

Thursday VooDoo



MIT's Journal of Culture
3 Ames Street, Box D, Cambridge, Mass. 02139



by The Evil Armadillo

I think I was on the floor...

An Epic Saga of the Great Southwest

...or was this brown stuff beneath my face the gravel in the parking lot... or was that before all... which? I couldn't... couldn't... oh yeah... couldn't remember what side of the floor I was on? Top? What's the other one—bottom? Caught in between? Every time I closed my eyes. Every time I did dancing raccoons—the long pink & green & purple ones kept getting into my eyes... now spotted cows—Jerseys... No! we were in New York... but the people in the bar thought it was Connecticut... where the fuck was Chico?... I opened my eyes... again... again... Fred was still sitting, laughing in the chair with his favorite bamboo pipe... he was still here... that goddam pipe pine pot, daladas, yeah... I went down again... no more floor... just funnel funnel funnel funnel funnel at tunnel tunnel... dancing Dante circle in... well I'll be damned... guess who the sonofabitch is runs this place... no wait... I'm looking at him... but he's a shrimp shrimp... the food... the shrimp ptomaine swimming up... my mouth... where is the fucker... find it... get up get up quick... noooo... please stop... stop every... ooh... ooh... please God let me be straight... let me at least try to be straight. All the way. This is this too fucked up.

Eight months later it's summer again. I'm somewhere south of Waco. Northbound 77. Earth, Wind & Fire is on the radio. I'm still picking up KMAC from San Antonio—the only station that plays records loud enough to hear the static before the cuts. It's the end of May and already over a hundred outside. I'm steering the car by the bottom of the steering wheel—the top's too hot to touch. Outside the towns drift by like notes on my harmonica... Texas was meant to be played in the key of F. It's been dry—burnin'... the grass is all brown and lying down like cows under shade trees hiding. Everything's fitfully trying to sleep off the afternoon tightly wound into the sweaty white sky.

North dancing over the heat waves was Dallas, the city that got Kennedy. I'm a bit leary. Just a bit. After three years at MIT I finally got a job working as a research geophysicist with G.S.I. (Geophysical Services Inc.). I'm ready for my first serious attempt to coexist with the American bourgeoisie.

G.S.I. was founded back in the '30s by two MIT-associated people (Messrs. Green and McDermott—you know the Green Building? McDermott Court? Yep! those people! that money!) Well, sometime back in the '50s when new techniques for seismic data processing became available G.S.I. started its own little instrumentation company called Texas Instruments... And one thing led to another... My part of the story isn't that involved. Two years ago a G.S.I. recruiter came to the Dept. of Earth and Planetary Sciences with a "great new program" to train and develop "bright young geophysicists" from MIT, the Colo. School of Mines, and Stanford. Half the undergraduates in Course XII saw him. I was one of the two people they decided to "indoctrinate." (Incidentally both of us "chosen ones" were from Texas. A simple coincidence, of course.) Last summer I'd spent in the field in upstate New York... But that's another story—my days of fear and loathing in Poughkeepsie.

Meanwhile the heat had condensed into a giant drop of orange sunrise over my left shoulder and Dallas began to become a tangible reality. I'd crossed the inevitable Mid-western "Loop." But I still can't see the skyline, nor would I be able to until after another half hour of driving. Among other things Dallas is big—well, maybe not big... but at least spread... It stirs memories of Juarez; no, not the city—other things. It was still too early... too many things I couldn't feel yet as I drove North to Richardson... But later I came back. I've never been anyplace like that before. Large neon cowboys stand above the liquor stores, throwing their lariats at the traffic. Well, at least until 9:00—yeah, that's when they close—yeah, if you're lucky enough to be in a "wet" area of town. Yeah, baby, Dallas is a heavy trip. It's what Buchenwald must be like today. There's an immense trauma associated with that town it cannot forget. Time stopped there in 1962... everything's still the same. Blacks slyly crouch among the buildings at night. Cowboy stores with turquoise bolo ties and 5-foot-

long mounted horns stoop beneath the banks, insurance buildings, hotels; no hookers. For that you go out to Industrial Ave. or Greenville to the strip joints. Downtown's immaculate and bloodless, a playground for young executives in suits from Neiman-Marcus.

Thirty miles later I'm in the suburbs. Everything here is neon strip, too, except the churches, and there's one or two exceptions. There's a church at least every two blocks. I couldn't believe it... All this religion... well I thought it had died a long time ago. I went to an all-white public school. We used to stand around by the shoe-scrappers at lunch hour, unvarnished talking about the "niggers"; how they had to do all the shit work... And live in shacks... or else we'd talk about our older friends going down to...

A long time ago I used to go to a church... It was a simple white clapboard building heated with gas stoves. The sixth pew from the front on the right side of the aisle creaked. I used to sit in it every Sunday and fidget during the sermon—pious punctuation—and so much more effective than farting...

"And may the grace of our lord, the father, the son, and the holy spirit be with you now and always"... Two fingers on the outstretched right hand, three on the left, came down and surreptitiously scratched Rev. Stimson's crotch—not really scratched—coddled perhaps. I thought that too had stopped. But I was wrong.

"Thankyou" the hotel clerk's voice rang as she gave me the keys. A completely idiotic expression I was to hear over and over again all summer—a new symptom in the disease called America. I didn't know it but I was going to spend ten days in that hotel room. At least there was a color TV.

The next day I reported to G.S.I. for processing, planning to start work the next day... But my body was beginning to show the first signs of rejection. Realizing I was becoming sick after my hands became too unsteady to carry a tray of food in the company cafeteria without dropping it twice I went to the infirmary.

There ain't no medical dept. in the real world folks. The nurse who finally saw me that afternoon took my blood pressure and temperature, which turned out to be 108. Then she plaintively advised me to see a doctor.

"Can't you give me any medication?"

"No, we're not allowed to do that except in emergencies."

"Not even aspirin?"

"No, I'd have to get the doctor's permission to do that, and he's still at lunch."

"Are there any doctors around here you give referrals to?"

"No, we don't do that. Most of the doctors around here don't take new patients anyway."

"What about hospitals?"

"Yeah, there's some around here."

I sat in the Stark Southwest Medical Center for two hours waiting for "lunch break" to end. Finally a receptionist came back and politely told me that they'd only take cash and therefore couldn't deal with me even though I had Blue Cross... More directions... Dallas is a big city... This time to Parkland, downtown... I'd long ago quit wondering if I was sweating from the fever or the heat... It was a several-hour drive... Must be what crossing Death Valley is like.

Parkland Hospital is the one on the edge of downtown, right next to the beer warehouses and cement plants. It was the same one they took J.F.K. to.

For six hours I sat huddled on a small polystyrene chair in the corner of the emergency room trying to keep my jaw from shaking too violently. In that state I couldn't really talk so I spent most of my conscious time listening to the conversation. The doctors were still pished over the events of the previous day... Apparently about two years ago Dallas decided that it would be "okay" to have abortion clinics. Sure enough, they sprang up just like pimples in high school. Most did all right, but one had five deaths in one year, even beating MIT's

record. The most recent one happened yesterday. The doctor at the clinic had noticed that one of his patients began to bleed internally after the operation... And he waited for the hemorrhaging to stop for half an hour before calling an ambulance. He didn't bother to call the emergency ambulance so his name wouldn't be taken. About half an hour later the ambulance arrived and began its trip to the doctor's private hospital halfway across town, passing Parkland on the way. After being stalled in traffic for forty-five minutes, the ambulance driver overruled the doctor and turned back to Parkland. Meanwhile the doctor, noticing that his patient's pulse was very close to zero, decided upon an heroic sacrifice and rigged up a transfusion in the ambulance, using his own blood. Which might've worked except that he was type A and she was type B.

I felt lucky I wasn't pregnant.

The next few days were spent watching the television, and struggling over to the nearby Bonanza Steak House in between doses of streptomycin and cough syrup. I also started looking for an apartment, and soon learnt what the phrase "tight housing situation" really meant. It would've probably been easier to live in Versailles.

First there was the fact that I didn't have any money, which wouldn't have been so bad, but... Well, "cheap" one-bedroom apartments—the kind without the shag pile and color TV, went for \$250 per month. Which didn't include the one month's rent security deposit, nonrefundable before six months and the pointing fees and the moving-in expenses. Secondly, the hotel bill was beginning to pile up, and the apartments all had waiting lists of about a half-month. As the flu left me the true feeling of desperation began to sink in. Would I have to live in the car all summer—without air-conditioning? I had even given my name to a roommate service. But that hadn't even brought one call. It was worse than trying to sell ads for *thursday*.

Finally one afternoon after being hypnotized for about the hundredth time by the Yamaha girl on channel four, I got a call.

His name was Howard. He didn't have an apartment yet. Nor did he sound like somebody I'd ever want to live with. But then I didn't have enough money for tomorrow's hotel bill.

After two more days of paranoia and paragonic I had finally found a place to stay... even able to get a mattress from Goodwill... Howard got a bed from his friends. That was as far as his domestic aspirations went. Instead of buying a table he simply flipped one of his stereo speakers over and ate off of it. We did allright for a while.

At Texas Instruments the more unfortunate employees work at the lower-paying jobs—soldering, keypunch, grounds keeping, drafting, and assembling components. The less unfortunate employees work at the higher paying jobs—programming, sales, research. So I began my career as a geophysicist doing research on computer processing of seismic data. The job scene was similar to school. You saw people nodding out over books of Bessel functions or computer runs. A lotta people just stood around. A few played chess, others poker. During the afternoon when it got really hot and nobody felt like working cause your thighs and back got really sweaty from sitting down, I'd go over to the keypunch room and randomly insert little "message cards" into the piles of blank ones. Invariably somebody would be getting into doing their keypunching when they'd get a card that had been prepunched with cute little ejaculations like "I know that you play with yourself under your desk," or "Hello, I'm God." Most people got pissed and tore them up. They just didn't seem to have too much of an appreciation of my subtle wit. Sigh.

When you first start to live with somebody you're kinda reserved. But after awhile you begin to get to know them better and they start opening up. Unfortunately Howard turned out to be a running sore. I could never really hate Christians... they just don't get into being persecuted anymore. I could only feel a bit sorry for them. Especially Howard. He had some problems. The first one was his car. When

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Bad Craziness

I moved in with him he had a small Toyota that kept dying. (His starter kept falling off--and dragging on the pavement.) So after a while he'd bought a slightly abused cream '72 grand prix that was about as practical as having servants. Although I did kinda admire the efforts he put into owning it. For two whole weeks he was able to live off little more than instant mashed potatoes, peanut butter, chocolate syrup, and granola bars and honey.

Howard also was another Christian. A long time ago I had gone to church camp where everybody got into giant backrubbing sessions, was well-fed, and spent several hours every day reading the bible or discussing Tolstoy's parable. (I always got them confused with Jesus...) The last night we had campfire for the final time and sang songs holding hands. The lyrics to the one I remember the best are "... And they'll know we are Christians by our love--By our love! Yes they'll know we are Christians by our love." Then we covered the fire and everybody cried. It was a very emotional trip. Don't misunderstand me. I really do admire Jesus--anybody who can pass out for three days and still come back has my respect.

For Howard, women meant almost as much as his car. Over the course of the summer he managed to date 2 or 3 of them he'd met in Sunday School rather steadily. Each time, after a couple of weeks, he'd come home and start talking about marrying them, enviously pointing out pictures of his friends in the paper who had announced engagements. Then rather abruptly he'd come home scratching his balls and screaming something like "You know what that little bitch did to me?...". scratch his balls, and start kicking holes in the wall or banging his head on the wall like a woodpecker. Too bad... he'll never get inside it that way.

Which finally brings this rather (up to now) vague tale to what went down. Well we hadn't exactly found the best apartment. The kitchen and bathroom were inhabited by a large entourage of cockroaches and since we didn't have a kitchen table to put in the little kitchen alcove and we were too lazy to carry our garbage down the flight of stairs to the dumpster we let it pile up for a few weeks at least. During the 42-day 110-degree hot spell the air conditioning kept the place just warm enough to sweat without really making any great heroic efforts like standing up... The one day it did happen to rain we discovered our living room had fresh running water in several places...

Behind our complex one of the sewer pipes had broken and little and several small children gleefully splashed barefoot & sailed little plastic boat

In brownish muck... then there was the gas cutoff... the ultimate landlord had financial problems & didn't bother to pay the gas bill for a month. Well it was a little bigger than that... He also owned fifteen other apartment complexes in Dallas... the total came to \$45,000. Gas companies get upset over sums like that... and so Howard and I, along with 10,000 other people woke up one morning -no hot water and no way to cook... There were several arsons in the apartments that week including a large explosion in a vacant lot & since I was going away at the end of August, and since Howard didn't like the place & didn't have any money, we decided to quit paying rent. Howard was to stay there until they kicked him out... fine. Fine... more money for Tequilla & backpacking equipment.

Back at GSI things were going smoothly. I had finished my research project & was in the process of drafting a final report... meanwhile I had learned some basic digital signal processing concepts... and two computer languages... and learned more interesting facts about the oil business... most of the processing techniques were currently developing were to deal with the peculiar geology of Saudi Arabia... well--although GSI had operated in Saudi since the forties they hadn't really developed any real way of accurately processing the data because they weren't under any pressure to do so until 1973. You see it's like this. Up until 1973 all the oil, exploration, drilling, and production in Saudi had been under the auspices of Western Oil companies who controlled -at the beginning- most of the land area in the country. As part of their 'agreement' with the King they had to return control to his government - a certain amount of land every year. So the exploration emphasis was not on the detailed location of drilling site, as it was in the rest of the world, but rather in finding large tracts of land with little promise of producing anything! After 1973 Aramco nationalized

continued on p. 5

Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg

Nestles sales are down by 10%. Nestles is being boycotted for its aggressive pushing of infant formulas in developing countries. Free samples are given to mothers in hospitals where they become dependent on the formulas since they stop lactating. Later mothers aren't explained how to mix the formulas and usually can not read the directions. Bottles are not sterilized and formulas are often diluted due to their expense. Infant mortality of bottle fed babies in developing countries are twice as high as breast fed babies.

Protests continue to disrupt Iran as oil production falls due to a three day strike by Iranian workers and guerrilla action. Relatives of U.S. workers are leaving by the hundreds. "We're not taking any chances... we've just had enough." Meanwhile in Washington D.C. the White House confirmed it's support of the Shah and announced plans for a new National Security Council study of the situation. Also yesterday, Carter said, "The government of the United States will struggle for enhancement of Human Rights" at a White House ceremony honoring the 30th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. He said that America will not pretend that relations with countries violating human rights are not affected. I guess that does not apply to Iran.

Currently, a search warrant is not required for the installation of a pen register, a device used for the recording of the numbers dialed from a particular telephone. This device, installed at a central telephone office, does not provide the content of the call and is used to develop new leads. There is some question as to whether the use of a pen register violates the Fourth Amendment. The Supreme Court has agreed to consider the constitutionality of using the devices without a search warrant.

A New Hampshire court upheld the trespass convictions of three members of the Clamshell Alliance for the action of October, 1978. The anti-nuke protesters, who also occupied the Seabrook Nuclear plant in May, 1977, had their claim rejected that "the dangers of Nuclear Power outweigh that of trespass." Meanwhile in Washington, after a brief hearing yesterday, federal Energy Regulatory Commission Judge Samuel Kanell reopened hearings on Public Service Company of N.H.'s \$8 million wholesale rate hike, three fourths of which would be used for Construction Work In Progress at Seabrook.

A predominantly white jury acquitted Kenneth Laudenslager, Daniel Krystyn, and Vincent Tamarello of Charlestown on charges of attacking five Black students near the Bunker Hill Monument last year. The Pennsylvanian students were attacked with golf clubs and hockey sticks.

Thursday VooDoo

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Thursday VooDoo is:
Dave Abrams, Larry Appleperson, Naila Beg, Brian Bradley, Kate Bridges, Rodney Burrows, Denice Denton, Keith Deterling, Jon Friedman, Tom Gonzalez, John Hayden, Helen Kauder, Homayoun Khalili, Steve Kopelson, Dr. George Plotkin, Randy Ross, Fred Shapiro, Jack Shoemaker, M. E. Sullivan, Paul Tesser, Tom Turner, Millie Villarreal, Moe Zimmerberg.

We hold a weekly meeting on Thursday afternoon at five pm in room 201 of Walker.

Thursday is a recognized activity of the ASA; *Thursday VooDoo* isn't.

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Mountaineering #2.

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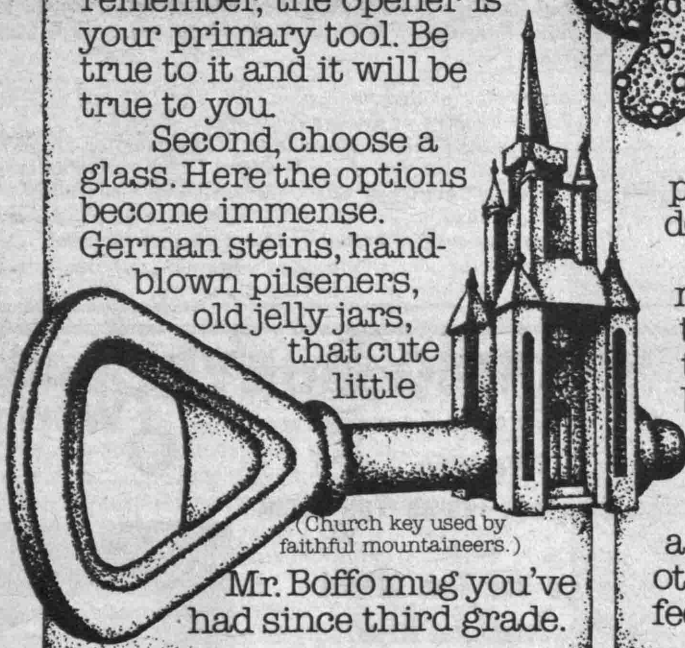
The Busch® label is where it all begins. Note the snowy, craggy peaks affixed thereto. They are the mountains.



You are the mountaineer. And this is an ad. The subject of which is selecting the proper gear for mountaineering. (It all fits together so nicely, doesn't it?)

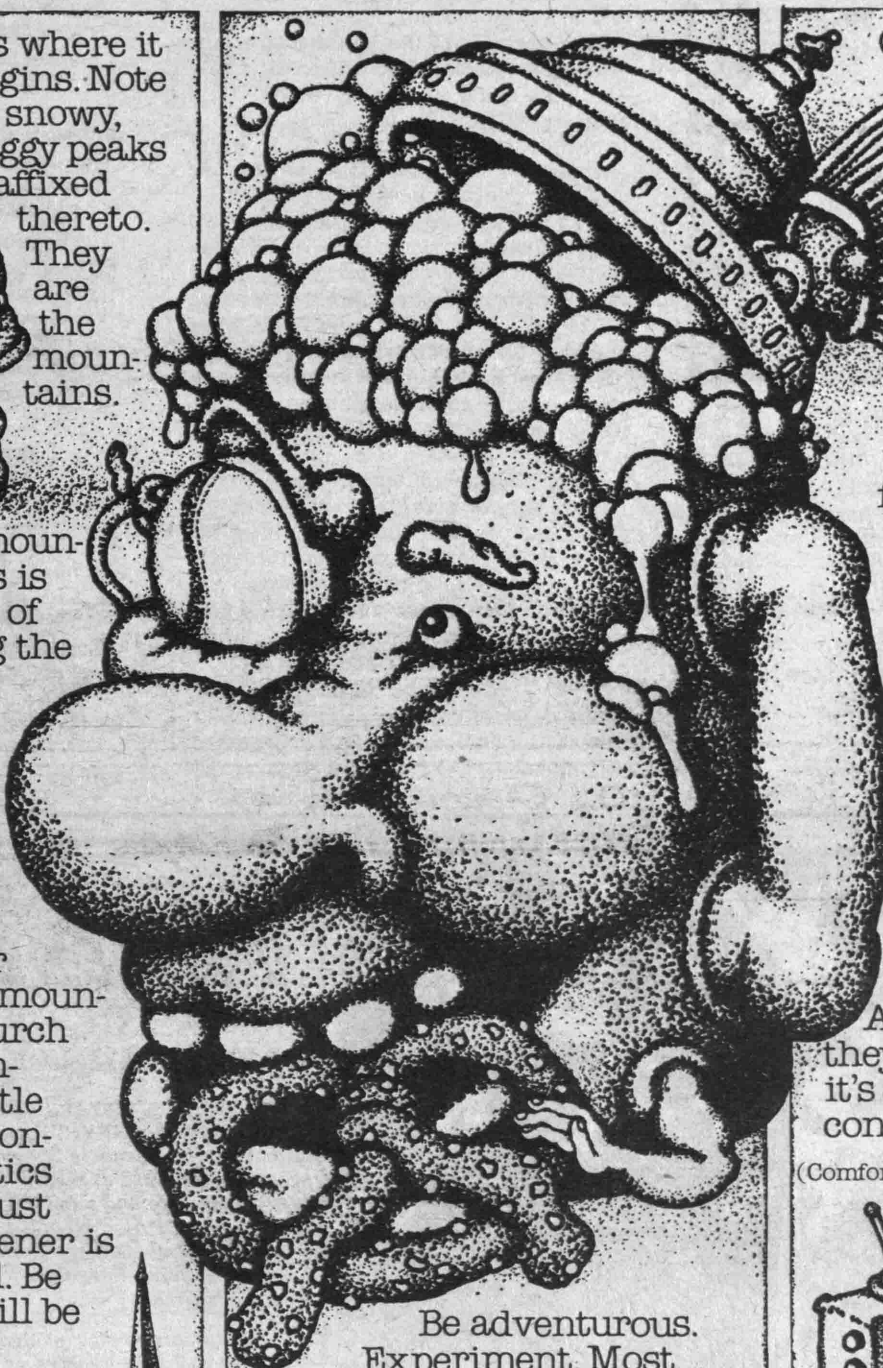
First and foremost, you'll need to pop the mountain top. For this task, faithful mountaineers use a church key. Secular mountaineers use a bottle opener. Don't be confused by these antics with semantics. Just remember, the opener is your primary tool. Be true to it and it will be true to you.

Second, choose a glass. Here the options become immense. German steins, hand-blown pilseners, old jelly jars, that cute little



(Church key used by faithful mountaineers.)

Mr. Boffo mug you've had since third grade.



Be adventurous. Experiment. Most mountaineers have a personal preference. You'll develop one too.

Food is next. Proper mountaineering, not to mention proper nutrition, requires a smorgasbord selection of snacks. Some mountaineers have suffered from a potato chip deficiency, a pretzel imbalance or other serious dietary defects. Plan ahead.

Comfort is crucial. If you mountaineer in public, pick a padded bar stool, preferably one that spins (to facilitate admiring the scenery). At home, a comfortable chair or sofa will do. Rule of thumb: if it feels good, and the police don't seem to mind, do it.

Then turn on the tube or spin a tune or crack a good book. The choice is strictly between you and the dominant hemisphere of your brain. Of course, some mountaineers say the smooth, refreshing taste of Busch is entertainment enough. And thank goodness they do, because it's an excellent conclusion.

(Comfort is crucial)



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To Valerie Solanas & Marilyn Monroe in
Recognition of Their Desperation by Pauline
Oliveros, performed by THE NEW ENGLAND
WOMEN'S SYMPHONY, 7812.03, Sanders Theatre,
Cambridge.

A Review by Lia Doze

The score of the composition is a set of instructions to the performers & conductors. The music is divided into three sections, whose duration is controlled by lighting -first red, second by yellow, & third by blue.

Each performer independently selects five different pitches, which are played on cue from the colored lights. Pitches are sounded in long sustaining tones, which the players may freely modulate by means of varying the dynamics, articulation, timbre. Any technique is allowed provided that the pitches are not altered. Both the conductors & the players improvise.

The ultimate goal is a blend of sounds in which no one is allowed to dominate.

Just after intermission, the musicians have carried their instruments into the balcony & placed themselves equally--strings, winds, brass & pitched percussion--into three groups. Each has its own conductor.

Houselights down.

Red spot onstage.

Onstage--a quilted piano, covered during an invisible ceremony; a cello lain on its side near the empty chairs & music stands, white with composition sheets. A wavering red light.

Valerie-red.

In the opening tonal sustains, my discomfited vision measures between what's left onstage & my own implications--the need to escape them: a city of fabricated caves within an open field of surgical precisions: cold until the O-boe-S, trumpets, trombones slide, violin measures of astral projections--Marilyn-yellow.

Glimmering off the surface of women whose bodies are their instruments, projecting their own crisply defined rising hysteria quickly subdued by & into Valerie-blue.

Calls blue organ falls bartering even sounds for the wailing high-blue points dotting thru the bottom blue rattling bassline low low low/steady steady steady all sounding under under under Marilyn-blue; above above above a thin strained point of glassy perfection screaming e-v-e-n-l-y. Dying suddenly at the stillness of Valerie/Marilyn-blue.

In the quiet -before we are sure the music is finished- I can smell popcorn. Someone leaves the theatre.

Was it Marilyn? Was it Valerie?

...cannot understand your passive scrutiny
your passive scrutiny in the presence
in the presence of real need

...cannot understand anything about the way
about the way in which you live
live your living microscope

...put us on your slide
s-t-r-e-t-c-h
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Sharpness becomes the most important
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The precision of the incision
the incision made
incision made with finely-tuned
strong-willed
calmly-dedicated
hands

The thin trickle of blood inspires
-confidence
-lust
for successful operations

Successful operations clear your head
You command & order
You orderly commander
You -who say you are God-less!

...should know of the reality
the reality of that god
That god you will not believe in
will not believe in for anyone's sake
for anyone's sake but your Own

You will deny it
You will say: Be strong!
Be patient!

O, You Great & Mighty Folder of Paper Gods
...concealed
...not guilty
but soon
...will be gone
eliminated

...will ask again for time
ask again for time
again
for time
time

time

...will tell you this-

It is time for mercy!

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Jesse Last



WEEKEND OF MUSIC

On December 16 & 17 the Council for the Arts at M.I.T. in cooperation with the Graduate Student Council and CZR Representatives, will present a weekend of music featuring a recital of Melodies by baritone Vincent Ricento and pianist Thomas Zajkowski entitled, "French Poetry set to Music." Also included in this weekend will be the Bostonia String Quartet playing chamber music of Mozart, and the Musicians of Cottage Farm presenting Pergolesi's two act comic opera, "La Serva Padrona" sung in English.

The events are scheduled for 8 p.m. Sat. the 16th and 2:30 Sun. the 17th, in the Little Theatre of Kresge Auditorium at M.I.T.

Tickets will be available in advance or at the door for \$7.50 for both events or \$5.00 each; for students with I.D. or senior citizens the cost is \$5.00 for both events or \$3.00 for each. The weekend is free for the M.I.T. community.

For more program information or ticket reservations, call 427-2931

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Bad Craziness

most of the mideast oil industry and ended this little appertainment game... Hence the new problems

I had even made "arrangements" with the person al office for a prepaid plane ticket from Houston to Boston, as well as for reimbursement for the flight down and some of the hotel bill... Yeah I was getting it together... I was even planning to ask for a return engagement with the company next summer in the middle east... or Indonesia... anywhere but Dallas.

Relaxation was never easy in Dallas... There was one good bar and one good theatre. After work I'd get stoned and drive down to White Rock Lake and run six or seven miles. Or visit the Museum of Fine Arts. There was a beautiful Rousseau, black and white shadows with two figures of life... In the light stood a provencial black-tailed European with a top hat and moustache slyly smiling at the baby wrapped in white sheets in the blackground...

"Should I tell him what's going on here" he thought along with the rest of the 19th century... But the baby had a shit-eating grin that said along with the 20th, "Hey fucker, I already know"... Two mad Jackson Pollacks filled the next room where his mad silver, black, and yellow neurons spread their axons and dendrites over the canvas in the true structure of Chaos.

All this fine art and drugs seeped into my system over the summer, my susceptibility heightened by day after day of heat... 110+. The sky barren and bland and burned... Well our apartment was about as barren. Except for the garbage and the holes... Howard not being involved with the spirit of interior decoration... My hands itched and finally brought home a set of large magic markers... True to spirit of the Cambridge burnout...

I'm not sure which of my works freaked Howard out... The day-glo green lizard with yellow claws and sizzling red eyes that said "gurgle"... The clown with an exploding gun barrel for a nose... The foot high psycadelic letters that spelled WHOOPIE!! next to newspaper clippings about the death of Pope Paul... The hirsute brown chatter monkeys with black eyes as big as saucers that had tossed my subconscious around like a coconut all spring and now were firmly caged behind thick blue bars in the dining room... I just began to notice that his behavior towards me was going through an intense change. He had ceased to express any common interest in buying food, doing dishes, going drinking, or making conversation... Whenever he came home and found me in the living room he swiftly dashed across it into the safety of his bedroom with all the speed and alacrity of an American foot soldier dodging sniper fire from the Vietcong.

So I'm at work... It's Tuesday, my second to last scheduled day of work... I've just proofed and labeled my research report when the research director made an unusual appearance to tell me that the personnel officer wanted to see me downstairs about next summer... Yessir, yessir I'll go down and talk to them...

I find the chief personnel officer slouching in his chair. There are two people in the office I've never seen before. One wears a security badge.

"Could You come with us please? There are two people who want to have a few words with you," the one with the badge says as he stands up and gently shoves me out of the office.

Hmmmm... What? Well I don't argue and we walk abreast to the lobby where they point out two uniformed Dallas Police Department officers. THIS WAS NO COP OUT!

After a brief and friendly exchange of identification we stepped outside where the shit came down.

"Well kid, you're under arrest. Turn around so we can handcuff you."

At first I didn't believe what was happening--no explanations, no spreadlegged search, no Miranda rights... but yeah, baby, this was for real.

As I climbed into the back seat of the cruiser a petite young TI security officer came up and deftly slipped my I.D. off my lapel.

"I'm going to take your badge and keep it for you. I want you to understand that this in no way affects your job security. When you come back you come back through me. I'll talk to you as soon as you get you're little problem cleaned up."

Sure lady; if somebody around here ever told me what it was... Shit, I'd be happy just to learn why I was being arrested. As best as I could understand the universe had been transformed into a gigantic monopoly board... roll the dice, buy a house, cash the paycheck, get a wife, advance 3 moves, go to church, pay utilities... and I had just picked up the card that said *go to jail, go directly to jail, do not pass go, do not collect travel expenses.*

Inside the cruiser we sat for a while outside the main gate while we waited for the other officer to park his car and ride with us. Apparently I was too dangerous for one man to handle alone. In the meantime I became better acquainted with the pair of bone-crushing mediviel devices attached to my wrists. Today's modern handcuffs consist of two pieces of heat-treated chrome-plated special steel manacles connected to each other by about three inches of thin chain, which the officer had somehow managed to twist slightly making them just a bit more unbearable. But the main feature was the ratchet action that clicked tighter at the slightest bit of pressure. Not knowing this I had sat down on them quite hard when I got into the car and now was beginning to lose circulation in my fingertips.

Slowly I began to find out more. Although the officer, whose name and badge number I'd memorized, had trouble making all the details fit together consistently, he gave me this story:

Howard had known I was planning to move out Wednesday, and had started to remove his things Tuesday morning. Our fine Southern lady manager, Jeanne, had noticed him bringing boxes down the stairs, and remembering the unpaid rent, had asked to see the apartment before he left. Apparently she had gone in, saw all the holes and artwork, and screamed over at Howard, "Who did this SHIT?"

Howard, broke and just wanting to get away told her that I'd done all of it and then quickly left.

At which point the police were called. As I was to learn much later, no formal complaint was ever sworn out. Jeanne just wanted a little help in locating me and making sure that I paid for some of the damages. Unfortunately the two police officers, one of which I don't credit with being able to draw conclusions, decided I was a psychotic criminal and that their duty was to remove me from society.

So that left me and officer Whilliams in the cruiser carrying on a highly involved discussion about "you and the law."

"By the way," I asked him, "If I'm under arrest why haven't you read me my rights yet? Won't there be some question about that if I go to trial?"

"Kid," he said, "There's one thing you gotta learn about the law... Whenever there's a question about your rights--there is no question."

Then he continued the interrogation. "Say kid. I saw them drawings you did, and all them holes... some of them are pretty goddamn weird, clown, green alli-gator, that shit with the pope. Don't appear to me that nobody normal would do something like that. You wouldn't happen to be under any kind of tension would you now? Do you have any emotional problems? C'mon, you can tell me kid, I'm your friend."

I regretted I'd never learned useful things, like how to vomit on command. Then for the first time all summer I began to relax. For even though I had the handcuffs on and was under arrest, was in a strange city without friends, and had about three dollars in my pocket, somehow I knew that if that was the best they could do, that if this half-wit was all I was going to have to deal with, then I must be in complete control of whatever was happening.

Finally Tonto showed up and squeezed his body into the front seat. Hmm this one must've been where a lotta ones came from... the word "pig"... deputy Dawg... Archie Bunker--Sergeant J. B. Pockrutch turned around as far as his neck would permit and glared. "John, I think they oughta hang this one," he mumbled and switched on the pulsating blue lights and Whilliams jumped the car onto the road leaving peices of grass and tire threads in the grille of an oncoming Red Arrow Freight truck.

By the time we drove into the basement of the downtown Dallas Police station 10 minutes later, a red light had begun to flicker on the dashboard and steam was beginning to seep from underneath the hood.

As soon as we stopped Pockrutch neatly pulled me out of the back seat and started dragging me sideways across the parking spaces towards the door. About five feet from the door and the nice cool airconditioning, Pockrutch stopped my somewhat unsteady canter by shoving his hand into my chest, pointed to a small greasy puddle of water in the asphalt and said, "See

that spot Kid? That's where Oswald Died!" with all the pride of a father showing his son's B+ report cards to a distant uncle.

Inside the building we go down many corridors until we came to a set of lockers next to an elevator at which time Pockrutch and Whilliams performed a rather unusual ritual... placing all their deadly weapons in one of the lockers... Whilliams had only a gunbelt but Pockrutch carried a very impressive arsenal... after he removed his gunbelt he fondled his overlapping folds of fat until he extracted a small snubnosed 38 from his left hip--the fruit of the loom holster. A small derringer appeared from his shirt pocket, and finally two large hunting knives and a pair of brass knuckles from his pants.

Upstairs I had my first visit to a modern city police department. I accompanied Whilliams over to a counter where he began to fill out report forms. Meanwhile Pockrutch began to wander around and I started to take in some details... Behind the counter sat the lieutenant, leisurely smoking a cigar and flipping through a Cessna catalogue... There was one cold water fountain with a sign above it that said, "For Police Officers Only" with a paper cup over the spout to prevent some prisoner from casually activating it with his foot and getting a drink. Over by the elevator barefoot unshaven men in green coveralls silently tramped back and forth before the erect young crew cut officer who operated the elevator... Every once in a while people--who I surmised to be lawyers--walked through carrying slim briefcases... Four inch lapels of patterned shirts stuck out over their polyester suits beneath their layered haircuts and slim mustaches in a tacky imitation of Ken dolls--Their egos falling down their legs like the creases in their trousers and slipping off their patent leather shoes onto the linoleum below.

I was alone for about 20 minutes as Whilliams meticulously filled out the arrest form before another person was brought in for booking... she was stumbling handcuffed, wearing only shorts and a faded T-shirt and obviously on something although she kept muttering from beneath her hair... "I'm not drunk, give me a breath test... gimme a breath test... I'll show you assholes..."

Pockrutch, who had been quietly sitting down some where in back came running up like a puppydog and started grabbing at her tits while the officer who brought her in held her back by the handcuffs and her hair so she couldn't bite his hands.

"Careful J. B., if you pull one of them off you might have to pay damages," muttered the lieutenant.

Meanwhile Whilliams gently tugged on my own manacles to bring me back to the counter, where for the first time he gave my pockets cursory pats and took my penknife, which he pocketed, and my wallet, which he opened up and removed the drivers' license from. After copying my home address he returned it to the wallet.

"Hey you misspelled a word," I whispered over his shoulder.

"You're not supposed to be reading this anyway, get over there. Hey J. B. come watch this man," he snapped, but nonetheless scratched out a line, then put the incomplete form over my wallet and started a fresh one.

J. B. came over and pulled me to the other side of the room next to the water fountain obviously upset at having his playtoy removed.

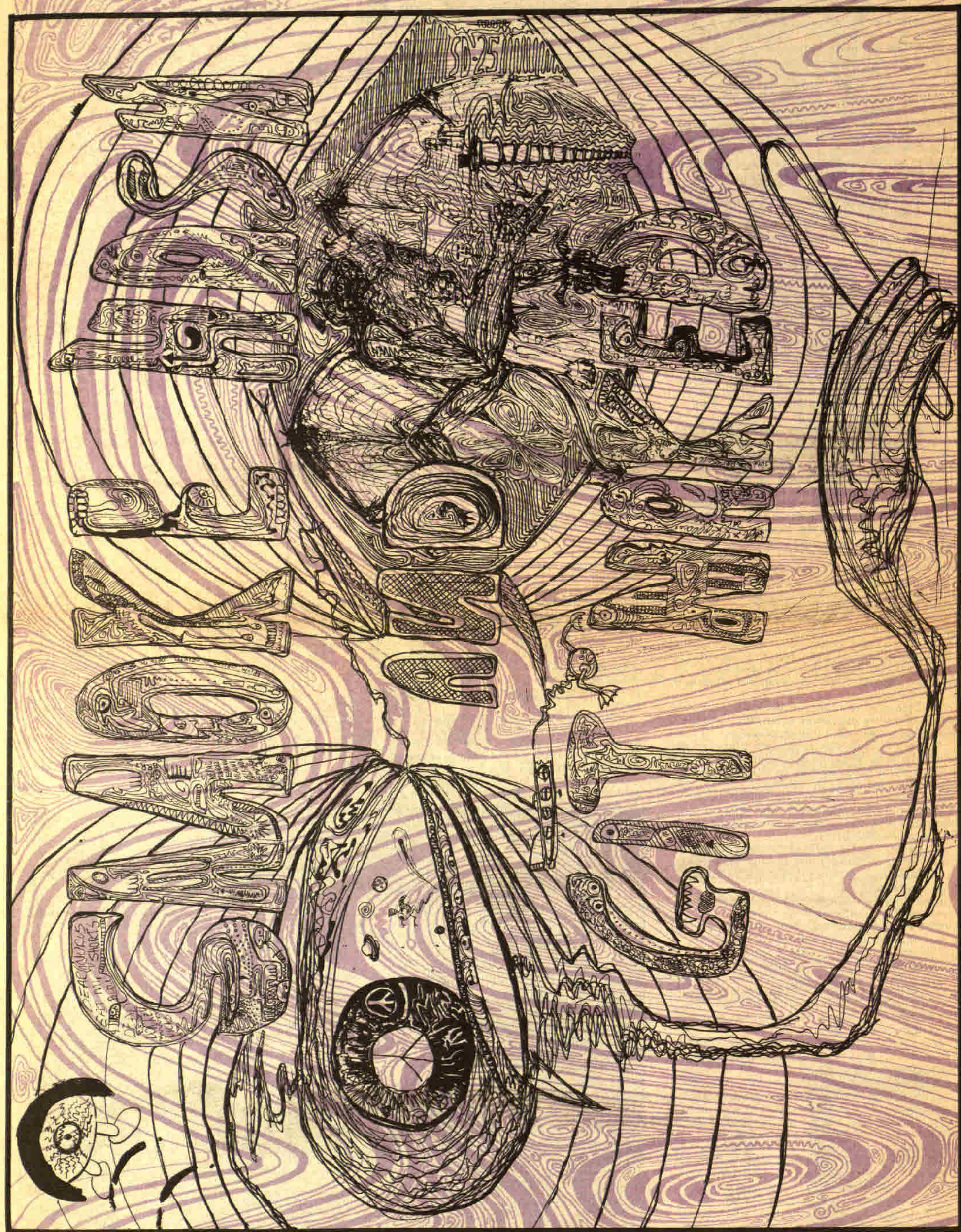
"You see that whore, Kid?"

continued on p. 8



All's well that ends well...The author, safely back at MIT, shares his exciting experiences with Jerome Wiesner, President of MIT, and Mrs. Eugene McDermott of Dallas, whose late husband founded GSI.

(Photo courtesy of Tech Talk.)

[illegible]

Bad Craziness

"How do you know she's a whore?"

"Why else would she be dressed like that?"

"Shit, man, it's over a hundred outside."

"Well she's still a whore. Besides she just shot up."

"How do you know that? Did you see any fresh tracks?"

"No, but she's stumblin' around and she ain't got no alcohol on her breath. Why would she be stumblin'? She just rigged up and we got her that's why."

"How do you know it was heroin?"

"That's what they all use."

This continued for several minutes during which Williams finished his report and conferred with the lieutenant. The girl, who kept tossing her long hair around like a wild horse, was taken to the Detox ward. Finally Williams came back over to us. The unfinished report was still lying on the counter, neatly covering my wallet.

"Okay, Kid, let's go back downstairs. There's not enough evidence to keep you here. What's happening is you're being booked and released. We'll take you back to work today or wherever you want and tomorrow a warrant will be drawn up by a judge for your arrest and you will be arrested, if we can find you." Well it was a little bit longer than sundown.

And we went back into the elevator and into the basement where my friends, the police officers reclaimed their weapons from the lockers, undid the handcuffs, took me back out through the door, past the site where Jack Ruby had shot Lee Harvey Oswald and to a police car.

I thought about waiting until we were back at the TI plant, but decided that would be taking too much of a risk; so as Williams was backing the car out of the lot, I gently tapped him on the shoulder and quietly said, "May I have my wallet and my knife back now please?"

Williams stopped the car. Red spots began to flicker on his cheeks as he tightened his jaw and sucked air in over his teeth. "Don't you have it?"

"No, you left it on the counter underneath the report. Don't you remember?"

I said all those quietly, slowly, and distinctly with a slight grin on my face.

So he put the car back into the space. We got out and I was re-handcuffed, taken back over the spot where Oswald died, back inside where they had to de-arm themselves back up to the processing center and there it was still under the unfinished report...

along with a warning that "anything here was going to goddam stay."

Back at TI I made a few phone calls before I was able to locate the security officer who had talked to me earlier. She was quite condescending and sympathetic, assuring me complete cooperation. After asking me to sign some proprietary statements and debriefing me for about an hour she took me over to see the head of personnel, who, she reassured me, didn't know anything at this point. I would have a chance to make my case...

Hmm...not almost so...She, the chief of personnel, and one of his lackeys huddled in his office... Finally the lackey comes out and asks me to sign more proprietary statements...okay sure...Now my turn...

"Well can you tell me if I have a job anymore."

"No, I'm afraid not."

Ooops.

"Can I still get the prepaid plane ticket from Houston to Boston and reimbursement for travel like I was promised?"

"No I'm afraid not—that would be aiding a wanted criminal to escape, and we have to protect the company from being involved in charges like that. If you can get this cleared up—talk to the people, get them to drop the charges, we will give you the plane ticket since we had said we would do that."

Fortunately they did give me my final paycheck... Okay at least I had enough money to leave town... Five hundred dollars would even get me back to Boston in two days...

Back at the apartments I had planned to quickly pack my belongings and escape but there was strange lock over the doorknob...the best made plans...

Well I still had to deal with landlady Jeanne, who found me sitting next to door, crying heavily—it's a good trick to use with middle-aged people. Especially if their young son was shot by his ex-wife in a hotel room...It does something for their maternal instincts and they just can't resist wrapping their flabby arms around your head and restricting your oxygen supply.

After much talking and a few drinks of Jack Daniels and Sprite, and a few lectures on fine arts, I had convinced her that I really was not that dangerous. She agreed to call Steve, the manager (she, after all was only the clean-up women) and ask him to drop the charges, providing I pay them \$150 for damages...

Okay I had to use my head again... The plane ticket from Houston to Boston was about \$150—even—but there was the bill from the flight down—\$145—plus all the hotel bills from the beginning of the summer—that made it—more—okay sure...I'll give

them \$150...as long as I get \$250-\$300...Hell... she even let me sleep in the apartment Tuesday night

Wednesday brought out a complicated series of phone calls among the Dallas police department, TI security, the apartment management, and me. I told security the charges had been dropped...but the police officer handling the case didn't get on duty until three in the afternoon...so TI couldn't give me any money until they got official word... But Jeanne and Steve at the apartments called TI and told them not to give me anything until they got their money... TI relayed that to me...I called the apartments and told them I needed the money from TI first...It got complicated...

Finally four o'clock found me in the apartment offices...I was finally clear with TI...at least I thought... But no, the security officer told me I would have to definitely give the \$150 to the apartments first. At which point I began to use full-force negative Karma.

"That's alright," I told Karen, the security officer. "You see I've talked to a lawyer today and he advised me I could sue TI for the plane ticket anyway, as well as for my other travel expenses from the beginning of the summer that I was never reimbursed for. Furthermore, I was advised that all those proprietary statements I signed for you yesterday are null & void because you misrepresented the company when you took my badge away by saying that the incident wouldn't affect my job security..." I had more, but she hung up...

For the next twenty minutes the phones at both Security and Personnel were busy. I drank a little with Steve and Jeanne...who were now beginning to get into the excitement...

"I think that shook them up a little...they must be calling their lawyers."

"Hah!" Jeanne laughed. "That'll be the first goddamn lawyer I ever heard of working past three o'clock..."

Finally I got through to the lackey back at personnel, Mr. Calm. Yes, yes...everything was going to be fine... "And how much more than the ticket to Boston did you think you had coming?"

"Well, let me see. The plane down cost \$145. I have a receipt for that. Then I had to stay in a hotel for ten days at the beginning of the summer that was \$16 a night."

"Well how about the plane ticket and say, seven days at \$24 a day...that's our standard per diem."

"Sure, fine."

"Well it's 4:45. We'll have to get this to you tomorrow. The cashier's office is closed already!"

continued on p. 10

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girl friends PG

Secrets R



'Okay, that'll be one more day of per diem then since I can't stay in the apartment anymore.'

Thursday: It feels good to stand on your own feet in the dawn—even if you've had no sleep and plenty of drugs and sex the night before... It was rather bizarre... But now I'm in the car wearing the shirt I had made the day before—black, french cut with silver scalloped letters that said *Idiot* front and back. On the front there are several stains also—some human, some taco. I don't know which is worse—my hair or my breath? It was 9:15 as I went into the building... they give me a temporary badge and leave me unescorted! I go back to personnel... yes, they've made the reservation, but here's the catch... it won't be paid for until the day before the flight leaves, in a week... Just in case I became "wanted" again. They also gave me \$337 out of Petty Cash...

I'm driving down Campbell Rd. to the apartments to pay off Steve and Jeanne when I started thinking about the shit they caused... Hmmm... The overall condition of those apartments... Hmm... Then I remembered where I'd seen Steve before. It was at the *Old Plantation* downtown, the only gay bar in Dallas, as well the only place that stayed open after 2:00. He had an unforgettable paisley tattoo on his left bicep*. And had been dancing with a middle-aged, pudgy, hirsute doll at the time. Hmrr

No...No...I call into a 7/11 with a pay phone.
"Hello. Steve? Yeah this is me...I just got the money from TI. And you know what? You're not going to get any of yours. Furthermore, I just talked to the Dallas Health Department and told them about that little open sewer you have, and those leaks, and those roaches, and you're going building and health inspectors over shortly you're going to have to deal with...Oh yeah...Steve, you're a very nice-looking boy. It's too bad you like to dance with trolls.

Hangup.

Highway.

I spent a week visiting my parents in Central Texas. Every day I call Eastern. It's always the same story—the reservation has been made but the ticket hasn't been paid for—yet. Well I'm not going to call TI asking if they're still going to

pay for it—like there might be a reason why they shouldn't—like Steve either called them or I was able to freak him sufficiently not to.

Oh, yeah. Howard didn't even get off that well. About 3 days before all this happened, I got the phone bill for the summer—\$150, most of it mine. I didn't have a "chance" to show it to him before I got arrested, and the last time I saw it was somewhere in a hayfield south of Dallas...

Wednesday afternoon—the payoff. Eastern flight 191 Houston to Boston reservation confirmed, ticket prepaid.

Thursday afternoon—my sister leaves me at Houston Intercontinental Airport with two victory joints courtesy of some new friends at the University of Houston stashed in a pack of Marlboros, but are they that or last smokes? What if... what if... the final terrible scene comes true—suppose I've been set up... Is it going to be like those farce scenes in the movies? The camera's on him, quietly smoking a cigarette before takeoff reading the paper. Now the aisle—two men in pressed blue suits and a bewildered stewardess come the down the aisle... checking seat numbers against a piece of paper. Aha! this is the one. Conversation, badges flash. And the reader's whisked off the plane, his cigarette still smouldering.

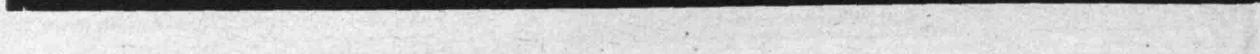
No, No. This was the scan. This was...takeoff.
...as the wheels give the pavement their final kick.

Atlanta! LBJ gave them an airport to appease them for losing NASA to Houston.

Long Island! someday they'll have Billy Joel muzak for airplanes... but... but... Hmm. I'm looking at the same ships for the third time when the captain comes on the intercom—stately, bald, white eyebrows, silver wings—to make an announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen. This is Cap'n Sherman. As you may have noticed we've been circling for the past 20 minutes. As you can see, there is unlimited visibility, no air turbulence, and we're only 30 miles from JFK. However there's a large amount of traffic today and we will be in a holding pattern for the next half hour or so... (pause) You can like it or you can not like it. Frankly we up here don't like it that much either." Just a delay. Just a delay... more time for the agents to get to Logan back in Boston. That's all.

Boston: It's sunset. Almost. There aren't any clouds and at 10,000 ft. there's still lots of sun. But as we came in over the water it starts going down. The wavelets in the harbor are all gold ripple patterns, diffractions. The skyline's really exceptional...the sun moves in and out of the buildings as we land finally disappearing behind the Pru leaving black silhouettes and an orange glow...



SPECIAL REPORT



RAT DEATH CULT

The Rat came back last week. I ask, for what? In issues past we could expect some real ranting from our rodent friend. He is no longer a rodent, nor a reptile, nor any sort of animal at all. Yes folks, the Rat has sold out. When he left Cambridge last spring, I saw a creature of real character. Numerous creditors were knocking on his door and badgering him over the phone. He took it all in stride - mostly he lied to them. He told them that a check was in the mail or that he was not in and that his roommate would be back latter. Then came the fateful day last April. I was just recovering from an eventful night of recreational drug and sex activity. When I awoke, I grabbed the phone to find out what time it was. The fucking phone was dead. This meant trouble. The Rat had already found out the bad news. I found a note that said he was leaving town in a hurry and that he would talk to me latter and that he hoped that no one would hassle me as he expected the landlord to arrive with the eviction notice.

I rummaged around the room for a while, not knowing exactly what to do. Drugs. I wonder if he took all the drugs. The cigar box that he used for his quotidian habits was gone, but had he taken the secret cache? The baggie

wrapped up in the paper bag from the Coop behind the panel, next to the fuse box that didn't have any fuses in it and hadn't since I had known the Rat, behind his slimy desk, way back in the corner of the room. Had he taken this? If he left in as much of a hurry as I thought he had, he probably didn't. So I went into his bedroom, over the mounds of newsprint and discarded Peppridge Farm cookie bags; I moved his slimy desk to the side, bent over, removed the panel next to the fuse box that hadn't been used since I had known him, and there it was.

I was busy salivating at my discovery when I heard the door open. Actually I didn't hear a door open, what I heard was a crash and a thunder of feet. I peered out of the bedroom to be greeted by not one, not two, but three Cambridge Police officers in full armour. "Are you..." I didn't let the officer finish. "I don't know where he is. The last time I saw him was last night. Here's a note I found this morning when I woke up a few minutes ago. What time is it?" "Ten thirty," responded the largest of the blue intruders. "Oh, my God, I'm late for a class. Gotta go." With that I raced out of the apartment, having shown my MIT id, down the stairs, through the alley and out onto the street.

Now what happened to those drugs. The Rat was a street-wise teacher of how to keep the drugs you want to keep. Shove them down your pants. So when I heard that crash that's what I did. So there I was walking back to MIT with enough chemical to alter the minds of Bexley Hall for about one month. In other words, just about enough for the Rat and me if things got rough.

I saw the white 69 cadillac, but could it be? When I got close enough, I could see him, the Rat. He explained that he had (now get this) rented the car. Anybody can get credit these days. When I got in the car I told him that I had rescued the supply from the clutches of the unwanted. He

said he was on his way out of town. Without speaking another word between us, we both ingested two grams each of MDA, then I gave him about a thousand mikes of acid, a few chose hits of DMT, half the mescaline, and some rolling papers. I have no idea what they were doing in there. Just as the MDA was taking effect he said, "See you. You can get out at the next corner." And that was it. I left the Rat with enough chemical in his body to electrify a whole city and he was heading out of town in a rented 69 white convertible cadillac.

So what happens when he comes back to Cambridge. He writes a column, so what? Madison Avenue has polluted his brain worse than any chemical I ever took with him. The Institute is still screwing us and his column is practically a dinner invitation for Jerry Weisner and Paul Grey. Maybe I shouldn't get down on him so much. After all isn't that why all of us are here? Sooner or latter we all plan to sell out. There's no use pretending that you're not. In the meantime though there are a lot of things that need straightening out. We don't need these passive expositions on the state of the universe. We need... Well what we need is an end to the final exam bullshit. The official exam period is Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 18, 19, and 20. But you would be hard pressed to find someone that doesn't have at least one or two in class finals the Friday and Thursday before. Isn't it nice that right after you finish your term paper that you might have two, maybe three days, if you're lucky, to prepare for one of these in class finals. Why do we perpetuate this double standard of final exams? But on the other hand what can we as students do? What should you do if you have two term papers due today, that you haven't yet researched, and two exams next week, and one final. You should fill your brain with the most powerful, most dangerous, most disorienting drugs you can lay your paws on. Rather than stay up all night tooling, so to speak, you should declare a recess for your brain. Go ahead, eat that acid, shoot up that DMT. It's for your own good. Actually you should keep it up for a year. That's right, for a whole fucking year, wake up each morning and take a different chemical. You'll be glad you did.

That's also my recommendation to those little wimps running around whining about grade deflation. If they're so spineless to allow the decisions of the faculty to ruin their future, as they claim and fear, then they deserve what they get. As far as I am concerned the faculty can do what ever they want with grades. No matter what they do, the criteria for determining these grades will still be sufficiently limited for measuring the students' response to a particular course. Let's face it, an A means you take tests well, if not better, than everyone else. So if these little wimps want to halt grade deflation they had better learn how to perform well on tests. Is that really important? Of course not.

The Institute is like a cult of workaholics hell bent on getting good grades. To varying degrees, we are all willing to shut out the world around us in order to immerse in the curricula. The cult of MIT gives the weak nerd a rallying point. Something to believe in, if you will. Everything will be stable if the nerd does well, if not perhaps they will be turned away from the cult. The cult leaders can play on the emotional weaknesses of the members; distorting the reality around the rest of us. How else could so many people place so much emphasis on so trite a matter? Don't give in. I warn you, don't give in. If you feel overpowered and overburdened by your workload, take some good recreational chemicals - you'll be glad you did.

box in Boston, and so does not currently pose too much of a threat."

Recommendations of the Congressional Committee for the Control of Cults pursuant to our investigations:

1. Constant surveillance and infiltration of their ranks by government agents.
2. Make all cult members wear special uniforms, clearly labeled, enact a special curfew, and place guards around their residences.
3. Send them all to camps so they realize that society views what they are doing as wrong (This measure is expected to be effective against all cults except the Boy Scouts.).
4. Re-educate the cult members using drugs, shock treatments, and special interrogative techniques (This measure is expected to be effective against all cults except the "Discos").
5. Kill their leaders.

Ex-erpts from the Report of the Congressional Committee for the Control of Cults

Following the mass suicide of over 900 members of an American's religious commune in Guyana, a Congressional Committee was formed to investigate other existing "cult" groups, assess their stability, and suggest methods for their control. Among the most alarming of the dehumanizing, mind-destroying organizations operating freely in the U.S. are:

THE DISCO OF BRAIN DEATH

"At the door a muscular youth in loud clothing extorted 'donations' from the reluctant Committee. We found ourselves herded into a hall about the size of an aircraft hangar, but packed so tightly with people that it was difficult to smoke a cigar without burning someone or having ashes fall on the Chairman's suit. Although it was extremely dark, I was able to distinguish a number of decorative fixtures completely alien to my everyday experience. The walls were completely covered with road signs, mirrors, and billboards containing useless or archaic inscriptions, and hanging by chains from the ceiling were tawdry, grotesque caricatures of Tiffany light fixtures. There were many overhead wooden beams and plaster columns that served no support function.

"The music, which was mostly screeching and whining, was played at ear-splitting volume. Thousands of flashing colored lights and three dangerous bar areas on wheels added to the disorientation. Sale of a variety of intoxicating liquors from bottles without labels, and suspicious baskets of small nutlike nodules placed every few feet along the bar, add their sad connotations of nonprescription drug abuse.

"How does the so-called 'Disco' affect the unfortunate victim? Well, although it is not the function of the Congress to spread rumors, most of these premises seem to be off-limits to women. Even more disturbing, though, is the "Disco's" effect of making the cultist unable to see how ridiculous they appear in flowered silk shirts, torreador pants, platform shoes, and three-inch pompadour hairdos. To see hundreds of these unfortunate souls crowded into small

tight clumps, convulsing to the music in tightly-regimented rhythm, is a vision to cause anyone concern."

BEASTIALITY OF BOY SCOUTS

"This group, preying on the trust and sensitivities of children, is perhaps the most sinister we have investigated. These small covens are led by middle-age men, most of whom served in World War 2. Their methods are savage and effective: highly arbitrary leadership coupled with physical adversity usually administered in the remote wilderness. Of special importance is the fact that many of the afflicted are the children of government officials or important business leaders."

THE HORROR OF HILLEL

"Admission to this cult is consummated by a savage surgical procedure which when described would cause any man but the indoctrinated to squirm with displeasure. Those afflicted tend to isolate themselves into "neighborhoods" and adopt certain antisocial habits in order to remain distinct and detached from nonmembers. One example of this is the tendency to speak mostly in English but to translate the most crucial parts to a peculiar coded language that only other cultists understand, often just single words. All the men grow beards and wear peculiar shrunken beanies according to a complicated time schedule...Both males and females eat peculiar, unpronounceable foods made from combinations of things no-one else on Earth has ever considered."

ORDER NOW! K-TEL

"Perhaps the newest of the cults, this organization presents its messages through loud, assaultive TV commercials which are repeated up to thirty times during a single program. In order to lend weight to their claims this group plays loud recordings of popular music and flash pictures of famous performers as their minister speaks. Although highly visible, their physical presence is limited to the smaller UHF stations and a post office

<p>Be nice to people who are inferior to you. It's only for a week, so have no fear, Be grateful that it doesn't last all year! —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>Christmastime is here, by golly, Disapproval would be folly Deck the halls with hunks of holly Fill the cup and don't say when</p>	<p>I have only comparatively recently emerged from the United States Army, so that I am now, of course, in the radioactive reserve. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>All books can be indecent books Though recent books are bolder Cause filth, I'm glad to say, Is in the mind of the beholder. When correctly viewed, everything is lewd! —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>Kill the turkeys, ducks, and chickens Mix the punch, drag out the dickens Even though the prospect sickens Brother, here we go again.</p>	<p>After Johnny got through basic training he Was a soldier through and through when he was done. Its effects were so well rooted That the next day he saluted A Good Humor man, an usher, and a nun. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Might makes right. Until they've seen the light They've got to be protected, all their rights respected, Till somebody we like can be elected! —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>On Christmas Day you can't get sore Your fellow man you must adore There's time to rob him all the more The other three hundred and sixty-four.</p>	<p>You shall all go directly to your respective Valhallas Go directly, do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollahs. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Second fiddle's a hard part, I know, When they don't even give you a bow! —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>Relations, sparing no expense I'll Send some useless old utensil Or a matching pen and pencil Just the thing I need. How nice.</p>	<p>Once all the Germans were warlike and mean But that couldn't happen again. We taught them a lesson in 1918 And they've hardly bothered us since then. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Here's a cure for all your troubles Here's an end to all distress. It's the old dope peddler With his powdered happiness. —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>It doesn't matter how sincere it Is, nor how heartfelt the spirit Sentiment will not endear it What's important is the price.</p>	<p>Just sing out 'A Te Diem' When you see that ICBM And the party will be come as you are. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Midst the yuccas and the thistles I'll watch the guided missiles While the old FBI watches me. —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>Hark the Herald Tribune sings Advertising wondrous things!</p>	<p>Remember the war against Franco That's the kind where each of us belongs. Though he may have won all the battles We had all the good songs. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Keep that reefer hidden where you're sure That it will not be found And be careful not to turn on When the Scoutmaster's around For he only will insist that it be shared! Be prepared! —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>God rest ye merry merchants May ye make the Yuletide pay!</p>	<p>My tragic tale I won't prolong And if you do not enjoy my song You've yourselves to blame if it's too long You should never have let me begin. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Plagiarize Let no one else's work evade your eyes Remember why the good Lord made your eyes So don't shade your eyes But plagiarize, plagiarize, plagiarize! Only be sure always to call it, please, research. —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>Angels we have heard on high Tell us to go out and BUY!</p>	<p>The fellow was no fool Who taught our Sunday school And neither was our kindly Parson Brown. Shall I? No, I think I'd better not..... In my home town. —Tom Lehrer</p>
<p>Does Lyndon, recalling when he was VP, Say, 'I'll do unto you like they did unto me' ? —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>So... let the raucous sleighbells jingle Hail our dear old friend Kris Kringle Driving his reindeer across the sky... Don't stand underneath when they fly high! —Tom Lehrer</p>	<p>Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice, Unless you get a good percentage of her price. —Tom Lehrer</p>

**the
last
word**