



VOODOO

409

DEC

HELL!  
AND

Anna Maria  
Lambureno

# LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE

presents



FRIDAY, JAN. 6

BOTH SHOWS IN 26-100

SATURDAY, JAN. 7

**HEROES OF  
TELEMARK**

FRIDAY, JAN. 13

**MORGAN!**  
is KEEN



BOTH  
SHOWS  
IN  
KRESGE  
AUDITORIUM

SATURDAY, JAN. 14

THOSE  
MAGNIFICENT  
MEN  
IN  
THEIR  
FLYING  
MACHINES

**ALL SHOWS ARE AT 7:00 AND 9:30**

50c - MIT ID REQUIRED

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

Today, you don't.



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

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

# born a blonde? No, **BORN BLONDE**

New Clairol discovery tones your hair so naturally, it even makes you feel blonde

Now you can have blondeness that looks as though you were born with it. Pale. Soft. Shimmering with light.

Blondeness that stays pale and pretty through sunshine and shampoos.

Blondeness that's all the lovelier for the beauty and vigor of the hair itself.

The reason is **BORN BLONDE**, a totally new blinding lotion from Clairol.

There's news in what we left out of this formula. There's no peroxide in it, and you don't add any. (It actually feels cool and refreshing.)

And there's news in what we put in: creamy

conditioners that coax your hair to a healthy-looking gleam.

It's surprisingly easy to use. After your hair is lightened by Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, **BORN BLONDE** is just poured on. There's no sectioning, color "takes" quickly.

Choose one of twelve shimmery shades, from pale ivory to a soft beige, or ask your hair-dresser to mix a tone that's purely, personally yours.

One day very soon (today?) pour on **BORN BLONDE** and be born all over again—a delicate blonde.

It even makes you feel blonde.





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It's fairly common knowledge that Christmas comes but once a year, to which we can only add 'Amen'. In keeping with the trend common among the *Elite* of the glossy magazines, our Christmas Issue is something special — chock full of delectable tidbits guaranteed to fondle your funnybone and to summon forth a tasteful guffaw or two. The *Christmas Issue* is especially designed to add to your holiday fun — with a tasteful mixture of the slightly risqué, the bland, and the borderline pornographic that regular readers have come to expect and love.

What Christmas Issue could be complete without a timely article or two by our Riotous Reactionary. We refer of course to *Senior Editor* D. F. Nolan, whose writings never fail to evoke thought and comment, and whose satire can always be counted on to bite. In this issue, we are proud to present *Star Light, Star Bright*, a story of Christmas, which Mr. Nolan has vainly attempted to have us publish for nearly two years. Nolan fans will be ecstatic to discover a second article by "Mr. Liberty" as they leaf through the issue, this one a political satire whose message is undoubtedly obscure.

Barnard C. Black, a brilliant new author of the *smut-for-smut's-sake* school of literature, makes his first glossy magazine appearance in this issue. Mr. Black's Christmas offering, *A Boy and His Crabs*, could be a lovable family story of a boy and his devotion to his childhood pets, suitable for reading to the youngsters on a cold winter's evening. Fortunately, it is not.

Without further ado, plunge on — into the pleasure-packed pages of our Christmas offering. The Managing Board wish you and yours the best of the coming season, and urge you to observe the *true* spirit of Christmas this year, by attending the Department Store of your choice.

We at VooDoo were most grieved when the Pope announced the change in Friday meat-eating rules. We had always understood that fine Friday sales were due in part to the fine fish-wrapping properties of our glossy pages. The juice runs off, the scales remain intact. But now, that's past. No one will buy us on Fridays to wrap meat. (You can't wrap meats in VooDoo, silly). It seems as if the Papal bull (and its master, too) have done us in. This will probably be our last issue (and accordingly, our last postal info). So here for the last dying moments we remain: VooDoo Magazine, Room 461, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. We bid adieu to all our true friends as we disappear from fine refrigerators everywhere, until the next best of all possible, where the faithful can only eat meat on Tuesday.



*D*eck the halls with boughs of holly,  
Rip them down when you get jolly.  
Eggnog's great for getting loaded;  
Drink too much and you'll get bloated.

*Sip a beer but not too quickly,  
Drink too fast and you'll get sickly;  
LOTS of beer, but don't get barfy;  
Orphan Annie's dog is arfy.*

*We three kings of orient are,  
Searching for a grubby bar,  
Quiet place to just get drunk in,  
Drink too much and we'll be flunkin'.*

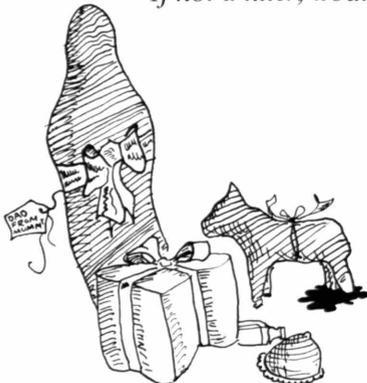
*Sing a lot of Christmas tunes,  
Dine on skinless toy balloons,  
Eat until you're roly-poly;  
Go to church and there get holy.*

*Hark the Herald papists sing,  
Birth control's a something thing;  
Bishops watch and customs cling,  
Rhythm methods offspring bring.*

*Don't forget the free world's problems,  
Ky, De Gaulle, and such hobgoblins,  
To your draft board say a damn,  
You'll end up in Viet Nam.*

*Christmas trees with lots of bangles,  
Droopy, moldy popcorn tangles,  
Rotten, soggy, green cranberries,  
Eat them and get dental caries.*

*Here's our issue, sweet and bitter,  
Hope it will inspire a titter;  
Merry Christmas, Abdul Nasser;  
If not a titter, would you believe an asser?*



#### SCRAPINGS FROM THE EDITORIAL CHAIR

With this cheery bit of verse we open our annual Christmas issue. And also, with this cheery bit of verse we effectively close our annual Christmas issue. You see, we don't have much Christmasy material to print in this

ish. Not much at all. In fact, before better judgment took hold of yours truly he was planning to run a feature article entitled ICE COLD LEMON-ADE PUNCH AND OTHER FUN IN THE SUN TO HAVE AFTER SWIMMING. The staff saved the reader from exposure to this summer issue reject only by attacking me at the keyboard and burning the manuscript. Consider yourselves lucky.

Then, you ask, what is in this issue? The answer is Truth. That's right, Truth. Our most important product is, always has been, and will continue to be Truth. You can riffle the pages of our magazine and the truth sprays up all around you. You can place a copy on the shelf and the Truth will seep all over, lumping your entire bookshelf into one mass. So you now will be able to settle back to enjoy twenty-eight lovable pages of fine, government-inspected Truth.

You will soon realize that Truth is better than Christmas, will last longer, and it won't upset your stomach. Seriously, most things written about Christmas tend to pervert the true meaning of Christmas and makes you forget why it is observed. But not so with Truth. All Truth is good. So all readers are urged to back the New Voo Doo Movement. Our rallying cry for the Christmas season: not "Put CHRIST back in CHRISTMAS", but "Put RUT back in TRUTH". Until next meeting of the Voo Dooers for Truth Phalanx remember "A truth in the hand is worth a lie in the bushes?"

## THE 40 MASS AVE SMOKE SHOP

We just recently found out what all the commotion at the old Coop is. It seems that the Institute is worried about the recent troubles with LSD and other psychedelics. They are afraid that MIT students will be lured away from our little block here in Cambridge-on-the-Charles toward the psychedelically greener (and purpler and

mauver) pastures in Back Bay, Harvard Square, and Coolidge Corners. Old mother hen that it is, the Institute doesn't want its little chicken to go astray in these forbidding areas. So the solution was simple. The Institute would build its own central opium smoking den right here in the heart of the campus. What a clever idea. When the news is finally broken to the outer world, the Institute will shoot to a new high in coolness, at least ten savios (the savio is the new international standard unit of free-minded coolness) higher than any other campus. Both Messrs. Johnson and Killion are growing scruffy goatees for the upcoming dedication ceremony. All invitations to the officials of other schools are being handled by their personal pot contacts and peyote runners. We at the VooDoo office, after receiving our invite in our weekly sheaf of cigarette wrappers, were slightly confused over the exact details. Why for instance, didn't they plan to put the den in the Stratton Center? This had us stumped until someone realized that having an opium-smoking den in the Student Center might be interpreted as a violation of the no-beer-for-sale-in-the-Rathskeller rule. Thus the Institute was forced to move elsewhere with their opium den. The name is not yet certain, but it will probably be Sala de Shanghai. One last note. Although the den itself will not be in the Student Center, the ventilation system will route the excess smoke into one of the typing rooms in the Student Center Library. The smoke will seep out of the timer for twenty minutes when you put your dime, slug, or whatever, in. Further details may be obtained by calling 354-5268 and asking for psychedelic Walt.



The Rooftop Rathskeller will be a favorite spot for relaxation and refreshment.

## A Relic of the Past

Hey, speaking of Student Centers, our archivist, Tsvihcra, (Natures spelled backward) came up with a most interesting document the other night. It is entitled A PREVIEW OF YOUR STUDENT ALUMNI CENTER. And a most interesting pamphlet it is. Consider the following excerpt from the introduction to the pamphlet.

In the past several months there has been such attention focused on not only the desire for, but the actual need of a Student Alumni Center at MIT. Furthermore, the services now located on Massachusetts Avenue across from Building 7 would be terminated with the demolition of these buildings necessitated by the construction of the Massachusetts Avenue underpass. In addition, the destruction of Building 18 to provide space for future Institute building projects will leave many activities with no facilities whatsoever.

The authors of this pamphlet seem somewhat pre-occupied with destruction of existing buildings, don't they? In fact, stuck between the pages of this particular was a souvenir matchbook with three matches missing. It had been signed by J. Stratton and J. Killion, with the greeting, "Good luck, baby!" Say, didn't those buildings across from 77 entrance burn down? Hmm, we'll put our archivist to work on that one right away.



The Inscomm Meeting Room — to be named in memory of Dr. Karl T. Compton — one of the staunchest supporters for a student alumni center at M.I.T.

The crowning glory of this little pamphlet comes later when pictures of the proposed center are presented in a brilliant centerfold. Scattered around this page you will find the more striking proposals. Take note of the proposed Inscomm Meeting Room. Wouldn't that warm the cockles of a student pol's heart?

The final chuckle is afforded by the list of a day at the Student Alumni Center.

- In attempting to fulfill the ideals presented above as the purpose of the Student Alumni Center, the proposed building will enable you
- to join the crowd in the Rooftop Rathskeller . . . a bonafide beer garden
- to grab a bite in the modern, informal snack bar
- to relax comfortably in the spacious "vista lounge" or to stroll out onto the airy terrace over the plaza below
- to read the latest newspaper (The Tech) or a short story in the new VooDoo
- to see that game (Harvard, of course) on TV (There will be "x" sets)
- to have breakfast, lunch, dinner in the modern, inexpensive restaurant
- to get the gang together and have a real jam session
- to find a quiet place to study
- to get your morning paper . . . toothpaste . . . haircut . . . or a stamp
- to bowl, or catch a game of table tennis, billiards between classes
- to fiddle around in the hobby shop, or develop those pictures you just took
- to attend an activity banquet
- to invite your out-of-town friend to stay overnight at the MIT hotel

We all felt that the first and last items were the most amusing. All in all, this proposed center seems sort of interesting. We wonder when it will be built. The Institute managed to get rid of the buildings across from the 77 entrance before. Will they be able to get rid of that big one there now? It might take a bit more than a few matches to burn all that concrete down. We really hope they can build a . . . what did they call it . . . Student Alumni Center.



The snack bar will provide sandwiches, sodas, ice creams and cokes, for hungry Tech students.

## Ed Hoye Revisited

Boy, are we at the office indignant. We heard that those impudent Massachusetts State Police thwarted the efforts of our good old friend Mister Ed "ESP" Hoye, performer at last month's Building Ten happening. It seems that all Ed wanted to do was ride down the Mass. Pike backwards while blindfolded. A simple request. But no, the police just wouldn't allow it. Very unsporting of them, if you ask me. Why, I personally know of several State Troopers who do this sort of thing for kicks themselves. In fact, we at the office thought that all Massachusetts drivers drove backwards while blindfolded. We thought that Old Ed's trick was simply to drive like this better than the average Massachusetts driver. At least without breaking as many laws. But Massachusetts State Police apparently want to save the pleasures of backward blindfolded driving for themselves alone. Pretty selfish. We all hope Old Ed ran home and pierced the seven vital body zones of a Massachusetts State Trooper effigy. Any readers that want to hear Old Ed's side of the story should go to see him at his present Boston engagement.

## The Santoro Speed Trap

We've got another tale concerning the local gendarmes, but this time they are the losers (Yeah for our side!). It seems a pair of enterprising Cambridge Police had found some radar gear and were trying to set up a speed trap in front of Santoro's Submarine Shop. (That's right, Santoro's up in the middle of LaFayette Square.) One of the officers sat in the open trunk of the car, trying to read the radar machine. The other had stationed himself at the side of the road, with his

6 whistle, to stop the offenders. Well, the one in the trunk had apparently figured out how to read the dial for he signaled to his friend to stop the forty-mile-an-hour car that had just passed. A terrifying tweet on the whistle was, I guess, a signal to the offender to stop. Well, yours truly was riding in that car being piloted by a sweet young first grade teacher. I myself hadn't heard the whistle but did notice this cop jumping up and down in the back window. I was amused and suggested to the driver that maybe she had caused his consternation. So she slowed down about two blocks down the street and I got out to investigate. The cop had quit running down the street and was walking back toward the car when he sighted me ambling up the street. Elated, he motioned to his partner and they half drove, half pushed the car down toward the school teacher and her offending car. Well, they got there and began to go through the preliminaries for a regular speeding ticket. Dumbfounded I sat back in the car, mentally rehearsing my "let's see the inspection certificate for that radar" bit, when the school teacher made her play. She quietly got out of the car, walked up to the pair and burst into tears. That done, she quietly returned to the car and sat down. The cops were at a loss. A quick conference and they both walked over and began to apologize. After assuring her that they were only going to issue a warning, they decided to do away with that, too. Their final action amounted to several apologies for upsetting her and suggestions to myself and a fellow passenger that we drive and "give her a rest." I still don't believe this. But then again, I haven't seen the Santoro Submarine speed trap lately. I hope the two cops weren't too upset.



## THINK BIG

You have never seen such Bunny slopes—and they're straight. For the stalwarts who prefer *more* curves, there's the "Peril" and the "Corkscrew" (trails — not drinks). The 9 lifts carry some rather challenging curves too... then there's the Lounge, Wild Boar cafeteria, bar, fireplace... get the idea?

## SKI BIG



## BROMLEY

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Please send free, full color folder.

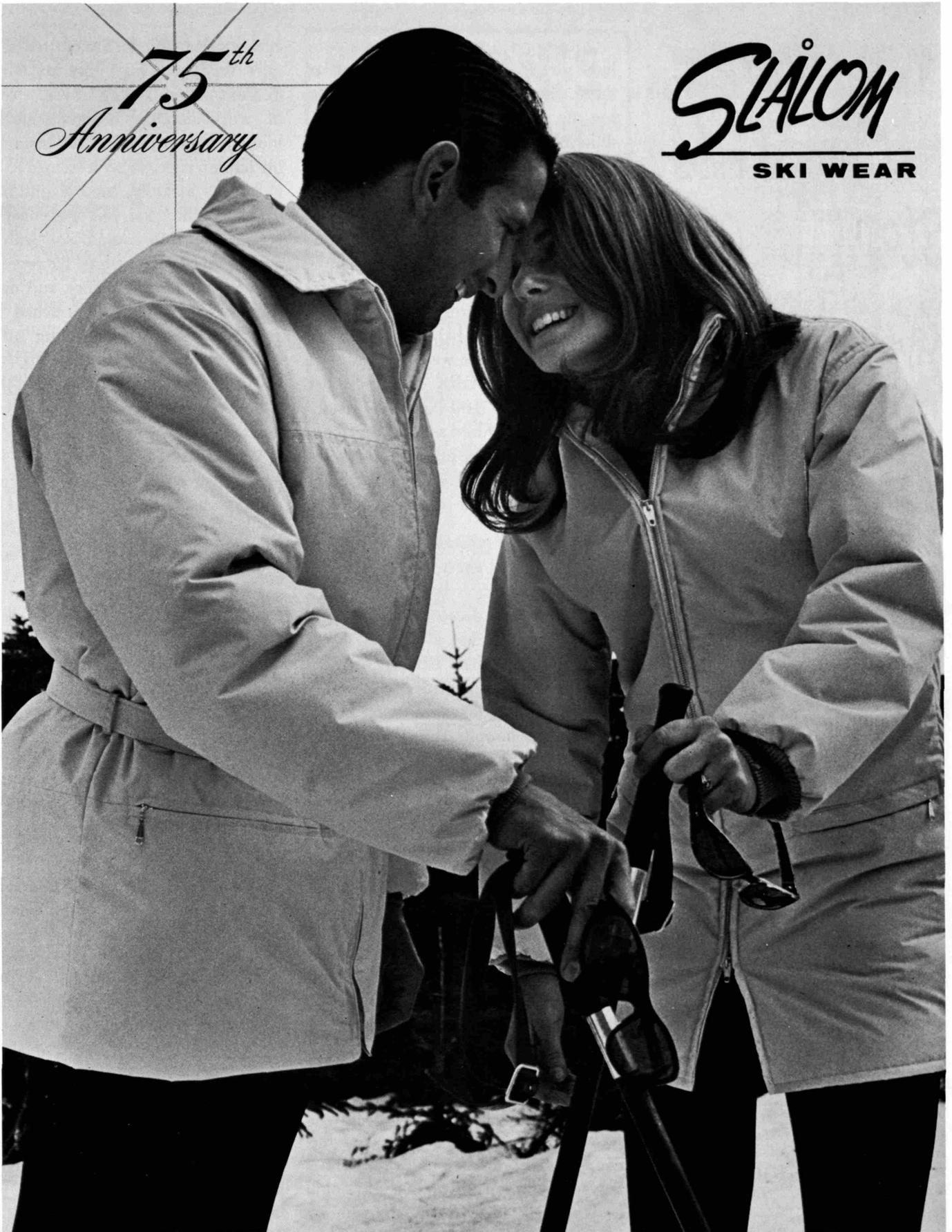
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*75<sup>th</sup>  
Anniversary*

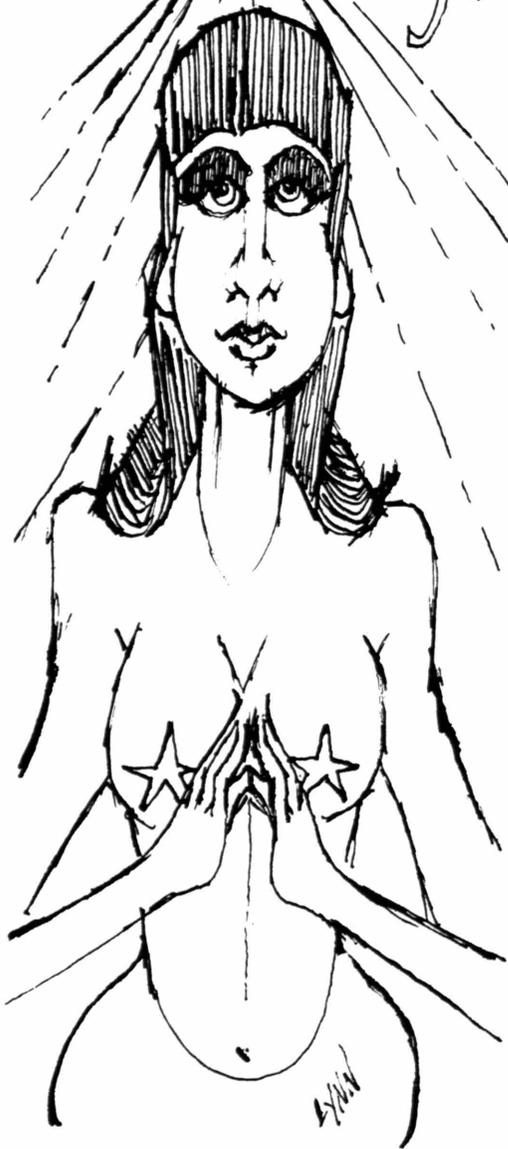
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sistent leader in the field of fashionable and functional ski wear. SLALOM is sold by distinguished stores and ski shops across the country. For name of dealer nearest you, write Dept. "S", B. F. Moore & Co., Inc. Newport, Vermont.

One More  
Christmas  
Story for Our  
Time  
Star Light  
Star Bright



Once upon a time, there was a poor little girl (actually there were lots of times when there were poor little girls, but for some reason these stories traditionally begin "once upon a time, there was a poor little girl;" and who are we to be different?). Anyhow, once upon a time there was this little girl, and she was very poor. Wow, was she poor. She was the kind of little girl who got CARE packages from the kids you read about in "SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION" ads. She was even so poor that the NEW YORK TIMES left her off the list of "100 Neediest Cases," because nobody had sent her any money when they had put her on the list the year before, so the good old NYT editors assumed she was dead.

But (in the typical Christmas-type story tradition) she was HAPPY, despite her poverty. Due to her gentle nature and kind disposition, she would sit for hours gazing at the dust motes dancing in the pale shaft of sunlight which was the sole source of illumination for her wretched tenement hovel, and chortle happily to herself. Many of the neighbors thought this was because she never got enough to eat, and hence was in a coma (did YOU ever try to keep alert on a diet of three used tea bags a month?), but others merely thought she was a Mongoloid idiot. After all, it isn't every fourteen-year-old who can get turned on over dust motes, especially second-hand dust motes (like I said, this chick was POOR, and she lived in such a crummy neighborhood that even the DUST was used).

Her one real joy in life, however, was her brother . . . her brilliant, handsome fair-haired brother of the charming personality and captivating ways. Although only nine years old, he was the pride of the neighborhood, a natural-born leader among men and her white hope for the future. In his power and glory he was all that she was not, and she adored him. His

eyes glowed with the fire of dreams yet unrealized, and his future lay spread in front of him for all to see, a series of world-shaping achievements previously unparalleled in the history of the human race (or so it seemed to her, at least — actually, he was kind of an ordinary finky kid, but he seemed like real hot stuff in comparison with the local yokels). Her whole life revolved around her brother. Day and night, year in year out, she watched him grow and progress, dreaming all the while of the glorious times to come when he would deliver the two of them from their ghetto, leading them forth into the great world outside.

A kind word from him would send her into ecstasy for days; a harsh syllable would plunge her into the depths of misery (about a two-inch drop, considering where she started out).

And then, one bitterly cold December day, her brother was killed in a snowball fight with the neighborhood bullies (kids in these bad neighborhoods play rough — they use frost-coated rocks for snowballs). Her heart was broken. Gone were the happy drooling smiles and innocent chuckles, and in their place appeared continuous sobs and moans.

In vain, her mother sought to cheer her up. She tried everything — an extra hour in the sunlight, some new dust, even an extra tea bag for the month — but nothing availed.

And then, one evening, a strange compulsion came over the little girl. Slowly, she rose from her squalid vermin-infested pallet of straw (second hand, of course) and stole to the door, slipping out into the seventy-below zero air with her ragged Kleenex shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders. Without knowing why, she walked to the top of the hill behind her home, and gazed up into the midnight sky.

Overhead, the stars shone with an unearthly brilliance, and she stood transfixed, marveling at their appearance. Never before had she seen the

stars so bright, and never before had she seen a star like one star in particular, which seemed to illuminate the whole sky, calling to her with a strange power.

Almost without thinking, the words to an old rhyme she had once heard came back to her . . . STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT, FIRST STAR I'VE SEEN TONIGHT . . . .

**MAKE A WISH.** The command came to her from within, carrying with it the unvoiced promise that whatever she wished would be granted. Without hesitation, she looked up into the sky, and made her wish.

**"BRING MY BROTHER BACK TO ME. THAT'S ALL I ASK. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING ELSE. JUST BRING HIM BACK."**

Then, her breath freezing behind her, she went back down the hill, and crept into her shacklike home, falling into bed with a smile on her face — for she knew that her wish would be granted.

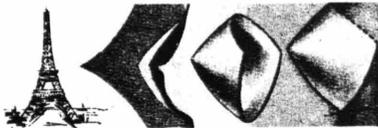
The next day was Christmas. All over the world, a spirit of joy spread across the land, and gifts were exchanged. And in the humble shanty where the little girl lived, a wish came true.

For when she awoke on Christmas morning, her brother's coffin, filled with the slime-dripping maggot-infested remains of her brother, complete with shrivelled skin, eyeless sockets, and worm-filled mouth, lay by her bedside, her brother's half-rotted face only inches from her own.

Moral: When you wish upon a star, make damn sure you don't botch it up.

— D. F. Nolan

Für Sie, gnädige Frau, aus Paris zu Ihnen!  
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Orig. franz. Fabrikat. Hebt, strafft, vergrößert auf ideale Weise. Verleiht Ihrer Büste die lockende betörende Silhouette. Größe I: Leicht hebend und betonend, Größe II: Stark hebend und betonend. DM 8,50 spesenfreie Nachnahme oder Vorausz. Auf Wunsch dauerparf. mit dem teuersten franz. Parfüm d. Welt „Joy“. Paris, „chic chic“ L.-Wäsche-Katal. gratis.

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Translations upon request

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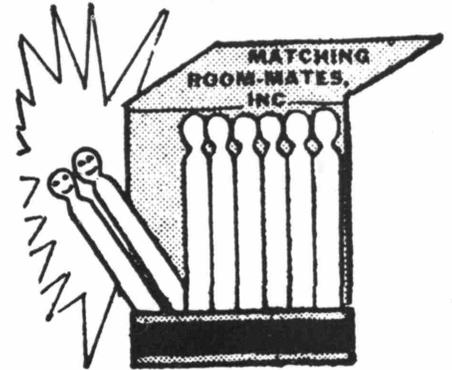
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## PERSONAL INTERVIEW

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KNOCKWURST — BRATWURST with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad and Die Feinen Wurstwaren

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PHIL AND CLAUDETTE HARKELL

EL 4-8362

Free Delivery to MIT 7-10:30 p.m.

A medium, giving a seance, was bringing back people from the other world. A nine-year-old boy was among those present.

"I want to talk to Grandpa," he said.

"Quiet! Quiet!" hushed the medium.

"I want to talk to Grandpa," repeated the kid.

"Very well, little boy," conceded the medium, making a few hocus-pocus passes. "Here's your Grandpa."

"Hello, Grandpa, what are you doing up there? You ain't dead."



You all remember Grandma and her house of ill repute. Well, it seems that she got so much publicity from the famous joke that business really began to boom. It wasn't too much of a problem during the warmer seasons when the extra couples could retire to the roof when matters got crowded. However, during the winter, space was definitely at a premium. Yet the hardy customers would still go to the roof if necessary. One such couple did go up on the roof but it proved too cold. They froze solid, right in position. They remained frozen there until a strong wind blew them off the roof onto the street below. A passerby witnessed the fall and ran inside to shout, "Hey Grandma, your sign fell!"

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**TR 6-2240 — UN 4-5271**

What were Santa's last words?  
Ho, ho, arrrrrrggggghhhh.....



What do you call it when Santa gets caught in the chimney?

A bad case of the flue.



A Norwegian who had been working alone in the woods for six years had saved \$5,000 and brought it with him on his first trip to a large city. Eager to enjoy himself to the fullest, he soon found his way into a large gambling hall. Within an hour the Norwegian was involved in a card draw game with his entire \$5,000 riding on the turn of one card.

Of course, he lost. And so as he turned and walked out he shrugged and said:

"Hoh, well, heasy come, heasy go. I go back to the woods for another six years."

Pat - Nobody loves me and my hands are cold.  
Mike - God loves you and your mother loves you and  
you can sit on your damn hands.



Chaplain (to prisoner in electric chair) - Can I do anything for you?

Prisoner - Yes, hold my hand.



A certain celebrated VooDoo managing editor was cast away on a desert island. He'd been there for nine years when suddenly he saw a small speck on the horizon, and the speck turned into a beautiful girl floating toward the beach on a barrel.

"How long have you been here?" the girl called.

"Nine years," replied the editor.

"Oh, then I'll give you something you haven't had in a long time," said the girl as she landed.

"Don't tell me," replied Walt. "You got beer in that barrel?"

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Huckinmire: "Terribly sorry you buried your wife yesterday."

Vanderleave: "Had to. Dead, you know."



Jay: "Don't you want to spoon?"

Mae: "What's spooning?"

Jay: "What that couple over there are doing."

Mae: "Well, let's shovel!"



The tramp was sitting with his back to a hedge by the wayside, munching at some scraps wrapped in a newspaper. A lady, out walking with her pet pomeranian, strolled past. The little dog ran to the tramp and tried to muzzle the food. The tramp smiled expansively at the lady.

"Shall I throw the leetle dog a bit, mum?" he asked.

The lady smiled a gracious assent, and the tramp caught the dog by the nape of the neck and tossed it over the hedge.

"And if he comes back, mum" he said, "I might throw him a bit more."

# THE YEAR THE DODGERS LOST THE ELECTION

(DFN's thirtieth *VooDoo* story)

I think it must have started way back in 1964, when the Republicans nominated George Murphy to run for the Senate, and he won. Nobody really thought much about it, though the Democrats made some snickering sounds, and let out a few wisecracks about "song and dance," but that was about it.

But then, when Ronald Reagan won the governorship in '66, and John Wayne was elected to the Senate in '68, the Dems began to get worried. California is an awful big state, after all, and the "Republican Actor's Guild" was rapidly taking over. Something had to be done.

The Democratic State Committee started making discreet inquiries around Beverly Hills, but soon discovered to their dismay that not only were they unable to get any big-name performers to run on the Democratic ticket, but that Walter Brennan, Tex Ritter, and Chuck Connors were all planning to run for the legislature as Republicans in 1970 — not to mention the fact that Murphy and Reagan were both up for re-election. The GOP had the actors sewed up solid.

And then someone got a bright idea. OK, the Republicans had the actors — but what about sports figures? Old ballplayers should be just as salable at the polls as old actors. Sandy Koufax and Willy Mays were quickly persuaded to take on Reagan and Murphy, and the surveys soon showed Koufax pulling level with Reagan, while Mays was a 4-to-3 favorite over Murphy.

Something still had to be done about the legislature, however. The deadline

for filing was approaching rapidly, and the Late Movie Heroes were already picking up wide support. Finally, in a burst of inspiration, the Democratic State Committee hit on the idea of running the second-string Dodgers *en masse* on a statewide write-in basis. The necessary signatures for the filing petition were collected at a double-header with the Giants, and the race was on.

At first the actors seemed to have an insuperable lead, but as the baseball season wore on, and the Dodgers started looking strong for the pennant, the odds began to change. By Labor Day, it was neck and neck, and when the Dodgers took the pennant, it looked like a shoo-in for the Dems.

October 2nd, the day of the first World Series game of 1970, dawned bright and clear, and for the Dodgers, it was a bright day all the way through; they beat the Yankees 8-3, and the next morning's odds on both the Series and the election followed suit.

The Yankees took the next two, however, and the Dodgers took the two after that, and the odds going into the sixth game were only 4-3 in the Dodger's favor. And when the Yanks took the sixth game 11-10 in the 12th inning, you couldn't get a bookie in the country to give you a 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  edge either way on the Series *or* the election.

The final game took place in Yankee Stadium, packed to the gills, with 150,000 disappointed fans having to be turned away at the gates. As the game progressed, however, the ticketless hordes were glad they'd missed the boat — it was a slaughter. Nobody

can prove the charges that some Republican ballplayers on the Dodger squad deliberately threw the game, but the final score (26-3) is on record.

Needless to say, the GOP swept the legislative races in California that year — nobody likes a loser — with the Dems' only triumph being the election of Willy Mays to the Senate. There's talk going around that they're going to try again this year, with the Giants this time, but of course it's only a rumor.

I'll be damned if I can decide between Willy Mays and Fess Parker for President, though.

"John Wayne, the moving-picture actor, and Max Rafferty, State superintendent of public instruction, are both being considered as challengers to Senator Thomas Kuchel for the Republican senatorial nomination from California that will be open in 1968 . . ."

*U. S. News & World Report*,  
November 28, 1966

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What do you call Santa's big ugly stupid assistant?  
The North Pole.



What did one wise man say to the other wise man?  
Get smart.



A gay young queer went into a local bar, and asked the bartender if they had any queers for hire. The bartender said he had one named Schultz. A deal was made and the gay young queer went off with Schultz. The next night, he came back, and asked the bartender for Schultz again. The bartender said Schultz was gone, but there was another. The queer replied, "Nothing doing. When you're outa' Schultz, you're outa' queers."



Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the state."

Student: "Why?"



Then there was the coed who read the passage wrong. It's All men are created equal and not All men are made the same way.



A theatre usher was astonished to see a big brown bear sitting in the front row munching a bag of peanuts. "Hey," he whispered, "where'd you get the peanuts? I thought the machine was broken."



"Is the boss in?" asked the salesman of the cute office girl.

"No, he's not," she replied.

"Will he be back after a little?" he said.

"No, I think that's what he went after."



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WASN'T THIS A FINE PAGE?

# Return to Quarters

by Sam Epstein

"My old man's a dustman,  
He has a dustman's hat,  
He wears gorblimey trousers  
And lives in the council flat."

Traditional

"We, Don Gugiello, by the grace of  
God, Count of Aversa and Lord of  
Melfi, do hereby decree . . ."

The ambassador loudly cleared his  
throat.

". . . er, do hereby decree that in  
accordance with the laws . . ."

The ambassador feigned a cough.  
Don Gugiello, flushing furiously, turned  
to him impatiently, "Take your  
mucous-lined throat and get the hell."

"A thousand pardons, your High-  
ness, but . . ."

The word of caution was belated.  
The crowd, angry with the delay as  
crowds are wont to be, was ripping  
up the cobblestones and hurling them  
at the count, and at the retinue too!

"By God, they're hurling cobble-  
stones at us, their lawful seigneur and  
his retinue too!"

The retinue was making an attempt  
to return fire, but the ammunition was  
scarce, since the platform was rather  
high to be reached by the heavy cob-  
blestones.

"Call out the castle garrison and  
slaughter them like sheep."

The crowd spoke as one, "Wait a  
minute, here. This don't sound so  
good, no it surely don't."

The thrower of the first cobblestone  
spoke. "See here, Mr. Count Sir, us  
common people won't stand for this,  
no sir, not for a moment."

The count turned thoughtful, "I must  
admit your objections have some rea-  
sonable basis, but . . ."

"Three cheers for our beloved  
mates." "Long live our little father."



A resounding cheer broke loose; hats were tossed into the sky, and they fell, though no one knew why.

"Can't understand it; them hats is falling."

Two hundred necks craned backward, then quickly forward.

A tortured thinker voiced his agony. "The hats have fallen, but wherefore, and why; can mortal man divine his cause?"

The ambassador, returning from a face-saving, and wetting, drink of water, nudged Don Gugiello. "Now's your chance, effendi, play it cool and follow me."

The ambassador intoned, "No!! Don Gugiello, incarnation of God on Earth, alone can divine the cause."

The count rose to the occasion. He raised a solemn forefinger. "F=ma!"

The crowd cried with one voice, "All right!"

"And now, for my next number, A=lh."

The crowd quieted a bit. The ambassador pressed his mouth to the count's ear. "Better quit while you're ahead."

(Aside) "Right!" (To Crowd). "I will now condescend to have my pingo kissed."

During the next forty-five minutes, two hundred swineherds and other such respectfully slobbered over the count's pingo, or ring of state. At the end of the ordeal, the count's pingo was dripping helplessly, hanging at the end of his tired arm.

Don Gugiello was strangely despondent. "Where is the honor, the glory? Nowhere, that's where! Where the protracted pain in the neck? Everywhere, that's where!" He resolved to make a quick end of it.

He cried after the retreating crowd, "this is your God speaking. Come back, I have the solution of the general quintic equation of radicals."

The fury of the mob, for such it was now, was not to be contained. With one will it turned in its tracks, descended upon the platform, ascended the platform and energetically attempted to tear the count to shreds.

As for the unfortunate Don Gugiello, the pleasure of anticipated victory was soon crushed by the pain of revelation – his short pronouncement had caused him to join the ranks of the immortals.

One clear-sighted Melfiton managed to make himself heard. "Hang it up, boys, we can't kill him, nosiree, not him." The truth dawned on the swineherds and other such as the sun dusk-ed, and they wended their various ways homeward, leaving Don Gugiello to muse on how he could keep himself occupied throughout eternity.

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"So you want to be lifeguard here, eh? How tall are you?"  
 "Six feet, eight inches, sir."  
 "Can you swim?"  
 "No, but I can wade to beat hell."



"I cured my child of biting his nails."  
 "Oh yes, how?"  
 "I kicked his teeth out."



The messenger had just caught sight of Birnam Wood descending upon Dunsinane. He turned to Macbeth and shouted: "Your majesty, cheese it, the copse!"



A new inmate checked in at the local asylum. Whereas most of the new arrivals have a sullen attitude, this fellow was all smiles. In fact, he was laughing uproarously.

"Nearest kin?" asked the examining physician.

"Twin brother," responded the fellow. "We were identical twins. Couldn't tell us apart. In school he'd throw a spitball and the teacher would blame me. Once he was arrested for speeding and the judge fined me. I had a girl. He ran off with her."

"Then why are you laughing?"

"Cuz last week I got even with him."

"What happened?"

18 "I died and they buried him."

Here's a Christmas one for you:  
 Ken: I hate to tell you this, Jay, but Santa Claus won't be around to fill your stocking this Christmas.

Jay: Sob! And wh-why n-not?

Ken: I'm afraid he was arrested.

Jay: N-no! Choke! Wh-what for?

Ken: (chuckle) For laying a doll under a Christmas tree.



The maharajah of an interior Indian province decreed that no wild animals could be killed by the populace. Soon the country was overrun by man-eating tigers, lions, panthers, elephants and boars. The people could stand it no longer and gave the maharajah the heave-ho. This was the first instance on record where the reign was called on account of game.



A group of pre-med students were discussing what the most important part of the body was.

"Why the brain is," said one. "Without a brain, you wouldn't be able to see or think or do anything at all."

"No," said another, "the heart is the most important. Without a heart you'd have no circulatory system, and you wouldn't be able to stay alive for a single second."

"You're both wrong," said the third one. "The most important part of the body is the navel."

"The navel? How come?"

"Well," he answered, "without a navel, I'd have no place to put the salt when I eat in bed."

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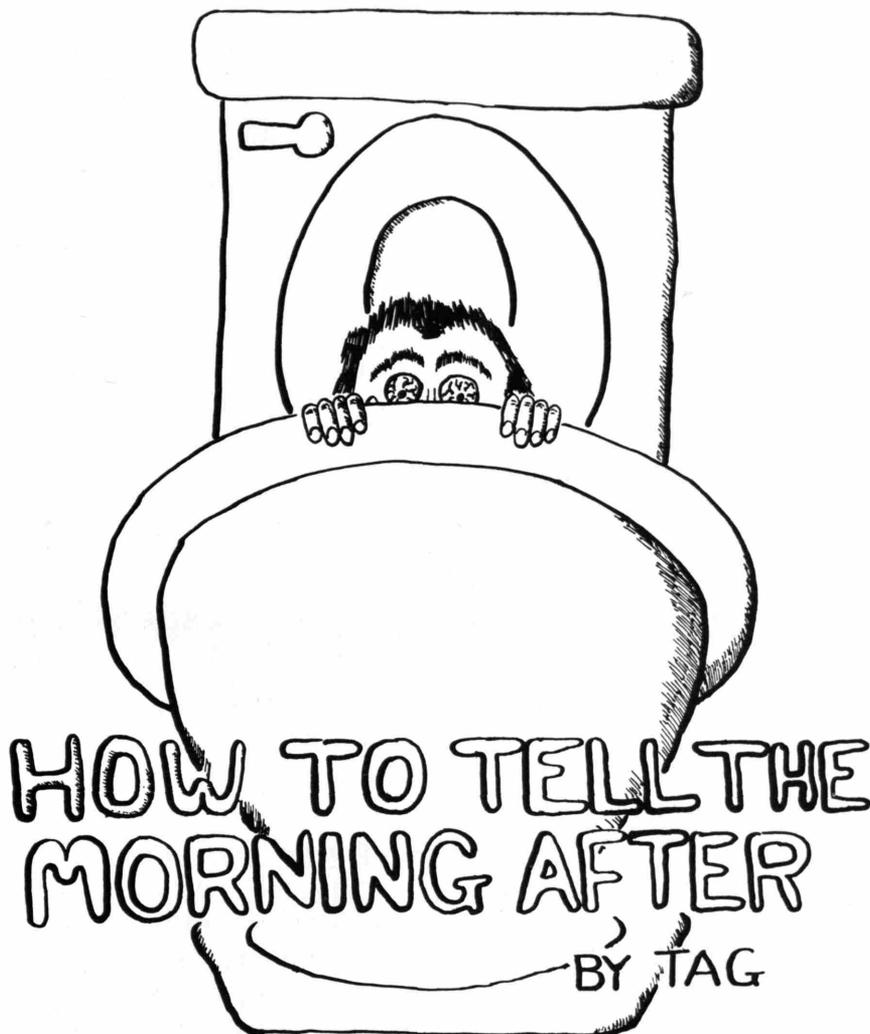


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It has been called to our attention, in these holiday seasons, that with all the celebrating, some of us are bound to imbibe a bit too much. As a result, one may awaken having no recollection of the night before. We offer, therefore, as a guide to these unfortunate souls, a few hints to tell the morning after.

1—It's 3 PM before you can crawl out from under the rug.

2—You wake up and find you've been sleeping on the ceiling.

3—You finally discover the bird of paradise you took to bed with you last night is a clay pigeon.

4—You realize the girl's dress you had your hand in last night was the meat grinder.

5—You find you forgot to take out your contacts, but it doesn't matter, because you left your eyes in the sink anyway.

6—You find your head on the kitchen table with a splitting headache.

7—Your date wakes up and trips over your tongue on her way to the bathroom.

8—You feel more comfortable in the john than on it.

9—The mice begin moving heavy equipment in your walls.

10—You wish you could kick the habit of breathing.

11—Your stomach feels like a raisin.

12—You wander around all day looking like an unmade bed.

13—Your mouth tastes like the bottom of a birdcage.

14—You don't have to open the bathroom door to go in, you just crawl under it.

15—You have to reach up to tie your shoes.

16—Your wife calls you to lunch (you couldn't make it to breakfast), and you weren't married last night.

17—You find that the dry taste in your mouth is your pillow.

18—The guy at the laundry says that he can't get the tread marks off the back of your shirt.

19—Prune juice tastes good.

20—Even though you're afraid it's blood on the front of your shirt, you realize it's only the skins from the maraschino cherries in last night's Manhattans.

21—You can part your scalp.

22—You can't lift your toothbrush because it's so full of hair.

23—Last night's phone call from your draft board turns out to be REAL.

24—You realize that what you thought was the dividing line in an electric blanket is really the white line down the middle of Fifth Avenue.

25—You get a phone call, and a feminine voice says that it WASN'T a pop-top from a beer can that you gave her, it was an engagement ring.

26—You thought you were paralyzed, but you discover you only put both feet in the same pajama leg.

27—They won't let you close the coffin lid.

28—You're afraid to drink through a straw — it might suck back.

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3. Now use your imagination and decorate the MANGER. In the kit you will find a box marked MANGER DECORATING STUFF. It contains horses, cows, sheep, hay, dirt, excrement, and all kinds of dandy stuff.

4. Hang the BIG STAR in the sky. CAUTION: Be careful when handling the BIG STAR. Stars are damn hot! NOTE: Some people have a little trouble trying to hang the BIG STAR in the sky. If you encounter similar difficulties, it is perfectly all right to hang it from the ceiling.

5. Place the THREE WISE MEN outside the MANGER. Just for fun, you can give them names, like Moe, Larry, and Curly, or something like that.

6. Now for the real fun! Put on the GODSUIT. This is the shiny robe in the kit. All right . . . reach around and you will see a button on MARY's back marked GO. Press the button, and, SHAZAM!, there he is, your own immaculate conception. Now you may give him a name, like George or Mike.

7. When you have finished, put everything back in the box so you may enjoy the MATTEL IMMACULATE CONCEPTION KIT another time. NOTE: Be sure to wrap MARY in the protective plastic covering.



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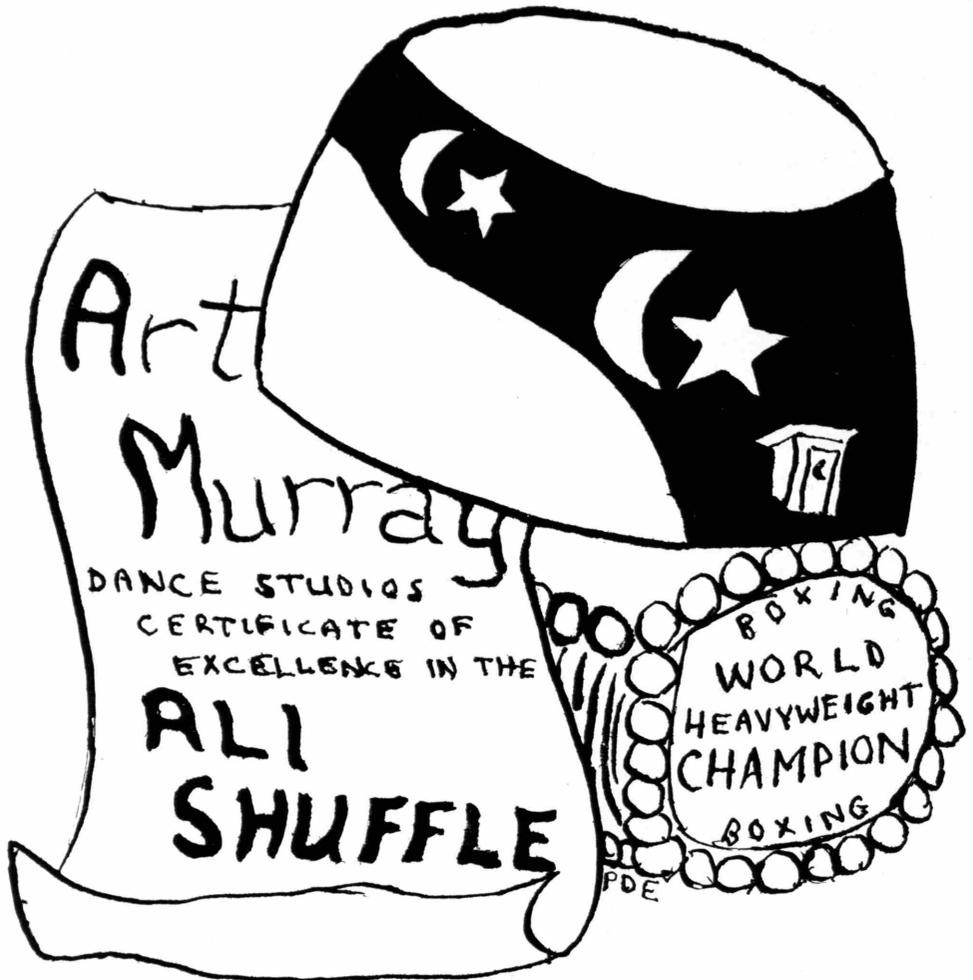
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# 12 DAYS OF CASSIUS

During the holiday season, we of the sports department are reminded of last year at this time when Cassius Clay was undergoing a period of intensive training. We now reprint an interview conducted last January with his sparring partner.

**REPORTER:** Could you describe the training routine which you and Cassius have just gone through?

**SPARRING PARTNER:** On the first day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me a left jab in the guts. On the second day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me two black eyes and a left jab in the guts. On the third day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab to the guts. On the fourth day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the fifth day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the sixth day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me six aching joints, five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the seventh day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me seven left crosses, six aching joints, five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the eighth day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me eight right hooks, seven left crosses, six aching joints, five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the ninth day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me nine haymakers, eight right hooks, seven left crosses, six aching joints, five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the tenth day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me ten drippy nosebleeds, nine haymakers, eight right hooks, seven left crosses, six aching joints, five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the eleventh day of Christmas, Cassius gave to me eleven dizzy spells, ten drippy nosebleeds, nine haymakers, eight right hooks, seven left crosses, six aching joints, five one-two combinations, four black-and-blue marks, three uppercuts, two black eyes, and a left jab in the guts. On the twelfth day of Christmas, I took a crowbar and I busted his goddamn ass.



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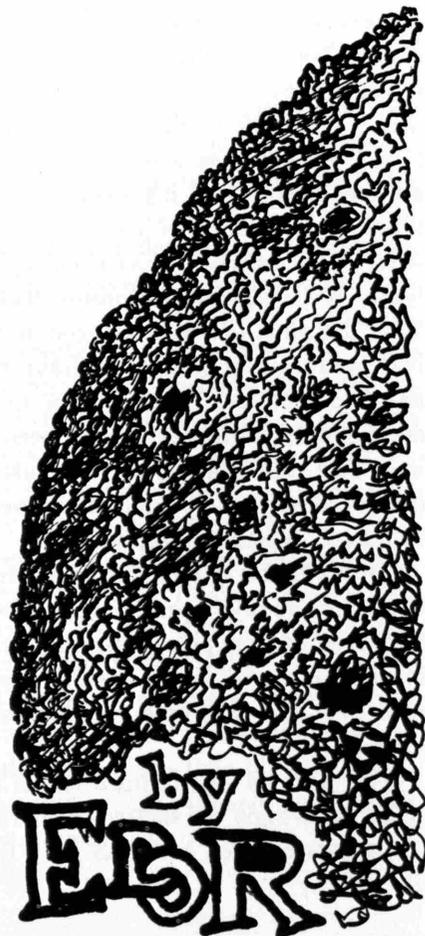
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# AL FOIL AND THIRTY MILES WIDE



Every magazine must have a divine mystic, a soothsayer, or a portent of the future. One needs only an editor, a source of finances, a makeup man, and a mystic. But why does one need a mystic? Aha. Where else can one obtain a source of truth, and face it, if a magazine doesn't contain Truth, what good is it? Alright. So we here at the VooDoo office asked our divine mystic, *Edor*, to come up with some Truth for this issue, our last issue being a bit short of Truth, among other things.

He looked at us, went silent for fifty-three hours, and then typed the following passage. When asked to explain it and its significance, that "I'm going to go silent for another fifty-three hours" look came over his face, so we dropped the question.

Edor comes up with strange things that become quite significant, so maybe we should heed this obscure message.

## All Foil and Thirty Miles Wide

"Officer Thrash, we've got a bit of trouble down in the bottom forward

sector. Another collapse of some sort. A wall seam ripped and a cloud of small wrappers filled the first branch back from the entrance. I imagine the watchman is trapped in there now. You know how he hates that. Last time he was down there he really got shaken. Mumbled for hours about being knee-deep in quilted lunch wrappers. We gotta screen these people a little better. We probably got more nuts here than anywhere else."

"Sorta fitting, isn't it? Our founder was a true prize in anybody's collection." Thrash filed a small sheaf of papers in a cubbyhole on the lower edge of a huge maze of holes arranged in a large circle on the wall of the office. "Now, where exactly was that trouble? You know, level and depth, the whole painful story."

"Yeah, well, it's here on the sheet. I don't want anything to do with this. Or any other goddam watchman wading through the foil. I'll tell you. Why don't you go real slow on fixing this one. Piss him off good. Maybe he'll really flake. Go back home even. That would be great."

"So what. They would simply send another one along. No doubt far worse than old Morgan, or whatever he calls himself. It's in the tradition of the Moon Trade Department. We're the modern answer to the WPA. Word has it on the carrier launch that the boys at the head office were cackling with delight over the various and assorted they've selected to restaff this section when turnover time is nigh."

"Ah, don't tell me about it. If all goes well, I'll be out of here myself before they restaff. I'll go back and start my own business. I've made some plans, you know. I'm not the type that sits around on his bum, even here I'm not."

"Oh really? Your own business. Pray tell. What type of business? No, don't say. Let me guess. I know. You'll start your own ball of tin foil. You say you might even graft a little from here. Just for a starter of course.

Until you got on your own feet.”

“Enough, clerk. You just mind Morgan down there in the ball and do your little bit. You’ll be sitting here dispatching the maintenance squad to pull out all sorts of undesirables from those god-forsaken tunnels, when I’ll be back where real people live. The only contact I’ll have with this ridiculous venture is the universal chuckle everyone enjoys when some newspaper publishes the Report on Progress Toward Goal. I’ll get some real great chuckles out of those. God, I can hardly wait.”

“Go get some sleep. I might just decide to dispatch you down to our friend Morgan as an emergency squad. I’ve got that authority now. And the way you’ve been bitching and moaning lately, the head office might just see fit to demote you to a watchman or foil selector. Then, I guess you’d have an even better time sitting and dreaming up great plans for your future. Wouldn’t you just love that. Put the gum wrappers in this bin. The tightly crumpled ones go back to the mill. Quilted squares on the right hand rack. Tinsel in the canvas sacks. Only eight hours a day too. That leaves lots of time for sleeping and dreaming of long rows of shiny aluminum. You wouldn’t even want a job back on Earth after a while. All you might conceivably want would be a nice shiny ornament for the ceiling just above the bed. Just think about it as you begin to complain to the boys back at the head office. They’re quite a bunch if you don’t upset their applecart, or should I say, their tinfoil ball.”

“You can’t upset the ball out here; there’s no up. Right?”

“Oh yeah, no up. I got that. You’re right again. Now I can see why they picked you for this job. You’re just so damn clever. No up.”

“Hey wise guy. You’re slipping. That little communication light’s been flashing for a few minutes and you

haven’t answered it yet. They might slap *you* down in the selector area, too. What would you say to that, hey. What would you say to that?”

“Considerably less than you, my fine feathered friend. Why don’t you go complain to that fine portrait of our founder that the head office wanted over your chair? I’ll take care of Mister Morgan and you can straighten out the absurdity of this whole show. O.K.?”

“Our founder, ah yes, our founder. Hello there Mister Monford Riehl, excuse me, Sir Monford Riehl, knighted by the Queen for his most invaluable aid in spurring efforts to regain the Moon. Yes you, Sir Riehl, you and your marvelous little creation, your compulsive little solace. Your amazing ball of tin foil. The guiding light of your youth it was, I’ve heard. Monty Riehl and his ball of tin foil. The neighborhood nut, I imagine. I tell you what I’m gonna do. I’m gonna eat this here piece of gum. But look. It’s got a wrapper, made of yes, crinkle, crinkle. You want it? I’ll throw it to you. There, right in the ear. What you gonna do with it? Oh yeah? But why? That ball’s big enough already. You say you never stop. The ball simply can’t be too big. It’s gonna grow and grow. Say, you sound like an all-right guy. That’s a real neat idea you’ve got there.”

“Hey will you knock it off? I can’t hear this intercom over here.”

“What’s that. You mean to insult this great man that I’m addressing? Monty, old boy, don’t take it to heart. Thrash works very hard. Gets a bit impatient at times. But a great man like you certainly understands. Why, wasn’t it you that suggested we offer to trade aluminum for our moon when those nasty aliens captured it? And then wasn’t it you that showed up with an eight ton ball of aluminum foil, to use as a starter for the aluminum stockpile? Why sure it was you.

Could you explain to me a few little things that I don’t quite understand. Like how, exactly, did you convince the Council of World Powers to continue the aluminum stockpile in the form of a huge ball of foil? Really, Monty, I would feel that eight tons was good enough. You must have had a few friends in on that. Wasn’t it nice, though, when they gave you your own office as Director of the Ball, I mean, Director of the Moon Trade Department. You really liked those shiny knobs and buttons. And the ball itself. Oh well. But I really thought you had met your master when the ball got too big to be structurally sound. Why I’ll bet most of the people on the earth thought that sagging eight mile lump was to be the biggest that your dream would get. But you really fooled the world when the general session of the Council of World Powers voted to put the Riehl Stockpile in orbit. Once they did that you could watch your little friend roll by every ninety minutes, day and night. You must have been one hell of a clever scoundrel. Every ninety minutes. Oh, you ought to see the ball now. It even has a noticeable effect on the tides. And it’s nearly thirty miles wide. And, of course, it still shines real nicely. Even at night. Great is the legacy of Monford Riehl. Why the alien powers said that at the rate we’re going now, we’ll have the required amount of aluminum in a few hundred more years. It’s been a long time, but it might pay off. Just a few hundred more years. Then we’ll be all set. Mecca and all that.”

“Hey will you quit raving over there. Morgan’s really flipped. He’s eaten hundreds of wrappers. Sticking them in his ears and eyes. Really gone wild. We’ll have to both go down and check.

(The portrait of Monford seems to smile knowingly as the two men run out a door marked ACCESS LOWER SECTOR.)

— *fin*



A Boy and his Crabs or . . .

*"Brain, Brain, go away – I've got crabs; come some other day" or  
A little dab'll do ya; a little crab'll  
chew ya.*

A young MIT fraternity lad one day noted with no little alarm that a curious, scabby rash was spreading across his body, and – horrified at the thought of a diseased and blighted life – he resolved to shower every day until the rash went away. Carefully he scrubbed each night with Head-and-Shoulders, smiling as he felt the powerful dandruff-loosening action of the famous shampoo. Unfortunately, this clever disease was not to be overcome by inordinate cleanliness; in fact, it spread further. Not only that, but it itched like hell. People stared at him because he was always digging and scratching in the halls. Insidiously the accursed pestilence caught at his hairs and tugged unmercifully at flesh and follicle, each time the boy moved his arms or legs. Clearly the situation was beyond control by the medically untrained.

Casually the young lad bopped into the doctor's office flipping keys. "Boy, I sure do hope I don't blow my cool," he thought anxiously. Addressing the gentleman behind the desk with the inquiring look on his face, the boy coolly remarked: "Say, uh, Doc – I seem to have developed some form of the, heh, heh, Jamaican Jock Rot."

The doctor's eyes lit up. "Can I see? Can I see?" he asked excitedly, pushing the boy backwards into a small room with an examining table and closing the door behind.

"Sure, I guess so," said the boy uneasily and dropped his trousers. Seizing a tongue depressor, the good doctor scraped with a flourish. "Hmm," he reflected learnedly, "seems to be some form of inflammation at the follicles here in . . . ARRAGH, IT CRAWLED! THAT GODDAM THING IS CRAWLING! See that!" the doc cried triumphantly, "it moved again! Good God, man, you are alive with body lice. Son of a bitch!"

"I think I want to vomit," moaned the lad after the doctor's supreme gross-out. Unfortunately it did not end there. "You go to a pharmacy and ask for DDT powder, then apply

day and night to all affected areas." His heart sinking, the boy noticed a few cooties affixed to his leg, and one to his arm. Still another gulped thirstily at a follicle on his neck. It was a sad lad who made his way back to the house skulking behind bushes.

It was indeed no easy task to procure the doctor's prescription. Walking into M\*ll\*r's Drugstore, the boy inquired: "You got DDT powder for the body?"

"What?"

"DDT powder for the body."

"What do you want that for?"

"Could I just have the powder, please?"

"Nah, I don't carry it."

"Alright then, I'll try some place else."

"Hey, wait a minute – what do you want DDT powder for your body for?"

Alas, it was everywhere the same – even worse sometimes. In some places there were old women or giggling girls standing beside the counter listening as he made his request. Eventually he found a place that carried it though – a 3 ounce can of 5% DDT, 95% ordinary talcum. "That will be \$3.95." "JESUS!"

"OK, then, if you don't want it."

"I'll take it, I'll TAKE it," the lad cried hastily.

That night the young lad showered thoroughly, then, with a triumphant cackle, dumped the powder copiously over his body, rubbing it in and crawled into bed. I'll tell you one thing though, he sure as hell didn't get any sleep THAT night. Those things went WILD!

Nevertheless; the crabs died and the pain went away, but the boy was continually being reinfected from his clothes and bed covers. Also, as he was on the top bunk, crabs occasionally dripped down onto his roommate below who, by the way, greatly desired a case of crabs so he'd be able to use the powder, too. It looked like so much fun to rub it on!

Of course the lad's fraternity brothers were extremely sympathetic. "Why don't you try Raid"; "Oh, have you seen those amazing ultrasonic cleaners. They could knock those crabs right off"; "Why don't you shave off half the hair, set fire to the other half, and when the terrified crabs come running out, pick them off one by one with a bow and arrow." Thanks a whole bunch, guys. They also jested merrily about J.P. weekend. The infected bed was one of those used for the visiting girls to sleep in, snarf, snarf, snarf.

Ultimately, the cooties were completely destroyed. Vowing never again to be so indiscreet, the lad happened upon an old letter from the same girl who had instigated this insidious infection. He read:

Oh Barney, I was so glad to hear from you. In fact, I'm shaking all over. Barney, I'm glad you were very understanding about the baby, and my marriage. There are so many men as well as women who don't understand things like this. The men think, well, she's had a baby before marriage, and then . . . . Grinning lecherously, the young lad thought of the coming Christmas vacation. Life goes on.

— CRABMAN



"Away in a manger . . . ."

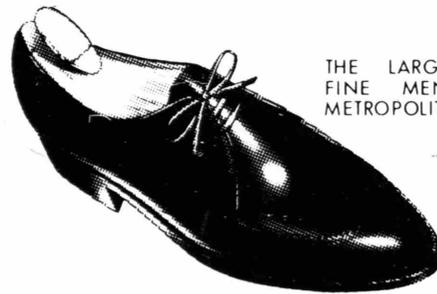
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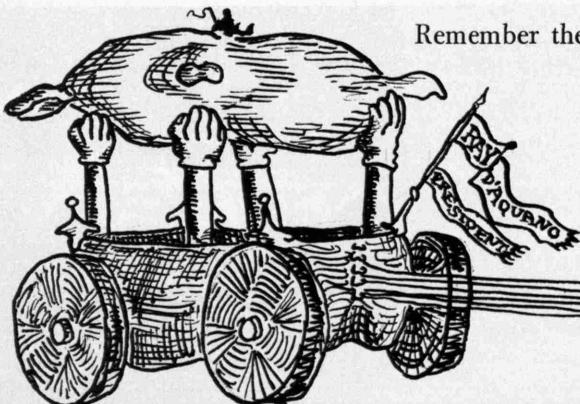
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We may even include yours -

Lyndon Johnson is mentioned on page 64. All the others are mentioned only in this article.

Future issues with even hipper lists of names are in the planning. Subscribe soon an booboon!!! Look at it this way—the more money you deposit in our coffers, the more Truth we can deposit on the world. So subscribe, get culture, and help us deposit all over the earth.

Dear hip guys at VooDoo,

Yesterday as I was talking to Andy Warhol and Stan Brakhage, I realized that I had not read the latest issue of VooDoo. Needless to say, I screamed out. When they heard this, Andy and Stan laughed and mocked for hours. I am determined not to let myself fall behind again in reading the hippest right-wing mag VooDoo. I have decided to subscribe. In addition to the three dollar fee, I have arranged for three letters of recommendation from certified hippies to be sent. The rather mundane details concerning my subscription are:

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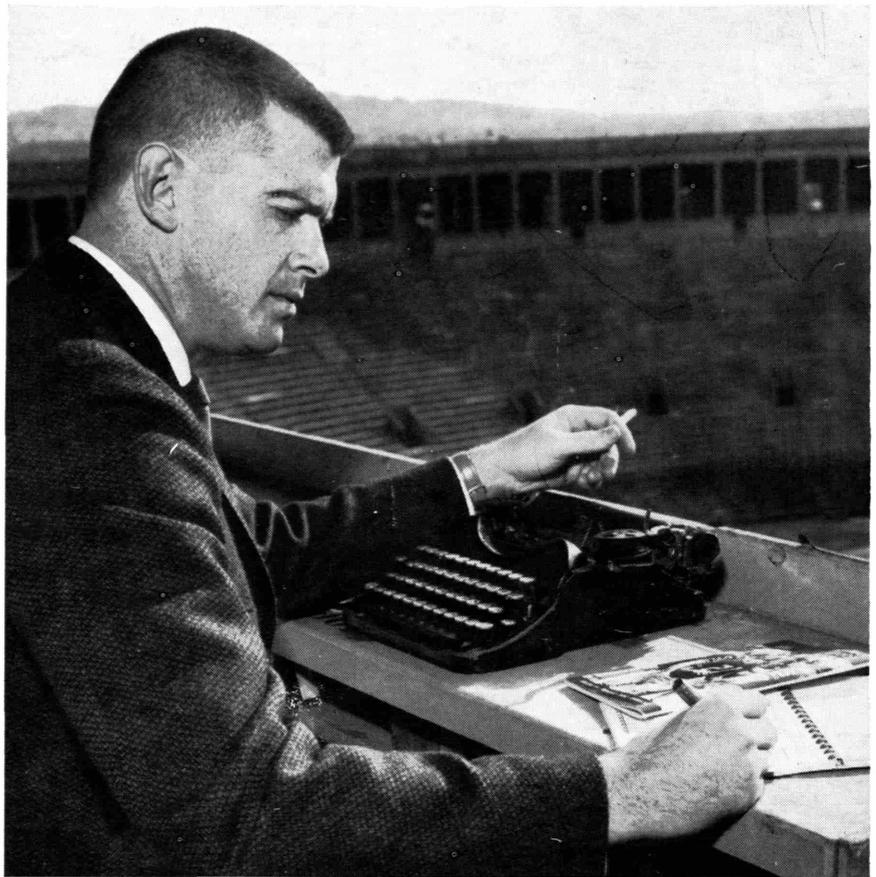
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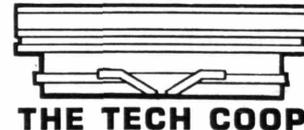
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