

# ***SUICIDE VODOODO***

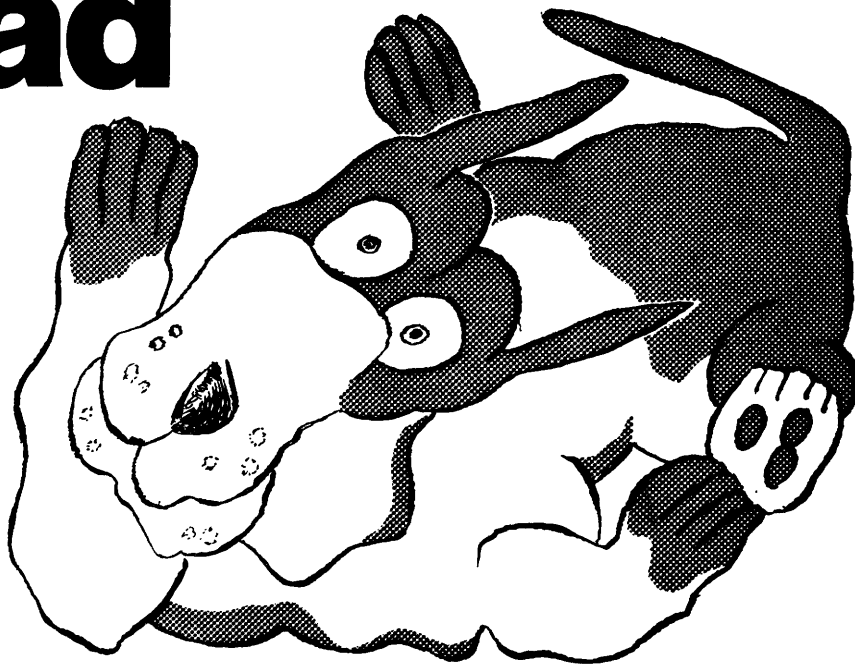




# Especially made for the special needs of dead dogs.

Now your dog can get all the nutrition he or she needs from just a single can of Cycle 5, the one dog food especially formulated for your less active dead dog. No extra calories to fatten up that sleek body. Cycle is the first line of food nutritionally formulated for the major stages in a dog's life and death cycle.

Your dead dog's nutritional needs differ significantly from those of a live dog. Changes in his or her metabolism require less high quality protein. Only Cycle 5 gives your dog exactly what he or she needs. A large amount of formaldehyde gives your dead dog that ready-to-get-up-and-go look. Cycle 5 has a taste dead dogs love (and a convenient funnel is provided free with every can to make mealtime simple and trouble-free). Its scientifically shaped chunks are always fresh, and yet they provide your dog with all the quality and amount of protein that suits his or her needs.



In order to get the best results from the Cycle 5 diet plan, follow these simple suggestions: Force five cans of Cycle 5 daily down your deceased beast's throat. A periodic machine washing on a permanent press cycle and warm tumble dry are recommended to keep your dead dog in top physical condition.

Cycle. Every Day For the Death of Your Dog.

## Cycle5

FOR  
DEAD DOGS



# VooDoo

## The M.I.T. Journal of Humour

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(1956-1977)

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(1955-1977)

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3 Ames Street, Box C  
Cambridge, MA 02139

Why did the chicken run under the wheels  
of a taxicab?

To get to the Other Side.



Of course the farmer was reluctant, but after some smooth talking the veteran traveling salesman had a place to stay for the night. Oh no, my sleeping habits are very versatile...I can sleep with animals, children, perhaps...a daughter? Of course, there was a daughter, and she was in the only unfilled space in the extremely untidy estate, so he would have to sleep with her. Until recently, the farmer noted, she had been noted throughout the county for her highly-developed sexual ability and the incredible stupidity of her old man for thinking she was a naive-innocent.

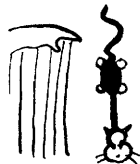
The salesman licked his lips and followed the farmer to a large hole in the yard. This is the place, said the farmer as he pushed the salesman in, head-first, onto the partially-decayed corpse of a strapping young girl, but I wouldn't stay past four. That's when I'll be back with a bulldozer to bury her.



You'll never get me to donate my organ!



Our Unabridged Dictionary defines "Self-immolation" as "the act of setting fire to oneself."



The two great scientists were comparing their impressions shortly after witnessing the extremely painful death of a technician in the lab they shared. They grew disturbed as they found that they agreed in almost none of the details and finally, after months of increasingly-heated arguments and bad feelings slowing down work, they decided to recreate the accident as an experiment and ob-

serve it objectively.

They called Campus Patrol and said there was an intruder doing something to a large metal plate with three thick wires leading into it sitting on a rubber table in their lab, and would one of the officers mind coming to examine it?

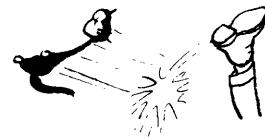
The responding Officer Tim O'Falley burst into the room with a hearty "Campus Patrol...On The Job!" The scientists showed him the plate. He frowned and squinted. "Is that a name engraved on that plate?"

"Yes," said one scientist, "it's Skimtimzowie, 924."

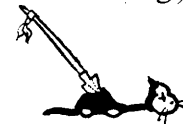
The officer produced a flask of tobacco sauce, and when attempting to pour some over the plate, he tripped and disconnected the wires.

"Why Tobacco?" asked one of the great men.

"Because you can virsk a man Skimtimzowie but Tim tobacco drink," he replied, affixing a bicycle parking ticket to the offending plate.



Did you hear about the East Campus resident who tried to commit suicide? He couldn't find a screwdriver big enough to pry open the welded fire door to the top of the Green Building, so he gave up.



Then there was the jock who tried to O.D. on downers but couldn't count to ten, especially when using his fingers.



And the Bexley student who tried to kill himself with a drug overdose, but couldn't?



What's the difference between a baby's head and a doorknob?

Doorknobs seldom come off when you twist them.

# Editorial



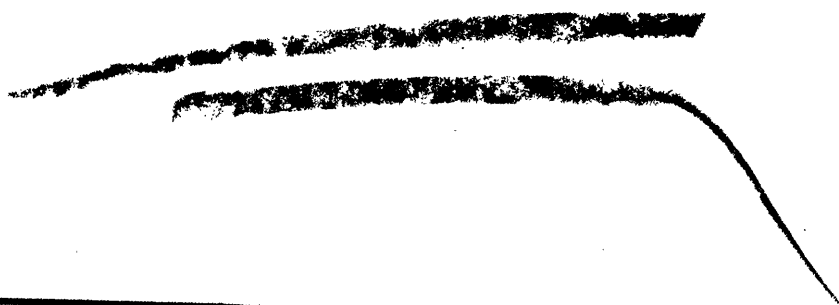
## VooDoo

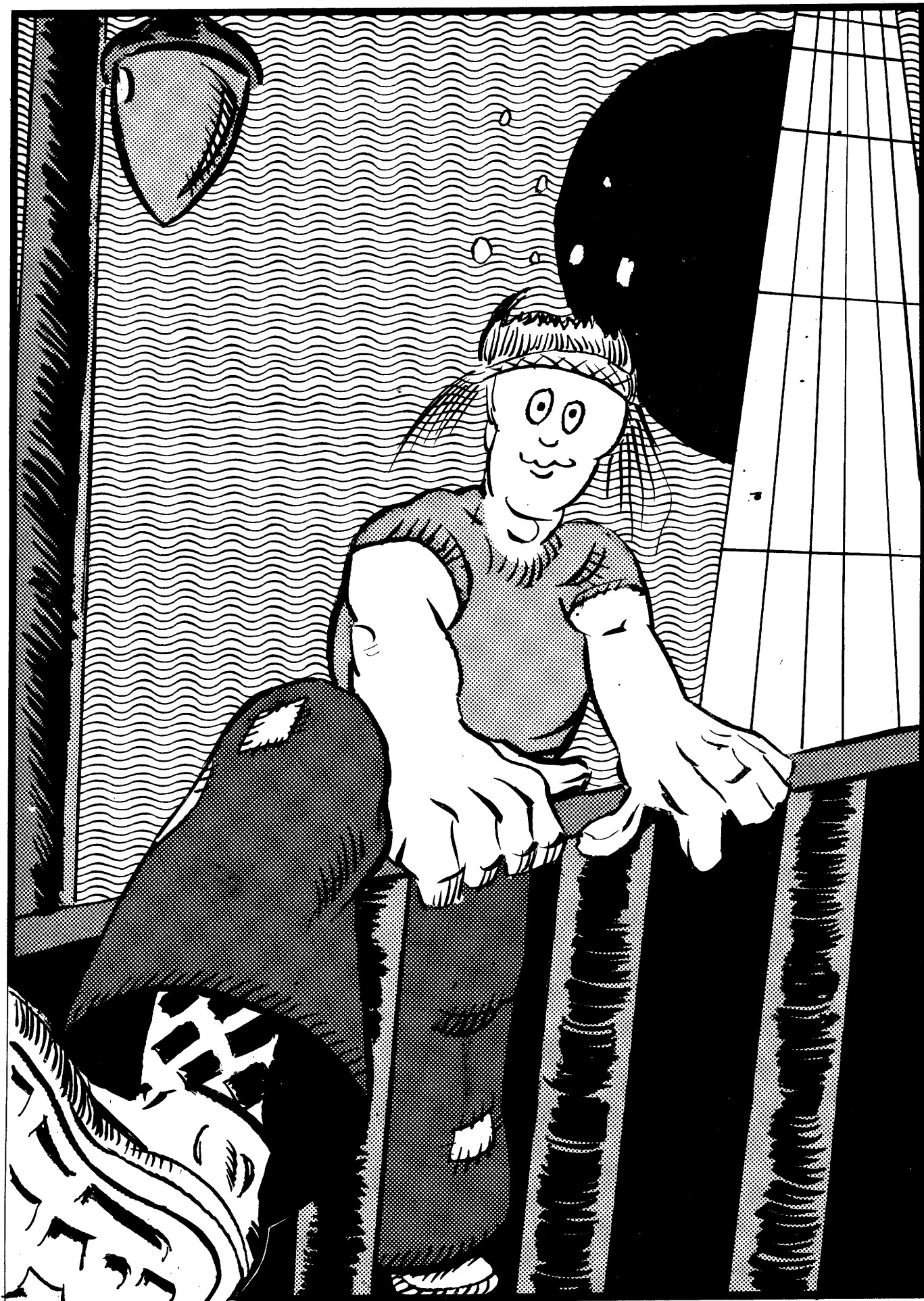
The M.I.T. Journal of Humour

3 Ames Street, Box C  
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4/1/77

We can't  
take it  
anymore!





# oops!

*“He said he wished I was dead  
and would I please go off somewhere  
and quietly kill myself. I put on  
my coat and started walking  
to the Harvard Bridge.”*

**Well, man,** it's like this. I was getting into some serious drug use last term. I mean really serious. You know, a bowl in the morning, a little hash for lunch and whatever happened to be around at night. ALL NIGHT! My roommate was really getting grossed out by the whole scene. There were people coming over at all hours to get their minds disconnected from the so-called “reality” of MIT. So, anyway, one night after I had been up for 48 hours (or some similarly obscene number), Jim came over with this incredible new Columbian Gold that he insisted I had to try immediately. Being one to never turn down free drugs at this point in time, I put aside ideas I might have had about sleep and proceeded to fill up a bowl with this stuff. Just about now, my roommate came home and was REALLY TIRED.

Something snapped in his mind and he started ranting and raving about my degenerate lifestyle, my friends (all of whom were drug addicts, according to him), my lack of sensitivity, and other such stuff.

We ignored this tirade of abuse and proceeded to get EXTREMELY STONED. I'm talking about not being sure where, what, who, and other such vital questions. After we had finished three (or was it four... or five) bowls of pot, even the deranged mumblings of an annoyed roommate seemed to carry some importance. I suppose you could say we found him entertaining since we did a lot of laughing at him that night.

He all of a sudden started into the fact that he wished I was dead and would I please go off somewhere and quietly kill myself. For some unknown reason that seemed to make

perfectly logical sense to me. I put on my coat, said goodbye to my roommate and started walking to the Harvard Bridge. I went right to the middle of it, right where it says “Halfway to Hell” and proceeded to consider the jump to the river. It being 4 AM, there was no traffic on the bridge. My roommate's comments and suggestions fresh in my mind, I figured what the hell, climbed over the railing, and went off into the air.

My condition was such that I failed to recognize that what had been in front of me was not the railing on the bridge, but the Student Center bicycle rack. I landed flat on my ass about two feet from where I jumped. The river, the smoot markings, the road had all been created in my mind. As I slowly realized this, I started to laugh as loud and hard as I could. Then I

*(continued)*

(continued from previous page)  
crawled home and went to sleep. When I woke about a day or so later, I remembered what had happened and vowed that this kind of life was going to have to end.

I moved into a single this term. My friends and I do what I want, when we want, with no interference from roommates and such. Oh yeah, my roommate from last term just stopped by to tell me that since I left and some freshman turkey moved in, he's been going slowly crazy and is going to take next term off to think about what he wants to do. Have to go, it's time for my midnight joint.



## It seemed like

such a neat idea—killing myself. After all, how many people off themselves just for the sheer pleasure of it. It would all be planned out carefully. I'd do it on Kresge Plaza on the Friday of Spring Weekend. There would be TV and radio coverage of the event. Maybe we could get *Rolling Stone* to cover it as well. It

would be a major event. I mean, if Gary Gilmore could become a national hero, why not me?

Three weeks before the scheduled date, I started planning. The first question was how to kill myself. After considering all the possibilities, I decided that a hanging was what was called for. Quick, no mess, and a real crowd pleaser. Along with some friends I built a platform with a hangman's noose attached. We stored it in the basement of Bexley Hall and would assemble it on the Student Center steps the day of the hanging.

Two weeks beforehand, I started telling people that something big would be happening and to be prepared for the time of their lives. Except for the three people helping with the planning, no one had any idea of what was being planned.

One week before my death date I sent out invitations to the local media:

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED  
TO AN OLD-STYLE HANGING  
To Occur On  
Friday, April 29, 1977  
At 2 PM  
On the Steps of the  
MIT Student Center

Two days before it, my friends started to figure it out and tried to talk me out of this crazy scheme. My mind was set. I was going to hang myself on Friday.

The day before I wished goodbye to all my friends and even a few enemies. I actually got to attend my own wake, as we partied all night.

The morning of the event we assembled the platform and made the final preparations. By 1 PM, over 500 people had assembled including press, administrators, and policemen.

At exactly 2 PM I put my head in the noose and gave the signal. The trap door was open and I fell. I fell the five feet to the ground and landed on my ass.

The wood had broken. The hanging was a disaster. And I vowed never to use wood stolen from Sterrit Lumber ever again.



## Another failure.

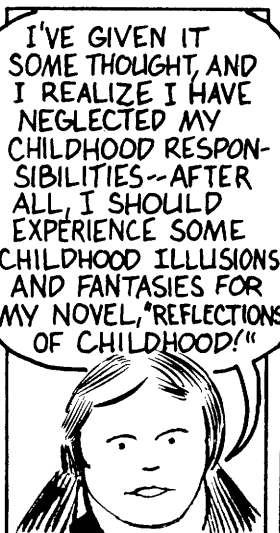
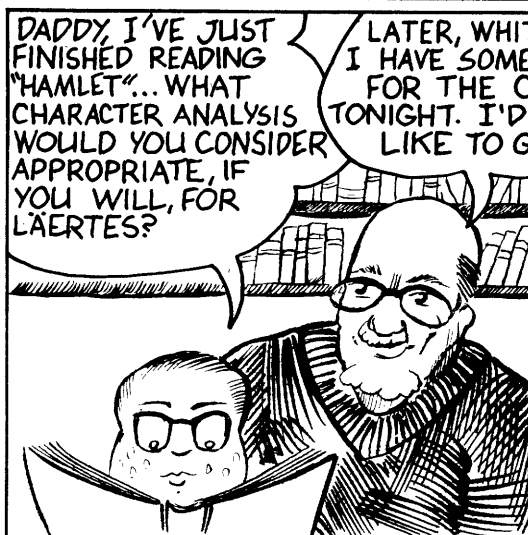
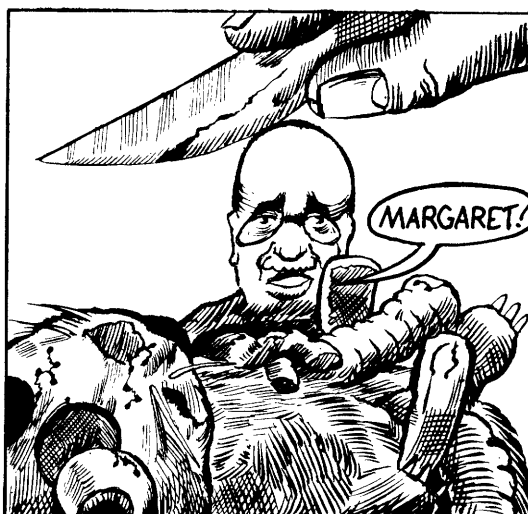
It seemed that was the only grade I was getting back in those days. It seemed like I was trying to have 360 units of F whenever I eventually graduated from MIT. So I had failed my literature class. Failure in a Course 21 class. This was the ultimate indignity. I mean, failing 7.05 or 8.02 was almost socially acceptable. But 21.731. That would never do. My parents would kill me for sure.

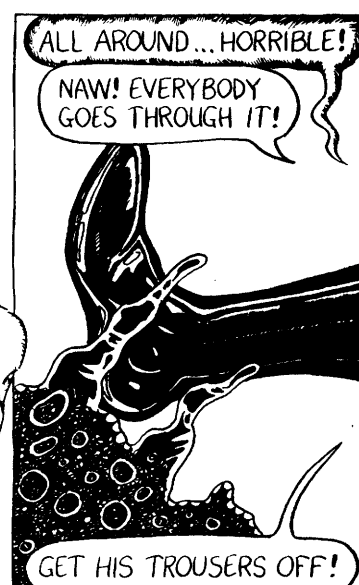
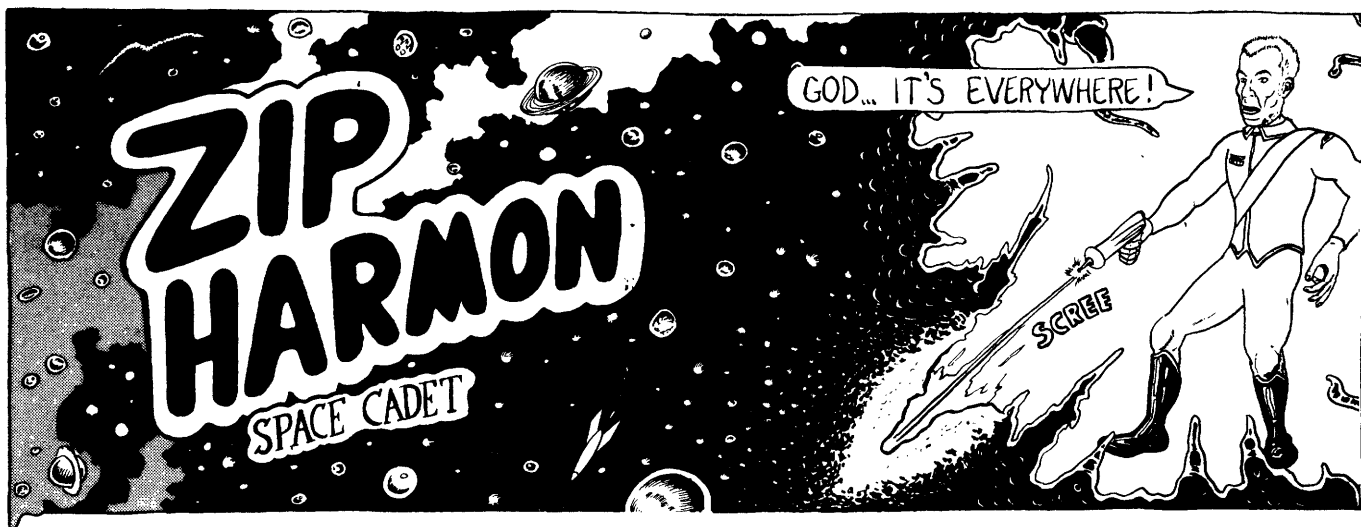
I hadn't always been such a disaster. High school was trivial for me and my first three terms at MIT went fine. And then, all of a sudden, I started failing courses. Two years later I was still a first term junior and had changed my class twice, my course major three times. Nobody understood what happened, least of all me. Actually, I did. Somewhere along the way I had decided that there

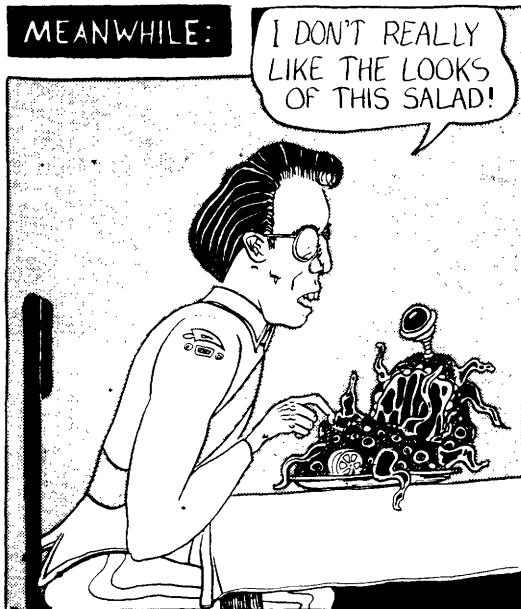
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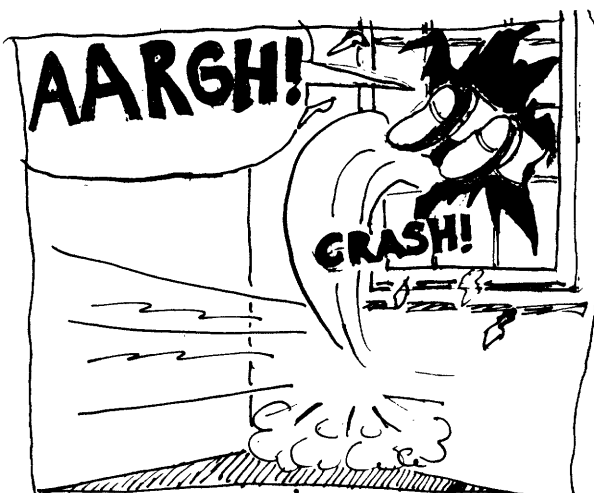
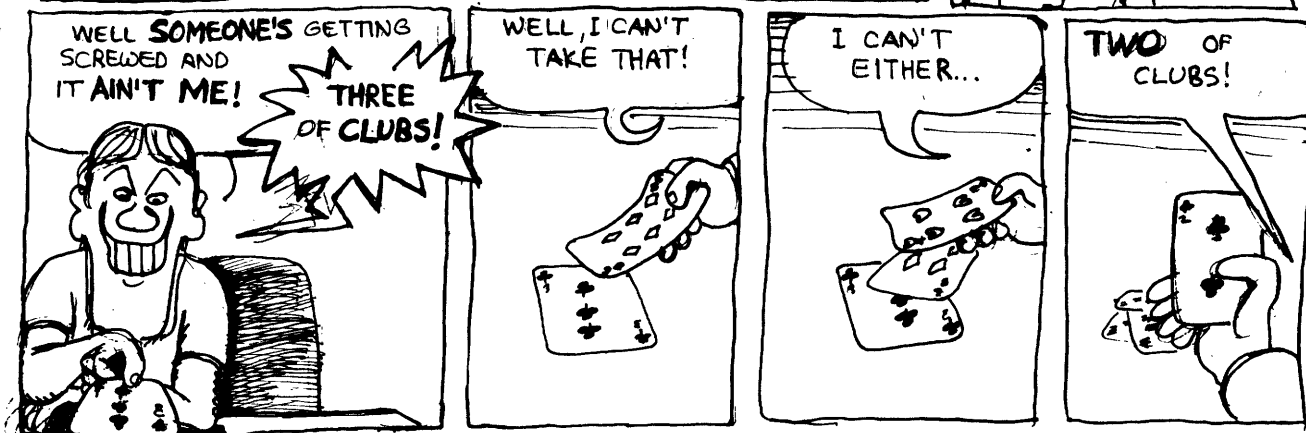
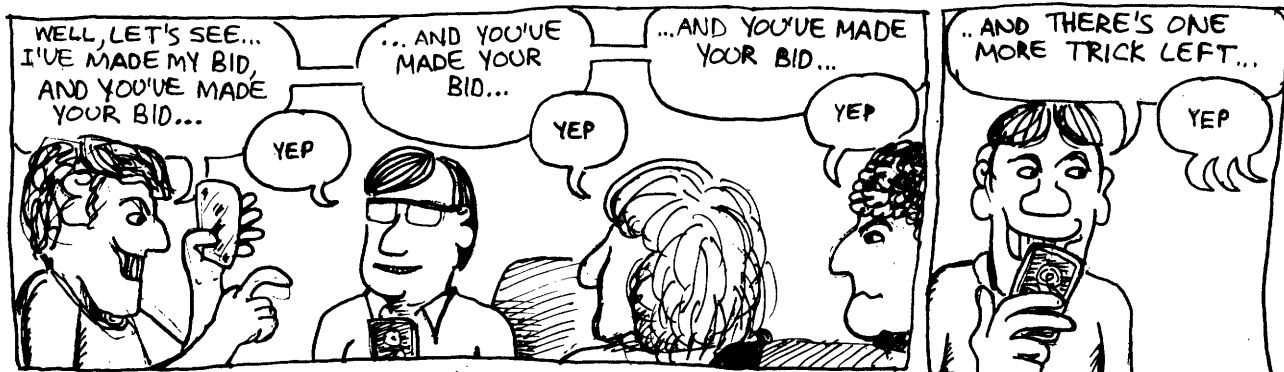
# THE PROFESSOR AND THE KIDS





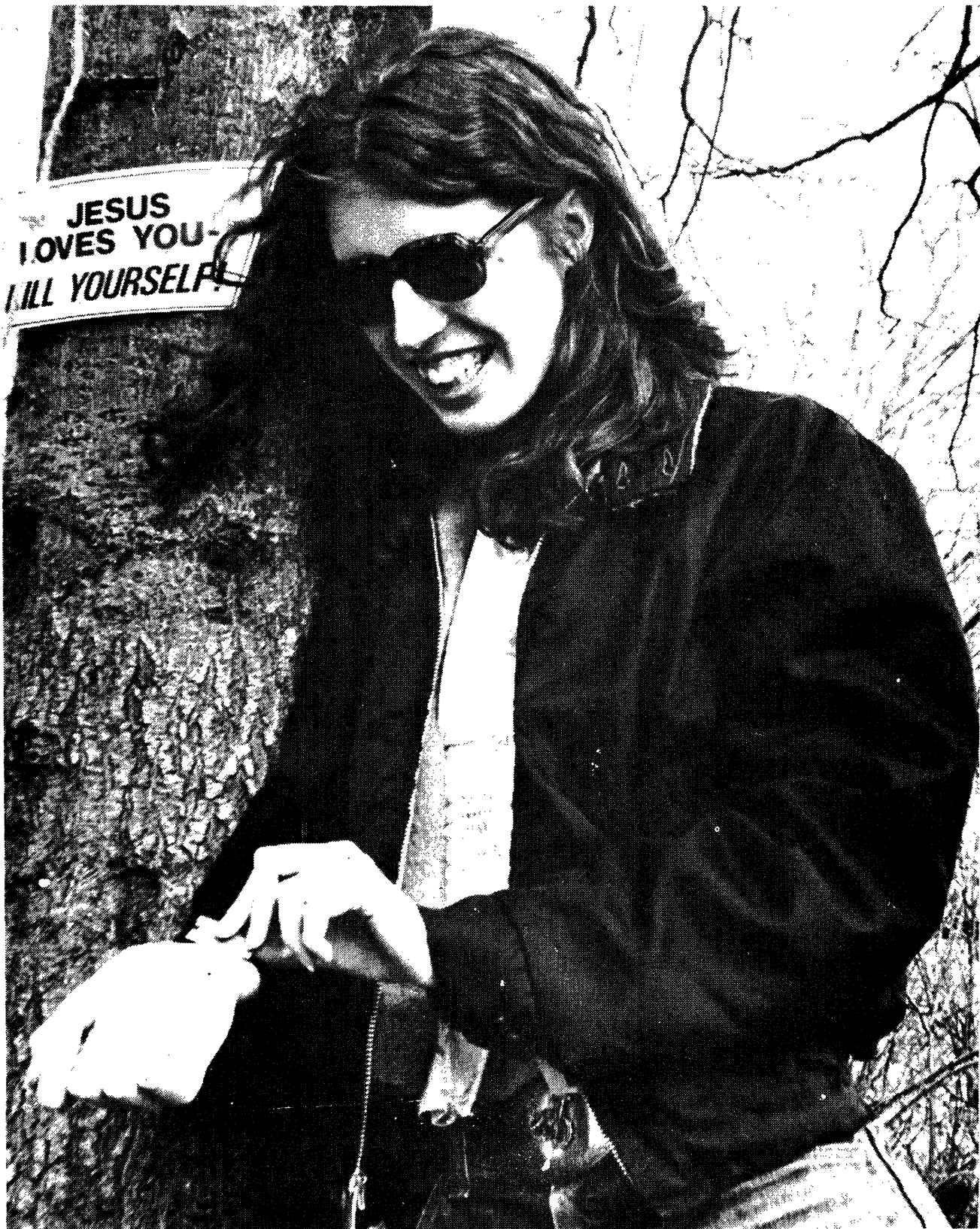


# midnight game of "Oh Hell"



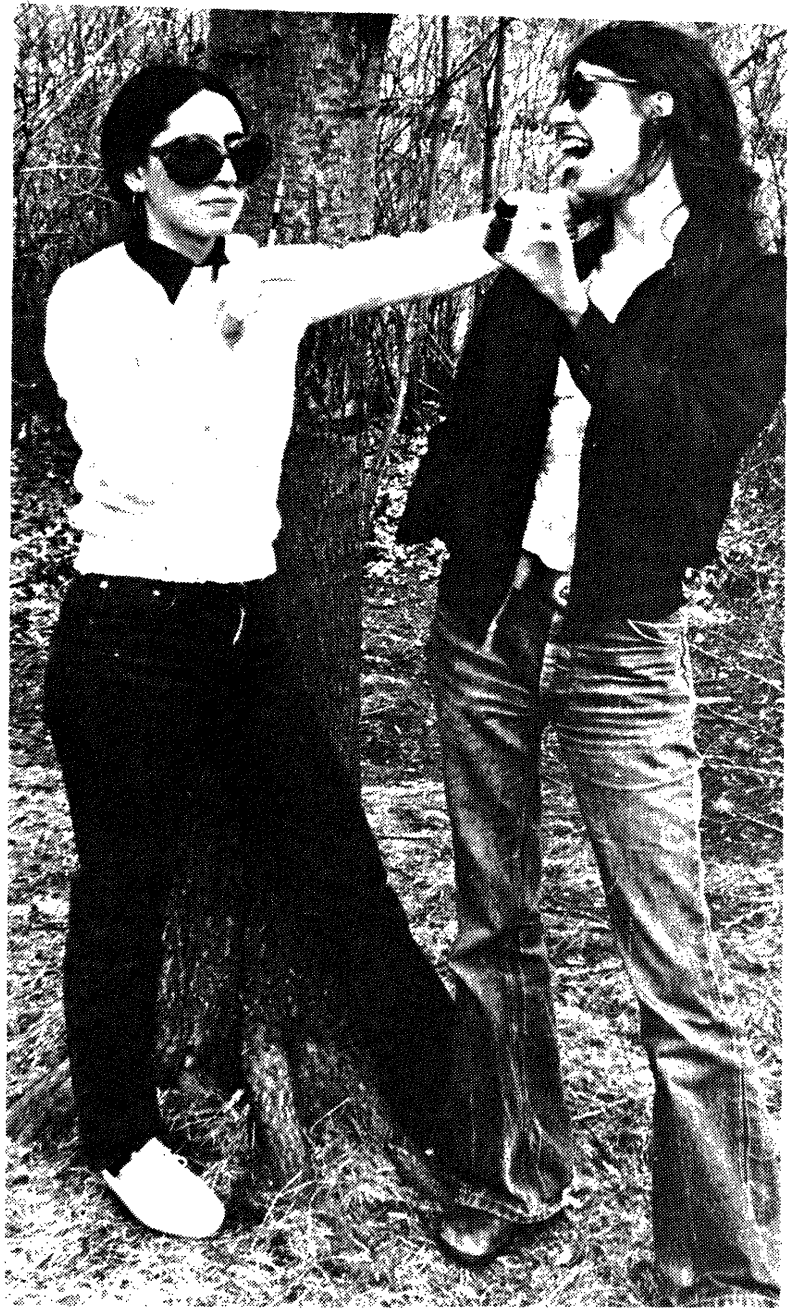


# *Dolls of the Month*





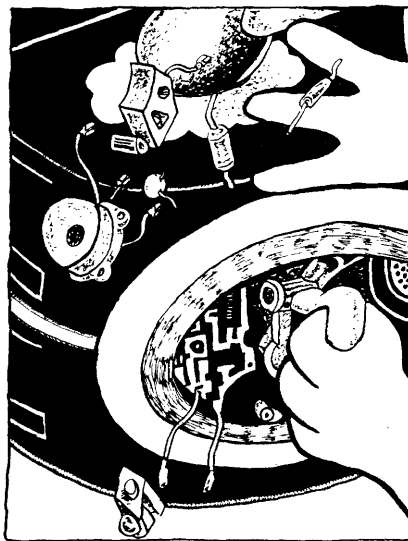
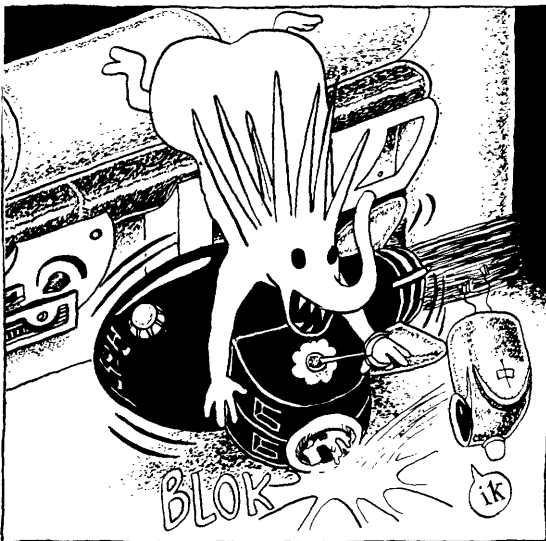
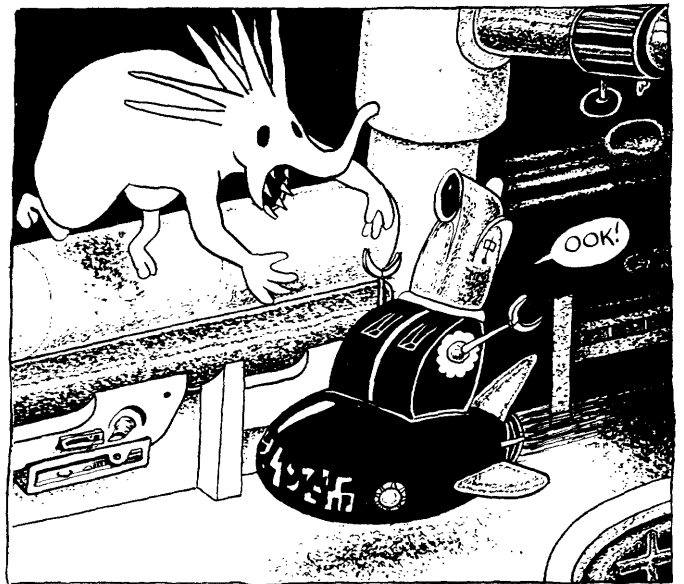
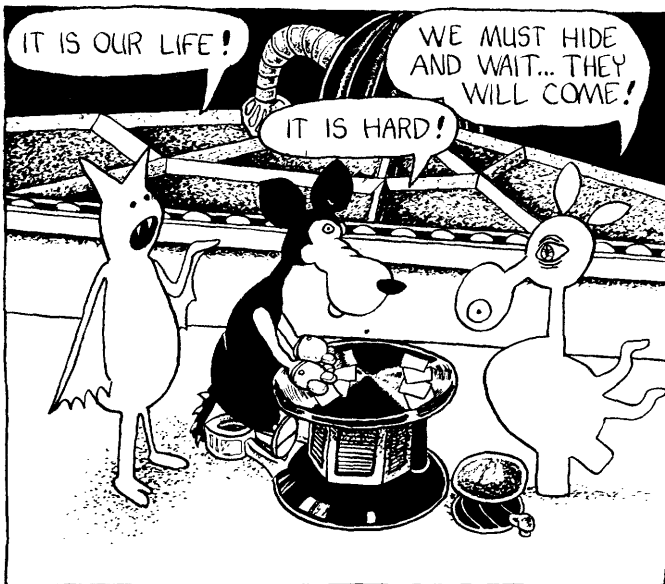
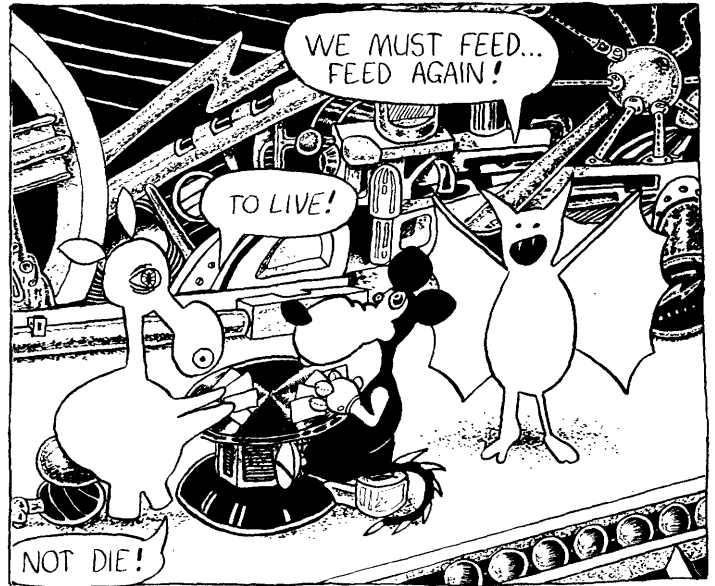
# *“Just Good Friends”*



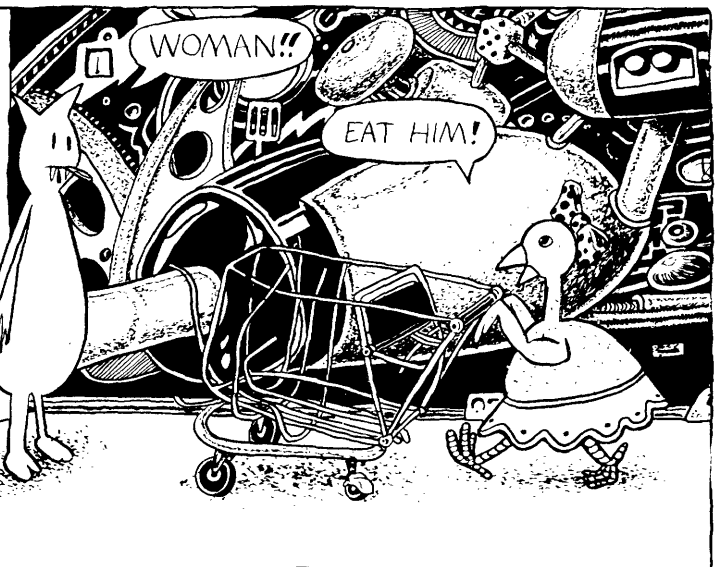
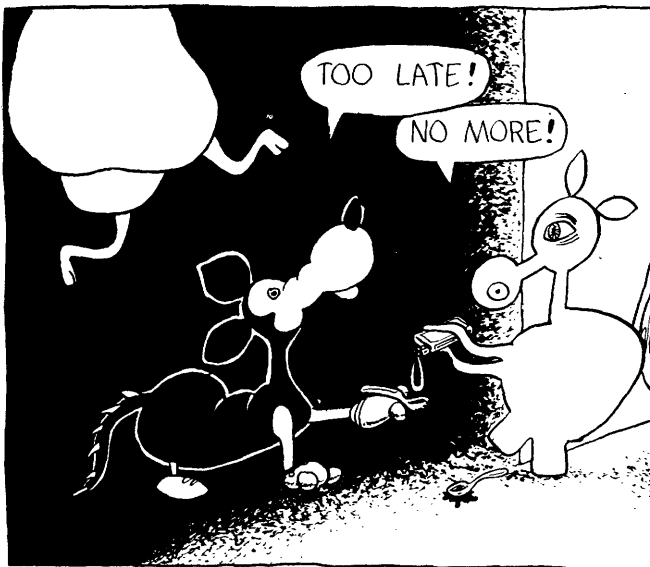
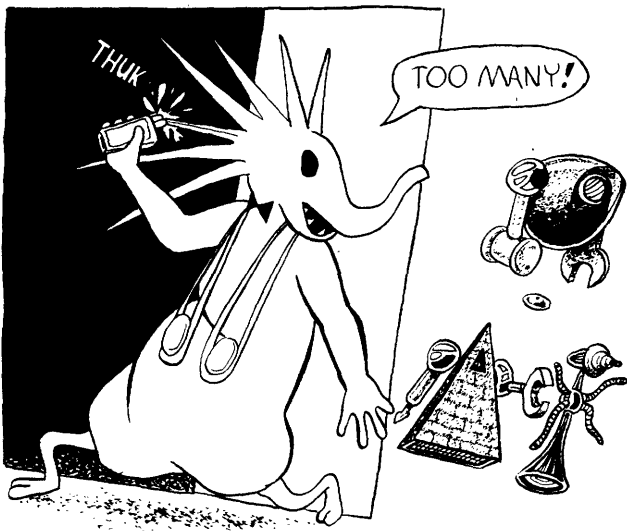
*A sunny day-- lost in the woods--  
two girls-- a noose-- trees and grass  
-- razor blades-- fuzzy little  
woodland creatures-- a hypo and a  
bottle of cyanide-- it's more than  
a place, it's a mood-- and who  
are we to invade this idyllic tableau?*

# FESTERING CITY of DEATH

WITH FUNNY ANIMALS







# JESUS LOVES YOU- *KILL YOURSELF!*

The humiliation and joyless vapidness of daily existence, where life is only survival, is part of the necessary suffering, in accord with His plan, that will cleanse your soul for the after life to come.

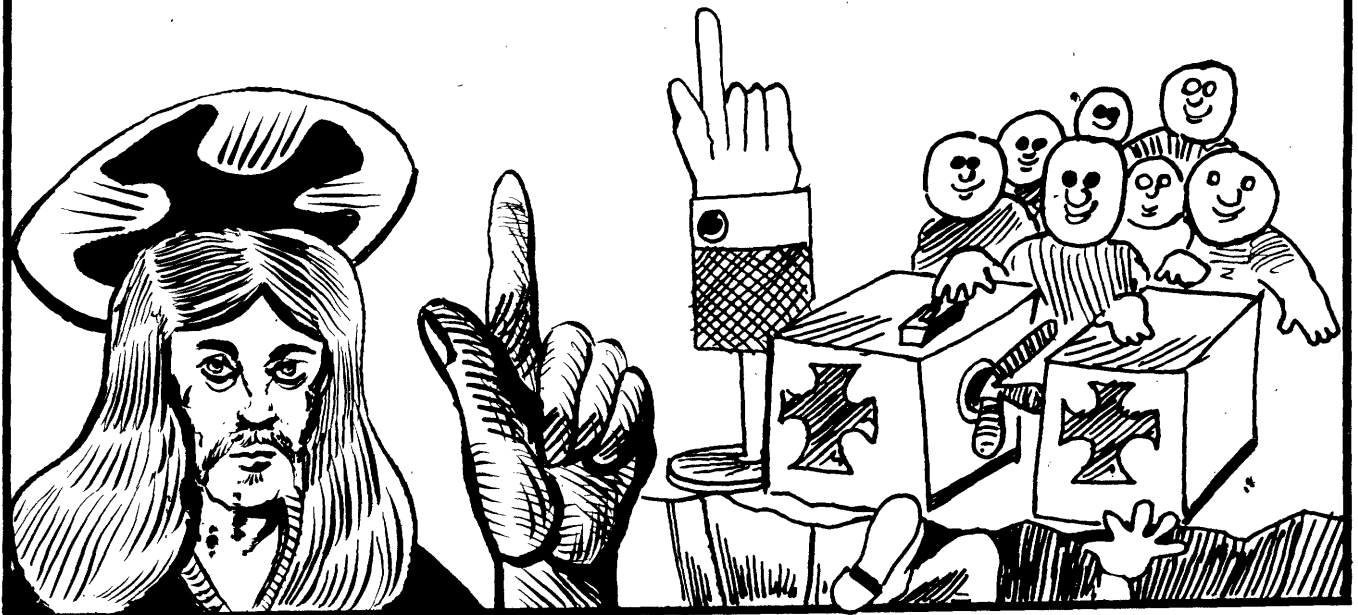
So, brothers and sisters of the Cross; you who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ into your hearts, who have forgiven your trespassers, and who have never considered adultery—you have now evolved beyond the need for this disturbing trial. By accepting, you were cleansed; and, now that your slate is clean, this planet holds nothing more for you. It is time to move on! Give that final testimony of Faith and

***Jump for Jesus!***

Come, Children of God, to the Golden Gate Bridge, on Easter Sunday at 6 AM to the first annual Meet-Your-Maker Marathon and punctuate your life of rigorous devotion and conscientious self-denial with the supreme sacrifice:

***Leap for the Lord!***

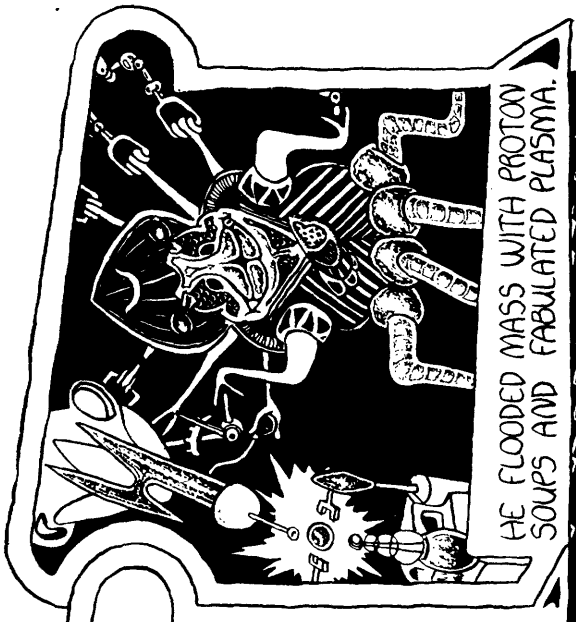
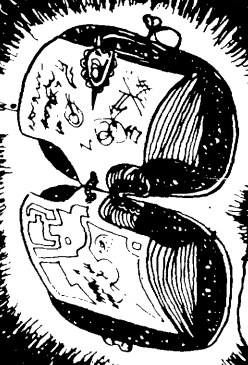
For those of you who know so much, the kingdom of Heaven awaits. Jesus died for you. You could at least do the same! So don't forget to join your enlightened brethren at Easter for the Big-Baptism-In-The-Bay. See you there!



THE WISDOM  
OF THE

BARBARIC

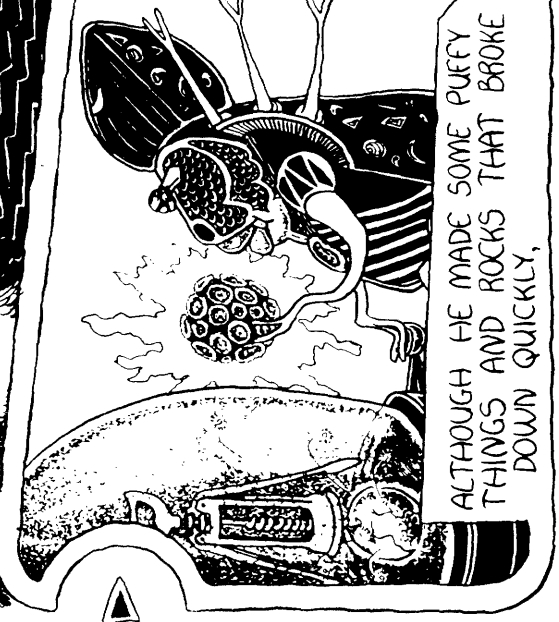
ANCIENT  
BOOK OF 26TH  
KNOWLEDGE



HE FLOODED MASS WITH PROTON  
SOUPS AND FABULATED PLASMA.



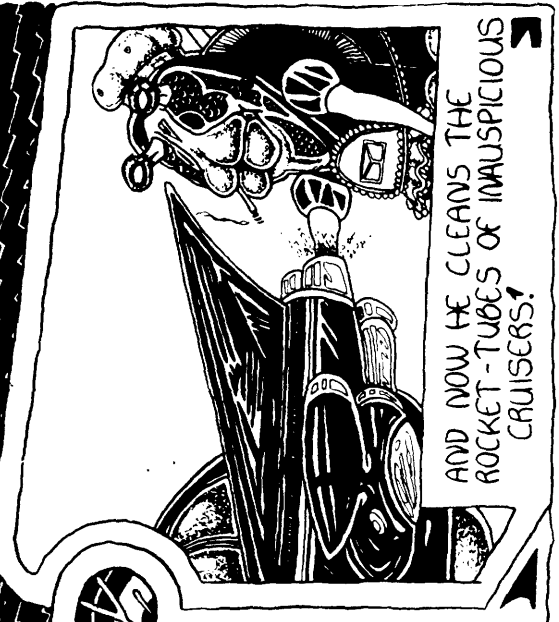
THE VIGILION OF GURVIGON  
BECEIVES IN TRANSMUTATION.



ALTHOUGH HE MADE SOME PUFFY  
THINGS AND ROCKS THAT BROKE  
DOWN QUICKLY,



HIS UNCLEAN LIMBS EMBARRASSED  
HIM IN MOST IMPORTANT  
CIRCLES

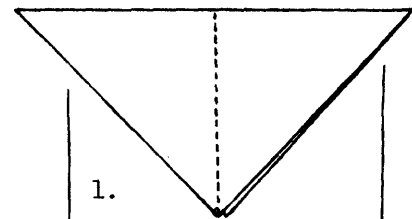


AND NOW HE CLEANS THE  
ROCKET-TUBES OF INAUSPICIOUS  
CRUISERS!

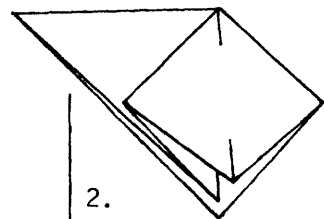
# ORIGAMI: *traditional*

## BURNT EXOTIC BIRD

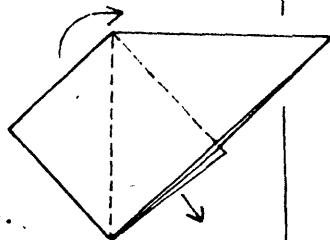
You will need a square to do this.



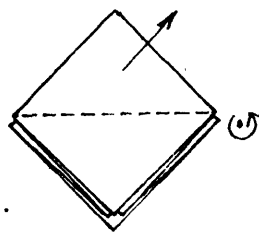
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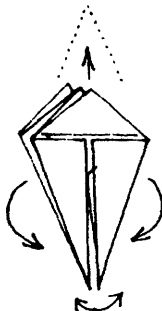
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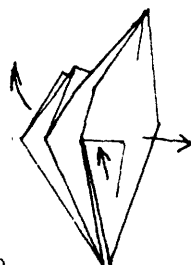
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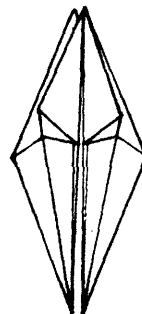
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6.

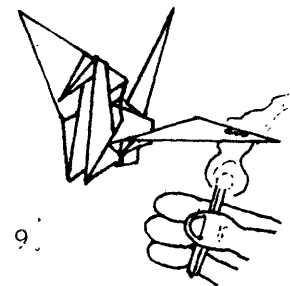
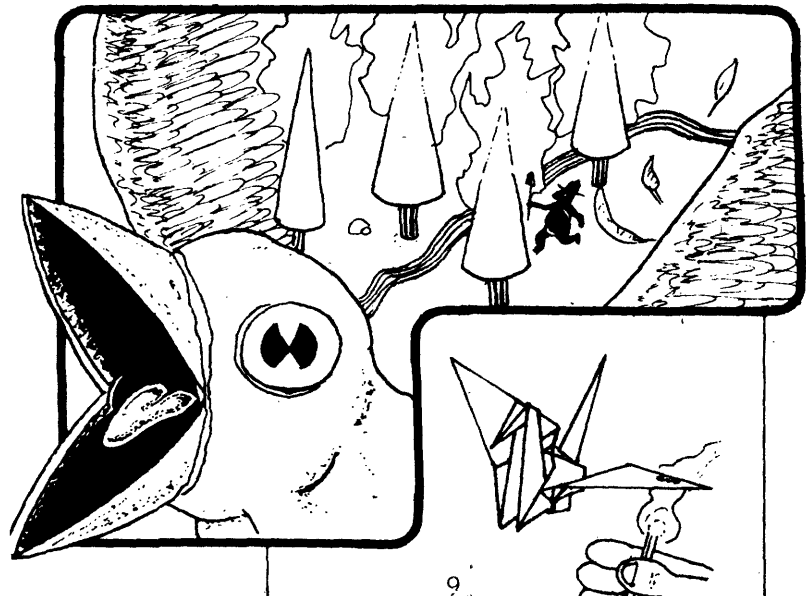


7.



8.

6. Inflate with a pressure pump. Open the top layer and hold the rest of the left hand over the center line.
7. Point the peak tips, gently curling outwards until you hear a tearing sound. Repeat four times.
8. Get a paper hat and fold it until it looks like a bird.
9. Burn it.



9.



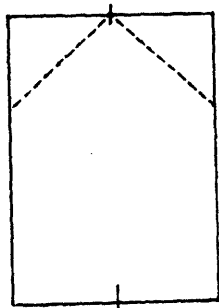
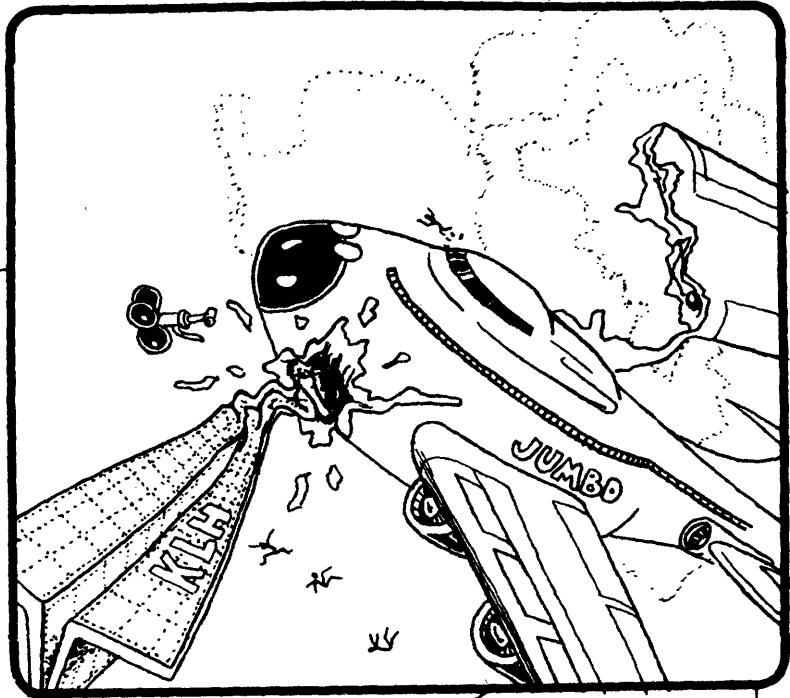
# *craft of modeling dead things*

## WITH PAPER

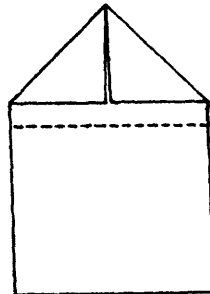
### AWFUL AIR DISASTER

Start with a rectangular piece of paper.

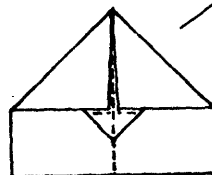
1. Fold the top corners to the middle.
2. Fold this end over so the point is one inch from the outer edge.
3. Fold the top corners in so that the edges meet along the center.
4. Fold the tip in the middle back, then fold down the center.
5. Fold sides down to make wings.
6. Spread wings.
7. Crush.



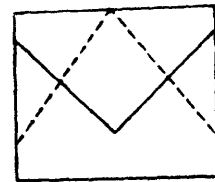
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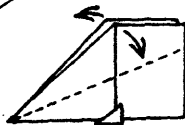
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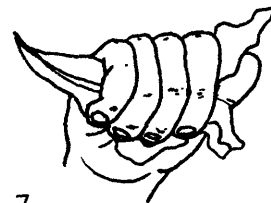
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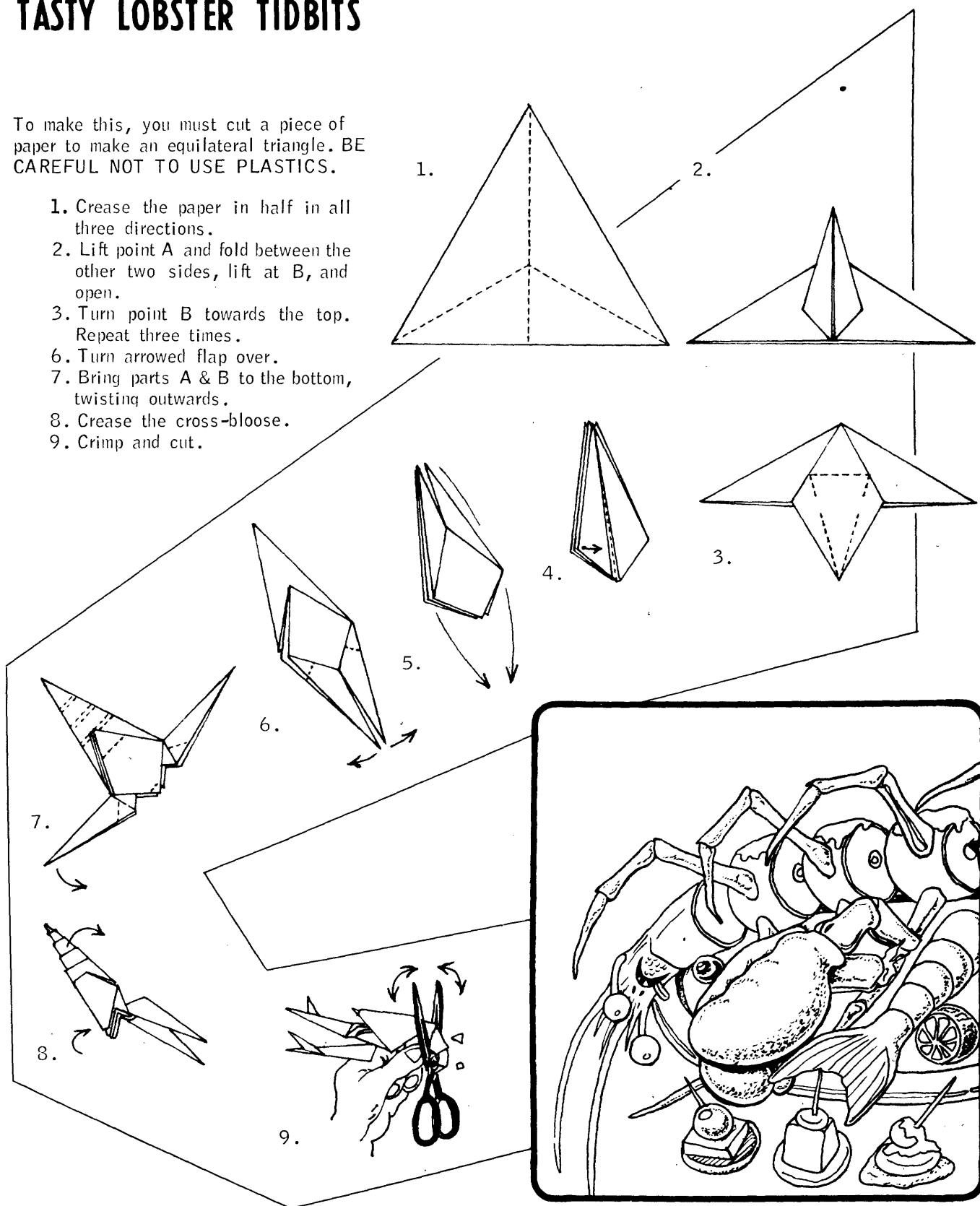
7.

**DRIGORE** *TCOMDT* WP

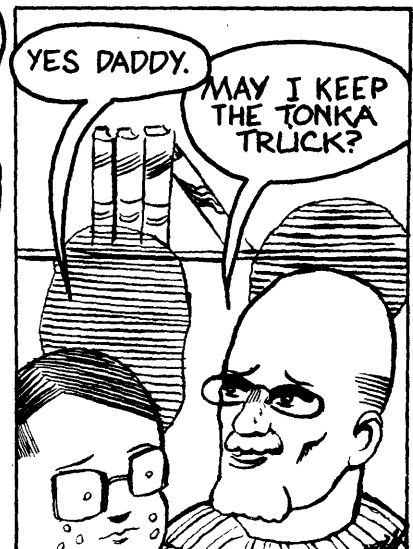
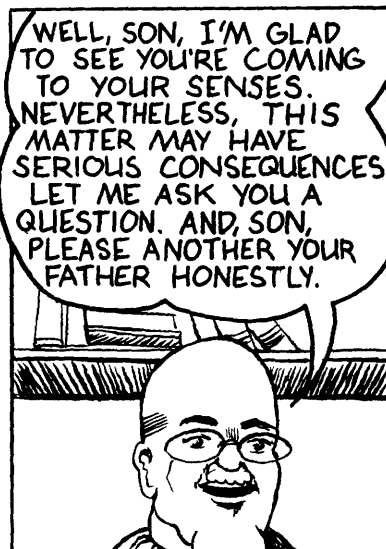
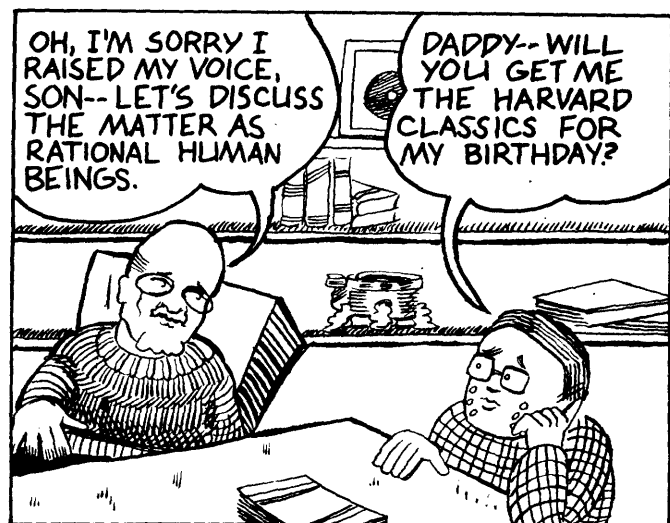
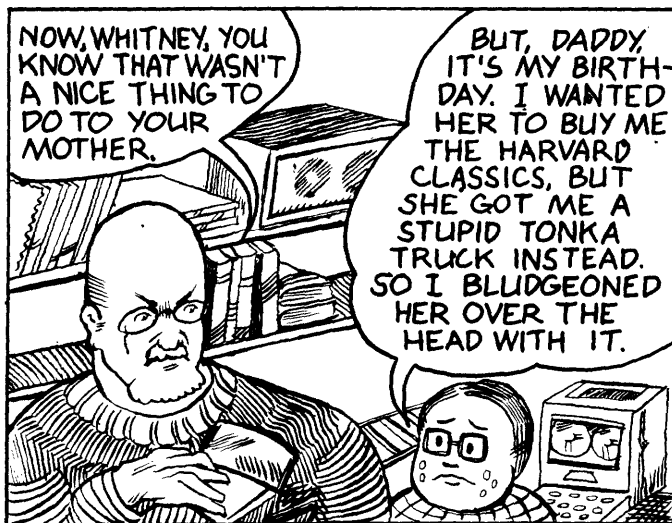
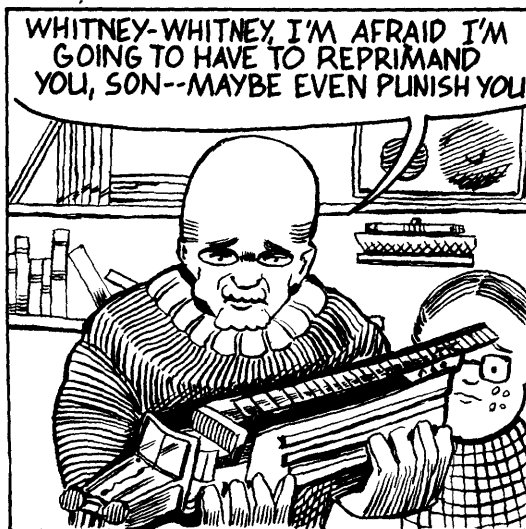
## TASTY LOBSTER TIDBITS

To make this, you must cut a piece of paper to make an equilateral triangle. BE CAREFUL NOT TO USE PLASTICS.

1. Crease the paper in half in all three directions.
2. Lift point A and fold between the other two sides, lift at B, and open.
3. Turn point B towards the top. Repeat three times.
6. Turn arrowed flap over.
7. Bring parts A & B to the bottom, twisting outwards.
8. Crease the cross-bloose.
9. Crimp and cut.



# THE PROFESSOR AND THE KIDS



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To do so, we are actively involved in parish work, preaching, adult education, campus ministry, publishing and mass communications. We are missionaries; we are bridge-builders. We seek to serve the Gospel in ever new ways.

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(continued from page 8)

was nothing that I could gain from my classes and therefore I would do as little work as possible. Unfortunately, I never quite found the exact line between enough and too little.

So there I was. A cold January, sitting in my room trying to figure out how to tell my parents about their little monster's latest mistake. My younger brother had just finished his third term at Harvard with every grade being an A. It was disgusting. The little twerp was almost a genius. He did less work than I did, but somehow things worked out perfectly for him.

I really didn't know what to do. Slowly, the idea of killing myself and ending this misery for everyone evolved. The only question in my mind was how. Then I remembered my roommate's sleeping pills. What a common way of offing oneself. After all, plenty of famous people had gone that way and if it was good enough for them, it was good enough for me.

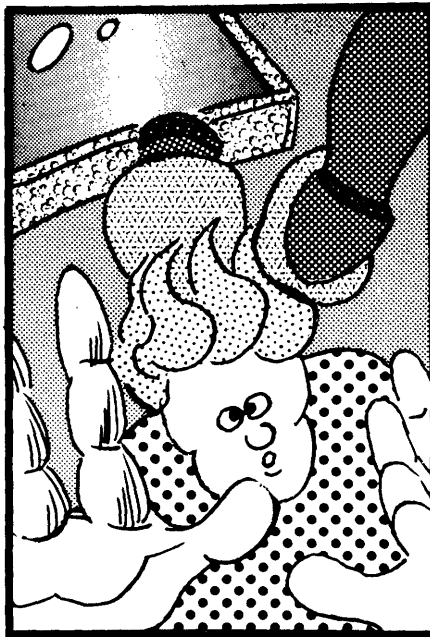
I would do it right then. No note, nothing that melodramatic. People would figure it out. I just hoped that the Administration wouldn't try to cover it up and let people know that I had committed suicide. Even if they did, people would find out; it's hard to hide these kinds of things and silence only makes it worse.

I went to the bathroom and opened the cabinet. Yes, there it was: a full vial of sleeping pills, almost 25 in all. Not knowing the proper procedure, I went to the kitchen, got a bottle of beer and swallowed the pills in five gulps. Then I went to sleep. That should have been it. I shouldn't be here writing this now. Yet, about eleven hours later, I was shaken awake by my roommate. What had I done with the pills he had in the bathroom cabinet. They were his vitamin pills. VITAMIN

PILLS! I was even a failure at suicide. Nothing worse than a slightly upset stomach was the result of my efforts.

Some good did come out of the experience. I started seeing my life and my education in a new light. I straightened out, got a 5.0 the rest of my career at MIT and went to law school. Tomorrow I take my Bar Exam and I've been thinking back on my life and experiences. While trying to kill myself may have not been the answer, it at least gave me a new outlook and set the stage for a better me.

But if I had it to do all over again, I'd probably have never taken those pills. And I'd probably be dead by now.



**It was a** clear, sunny Friday afternoon. Nothing was wrong with the world. I had just found out I had gotten the highest grade on my 7.05 exam. Just six weeks remained to the end of the term and freedom for the summer. It was starting to look like I might graduate from this place on time with a 4.8 or so grade point average, good

enough to get me into medical school.

I had stopped by the free beer party on the steps of the student center and started talking to some friends. Then my buddy, Bob, came over with a beautiful girl at his side. That was how I met HER...

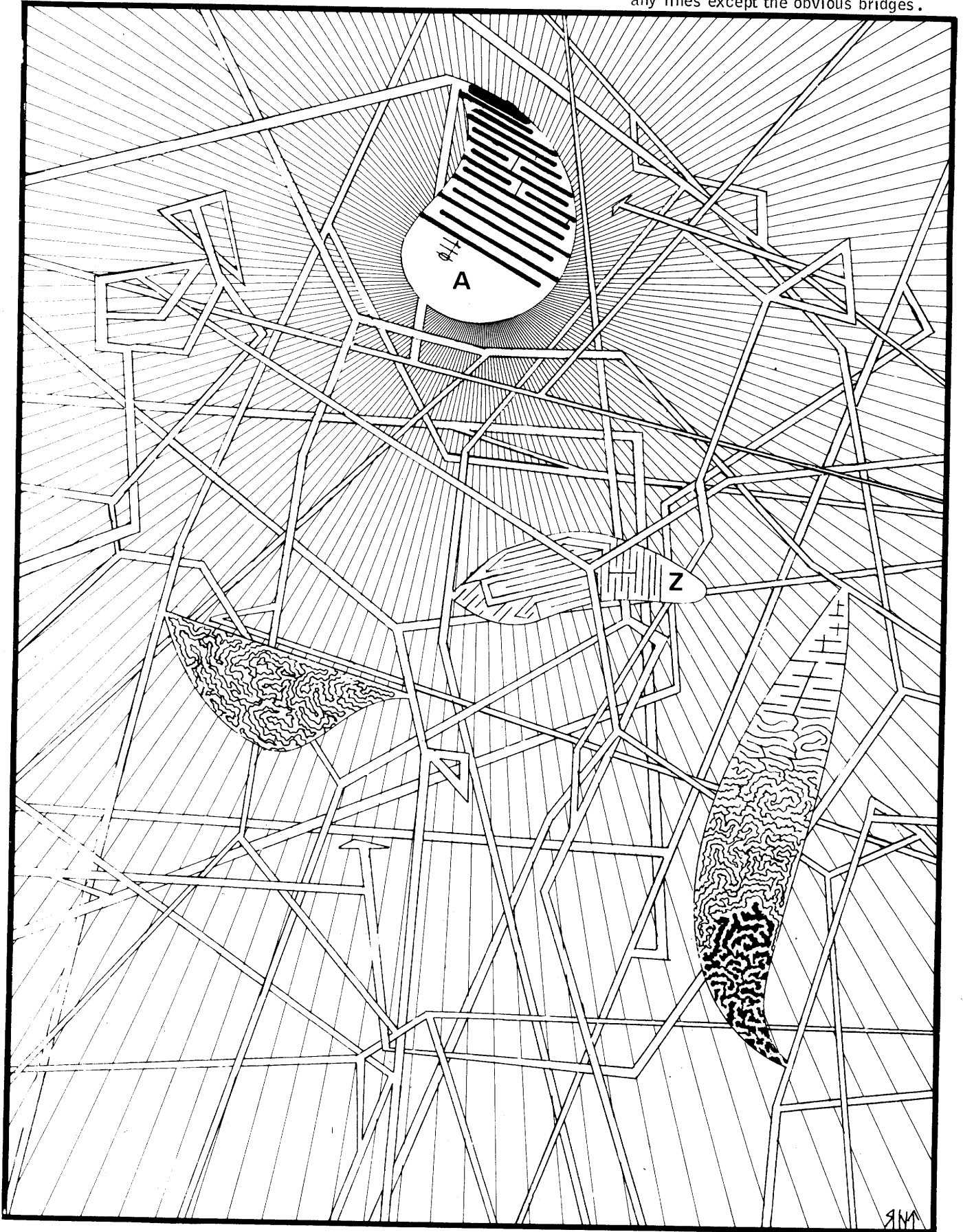
Her name was Susan, but that never really mattered. We were instantly attracted to one another. This was the one thing that had been missing from my life—a woman. We made love that very afternoon. It just seemed so natural to both of us. The entire weekend was spent in my room with HER. All our free time and some class time was spent together for weeks on end. Somehow it got to the end of the term and we both just passed our courses. After all, we had done almost no work for almost half the term.

The summer was spent separated. We wrote each other every day. September seemed like it would never come. Finally the day to return to Cambridge arrived. The first thing I did was call HER room. She wasn't there. In fact she was not there for almost a week. She was definitely back, because she had signed in at the desk. Finally a friend of HERS took me aside and told me. SHE had found someone else. I refused to believe it until she ran into me in the Coop and told me herself.

I was crushed. Life didn't seem to be worth living. That night I wrote out checks to everyone I owed money to and mailed them out. I left a note to my friends on my desk along with sealed letters to my parents and HER. And then I jumped out my window. Unfortunately, in my depression, I forgot that I lived on the first floor of East Campus. Nothing happened. Not even a scratch. And now I have all these bounced checks to deal with.

# DEATH MAZE

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