to tears. She cried so hard that the pool became a mighty river whose surface reached the keyholes of the doors. Alice peeked out through a keyhole and saw a lovely garden with a sign reading *Great Court*.

"If I could only get in there," said Alice, "I might find someone who could help me find Ellen Richards."

Just then a bottle labeled 5.02 floated by bearing the words *drink me (this bottle is non-returnable)*. After swallowing the contents of the bottle, Alice shrank to a mere six inches and easily floated through the giant keyhole to land gently on a rhododendron in the garden.

Slightly dazed, Alice looked about her and saw quite a curious sight. A slide-rule was standing on a rock, reciting numbers 5.01, 8.01, 18.01, . . . while hammers, saws, screw-drivers and drills were scampering about it in a large circle.



(Continued on next page.)

¹

NOTE: Ellen Richards is a semi-secret "leadership honorary" for coeds, somewhat similar in nature, purpose and uselessness to Osiris. Believe it or not. "Ah, Mickey, thou should'st be living at this hour."

"What are you tools doing?" inquired Alice, by now used to such strange events. At this, the implements all became very startled and began dashing around looking for places to hide. The chisels began working furiously, chiseling new names in the buildings which loomed all about. Only the slide-rule seemed less timorous than the others, and asked Alice where she had come from.

"Through those double doors," answered Alice, "but it was awfully hard getting past them. I had to swim through the keyhole, as the doors were locked."

"You must have only tried one door," answered the slide-rule, "The Institute always forgets to unlock one door when it opens them. The other one is unlatched."

"But I thought that at this time of day the Institute locked all the doors," Alice ventured.

"Conversely," answered the slide-rule, "The Institute always leaves one door open when it locks up for the night."

By now, all the tools had quit working and clustered about Alice. "I must find Ellen Richards," spoke up Alice, "she has my diploma. Can you direct me to her?"

"Not I," replied the slide-rule, "Perhaps the coeds can help. But beware of the coeds. . . they are fierce Maenads who would destroy you."

"Where can I find them," purred Alice.

In reply, the tools sang this song:

*"Won't you write a little faster, said the coed to the tool.
You're not much help with 5.02; I wish you wouldn't drool.
Now take me back to Cheney room and stand outside and wait.
If you get me there by six o'clock, I might be out by eight."*

Delighted, Alice proceeded to Cheney room, where she found a well organized orgy in progress. Remembering the tools' warning, Alice methodically cornered each coed and whispered cleverly contrived fables in their credulous ears. Her fiendish work done, Alice retreated to a vantage point and watched the coeds destroy themselves through petty jealousies. Alice blithely moved in to fill the political vacuum. The coeds, however, were unable to help her. "But they are good allies to have anyway," thought Alice, cracking a whip.

As she walked out the door of Cheney Room, Alice noticed a short green-faced fellow leaning against a wall, smoking what seemed to be a newspaper and blowing out large clouds of billowing black smoke.

"What are you doing?" asked Alice.

"I'm waiting to speak to a coed in Cheney," answered the green-faced man, letting out a cloud of smoke. "I rang the doorbell seven hours ago, but no-one answered yet. Do you suppose it's out of order?"

"What are you smoking?" asked Alice.

"*The Tech*," answered the man. "As a newspaper, it makes a pretty fine cigar. I don't really like to smoke it, but as the editor, I feel it's my duty. Would you like one?"

"No thank you," answered Alice, "I'm afraid it would stunt my growth, although I guess I don't have too much to worry about, seeing as I am presently in the ridiculous position of being only six inches tall."

"And *what* is *wrong* with being six inches tall?" asked the man, puffing furiously on *The Tech* and drawing himself up to his full height. He was *exactly* six inches tall.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," said Alice. "I'm very careless lately about saying what I think. Since I don't really like very many people, I've got to be careful about that. I'm looking for Ellen Richards; do you know her?"

(Continued on page 22.)

(Continued from page 3.)

secrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The Institute will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here, for they raised hell. It is for us the undergraduates, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who struggled here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored departed we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that this institute, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that leisure of the student, by the student, for the student, shall not perish from the earth.

Ralph Schmitt

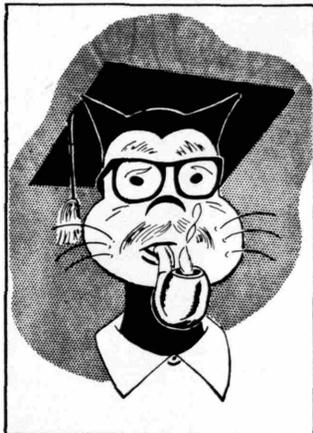
Another goody which didn't make it in the last issue is the Mumme cartoon on page 12.

Halloween night we received further proof that what this school really needs is a course in how to conduct a proper riot. While attempting to accomplish a "panty raid" on McCormick Hall (for want of a better place) the rather quiet crowd of Techmen milled around, made a little noise, and raised the question among themselves as to what one yells at panty raids. Rejecting "Seventeen hundred is too damn much" as inappropriate, as well as impolite, some poetic genius chose "We want silk!" This promptly got him a split lip from an ice cube thrown by one of the dainty inhabitants. When our reporter approached the head of Judcom and asked for comment he was told, "I'm always available; now get out!"

Our feelings were well summed up by a freshman coed who remarked that "They do it better at Columbia."

(Continued on page 22)

Dr. Phos Advises



The Good Doctor apologizes to those of his regular readers who missed his column last month. He was completing a stint as Special Adviser to the Director of the Spencer Research Bureau of New York City.

Dear Doctor Phos:

I am a student at a well-known Ivy League University and all of my friends are taking girls to their rooms and carrying on like anything! I would like to do this, too, but this girl I'm interested in just doesn't seem to like me! What should I do?

Frustrated
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Horny:

Say no more; I understand your problem completely. In spite of your handicap, remember: Madison Avenue is sweating 22 hours a day to convince *your girl!* that Sex is her road to Romance; her novels, her room-mates, and her hormones are all pulling for you, young man — and EVERY GIRL WANTS TO BE SEDUCED! Treat her like a Lady, make love to her like a Woman, tell her she's beautiful — *Appreciate* her!

You may say that you've done these things already and she *still* doesn't like you. Well, we have developed a plan, named after my colleague Doctor Shrike, for the . . .er. . .less-liked. . .young man. The Shrike Plan (described on page 647 of my forthcoming book *(Sex and the Single-Minded Man)*, is a poly-phase approach revolving around one central element — *lying*. Tell her you'd swim the Atlantic for her, that your love is undying, that she's the most ravishing creature on God's earth — she'll believe anything because she'll figure you're such a drip you probably believe it yourself. Shower her with attention and affection and with utterly incredible little trinkets (try, for example, a 72-hour-old chick embryo on a microscope slide); let her know you appreciate her effulgent brilliance by giving her do-it-yourself symbolism kits containing such challenging pieces as empty Enovid containers, broken circle pins, and dime-store jewelry.

Now, at this stage make no passes! This is the

Dr. Phos is again going on extended leave — this time on a Ross Barnett Fellowship to the Boston School of Interpersonal Relations and Tort Feasing. However, he will be more than happy to solve your problems for you when he returns. Send them to him c/o Yoo Doo, 303 Walker Memorial, MIT, Cambridge, Mass.

“Communication” phase: you and only you (unlike all those nasty wolves she dates) care about HER — and not just her sweet bod! Vague rumors of a concurrent completely-physical affair should reach her from an oblique source, so she will know you are a normal, healthy male and an experienced lover. Still you make no passes at her — and she will begin to doubt her own sexuality! She will begin to wonder *why* you just like her “as a person” — and SHE will begin to seduce YOU.

In the meantime, master some eccentric skill (one young man could climb the Gropius tree in six seconds) so that she can defend you when she stops telling her friends what a creep you are.

In conclusion, young man, remember: *The patient shrike always catches the fish.*

Dear Dr. Phos:

My girl is what you might call the “fearful” type. She's perfectly willing, she says, but she's “afraid”. What should I do?

Perplexed
Belmont, Mass.

Dear Horny:

The “fearful” girl is a problem which has been deeply probed by Dr. Cecil Quickshanks. Consider that you do not fear a polio shot when you think about the atom bomb. We shall apply this to the case of the girl who fears sex.

Refuse to take your girl to the movies or dinner, or anything so reassuring. Insist on a midnight dip in the Charles; get her to walk high ledges with you to improve her balance; make your dates so frightening that, when you finally suggest a cozy evening in your bedroom, she will welcome it warmly!

Yes, with the Quickshanks Method, the simplest act becomes an adventure: e.g., the first kiss may be done while demonstrating yoga handstands to the girl. As an added precaution, you may tell the girl your moral views — if you don't smoke or drink, say so! (“Bad for the health, really.”) Your image of health and innocence will lay her fears to rest. Good hunting.

Dear Dr. Phos:

From your long experience, what do you find to be the principal obstacle to successful seduction?

Curious
Saigon, S. Viet Nam

Dear Horny:

I have come to the conclusion that “un-naturalness,” that is, a lack of spontaneity, candor, and sincerity, is the most frequent cause of failure.

VooDoo interviews the charming vice president of the still-flourishing Society for Indecency to Naked Animals.

SINA REVISITED



Miss Bigman sings
"Wings of Decency."

SINA, The Society for Indecency to Naked Animals, is alleged to have been founded by the will of millionaire G. Clifford Prout. Prout left his son, G. Clifford, Jr., \$400,000 for the purpose of clothing "dogs, cats, horses, cows and other domestic animals that stand higher than 4 inches and are longer than 6 inches." In the past year, this organization received tremendous publicity from such television personalities as Dave Garroway and Jack Paar, from such magazines as PLAYBOY and VOO DOO, from innumerable radio broadcasters and newspapers throughout the country. By the time SINA

picketed the White House last winter, the whole world was clamoring to know: ARE THEY FOR REAL?

Then came the rash of "exposes": TIME, PLAYBOY, WBZ, all claimed to have the "inside story" on SINA. G. Clifford Prout, Jr., was actually Buck Henry, a gag-writer for Garry Moore, and the whole bit was a record promotion. Conveniently failing to notice that the record never appeared, we proceeded to dismiss the organization from our thoughts.

Thus it was with some surprise that we received a letter from Miss Laura Bigman, SINA Vice President, announcing that she was coming to Boston and would be available for an interview. Ever on the alert for material of interest to our readers, we leapt at the opportunity to get our crack at an "expose".

So it was that one bright October morning found us knocking on the door of Miss Bigman's hotel suite (noticing the nude lion and unicorn rampant upon the knocker) and speculating as to what kind of shrewish old maid would answer. We were quite pleasantly taken aback to be greeted by a demurely attractive girl in her early twenties.

After introductions, we asked Miss Bigman about all the people who have branded SINA a hoax. With a somewhat wearied smile, she patiently explained.

PLAYBOY decided we were a "joke" when they "discovered" that our G. Clifford Prout is a gag-writer for the Garry Moore show. Circumstantial evidence! After all, Steve Allen is head of The Committee for SANE Nuclear Policy in California; if someday PLAYBOY sees a big cloud mushrooming over the horizon, I hope they'll laugh it off with a, "Oh that's just a joke! Steve Allen's a comedian, you know." And as for TIME Magazine, they called us a "hoax" out of sheer frustration! Since it is well known that SINA will not accept donations of ANY size, avaricious moneygrabbers are always looking for a money-making gimmick behind SINA — but there isn't one! So, TIME said SINA is a promotional stunt for a new record — We do have a record, by the way, but



"I think squirrels may
be under the size limit..."



"When I think of all the innocent children..."

it's not for sale. Go ask for it at your favorite record store; they won't have it! Besides, General MacArthur has a record, too. . . Was World War II a promotion stunt for General MacArthur's record? (Now, there's something for you to think about!

If SINA is not a hoax, we asked, then why is their literature so ridiculous? Miss Bigman hastened to assure us:

HUMOR is one of the best ways to reach people. If we weren't just a teensy bit funny, people would refuse to notice us—and remember, laughter is the first stage of indoctrination. However, very few people actually do think we're funny. Most of our audience hates us! They think we're "dirty-minded cynics," "Communists," "dangerous crack-pots"—and worse. And that's one of the reasons why gag-writer Buck Henry has been posing as G. Clifford Prout. Do you know that our offices are swamped with letters and phone calls from the REAL crack-pots who even threaten to kill Prout! So, we keep the TRUE heir a secret.

What do nudists think of SINA?
WE have had many invitations

from nudists who plan to "reform" us. Well, we don't see any HARM in nudism, we just think they should all be put in one place, off by themselves. Gamblers have Nevada. Let the nudists have Wyoming. You know, nudists have been a fad or cult for some time now; and all they have really contributed are a few good volleyball players!

Why do people call you Communists?

Maybe because our magazine has a red cover. I don't know. . .

You have a magazine?

Yes, and for the first time, it is now available to non-members. We call it INSIDE SINA and it contains forty-four pages of confidential information. It's one dollar from SINA, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10017.

She paused a moment, then grimaced prettily— How ironic that we should be called Communists! The fact is, we fight un-American activities in all areas! When Mississippi was nurturing her seraphim complex, we expelled 879 members in that state until they chose to demonstrate their respect



"Then you take your cat's forepaws in your left hand and ring the SINA bell with your right hand while with your foot..."

for our Constitution. Krushchev has been contacted several times in an attempt to get our President a lecture tour in the Soviet Union. We hope that peace may be based on a united effort for DECENCY. "Decency" is our keyword. Our motto is "DECENCY TODAY MEANS MORALITY TOMORROW." We fight indecency everywhere. Monopolies like American Telephone & Telegraph are un-American and indecent. Yes, we are fighting AT&T! For months we have been picketing AT&T headquarters in New York, their local offices and employment agencies. We are asking people to break the telephone habit—to leave the phone alone and let their savings do the talking.



"The first time I saw a naked dog..."

Has this campaign seen any success?

OH, YES! We have had thousands of letters from people who have had their phones taken out. Hundreds are selling their AT&T stock and buying something substantial instead. Watch for a crash! AT&T is going bankrupt. . . (but you'd better not print this; we don't want to cause a depression before it's actually upon us.)

And we thought SINA only picketed the White House! What else
(Continued on page 28.)

VooDoo honors some honorable women—
and some dishonorable ones.

BEYOND THE CALL

The Nubile Piece Prize for promoting international good will: jointly to two delectable British dishes—Christine Keeler, tease and strumpet, and Mandy Rice-Davies, a tasty little English muffin.

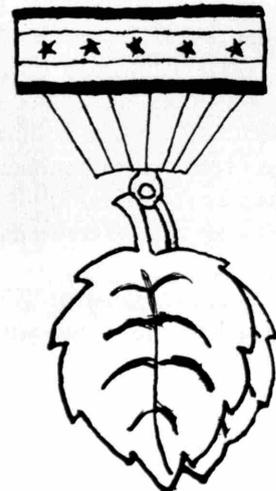


The Marie Antoinette Rosette with Crystal Ball Pendant: to Mme. Nhu, for being in the wrong country at the right time; having her cake and eating it, too; keeping her head in a trying situation.



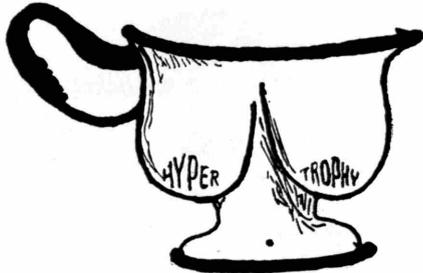
The Single Standard with Brass Fig Leaf Clusters: (Note: We are breaking precedent to give this medal to a man. We feel that this is justified by his unprecedented achievement.)

To the Japanese plastic surgeon who invented *jinko shojo*, doing more to advance the cause of equal rights for women than a thousand suffragettes.

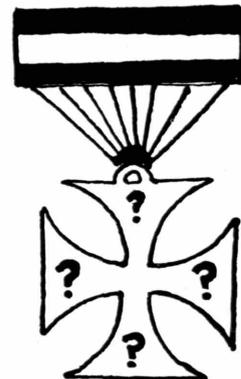


AND ABOVE....

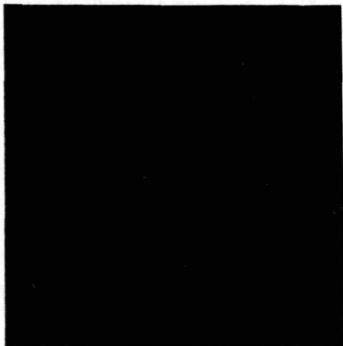
The Hyper Trophy for Outstanding Accomplishments: to petite Meg Myles, who has just stopped growing at 48" and who thus will never be a total bust. May her cup run over.



The Jorgenson Medallion for Ambiguity (commonly called "the Chris Cross"): to the Four Seasons for their eunique arrangements.



The Welcome Oblivion Award: to Mrs. Barry Goldwater, for abiding by the maxim "Behind every great man there stands a woman" in striking contrast to some other politicians' wives we could name.



JIM'S BARBER SHOP
30 MASS. AVE.
The Shop with a View
Between Marlborough
and Beacon Streets
for that MATURE look...

Try smoking a Pipe!

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474 Massachusetts Avenue Cambridge

	REG.	MED.		REG.	MED.
Roast Beef	60	45	Veal Cacciatore	60	45
Pepper Steak	60	45	Italian Sausage	60	35
Hot Meatball	50	30	Pepper & Egg	50	35
Regular	40	30	White Meat Tuna	50	35
Italian Cold Cuts	50	35	Egg Salad	40	25
Imported Ham	50	35	Crabmeat	60	40
White Meat Turkey	75	50	Lobster	75	50
Corned Beef	75	50	Hot Pastromi	60	45

TRowbridge 6-4422

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Hockey - Teams Outfitted -
Ladies' Sports & Casual Wear
Tennis, Squash, Golf

Restringing in Our Own Shop

Grandpappy: "Doc, you remember that vitality medicine you gave me last week?"
Doctor: "Yes, what about it?"
Grandpappy: "I accidentally dropped it into the well."
Doctor: "You're not drinking the water, are you?"
Grandpappy: "Goodness no! We can't even get the pump handle down."



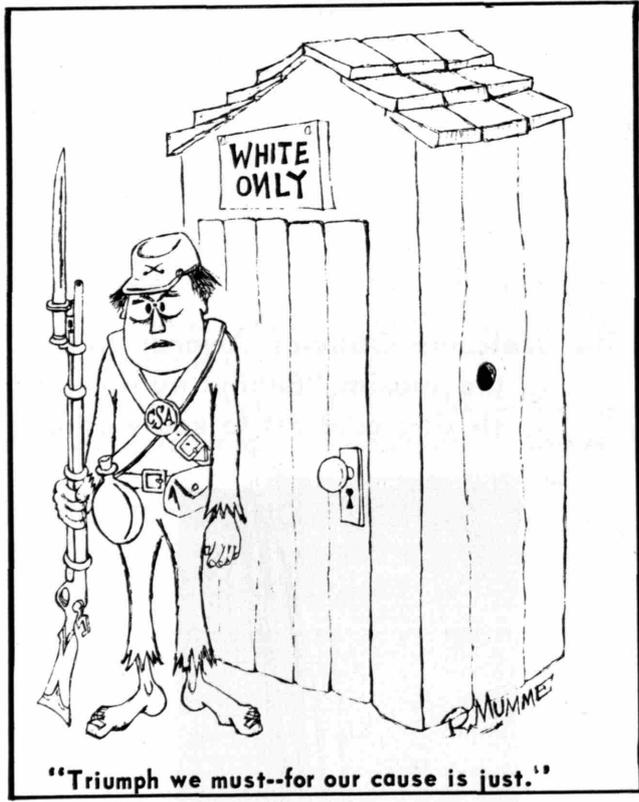
...and I could only get one ticket, so...



E.E.: "Thought you were going to visit that blonde in her apartment."
C.E.: "I did."
E.E.: "How come you're home so early?"
C.E.: "Well, we sat and chatted awhile. Then suddenly she turned out the lights. I can take a hint."



I got pinned last weekend and he doesn't think...



"Triumph we must--for our cause is just."

An interesting account we picked up from an old Mesopotamian belly-dancer we picked up.

On the True Nature of the Origin of Women



In the beginning there was man, and he knew not woman but was alone. And with his fellows he sulked and wept for he was unhappy. And with his fellows he amused himself by the telling of coarse stories and the drinking of beer, for his dissatisfaction weighed upon him as a pair of great horns. For he knew not women, nor knew what he knew not.

And it came to pass that a man whose name was Arnold wandered out into the wilderness in search of what he knew not. And he came to a great gate, beyond which lay a beautiful garden. But as he walked through the garden he saw that none of the animals dwelling there had any tails, but he decided that this was good since he had not a tail either. And so Arnold rejoiced, eating of the kumquats and papayas that he found growing on the trees and drinking of the beer that he had brought along with him. But soon his joy passed, for nowhere in the garden could he find what he knew not, and tenfold worse, he had run out of beer. And so he sat upon a mound to rest and tie his shoelaces. And it came to pass that a serpent appeared. And Arnold was much disgusted, for had he known the place was crawling with snakes he wouldn't have come. And so he lamented his fate. And straightway the serpent asked of him why he was unhappy, and Arnold answered the serpent, saying he was unhappy because there was not what he knew not in the garden. And the serpent told Arnold to build him a great fire, a great fire at midnight, and raise his arms and repeat ten times the words "Horny, Horny, Horny". And so Arnold thanked the snake, and grabbed it and stuffed it in his knapsack, for a talking snake might be worth lots of money.

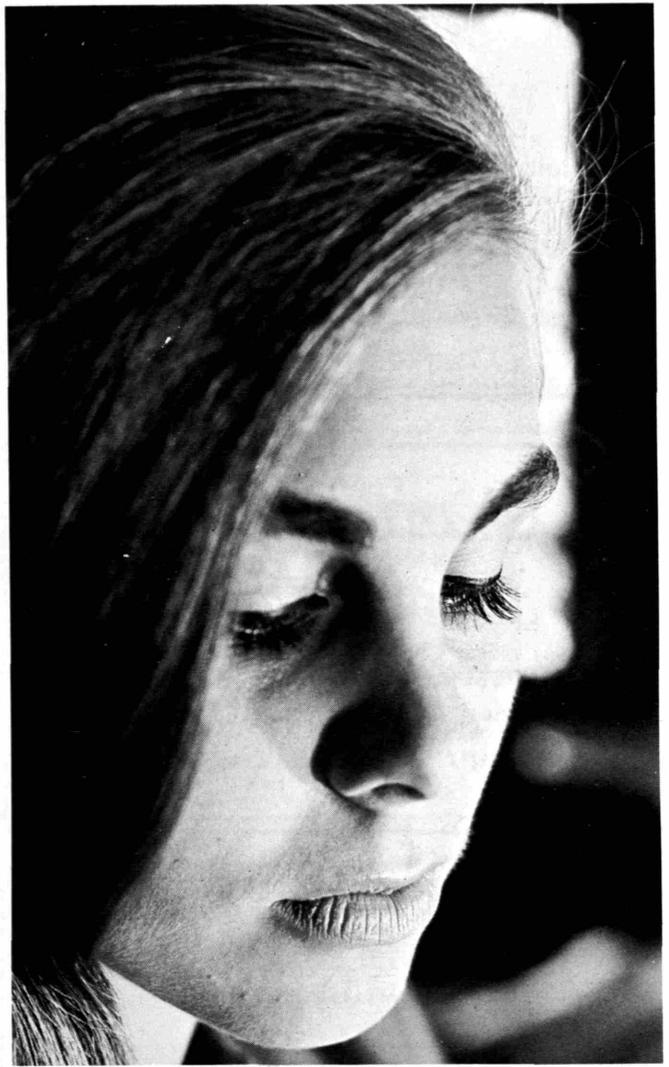
And it came to pass that Arnold built a great fire. And at midnight he faced the fire and raised his arms, and he cried out the phrase "Horny, Horny, Horny". Ten times he cried it when the fire vanished in a puff of smoke. And in its place there stood a Woman—not that good-looking a woman, but a woman. And so the woman said to Arnold, "I am Woman, and my name is Cookie, but if you want you can call me Eve." But Arnold decided to call her Cookie, and Arnold and Cookie lived in the garden and laughed and sang and danced and had all kinds of fun and stuff.

—Pindyck

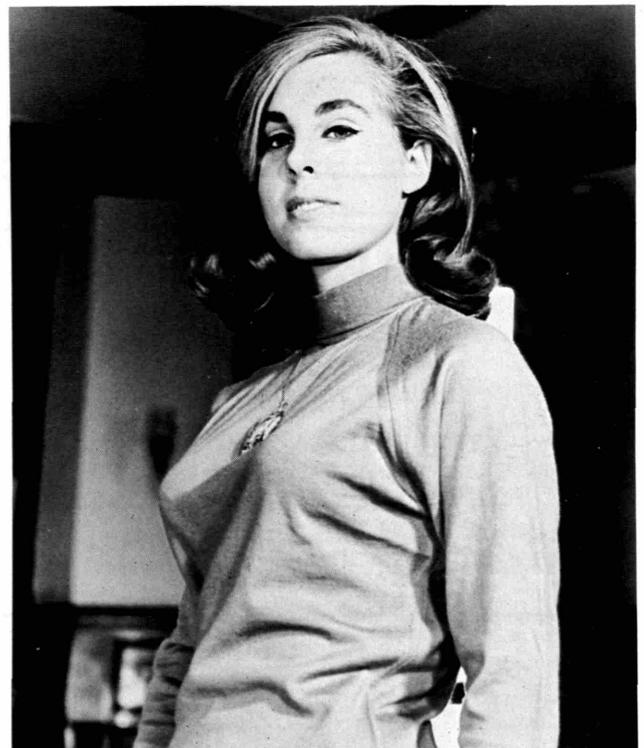
VooDoo



Music makes our November Doll go round. Debi Manning, a 19-year-old Boston University sophomore, has been playing the violin for seven years. Her beautiful blonde tresses are the only thing longhair about her, however. She has been taking voice lessons for several years, and loves to sing show music.



Debi is a miss with ambition. She would like to become a psychiatrist, and has worked in a mental hospital to gain experience. When Debi does open her practice, we wouldn't be a bit surprised to see a sharp rise in reported neuroses among the male population. . . .



—photos by Art J.

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LEVIS, LEES, & WRANGLERS

433 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
 CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Garters, brassieres and highway-men all do the same things only at different places.



*...had an "accident" and
 sprained my ankle. . .*



Daughter (admiring a set of mink skins from father): "I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs come from such a small, sneaking beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist on respect."



"He says I don't know how to dress, huh! Well, tonight I'll wear my low cut dress and show him a thing or two."



So you think our jokes are terrible. . .



WHAT YOU REALLY NEED IS A CAR!

I have a '57 Chevy 4-door sedan V-8 (biggest engine that year) 4 barrel carb-dual exhaust - power brakes - power steering - Radio and heater - snow tires - new fuel pump, brakes and exhaust system. Rocker panels rotted, fender bent.

MAKE OFFER! Call 266-6196 or leave name and phone at X3205

A man playing golf one day hit a ball down the fairway. Suddenly the ball hooked to the left and disappeared out of sight. Ten minutes later a man rushed over to the golfer and told him that the ball he hit had crashed through a car windshield, hit and knocked out the man driving the car, the car crashed into a house, the house caught on fire, and six people were killed. "What should I do?" asked the golfer. "Don't bend your wrist when you swing," the man replied.



"Chivalry" has changed since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, but contrary to rumor, it hasn't died out altogether. A man will still lay his coat at the feet of a pretty girl; the difference is that nowadays it's intended to keep her back from getting dirty.



Lady to two beatniks at a bus-stop: "Crosstown buses run all night?"

Beats: "Doo dah, doo dah."



We know they're terrible.



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Large Variety — All Prices
Restrung a Specialty
Sneakers. . . Shorts. . . Shirts. . .

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The famous special Roast
Beef Sandwich

KNACKWURST — BRATWURST
with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad
und die feinen Wurstwaren

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(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston Next to Donnelley Memorial Theatre

CO 6-2103

NATURALLY — TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO.
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON

Special Attention to M.I.T.

Students — Whether A
Bottle or A Case

FREE DELIVERY

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning



I get the strangest mail. Take for example, the promotional lit I got the other day from the Old Spice people: "What's the Difference Between Men and Women?" For some obscure reason, that headline grabbed my attention and I stayed my hand halfway to the copious wastebasket I keep full of such. I read the three typewritten pages almost to the end before I discovered that what they wanted to establish was that *both* men and women use scents of one sort or another, which revelation was followed by a very soft sell for their aftershave lotion.

On the way to this conclusion, however, their advertising agency had included some rather interesting stuff, some of which is quite relevant to the theme of this issue. For instance, I suppose all you blase budding scientists know that by examining any one of the body's approximately 30 trillion cells, one can determine whether it belongs to a man or a woman, but did you know that men's arms hang flat by their sides ("straight from the shoulder," if you will), while women have a definite bend at the elbow so the lower arm extends out-

ward at an angle? Moreover, the same tendency, they say, can be observed in legs: women seem knock-kneed, by comparison with men. (The article is noncommittal on whether this last is from habit or heredity.) Relative to a man, a woman has a longer head, but a shorter neck; shorter limbs, but a longer torso (a seated woman is relatively taller than a seated man). Her thumb is comparatively shorter, her index finger longer, and her wrist swivels with more ease—explaining why women excel at delicate manual work.

Though a man's vocal cords are longer and thicker than a woman's, she apparently not only gets the last word, but the first one, too. Girl babies tend to speak earlier than boys and to gurgle more comprehensibly. A little later in life, we find little girls using longer sentences than little boys. Perhaps all this cows the young lads and causes them to stutter about eight times as often; *something* does, anyway.

One reason the sexes have difficulty communicating with each other is that each tends to hear its own voice better: a woman's hearing is keener than a man's in high frequency ranges, while men's ears pick up low notes more readily. Remember that next time you get in an argument with your girlfriend.

It may also be useful to recall the experiment made by two eye specialists who fastened strips of filter paper to the lower eyelids of 231 men and women. The dampness of the paper after five minutes revealed the individual's capacity for tears. Yep—female tearducts are twice as active.

Speaking of eyes, color-blindness is 10 times as frequent in men. Even as infants, females are apparently more color-conscious; in tests made on kids aged five and a half months to 24 months, more girls than boys grabbed for brightly colored discs in preference to grey

ones—a finding which may go far in explaining the realities of the fashion world.

Which sex is really smarter? Well, we all know the answer to that, don't we, gang? In a study of gifted children (IQ 132 and over), a psychologist found a boy/girl ratio of about 1.2. Unfortunately, there are also more feeble-minded men, so the mean intelligence scores for men and women are about the same.

Women, according to this article, are more easily hypnotized than men. They are also somewhat more apt to suffer from migraine: a typical migraine victim, according to Dr. Justus J. Schifferes (whoever he is), is a little woman with fine hair, a smooth complexion—and perfectionist tendencies. Women are sick about 20 per cent more often than men, but there's something fishy about that; at any age, the female death rate is at least 25 per cent lower than the male's. Makes you wonder. . . .

Differences in male-female psychology show up *wildly* on word association tests. Lewis Terman and Catherine Cox Miles found that the word "closet" reminded most male subjects of "door", most women of "clothes". "Charm" tended to make women think of "beauty" and men of "snake"! When the word "home" was mentioned, women thought gushingly of "happy", men, more down-to-earth, responded with "house". I suggest you reread this paragraph.

Is it *ever* a man's world? Well, in a way. Although there are 105 of us born for every 100 of them, by the age of puberty, our higher death rate has more than evened things up—and, if it's any comfort, we may reflect that, with each year we survive, the ratio gets better and better.

—Reed



Read the ads, dammit!

My Horoscope is unfavorable.



They laughed when I stood up to sing.

How did I know I was under the table.



...well, my roommate needed this blind date and I couldn't very well let her down. . .

Recessional

You'll really like this blind date I got for you.
She has a Great Personality,
is Very Intelligent,
and All the Girls like her.
— Sonnenberg

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
FINE MEN'S SHOES IN
METROPOLITAN BOSTON.



FEATURING: FLORSHEIM,
PEDWIN, HUSH PUPPIES,
ACME BOOTS.

FROM \$8.98 TO \$24.95

Sizes: 5 to 13 Widths: A to EEE

ROSENBERG'S SHOE STORE

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CENTRAL SQUARE

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Dinner Menu

Choice of appetizer.

All the salad you can eat . . .
Roast Prime Rib of Beef, Natural Gravy -- \$2.52
Grilled Sirloin Steak -- \$2.52
Roast Stuffed Chicken with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.85 -- Half \$2.10
Southern Fried Chicken Leg with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.76
Southern Fried Breast of Chicken with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.90
Grilled Hamburg with onions or Mushroom Sauce -- \$1.76 two patties 1.95
Corned Beef, with horseradish -- \$1.90
Grilled Ham with Apple Sauce -- \$1.90
Veal Cutlet with Creole, Cheese or Mushroom Sauce -- \$1.90
Sirloin Tips with Sherry -- \$2.00
Coquille St. Jacques (Baked Scallops, Mushrooms and Sherry) -- \$1.90
Broiled Swordfish with Lemon -- \$1.90
Broiled Fresh Schrod with Lemon -- \$1.90
Roasted Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce -- \$2.09
Choice of two Vegetables
We have sticky rolls, home made oatmeal bread or the famous orange bread.

Choice of dessert and Beverage

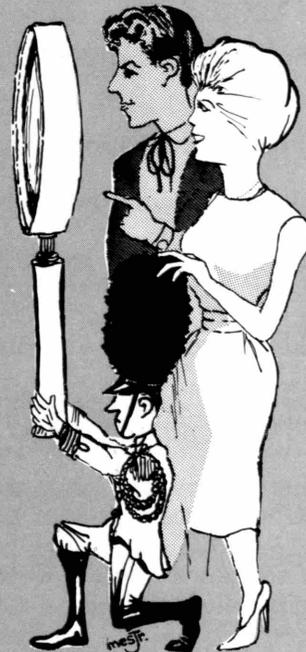
Wonderful warm blueberry pudding with Ice Cream. All kinds of fresh Fruit. -- Pecan pie a la Mode. -- Old Fashioned Fresh Peach Shortcake. -- Strawberry Shortcake. -- Meringue Shell with Ice Cream and Sauce -- Brownie a la Mode -- Hot Fudge -- Baked Indian Pudding a la Mode -- Baked Custard Pudding -- Cake with Ice Cream and Sauce -- Several kinds of Cheese -- Vermont Special -- Vanilla Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and Pecans -- Sundaes and Parfaits.

We are dedicated to the fine art of serving college men. We have even been know to like some girls.

Frank and Marion Lawless

the English Room

IN THE FIRST BLOCK ON NEWBURY ST.



Here is what some other Great Minds have had to say
about the weaker sex.

ON WOMAN

Apparently nature, in giving man an absolutely ineradicable taste for women, must have foreseen that without this precaution, the contempt inspired by the vices of that sex, vanity in particular, would be a great obstacle to the maintenance and propagation of the human species. **CHAMFORT**

No is no negative in a woman's mouth. **SIDNEY**

Perhaps it is not desirable that a woman should be free in mind; she would immediately abuse her freedom. She cannot become philosophical without losing her special gift which is the worship of all that is individual, the defense of usage, manners, beliefs, traditions. Her role is to slacken the combustion of thought. It is analagous to that of nitrogen in the vital air. **AMIEL**

For thirty years a certain man went to spend every evening with Mme. . . . When his wife died his friends believed he would marry her, and urged him to do so. "No, no," he said: "if I did, where should I have to spend my evenings?" **CHAMFORT**

Women are nothing but machines for producing children. **NAPOLEON**

A woman with a masculine mind is not a being of superior efficiency; she is simply a phenomenon of imperfect differentiation — interestingly barren and without importance. **CONRAD**

Woman inspires us with the great dreams that she will prevent us from accomplishing. **DUMAS**

There's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing no married man knows anything about. **WILDE**

To be beautiful is enough! if a woman can do that well who shall demand more from her? You don't want a rose to sing. **THACKERAY**

Women waste men's lives and think they have indemnified them by a few gracious words. **BALZAC**

Women, when they are not in love, have all the cold blood of an experienced attorney. **BALZAC**

Women are made to be loved, not to be understood. **WILDE**

A woman is fascinated not by art, but by the noise made by those who have to do with art. **CHEKHOV**

Coquettes are like hunters who are fond of hunting but do not eat the game. **WELCH**

The woman you buy — and she is the least expensive — takes a great deal of money. The woman who gives herself takes all your time. **BALZAC**

Women of genius commonly have masculine faces, figures and manners. In transplanting brains to an alien soil God leaves a little of the original earth clinging to the roots. **BIERCE**

Twenty years of romance make a woman look like a ruin; but twenty years of marriage make her something like a public building. **WILDE**

The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears, and Justice in their courts is forever in a passion. **THACKERAY**

Virtuous women are like hidden treasures, safe only because they are not sought for.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Women better understand spending a fortune than making one.
BALZAC

It is said of the horses in the vision, that "their power was in their mouths and in their tails."
What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.
SWIFT

I would gladly raise my voice in praise of women, only they won't let me raise my voice.
WINKLE

Women are not virtuous but they have given us the idea of virtue.
GERALDY

I heard a man say that brigands demand your money or your life, whereas women require both.
BUTLER

When God saw how faulty was man He tried again and made woman. As to why he then stopped there are two opinions. One of them is woman's.
DE GOURMONT

Resistance in a woman is sometimes proof of her virtue, but more often of her experience.
DE L'ENCLOS

A woman employs sincerity only when every other form of deception has failed.
SCOTT

Once a woman has given you her heart you can never get rid of the rest of her.
VANBRUGH

A woman who is guided by the head and not by the heart is a social pestilence: she has all the defects of the passionate and affectionate woman, with none of her compensations; she is without pity, without love, without virtue, without sex.
BALZAC

God created woman. In the act he brought boredom to an end—and also many other things. Woman was the second mistake of God.
NIETZSCHE

What nonsense people talk about happy marriages! A man can be happy with any woman so long as he doesn't love her.
WILDE

When a woman comes into society and her object is not to fish up a husband or a lover, then it is to fish up an ideal husband or lover for another. All their ideas run in that current as all streams to the sea.
TAINÉ

Women, when they have made a sheep of a man, always tell him that he is a lion with a will of iron.
BALZAC

Women are not much, but they are the best other sex we have.
HEROLD

(Cont'd from page 6.)

With these words, the green-faced man became so startled that he let the casing on the *The Tech* vending machine fall back into locked position.

"Oh! And me without another nickel. I'm sorry, but I know nothing about Ellen Richards, nothing at all, nothing. . ." With these words, he turned about and fled.

"Odd," thought Alice.

Alice walked on through the garden and noticed now that there was a river on her left. The *Great Court* was far behind her and on her right was what appeared to be a great archaic castle which bore the legend *Ye Grad House*. From this building came screams of pain and shouts of, "More pepper in the broth! More pepper in the broth!"

Passing on further, she came to the house of Freddy the Mad Hatter. As she entered the house, she noticed that all the rooms were set up for tea service.

"Excuse me," asked Alice. "I would have thought that it was too late in the day for tea. Am I wrong?"

"Yea, verily," answered the Hatter, "It's always teatime here."

"Oh," said Alice, "then why is no-one here to drink the tea?"

"That is due to the melancholy fact that it is also examination time, and no-one has the time to come and partake."

"It's examination time?"

"It's always examination time here," expanded the Hatter.

"Then you're having a tea party, is that right?" asked Alice.

"Essentially," answered the Hatter.

"Whom did you not invite?" asked Alice. When the Hatter looked puzzled, Alice explained: "When I give a party, I'm always very careful to not-invite somebody and then explain to everybody exactly why I didn't invite him. Isn't that the way you give parties?"

"You must have come to me for rooming accommodations in the White Palace," said the Hatter, with a slightly glazed look in his eyes. Luckily, we have a room open. It's back the way you came. You'll recognize it by the simplicity of its architectural plan. Very descriptive word, 'simplicity'"

"Will I find Ellen Richards there?" asked Alice.

Chuckling indulgently, the Hatter twiddled his thumbs below his waist: "Perhaps."

Alice left the Hatter in search of Ellen Richards. She walked for miles and the garden turned into a thick wood, and then a dense jungle.

"Oh dear," cried Alice, "I'm quite lost. I fear I'll never find my way out."

"Your way," said a voice behind her, "All ways around here are Ellen Richards' ways."

Alice turned to see two plump twins. "Who are you," asked Alice. "Tweedledean"

"And Tweedlebean."

"Perhaps you can help me find Ellen Richards; she has my diploma."

"We'll help you find her if you solve a riddle," answered the twins. And the riddle they posed was: Why is your horse red?

But before Alice could answer, a fat cook grabbed the twins. "You'll make Ellen Richards a nice meal," and with that, she carried them off.

Alice pursued the cook until she found herself in the hallway where she first entered this strange world. Once there, however, she realized that she was still only six inches tall—far too short to get to the doorknob that would let her into Ellen Richard's room. Looking about, hoping to find a bottle labeled 18.02 (why not?), she spied a chest at the foot of a door. It was labeled *Grad School*. To her dismay, the chest was locked, and she couldn't get in. Alice began to cry large salty tears.

—Anonymous



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BLAZERS**
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Navy - Camel - Green
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Special!
**ALL FUR LINED
LEATHER GLOVES**
\$ 3.99



**Fake Fur
COSSAK
CAPS**
\$3.99

Harvard
Bazar
Central Square
Cambridge
Just a half-mile down the Ave.

The surest sign that a man is in love is when he divorces his wife.

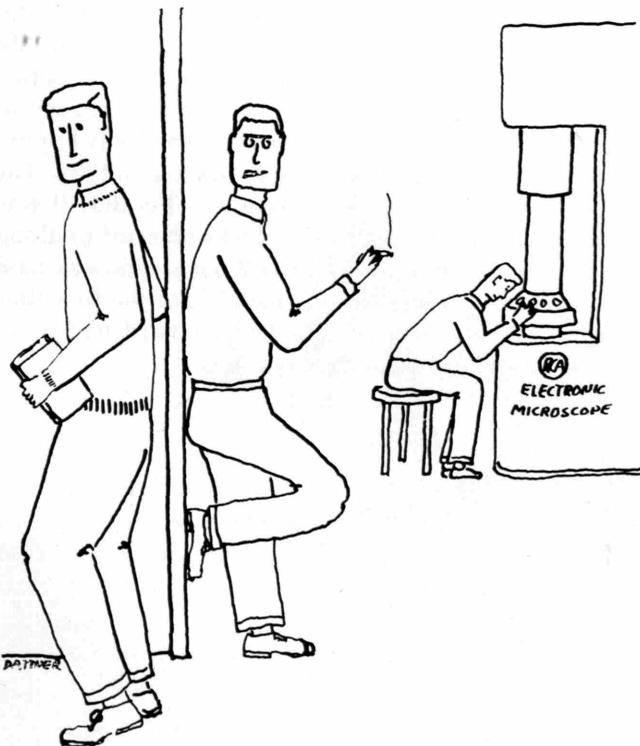


(With no apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
 A girl refuse a meal that's free;
 A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
 Upon a drink that's being mixed;
 A girl who won't forever wear
 A bunch of junk to match her hair;
 A girl who looks at boys all day
 And figures ways to make them pay.
 Girls are loved by jerks like me
 'Cause who the hell wants to kiss a tree!



They get worse and worse, don't they.



"Pssst! Feelthy Pictures?"

For the finest and most complete line of
 BEER WINE DELICATESSEN

Just drop in or call

LAFAYETTE WINE SHOP

413 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. CAMBRIDGE

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The club is completely new with burnished gold carpeting, gold and white billiard equipment, walnut paneled walls and soft background music. The Cue And Cushion facilities include an art exhibit, a library-lounge with the latest business, sports and fashion magazines, a refreshment area and an attractively furnished powder room for the ladies.

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You'll find women enjoying Club Billiards during special ladies lessons and coffee parties or during informal competition among ladies' teams. You'll find your friends and their guests at the club. Instruction is provided for new players or to help you brush up your game.



MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

MIT Students may register at the club and present Bursar's Cards in lieu of club membership cards. Drop in for a game. Club rates: \$1.00 per hour. Bring your wife or date at no charge. The address is 876 Lexington Street, Waltham, Mass., only 18 minutes from the Great Court. From MIT take Memorial Drive to Route 2 and head west to the Waltham-Lexington exit. Go south toward Waltham. The Cue And Cushion is just across from the Colonial Manor Apartments. All rights reserved.

The operations of the Casino came to a grinding halt in 1961, but burlesque's memory lingers on.

BOSTON BURLESQUE'S BUMPY ROAD

On the evening of April 23, 1843, the world was to be destroyed by celestial fire. This was, at least, the belief of the Rev. William Miller and his followers who built a tabernacle at Scollay Square in Boston in which they awaited the catastrophe. The event not occurring on schedule, the structure passed into other hands and opened as the "Howard Atheneum" on October 13, 1845 with a performance of Sheridan's prophetically named *School for Scandal*. By the 1880's the "Old Howard" was playing burlesque.



With reverse compliments of that sort burlesque had to grow. By the early 1890's Sam T. Jack, the first great burlesque entrepreneur, opened in Chicago and later in New York; in 1893, Little Egypt and Mlle. "Millie" DeLeon introduced the art of "Cootch Dancing"; and around the turn of the century the Old Howard had its first run-in with the New England Watch and Ward Society.

It seems a girl named Corina was singing with Rose Sydell's company when one of the straps on her dress broke. The next day she was in jail accused of doing a cootch dance and deliberately exposing her breasts. However, when a man named Thompson, representing the Watch and Ward Society, attempted to demonstrate her dancing, the case was laughed out of court.

Censorship always was a problem. One common method used to get around it involved rehearsing two separate shows, the "Parlor" and "Whore" shows. If an inspector appeared in the theatre, a signal was relayed on stage—The Old Howard had a special red spot in the footlights for this purpose—and the jokes would suddenly become clean, the dancing more inhibited, and the parlor show would be on. The only people who might object to a parlor show were the people who had paid their money to see burlesque—the censors would be perfectly happy.

Occasionally this ruse did not work and in 1933 The Old Howard was in court again. This time it was Ann Corio's strip-teasing that was objected to along with the dancing of one Hinda Wassan who was said to have "had a mobile abdomen". For the first time in its 88-year history, The Old Howard had its license suspended—for 30 days.



Burlesque as a form of comedy is, of course, as old as Aristophenes, but American ingenuity managed to add a new expression to the old form. In 1866 *The Black Crook* opened in "Niblo's Garden" in New York City and, due to the chance inclusion of a stranded ballet troupe in the chorus, included such numbers as "The Revel of the Sirens" and "March of the Amazons" as an added feature. The play was pretty bad, but the girls weren't. The following year Lydia Thompson and her British blondes came to America and the trend was well enough established that in May 1869 Olive Logan was bitterly complaining about "nudity on the stage" before the Women's Suffrage Convention:

"No decent woman can now look to the stage as a career. Clothed in the dress of an honest woman, she is worth nothing to a manager. Stripped as naked as she dare. . . she becomes a prize to her manager who knows the crowds will rush to see her."

The girls in question wore tights, but to the audiences of the 1860's it was still pretty hot stuff.

The Old Howard was closed only once after that but it was this closing, in 1953, that proved fatal. Burlesque was already dying. It had been going since the late 1930's when radio began taking away many of the best comics and musical comedy was paying chorus girls far more than burlesque could. With the 1953 closure it did not seem worth while to go on and the Boston Licensing Commission subsequently refused to grant a 1954 burlesque license.

The Casino carried on in Boston with its travelling follies shows until it too was closed down by the Scollay Square Reclamation Project, but it was really only a memory of the past. Today a few follies shows still remain, there is a slight upsurge in burley movies and "nudie movies", and there are said to be a few private clubs where one can still see girls dance naked — but for all practical purposes the burlesque that brought us performers like W. C. Fields, Abbot and Costello, Phil Silvers, Red Skelton, and Sophie Tucker, not to mention Ann Corio and Gypsy Rose Lee, is no more.

In 1961 The Old Howard was in danger of being torn down to make way for the New Boston. On June 12 of that year, a fund-raising project was started by Dean L. Gitter and Ann Corio to save the theatre as a national shrine. Eight days later The Old Howard burned to the ground — celestial fire no doubt.

— *Chez Dorr*



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This is Sue's roommate calling...



And then there was the man who came home and told his wife that he had a case of gonorrhoea. "Great," she said. "That's better than Manishevitz."



Members of a very fine old aristocratic New England family learned that daughter Lydia had become a lady of the evening in New York.

"How terrible," wailed genteel old Aunt Prunella, "that one of our family should have to work."



...wrong phase of the Moon



Heard any good ones lately?

gort Jove! Is that not a Golden Apple, Paris?!

It is, Gort. It seems I've been selected to award it to "the fairest" among Hera, Aphrodite and Athena.

And it's a tough choice! Hera has promised me Power and Riches for selecting her; Athena, Glory and Renown in war; Aphrodite will give me Earth's most beautiful woman.

Sounds like payola...

Well... I suppose one could call it that...

Just wait till Newton Minow hears about this!



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*I've been campused this week-
end. . .*



We are scholars. Yes, we are. We recently traced the origin of the expression, "Hurrah for our side!" back to the crowds lining the streets when Lady Godiva made her famous ride sidesaddle through the streets of Coventry.



Lady to two beatniks at a bus-stop: "Crosstown buses run all night?"

Beats: "Doo dah, doo dah."



You oughta see the ones we *rejected!*



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THE TECH COOP

PEOPLE WHO READ BACK-TO-FRONT ARE FINKS.

(Continued from page 9)

has SINA been doing?

We have been exposing the unethical hucksters on Madison Avenue, letting the world learn how they market lies, advertise immorality and promote bad health. Advertisers pretend that cigarettes separate the men from the boys — when they really separate the living from the dead! — And that soft drinks are for those who “think young” — when they are for those who want cavities and kidney stones!

Has this campaign proven worthwhile?

It's hard to say. We are also fighting a \$300,000 libel suit.

When does SINA get time to clothe animals?

SINA has over 58,000 members in the United States, England, Canada, Australia and Germany. Right now we are concentrating our animal-clothing efforts in the western United States. In Denver, Los Angeles, Phoenix and Bismarck there are SINA Clothesmobiles driven by employees trained to spot a naked animal at 50 feet; these men can clothe an animal in 12 seconds. For emergencies we have SINAcycles, converted motorcycles. Like the Clothesmobiles, they are equipped with animal clothing and trained personnel; but they're speedier.

What constitutes an “emergency”?

AN emergency is when a naked animal is loose in the presence of more than 51 persons or by a highway where traffic is heavier than 7¼ cars per minute.

Isn't clothing all animals just a little bit impractical?

It is if you are an amateur. We're professionals. In New Jersey our research laboratory has been experimenting for many months on the patterns most suit-

able for animal wear and the correct approach toward clothing an animal.

But why does SINA want to put clothes on animals?

We are repulsed by the inconsistency. Human beings are animals; we wear clothing. . . and the day has been long gone when we wore clothing for shelter alone. No, we wear clothes for fun — and most of all, we wear clothes for the DE-CENCY and PRIVACY they afford. We share our love, our food and our homes with our pets — isn't it time for us to share our clothing with them? And isn't it time we sheltered our children from



“We have declared the New Jersey Turnpike a ‘moral disaster area!’”

the nakedness that so corrupts them? Small children try to clothe their pets; teen-agers turn away, embarrassed; adults are distracted by naked animals while driving — and naked animals have caused the majority of our highway disasters. Yes, we must clothe our pets and animals for the sake of our children, and for the sake of those yet unborn. When a child grows up in a world of double standards, he is cynical, hypocritical and pathetic; he is very likely to end up at Harvard.

On that note, we closed the interview and left — more bewildered than when we started.

Jim Dorr, chairman of the Greater Boston chapter of SINA announces that the next meeting will be held on Saturday, November 8, at 8:00 PM, in MIT Room 50-304 and will, contrary to usual regulations, be open to the public. Candidates for membership will be given the SINA Emotional Stability Test at this time.

(Continued from page 6)

Our other reporter on the scene at McCormick found that the “law-keepers” were funnier than the rioters. . . For instance: the Security Farce was blocking the door from a mob screaming “We want sex!” One cop turned to a Judcomm man with the comment “These poor guys are in the wrong place!”

Then there was Bill Pinkerson, head of Institute Judcomm, trying to get some coeds from the fringe of the crowd to get back inside. He was heard to say: “Are you going to get inside, or will you run upstairs and get your registration cards and give them to me?”

We note with interest that during the festivities Mr. Pinkerson's car was ticketed for illegal parking. . .

In the light of the recent concern regarding college students' morality, we reprint the following conversation reported by *The Arizona State Savant* with their “Faculty advisor”:

“People will remain moral as long as no one tries to make laws on morals,” he said.

“But there already are laws on morals,” we said.

He looked us right in the eye then and answered, “I rest my case.”

Choice Critic

'Gone With The Wind' worst yet

By Francisco San Francisco

'Gone With The Wind' (at the Lost Arts) is probably the worst film I have seen yet, although considering the generally low state into which the art of film-making has fallen in the last thirty years, I feel that I can safely say that things are not what they once were. In fact, I am sadly disillusioned by the meagre selection of good films currently being offered in the United States.

Not since Bouillon Mirettes' 1947 classic 'The Fat Man Enters' which was shown during a limited engagement in Brisbane, Utah, in 1949, has there been a film of artistic integrity shown within these shores. It seems to me unfortunate that the serious film-goer cannot find a more representative and sophisticated cross-section of cinematography than that which is currently being made available. Of the more mature and artistically sensitive films being produced in Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Outer Mongolia today, only a small handful have been offered to viewers in this country in recent years—the works of such outstanding directors as Vaseline Petrolin, Arturo Toscanini, and Benito Mussolini being entirely ignored. Instead, we are offered the less significant although undoubtedly more popular "entertainment" films whose sole function is to provide the ordinary moviegoer with a pleasant evening's diversion. Needless to say, such films are not worth reviewing.

I am further disheartened by the increasing tendency of directors to place their emphasis on technical skills and plot. Personally, I feel that the greatest film of the twentieth century was Kutcheritchynutsoff's 'Black Darkness', which was filmed with a home movie camera on already-exposed film and which has absolutely no plot at all. A study in characterization, it deals with the mental anguish of a Siberian yak-herder and his family during the famine of 1924, and their eventual psychological breakdown in the face of the fact that there have been no yaks in Siberia since 1845. The recurring image of the decreasing solar crescent is particularly effective in conveying the all-pervasive sense of despair and impending darkness. Our own LSC, furthermore, has been nothing to alleviate this dearth of significant motion pictures. Their Entertainment Series is totally lacking in artistic merit, and the Contemporary Series draws exclusively on films of the post-war period, an era noted by the cognoscenti as being completely devoid of creations of lasting value.

As for the Classic Series, for which I had great hopes in light of the new three-series program, I find it sadly biased in favor of a few well-known producers and directors at the expense of other more deserving artists. Although they have included Ravioli's 'Impenetrable Crevice,' they have completely ignored his far more brilliant sequel 'Whole No More' which won 32 awards at the 1958 International Festival of the Non-Assimilated Arts, and was acclaimed by the reviewers of "Camera Obscura," magazine as the best film of the decade. The LSC has also chosen to ignore the efforts of film-makers in all countries other than the United States, Britain, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and Poland. In a series of ten films, this is inexcusable.

In conclusion, I strongly urge you to boycott the LSC and the commercial theatres of Boston. FILMS TO AVOID: 'Gone With The Wind,' 'Bridge On The River Kwai,' 'The Greatest Show on Earth,' 'The Longest Day,' 'To Kill a Mockingbird.'

FILMS YOU MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER: 'The Man Who Shot Eugene Ionesco,' 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,' 'The Birds,' 'Viewed In a Lagoon,' 'The Creature From the Black Miss TO DIE RATHER THAN Splintered Mirror,' 'Nausea' (all showing in Southern Tasmania, at the moment, but they'll get here eventually).