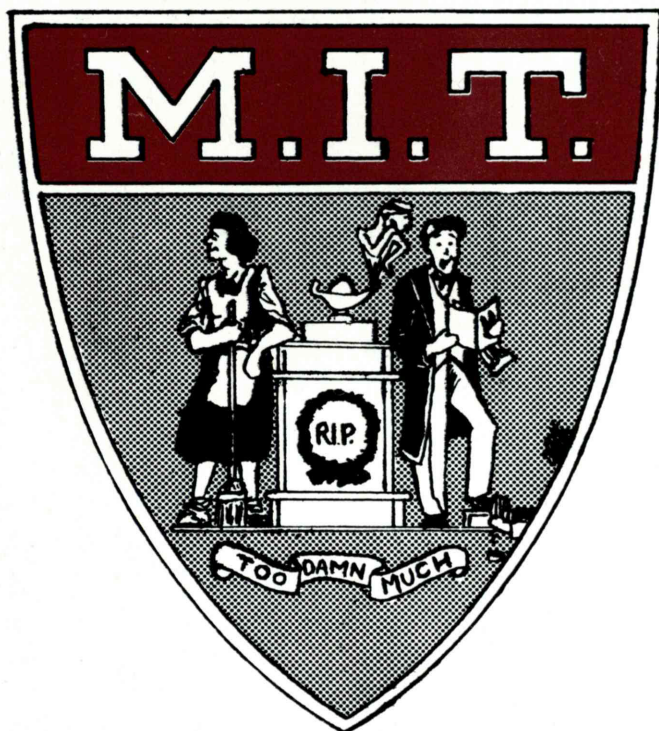


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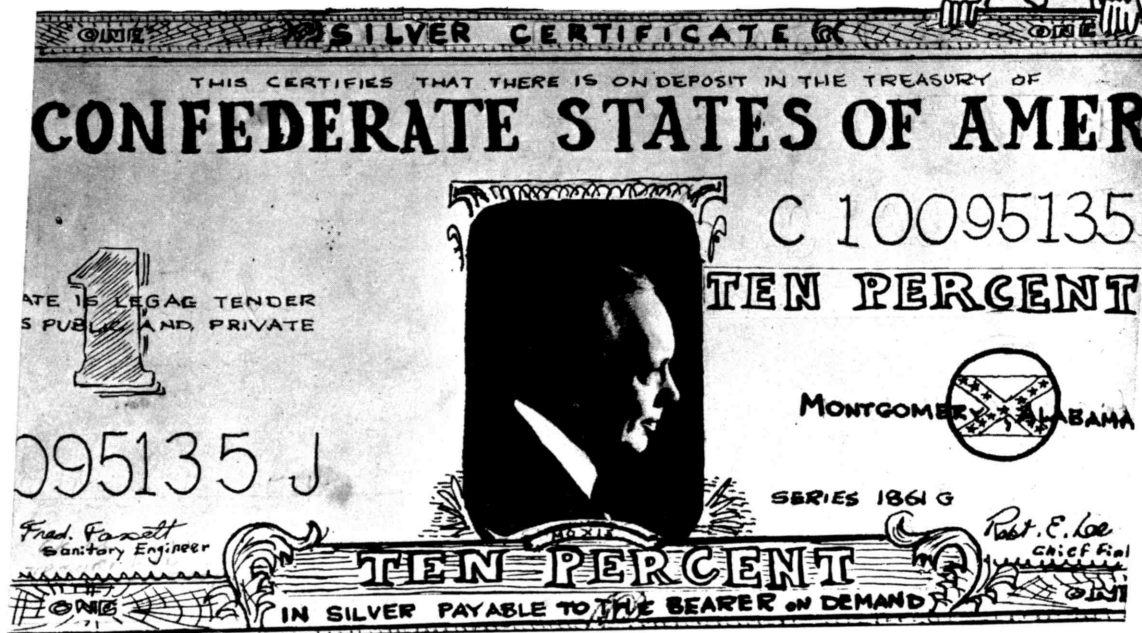
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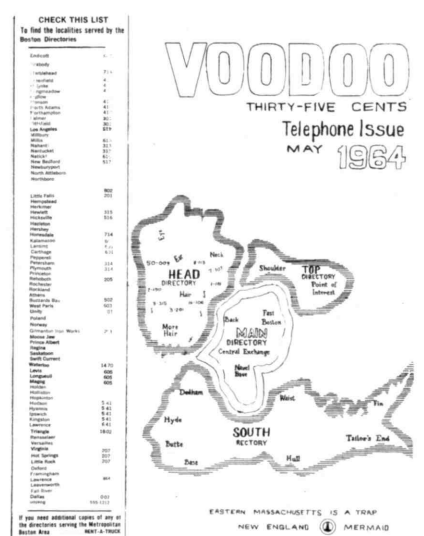
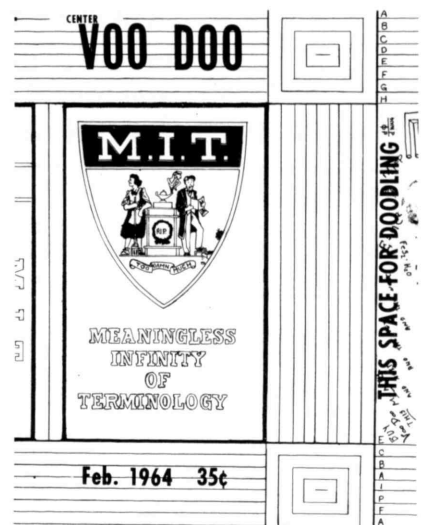
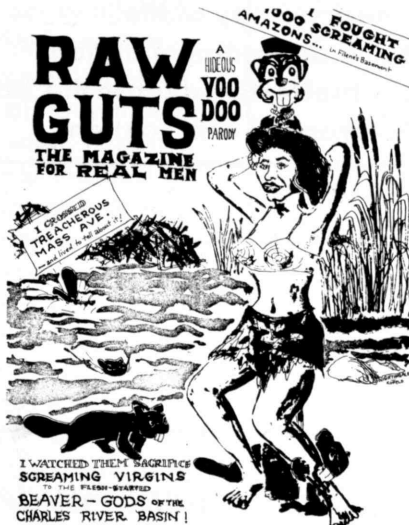
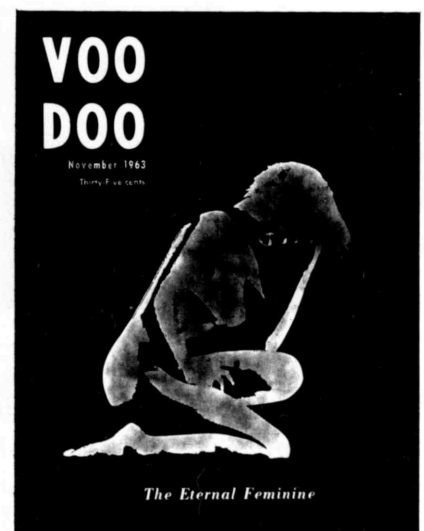
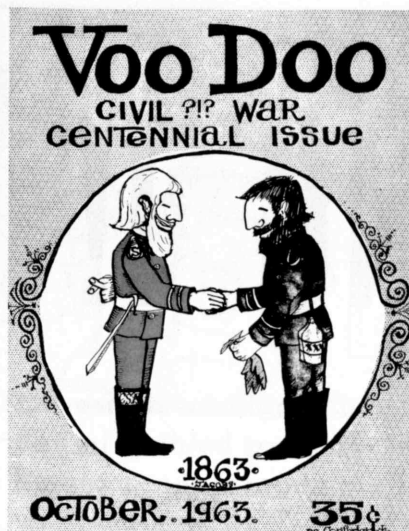
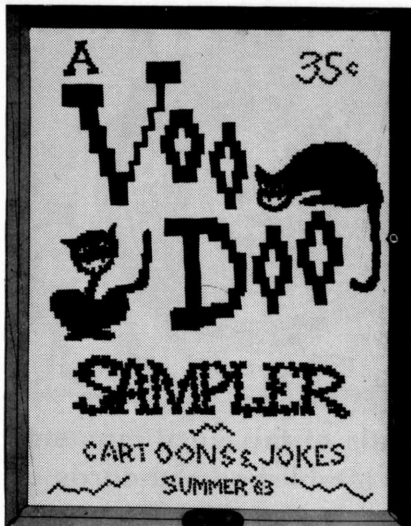
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WARNING !!



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."

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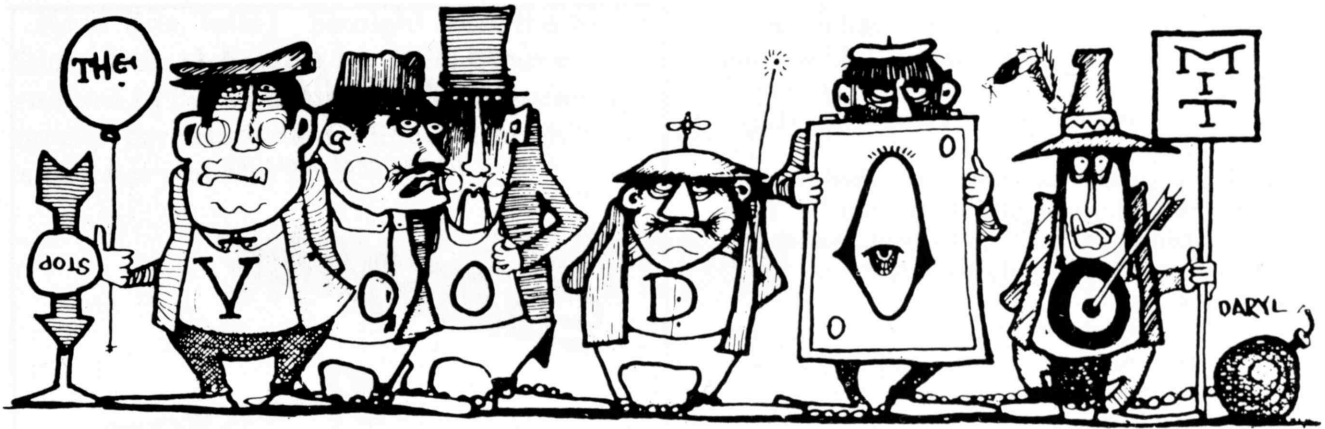


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THE VOO DOO SAMPLER

To the class of 1968, we extend our sympathy. We also extend our magazine, in the form of this summer issue. This issue was crumpled together by three very irate staffers one sultry summer night so you could get an idea of what VooDoo, and perhaps MIT is like. It is not the best of VooDoo (we don't wish to offend parents and sisters who read all the trash you get from Tech), but unfortunately it's not the worst either. With any luck at all, it is a decent sampling of what we have produced in the past year. At any rate, it may be worth a laugh or two.

The cover of this issue, by the way, is a faithful reproduction of the standard MIT bookcover, available for outrageous prices at the Coop. It is a trifle small, but will fit most books.

Vol. 47 No. 9

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Welcome to the fold of Postal Information Readers. As one of the many who enjoy this monthly feature, you now know that VooDoo was copyrighted in 1964 by the VooDoo Managing Board. You are also fully aware that this issue was published August, 1964, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and VooDoo is published monthly, October through May, and in August. You also know that you can subscribe to eight hilarious issues for a mere \$2.80; and that the same issues would cost you 35c each otherwise. (But you should know that a subscription is \$69.00 in Pago Pago.) You know, of course, that our offices are at 303 Walker Memorial, and you are welcome to drop in Wednesday nights. VooDoo is entered as second class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. If you knew all that, why'd you read so far?

Harry and Sam were engaged in a mild argument about the extent of Sam's popularity. "Why," said Sam, "I know everybody — everybody knows me."

Harry was inclined to scoff, "Ya know the Mayor of New York?" he jeered.

Sam picked up the telephone and asked for City Hall ... "Bob? Just thought I'd say hello." Then he called Washington, D.C. "That you, Lyndon? ... Yes, this is Sam...Sure I could make it to your ranch this Saturday."

Harry was properly abashed, but he still muttered that while Sam might know everybody in this country, that didn't include the whole world.

Sam took the challenge. "Next week," he announced, "An audience with the Pope."

Sure enough, that next week, while Harry stood in the crowd, he saw the Pope. "Why Sam, I haven't seen you in years," greeted the Pope.

As Harry stared in disbelief, a little boy next to him, held aloft in his mother's arms, turned and said, "Mother, who's that man talking to Sam?"



"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a milk bottle."



On an Alabama plantation there was once a husky farm hand who had a fantastic reputation with every lady within a radius of thirty miles. One day his boss said, "Mose, I'd like for you to visit my friend Colonel Parker's place over in Louisiana. He's got seventy-three gals working for him and nary one man, and I told him you'd be just the man to remedy a situation like that."

"Just how far from here," inquired Mose, "is that place of Colonel Parker's?"

"Two hundred and forty-two miles," said the boss.

"Anything you say," declared Mose dubiously, "but that's a might big distance to travel for just one day's work!"

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Here it is, folks! Straight from the torrid pages of *Raw Guts*, THE magazine for MEN, is the true life tale of adventure in the stinking jungles of Macedonia written by our special correspondent. Enough to chill the stoutest hearts is this story of how

SINGLEHANDEDLY I FOUGHT OFF

THE ARMY OF **MAN-EATING**

MACEDONIAN GRAPES

and lived to tell about it!!

by **Rubin Pindyck**

It started out as a vacation. I've never cared much for vacations, but when the boss suggested that I go on a long one, I heard myself say, "Yes, J.B."

So here I was in the middle of the Macedonian jungle, disguised as a mild-mannered business man, trying to catch rare specimens of the Macedonian syph, and seeing how many of them would dance on the head of a pin. After trying unsuccessfully all morning to catch the syph, I decided to relax by taking a tramp through the woods.

Her name was Sonia.

Anyway, there we were, in the middle of the dense, primitive undergrowth, when Sonia screamed, "Help—GRAPE!"

I said, "What's the matter, honey, don't you like me?" but she could only shudder and point to the horde of round, firm, purple things rolling towards us.

Within hours, we were surrounded. I've been surrounded before, but never by such soft-looking Macedonian man-eating grapes.

"Don't worry, dear," I whispered to Sonia. "Let me handle this."

Sonia kissed me passionately and whispered back, "Sure, mistah."

"Her first!" I shouted.

Looking back, I can justify this seeming

act of cowardice by the fact that I was scared purple.

Anyway, I had to stand there helplessly as the grapes devoured Sonia from toe to head.

Ah Sonia, poor Sonia, who died for arousing the wrath of grapes!

As for myself, I was fortunate in that the grapes, who were apparently no longer hungry, had decided to take me alive.

"Listen," I said, "unless you set me free I'm going to turn the sky black in exactly two hours and seventeen minutes."

"Come off it, Jack," the grape winned,

"Don't give us any of that eclipse baloney!" Clearly this was no ordinary bunch of grapes.

"Listen Jack," said the chief grape, "I got a joke for you. What's flesh-colored and comes from Macedonia?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"Alexander the Great!"

"Grape balls of fire!" I exclaimed, whipping out my Zippo and igniting the chief grape. The other grapes swarmed around their flaming leader, raisin' leafy arms to grapple with the fire and in the crush I made my escape.

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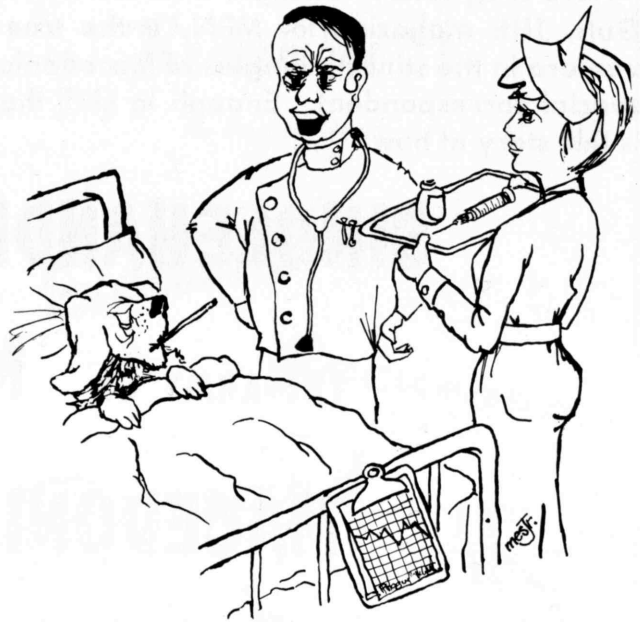
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**"...SAYS HE CAUGHT IT FROM
A FIRE HYDRANT!"**

Last summer at one of the ROTC summer camps one of the cadets was sent down to a stream to get some water for the platoon to drink, but had not been gone long when he came running back to the camp empty-handed and panting. "Sir," he exclaimed, "there's a big alligator in the stream and I'm afraid to get the water."

"Don't worry, son," said the sympathetic officer, "that alligator is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," replied the cadet, "if that alligator's only half as scared as I am, that water ain't fit to drink."



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.





WELCOME TO THE INSTITUTION

Surely you weren't so naive as to think you could get something from MIT that didn't include a pitch of some sort. Here it is, but I'll go light, and try to mix in something of some fringe value.

First off, let's face the facts. Out of some 2000 possible choices, you get shuttled into here. Assuming you don't get a last-minute acceptance somewhere else, you'd best start thinking about your future at Tech. Let's start with a few things you may want to bring in September:

1) A slide rule. Actually, you won't have time to use it on the quizzes, and it won't help much anyway, but it sure does look impressive when you figure out the tax in a restaurant.

2) Heavy Insurance, against such hazards as Massachusetts Drivers, Cambridge air, a steady diet of (yecch) Commons meals, suicide, falling through

Harvard Bridge and being dissolved in the Charles, or being electrocuted by a playful physics lab instructor.

3) A can opener. If you don't know why you'll need that, you may find the first term a bit rough.

4) A big mouth. I don't know why you'll need it, but most of your classmates will have one, so why be different? Just don't use it in Humanities if you want any friends, other than the instructor.

5) A sense of humor. You'll need it when you see your first grades.

This last point brings me to the inevitable pitch. If you are one of the enlightened souls who brings enough of the last commodity to go around, help us spread the wealth. (If not, 35c carefully placed in a *VooDoo* salesman's sweaty hand will gain you your share; alternatively you can join us anyway and get a bigger share *free*.) The day will soon come when you will find that getting an education at MIT ("a university paralyzed around science") is indeed like "taking an enema from a fire-hose." When that day comes, you will take on the stony frown of the Upperclassman, and have three courses open to you: you can commit suicide, which is drastic at the least; you can remain forever frozen in a limbo of nicotine, barbiturate, and caffeine; or you can turn to good old cathartic *VooDoo*. (Having chosen the last, I can vouch that the view here is good; the people in the middle category sure don't *look* like they've picked the right road; I can't really say much about those in the first group, except that they have 100 per cent fewer cavities.)

Assuming you're convinced (well, you read this far, didn't

you?) let me assure you *VooDoo* won't harm your grades. The No-Doz set is too bleary to study effectively, the suicides also find study difficult. But the *VooDoo* man is relaxed, composed, devil-may-care, fully capable of (if not inclined toward) study. In fact, few *VooDoo* staffers have flunked out more than twice, and they always exit laughing. Many are carried out laughing. But they don't *worry* about it.

Still other advantages accrue. Staffers get an annual wage of \$2.80, which we graciously allow them to take out in magazines. They have access to the Beer Closet, assuming they can sneak by the Junior Board (which is permanently stationed with arms linked outside the door) and the Senior Board (which is permanently stationed with tongues out inside the Closet.) Other advantages I'd best not mention here.

"But," you say (if you're in the habit of talking aloud while reading) "What can *I* do?" Naturally, if you can write, draw, or dream up funny ideas, there's a place for you. But if you can't, you can get in on all the fun by selling magazines, stealing jokes, making publicity posters, selling ads, or any number of other nefarious activities. Our staff is liberally padded with hangers-on (like myself), but we somehow manage to put out eight sparkling, Dean-teasing issues a year. So be sure to stop by our booth at the Freshman Midway, and never *ever* for any reason fail to buy an issue.

— Levine



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"Ah wins."
"What you got?"
"Three eights and a pair of
kings."
"No you don't, Ah wins."
"What you got?"
"Three sevens and a razor."
"So you does. How come you
is so lucky?"



Do you know what two men who
love each other are called?
Christians.



"Is this dance formal, or can I
wear my own clothes?"

It was high noon at the Mosque.
The high priest was intoning.
"There is no God but God, and
Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in "He is not!"
The congregation turned, and
among the sea of brown faces
was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and
said, "There seems to be a little
Confucian here."

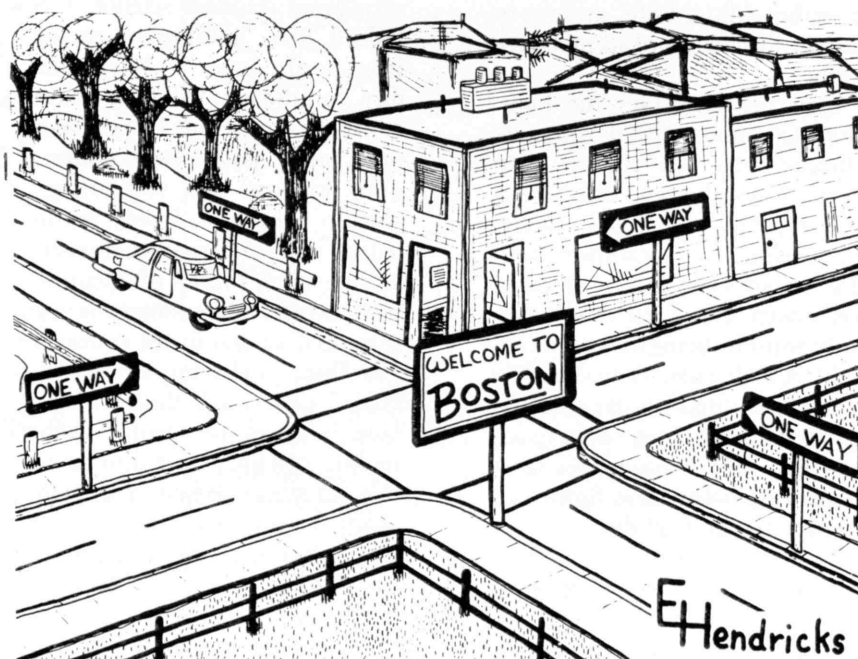


It was a dark rainy night in
Caracas when Pedro stumbled in
the door. "Why Pedro, where
have you been?" screamed his
wife. "Eet has been two years
since I saw you last."

"I was arrested for speeding,"
Pedro said.

"They kept you in jail two years
for speeding?" his wife said. "Bot
we do not have even a automovil!"

Pedro said, "Bot I was arrested
for speeding on Meester Neexon."



How can you tell a happy motorcyclist?
By the number of bugs on his teeth.



"When I go to bed at night, I always see yellow lights and green lights in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, only yellow lights and green lights."



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Interviewer: "Tell me, Mr. Santa Claus, what do you really dig most about Christmas?"

S.C.: "Well, I'll tell you, Charlie, I really get a charge out of whipping them reindeer."

Little boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Henry, you stay right here and fill up the ink wells."



I was fighting in the Czechoslovakian resistance against the rotten Red bosses and their crummy Czech stooges. On one occasion, they had me on the run. I made my way across the frozen fields with the bloodhounds hot on my heels and plunged into the forest.

Deep in the dark woods, I came upon a small hut owned by a hermit. Here, I thought, I could find refuge from my pursuers.

I knocked on the door, and when the hermit peeked out, I asked: "Hello, do you suppose you could cache a rather large Czech?"



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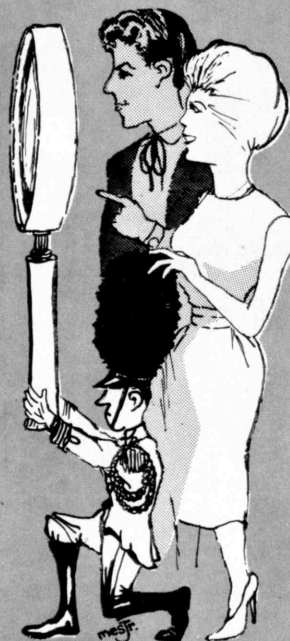
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"And the Lord said unto Noah...make thee an ark of gopher wood..." And Noah made he an ark of gopher wood (gopher wood will go further), and started to select the pairs of animals to stock it with. There were two gnu, two shrew, two toucans, two toads. And two mastodon, two elephants, two grapes, two barracuda, two rats, two ecbaipfak.... A real menagerie. And for forty days and forty nights, they swung their ark across the flood. Finally the waters receded, and the ark was brought to rest on the land. And Noah said to the animals: "Go forth and multiply and replenish the Earth, that I may clean out this tub!" And the animals leapt joyously ashore, and crawled, waddled, strode, or flew to the nearest bushes. All but two of the snakes, who slithered sadly to the bilges. (If you know this one, you may as well stop here.) And Noah asked unto the snakes, "Why do you not clear out and multiply?" And the larger snake said sadly, "Lo, I cannot, for I am a talking snake. Also, we are Adders, and therefore cannot multiply."

But Noah, who chose not to live with two snakes, said: "Get ye ashore, and do your best." Several days later, Noah was spying through the forests, and was well pleased with the procreative abilities of his charges. Motherhood reigned supreme, and the forest crawled with little beasties. But just as Noah was about to proclaim the project a success, he came upon the two adders, still snakelingless. Sadly, he returned to the ark. But after a few days, he was aroused by a clamor of good cheer in the forest. He ran to see, and what did he behold but all the animals gathered around a rough wooden platform of hewn trees. And on the platform, he beheld the two snakes, surrounded by a fine brood of little snakelets. "How," he asked in amazement, "did you overcome your difficulty?" The proud parents made no reply, but a wise owl was heard to remark, "Even an adder can multiply with a log table." (Sorry we made you wade through all that.)



Great quotes of our time:

Montezuma: "Tell those marines to stop singing in the hallway!"

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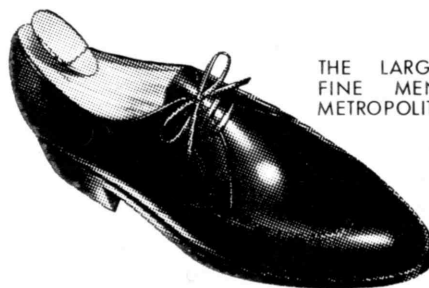
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Shortly after the April issue of VooDoo, Phos began ranting about the lack of a decent newspaper at MIT. Not wanting to leave this gap unplugged, he goaded the VooDoo Staff into a mild form of action. Before he would even let us start on a May issue, we had to show him that we could produce a good, lively, newspaper. We did it—with news so new it still hasn't happened, analyses so profound even we never understood them, and stories so exciting our printer fell asleep and got caught in the press. Some misguided critics said our paper bore a resemblance to MIT's current excuse for a newspaper, *the tech*; possibly because of the inferior quality paper we printed on. But for those of you who may have missed it, here are some clippings from Volume XLAX, Number 1 of



Vol. XLAX NO. 1 MAY 1, 1964

Dean found dead rat in kitchen

A dead rat was discovered in the steam-tables of the Baker House kitchens, it was reported yesterday. The find was made by Harrison C. Dean '66, who was cleaning the week's accumulation of grease-drippings and dead flies from the underside of the table at the time.

The rat, which was approximately nine inches long, not counting its tail, is estimated to have been dead for several days. When asked what led him to his discovery, Dean said "Well, you know—it kind of was beginning to smell even worse than usual."

The Administration has declined to comment on the incident, claiming that it was probably a mole anyway.

Carmine equine consternates inmates

Pool profs find new chalk use: FOR CUE

An expensive brawl in the new DuPont Center billiard room last night has led the Institute to consider closing the \$3 million showplace only two weeks after its opening. Reports indicate that two physics professors, celebrating with a game of snooker after setting an 8.02 quiz with a negative class average, got into a brawl and managed to rip one table beyond repair. Also hurtled over the railing were cans of beer.

Stratton goes ape

MITSG siezes control

Coordinated by Mike Leavitt '66, the neo-fascist organization staged a carefully planned and well-organized takeover, overpowering ex-UAP Bill Samuels '65 and the entire Institute Committee, while simultaneously seizing control of WTBS, VooDoo, Tech Engineering News, the 5.02 labs, the commons kitchens, the Baker House laundry room, 127 mens' rooms scattered throughout the Institute, and four coeds.

In a stunning coup d'etat which left Institute officials and students alike gasping, the 169-member MIT Students for Goldwater overthrew the existing student government last night, and established in its place a military junta headed by MIT's own right-wing extremist demagogue, DF Nolan, who was recently defeated in a bid for power in last month's UAP elections.

Also seized in the revolt were the nuclear reactor, the magnetohydrodynamics lab, and the recently renamed Edna P. Zilch room (formerly 26-100). The only important facility left under the control of the legitimate authorities was *The Rech*. When asked why the paper was left undisturbed, Leavitt commented "Are you kidding? Who'd want to have their name connected with that miserable rag?"

He then remarked, propping his elaborately polished jackboots on his desk and unbuttoning his black military jacket, that he couldn't see why people were always calling the MITSG a fascist organization.

"We're not, really," he said. "Actually, we're only trying to protect the rights of the students, and stamp out Communism. People just don't understand this. They say we're too militant and extremist. No, it is not true that we were in any way prompted in our recent actions by seeing the film 'Seven Days In May.' He paused to adjust the 'Scott for President' button in his lapel.

At this point, a person apparently of some importance in the organization, later identified as Gar Randall '66, entered the room, saluted, and informed Leavitt that "the leader" wanted to see him. Leavitt left, followed by half a dozen aides.

Administration reaction to the coup has been mostly unfavorable, on the whole. *The Rech*, in a special exclusive interview with President Stratton at 1:30 this morning, asked him what he thought about the students' revolting. Stratton, who is somewhat hard of hearing, scratched his nose with his ear-trumpet and said "Ahhrrrrmmmm. Well, yes. I do find students somewhat revolting, now that you mention it. Very definitely. Say—tel! me—why is your horse red?"



The Rech

CONTENTS

Pure Rag virtually all plus monosodium glutamate and sodium propionate added to retard inevitable rotting.
Not only that, but

Feetnotes 2

Numnuts 2

Contents 1

Ads, paid and pending 1-4

with occasional blanks for humor

Faculty members promoted

by Soapy Tiddle

The promotion of 43 faculty members was announced a couple of days ago by some guy with an illegible signature. This happens every week.

Professors

25 professors, mostly in the Physics department, were promoted to the rank of Blackboard Cleaners, among them etaion shrdlu Professors Prank,

Flush, Lemming, Ecbaipfak, Qwertuiop, and Stratton, in a surprise move by the Administration. The move was announced surprise move by the Administration. The move was announced by a guy with an illegitimate signature.

"This move was taken in an effort to coordinate professorial action with student action. A one to one ration is being conserved in an attempt

to correlate the results of student performance and professorial tort feasting. That is, we plan to demote as many professors as they flunk students," said an administration spokesman.

None of the professors affected were available for comment in our office yesterday.

F e t n o t e s

By Bull Noodnick

Last week's "leak of the week", that ten coeds would be expelled for "promiscuous activities", turned out to be this week's headline. Bet you wonder how we knew.

We are especially pleased to announce the realization of another prediction—that 18.01 and 18.02 will indeed **not** be dropped from the catalog next year.

The Crystal Ball

68. M.I.T.'s Chemistry Department will be dissolved in the near future—probably by next month. This decision was precipitated by the reaction of freshmen to 5.364, a course which has discouraged many of them from majoring in chemistry. Theology will become the new course Five. More about this next week.

70. The LSC has taken the hint from Francisco San Francisco, *The Rech's* movie reviewer. We can expect drastic changes in the movie schedule for the rest of this term. Fine artistic movies, more suitable to the intellectual M.I.T. Community, will be substituted for the current entertaining trash. Furthermore, the movies will no longer be shown in room 10-250, but will instead be projected onto the side of the Earth Science building in order to provide a more artistic atmosphere.

80. Dr. Julius Stratton will, within the next few weeks, resign from his presidency of M.I.T. It seems that President Stratton has become disgusted with the smell of commons which wafts over to his mansion from Walker. It is also rumored that President Stratton is tired of M.I.T.'s drab campus. Hans Mueller will probably become the new President.

4. The next construction project on campus will undoubtedly be an enlargement of the M.I.T. chapel. There have been many complaints that the chapel is now overcrowded.

The addition of a large recreation room will permit bingo games to be held on Sunday nights.

73. Spring Weekend, running even farther in the red than expected, will be **cancelled tomorrow!** The weekend ran into an insurmountable problem in that they were competing with A-Ball, which is held at the same time. Furthermore, we received a rumor last night which might turn out to be an even greater problem—virtually all of the entertainers have broken their contracts and walked out. Fortunately, the weekend will be replaced with a special LSC showing of thirty Roadrunner cartoons.

3. The Earth Science building has begun to lean to the south, and will continue to lean at the rate of one inch per month. It seems that the building is just one big publicity stunt designed to promote the M.I.T. image. As soon as the building leans far enough to be noticeable, the public will be charged admission to climb to the top. Stouffer's will open a restaurant on the roof.

96. The MDC will place an officer on Mass. Ave. in front of building seven. The officer will see to it that tickets are given to students who jaywalk. The traffic light will be removed, since few people observe it anyway.

New Courses

Three new courses will be added to the catalog next year. The first of these, *Sumarian Dialects of Modern Sanskrit as Spoken in Kenya* (21.041T) will be requisite for sophomores, and will be used to replace the present 21.04. In order to integrate the humanities with science, the Physics Department will teach a course on *The Effects of Hegel on the Maxwell Equations* (8.032), and the Mathematics Department will offer *Mathematics and God* (18.99G). Details on this last course will be discussed next week.

NPSOPLPCIDAOED

The Bursar's office announced last Friday that MIT has received a \$42 billion grant from the North Pacific States Organization for the Popularization and Preservation of Pre-Cambrian Invertebrates, Dispossessed Orphaned Aardvarks, and One-Eyed Ducks.

The money will be used exclusively for research purposes, with the exception of .00001 per cent, which will be set aside for students whose parents were aardvarks or one-eyed ducks.

The Rech welcomes letters and other space filler from its reader. These letters will be printed if the editor deems them simple enough that he can understand them, or if they are typed. Anonymous letters will not be printed, but the author's name will.

The editor is responsible for every opinion in the world.

How They Did

Old Maid

MIT 6 — Yale 3

Basketball

MIT 3 — Cincinnati 324

MIT 45 — Chandler 69

Baseball

MIT 7 — Yankees 3

MIT 2 — MTA Conductors 65

(Exhibition)

Tic Tac Toe

MIT 4 — Harvard 0.

Space Program

Modern technology is increasing at a rate which is outstripped only by the rate of the Malthusian explosion; which means that as science advances, and our technology increases, it is becoming increasingly necessary to find additional means of enlarging the habitable space in the universe, by the utmost in efficient mapping and disposition.

It is for this reason that we are shocked by the enormity of space wasted in the Institute. Here at M.I.T., supposedly the cradle of technocratic planning, we find such flagrant wastes as that exhibited in the case of 50-009, a "Men's Room" in the basement of Walker Memorial. No amount of logistics can justify the relegation of 6,000 square feet of space for a Men's Room in Walker.

50-009 has five urinals, an equal number of sinks, and four private heads. The room is large and open, with a square central area of no conceivable use to anyone. In addition to the wasted space in the center of the room (occupied only by a very large waste-basket), the heads themselves are nearly six inches larger than the standard booth size. This is to say nothing of the wasted space due to the exceptionally high ceiling.

To compound matters, 50-009 is a relatively unused room. At almost any time of the day or night it can be found completely vacant; never are more than two or three of the facilities in simultaneous use, except for special functions.

We cannot condone or overlook this flagrant violation of conservation of space, and sternly reprimand the administration under which it flourishes. We heartily recommend that this room be made into a lecture hall, that it may again serve a useful function to the Institute community. In this way, it would cease to be a drain or sink of Institute resources, and would become a source.

Appointment

The Board of Directors of The Rech is pleased to announce that Sir Bertilak de Hautdesert has an appointment with his dentist on next Tuesday.

Sixth-class postage owed to Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Rech was published this once on an inspiration, by Voodoo, 303 Walker Memorial, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139. Telephone 617-555-1212. If a woman answers, hang up.

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We'll burn a cross tonight.



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



Just as he was getting to sleep in his upper berth, a chemistry prof. was awakened by a persistent tapping from the berth below.

"Oh Dr. Miller, are you awake?"

"I am now," he said groggily.

"It's frightfully cold down here. I wonder if you would mind getting me an extra blanket."

"I've a better idea," he said, "Let's pretend we are married."

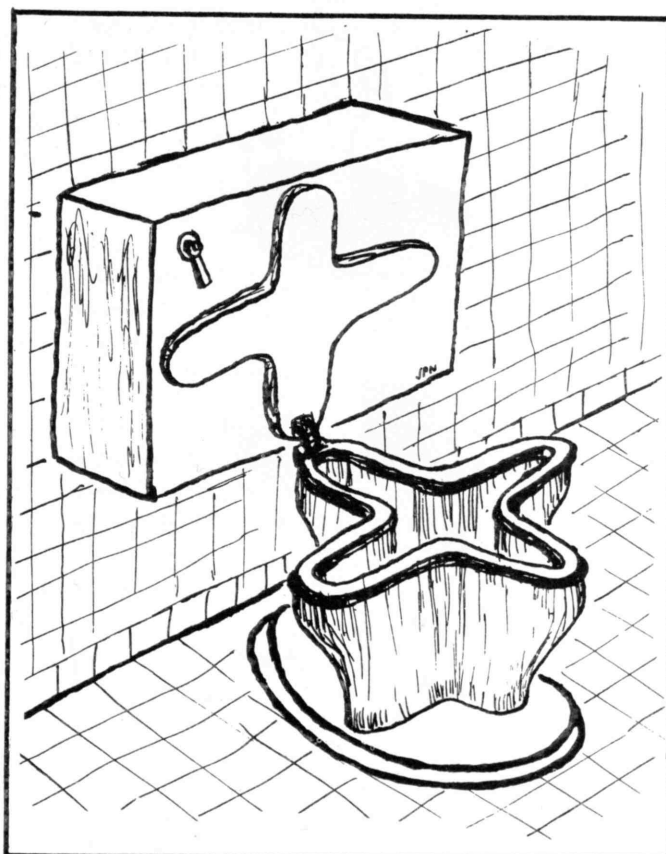
Giggling, she said, "That sounds like a lovely idea."

"Good," said he, rolling over, "Now go get your own damn blanket."



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

Beats: "Doo dah, doo dah."



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"Is that John Dodge?" she asked.

"No, lady," the driver returned, "Horace Dodge."

The bus continued farther out Jefferson Avenue. Eventually, the driver broadcast "Directly ahead is the Ford home."

To which the lady queried, "Beg pardon, but is that Henry Ford?" The driver sneered something back and the passengers squirmed around in their seats, flashing occasional looks of hostility at the ancient soul.

Farther out Jefferson, the driver called, "On the left you see Christ Church." Whence an irritated fellow passenger, hearing no response from the woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said bittersweetly, "Aw, go ahead, lady. You can't be wrong all the time."



Moving along a dimly-lighted street, a gentleman was suddenly approached by a stranger who had moved out of the shadows nearby.

"Please, sir," asked the stranger, "would you be so kind as to help a poor, unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun."



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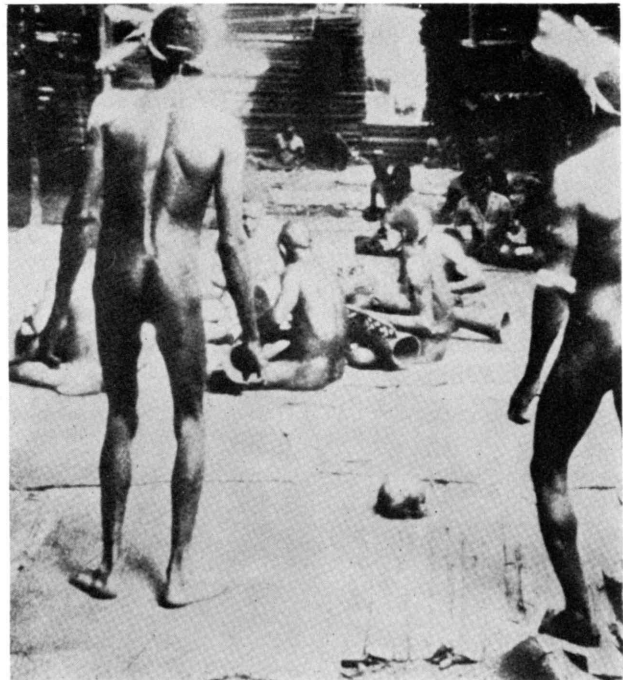
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That evening he took his wife to a good restaurant and there he spotted his pretty companion of the afternoon seated at a table near the door.

"See, monsieur!" said the babe, as they passed near her table. "Look what you got for your lousy ten dollars."



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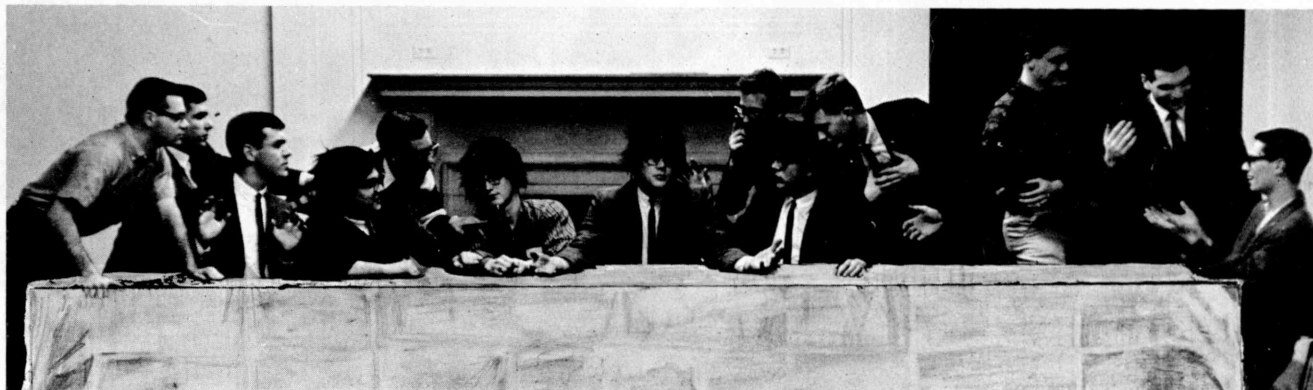


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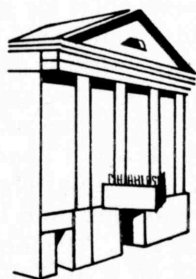
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Wm. Goldung:

Lord of the Thighs



Satire by Charles Deber

The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his nose. Why not pick it?, he reasoned. There were no grownups around to tell him. . . .

Suddenly, sounds of rustling leaves and cracking branches came from off to the right. A large round pink figure wearing horn-rimmed spectacles emerged. "Hey," he called to the fair-haired one, "maybe ya got a Kleenex or a hankachiff or something? I gotta wipe my glasses."

"Use yer shirt, four-eyes" said the other.

"What's your name?" said the round pink boy.

"Ralph."

"Well, I don't care what you call me, as long as it isn't what they used to call me at school."

"What was that?" said Ralph, munching what must have been a mango, or perhaps a canteloupe that had died.

"Horny" said the round pink boy, motioning with his finger toward the rims of his glasses.

After 15 minutes of uncontrollable laughter, fair-haired Ralph motioned to Horny, "C'mon" and began trotting towards a nearby lagoon.

"Puff puff, pant pant," whined Horny, "my auntie told me not to run on account of my ass-mar."

"Asthma?"

"That's right. I had a bad fall on my backside last week, and I had to have stitches taken in it, and they might come out if I run."

Ralph wondered what stitches had to do with asthma, but his thought was interrupted by a strange object lying on the ground by the bank of the lagoon. It was red and black, sort of cylindrical, about six inches long; it had two holes in the top, it was kind of dented in, and the letters "CARLIN" and "ABEL BEE" were visible around the sides. "What's this?" asked Ralph inquisitively.

"Wizard!" shrieked Horny, "I seen six of those once before. My auntie used to grab 'em away from my uncle. I think she called it a 'canch'. If you blow into it, it makes a loud sound. . . ."

Ralph blew into it, and indeed, the canch made a

sound unlike anything he had ever heard before. To describe it was difficult, but perhaps it was something like a long, loud, shrill, "BURPPPPPPPP".

As the canch rang out, boys of all sizes and shapes began to appear from behind the nearby trees—BUURRRRRPPPPPP—until about two dozen had gathered about Horny and Ralph. The latter boy gripped the canch tightly, and sensing that all eyes were on him, felt he had to speak. "Let me tell you why I called this meeting today" announced Ralph. "We gotta find out where we are, whether there are any grownups around, and we got to figure out what to do to get ourselves rescued as soon as. . . ."

"Oh, phooey" said a voice. It was a handsome, black-haired boy named Joke. His pants were tapered, and had no cuffs; his tie was pink, and he had two eyebrows, one above each eye. "Phooey," repeated Joke, "what we wanna do is hunt the pigs, and have a blast. Sucks to gettin' rescued. We can have a wizard time with all the pigs here."

"No, no, I—I got the canch," retorted Ralph, "that's it, the guy that's got the canch, got the floor, and only he can talk." Ralph paused for a long moment and fondled the lovely red and black object. "Now we gotta have one guy in charge of buildin' shelters. . . ."

"We don't needa build no more shelters. There's a large orange- and turquoise house with a pointy roof over down the other side of the island. . . It's sort of dilapidated; while I was exploring it, a large sign that said "28 Flavors" collapsed and almost hit me in the"

"Backside!" yelled the twins. They looked exactly alike. One was named Samneric, the other Ericnsam; often they were both called by one nickname, a shortened combination of their names: Samnericnericnsam.

"I'm glad that sign didn't fall on me," chimed in Horny. "My auntie told me to be careful of my ass-mar."

"Sucks to your asthma," grumbled Ralph; then he blew into the canch for attention—BBBBBUURRP.

"Now listen. Another thing we gotta do is keep a big fire goin' all the time, so passin' ships'll see us, and we'll be resc. . ."

"But how we gonna start the fire?" said Horny hesitantly. Just then, a glint of a sunbeam flashed off of Horny's glasses and right into Ralph's eye.

"I know!" exclaimed Ralph. "We'll use matches. Anybody got any?"

But nobody had none. Now the sun was coming in from over Horny's pink round shoulder, and a ray of sunlight passed through his strong glasses, and the patch of grass on the ground where the intense ray hit, burst into flame!

"I know!" exclaimed Ralph. "We'll rub two stones together."

But alas, nobody had two stones. Thus the boys could not conceive of a way to start a fire.

"NEVER MIND the fire," insisted Joke, loosening his tie. "Let's chase the pigs."

"Are you sure they're only pigs? I saw a big two-legged beastie," said Samnericnericsam, who always spoke together in the first person.

"One more thing," shouted Ralph above roars of "Yeah Pigs Pigs" and "Goodness Gracious Beasties!"

"I want to appoint Sighman as official first-aid man, mender of ripped shirts, etc. Remember, guys, if the zipper on your trousers gets stuck, take it to Sighman. He's Lord of the flies." Many of the littluns were too young to appreciate the significance of Ralph's terrible pun.

"Well, now we gotta eat, so let's get the pigs," said Ralph, tossing the beautiful canch away, sadly, because nobody was paying one bit of attention to it. How unesthetic they are, thought Ralph; their failure to respect the canch, and to see beauty in it, shocked the fair-haired lad. Greatly.

Silvery fish flicked this way and that in the hairy lagoon. Bushy trees and grungy bushes rocked and rustled in the mushy breeze. Frogs hopped from lillypad to lillypad, their little round black eyes popping out of their heads. All in all, it was a nauseating sight.

"Here are fresh pig tracks," said Joke.

"But there are only two of them. And those aren't pig hoofs. They're bigger—and there are five toes. In fact those are human. . . ." Horny was interrupted by some strange, high-pitched giggling. The hunters whirled in unison and saw. . . . a group of young, barefoot teenage girls staring, giggling at them.

"There they are," yelled Joke, "the pigs! Let's get 'em!"

Suddenly it was all clear to Ralph. Pigs, indeed. All Joke wanted to do was spend his time flirting with the girls. The fool! Didn't he realize that the boys needed meat. . . . not girls? Boys can't eat girls. Surely Joke realized that.

Here was the turning point. The boys split into two factions. Ralph, Horny, Sighman, and Samnericnericsam in one faction; Joke and the rest of the boys in the other. Ralph and his crew of four built shelters, tried to think of a way to build a fire, and hunted young elephants and whatever other small game they could find on the island. On the other side of the island, Joke and his boys danced with the girls—even though most of them were pigs—all day, and played other games with the girls at night. It even turned out that the two-legged huge Beastie which the twins had seen, was the mutilated body of the girls' chaperone.

Savages, thought Ralph, that's all they are. Letting everything else go, allowing themselves to deteriorate, to become lewd and lascivious all because of. . . . a bunch of pigs. Who could have imagined it would come to this?

Suddenly, Joke was standing before Ralph, holding a spear which had been sharpened at both ends. "The others have deserted you. This is your last chance, Ralph. Either you join our orgies, or I shall have to use this spear on you. Which shall it be?"

"Never!" cried Ralph, indignantly. "Never shall I allow you to use that spear on me. Take me to those pigs. . . ."

Evil is inherent in the human mind itself, whatever innocence may cloak it. In other words, boys, girls, and pigs all have flies.

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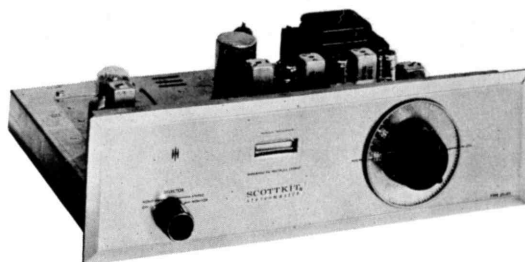
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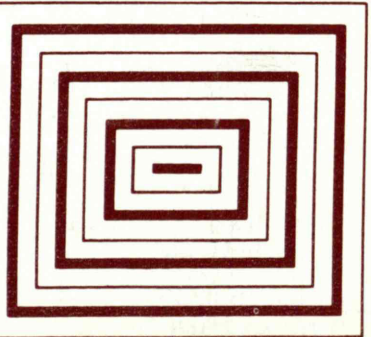
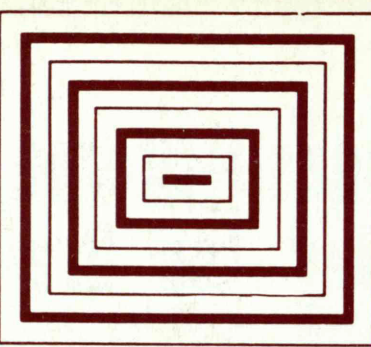
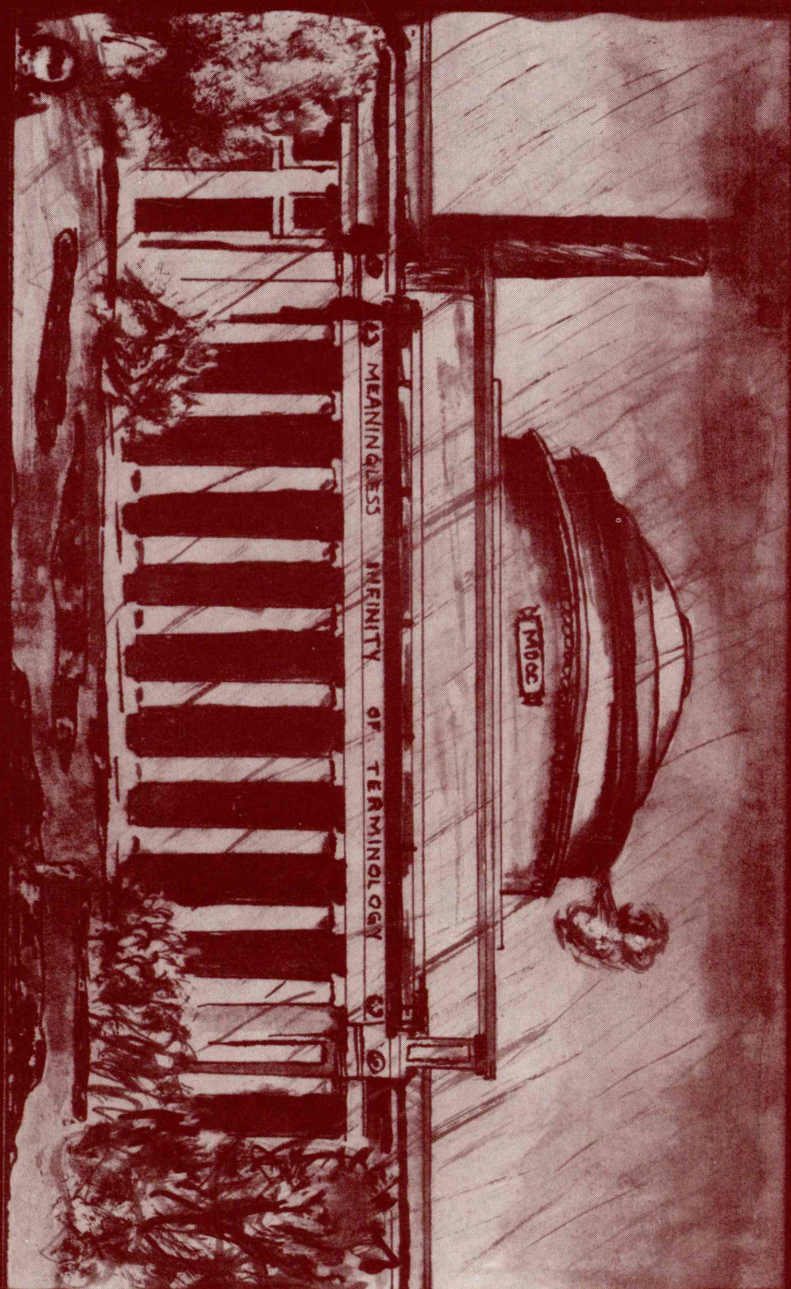
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