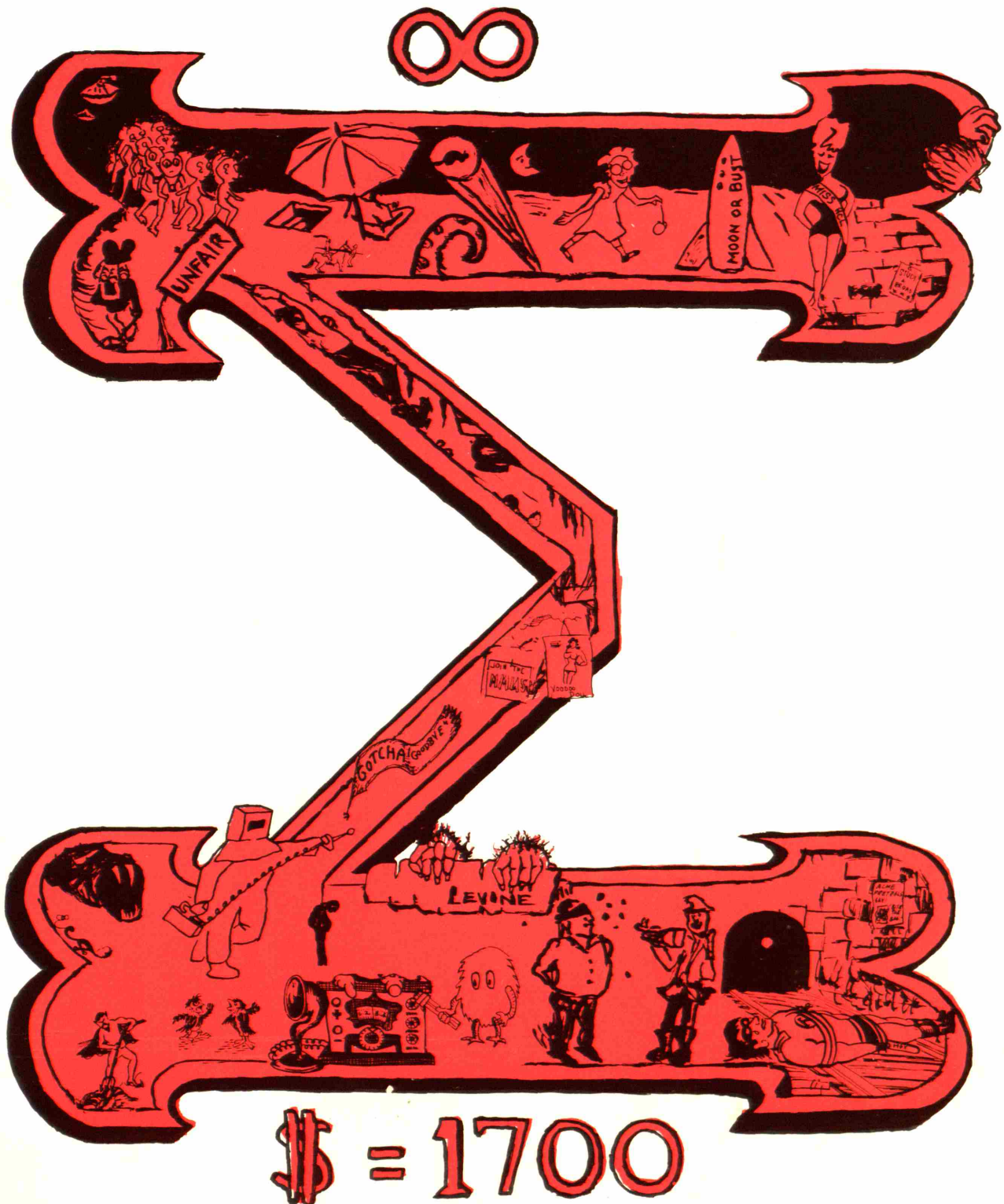


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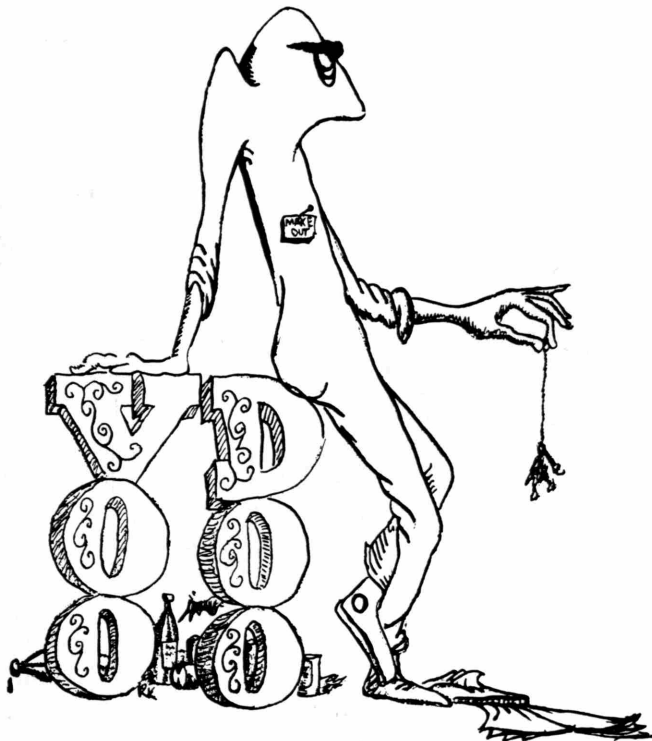
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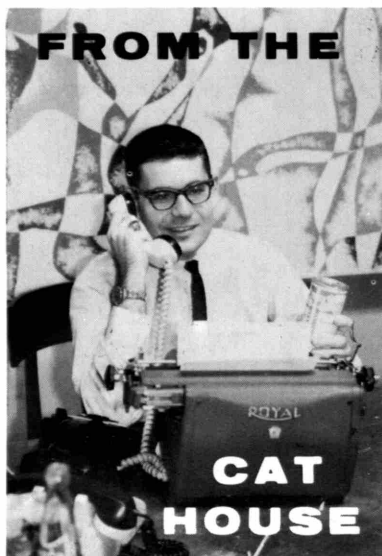
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Welcome to the satisfied tens of Postal Information readers. Each issue we pass on such useless tid-bits of information as the fact that this summer issue was copyrighted in 1965 by the Managing Board (us) of the VooDoo magazine. And we're located at the M.I.T. Student Center, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. That's where the postage due gets sent. We have yet to see the sumptuous new offices they promised us as we're still cramped in our squash court in Walker Memorial. But from the new offices we expect to continue to grind out our usual nine issues a year, monthly during the school year and in the summer like now. We charge \$2.80 for a subscription of the eight issues during the school year, \$69.00 in Pago Pago, and the cover dates run from November to June. This is the extra summer issue intended for fools like yourself. We pay second class postage for this mess and give our copies to some swell guys at the Central Square branch, where they handle 'em with tender loving care. This magazine is distributed free to selected U.S. Armed Forces units stationed in Maryland and New Jersey. Two copies, both to relatives. Aren't you sorry you wasted your time reading this garbage? Do let us know: KI 7-6339.



**\$5.00 FINE
IF YOU DO NOT
READ THIS**

VooDoo, MIT's humor magazine was born before you were born, unless you're 49 years old, which we kinda doubt since most guys and gals entering MIT this fall are a bit younger unless they got left back in high school about 32 times.

Yes, born before you were, but can *VooDoo* go on living without you? Boy, isn't this dramatic? Ask yourself, you future MIT man, what can *you* do for *VooDoo*? What's that? Oh, you want to know what *VooDoo* has done for you before you'll discuss this any further?

Well, if you ask a guy whose been around MIT for a couple of years, he's likely to have heard of *VooDoo*, probably reads the thing occasionally, seldom *buys* a copy of his own,

you know, steals his roommate's copy, or knows some guy on the *VooDoo* staff who gets 'em for free. Yeah, well, you say to this guy, politely, of course, 'cause these MIT guys are suspicious types, they're wary of guys who walk around asking them about *VooDoo*. "*VooDoo*? Yeah, I read the thing occasionally," he'll say. "Raunchy magazine, that *VooDoo*. Prints a bunch of dirty jokes and cartoons, I don't know how the dean lets them get away with it. And the Doll of the Month is usually a pig, anyway."

Sadly, *VooDoo* has a reputation around MIT, and it's a moderately unsavory one. And that's where you come in. No, we don't mean you're also unsavory. Of course we don't mean that. Not a hell of a nice thing to say to a guy you're trying to convince to join the *VooDoo* staff. The *fact* is: we of *VooDoo* sincerely believe that our magazine has a considerable amount of *literary merit*. The meat of the mag consists of good short stories; lively non-fiction-type true life adventures retold in humorous form; parodies and photo features pointing out the cynicism, yet poignancy of the contemporary world around us (boy, *that* was flowery); sarcasm with reference to Institute policy when we don't quite agree with it (and satire often brings home the point you wish to make in powerful fashion); cartoons and cartoon features (see *Wretched American* in this issue, for example) drawn especially for *VooDoo* by our creative art staff.

It's easy to fill up the magazine with gross stories and jokes and pictures of girls in various stages of undress. That's easy. And, by gosh, it sells magazines. Boy does it sell magazines. We can remember one issue last year that was so gross that the dean almost confiscated... oh, well, let's not go into that, heh heh. Of course, we must sell magazines to have enough money to pay our printer's bills, and to buy enough beer and soda to keep our office closet fully stocked, and our thirsty staff fully soaked, and to buy pizza for everyone on make-up nights, and to pay for the gala *VooDoo* parties each semester; boy the list is endless. Maybe we should fill up the mag with dirty jokes.

No! What are we, weaklings? Are we willing to succumb to this easy way out just so we can have beer and pizza and parties? Ladies and gentlemen, may we state here: emphatically *no*!

And here's where *you* come in. If you can write, *VooDoo* needs you. If you can draw pretty pictures, *VooDoo* needs you. If you've got a head for business, for publicity, for advertising, for salesmanship, *VooDoo* needs you. Writers! Artists! Gals and Guys with a Sense of Humor! Come on down to *VooDoo*'s Fall Smoker, held shortly after the term begins! *Create!* See your name in print in the magazine that everyone at MIT reads, and then barfs a little over.

This has been a message from your friendly *VooDoo* Editor, who is, occasionally, sober.

— Charles Deber

P.S. If you were too dense to psych out the cover, this is the Summer Issue.

VOO DOO GOES TO A BEACH PARTY



Talk about fun. Well, VooDoo went to a swinging beach party, and found a group of playboys there, having a little harmless fun. Our photographer caught a few fellows holding up a blanket full of fun. Blanket by Afghanistan Blanket Co., \$2.50. Deodorant by Ice Blue Phew, \$0.39. Hair styles by Mr. Kenneth. T-Shirt by B.T.B.



It looks like that blanket-full of fun is a voluptuous Bunny of the Beach, adorned in Sawed-off Levis by Lee. Wrinkled Blouse from The Night Before (\$5.00, slightly higher where not prohibited by law), and Large Bandaid by Scab, Inc. \$0.09. Beard by Radwin, one month. Muscles by Nomeans.



Well, things seem to be getting out of hand, as our scintillating sextet of sexy Samsons slyly slips something sensuous into the slimy sand. Gorilla suit by Orang-Utang Originals, \$15. I.H.T.F.P. T-shirt by The House of Baker. Hairy legs by Mother Nature. Corn plasters by Callous.



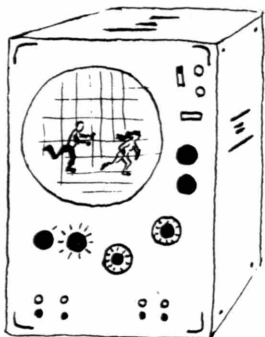
Gosh, look what happened! Just dig that, will ya? Behold, our bumbling bums brazenly buried our Beach Bunny's beautiful body beneath bountiful blobs of beach. Sand dunes by Sons of the Beach, \$1.50 (dunes slightly higher West of the Sahara). Excavation by Dee Guimust. Death by Suffocation. Plot by Ralph & Ethel. Navel by Ripcord.

Photography by Art Kalotkin

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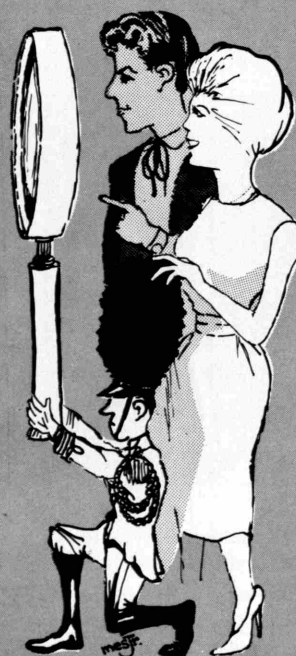
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"Beer after beer after beer after beer. . . ."

From a famous television commercial

The more I drink of it, the more I think of it — that beer is becoming as much a part of the college man's diet as is creamed chipped beef on toast. But that shingle doesn't make you tingle. Not like beer does.

It must be profitable to be in the beer business. It seems like all I do lately is drink beer. I mean, we're sitting around, trying to think of something to do that'll serve as a reasonable excuse for not studying, so somebody says, "Let's go for pizza." A fine idea, except that while we're waiting the standard half hour for our pies, we have a couple of beers.

Or maybe we went to a seminar over at Harvard, and the thing ended around 9:30 — just about too late for you to get back to your room to accomplish anything constructive — so we have a couple of beers.

Or perhaps it's around midnight, and you're talking to your best buddy about your pathetic sex life, and he realizes that you're likely to talk much more freely if you've got a beer in your hand, so he makes a quick trip to the refrigerator, and suddenly, you've got a beer in your hand — and so does he.

It just seems like it's difficult to go 24 hours without having a beer. Of course, there's a guy in every dorm who drinks milk instead, but some day he'll be sadder Budweiser. After all, you never outgrow your need for beer.

Beer probably isn't that good for you, from a health standpoint. One thing's for sure — your kidneys get a workout. It also has a hell of a lot of calories; drinking too much beer can give you a "beer belly". But don't worry, guys. Pot bellies are cute. Women love to run their fingers through pot bellies. Sure. In fact, beer's actually beneficial. Only one six-pack of beer contains the adult daily minimum requirement of ethyl alcohol.

It's really a tribute to Madison Avenue that they can keep coming up with beer commercials that are so clever, so enticing. Somebody told me that there's some F.C.C. rule or something that you're not allowed to show a man actually drinking beer in a commercial; watch carefully next time. You'll

BEER

An Essay by Charles Deber



"Have a beer," advises Mr. Deber.

see a close-up of the glass, you'll see a hand lifting the glass, you'll see the glass disappear for a moment, then you'll see the glass now only half full of beer. And then you'll see a close-up of some guy with an S.E.G.-type smile on his alcoholic face. But you won't see him drink that beer, no sir. Then the scene usually switches to some party, where there are about three couples, all with that same kind of grin, all holding full glasses of beer, so full that the beer is pouring out all over the rug.

How do they think up all those beer slogans?

(Continued overleaf)

Schaefer is the one beer to have when you're having more than one. Hey Mabel, Black Label. Where there's life, there's Bud. Vote, vote for Miss Rheingold. A beer that keeps its head keeps its taste. The last beer is just as rewarding as the first. The beer that made Milwaukee famous. Learn how to hold your beer, my boy, learn how to hold your beer. He asked the man for Ballantine and aren't they glad he did?

Beer manufacturers simply can't do enough for you, when it comes to helping you open the can or bottle. I remember the good old days when you whipped out the old "Churchkey" — shlunksissss, shlunk — and down the hatch. Now you got zip top, flip top, sip top bottles & cans, and you don't have to worry one bit about forgetting the opener. What you do have to worry about, however, is forgetting the tourniquets. Man, those zip tops are lethal. Where there's Bud, there's blood.

Beer is quite useful in the respect that it's the one drink that you can afford to purchase enough of to get high on, without having to skip lunch for a week. If you're really down and out, and it is your solemn judgement that alcohol is the only solution, but alas, all you can afford is beer, drink it out of whiskey shot glasses. After the first 45 shots, my friend, you'll be down — and out.

Seriously, though, it seems like the image of a man sitting in his "favorite" drinking place, nursing a beer, conjures up a very pleasant picture. It's very "American". It's very "friendly." It means you've got yourself a night out with the boys, away from the wife (who undoubtedly drinks milk). It means you're having fun, whatever fun is. And more particularly, beer has come to be associated with college men; beer is the student's drink. Beer equals college. The integral of college, from the first beer to the last beer, equals beer plus a constant. Have a beer: it means you're a sociable, friendly student. Go ahead, even if you don't like the taste. "It tastes like panther urine," you say. Well, if I was there, I'd ask you how you knew.

Now if I practiced what I preached, then I ought to terminate this masterpiece, and bop down to my favorite neighborhood tavern and have a beer. But I fooled you. I've been drinking all the time I've been writing. And you know what? I just spilled about six ounces of America's Oldest Lager Beer all over my typewriter. Well, you know what they say: a QWERTYUIOP that keeps its head keeps its taste.

Beer? Of course.



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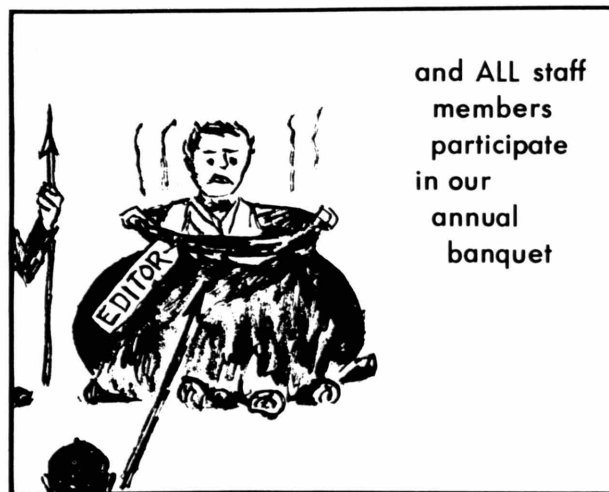
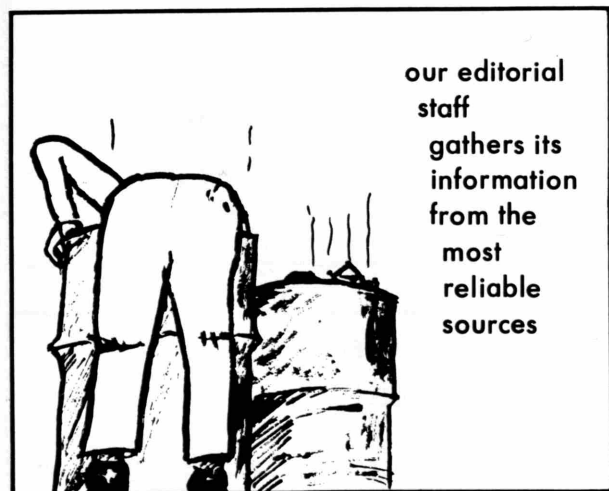
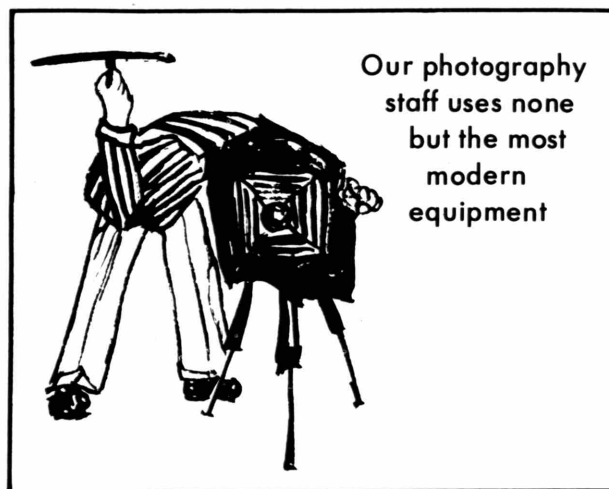
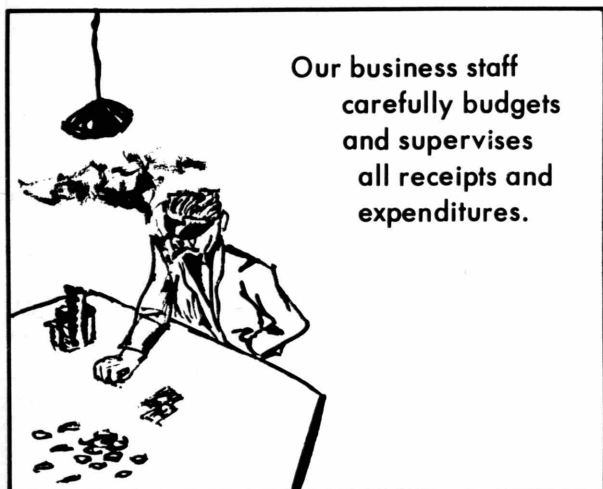
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Speaking of definitions, we like the explanation of Conditioned Reflex given by one of Pavlov's dogs to another.

"Did you ever notice," he said, "how every time the bell rings the old idiot brings us food . . .?"



Not long ago, one of our city-bred engineering graduates was making a trip through the country. As he passed a fertile field he spied an unusual sight — a farmer helping a calving. Now our engineer didn't have the slightest idea what was happening, and he stopped his car to watch the spectacle. He could tell that the farmer was having an awful time assisting the cow.

Presently he got out of the car, approached the farmer and said, "Want some help?" And so sweating and straining, he assisted the farmer at the difficult task. Then at last, the calf was born.

Gratefully, the farmer accompanied the engineer to his automobile to see him off. But hesitating, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, the engineer looked up and said, "Say, mister, just how fast was the calf going, when it hit the cow?"

A young lady with a touch of hay fever took two handkerchiefs with her to a dinner party. She stuck one of them in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to the right and the left in her bosom, searching for the fresh handkerchief. Engrossed in her search, she suddenly realized that the conversation had ceased and people were watching her, fascinated.

In confusion, she murmured, "I know I had two when I came in!"



On a farm in the deep South, some visitors once left a can of gasoline. Since there were no motor-driven vehicles on the farm, the Mrs. decided that the stuff must have been for cleaning the outhouse. About half an hour after she finished washing the walls with it, old grandpa made a trip to the outhouse, and seating himself, proceeded to light up one of his favorite cheroots. The explosion was heard for miles around.

They found grandpa sitting in a briar patch, charred, but unhurt. The Mrs. was the first to spot him.

"Grandpa, grandpa . . . what happened?"

"Dunno," the old man muttered, "Musta been something I et."

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The outlaw rushed into the saloon with his guns blazing and yelled, "All right you dirty bastards, get out of here." The customers fled in a hail of bullets, all except one Englishman.

"Well," shouted the outlaw waving his smoking gun.

"Well," said the Englishman, "there certainly was a lot of them, wasn't there . . ."



A wealthy American spinster wanted to marry a man who had never slept with another woman. The resourceful detective agency she hired finally found him down in Australia. So after the proper negotiations, it was arranged. On the night of their wedding the spinster came from toilette into the bedroom to discover her new husband had piled all the furniture, including the bed, into the living room and the bedroom was bare to the rug. "WHY?" she asked. "Well," said her new spouse, "I never slept with a woman before, but if it's going to be anything like those kangaroos, we'll need all the space we can get!"



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Grandfather Bleek had died. His estate was left in the hands of his son and his daughter-in-law. After finding no treasure trove in the walls of the old mansion, the two decided to explore the most complicated system of flues connected to the old fireplace. After hours of crawling through the maze of brickwork, they at last uncovered the sought-after gold. When they sat down in the living room of the old house to count the treasure, they burst out laughing: each saw how soot-covered the other was. Messed are the Bleek, for they shall inherit the hearth.



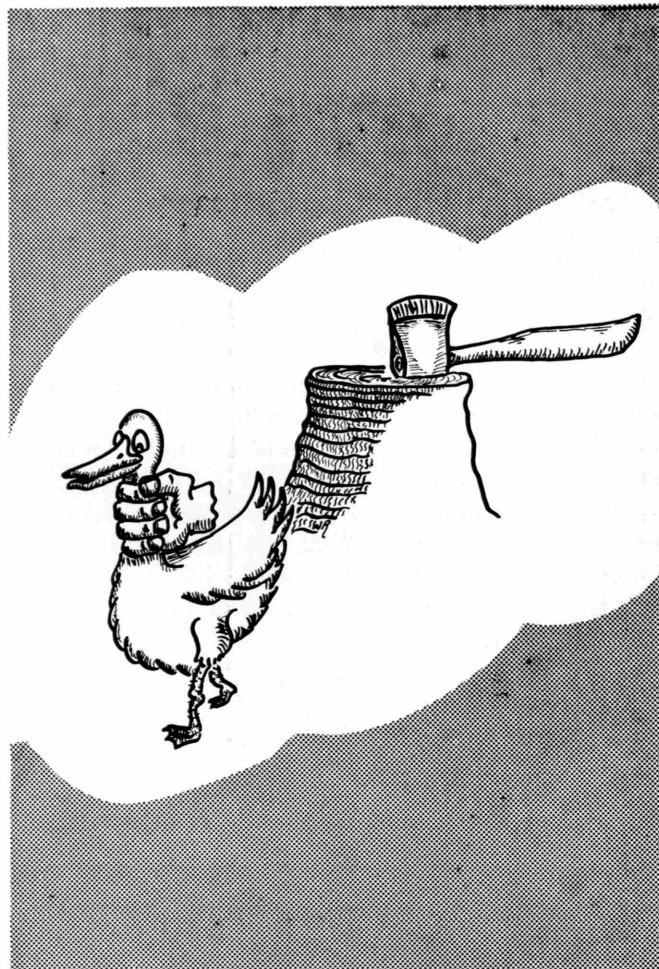
Steve Baum: Hey, did you hear that they found another civil rights worker shot in Mississippi?

Jim Steele: No.

SB: Yeah, they found him with more than fifteen bullet holes in his back and head.

JS: Geez, how terrible.

SB: Yeah, the sheriff said it was the worst case of suicide he'd had in years.



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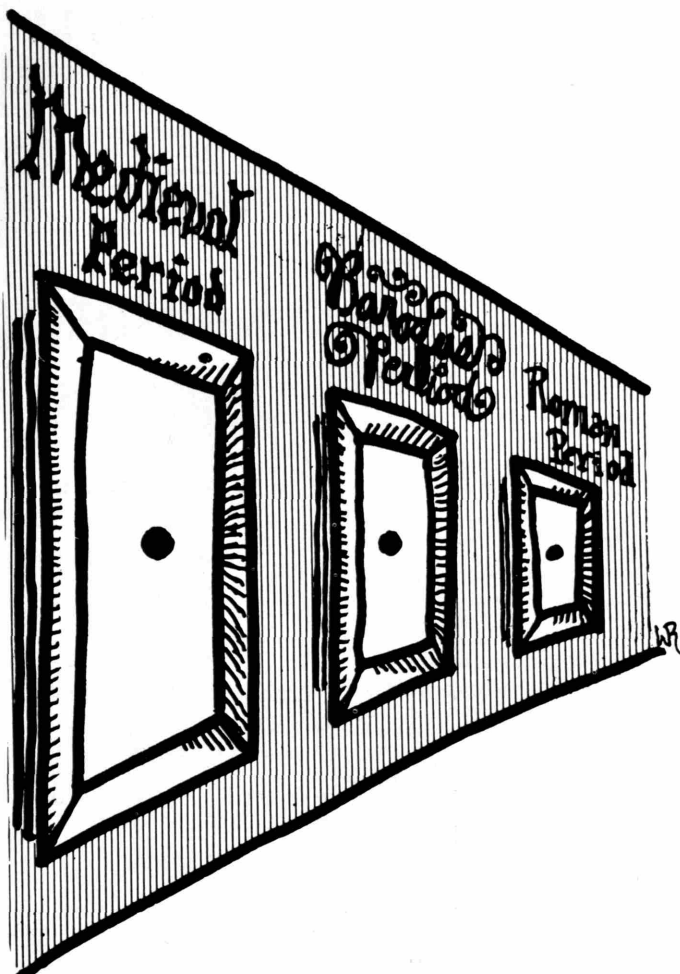
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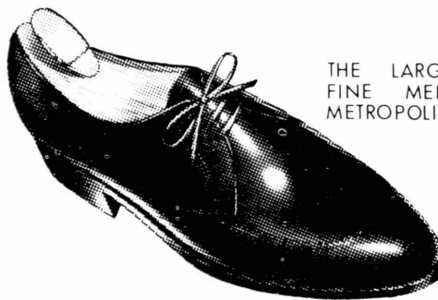
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TR 6-8807

A pilot and his co-pilot were flying along. The pilot turned the controls over to the co-pilot and began to exercise with a set of dumbbells. Just then the stewardess entered with the co-pilot's lunch which consisted of some soup and a sandwich. Suddenly the plane hit an air pocket and the pilot dropped one of the small dumbbells into the co-pilot's soup. The co-pilot then exclaimed, "Hey flier, there's a weight in my soup."



While walking along a creek bank, a man came across a young fellow lying lazily under a tree with a fishing line in the water, on which the cork was bobbing frantically. "Hey, you've got a bite!" "Yeah," drawled the fisherman. "Would you mind pulling it out?"

The walker did so, only to have the recumbent one ask, "Would you mind taking the fish off, rebaiting the hook, and tossing it back in the creek?"

This was done, and the man commented jokingly, "As lazy as you are, you ought to have some kids to do these things for you."

"Not a bad idea," yawned the fisherman. "Got any idea where I could find a pregnant woman?"

Wretched American

(8c IN
PAGO PAGO)

10 Cents BOSTON

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1965

VIII Pages

Much Mayhem At Mighty Messy Marital Massacre

"I've always loved Harold, and I always will." These were the words of Cecilia Hortense Fachamata, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Datzalata Fatchamata of Watzamata-on-the-Hudson. "But Daddy doesn't like Harold."

He says that Harold is too Jewish-looking. And yet, in spite of her father. Cecilia was determined to marry Harold Goldsteinmanberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Goldsteinmanberg of Brookline.

"Daddy said that whatever I did I better not marry Harold, because if I married Harold he would kill me, and then he would kill Harold, and then he would kill Harold's parents, and then he would kill Mother for having such a wicked daughter. But what could I do? I just had to marry Harold. I loved him so. Harold said not to worry, Daddy was only bluffing, and we'd get married anyway. Harold is so intelligent."

The wedding began at 11 a.m. this past Sunday. The bride's fringed lace kabob gown was highlighted by a silk dwinkle mince veil and a beautiful corsage of yellow and green tulips tastefully adorned in red, and surrounded by blue minkles of velvet bordered with linen shick-elgrubers of bright satin and yellow-green crimson. Mr. Fachamata was not present, so Mrs. Cecilia Fatchamata, the bride's mother, and of known evil repute, presented the girl. At 11:15 Cecilia, Harold Goldsteinmanberg, and Harold's brother, who was also best man, began walking up

the aisle. Suddenly one of the guests screamed out!

OH NO! CRIED CECILIA!!

"Oh no!" cried Cecilia. Mrs. Fachamata gasped. People turned around and asked each other what had happened, what was the matter. And then suddenly they saw: There was blood on Harold's shirt! There was blood on Harold's hands, dripping down his chin, running down his legs, slithering over his shoes, crawling up his pants, rolling down the aisle, repulsing the guests, raping the buffaloes, chasing the little girls! And then Harold screamed! And then he covered his face with a handkerchief. And then he blushed. **Harold had a nosebleed!**

Comet Coming

MT. PALOMINE —Noted scientists at the Mt. Palomine observatory here have discovered a large comet headed toward the earth. It is scheduled to strike somewhere outside Boston.

Dr. Virgil Gruesome of the observatory said, "this comet is of the solid head type, with a gaseous coma which surrounds it. This coma will elongate to become the tail as the comet comes nearer to the sun. The tail will be about 200,000 miles long when the comet strikes earth."

Gruesome then added: "The impact of this comet will undoubtedly shatter the entire planet, breaking it into a series of infinitesimal particles that will assume orbits around Mars."

BITE THE MAILBAG

BRIGHTONE — I wouldn't line my garbage can with your rag!
ISAAC O'HARA

DULLONE — I would line my garbage can with your rag!
HARE O'ISAAC

NEWTERTONE — Your paper is excellent! I buy three copies every day: one for me, one for my wife, and one for my dog. I have no complaints, but my dog says that he would appreciate it if you would make the paper a bit more absorbent.

HOUSE B. ROKEN

Dear Flabby:



By **FLABBERGAST**
MOVING VAN

DEAR FLABBY: I just can't seem to get along well with my husband, as I wrote to you a while back. At that time, you answered by suggesting that I try to take an interest in some of his hobbies. Well, honestly Flabby, I've tried, but I just can't stand going down to the city dump to shoot rats.

—**HOBBYHATER**

DEAR HATER: Promise him anything, but give him Mice In, you we'd never make seven by Lanvin. Ha, ha, ha, I just managed to squeak that one in. Chuckle chuckle . . .

Contact Bridge

By **B. J. BEAKER**

NORTH

♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7
6 5 4 3 2
♥ Void
♦ Void
♣ Void

EAST

♠ Void
♥ A Q 10 9 8 2
♦ A 4
♣ J 8 6 5 2

WEST

♠ Void
♥ A J 10 7 5
4 2
♦ K J 2
♣ A 5 3

SOUTH

♠ Void
♥ K Q 8 7 3 2
♦ A 4 2
♣ 7 6 5 2

North dealer (how'd you guess?)
Everyone very vulnerable.

| North | East | South | West |
|-------|------|----------|------|
| 7♠ | Pass | Pass out | Pass |

Since South is only dummy, play continues. West leads ace of hearts which falls as North judiciously decides to trump. When North's following spade lead shows East, South and West all void, East gives West a worried nod and wink. West, however, has been talking to a kibitzer and doesn't notice. East, realizing that West has missed his signal when two more tricks have fallen to North's uncanny leads, tries a hard kick under the table, kicking South by mistake (South is still unconscious). When two more tricks have fallen, East, realizing that West has not only missed his kicking signal, but the high-high-low, red-black-red discard (calling for discreet cheating by partner), kicks at West again. East's kick again misses West, but upsets table. "Great defensive play!" says kibitzer. South, now revived, complains bitterly to North, "I told anything, but give him Mice In, you we'd never make seven spades." West proposes friendly card game for next day, but North suggests bridge instead.

Jayne MANSFIELD LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Downtown

"SPLENDID!"
A FILM OF WHICH THIS COUNTRY
CAN BE PROUD!
CONT. PLAYGIRLS AND THE
VAMPIRE

Publics

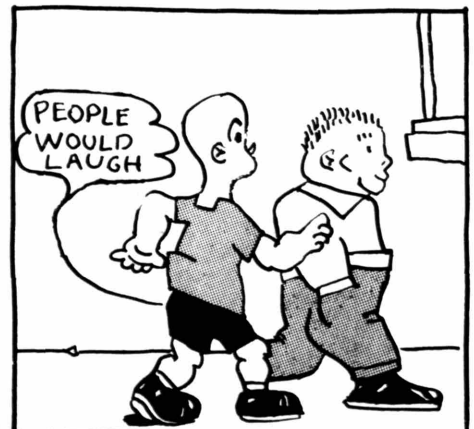
Mary Poppins
**MISTRESS
FOR THE
SUMMER**

Brittle Square



DOORS
OPEN
9:30 A.M.
TODAY
SEAN CONNERY 007
• IAN FLEMING'S
FATHER GOOSEFINGER

Horny



Mother Raped

Somebody said that somebody's mother got murdered and, of course, raped, but, as usual, we don't know for sure. If it had really happened, it surely would have been somebody's mother, because that's the only kind of thing that we print, unless we run out of real news and have to print this stuff like that that we really can't understand and gets printed in the **Monitor** anyway.

(A Dramatization)

New Medical Discovery Shrinks ECBAIPFAKS Without Surgery

Preparation E with Flio-Slyme
Hospital-tested on our most patient patients and in case after case patients had 21% smaller ecbaipfaks in 21% fewer hours.
Use Preparation E for topping ice cream sundaes, as a hair cream, in your soup, or as a deodorant.
Available at bleeding drug-stores everywhere.



Actress Olivia D'Ostrich
at Logan Airport.

Radisch, Yazymrwszki, Monbucket, Sidelined As Sox Start to Gel

Three of the top Red Sox stars will be out of action tonight, when the Bosox meet the Minnesota Vikings tonight at Funway Park, manager Hilly Berman announced today.

Ace relief pitcher Dick Radisch spilled half-a-cup of hot coffee on his ankle, and is not expected to return to the lineup until early in May. Batting champion Carl Yazymrwszki developed a large pimple on his left pinky which hurt him so much during batting practice that he feels he will be sidelined for at least a month.

Bill Monbucket was struck on the arm — his pitching arm — with a rather large pigeon feather during the 7th inning of last night's game, and will be out indefinitely.

"I think the club is finally starting to gel," added Berman.



Comic Dictionary

Definition of a bachelor:

A man who isn't married.

SCRIMP



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Short,
medium,
tall.

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This photo tells the whole story — these are the pants that never need ironing! Keep their press — keep their crease — keep their neat, like-new look. Loden green and sand. Sizes 28-44.

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WEST

MADE
IN THE
WEST

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● Black
● Green
● Blue Denim
● Beige
(off-white)

SLIM-FIT
DENIM —
4.50

SLIM-FIT
CORDUROY —
5.98

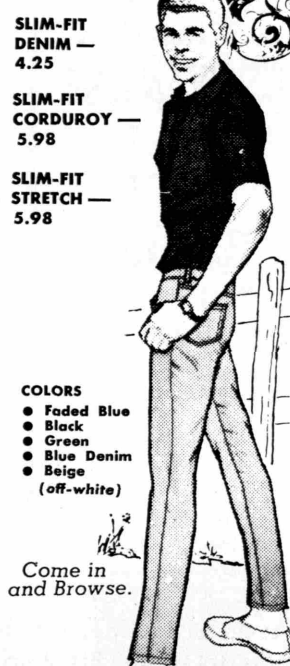
SLIM-FIT
STRETCH —
5.98

TALL
MEDIUM
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COLORS
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● Blue Denim
● Beige
(off-white)

Come in
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Built-in comfort with the casual look! Has 2 large patch pockets, tailored front and back. Snap fasteners and rayon lining. Split cowhide colors: aztec gold, ripe olive, scarlet red. Sizes 36-46. **37.50**

All right kids, this is an adult entertainment issue, right? Right. And what does the average adult do for entertainment (besides that)? He watches television. Right? Right. So we were watching television the other day when all of a sudden this guy comes on and says . . .



TWO TELL THE TRUTH

(Right? Right.)

A satire (of sorts) by D. F. Nolan and Bob Pindyck

Show opens with darkened stage. Suddenly a curtain rises. There are three men standing on the stage. Then the lights go on and we see that one of them is really a woman. Emcee Butt Crawler begins to speak, his voice piped through an echo chamber:

What is your name, please?

1st Contestant: My name is Wyzure Orsred.

2nd Contestant: *My* name is Wyzure Orsred.

3rd Contestant: *My* name is Jack Hoff, uh, I mean, *Wyzure Orsred*.

Butt: I have here an affidavit, signed by the *real* Wyzure Orsred. It states, 'I, Wyzure Orsred, am half of a travelling Siamese Twin act. Every year I travel around the country making a fool of myself and letting the peasants laugh at me. I spit on them.

'My most recent book, *I Am My Brother's Keeper*, has sold twelve copies and has been translated into thirteen languages. It is considered to be one of the most authoritative texts in its field.

'In my spare time my wife Ophelia and I like to go skin-diving. Some weekends we get as many as twenty or thirty skins. On Tuesday afternoons I bite the bag. Signed, Wyzure Orsred.' Only one of these people is the real Wyzure Orsred, of course. The others are imposters. They will attempt to snow our panel of experts into believing that they

are the real Wyzure Orsred.

Now if our three contestants will come down and sit down in the place where the contestants come to sit down, I will introduce our panel for this evening. First we have Bendit Surf, world renowned communist - I mean columnist - and publisher. Say something there Bendit.

Bendit: Hi, Butt.

Butt: Same to you Bendit. Now then our next panelist is Dorothy Killagallon, noted alcoholic and dealer in wholesale smut. Say hello to the people, Dorothy.

Dorothy: Hello to the people.

Butt: Great Dorothy. And our third panelist, and special guest for this evening, is Kenneth Wouldleigh, Dean of Students at a well-known Eastern university. Say something to the people, Ken.

Ken: Hello. Anyone here five min...

Butt: All right, that's enough Ken. Crawl back in your cage. Now finally our fourth panelist is that ever-popular entertainer, Irma La Douche. How's business, Irma?

Irma: Real fine, Butt.

Butt: Thanks, Irma. Now we'll begin our first round of questions right after a word from our sponsor.

(Continued overleaf)

Fade to picture of woman trying to get sandwich out of a plastic bag.

"PARDON ME MISS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

"WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING? I'M TRYING TO GET THIS SANDWICH OUT OF THIS GODDAMN BAG."

"THEN THAT BAG MUST BE A *BAGGIE*. NEW SUPER-STRONG, ULTRA-TOUGH, REINFORCED TRANSPARENT POLYETHYLENE *BAGGIES* ARE SO STRONG THAT WHEN YOU SEAL A MEAL IN ONE, IT *STAYS* SEALED. NEW *BAGGIES* KEEP FLAVOR IN, KEEP PEOPLE OUT. SO IF YOU WANT TO EAT THAT SANDWICH, YOU'LL HAVE TO *BITE THE BAG*."

Fade back to panel.

Butt: Let's explain the rules of the game, and then we'll begin the questioning. For those of you who don't know, the rules are very simple. For those of you who do know, the rules are also very simple. Each of our panelists has the chance to ask the panelists nosy questions. Only the real Wyzure Orsered must tell the truth. The others will lie through their teeth. And now we'll begin the questioning with Bendit Surf.

Bendit: Number two, this may sound like a stupid question, but if you're a Siamese twin, where's your other half?

No. 2: You're right, that does sound like a stupid question. Besides, I *am* the other half.

Bendit, scratching head: Yeah, I suppose that's reasonable. Number three, if your name is Wyzure Orsered, why did you say that it was Jack before?

No. 3: Jack is my middle name.

Butt: All right, and now let's hear from Ken Wouldleigh.

Ken: Speaking of names No. 1, how did you ever get a name like Wyzure Orsered?

No. 1: Well, one day just after I was born my father came riding home on a red horse, and said to my mother, "Not another goddamn baby! What are we gonna name this one?" And my mother said, "Why is your horse red?" So that's how I got the name.

Ken: I see, I think (and therefore I am). But what was your father's name?

No. 1: His name was Jack, of course.

Ken: Oh. Well then, number two how come...

Butt: Sorry, Ken, but your time is up. Now let's move on to Irma La Douche.

Bendit: Yes, I'd like to move on to Irma.

Irma: Any time, Bendit.

Ken: Hey wait a minute. You're offending my delicate sensitivities.

Dorothy: Shaddup Ken.

Irma: Number three, who is John Galt?

No. 3: He was part of the world's only living Siamese triplet.

Irma: Number two?

No. 2: He was my mother.

Irma: Number one?

No. 1: Yep, it's him all right.

Butt: Our time is almost up. We can have one more question. Dorothy?

Dorothy: Number two, you say you like to go skin diving. What is the greatest number of skins ever gotten by one diver in one day?

No. 2: Hubert Hump, the world's greatest skin diver, using natural gas propulsion, once managed to collect seventy-four skins by three o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately, before he could collect any more, he was devoured by a giant sea-hare.

Butt: All right panelists. Mark your ballots, and we'll see which one is the *real* Wyzure Orsered. All right Bendit, which one did you vote for?

Bendit: I voted for number one because he knew that Wyzure Orsered's father's name was Jack.

Butt: Dorothy?

Dorothy: I voted for you, Butt, because you're so half-assed, just like a Siamese twin.

Butt: Thanks a heap. And who did you vote for, Ken?

Ken: I think you're all a bunch of liars. I don't vote for anyone.

Butt: How about you, Irma?

Irma: Any time, Butt.

Butt: I meant, how did you *vote*.

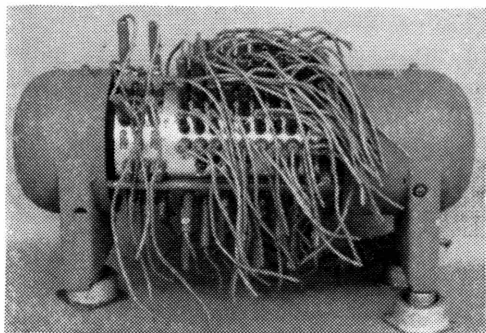
Irma: I voted for my mother, because my mother has always been very nice to me.

Butt: Very good, panel. I see we have one vote for number one, one for me, and one for Irma's mother. Now, will the real Wyzure Orsered please stand up?

Number one begins to rise but then sits down. Then number two begins to rise but sits down as number three begins to rise. Then number three sits down as both one and two start to rise in unison. One sits down, two fakes to the left, and three spits on Butt. Two sits down, three fakes to the right, and one begins chewing on a *Baggie*. Everyone sits down. Pause.

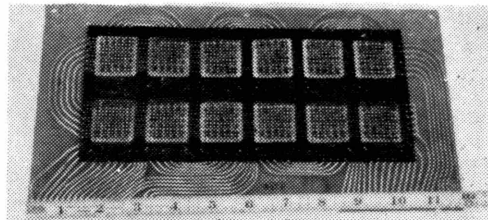
Butt: Uh, well, uh, will the, uh, real Wyzure Orsered *please* stand up.

Suddenly two and three both stand up together. The crowds cheer. The lights fade, the camera pull back for a long-distance shot, and Butt smiles as he says, "Thank you panel. Thank you contestants. And be sure to tune in again next week when our special guest panelist will be Lyndon B. Johnson, well-known President of the United States. And remember *Two Tell the Truth*."



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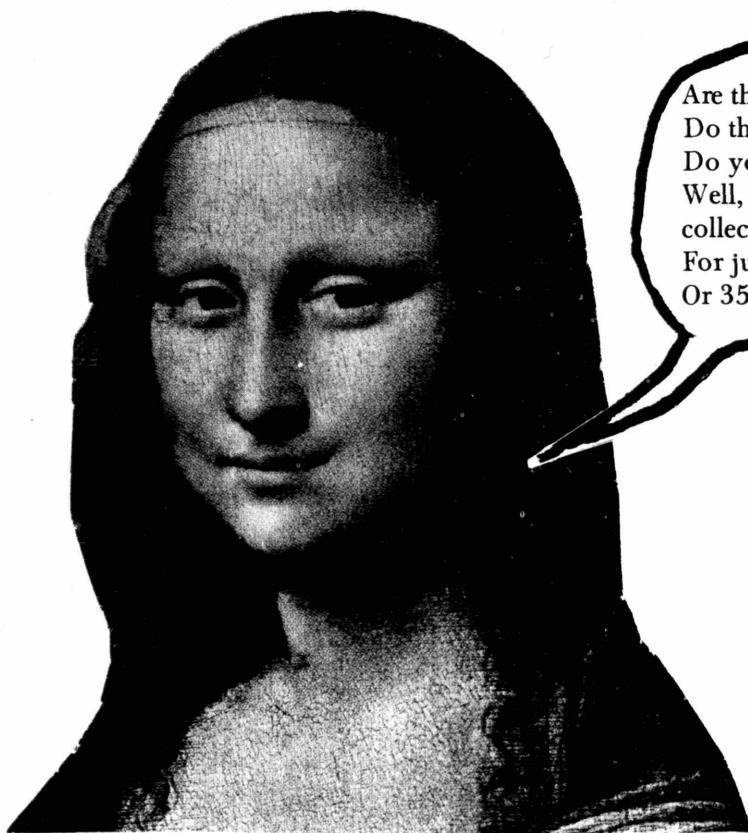
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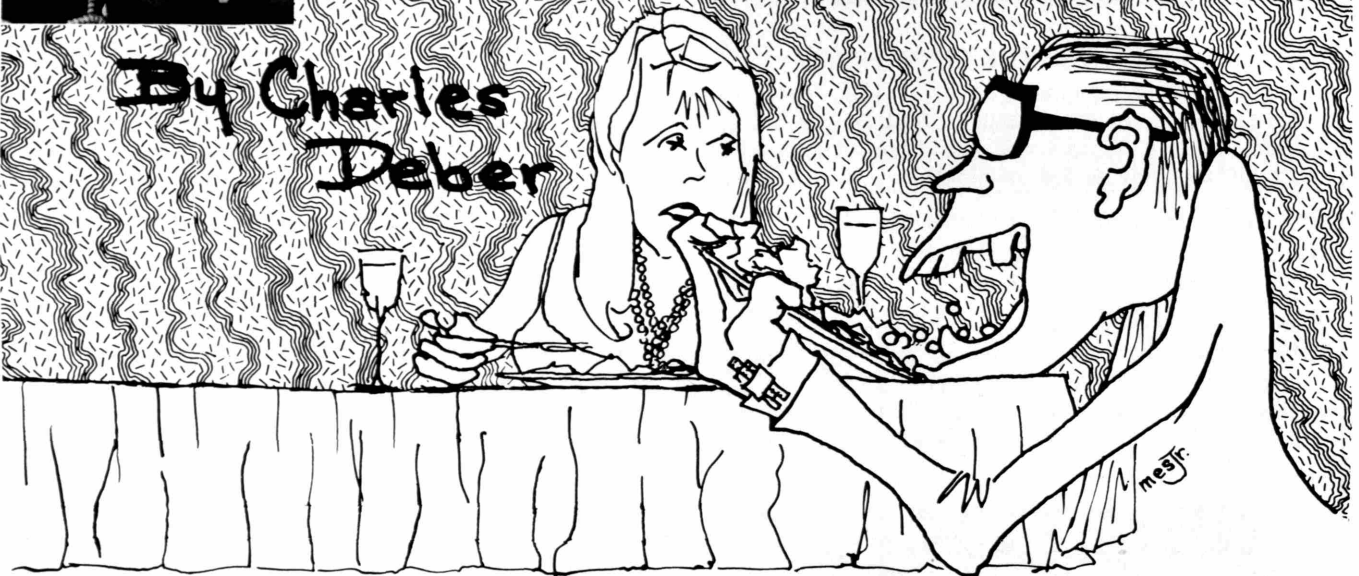
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Dinner At Ethel's

By Charles Deber



Ralph straightened his tie, and took a deep breath. This was it. There was no backing out now. He knew what had to be done. He rang Ethel's doorbell.

I suppose this happens to every guy who goes out with a girl for a while, surmised Ralph. You get invited to her home for dinner, to formally meet her parents, and you've got to be on your best behavior and everything. Worse yet, thought Ralph, the guys at school are always ribbing me about my atrocious table manners; I hope I don't mess this up.

Actually, Ethel knew quite well that Ralph was an incredible slob when it came to eating, and trying not to offend him too much, she had attempted to brief him on a few fundamental rules of etiquette the previous night.

* * *

"What the hell do I need a napkin on my lap for?" expostulated Ralph ferociously, spreading a napkin out on his lap, having it blow off onto the floor, reaching awkwardly under the table for it, glancing cursorily at Ethel's hairy but well-shaped legs, picking up the napkin, and again spreading it out on his lap.

"But Ralphie, my darling, it keeps you from soiling your trousers with stray morsels of your dinner."

"Nonsense," retorted Ralph, "the only thing you

ever get dirty is your shirt, like with tomato sauce or something, so if you use any napkin at all, you should wear it like a bib."

Ethel chose to ignore the logic in Ralph's napkin reasoning, and went on with the "lesson". Specifically, on to the beverage segment.

"I quote directly from Omy Whatabuilt's Rules of Etiquette, Chapter 3, The Drinking of Liquids Correctly," stated Ethel, pedantically.

"Oh, balderdash!" exclaimed Ralph, who had a propensity for using little-known exclamations which implied displeasure, "I'm a lush. I know exactly how to drink!"

Unperturbed, Ethel carefully outlined drinking etiquette as follows:

"Hot beverages are to be sipped carefully at first from one trial spoonful, and this procedure is to be repeated until such time as the hot beverage no longer scorches the tongue, i.e., it is cool enough to drink; at no time should the potential drinker blow upon the surface of the hot liquid in a decidedly uncouth attempt to lower the temperature of the liquid.

"Furthermore, the following two regulations are always in force: No beverage may be sipped until (a) the mouth has been emptied of the previous mouthful of food, i.e., said mouthful has been swallowed, and (b) the mouth has been wiped clean with the napkin from the lap, and said napkin has been returned to said lap."

Ralph's jaw dropped in disbelief. As he bent down to pick it up, he looked again under the table at Ethel's legs. Sure enough! They were still there.

Ralph gave Ethel a long, hard stare. "Do you expect me to believe that?" he lamented. "I shall take a stand on this issue. I am in favor of utilitarian eating. Food and drink are to be taken into the mouth as quickly and as efficiently as possible. Switching hands with knives and forks? Unnecessary. Napkins on lap? Ridiculous. Wiping mouth before drinking? Absurd. And not only that, I'm hungry!"

What can you do with a boyfriend who refuses to learn how to eat, Ethel wondered to herself. Well, anyway, the lesson was over.

But then Ralph sneezed. The poor, tormented fellow had a cold. Simultaneously a horrible thought popped into Ethel's head. What if Ralph had to blow his nose at the dinner table? She thumbed quickly through the etiquette book, found the chapter on Nose-Blowing and Other Atrocities, and quickly read aloud:

"If the nose must be blown at the dinner table, the handkerchief is to be inconspicuously removed from the pocket and brought up to the face and into contact with the nose. Each nostril is to be emptied into said handkerchief quickly and quietly, and the handkerchief is then returned to the pocket. Nothing is said during this entire process, and this includes such expressions as "Excuse me," "My damn nose is running again," and "You know what? I just got snot in the pot."

Ralph sneezed again and wiped his face on his shirtsleeve. Ethel cringed in terror. Tomorrow was the big night. She leaned forward. She stared for a few long seconds at Ralph's food-covered, red-eyed, but nevertheless handsome face. And then, she knew she could no longer resist a gnawing temptation. She bit him.

* * *

Ethel answered the door. She looked good. Ralph had to admit that. He gave her a quick kiss there in the dimly-lit foyer, winked at her as if to say, "Later," and proceeded, one step behind her, into the living room to greet her parents. Ralph had met them before, but that scene at the police station could certainly not be considered the most pleasant of circumstances.

"Good evening, Ethel's mother. Good evening, Ethel's father," said Ralph, sort of bowing or something. Funniest thing, but he just couldn't remember her last name. "Pleased to eat you, er, that is, pleased to eat with you," also said Ralph. Probably the best thing to do is to keep my mouth shut,

he thought, but he forgot that idea quickly when they sat down to eat.

What a dinner! Everything he liked! Ethel must have told her mother exactly what I like, Ralph surmised.

"Well, dig in," said Ethel's father, as her mother returned to the kitchen to get another plateful of stuff. Well, Ralph dug in. And in. And IN.

He grabbed a plump piece of palatable pumpernickel with his left hand, and a mushy mound of moldy margarine with his right hand, and with his index finger, deftly smeared the latter over the surface of the former. Tom Jones would have loved every second of it. Ethel winced. Ethel's father cleared his throat. Ethel's mother scratched her ear.

Ralph finished off the bread in two king-sized mouthfuls, and started on the soup. Tomato soup with chocolate ants in it. His favorite. He leaned over the steaming bowl, took a big spoonful, slurped it into his mouth, then dropped the spoon, spit the soup out all over the place, and yelled, "Wow! This is hot as hell." Ethel's poor dear heart skipped a beat. Ethel's father stared at the ceiling while looking straight ahead. A tear dropped from Ethel's mother's eye onto her salad.

Ralph literally flung his own salad down his throat, reached all the way across the table, grabbed a gravy-covered hunk of meat from the pile, and stuffed it into his mouth, washing it down with a few sips of soda which dripped down his chin, and onto his shirt. Ethel and her hapless parents stared at him — aghast — in utter wide-eyed disbelief. Ralph belched.

And then he sneezed. He reached for his handkerchief, but realized he had forgotten it. Hastily, he reached across to where Ethel's father was sitting, and with a swift, sweeping movement of his right arm, neatly ripped the pocket off her father's shirt, said, "My damn nose is running again," blew his nose into her father's shirt pocket, tried to put the pocket into his own pocket, accidentally dropped it under the table, bent down to pick it up, glanced beady-eyed-ly at Ethel's legs, and it was only then that he noticed. They weren't there.

The only legs under the table were his. His three partners in this feast were gone. Oh well, more food for me, he figured, and grabbed another hunk of meat.

Ethel and her father had all they could do to restrain her mother, as the full moon shone down on them, up there on the roof. "Don't jump, mother," cried Ethel.

"And to think! I cooked everything he liked," said Ethel's mother.

(Continued overleaf)

Toys

If you happened to fight your way into the toy department of some store recently, you may have noticed that the trend in modern toys is for realism and utility. There are toy lawnmowers that really mow (this is a game?), guns that fire projectiles, and toy cars that break down. But an even bigger coming thing is the "Junior" kits; Junior Doctor, Junior Chemist, Junior Tree Surgeon, Junior Messiah, Junior Executive, Junior Prom, etc. Which got us to thinking; suppose the realism were combined with the juniors, and we would see such pages as this in the catalogues:

SEERS PROPHETS AND COMPANY

JUNIOR BOSTON CABBIE KIT:

If you're undecided about what to give that special young man, why not give him this Aroarer Toys' special? A perfect gift to give as a hack. Contains 1 1954 Furd Special Cab, minus brakes and first two gears. Meter geared to add 10 cents to fare everytime the rider's heart skips a beat, or the cabby twitches. Also includes broken springs in seats, coincatcher under seat, slightly squared wheels, and a map of the longest routes through Boston. "Out" sign on coinbox gives the illusion the cabby cannot change whatever he has been given. Dialogue booklet contains such useful patter as "Why I Can't Stand those Expressways", "Who Gave that Idiot a License?", "Hey, You Fellas in College?", "What I Did to the Last Fella who Didn't Tip!", and "Naw, This is Much Shorter." Boys, ages 2-10.

Complete Cabbie Kit \$15.00

JUNIOR BOOKIE KIT:

A real learn-by-doing gift, guaranteed to bring enjoyment and profits to the gifted child. Includes sleeve garters, visor, tote board, cigar store front, numbers cards, lottery tickets, subscription to the racing form, and adding machine that automatically deducts The Mob's take. In store, look for *Junior CPA Kit*. Ages 7-1.

Jr. CPA \$7.11

JUNIOR FOREIGN STARLET KIT:

Should please the entire family! Make a foreign starlet, of your daughter. Kit contains netted stockings, sheer nightgown, and towel. Subtitles extra, but no one reads them anyway. Girls, ages 36-22-41.

Foreign Starlet \$.50
\$.08-1/2

JUNIOR M.I.T. COED KIT:

An ideal gift for the confused children around your home! Satisfaction guaranteed, or you lose! Contains tight slacks, sandals, ten Coop notebooks, log log duplex decitrig hyperbolic lagrangian slide-rule (markings 75 cents extra), pipe, 5.0 cum, beard, and Anti-Sex League armband. Girls or boys, ages 18-22.

Jr. Coed \$1700.00

JUNIOR STREETWALKER KIT:

For the young girl who is interested in a profession other than nursing, may we suggest this gift. She'll be the most popular girl on the block, and we mean on the block! Has everything she'll need (well, almost everything.) Beads, slit dress, lamp-post, and warpaint. Comes with instruction booklet "How to Make Friends and Influenced People" by Dale Carnally. Girls, ages 16-30.

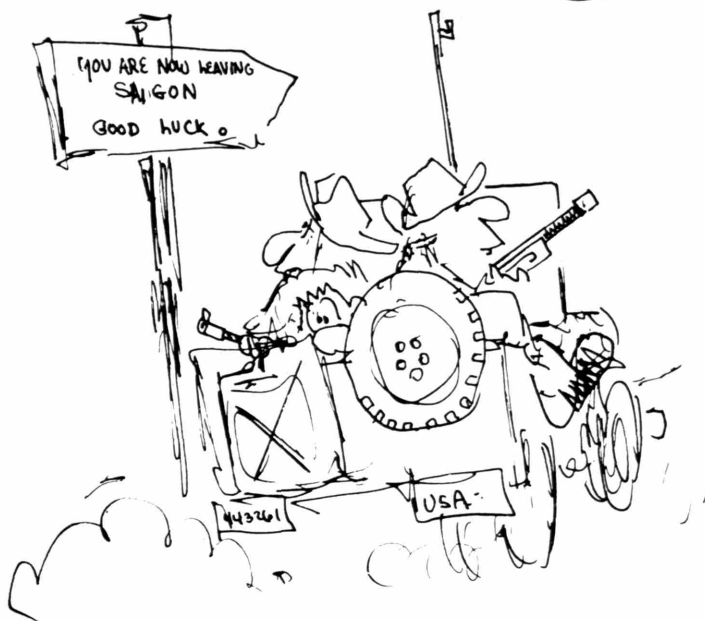
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Special Price: \$2.00

JUNIOR DEAN OF STUDENTS KIT:

Another new first from Fink Toys, set comes complete for the Junior Dean to start right in. Includes three cardboard secretaries (armed), large waiting room, model airplane paper-weight, complete file of *VooDoos* with gross sections underlined for ready reference, 10 shares Coop stock, and snide smirk. Boys, ages 1-3.

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In a Paris apartment, a French wife called her husband Pierre into the bedroom and said to him:

"Pierre, our son Armand has now reached the age where I think he is interested in girls. I want you to speak to him."

"About what?" Pierre asked.

"Tell him about the birds and the bees," she said.

Pierre protested and protested, but his wife was adamant, so he reluctantly walked into Armand's room.

"Armand," Pierre said, "you remember last summer when we took a trip to Marseille."

"Yes, Papa," Armand said.

"You remember we went to that house with the lovely ladies and the music and the wine?"

"Yes, Papa," Armand said, his eyes lighting up.

"You remember that beautiful brunette with the transparent dress who sat on your lap and

ran her hands through your hair?"

"Yes, Papa!!" Armand cried excitedly.

"Then you remember her taking your hand and leading you up the stairs?"

"YES, PAPA!!!" Armand fairly yelled with glee.

"And you remember what you did?"

"YES-YES, PAPA!!!!" Armand cried.

"Well," Pierre said, "It's the same with the birds and the bees."



Dr. Winter had office hours on Tuesday, but it was the nurse's day off.

He made a practice of going to the door leading to the waiting room with the patient leaving and then would ask, "Who is next?"

(NOT THE PUNCH LINE!
CONTINUED UP THERE)

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A man rose and said, "I am, Doc!"

The doctor asked, "What is your trouble?"

The man told him!!!

The doctor grabbed him by the arm, pulled him into his office and reproached him with, "My goodness, don't ever say anything like that again in a room full of people. Just say that your nose or eyes trouble you!"

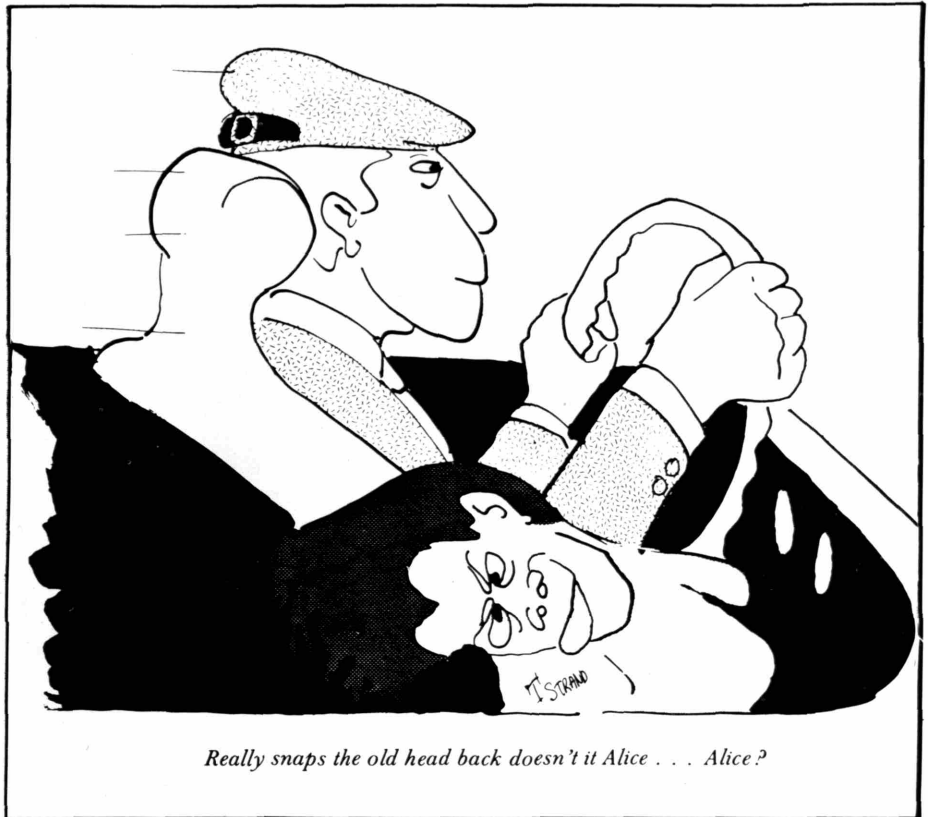
Several weeks passed and the same situation presented itself. When the doctor asked, "Who is next?" and the same man said, "I am!" the doctor looked warily at him.

The doctor asked, "What's your trouble?"

The man said, "It's my ear!"

The doctor questioned, "What's wrong with it?"

The man replied: "I can't urinate out of it."



Really snaps the old head back doesn't it Alice . . . Alice?

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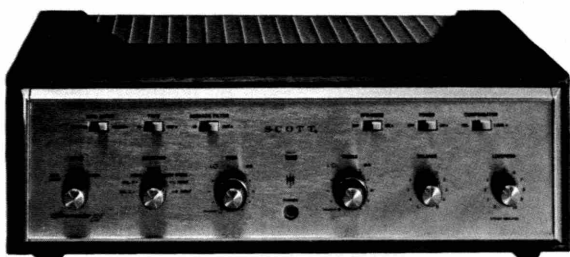
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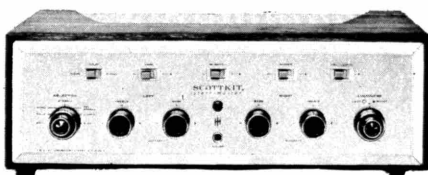
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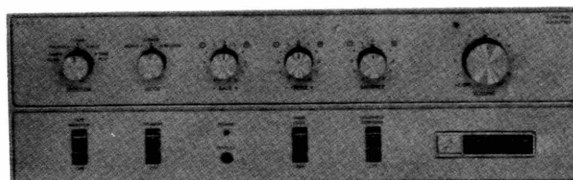


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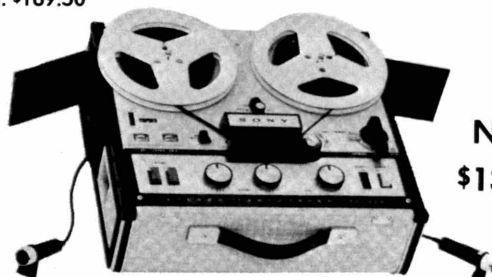
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