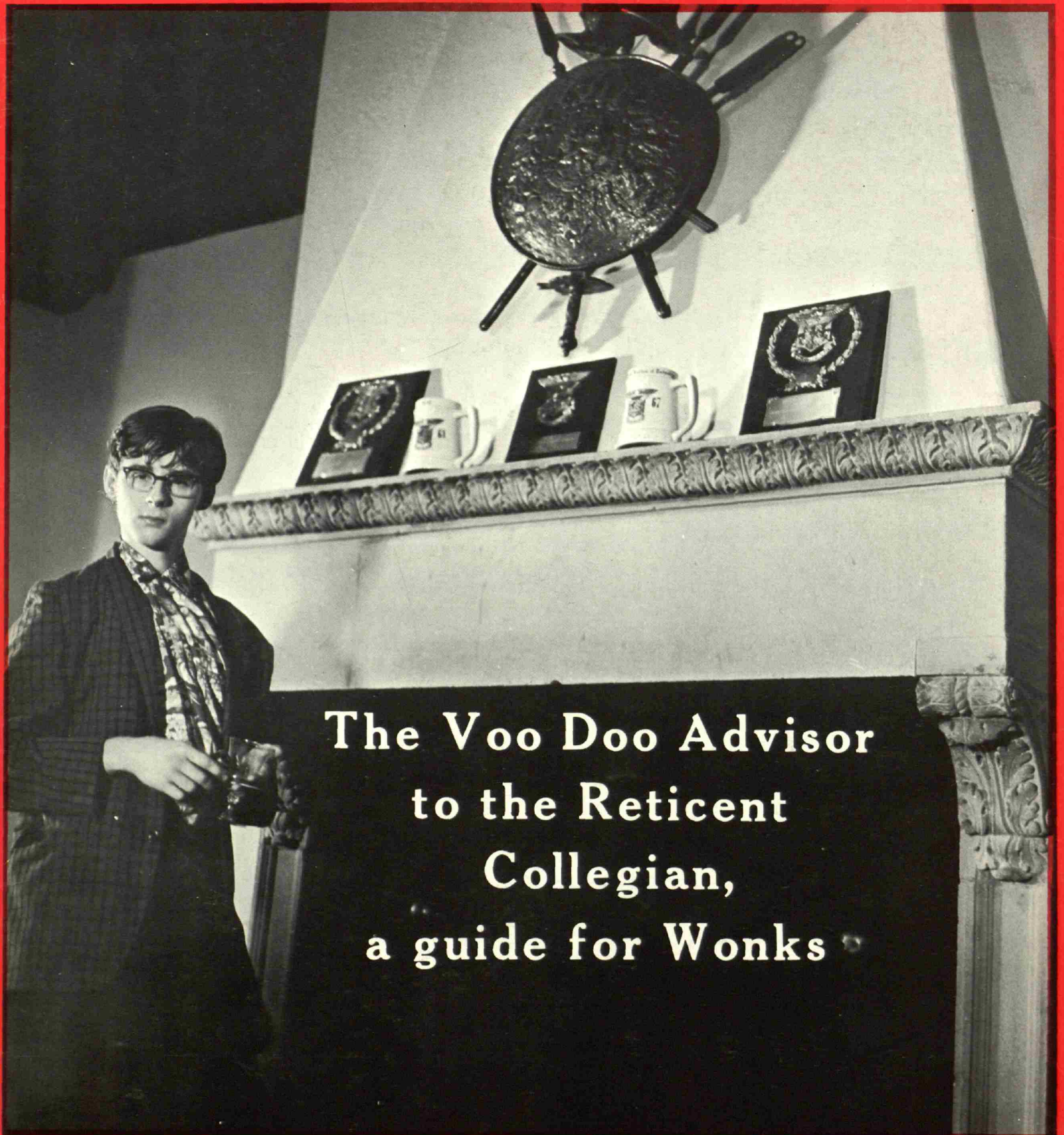


Voo Doo

AMERICA'S NO. 1 COLLEGE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Voodoo

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Dear Lainey: I'm sorry I didn't make it home last night. Honest I am. I know what you think — that I was running around — or out drunk or something. It's time to tell the truth. I can't go on lying to you. I was out with — her. VooDoo, I mean. Can you blame me, dear? You know she only comes once a month, from October through May, and once in August. My God, at eight times for \$3.00, how can I turn her down? She's so popular, that she's copyrighted. That's right. This time it was on October 28, 1966, by her agent, The VooDoo Managing Board. Quite a woman, that VooDoo. It's not easy for her to stay in business, though. She has to pay second class postage and give some samples to the boys at the Central Square branch. Those dirty old men. She even cleans up on vacation, dear. Why, when she's in Pago Pago, she goes for \$69.00 (for eight delicious installments). I can't leave her again. She's located in the M.I.T. Student Center, Room W20-461, 84 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Her postage due goes there. I'll stay with her, dear — forever. Let me know how you're doing, will you? K1 7-6339. Love, Kester

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(the Choicest Hops, Rice & Best Barley Malt

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PERRY V. WONG, MGR.

This is the *VooDoo* Advisor to the Reticent Collegian, a Guide for Wonks. This book, this modest little book, will cure all your social ills, take the burrs off your polish, and put polish on your hide. Yes, we of the *VooDoo* Collegiate Advisory Staff make the same offer that the Statue of Liberty does. We will take any tired and hungry soul that is willing to part with forty cents and change him into a dazzling collegian. All you need do now is sit down and read your purchase. Sit by a mirror so that you can watch the waves of goodness ripple over your body, effecting the marvelous changes at the speed of a greased bird.

But I hear you ask, "How?" You wonder what format, what scheme will be used to accomplish this great task. Well, our lead-in index might be able to give you a few clues. It does show you the significant contents. But actually your little mind is crying to find out the psychological plan of attack that the old mind-bender kings themselves, the *VooDoo* staff, will use upon you. Our answer to this stickler is, "Pshaw, we're not going to tell you." The reason is obvious. If we tell you, you will be on the lookout for our tricks and in addition to being able to resist the collegifing pressures of our issue, you would spot and avoid the mental booby-trap that we've hidden in *VooDoo*. That's right. Somewhere in this issue we've concealed a device that will actually addict you to *VooDoo*. Once you read it, you will have to buy *VooDoo* regularly or suffer immeasurably. We're not going to tell you where, so read very cautiously. In fact, you may have read it already. You should perhaps buy and read *VooDoo* regularly just in case. Be warned: don't take chances with us, *VooDoo* is our middle name. (Papa Doc used to be our General Manager.)

And so friend reader, we hope you enjoy the issue; we know that it will teach you many tricks of the college trade. We hope that will buy further copies of our magazine. And finally, we ask that you not buy any other magazines. (We can't stand competition")

Rode, for the Central Committee



"Sure, Ralph, I can wait a half-hour for Pizza from the Allston Tower of Pizza. Why do you ask?"



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STUDENTS

—HOW TO KNOW THEM

Once the new collegian has settled down, registered, and perhaps bought his books, his first great problem will form up in front of him: all those other students. Wow, what can one do? The day of the universal student is upon us. The utter selectivity of the old days is now dancing with n angels on the head of some cosmic pin. Socrates would only accept as many students as he could march across a relatively small cow pasture. Schools today use huge cow pastures simply to feed their students . . . spacewise, I mean.

This huge clan of modern students has a wild and chaotic cross-section. My old buddy Socrates wanted all his boys to know geometry (that's what the sign said). A good portion of today's young bright-eyeds don't have all the powers of arithmetic nestled behind their foreheads. Why, look at the no-mind that shot his forty cents on this advisor. Gad! That's what they're letting into our schools nowadays!

But now we, as your chosen advisors (remember the bit with the forty cents?), will try to lift the fog from around the solution of the inevitable question: How can I see my way through these students? How can I tell one from the other?

So here it is, a pictorial survey of the college crowd. Delineated in pictures rather than prose, partially for the benefit of those for whom the written word is an enigma and partially for the benefit of those of the literati to whom this tortured English is most insulting. Do bear with us.



1. A common species around great Eastern technical schools. She arrived with her hair done up but has since lost the art. (Compare to number 7.)



2. Student politicians are of this mold. Their middle names are always Charisma. Look for "Old Testament" eyes. These type usually end up as minor deans in college administrations.



3. A most prevalent type of coed. The outline is vague, the framework is sketchy. To break the monotony of this prosaic prototype, it is suggested that one shuffle the numbers around.



4. A generally harmless type. Has been known to work diligently and doesn't smell until Friday morning (on the Saturday night bath plan). (Compare to number 9.)



5. Very easy-going, perhaps not-so-diligent students. Usually owns a two-hundred-watt stereo and a three-watt mind. He is friendly and does not bite.



6. Beware of this type of student. He is flaky. He simply has to be a religious mystic, an existentialist, or a charter member of the S.D.S. He probably doesn't even like the Beach Boys.



7. Not to be confused with her fellow denizen of the Eastern technical school, number 1, this particular brand did not arrive with her hair put up (She thought that she was a male at the time. Others did too).



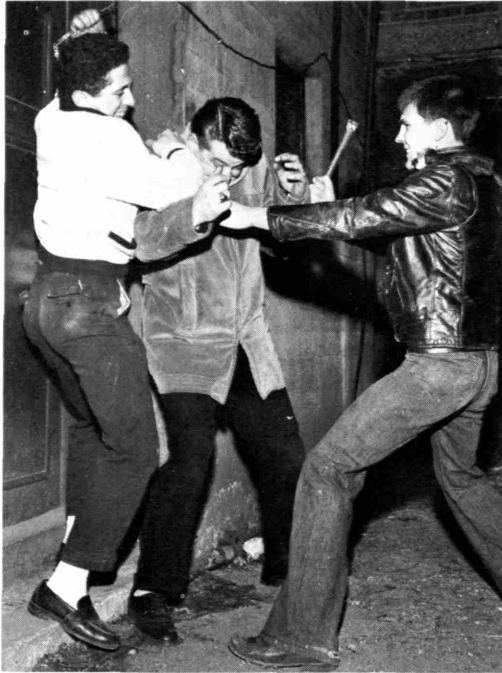
8. This type is the vicious and most fearsome ugly. The ugly is a stalker, a conniving trouble-maker, and a daughter of her mother.



9. Not to be confused with his more earthbound look-alike, number 4, this type differs in that his cum is one point higher. He usually has his problem set done "theveral weekth early". (Lack of socks is not in accordance with any tradition but due to inattention; he never looks down at the ground.) The idea of odor is simply out of the question in the mind of this specimen.

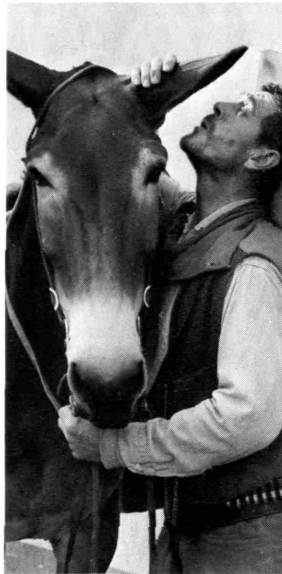
Collegiate Attire

A point is to made concerning dress and poise. You now realize that if, for instance, King Ivy himself should materialize next to you in his golden raiments, you can still be master of the situation. Gaily bedight in your army surplus coveralls, you can scowl over at him as he glowers blankly in anticipation of Brooks-Brothering you into a worm. You can then walk slowly around him skewing your head variously to get different perspectives. You then let a flash of enlightenment rip across your face as you remove his jacket, carefully turn it inside out, and replace it. Then you pat it back into place, nod and say, "You had it on wrong. There." Walk away very unconcerned. Maybe run off — it depends on the individual.



The Harvard Man is easy to spot in his wide whale corduroys and weejuns. His friend, a thalidomide baby who has learned to use his artificial arms constructively, models the latest in ethnic habit. What is the Techie wearing? We don't know, but he must be doing something wrong. Mainly, going to MIT.

The ethnic trend of last year, culminating in the "cowboy look" has evolved into a whole new look for the fall.



Old Look
Holy cow, boy oh boy
Out this year.



New Look
Kowabonga, Hokey-smokes
In this year.



As a guide for all the budding youngbeards in the peanut gallery, VooDoo presents a gallery of new and exciting facial hair styles.

The "PLAYBOY"

We have a hunch that this will be very popular this season.



The "Burn-tcork" (named after General Tcork-burn of the Pakistani Royal Air Force, 1593-1627, who was bald and impotent. Unable to grow a beard, he used "Dr. Vitoli's Hair Restoring Wonder Tonic" on his visage and died before the effect could be determined. His beard did grow but all dead people's do, we hear. They named the beard after him but the name was inverted in transit to this hemisphere and came into general use before the error was corrected. So what!



Did you know that girl-type pharaohs used to wear beards? Vazoom.



The mutton chop: Cook well to avoid trichinosis and like that.



If you can't get your hair that way, why not try a Dirksen beard. We love you and so does God, we hear, Ev.



Well.

There is, faithful reader, yes, there is one, count them, one (1), yes, one outfit, one style that can only be described as so out it's in. The true camp outfit, the uniform of the hipster and other good guys: the Sparkling Khaki of the U. S. Armed Forces and a host of others.



The Others.
Bad Guys: Yellow Men
Boo Hiss.

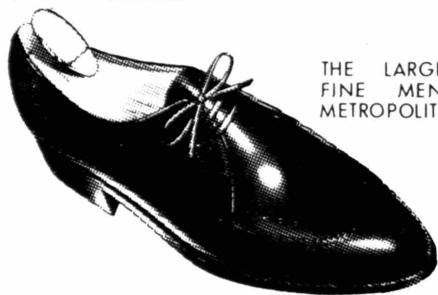
The In-Crowd
Our boys: The Good Guys
Yea & Hooray.

To the Editor:

I am tired and work-weary and don't feel like writing any more of this tripe. I hate VooDoo even more than *Time* Mag and you can quote me on that. Bah! Humbug!

The Author
R.G.

The End



THE LARGEST STOCK OF
FINE MEN'S SHOES IN
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Prediction: The Commonwealth of Massachusetts will
some day levy a tax on hitchhiking. It will be known as
the thumb tax.



Do you know who Alexander Graham Crznofczonpski
was?

The first telephone Pole.



What do eskimos get from rubbing noses?
Sniffilis.



Did you hear about the guy who dropped Mick Jagger
on a bunch of sparrows and killed two birds with one
stone?



What do you get if you cross an elephant with a rhinoc-
eros?

Elliphino.



How does a French girl hold her liquor?
By the ears.



Did you hear about the cock-eyed seamstress who
couldn't mend straight?



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Naturally, the complete collegian will wish to attend a smattering of his courses, as well as participating in the Campus Social Scene.

One unfortunate aspect of class-attending will be the realization that professors have a nasty habit of giving class assignments, usually in the form of problem sets, or papers. As a campus leader, you will find that you have no time to deal with such trivia. On the other hand, you will find it quite impolitic to be caught short-handed, so to speak, when those papers or whatever come due.

The following sample essay should be able to help you out for your first assignment. Just tear it out, scribble your name on top, and turn it in. If you wish to be more subtle, you may want to recopy it in your own handwriting, before turning it in.

But, you say, how can I turn in this same paper for every assignment? Obviously, you can't. Pretty soon your professor will begin to suspect something. Look around. Rip articles out of other magazines. If you're a real fox, you may have saved some old high school essays. If you really get stuck — get a copy of your professor's most recent book and quote a few pages — how can you lose? But for now, settle for this . . .

THE MOTOR DEBUILDERS or

How I Turned \$1,000 Into Nothing In My Spare Time

You can hear their ads on the radio most any old time. "One Day Service," they say. "All Work Guaranteed," they chirp. "Why Trade Your Car, When You Can Trade Your Motor?" they inquire, in a vaudevillian voice so reminiscent of a second-rate carny man that you can hear the capital letters.

Let me tell you why, dear reader.

Last spring I bought a second-hand car — a fairly nice car, at that. It looked sharp, rode well, and performed adequately for my tastes, which are those of an average red-blooded American male who belongs among neither the sixty-miles-to-the-gallon-minded nor the drag strip set. It had one or two minor deficiencies, however — notably a marginal clutch, and a noisy set of valves — so I foolishly decided to have it fixed up before heading south for Spring Vacation. The foolishness of this decision lay not in its general intent, but in that I decided to take the beast to the Motor Debuilders, of radio fame. I made this decision on the basis of their claims, which I believed.

Radio ads are a bunch of lies, children. Take it from one who knows.

So anyhow, there I was, with this car which needed fixing, and I drove it in to the Motor Debuilders, who told me point-blank that it would take at least three days to fix it; so much for the one-day service. It also turned out that they wanted a small fortune — on the order of \$200 — for making the machine a thing of glory once more. Since I'd gotten it fairly cheaply, I figured that I could chalk this up as a secondary portion of the purchase price, and so I agreed.

Three days later, I called up to see how things were doing. Two more days, I was informed.

Would you believe five-day service?

Don't.

On the fifth day, I called again, and was invited to pick up my chariot at noon. I was there and waiting. The chariot wasn't. At three o'clock, it was pronounced finished. I gave them the loot — in cash yet, as they had so demanded it (a sure sign of sneaky-pete) — and drove off.

Three miles later, the car conked out. I got it pushed into a gas station, and the guy there opined it was the batteries. We got it restarted, and as I pulled out, my gas station buddy called to my attention the pint of oil on the ground where my car had been.

Back to the Motor Debuilders, in the heart of beautiful Somerville (which is possibly the only town in the world more grotty than Cambridge). There, after much ranting, raving and threats, I got them to agree to attend to it immediately. Their ace mechanic, a non-English-speaking flunkout from the GM school, put the car up on the rack, muttering something which translated into a jibber about the valve-covers needing an extra seal. He got out his handy-dandy valve-cover bolt remover, promptly stripped the threads, and remarked something about aluminum, and how it had to be left to cool for an hour or two. "Come back tomorrow, and we'll have the valve cover all fixed up, and a new battery installed," said the Motor Debuilders.

Would you believe six-day service?

One day and forty dollars later, I picked up the car again. This time it went five or six miles before conking out. I got it push-started, and drove back to my apartment, already one day overdue in Washington, D.C.

That evening my apartment-buddy and I tried the beast again. Five miles and it died. More push-starting. Back home.

The friendly local gas-station charged up my battery the next morning, after having discovered that the MD's hadn't done so.

And the great race was on. Washington in ten hours, three push-starts, and many malfunction-sounds from the engine, which died for good. An autopsy by a Maryland Chevy dealer revealed that the valve-job had been botched, and that this had caused a piston to stick, the engine to over-heat to the point of ruination, and other various goodies.

Make that \$600, come to think of it — the plane trips cost another \$50. Total loss to date, \$800.

Much dickering with the MD's, but to no avail. "Sue if you like," they archly intoned. I thought evil thoughts, but figured the time, money, and uncertainty of victory ruled out this possibility.

Three weeks later, the clutch went, taking the transmission with it in the process. This cost \$200. Total total — \$1,000. The only value received for this money was the discovery of a good gas station (Joe's Medical Center Texaco, on Huntington Avenue, opposite the Harvard Medical School Library) and the original \$200 worth of work finally done right.

P.S. The valve cover still leaks oil.

by D. F. Nolan

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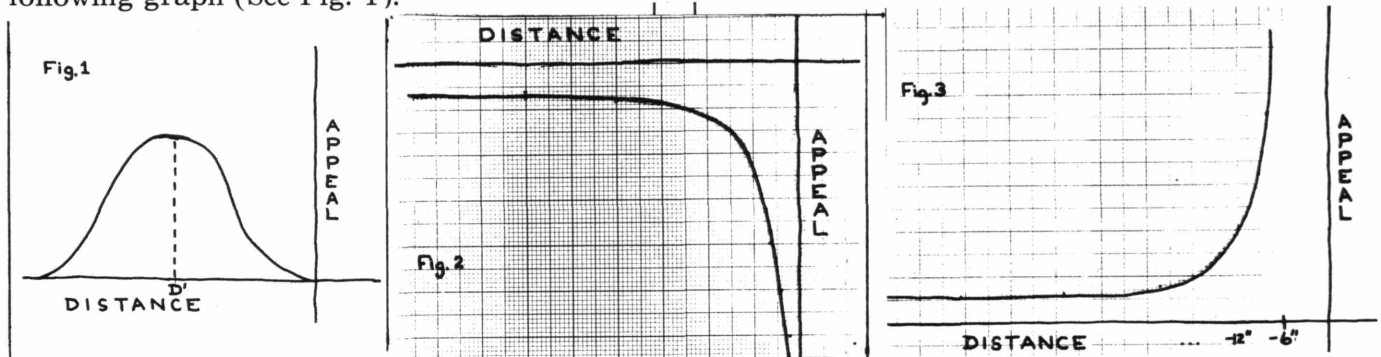
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THE CALCULUS OF GIRL WATCHING

Anybody who has spent any time at all at even a sub-mediocre technical school (preferably in the North-East) has undoubtedly made three observations: 1) all subjects are reduced, quantized, sterilized and mapped (homomorphically) into a numerical jargon. 2) President Johnson is taking his inauguration in stride, modestly keeping festivities to a minimum. 3) Girl watching is the only subject not as yet quantized.

In partial fulfillment of the B.A. degree, we present a revolutionary approach to the subject of Girl Watching, in an attempt to elevate the nebulous subject to the level of a science.

EMPIRICAL OBSERVATION: As most girls approach, their attractiveness decreases exponentially. As soon as the illusion generated by a girl's clothes gives way to the bare meat of appearance, it becomes increasingly easy to see that under the pigskin coat there lies a pig. We must keep in mind, however, that as a girl walks away, attractiveness drops again to 0, on the account of feeble vision. (We rule out you dirty old men with binoculars.) We are led to the following graph (See Fig. 1).



Such a girl has a characteristic hump maximum, where she appears at her best. The smaller D' , the better the absolute measure of the girl. Clearly, D' is inversely related to demand. Paavo Firmeat postulated that D' is directly proportional to supply, but as yet, this is unproved.

SPECIAL CASES:

I. THE TOTAL BAD-NEWS GIRL. For this specimen, the closer she approaches, the worse she looks from all angles. She approaches $-\infty$ asymptotically as D approaches zero. She has no hump. Her graph appears in fig. 2.

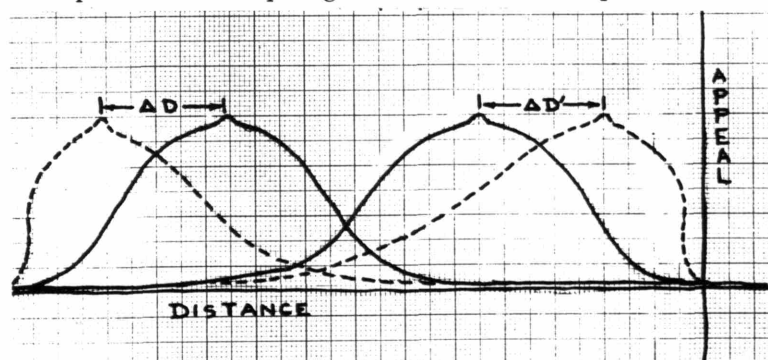
II. THE PIECE. This girl looks better as she approaches, reaching a value of $\neq 69$ at $D=0$. Appeal rises to $\neq \infty$ at -6 inches. Hump is infinite at this distance.

III. BIVARIATE HUMP EFFECT - THE TWO-GIRL PROBLEM. Observation: The girl G' with hump D' approaches with the girl G with hump D . A spreading of humps is observed. Clearly, this is a contrast manifestation. Graph appears in fig. 4.

$$\text{Theorem: } dD = dD' = \frac{D-D'}{D+D'}$$

Proof: Left as a manipulative exercise for the student.

The science of girl-watching is still young, and great possibilities are still available for individual research. Research tools required are eyes, ears, hands and a \$2 billion NSF grant, not to mention 3 weeks' time on an IBM 7094. The motto of the profession is inspiring - 'Observe and Conquer'.



STEVE GALLANT

Fig. 4

WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE



There comes a time in every collegian's life when he discovers that his life of leisure does not come cheaply. About October, the money runs out and a problem rears its ugly head. Cash. What do you do? Write home for loot? Forget it! You will have to (shudder) get a job.

A successful starting point is the concept of supply and demand. Look at the people around you; what do they want? Right! But where can they find sex? Look again. You know the answer like you know the palm of your hand. Well, you're *wrong*, they want girls. See any girls? Remember, maybes don't count. At this point, it is your economic duty to control the supply — for a price, of course. Unfortunately, pimping is not the most socially acceptable of occupations. But it pays.

An even more important consideration is availability of funds. Where do people put money expecting nothing for something (besides MIT tuition)? The most obvious answer is Boston slot machines, otherwise known as "parking" meters. Why should all those coins go to Boston's corrupt government when they could go to Boston's corrupt students? Of course, this enterprise requires a small capital outlay, namely a sledgehammer.

By now you see the general principles. Use your imagination. And enjoy, enjoy!

THE CLASSROOM

Now that you're in college, you have undoubtedly been deluged with that ubiquitous scourge of the undergrad, the CLASSROOM HANDOUT. Every course gives handouts. Tons of them. In fact, for the teaching Professor, the handout tonnage per course is a status goal second only to number of pages published per year. Math handouts. Economics reprints. Maps of Hannibal's campaigns. Some courses, however, have to really scrape to *find* material to put into handouts. But will these professors be left behind in the handout-tonnage race? Of course not. For those completely useless liberal arts courses, where each day's material comes straight from the instructor's ear, the professor tries to kill two birds on one stone — to add to his handout reamage, and to impress anyone in the department (notably the Head) that his course really has some useful content.

The way this is done is to quantize the course material. Add equations. And graphs. Best of all, is the method of computerizing some of the course content.

One of the best examples of this type of nonsense fell into our hands recently. A Government course handout attempted to show how computer modeling and selection techniques could be used to select administrators, notably college presidents. Our thanks to the unknown student who disgustingly (we assume) tossed his copy of this handout onto the ground outside a large lecture hall at a great Eastern University.

Mark S. Radwin School of Bureaucratic Mismanagement

Course Number 15.9923 Prof. Jakush
Heuristic Programming Aids to College President Selection
in Medium-Large Size Hypothetical Great Eastern Universities

The material for this research was made available through a grant of the Maiedenform Foundation under their program of extending research grants for study in heuristic programming aids to college president selection in medium-large sized hypothetical great Eastern Universities. This research was actually carried out by a team of heuristic programmers at the Mark S. Radwin School of Bureaucratic Mismanagement at a medium-large sized hypothetical Great Eastern University, early in 1966, and the results were used to select the president of that School. The following consists of excerpts from the report (**Report No. K-5069 Heuristic Programming Aids to College President Selection in Medium-Large Sized Hypothetical Great Eastern Universities**; Addison-Wellesley; New York, Palo Alto, Rome, and Novosibirsk; 1966; \$4.50 at better stores).

M. *.T., famed for pioneering ever-new uses for electronic computers, recently demonstrated its total faith in this new tool by using one to select its new president. Sophisticated programming techniques, as well as old-fashioned graft and politics, were merged by a Honeypot 3606 computer, which came up with a selection of the 'ideal' president.

Nearly a year ago, the Board of Directors of M. *.T. decided that the old method of selecting administrative personnel — by application and personal interview — was too inefficient to be in keeping with the modern spirit of the *nstitution. James P. Honeypot, board member and Chairman of the Honeypot Computer Corp., was one of the strongest backers of the new method of selection. This method was to select all personnel by the most advanced methods available. At that time, the only opening available was that of President.

A team of sophisticated programmers and king-makers was quickly assembled. Experts were called in from Harvard, Berkeley, Florida A&M, and Swarthmore. Lack of response caused the Administration to call in lesser experts from Boston Latin. Even so, the project surged ahead — a project destined to revolutionize administrative selection, and, ironically, to project the Project Leader, Radwin School Dean Howard Kemp, into obscurity.

The Team developed a complicated model for President Selection (see Fig. 1) which used a new Computer Language, called COPSGETU (College President Selection in Great Eastern Universities) developed especially for the purpose.

Relative preferences for the candidates' characteristics were also included in the program. Some were as follows:

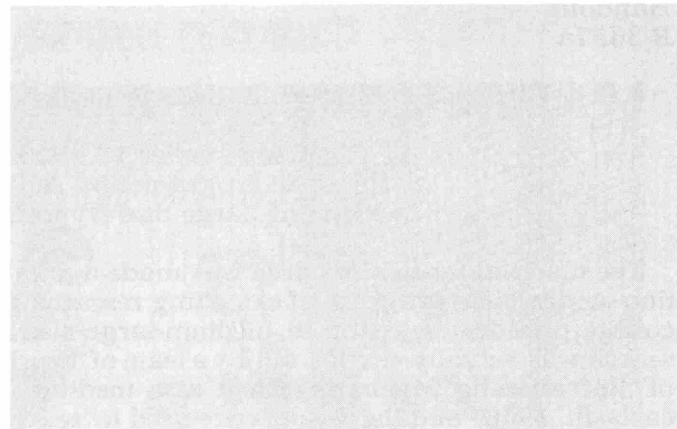
- In order of importance:
1. dynamic
 2. magnetic
 3. recognizably human
 4. come in 28 delicious flavors

Some of the data fed in included:

1. Names and histories of all U.S. mental hospital inmates since 1934 (where available).
2. Names and histories of all U.S. mental hospital directors.
3. **Who's Who** for 1938 (newest edition available in M. *.T. library).
4. 1910 Swarthmore College freshman picture book.
5. Pictures of the complete Rockette chorus line (as of May 12, 1966).
6. Chuck Deber.
7. Complete Blue Cross Actuarial Tables.

For statistically-minded readers, we note here that 38.6 million holes were punched in 7.12 million *.B.M. cards, to express some 4.18 million different bits of information. It took a team of 398 secretaries, working 8 hours a day, with 35 min. for lunch, 5 days per week, excluding Columbus Day, Patriot's Day, and John Philip Sousa's Birthday, 45,677 hours to obtain this data. (They did it by scrounging around the floor of the keypunch room at Project COPSGETU, counting the number of chips punched from the cards.)

That's not all. The monstrous Honeypot 3606 hummed at high speed for 37 hours and 45 minutes, digesting the massive load of facts. The machine then typed out the name of the man who would be M. *.T.'s next President — Stokely Carmichael.



VOO DOO COLLEGIATE GIRL

FORMERLY DOLL-OF-THE-MONTH

This is Ann. Art K. took her picture.

When the light shines on her blonde hair, she looks pretty far away. Like from Olympus.

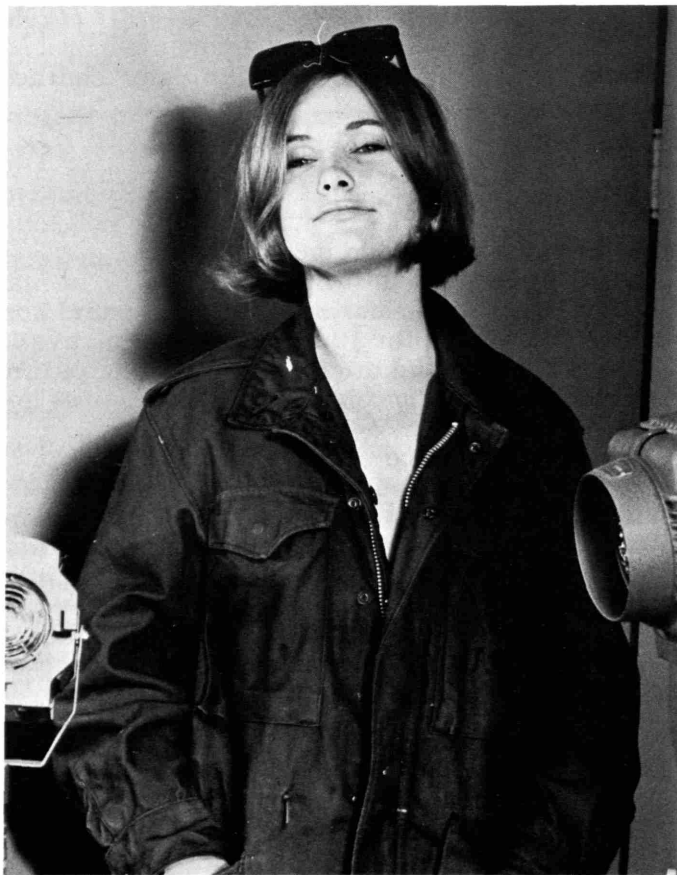
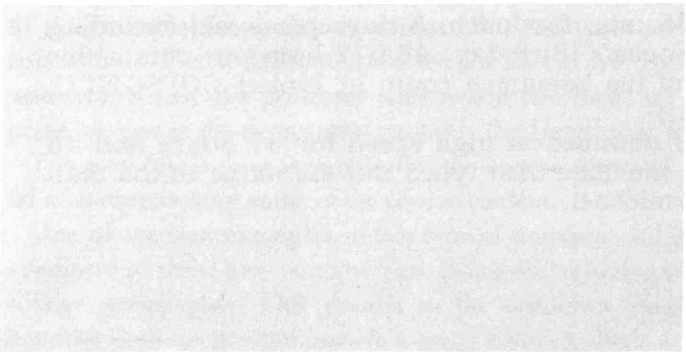


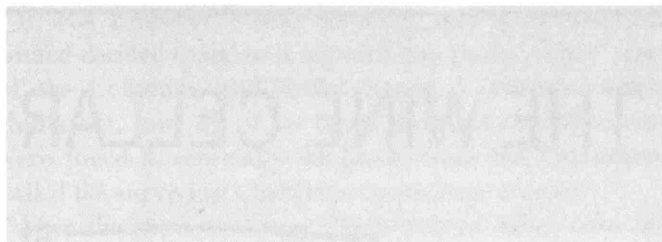
But she comes down to earth, man.

Tough.

Groovy.

Wuzzah, Wuzzah.



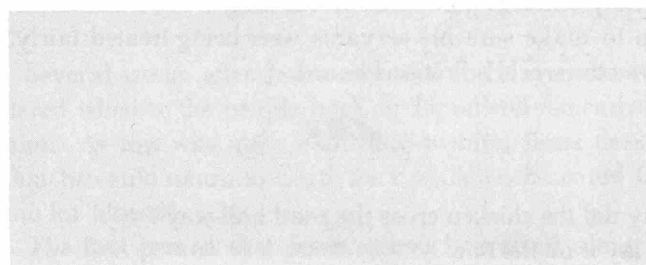


There's more to her than meets the eye, though. Lots more.

Like, she's literate. Kafka. Faulkner. Fellini. Dr. Seuss. Guilliame Apollanane.

She also likes: The Big M. Gregorian chants, mini-skirts, Steamer in a Snowstorm, Filene's basement, motorcycles, and things like that. Honest.

There aren't many like her. Color yourself lucky.



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Why did the chicken cross the road half-way?
To lay it on the line.



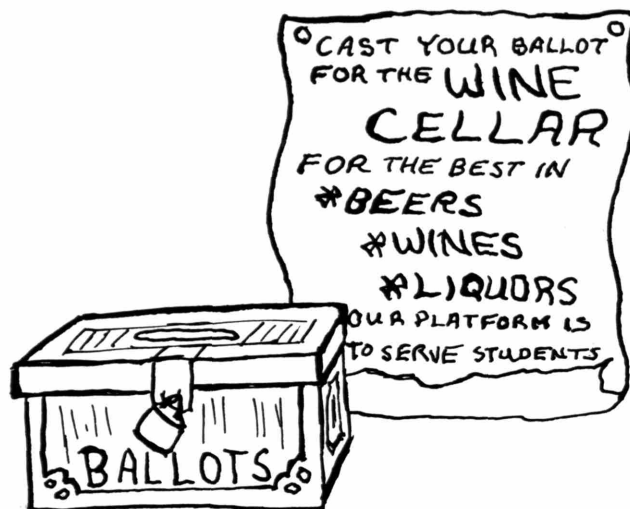
A small Shakesperian theater company was putting on a series of five plays. They only had enough funds to purchase one small marquis. What were the plays?

Wet	Dry	
1 1/2"	6"	12"

A Midsummer Night's Dream
Twelfth Night
Much Ado About Nothing
As You Like It
The Taming of the Shrew



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After the show was over, Nero walked down onto the floor, amid the dead and mangled bodies. Suddenly, he heard a weak, distant voice. He looked up, and noticed that one of the Christians, nailed upside down, high on a cross, was still alive, and was mumbling something.

Eager to hear what the man was saying, Nero ordered the guards to bring a ladder. Carefully climbing up the tall ladder, Nero bent his ear close, so as to hear the dying Christian's last words: "Happy birthday to you...."

Why did Jayne Mansfield almost drown the other day?
It took six lifeguards to carry her out, three abreast.



B.U. Girl: "If I take one drink I can't feel it; if I take two drinks I can feel it; and if I take three drinks, anybody can feel it."



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Park

Several weeks after Jesus ascended to Heaven, he wondered whether the people back in Israel still remembered him. As this was quite important to him, Jesus decided that he could return to Earth for a while so he could find out for himself.

The first person that Jesus saw as he walked along by the Sea of Galilee was an old carpenter. Jesus walked up to the carpenter and asked, "Excuse me, Sir, but do you know who I am?"

The carpenter looked at him closely for a minute, then replied, "No, I've never seen you before."

A little disappointed, Jesus thought for a moment before replying. "Let me give you a hint," whereupon he stood straight and held his arms out horizontally. "Now do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the carpenter, "I still don't know who you are."

Jesus didn't give up that easily, though. He walked up to a large cross planted on a nearby hill, and held his arms up to the horizontal portion of the cross. "NOW do you recognize me?" implored Jesus.

The carpenter's eyes brightened. He rushed up to Jesus and deftly began to nail his arms to the cross, shouting, "Now I remember you. I thought we got you last time."

USE OF MATERIALS

By Jakush, Taggart Randall

No collegian's career will be all oneupsmanship and jetsetting. Occasionally our young sophisticate will feel the need to engage in innocent recreation — of no practical value; and yet it must always be very in. For one's peer group value leader can pop in at any moment, and our aspiring undergraduate must always be engaged in a very very IN-pursuit. The campus grapevine rumors that this year's VERY VERY pastime will be, as usual, something unusual, and yet everyday. Something uncommon yet commonplace, something totally useless and yet so very very engrossing. This year, the man-about-campus will be spending his extra time on . . . BEER CAN CONSTRUCTION.

In short, the undergrad will be trying to come up with the most ingenious, most unlikely use for those old smelly beer cans which are cluttering up his so very posh dorm room.

Get ahead of the others. Here are some suggestions of beer can ideas that will really amaze and one-up your competitors in the campus prestige rat-race. One word of caution: the most sophisticated beer can architects *drink* the contents of the cans before they begin to build with them.



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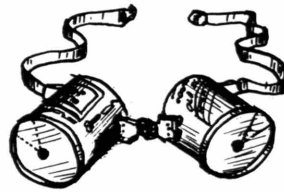


SPACE AGE
LATRINE

Space Age Latrine



PIGGY BANK



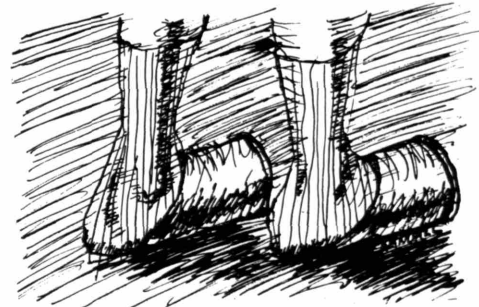
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AN INTERVIEW WITH BATMAN

by Alan Chapman

- VOODOO: Today we are very honored to be able to speak to Gotham City's most famous citizen, Batman . . .
Batman, your cape is quite impressive. Why do you wear it?
- BATMAN: I wear it for good luck. You might say it's my cape of good hope.
- VOODOO: Batman, you use many weapons, like the Batawang, the Batgun, and the Batwazoo. Which would you say is your most effective one?
- BATMAN: Batbreath.
- VOODOO: But doesn't that ruin your social life?
- BATMAN: I don't have any social life . . . I'm married.
- VOODOO: Really?
- BATMAN: Yes, to Robin.
- VOODOO: But I thought Robin was a boy.
- BATMAN: Don't be ridiculous. Who ever heard of a boy named Robin?
- VOODOO: But I thought Robin was an alias.
- BATMAN: It is. Her real name is Woodpecker.
- VOODOO: That's all, Batman. Thank you . . . I guess.

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AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT (?)

By Rich Rosen

A Study of Various Groups on the Fringe of the Political Menagerie

The Far Left

SDA (Students for a Dictatorial Autocracy) – SDA is an organization of youths dedicated to the proposition that anyone ideologically to the right of Mario Savio is a Fascist and must be eliminated. Anyone over 30 also falls into this category. They like to do "in" things: sit-ins, stand-ins, sleep-ins, strip-ins, make-out-ins, etc.

VDC – No explanation needed.

November 5th Movement – N5M is a movement preserving the memory of one of History's great anarchists, Guy Fawkes, who tried to blow up Parliament on November 5 in the ancient past, somewhere. This year they will celebrate Guy Fawkes Day by blowing up the Green Building using a charge buried in the time capsule under the Great Sail.

Young Anarchists – YA advocates the overthrow of the government. Their main problem has been organizing behind one leader.

The Far Right

Ku Klutz Klan – The KKK is trying to save the civilized, intellectually superior white race from "mongrelization". This is why they wear white hoods (and are white hoods), bomb churches, burn crosses, and lynch "Nigras".

The John Belch Society – This "educational" society is trying to teach people the true facts of history. For instance, that President Eisenhower was an agent of the Communist conspiracy (we knew he

American Ratsy Party – The Party, led by George Stinking Ratwell, is a collection of 4-F's who were re-

jected by the Army because of homosexuality. They now have their own army, and are planning to fortify the Rhineland. We won't disturb them from their dreams. We just clean the cage once a week.

The Vast Middle

The rest of us; i.e., the meek, sheepish, uneducated slobs.



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THE ROAD TO COOL

What the Socially Correct Freshman Should Know

by Rich Rosen

So as not to appear a complete boob, the freshman who aspires to BMOG status must master the social graces. For instance, the seemingly simple act of lighting a cigarette actually requires much practice to gain the proper savoir-faire. Do not hold the lighter there too long; you will look stupid. Wait until the temperature is approximately 600°K, then remove the lighter, flipping it shut with the index finger of the right hand, and finally toss it suavely into your pocket.

Also, when writing down a girl's phone number, the use of a "little black book" is rather gauche. Something more imaginative, such as pocket-sized clay tablets, or stylus and parchment, is in order.

Now, a few pointers on special aspects of campus life.

Attire: Sweatshirts, red socks and galoshes are definitely out. Courduroy jackets, cuffed slacks and "penny loafers" are definitely in. Shirts, too, should always be in. The big campus trend this year seems to be towards boxer shorts in stripes and muted plaids, as well as the traditional solids. Be sure to color-coordinate your underwear with the rest of your garb, so as to maintain a total look.

The Mud Look, exemplified by bell-bottomed slacks, polka-dot shirts, and short skirts, has become fashionable for the sartorially correct man-about-campus.

Then, for the less daring there is the Traditional Ivy Look. However, students often tire of wearing traditional ivy, so try to vary your wardrobe.

Room Decoration: Traffic signs, Playboy centerfolds, etc., are passe as room furnishings. A little imagination will do wonders for your wall. For instance, a full-color relief map of Bechuanaland. Or perhaps a paint-spattered dropcloth, deftly "borrowed" from a painter. These are the qualities which set the aspiring BMOG apart from the average run-of-the-mill tool.

Most of all, remember — The important thing is to maintain your cool!



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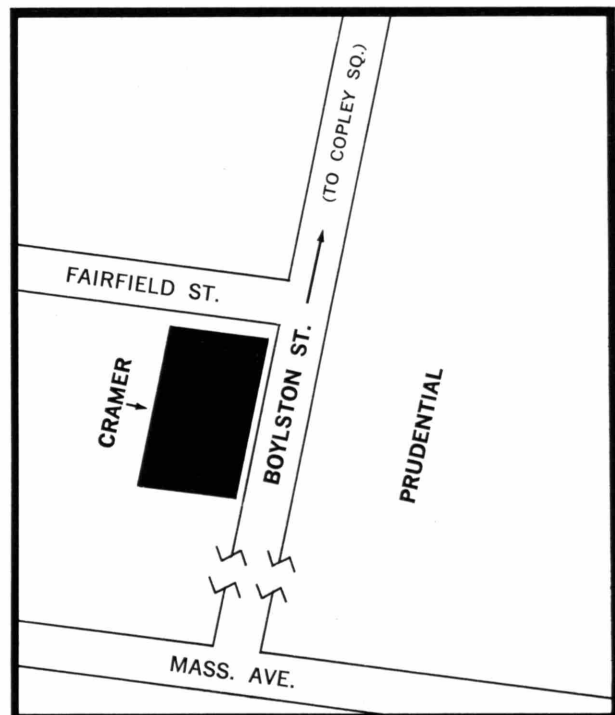
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COLLEGE TRADITIONS - A SYMPOSIUM

Following the pedagogical methods of another famous advisory magazine for the younger set, the *VooDoo Guide for Wonks* includes a candid interview with representatives of the major groups affecting college tradition.

Our panel includes Timothy Leary, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Billy Saltine, Chicken Hawk Cunningham. Our moderator this evening is Margret Meade, well-known Proctologist and author of *Coming of Age in Samoa*, and other thinly-veiled pornography.

Meade: Good evening ladies and gentlemen and children of all ages. Welcome to our little discussion. Tonight we are going to discuss the topic of our discussion which is a discussion of college traditions and where they have gone. My work with primitive rites gives me a unique background for the study of College traditions, where they have been, and where they are going. College traditions began way back when the boys wore funny hats in Pythagorus' garden. Remember Socrates? He died laughing after the Hemlock drinking initiations the Greeks prepared for him. Greeks today prepare similar initiations. But many college traditions, like administrations, Trigger, the University of California, the Edsel and wing-tipped shoes have passed on into oblivion. We have a constant flow of new traditions. Maybe I should let the others do some talking. Dr. Peale, on my right here, will lead off. Dr. Peale, you have been observing college traditions for many centuries. What have you noticed, Dr. Peale?

Peale: Well, I've noticed changes and some I like and some I don't like, but I shouldn't worry much whether I do or don't like them, because that would be judging the changes and not the traditions themselves. We must learn to look at these things in a direct way.

Meade: Yes Dr. Peale, but what of these changes?

Peale: Ah yes, changes.

Meade: Yes, the changes we are discussing.

Peale: Right; when looking at these changes, it is very important that . . .

Meade: (coughs): Oh, Mr. Savio, I have observed the intent expression you wear; you must be forming some ideas. You've observed these changes, too?

Savio: But not for hundreds of years. I end these changes.

Meade: Being younger, I realize . . . Oh, I mean you being younger, you understand?

Savio: Yes, young; what is youth? I am young, you are old. I saw no changes. What are changes? What does it mean to see? What does mean mean? What does what . . .

Meade: Thank you, Mr. Savio; and I'm really not that old.

Savio: You have an old mind. Dr. Peale has an old mind. Saltine has an old mind. Stokely, you're OK.

Meade: Mr. Saltine, perhaps you could give us a particular tradition, some little nugget from your experience. You've seen schools for many years now.

Saltine: I am a natural.

Meade: That's not what we meant. You must remember some little tradition you've seen in schools that has changed.

Saltine: I am a natural.

Meade: But Mr. Saltine, you are not answering our question. What does it mean, that you are a natural?

Saltine: I am a natural preacher. I am not a preacher of the schools. I am a preacher of the Lord. I have found my calling and I need no schools. When I was younger, before I realized my calling, I led a hollow life, frequenting pool halls and schools. My path was crooked. My life was like a drooping daffodil; all the fine dew ran right on through to the ground, wasted. My life was like a cake of ice. No, wait — my life was like a snowball in front of the fire in the kitchen. My life . . .

Meade: Mister Saltine. What exactly are you trying to say. I mean, relative to schools.

Saltine: Doctor Saltine. I mean to say, Friends, I needed no schools. I found my life's calling when I was trying to remember the combination to my gym locker. I twisted and I turned and I pulled and I pushed and did I remember my locker combination? NO! But I saw the Lord, peeking from the showers, in the locker next to me, EVERYWHERE!

(*Woman in Audience:*) Amen, Amen, AMEN.

Saltine: (Gesturing to woman): Yes, child, did you see the Lord . . .

Meade: But Dr. Cracker, our discussion . . .

(*Guards dispose of woman*)

Saltine: But as I was saying, Friends, I saw the Lord that very afternoon. I saw his plan for me. I left my socks in the locker room that day and I set forth . . .

Meade: Ah! Mr. Parseghian, I see you have your hand raised; you know lots of traditions, I guess.

Parseghian: Oh yeah, I know locker rooms. Lotta traditions there. What are you talking about, anyway? What changes? I see no changes. I run as tight a ship as Rute Knockne . . . Knute Rockne ever did. Why tradition is the mainstay of my team.

Meade: But sir, you've got to admit that there've been changes in socio-political atmosphere. Look at the civil rights people, free speech people. The old campus of Ute Rknockne or whatever the hell his name is, never had any of this.

Parseghian: Oh, them guys . . . they're bustin' up the old Ivy. I wish they would send them all back to Russia!

Carmichael: Whazzat boy? We ruining your little game? I really don't mind you, now. I kinda enjoy that game of yours; stick with it . . . Boy. Don't ruin my game, boy.

Savio: Give 'em hell, Stokely!

Saltine: SCHOOLING made you say that - change your path! You've got to find the Lord!!

Parseghian: In the locker room??

Peale: But you're seeing it all wrong . . .

Savio (turning): You have an old mind!

Meade: But I'm only . . .

Leary (concentrating on EXIT sign): green lines purple dots soft tunnels cosmic leeches god in locker room . . .

Cunningham (bites Meade): Arrrrrrgh.

Meade: (taking notebook): Hmm . . . Interesting . . . cannot communicate so bites . . .

Saltine (ascends into Heaven).

Saltine (from afar): I am the alpha

Peale (begins next book).

Carmichael (motions to Savio, incites insurrection, with deaf-dumb signals over the din.)

Meade (leaves for Tasmania, Cunningham in tow.)

Parseghian (drops back ten and punts.)

Leary (transmutes to red beetle, heads for Canada.)



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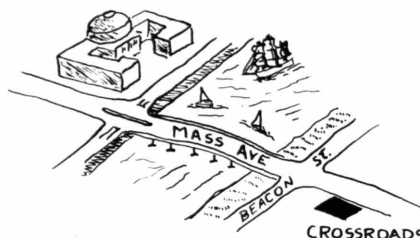
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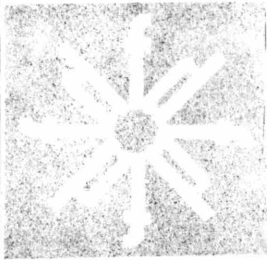
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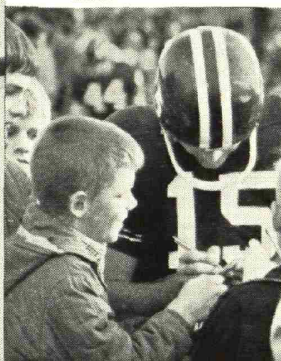
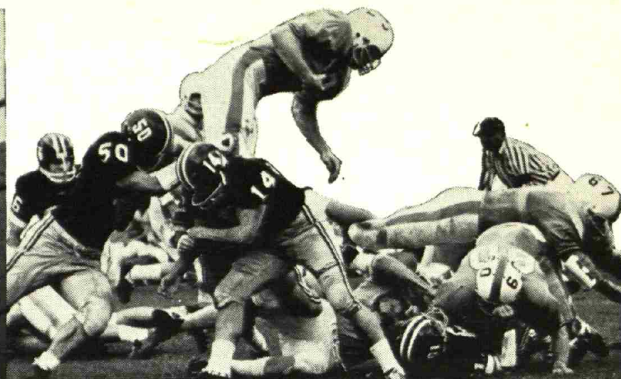
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