

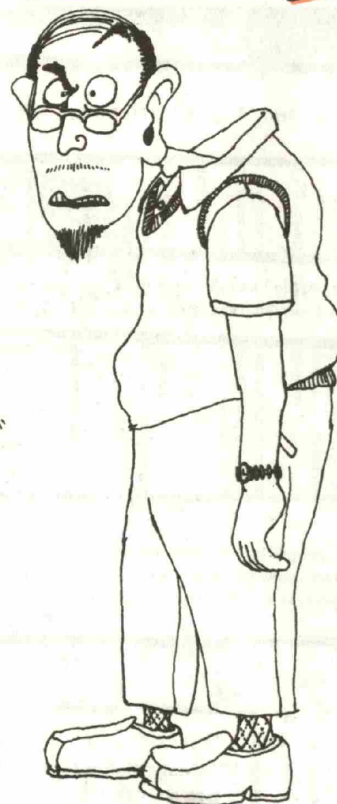
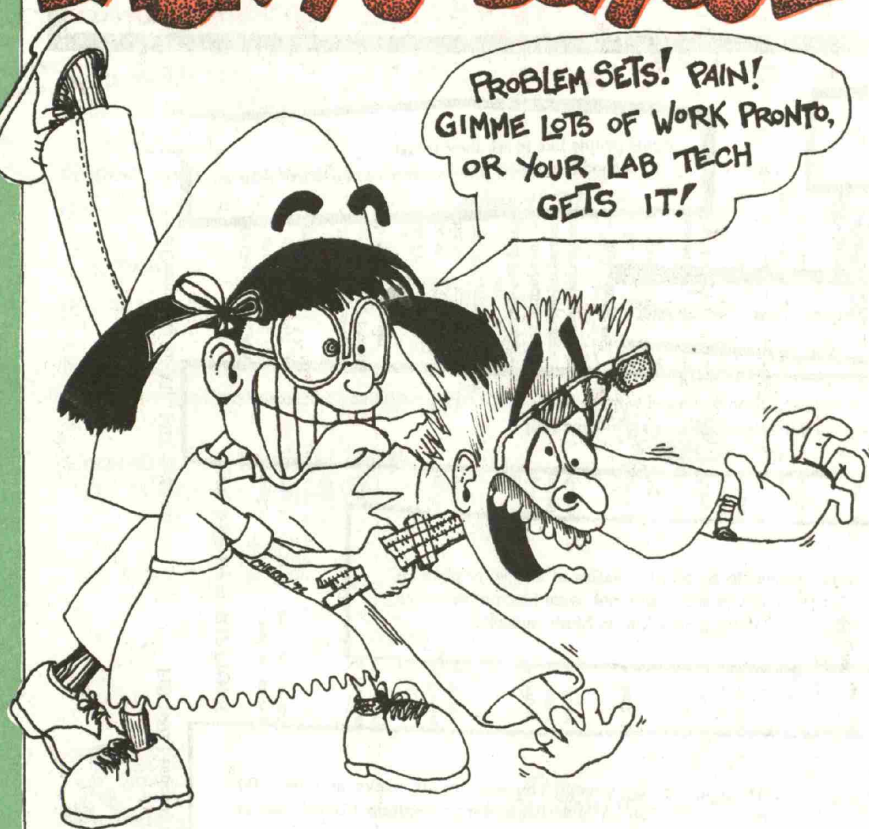
Fall 1992

\$3.00

# Voodoo

BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE!

PROBLEM SETS! PAIN!  
GIMME LOTS OF WORK PRONTO,  
OR YOUR LAB TECH  
GETS IT!



MIT Journal of Humour

A  
PEEK  
INSIDE

"Dances Beyond the  
Pale",  
"The Final Exam: Part II"  
... and much, much more!

# THE MIT MUSEUM SHOP

Captivating puzzles, games,  
and technological whimsy

MIT Museum  
265 Mass. Ave.

253-4462

MIT Student Center  
84 Mass. Ave.

What's the Best Way to learn about Athena?

Some people like to ask their friends.  
(It's a good thing their friends already know about Athena!)

Some people like to buy big thick manuals and read them from cover to cover.  
(It's a good thing that there's big manuals!)

Some people like to sit down at a workstation and start trying everything for themselves.  
(It's a good thing there's Dash and On-Line Help!)

Some people like to have an instructor take about an hour to go over the basics of a topic or piece of software: how to get started, what it's good for, what's important and what's not, what kinds of problems to expect, and how to learn more for themselves. (It's a good thing there's Athena Minicourses!)

**Athena Minicourses:** Starting September 14th, Monday through Thursday for six weeks, at noon, 7:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. in Room 3-343. No reservations. Schedules available along the Infinite Corridor and in Fine Athena Clusters everywhere.

Athena minicourses: They're not for everybody, but they *are* free.

Free Computing for ALL MIT students!

Fall 1992 Minicourse Schedule

MIT Information Systems

## COURSE DESCRIPTIONS

Topics include: getting started, finding help

Logging  
Pre-

I/S-Athena Training Group

All Classes in Room 3-343

MIT Information Systems

# In "Back-to-School" VooDoo

## Editorial

*listen to our Editor-in-Chief bitch and moan.*

## Letters to VooDoo

*listen to our readers bitch and moan.*

## What I Did This Summer

*column by Samuel Jay Keyser, Associate Provost*

## Fun Stuff To Pull On The Clueless

*column by Bill Jackson*

## Dances Beyond The Pale

*graphic novella by Cherry Ogata*

## India Ahoy! and 2011 AD

*cartoons by Pawan Sinha*

## Rush Week '92

*guide by Jennie Lopez*

## Genesis and Theophysics

*article by The Rt. Rev. G. Everett Muerthwell, DD*

## Ask Phos

*advice column featuring our favorite furrball*

## Freshman Contest Entries

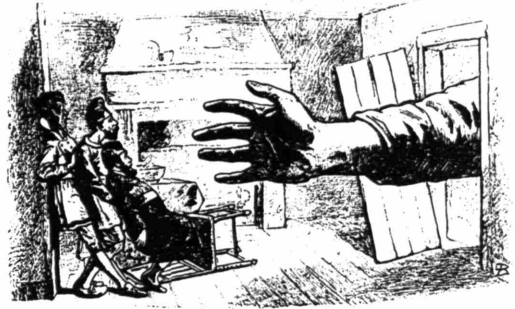
*the brave souls who dared enter*

## Committee on Institute Death

*"The Final Exam, Part II" by Jim Bredt*



5



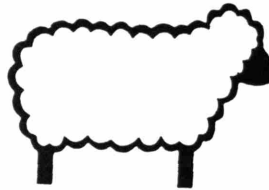
6

8

9



12



18



20

22



29



30

29

*the Coolest*



16

*humorous prose by Alan Blount*

*Bob's Last Dance*

*humorous prose by Dave Jordan*

*Looking for a Delightful Mr. Goodbar Brand Chocolated Confection Bar*

*illustrated epic poetry by Celeste Winant*

*Gruenebohr*

*in naughty voodoo*



2



## FROM THE PUBLISHER



Publisher  
Phosphorous

Editor-in-Chief  
Kent Lundberg

Production Staff  
Larry Appleman  
Jim Bredt  
Courtney Moriarta  
Cherry Ogata

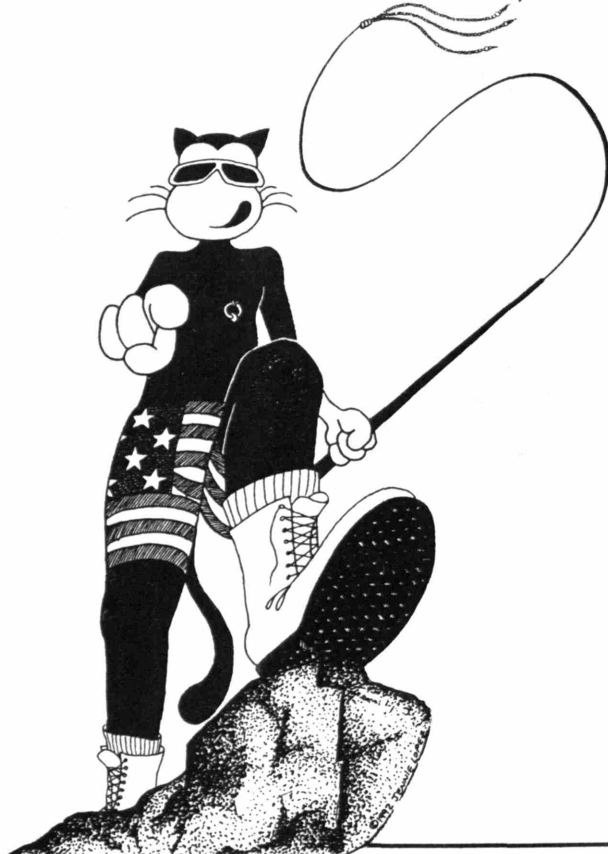
Staff Emeritus  
William B. Elmer '22

Contributing Staff  
Raluca Barbulesco  
Alan Blount  
Jim Bredt  
Jeff Breidenbach  
Beth Davidson  
Bill Jackson  
Dave Jordan  
Samuel Jay Keyser  
Jennifer Lopez  
Courtney Moriarta  
G. Everett Muerthwell  
Russell Newman  
Cherry Ogata  
Pawan Sinha  
Celeste Winant

Volume 73, Issue 1

VooDoo Magazine  
MIT Room 50-309  
77 Massachusetts Avenue  
Cambridge, MA 02139  
(617) 253-4575  
voodoo@athena.mit.edu

VooDoo Magazine, published twice a term as long as we can afford it. All material ©1992 VooDoo Magazine and individual authors. Special thanks to FinBoard for financial support. Printed at Bay State Graphics. Four issue subscriptions by mail are available for \$10. Editorials are the opinions of the Editor-in-Chief. Dissents, printed in a distinctive format, are the official opinions of *The Tech*. This magazine is biased, blah blah blah : "If it ain't funny, it ain't worth print." Complaints about the content of VooDoo Magazine may be sent to *Counterpoint Magazine*, c/o the Advocates of Rational Discourse, P.O. Box 61, Cambridge, MA 02139.



# SUBMIT to VooDoo

your prose, your cartoons, your photos,  
your jokes, and your drawings

Next Submission Deadline : November 5, 1992.



## EDITORIAL

We have spent the summer trying to bring the best possible "Back to School" magazine ever, from selling ads and begging for submissions to brow-beating our cartoonists. Mining for every morsel of humor than we could possibly find, we have brought you nothing but the best *VooDoo* ever.

Of course, the summer was not all smooth sailing. Physical Plant had to destroy our darkroom again. As if the **WHOLE YEAR AND A HALF** previous to the last issue wasn't enough (when they tore the whole place apart to install a "fume hood"), this summer they had to "install some ducts in the walls" as part of their renovation of the Walker Kitchens. "We'll be in and out in four days," they promised. **WELL, WE ALL KNOW HOW MUCH A PHYSICAL PLANT PROMISE IS WORTH BECAUSE IT TOOK THEM TWO WHOLE MONTHS.** If those buffoons were worth a tenth of what they are paid maybe Walker Memorial wouldn't be falling down around our ears. Here we are, trying to produce a magazine, and they have only let us use our darkroom for two months out of the last two years. Last month they told us "We're done." We went in there to find an **ARC-WELDER** and the floor wrecked. "Oh yeah," they mumbled, "we forgot."

Well, the summer is over, and we have our darkroom back (for a while, we hope), and the new freshman are here. We published a Rush Guide (during R/O week, of course, duuuuh!), and we had a great time screaming at people at the Activities Midway. Our summer contest for the freshman (included in their ASA mailing) wasn't a complete failure: we got four entries, so we declared them all winners (see page 30).

Being a part of rush again makes me think back to my first experience at MIT as a new

student. There was a commercial airline accident the day I flew from California to Boston for my freshman R/O week. After landing at Logan Airport, another freshman and I were given a ride to MIT by a generous upperclassman, who, no doubt, had spent his whole evening driving back and forth through the tunnel. In an effort to make smalltalk, he said "So did you see the accident in Dallas?" The other freshman said "Yeah, it really freaked me out."

In an attempt at humor, I said "Yes, I saw it, but there are never two plane crashes in one day, so I knew that I was *totally* safe." The other freshman turned around to look at me and whined "I'm sorry, but the probability of getting into an accident was the same for you today as it is on any other day."

**MY FIRST JOKE AT M.I.T. SQUASHED BY AN EVIL NERD.**

I discovered, even before I got to the MIT campus for the first time, that **MIT NEEDS HUMOR.** This summer, when the guy in front of me at the ASA Freshman Packet Stuffing Extravaganza saw our flyer, he said, "*VooDoo's* not funny." (I never told him who I was.) However, I am confident that the quality of *VooDoo* is beyond reproach. The last issue spent two weeks as the default reading material on my living group's bathroom floor, and that is the highest honor a humor magazine could ever hope to obtain.

Our publication schedule this year promises three more issues this school year, with the next one due out the middle of November. So get off your butt and send us your material: your prose, your cartoons, your photos, your jokes, your drawings, and anything else you want us to print. And be sure to get your angry "Letters to the Editor" written right away!

---

## DISSENT

The good men and women of MIT Physical Plant provide the MIT Community with an invaluable service. Responsibility for the upkeep and maintenance of these hallowed halls rests solely with the underrated and unappreciated individuals of The Physical Plant. Ever cordial and helpful, Physical Plant laborers are always willing to take a break from the important work of pulling staples out of Institute bulletin boards and driving orange golf carts down the Infinite corridor to stop and offer advice to passing students. It is just this sort of friendliness which sets MIT Physical Plant apart from the maintenance crews at other schools. It is time that the members of the MIT Community join together in expressing their gratitude to Physical Plant for its superb and expedient work in accomplishing its formidable task in an undeniably extraordinary manner.

# LETTERS TO VOODOO

## Alumni Observations

Dear Herr Lundberg:

I have perused the latest issue of the venerable *VooDoo*, especially the Letters section, and have the following comments.

1. I agree with George Palmer. At one time we did look to the *New Yorker* as a shining exemplar, and later, *Mad*. I am unable to identify your current role model.
2. I take serious umbrage at Dick Cottrell's reference to our youthful literary efforts as "crap." I would liken them more to road kill. But I, too, miss the slick paper, the color, and the Chesterfield ads.
3. Schwanhausser's experience with the *VooDoo* Smoker marked the end of an era. The smokers we had in the dear, dead days of long ago would now be considered major sexual harrassment. All hands, including the estate of William B. Rogers, would be sued for a quadzillion dollars, and a majority of the Corporation would be replaced by members of NOW.

Do continue to fly the mottled flag and maintain the hoary tradition of Phosphorus, whatever is left of them.

Robert L. Rorschach '43

*Robert, unfortunately, we've been unable to identify our role model, too. If you ever figure it out, let us know.*

## Freshman Kisses Up

Honorable Sirs and Madams of *VooDoo*:

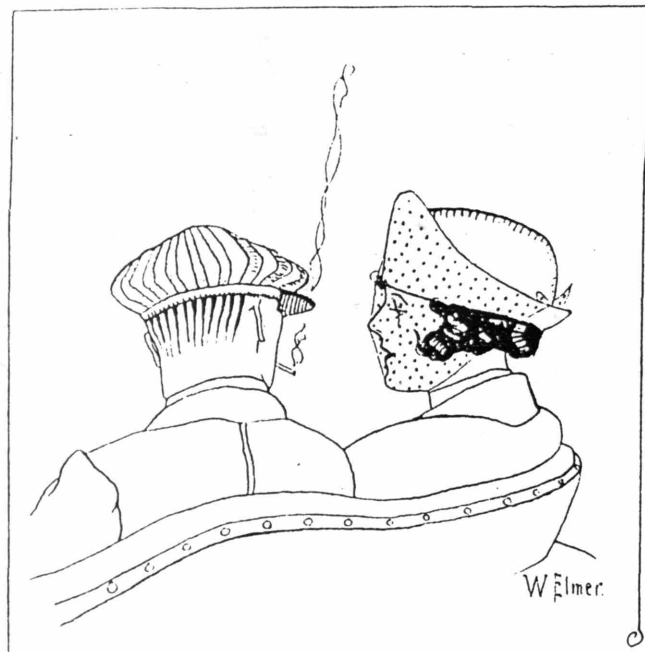
Please accept my humblest apologies for getting this contest entry to you two days after your deadline. I have been "vacationing" in a small town in Michigan called Cheboygan for the past two weeks. This town, despite its population of *maybe* 200 people, has eight carpet stores to carpet

the floors of these 200 people, and one video/cassette/CD store to monopolize the market for these items (at inflated rates for the privilege of shopping there) for these 200 people. And, worst of all, there is but one sidewalk Dairy Queen to pander the sweet tooth of these 200 people. Needless to say, the author of this letter is in dire need of some of Boston's "best ice cream."

The author apologizes once again for this entry's late arrival, and beseeches the "crack panel of humor experts" to just give this a look. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Russ Newman '96

*Russ, although the VooDoo staff would never sink so low as to procrastinate until the last possible day to complete their submissions, we will let it go this one time. Your ice cream is in the mail (it was a real pain in the neck getting it into the envelope.) Turn to page 30 for the results of the freshman humor contest.*



He: "Have you read "Freckles?"  
She (quickly): "Oh, no, that is only my veil."

## Bill is Back

Dear VooDoo:

Thank you very much for sending me your letter and the copy of the latest VooDoo. It is more wonderful than I can tell you to hear from the latest VooDoo wildmen.

I enclose a copy of my first cartoon and a copy of the cover of the issue that it appeared in, the very first VooDoo. I thought I had it made when I actually had one of my drawings in VooDoo.

Very truly yours,  
William B. Elmer '22

*William, it is always good to hear from our alumni, and it is especially wonderful to hear from you, a founding member of VooDoo. And here's a reprint of that cartoon, 73 years later.*



## Duh?

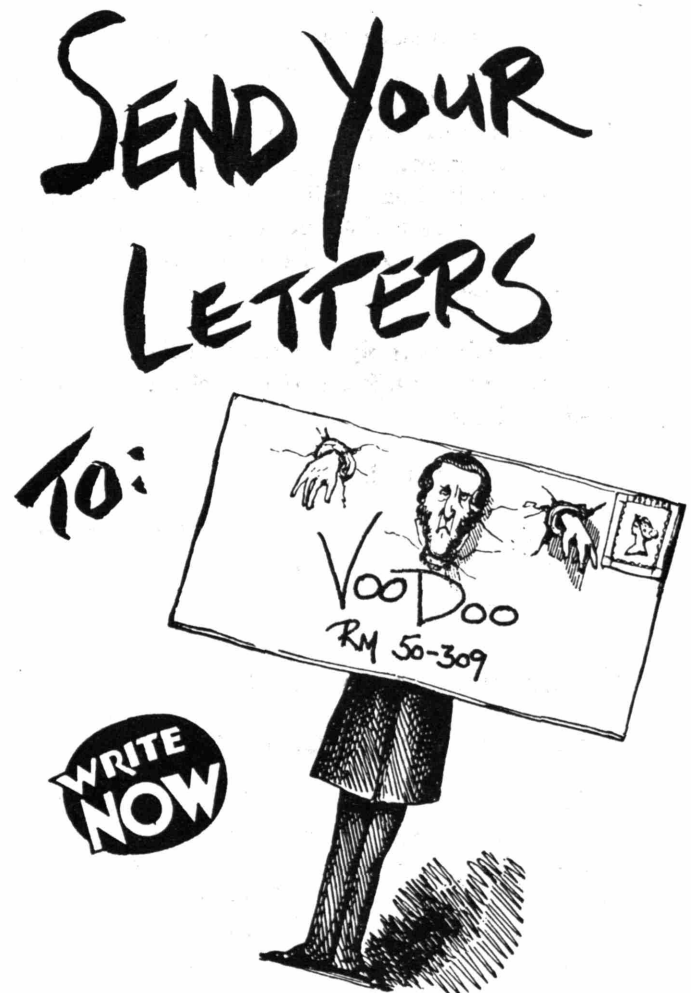
VooDoo:

I have just finished reading the amazingly funny VooDoo's *Rush Guide* [published August 28], but I am left with one, increasingly nagging, question :

Where is page six?

With all due respect,  
Pascal Chenais.

*It's after page five, you brain LACKing SAP!*



# What I Did This Summer

by Samuel Jay Keyser, Associate Provost, MIT

What do fresh men and women do during the summer to prepare themselves for their first year at MIT? Everybody knows the answer to that. Anything from catching up on all the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episodes they missed in high school to making faces at iguanas in the Galapagos. But what do senior administrators like Associate Provosts do? That is a different question. When the editors of *VooDoo* were able to work up sufficient courage to ask that question, naturally they came to me. They knew that, if the price were right, I would write for anyone. They also knew my weakness for frozen Milky Way bars. So here it is: what I did during my summer vacation.

This summer I rented a house with a fence around it. The reason for the fence was that the house was located smack in the middle of a pasture and on that pasture was a herd of nineteen Holsteins (for those of you from big cities, those are the black and white cows that look like the plastic cream pitchers you buy in airport gift shops) and one brown and white cow of indeterminate origin that looked as if she had wandered into the wrong line at one of those twelve movie movie houses where each cinema can comfortably seat anywhere between fifteen people and twelve cows. The cows outside my fence were given to strolling in a huge circle around the pasture at a sedate pace which brought them to the fence once every twenty four hours. They were as dependable as the sunrise.

Now if you already are at MIT and do not know that I play trombone, then you have probably spent most of your MIT life in the basement of Building 26 along with that handful of other students who still think computer programs are written on IBM punch cards. Be that as it may, you know it now and can come on up to the first floor.

Somewhere around the middle of the first week of my stay in the aforementioned rental property, it occurred to me that the cows on their daily circuit might like to hear me play the trombone. Why not? Wouldn't you? And so it was that one morning when the cows were passing by, I got out my horn and played several tunes just for them, tunes like *Blue Moo*, *Moo over Miami*, *The Moo and I*, *In a Sentimental Moo*, *You and the Night and the Moosic* – all the old cow standards.



The effect on the cows was electrifying. There were about fifteen cows at the fence and five on higher ground a few hundreds yards away. As soon as I started playing, the five cows on higher ground came racing down the dirt road to the fence separating me from them. Those that were nearby stopped dead in their tracks and turned their ears toward me like large silky antennae. Several came close to the fence and made eye contact for several bars. I am not at all ashamed to admit that I blinked first. Never in my life have I had a more attentive audience. In a word, these cows were mooved. I couldn't help notice a certain nervous activity in the vicinity of their tails which gave them the appearance of so many clocks on a nursery wall and which, in all modesty, I took to be a standing ovation.

I have just described one of the most wonderful moosical events of my life. Never have I felt such rapport with an audience. I learned a few days later that the farmer who owns the herd calls them to milking with a horn. I take that bit of intelligence to be completely irrelevant.

Have a good year and think of me when you pour milk on your moosli in the morning.



# Fun Stuff To Pull On The Clueless

by Bill Jackson

MIT is blessed with a lot of things. Nobel-caliber faculty. Fine facilities. An urban campus with a very low chance of being robbed unless you make it obvious that you're worth more than a buck forty-five. Dorms and frat houses with cockroaches you can saddle up and ride to class. And a group of completely clueless people.

This goes far beyond the select group of administrators who can't tell their ass from their elbow even if you hand them a copy of *Gray's Anatomy*. It spans the gamut, from idiots who stumble across Mass. Ave. without looking up from their textbook to people who will say—in public, where others might hear—that MIT Food Service is doing a fine job.

If you recognized yourself in the previous paragraph, put the magazine down. I was just kidding about you being clueless. Put it down. Go on, do it. Do it or it's harrassment! HEY! THIS CLUELESS GUY WHO'S READING VOODOO IS CREATING AN UNCOMFORTABLE COLUMN-WRITING ENVIRONMENT FOR ME! CALL THE C.O.D.! TELL THEM THEY ARE FINALLY GOING TO HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT LIMP GENERIC HARRASSMENT POLICY ACTUALLY MEANS!

I imagine they're all gone now, scurrying back to the comfortable confines of a happy, balanced campus magazine where obnoxious columnists aren't allowed to yell at them in capitals. Good. This column is for the rest of us.

Fun can be hard to come by on the MIT campus, and clearly there is no better fun to be had than to screw with the minds of the utterly clueless. Now that we're *Back to School* (cheesy tie-in to issue theme), here are some ways to truly enjoy yourself during the term. Some are MIT-specific. Others can be slightly altered and enjoyed anywhere the clueless are found. Have a ball.

## MIT Tour Fun:

Every weekday at 10am and 2pm, the MIT tour departs from outside the information office in Lobby 7. Sneak in the back. Walk along with the freshmen for awhile. You could even find some old person off the street to play your "mom" or "dad" (Official *VooDoo* Safety Warning: Be very clear about your intentions when asking a stranger to "play your mommy." If there is a misunderstanding and you wake up naked in a motel on Route 1 in Saugus, call the campus police at 253-1212)

Now, there is a point where the tour stops between Walker and the Libraries, and there is an amusing spiel about one of the big, ugly, black, metal windblockers on the east side of campus. As your tour guide babbles on, look up at the Green Building and whistle loudly. Begin to make extremely audible comments, like "Gosh, that's gotta be at least 22 stories from the roof," "The green patch of grass must make for easier clean-up than cement," and "I bet a human body falling that distance gotta splatter like a rotting melon."

As the discomfort of your guide, the clueless prefrish, and the parents becomes more and more apparent, the guide will begin to move the group along the tour route, which goes right by the Green Building. Continue to look up with fascination, and strike up a conversation with the tour guide.

You say, "So, are you a student here?"

Your guide, thrilled to be off the topic of rapid gravity-driven acceleration, says "Yes, I am."

You: "Yeah, my dad went here."

Guide: "Really? So you must know quite a bit."

You: "Uh-huh. Dad says the Green Building was the place to jump in the early seventies."

Guide, quietly now: "Jump?"

You: "Yep. End it all. Take the tuition-free plunge. Do the free-fall waltz. Eat pavement, not ARA. Become a human 8.01 demonstration. Finally make your advisor remember your name."

Guide, waving the group forward: "Up here you can see the Chemical Engineering Building and Biology Buildings."

You: "So is it still the most popular jump?"

Concerned Prefrosh Parental Unit: "Yeah, is it?"

Guide: "Um, no, I guess not"

Other, Similarly Concerned Prefrosh Parental Unit: "Well, what is the most popular suicide site nowadays?"

Guide: "Er, well MacGregor House is pretty popular, I guess. I think Senior House had one."

You: "Off-campus is doing pretty well, though."

Guide: "I guess off-campus is doing OK. I mean, it's got nothing on the campus, but it's making a run at the title."

Prefrosh Parental Units, to their offspring as they hustle them back to the car: "I know MIT has a great academic reputation, but is it worth it?"

You, satisfied your job is done: "I see it's still the warm, fuzzy, pressure-free place it was when my Dad went here."

#### Phone Fun:

It came to the attention of my parents that it is cheaper for them to call me than it is for me to call them, by I think several orders of magnitude. So when I want to call them I first place a collect call, which they reject. Then they call me back. After a few times, I began having some fun with it.



The operator picks up and says "AT&T." I, in my best 9-year-old waif-like voice, say, "Cowect Call to my Mommy and Daddy, pwease."

Usually the operator will say, with a smile in her voice, something like "Sure thing, honey, I'll see if your Mom and Dad are home." Gotta hand it to AT&T, they are nice to little kids.

When my Mom picks up the phone, I hear "Hello." Then, "AT&T with a collect call. Caller, your name?" And I say "Biw-wee Jackson." in my child voice. My Mom, who *hates* it when I do this, says, exasperated, "No, I won't accept the charges," and hangs up. This is when I quietly say, "But Mommy, I'm wost."

Three operators have offered to adopt me so far.

#### Food Service Fun:

Ring up Alan Leo, ARA's man on campus. Lie like a politician and tell him you work for a new campus newspaper and you would like an exclusive interview with him. For added fun, come up with a great name for your imaginary rag—I suggest *Is It Dead? The Journal Of MIT Dining Hall Cuisine*. When he agrees to the interview, tell him to meet you at the appointed time at Lobdell and generously offer to buy him lunch.

Meet him and part your separate ways to pick your dinner. It's likely that Alan may have "already eaten." That's OK. You should head for the *Features* counter and select the Meat Of The Day. (It's the stuff with the veins running through it and the black and blue marks where the Hartz 2-in-1 collar used to be.) Find a table and sit down.

Don't start talking right away. Cut a piece of your meat—bring your own rechargeable electric knife to ensure this doesn't take you more than a half-hour—and pop it in your mouth. Begin chewing.

I probably don't have to tell dining service regulars that you don't have a prayer of chewing through that meat and creating swallow-size morsels. So, as you're chewing, begin asking questions. "CHEW CHEW Sho, Alan, CHEW CHEW, ish it true that shoon CHEW CHEW every dining shervish at MIT CHEW CHEW will be contracted to fasht food reshtaurantsh by ARA, CHEW CHEW, which ish of coursh the company that MIT contracted CHEW CHEW in the firshst plashe CHEW CHEW to run a dining shervish?"

I recommend that just this once you forget

some of your Miss Manners and chew with your mouth open. Give Alan plenty of opportunities to note the enormous amount of time and effort you are devoting to chewing the meat. Take chewing breaks every fifteen minutes and make sure to massage the jaw muscles so they don't lock up, but whatever you do, don't stop conducting the interview.

Finally, as you're wrapping up the conversation, take the meat out of your mouth and place it on your plate. In color and consistency it should be close to its original state—ARA meat is, if nothing else, exceptionally durable. Tell Alan you enjoyed the interview and if he'd like you have a piece of meat all warmed up for him.

### Advisor Fun:

Tell your advisor you have decided to change to course 26. At this point your advisor will either (1) nod knowingly and mumble something about that being fine if it's what you want and that course 26 is a fine department or (2) admit outright that s/he has no idea what course 26 is.

In the event of number 2, affect a frustrated tone and explain that course 26 is the department of Linguini-istics and Parapsychology (it's more effective if you say it really fast.) Say that you already have a UROP lined up where you will attempt to move a pasta, meat, sauce, and cheese casserole with only the power of your mind.

Here's the killer—have with you a stack of blank Reg forms, some Add/Drop cards, and an Application for Degree form. If your advisor asks (only if s/he asks) mumble that they are a few things you need signed in order to change departments. They will be signed without further question.

Do whatever you want for the remainder of your undergraduate career.

### Mass. Ave. Fun:

It never ceases to amaze me that people cross Mass. Ave. without really being aware of what the drivers around them are up to. I mean, ask a Massachusetts driver if you can see his/her license sometime. The notches you'll observe on the edges of the plastic represent pedestrians (small notches are roadkill.) As someone who learned to drive in Massachusetts I can indeed confirm the long-standing rumor that this state's driver's ed. classes contain a section on removing human carcasses from the windshield while driving.



So when I see someone with their nose in *Structure and Interpretation of Computer Programs* standing on the curb outside 77 Mass. Ave., I find it unbelievable. First, I want to run up to the dork, grab his book, and throw him to the ground, jumping up and down on him and rubbing the book in his face while screaming "WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO JUMP TWENTY POINTS ON THE FUCKING EXAM BECAUSE OF THE THREE LINES OF TEXT YOU MANAGE TO MAKE OUT AS IT JIGGLES UP AND DOWN DUE TO THE FACT THAT YOU'RE WALKING WHILE YOU READ?"

But this is anti-social, and doesn't alleviate the problem, because usually the person gets up, dusts himself off, and says "Huh?" So instead, I get behind his very quietly and whisper "Walk. Walk. Walk. Walk. Walk." Since his higher brain functions are occupied with reading about Lisp—akin to a deer seeing a lot of guys with orange vests and guns and ignoring them because it's busy sniffing a flower—his unconscious brain hears "Walk" and somewhere a neuron convinces his feet that's the right signal and he begins to walk into the traffic.

Frequent successes with this technique will decrease the number of people wandering around campus with their noses in books or their eyes on the ground, giving the rest of us, who keep our eyes forward and our heads up, the run of the campus.

So...

For what it's worth, that's the guide to having some fun at MIT. There are no guarantees, of course, and you should feel free to improvise.

Ok, someone let the clueless back into the magazine in time for the next article.

# DANCES

beyond the

# PALE

by:  
Cherry Ogata



MELISSA



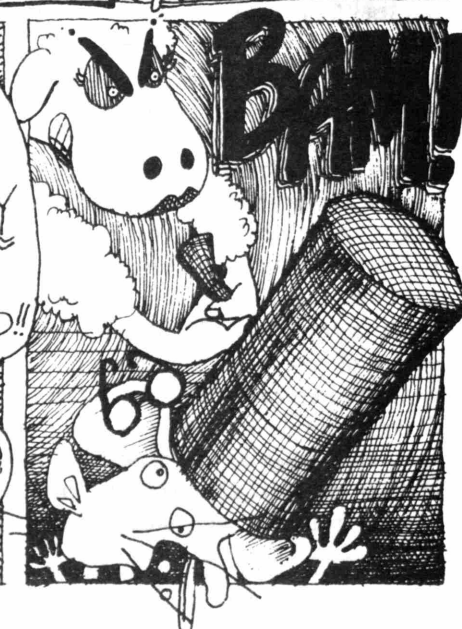
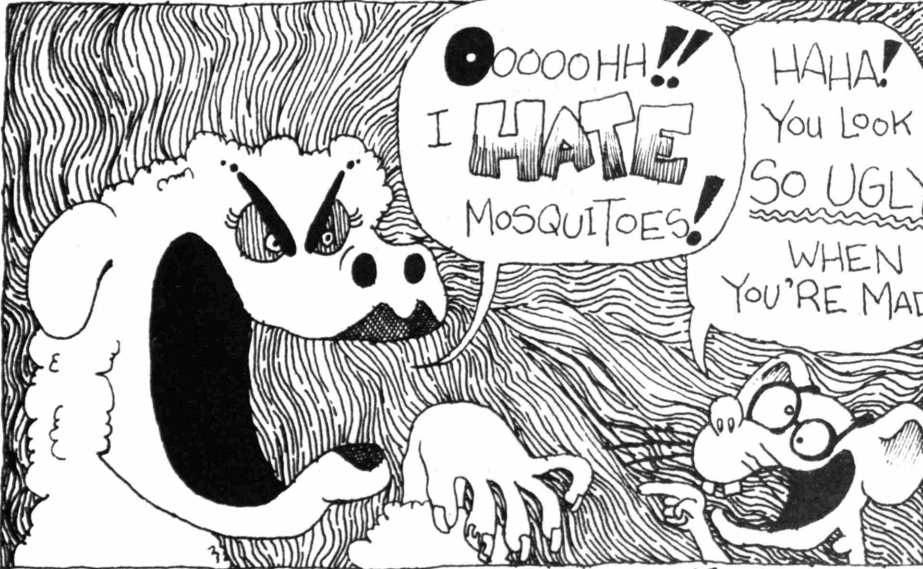
PROF.  
DOG  
MA



NEKO



PUNKY







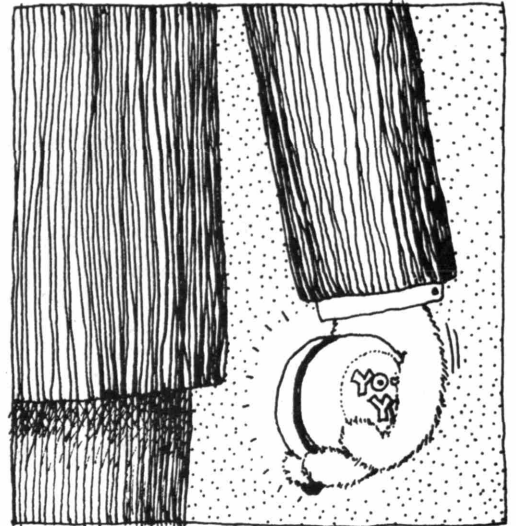
again again Sept.  
 And so Neko was  
 playing psychological  
 games with Melissa today.  
 Why do I get the tapeworm  
 feeling in my guts that  
 so long as I may live, I  
 will never understand  
 females ???



later the same  
 Mark eats a lot. Mark  
 burps a lot. A burp ad-  
 mittedly is not unlike  
 an exhalation of imp-  
 tiness... Mark eats to  
 fill the emptiness, the  
 void which comes up  
 part and parcel w/  
 existence... loneliness?  
 Pah! it's a theory  
 but boy, it aint  
 a pretty one,  
 is it?

The professor  
 has just walked  
 in... his...  
 will commence soon  
 may the Lord so  
 protect











SO LET US SEE WHAT  
INGREDIENTS LIE  
HEREIN: ...



PROFESSOR MA! I ... um...  
I BELIEVE THE INGREDIENTS  
ARE SOMETHING LIKE  
"CARBONATED WATER, HIGH FRUCTOSE  
CORN SYRUP AND/OR SUCROSE, CARAMEL  
COLOR, PHOSPHORIC ACID, NATURAL FLA-  
VORS, CAFFEINE." ... AND IN THAT  
ORDER.  
...um...



*up-ya fang during class*  
*Neko has suddenly*  
*developed an incredible*  
*memory... Very curious*  
*how a crush will cause*  
*the most remarkable*  
*attributes in a smitten woman*

PRECISELY, TO THE LETTER,  
MISS NEKO.



HE CALLED ME  
"MISS NEKO"!!  
HE CALLED ME  
"MISS NEKO"!!!  
HE CALLED ME  
"MISS NEKO"!!!!  
Meow! Meow! Meow!  
Meow! Meow!!!!

Give  
it a rest,  
girl.

MARK! LOOK  
LIVELY NOW!  
WHAT IS  
THE pH  
OF  
CARBONIC  
ACID? \*

3.8!  
BAURPP!!  
*\*scuse me, sir...*

Oh that's all right --  
I burp all the time...

Carbonic acid is found  
in carbonated water. --Author

PUNKY!  
WHAT IS  
THE pH OF  
PHOSPHORIC  
ACID?

YES! I BELIEVE  
IT'S 1.5, SIR!

ARF!  
I mean,  
CORRECT!

I'VE BEEN KILLING  
MYSELF WITH ACID\*  
SODA! I'LL NEVER  
EAT FOOD AGAIN! I  
FEEL LIKE SCUM!!



\*Actually, the acids  
are diluted in soda, so  
the soda pH is much weaker. -- Author

UNDERSTAND THAT WHAT YOU HERE  
LEARN WILL NOT SIMPLY CONSIST OF  
"BIOLOGICAL PHILOSOPHY," BUT OF THE  
SECRETS AND ESSENTIAL MINUTIAE  
OF LIFE ITSELF! RENOUNCE MATERIAL  
NUTRIMENT AND SO  
EVISCERATE THE  
VISCERAL SIN!!



WAIT!

SO IF I EAT  
FOOD, I FLUNK  
THE CLASS??!



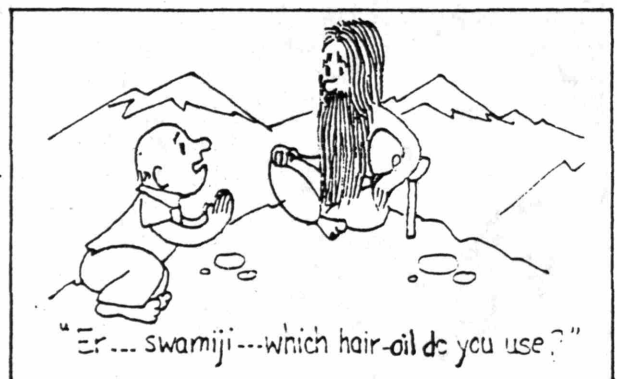
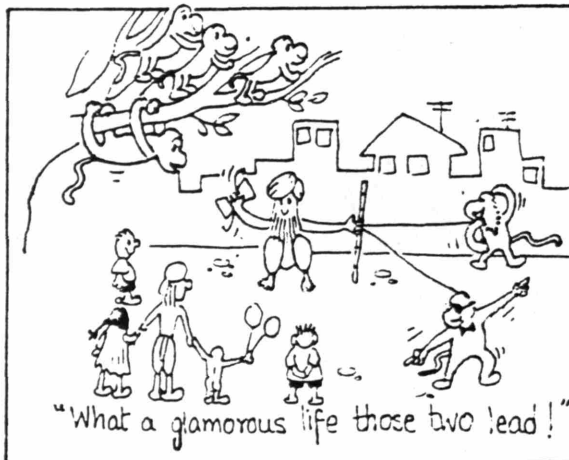
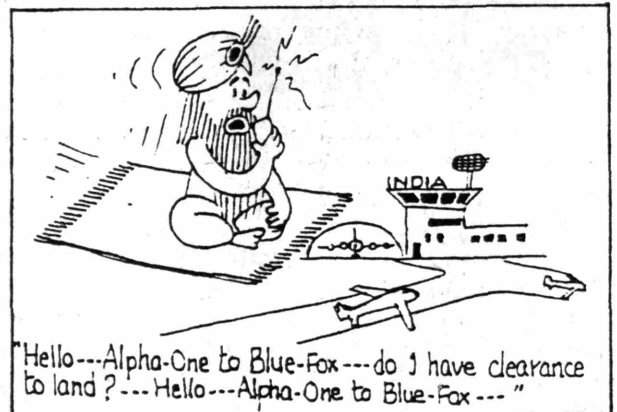
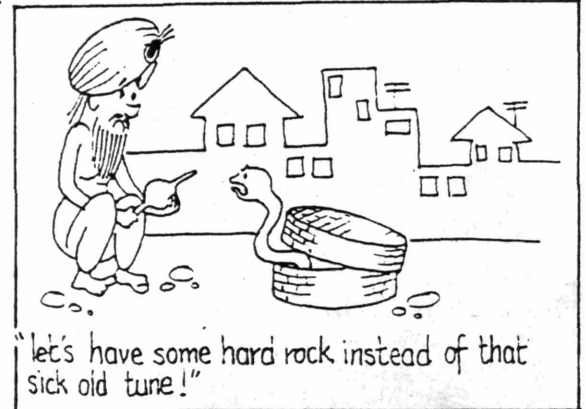
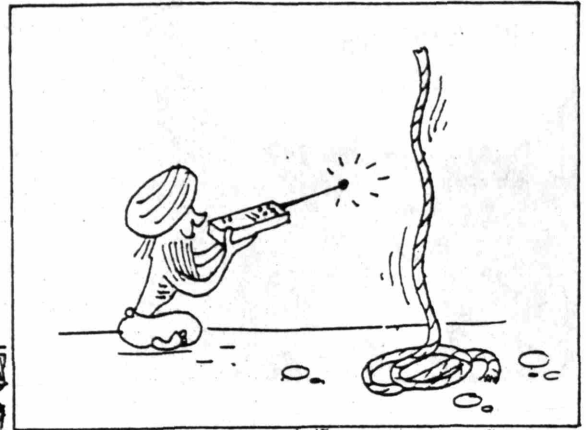
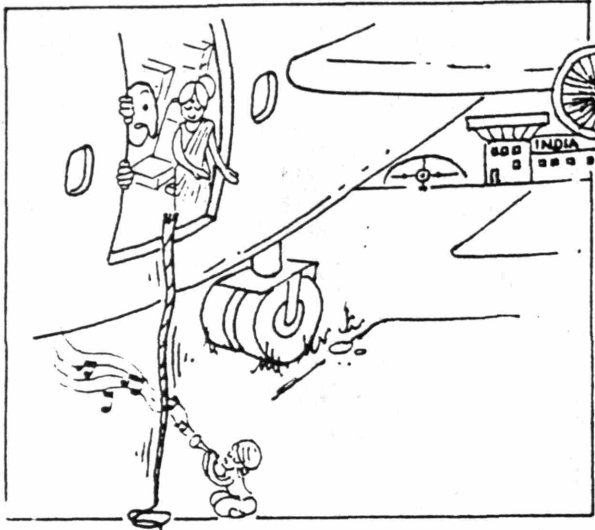
ACTUALLY, IT WAS ALL  
A JOKE, MARK.

BURP!  
SIR...!

WOOF.

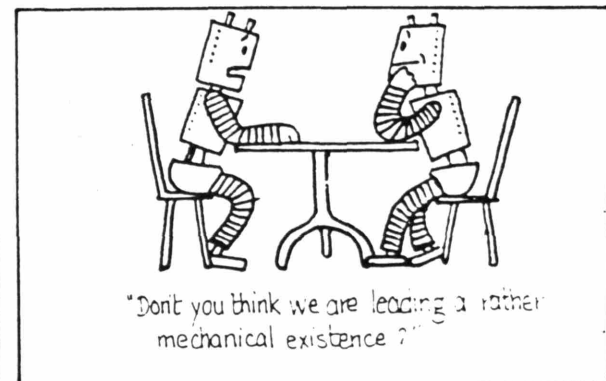
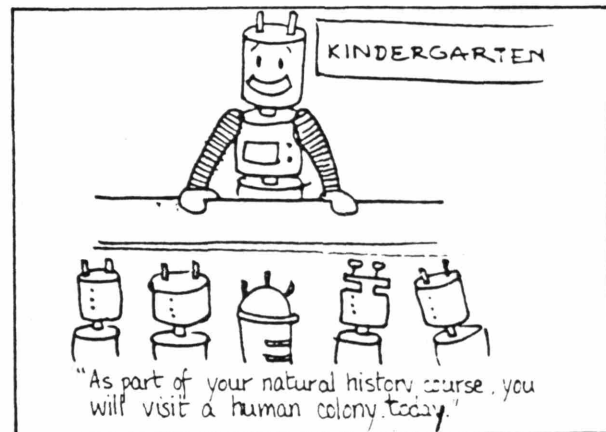
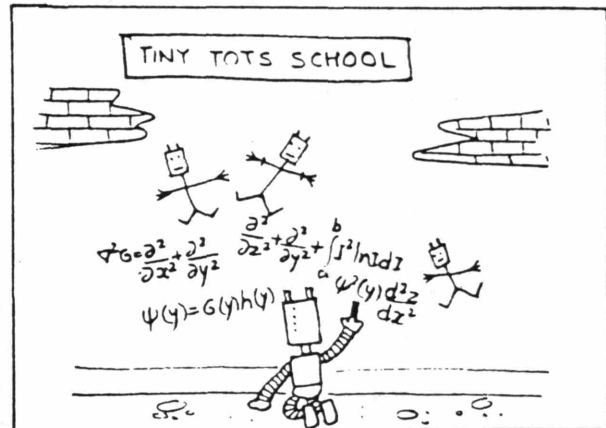
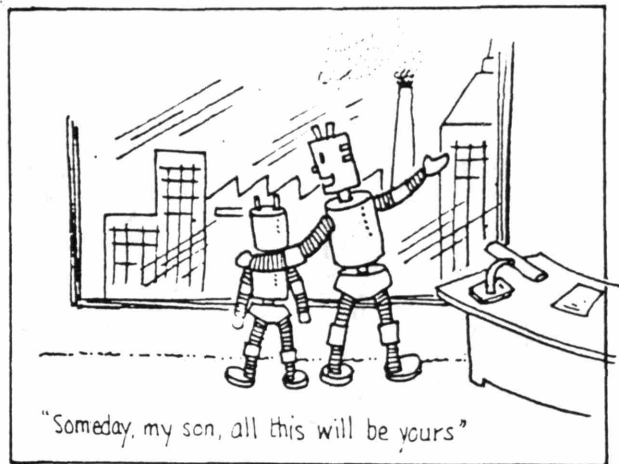
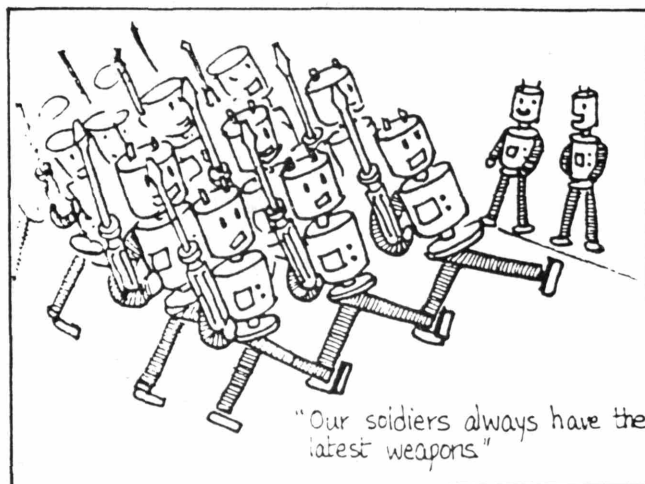
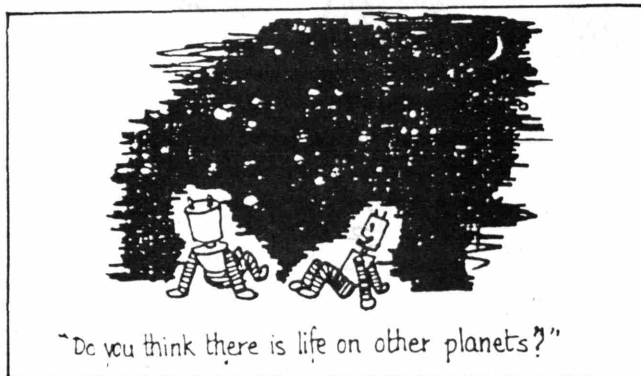
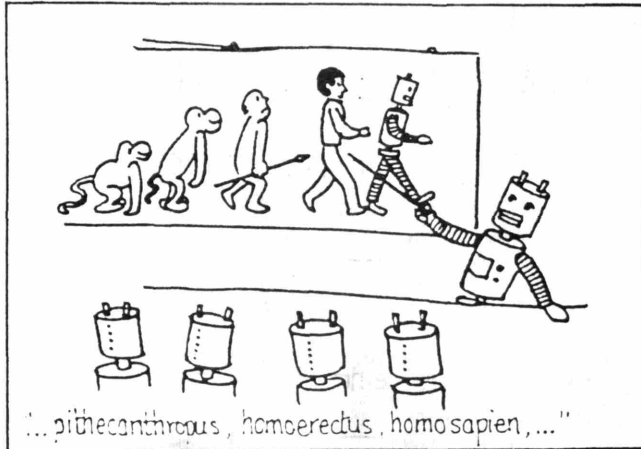
# india ahoy!

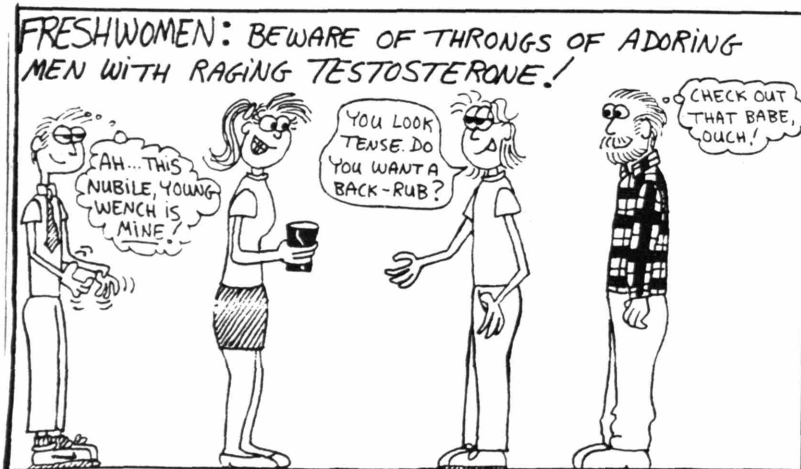
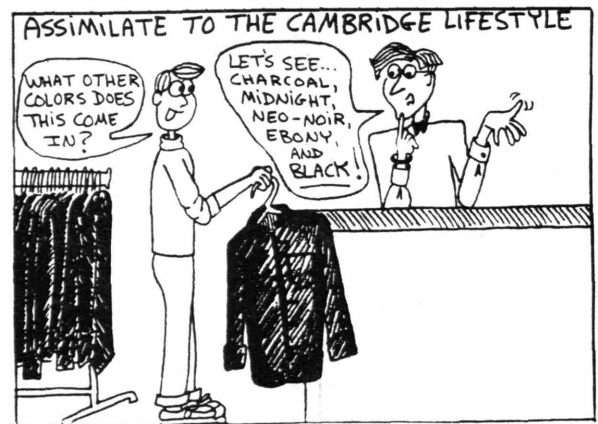
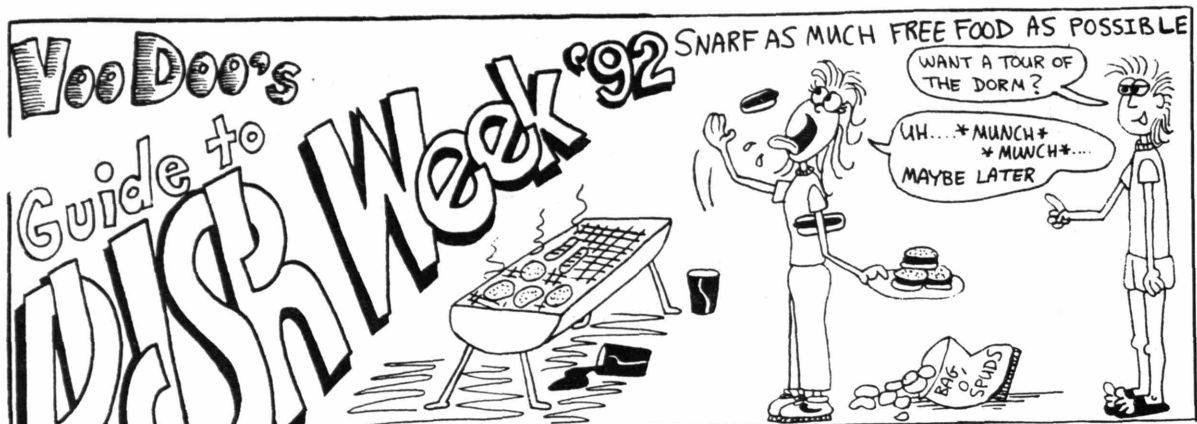
pawan sinha



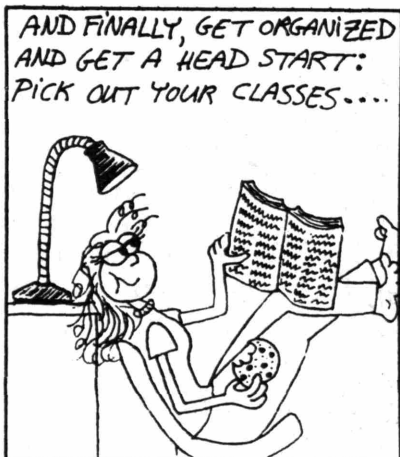
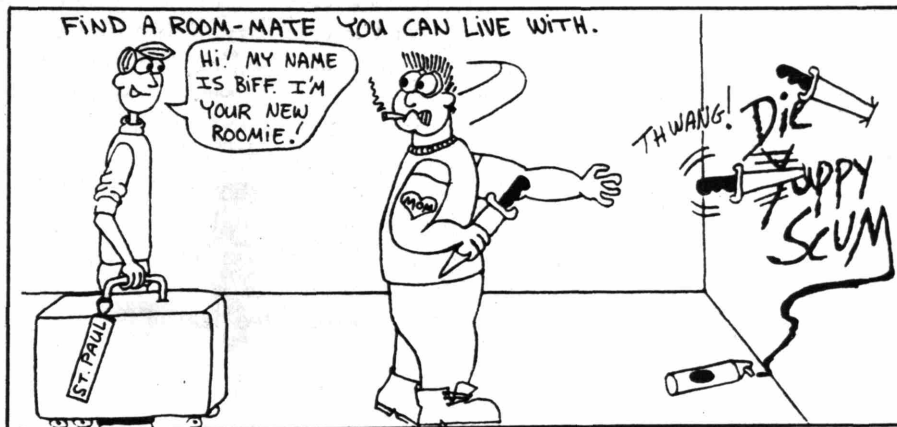
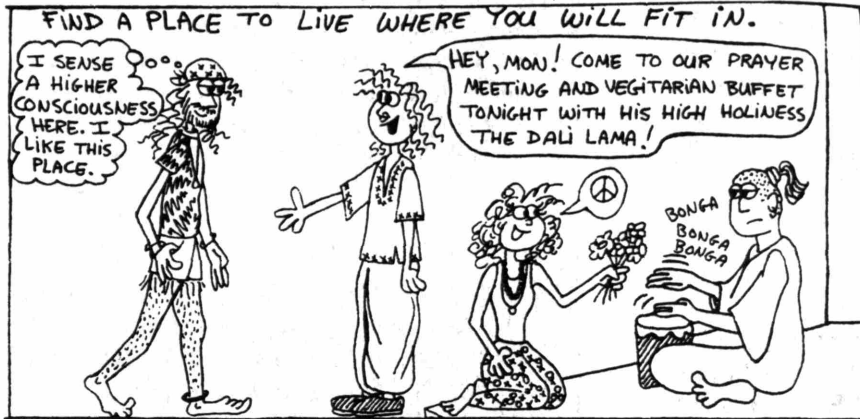
# 2011AD

- pawan sinha



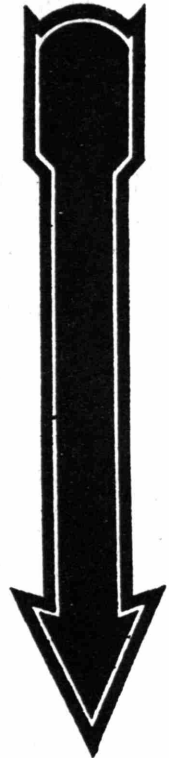


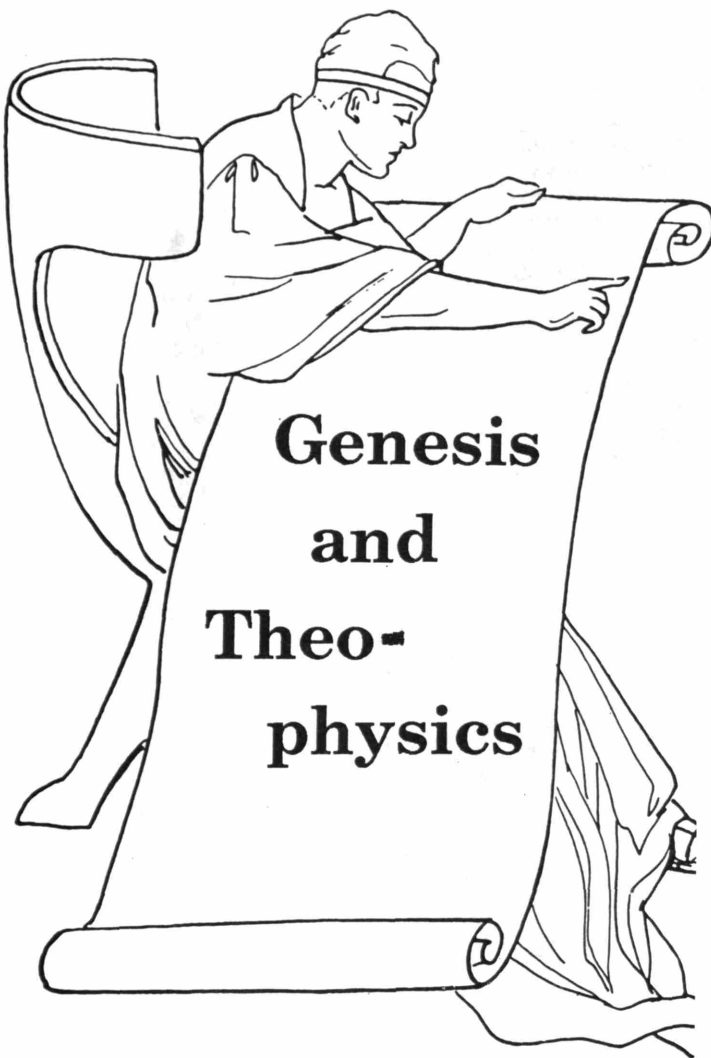




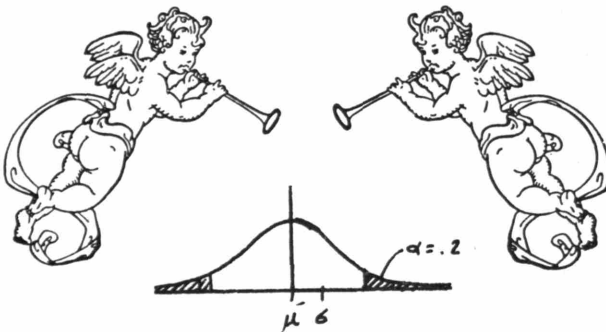
This cartoon was originally printed in *VooDoo's Rush Guide* [August 28, 1992].

We have reprinted it here because we like it.





by The Rt. Rev. G. Everett Muerthwell, DD, MIT '74



Archaeology has finally come to the rescue in the controversy between evolutionists and creationists. Recent discoveries at Be'er Max and Tell Qwrwnh provide evidence to reconcile the competing claims of the two camps, those who accept the scientific and those who hold Biblically-based views of the Creation. The fragments found at these two sites permit the reconstruction of the Book of Genesis to its original text, before what can now be recognized as revisions were made to it. Even a casual reading of the reconstructed text reflects the technological sophistication of the civilization that produced it. Much of that sophistication was lost over the millennia through which it was transmitted to us, resulting in the version with which most people are familiar and which has caused all the furor. The reconstructed text of Genesis 1 appears below.

Theophysicists were quick to offer two explanations for the significant backsliding indicated. Both, of necessity, are based on conjecture, although each is given a plausible scenario. The first, and in this author's view more likely explanation, is that the text was first written some 40,000 years ago. Since that time, there have been two ice ages. During the first, civilization was unable or unwilling to maintain an adequate investment in education to train successive generations in the meaning of the text. During the subsequent warm period, the text was retained, but understanding had disappeared. The arrival of the second ice age was marked by cartelization of the trade in woolly mammoth skins, with the result that all written materials had to be seriously cut down in length. Two possibilities then arise, that the text was committed to memory and pieces were subsequently dropped as their significance and meaning were forgotten, or that the text was purposely edited at that time.

Evidence for the above hypothesis falls into

three categories. First is the preservation of the flood story. The details of the flood as described in the surviving verses of Genesis are fully compatible with the equation of the flood and the (first?) ice age. The discovery early in this century of an ark-like structure embedded in the ice on the slopes of Mt. Ararat in Turkey gives credence to this view. The region of Mt. Ararat gets little rain, but the concept of lots of ice is well known. For members of generations living in the warm and dry lands below the mountain, neither floods nor ice is an everyday experience, so they undoubtedly are indebted to the mountain people for the concept. Perhaps also related are the stories about Atlantis, the "mythical" island kingdom described by Plato, which is said to have sunk into the sea. Recent researchers have found a strong similarity between Plato's description and the Norse heaven "Asgard," which would have been an island in what we now call Denmark. Denmark, of course, is a cold country where lots of ice is not unheard of. But Asgard was different. It was warm and green, *between the ice* that surrounded it! No trace of Atlantis has ever been found under warm water.

The second line of evidence is based on the peculiar fashion in which the woolly mammoth became extinct. Several well-preserved specimens have been found frozen in the Siberian ice. In one case, the mammoth had some ancestors of today's daisies in its mouth. Clearly, these mammoths were trapped and frozen quickly, or else their bodies would have decomposed. Thus they must have been able to survive the ice, and something else must have done them in. Presumably, the reason for their demise was Man, or his ancestors.

The third line of evidence notes the rapidity with which we would take the same steps taken between the ice ages if we were confronted with a similar challenge. Investment for the future, including for the preservation of our civilization, would be drastically reduced in order to apply as much of our remaining resource base as possible to short-run consumption. Human nature is as undeviating as Hubble's constant.

The second explanation assumes a visit to this planet by beings from another world. These aliens undertook to assist the evolving humanoids on this planet by teaching them about fire, the wheel, and other basic technologies. The aliens are thought to have been on this planet for an evangelizing mission, and accordingly, brought their holy texts with

them. It is uncertain whether the aliens taught our ancestors how to write. If they did, then the visit could have been as long as 100,000 years ago. We don't know whether the recently discovered fragments are in the hand of an earthling or of an alien, but they date to approximately 37,000 years ago. If they are of alien hand, then the visit would have to be dated to that time.

Evidence for the second hypothesis notes the unusually sophisticated nature of the text. They challenge proponents of the first hypothesis to explain how early humanoids could have produced such a text in the absence of any evidence of experimentation. No wire artifact has ever been found, and wire would be necessary for understanding the sections on electromagnetism at the very least. Evidence for an alien visit to earth has been reviewed elsewhere, and will not be repeated here.<sup>1</sup>

It is also possible that both explanations are in fact correct. The origin of the text may be extraterrestrial, and its arrival on earth may be dated to two ice ages ago. Let us assume that the aliens arrived prior to the ice age, did their evangelizing, and succeeded in transferring their text to the early humanoids. If we also assume that the aliens didn't like the cold, we can date their departure to the onset of the ice age. Our ancestors then had a text which became holy to them since it had been received from those ostensibly all-powerful beings who had appeared from the heavens and disappeared thereunto. With the aliens departed, and an ice age underway, preservation of this text in its original form gave way to the more pressing matter of survival.

Before turning to the reconstructed text itself, let it be noted that the restored text should put a definitive end to the dispute between religion and science. The fragments found in the two excavations make it abundantly clear that it was the editor(s) who misunderstood their text and the scientific truths it contained. Therefore, they simply got it wrong. Even with the gaps still remaining, when reconstructed, the text is in perfect accord with present scientific understanding, to within experimental error.

Herewith the text, as we have been able to reconstruct it using all available fragments and some judicious interpolation. Words that have survived into the present-day Bible appear in capitals. Chapter and verse numbering does not follow the traditional convention.

## CHAPTER I

1. IN THE BEGINNING OF GOD'S CREATIVE WORK, THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH were compressed into a singularity. 2. NOW THE EARTH and all the rest of the universe WAS UNFORMED within the VOID and not even the rules of mathematics had been created. 3. And the Lord said, "I think, therefore I am, yet I can conceive of not being. 4. Therefore, let there be the one and the zero." 5. Thus did the Lord create the integers and all the other numbers after their kind. 6. Then did He create addition and subtraction and all the other operations of arithmetic after their kind. 7. AND the Lord rejoiced in the perfection of mathematics, yet DARKNESS WAS still UPON THE FACE OF THE DEEP. 8. And the Lord said, "I cannot imagine all existence remaining confined within a singularity." 9. So He created the point, the line, the plane, and the solid, and all the rules and constructs of plain and differential geometry, each after their kind. 10. AND THE SPIRIT OF GOD HOVERED just beyond the event horizon at the dawn of time. 11. And the Lord said, "My universe is yet to be born and it will then be billions of years before there will be those to worship Me. 12. Therefore, I will create Kurtosis to be My companion." 13. And God granted to Kurtosis the power to join Him in creation. 14. But Kurtosis was askew from his very origin, a mean abnormal spirit. 15. And Kurtosis created statistics and all its rules and tricks, and declared that henceforth all creation would be his domain. 16. The Lord repented of the power He had given Kurtosis, but He could not go back on His word. 17. And the Lord said, "My universe will be subject to the rules of Kurtosis, 18. but in its despair will be its strength, for there will arise OVER THE eternity of time improbable events that will shape the FACE OF THE future in accordance with My will." 19. Then the Lord surveyed His work and recognized that it was incomplete. 20. And He created the scalar, the vector, and the tensor to bind together the mathematics and the geometry. 21. The Lord looked again and all was in readiness for the dawn of time. 22. But as yet there was neither matter or force in all the universe.

## CHAPTER II

1. And the Lord said, "My universe shall be a four-space, represented by a space-time tensor of

the second order." 2. Thus did He link space and time that both might flow as WATER forevermore. 3. AND GOD SAID, "LET there be matter unto its properties and forces to bind the matter together according to their rules." 4. So He created the quarks and the leptons after their kind and gravity, electromagnetism, and the nuclear forces. 5. And to the photons He said, "These four commandments shall you follow: 6.  $\nabla \cdot \mathbf{E} = 4\pi\rho_e$ . 7.  $\nabla \cdot \mathbf{B} = 4\pi\rho_m$ . 8.  $\nabla \times \mathbf{E} = -\frac{1}{c} \left[ \frac{\partial \mathbf{B}}{\partial t} \right] - \frac{4\pi}{c} \mathbf{J}_m$ . 9.  $\nabla \times \mathbf{B} = \frac{1}{c} \left[ \frac{\partial \mathbf{E}}{\partial t} \right] + \frac{4\pi}{c} \mathbf{J}_e$ . 10. But Kurtosis saw what He was doing and seized the magnetic monopole, hiding it so that none could find it. 11. The Lord was wroth with Kurtosis for what he had done and punished him, saying, 12. "For this shall the photon be quantized and freed from your dominion. 13. But you have given Me great help, for now I perceive an easy way to a solution since there can be no currents in the void. 14. Thus I find  $\nabla^2 \mathbf{E} - \frac{1}{c^2} \frac{\partial^2 \mathbf{E}}{\partial t^2} = 0$ , which I recognize to be the equation of a wave propagating at a speed 'c.'" 15. AND thus THERE WAS LIGHT. 16. AND GOD SAW THE LIGHT, THAT IT WAS GOOD. 17. AND there was a giant explosion as GOD DIVIDED THE LIGHT FROM THE DARKNESS, and the quarks, leptons, and photons spewed forth from the singularity in uncountable numbers, each at its own speed. 18. AND GOD CALLED THE LIGHT 'DAY,' AND THE DARKNESS HE CALLED 'NIGHT.' 19. AND so THERE WAS EVENING AND THERE WAS MORNING for the first time. 20. And the Lord grew weary from this effort and He decided to call it A DAY.





### CHAPTER III

1. AND GOD SAID, "LET the quarks interact according to their properties and the rules imposed by Kurtosis, that THERE BE heavy particles." 2. And all the quarks in the FIRMAMENT were closely bound together IN THE MIDST OF THE universe for it had yet to expand even to the size of a drop of WATER. 3. Then did the quarks bind together, the Ups and the Downs, the Strange and the Charmed, the Tops and the Bottoms, to form all the family of the elementary particles. 4. AND as the first nanosecond passed, of all the particles, He LET only the proton and the neutron survive in significant numbers, these and their antiparticles. 5. And as the universe expanded, IT became possible to DIVIDE THE energy from the matter. 6. Then did the energy flow as WATER even as it radiated FROM THE matter which itself flowed as WATER. 7. AND as the universe cooled further, GOD MADE the protons and neutrons to interact to form the nuclei of hydrogen, deuterium, tritium, and helium. 8. And from THE FIRMAMENT He took the electrons that the nuclei might become the first atoms. 9. But Kurtosis did not allow them to remain evenly distributed, but created local fluctuations in density. 10. AND these fluctuations DIVIDED the atoms into great clumps which drew in upon themselves, in accordance with the force of gravity which the Lord had made. 11. And as the clumps condensed, the largest of them warmed to the fusion initiation temperature. 12. And thus were the lighter nuclei fused into heavier nuclei, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, even unto silicon. 13. And yet again were the clumps heated and thus were created the metals, even unto iron. 14. And unto the third generation came the metals to be further fused into the heaviest of nuclei, creating gold and lead, uranium and hahnium, even unto isolanium. 15. And as the heaviest nuclei decayed, they gave birth to all the family of the isotopes. 16. And when all the nuclei had been made, like THE WATERS, the electrons WHICH WERE concealed UNDER THE FIRMAMENT flowed back to the nuclei. 17. FROM their hiding places within THE clumps, like WATER, the electrons flowed to the nuclei WHICH WERE streaming ABOVE THE FIRMAMENT. 18. AND IT WAS SO that the nuclei became atoms, each according to its isotopes. 19. AND GOD CALLED THE FIRMAMENT 'HEAVEN.' 20. AND THERE WAS EVENING AND THERE WAS MORNING, A SECOND DAY.

### CHAPTER IV<sup>2</sup>

1. AND GOD SAID, "LET the clumps form the stars that THERE BE LIGHTS IN THE FIRMAMENT OF THE HEAVEN." 2. And the clumps appeared TO DIVIDE from one another, into galaxies and into stars. 3. And among the stars were some that themselves held smaller clumps in orbit about them. 4. Thus did the Lord create the planets around the stars, each star the master of its own system. 5. And the light from the star heated the planet during THE DAY, while heat escaped FROM THE NIGHT side. 6. AND God said, "LET THEM rotate even as they revolve, that there BE a way to measure the passage of time." 7. And FOR SIGNS He created the rotation AND the revolution of the planets, the movement around the stars FOR SEASONS, AND the rotations FOR DAYS. 8. AND thus the stars shall mark the YEARS in the age of the universe. 9. AND He LET THEM BE FOR LIGHTS IN THE FIRMAMENT OF THE HEAVEN TO GIVE LIGHT UPON THE EARTH. 10. AND IT WAS SO. 11. AND for the Earth, GOD MADE THE moon that there be TWO GREAT LIGHTS: THE sun, or GREATER LIGHT, TO illuminate the Earth and RULE THE DAY, AND THE LESSER LIGHT, the moon, TO RULE THE NIGHT. 12. AND to THE other STARS He also assigned a role in marking the passage of time. 13. AND GOD SET THEM all IN THE FIRMAMENT OF THE HEAVEN to the ends of the universe TO GIVE LIGHT UPON THE EARTH. 14. AND with the sun TO RULE OVER THE DAY AND with the moon TO RULE OVER THE NIGHT. 15. AND thus TO DIVIDE THE LIGHT FROM THE DARKNESS. 16. AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD. 17. AND THERE WAS EVENING AND THERE WAS MORNING, A THIRD DAY.



## CHAPTER V

1. AND GOD SAID, "LET THE WATERS UNDER THE HEAVEN BE GATHERED TOGETHER UNTO ONE PLACE, AND LET THE DRY LAND APPEAR." 2. AND IT WAS SO that shallow seas developed even as tectonic action threw up mountains on the face of the Earth. 3. AND GOD CALLED THE DRY LAND EARTH, AND THE GATHERING TOGETHER OF THE WATERS CALLED HE SEAS; AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD. 4. And winds began to blow upon the face of the Earth, causing the mountains to erode into rocks and the rocks into sand and the sand into simple crystals. 5. And God said, "Let the crystals lie in patterns such that may replicate themselves." 6. And it came to pass that within these layers there came to be trapped occasional simple molecules. 7. And as the light poured down on the layers of clay, ammonia and methane was collected between them. 8. AND GOD SAID, "LET THE ammonia and methane react in the light of the sun to form amino acids." 9. And the amino acids formed between the layers. 10. And the layers broke into pieces, each piece containing some of the amino acids. 11. And the Lord called these pieces "cells," even as they began to act like living things. 12. And the Lord gave dominion over the cells to the nucleic acids charging them with preserving their own kind unto the end of time. 13. But Kurtosis recognized that a foe and competitor had been created for him. 14. And he caused the nucleic acids to deform in response to the forces acting upon the face of the EARTH. 15. And as the nucleic acids deformed, they collected into great spirals that controlled all within the cell. 16. And the cells began to differentiate, the one from the other, and thus gave rise to all the viruses, bacteria, and primitive algae after their kind. 17. And again these cells deformed and PUT FORTH the other algae, protozoans, and the amoeba. 18. And yet again did the cells deform and give rise to the Kingdom of the Fungi and the Kingdom of the Plants, including the mosses, ferns, GRASS, HERBS YIELDING SEED AND FRUIT TREES BEARING FRUIT AFTER ITS KIND, WHEREIN IS THE SEED THEREOF UPON THE face of the EARTH. 19. AND IT WAS SO. 20. AND THE EARTH BROUGHT FORTH all manner of living things, each after its kind. 21. Thus there appeared the GRASS, HERBS YIELDING SEED AFTER ITS KIND, AND TREES BEARING FRUIT,

WHEREIN IS THE SEED containing the genetic code THEREOF, that it reproduce AFTER ITS KIND: AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD. 22. AND THERE WAS EVENING AND THERE WAS MORNING, A FOURTH DAY.

## CHAPTER VI

1. AND GOD SAID, "The Earth is now ready to receive the animals, beings that will draw their energy from eating other things. 2. Therefore LET THE Protists deform yet again and give rise to all manner of animal life." 3. And the Protists evolved into the sponges and into the primitive worms and into the many other creatures that make the WATERS SWARM WITH SWARMS OF LIVING CREATURES. 4. AND these evolved into the flatworms and the roundworms. 5. And the worms evolved into the annelids, the mollusks, and the arthropods. 6. And the arthropods gave rise to the crustaceans of the seas, the spiders, and the insects. 7. And also from the worms there evolved the first chordates within the seas, and these gave rise to the primitive fish. 8. And the primitive fish evolved into the true fish and into the lunged-fish. 9. And the lunged-fish were able to breathe the air above the seas and thus to walk upon the dry land. 10. And from the lunged-fish there evolved the amphibians after their kind. 11. And from the amphibians there evolved the reptiles after their kind. 12. And from the reptiles there evolved the mighty creatures that dominated the Earth. 13. These are the generations of the Animal Kingdom from phylum to phylum, to classes and orders and families. 14. And God said, "LET the FOWL FLY ABOVE THE EARTH IN THE OPEN FIRMAMENT OF HEAVEN to the upper reaches of the stratosphere." 15. AND GOD CREATED THE GREAT SEA-MONSTERS, AND EVERY LIVING CREATURE THAT CREEPS, WHEREWITH THE WATERS SWARMED, AFTER ITS KIND, AND EVERY WINGED FOWL AFTER ITS KIND; AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD. 16. AND GOD BLESSED THEM, SAYING, "BE FRUITFUL, AND MULTIPLY, AND FILL THE WATERS IN THE SEAS AND LET FOWL MULTIPLY IN THE EARTH that your numbers will be large and your species not die out." 17. And the animals spread out to cover the Earth and fill every ecosystem. 18. AND THERE WAS EVENING AND THERE WAS MORNING, A FIFTH DAY.



## CHAPTER VII

1. AND GOD SAID, "LET THE EARTH BRING FORTH THE mammals from among the amphibians." 2. And from the amphibians there evolved small LIVING CREATURES, covered with hair to keep them warm. 3. And the mammals came forth, each AFTER ITS KIND, from CATTLE to carnivores AND rodents, the CREEPING THINGS, to the mammals of the sea, AND BEASTS OF THE EARTH, each AFTER ITS KIND. 4. AND IT WAS SO. 5. AND GOD MADE THE BEASTS OF THE EARTH AFTER THEIR KIND, AND THE CATTLE AFTER THEIR KIND, AND EVERY THING THAT CREEPS UPON THE GROUND AFTER ITS KIND. 6. AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD. 7. AND GOD SAID, "Let the rodents evolve into primates, animals to which I will give dominion over all the others." 8. Then Kurtosis approached the Lord and said, "LET US MAKE 'MAN' IN OUR IMAGE. 9. A being capable of using information and possessing a developed brain that we may have companions in creation. 10. AFTER OUR LIKENESS will he have a sense of purpose and the ability to think and create. 11. AND LET HIM HAVE DOMINION OVER all Your other creations, the atom and the molecule, the Earth, the seas, and the sky; THE FISH OF THE SEA, AND OVER THE FOWL OF THE AIR, AND OVER THE CATTLE, AND OVER ALL THE EARTH, AND OVER EVERY CREEPING THING THAT CREEPS UPON THE EARTH. 12. AND I will teach him statistics that he may learn the secrets of creation." 13. But the Lord had learned not to trust Kurtosis for He knew that figures could be made to lie. 14. So GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE, able to think and understand, able to create and dominate the world. 15. And He

cut Kurtosis out completely and barred him from and barred him from burdening Man with his formulae.<sup>3</sup> 16. Thus it was that IN THE IMAGE OF GOD CREATED HE HIM, of two sexes, MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM. 17. Of differing potentials and abilities He created them that they might learn to cooperate in the work of creation. 18. AND GOD BLESSED THEM; AND GOD SAID UNTO THEM: 19. "BE FRUITFUL, AND MULTIPLY, AND FILL THE EARTH, AND by working together, you will learn to SUBDUE IT AND the heavens beyond. 20. I give you DOMINION OVER THE FISH OF THE SEA, AND OVER THE FOWL OF THE AIR, AND OVER EVERY LIVING THING THAT CREEPS UPON THE EARTH." 21. AND GOD SAID, "BEHOLD, I HAVE GIVEN YOU EVERY HERB YIELDING SEED, WHICH IS UPON THE FACE OF ALL THE EARTH, AND EVERY TREE IN WHICH IS THE FRUIT OF A TREE YIELDING SEED- TO YOU IT SHALL BE FOR FOOD. 22. AND TO EVERY BEAST OF THE EARTH, AND TO EVERY FOWL OF THE AIR, AND TO EVERY THING THAT CREEPS UPON THE EARTH, WHEREIN THERE IS A LIVING SOUL, I HAVE GIVEN EVERY GREEN HERB FOR FOOD. 23. Henceforth, it shall be your task to create new things in the universe and to utilize all that I have put there. 24. I have done the work that is to be done by Me, from the first theorems of mathematics, through physics to chemistry and biology. 25. It is now up to you to provide further order to My universe." 26. AND IT WAS SO that biology gave rise to sociology and sociology begat politics, the ultimate science of Man. 27. AND GOD SAW EVERYTHING THAT HE HAD MADE, AND BEHOLD, IT WAS VERY GOOD. 28. AND THERE WAS EVENING AND THERE WAS MORNING, THE SIXTH and final DAY of God's creation.

There are many additional fragments that continue the text from this point, but we needn't go into them here. The general direction seems clear enough.

<sup>1</sup> See *Journal of Alien Visitations*, #31, April, 1978, pp. 41-59, *Ethnic Observation Studies* (EOS), Vol. 26, #5, March, 1975, pp. 35-89, and *Journal of Observational Pseudo-sciences* #79, pp. 23-84.

<sup>2</sup> The fragments found at Tell Qwrwnh provide this order. When, why, and how the switch with Chapter V came about is unknown.

<sup>3</sup> Guess who went to hide among the trees in the Garden!



# Christo at MIT?

**No, it's faux! It's The MIT Press Bookstore (De)construction Sale.**

If you visit Kendall Square in the next few weeks, you'll find that our building is wrapped in orange plastic. It looks like a Christo sculpture. The MIT Press Bookstore is under deconstruction — that is, our building is getting a much needed facelift. Depending on your perspective, our store is either hard-to-find or hard-to-miss. We're hoping you won't miss us — because if you do, you'll miss one of the best sales in our history.

**50% OFF** out of print books, hurt books (shopworn and damaged stock, with some office copies) and MIT Press Journals back issues.

Our hurt and out of print books are already marked down, so your total savings could be as much as **90% OFF!**

**And look for weekly in-store specials.** Hurry on down! The sale ends when the construction is done.

Held anywhere else this would be a white sale, but under the circumstances we think **"ORANGE SALE"** is more appropriate!

**The MIT Press Bookstore (in the Big Orange Building)**

Kendall Sq, 292 Main St, Cambridge 02139

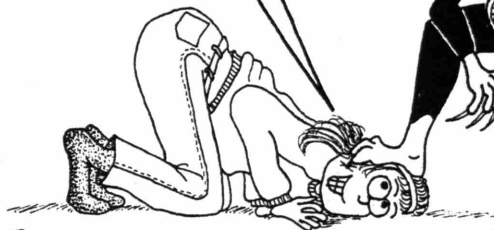
Hours: M-F 9-7, Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6





# Ask PHOS

MISTRESS PHOS,  
MY PARENTS WANT ME  
TO LIVE IN MCCORMICK,  
BUT I'M NOT SURE.  
DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE?



DON'T LIMIT YOURSELF TO  
4 YEARS OF THE PMS CROWD.  
SEEK THE LIGHT,  
THE WAY,  
THE TRUTH.....  
...RANDOM!



EXAMPLE: RANDOMITES



©1992 JEANIE LOPEZ

FUNKY MOTHER PHOS,  
WHICH OF THE MANY  
INTERESTING AND  
RELEVANT FRESH-  
MAN SEMINARS  
SHOULD I  
TAKE?



TAKE THEM ALL!  
YOU'RE ON PASS/FAIL.  
FORGE YOUR ADVISOR'S SIGNATURE  
TO GET PAST THE CREDIT LIMIT.  
HE'LL NEVER KNOW.  
BESIDES, HE HATES YOUR  
LITTLE FRESHMAN ASS.

PROFESSOR PHOS,

I'VE HEARD THAT MIT'S UROP  
PROGRAM IS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY  
FOR AN UNDERGRADUATE TO  
PARTICIPATE IN HANDS-ON,  
CUTTING-EDGE RESEARCH  
THAT WILL BE INVALUABLE  
TO MY ACADEMIC FUTURE  
AND, IN TURN, MY CAREER.  
AS A UROPER, WHAT AWE-  
SOME RESPONSIBILITIES  
WOULD FALL UPON MY  
EVER-SO-CAPABLE SHOULDERS?



SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE  
SUCK-WEED, BLOW-HARD!

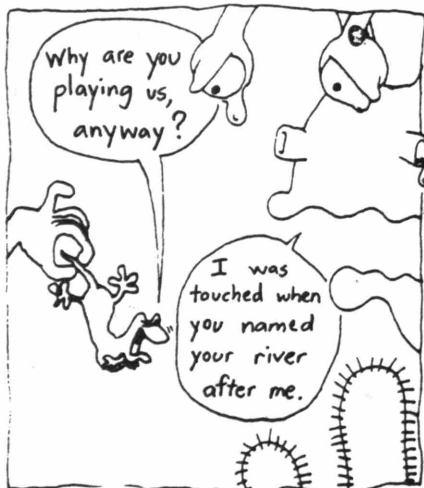
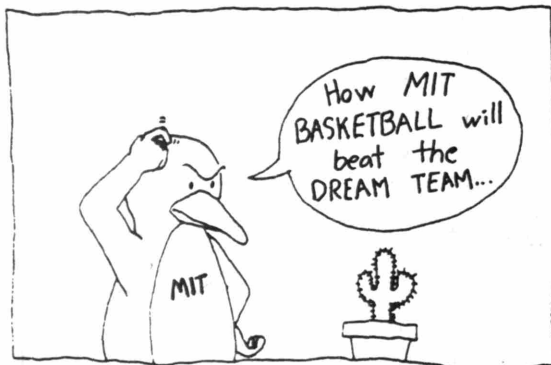


I'VE GOT YOUR  
UROP RIGHT HERE,  
BUDDY.....  
YOU SHOULD CONSIDER  
YOURSELF LUCKY  
JUST TO  
LICK MY BUTT!!

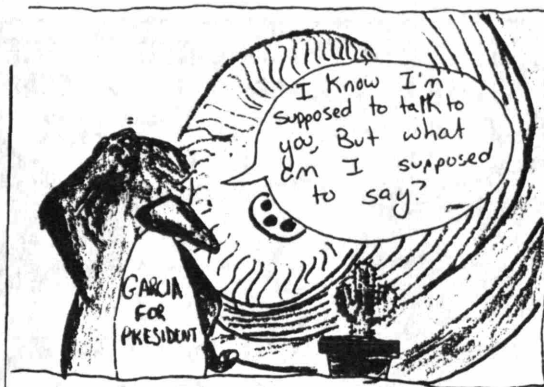
Hey kids! Send your questions about love, sex, school, murder and greed to ASK PHOS, c/o VooDoo Magazine.

# VooDoo's Humor Contest

In July, we sent a cartoon with blank word balloons to all the freshmen in the ASA introductory mailing. These four freshmen are the only brave souls who submitted entries to our contest. They each win a gift certificate to Toscanini's for their efforts. We hope to hear more from them in the future.

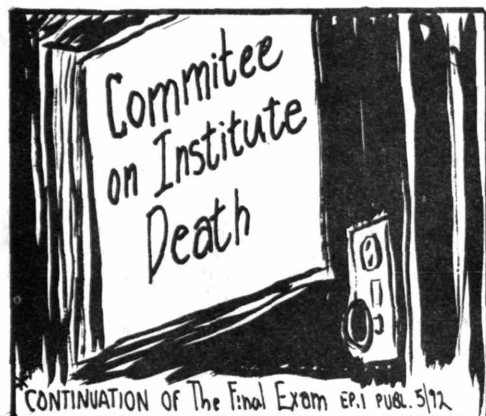


Jeff Breidenbach

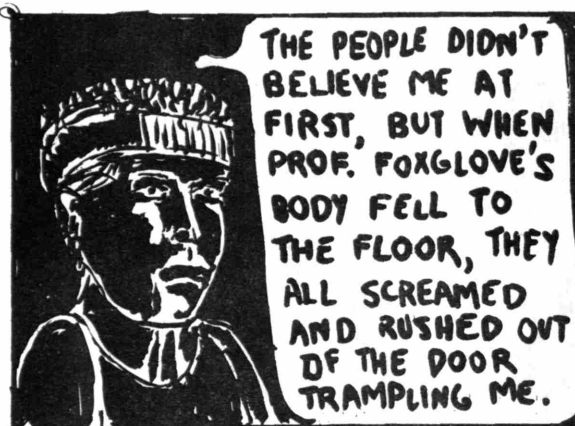
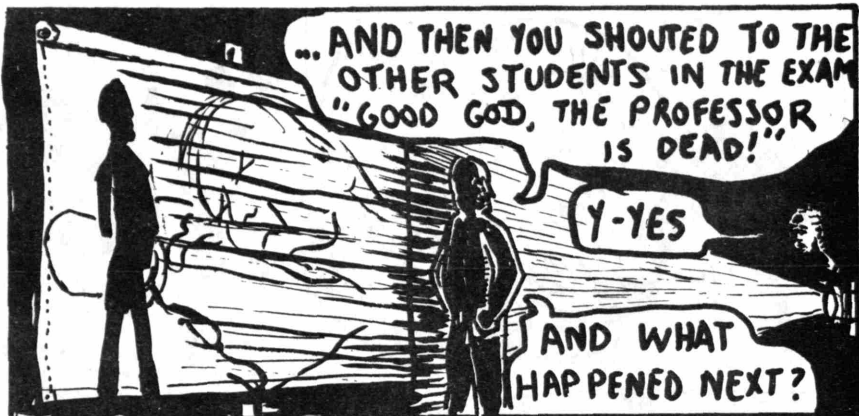


RUSSELL NEWMAN





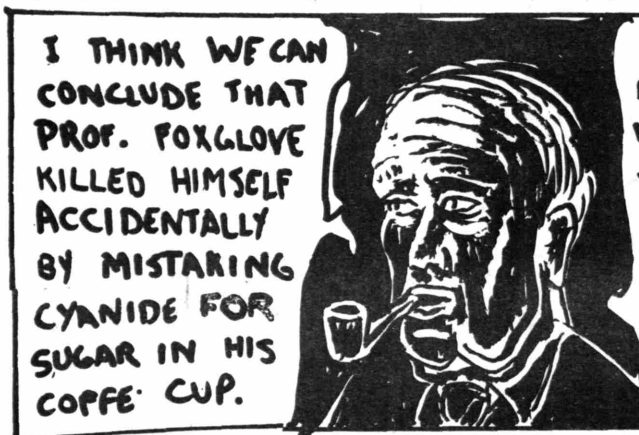
CONTINUATION OF The Final Exam EP.1 PUB. 5/72



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW. THANK YOU.



YES, I BELIEVE I DO.



KID, YOU JUST ADMITTED TO VIOLATING INSTITUTE CODE 141-B "ANY STUDENT WHO CAUSES PANIC DURING AN EXAM WILL BE EXPELLED" YOU WILL HAVE TO APPEAR BEFORE THE DISCIPLINE COMMITTEE. UNTIL THAT MEETING YOU MUST NOT DISCUSS THE DETAILS OF PROF. FOXGLOVE'S DEATH WITH ANYONE. MEETING DISMISSED!





I SHOULD FIND OUT WHAT THE CRYSTALS ARE. MAYBE IF I DIG UP THE REFERENCES THAT PROF. FOXGLOVE GAVE ME, I CAN FIGURE IT OUT



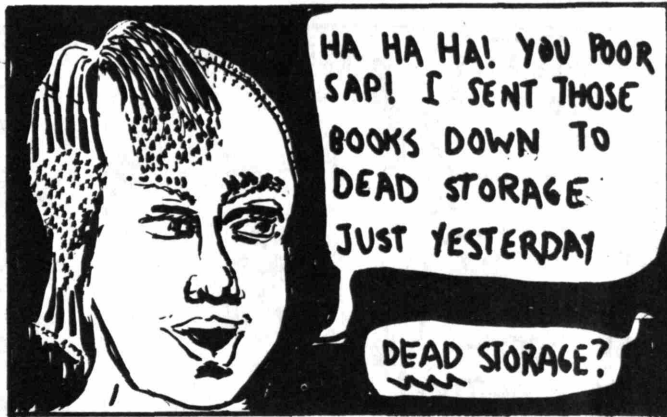
THIS ELECTRONIC CATALOG IS REALLY CONVENIENT.



THAT'S FUNNY. THOSE ARTICLES I GOT LAST WEEK AREN'T IN THE SYSTEM ANY MORE.



LUCKILY, I CAN REMEMBER WHERE THEY ARE.



HA HA HA! YOU POOR SAPI! I SENT THOSE BOOKS DOWN TO DEAD STORAGE JUST YESTERDAY

DEAD STORAGE?

YES. OLD BOOKS COME HERE TO BE SENT TO THEIR REWARD.



AFTER A FEW KEYSTROKES THE TITLES ARE ERASED FROM THE CATALOG. IT'S VERY CONVENIENT.

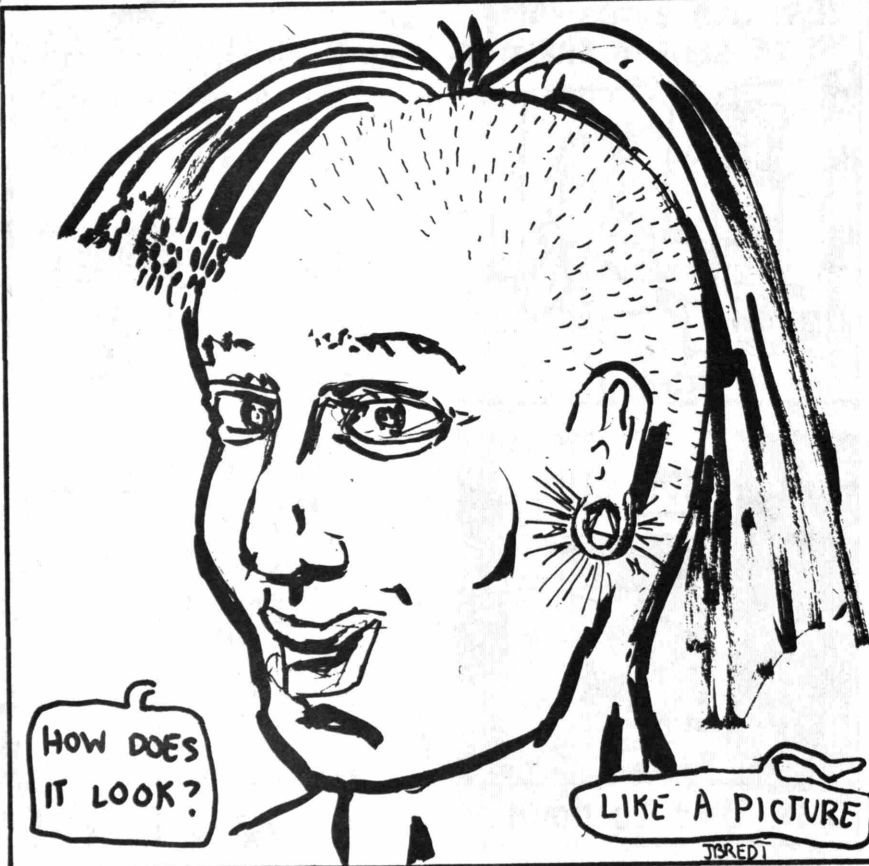


THEN THEY GO DOWN THE CHUTE!

BUT HOW CAN I GET THEM BACK?



AWW.. POOR KID. YOU MUST HAVE HAD A PET FISH ONCE... ONE DAY YOU FOUND IT FLOATING ON THE WATER... YOUR MOTHER MUST HAVE EXPLAINED IT..



MEANWHILE, CARMELITA AND PROFESSOR GARDNER ARE TALKING.

IRVING FOXGLOVE WAS MURDERED!

HOW CAN YOU PROVE IT?

I HAVE ALWAYS WATERED THIS PLANT WITH FOXGLOVE'S COFFEE POT.

THE POISON WAS IN THE POT. HE DIDN'T PUT CYANIDE INTO HIS MUG, THINKING IT WAS SUGAR. THE COFFEE WAS ALREADY THERE!

THIS IS PRETTY SERIOUS. WHO DO YOU SUSPECT?

HE SEEMED LIKE SUCH A NICE KID, BUT HE WAS WITH IRVING BOTH TIMES HE WAS POISONED THIS MONTH.

HEY!

EEK! NOW HE'S AFTER ME, TOO!

JBREOT

I BEE YOUR PARSON!

STE.  
STE-  
FAN!

STEFAN... I'M GOING TO NEED A LOT FROM YOU!

OH YEAH?  
SINCE WHEN  
DO I WORK  
FOR YOU?

I NEED TO ASK BOTH OF PROF. FOXGLOVE'S STUDENTS A VERY DIFFICULT FAVOR.

WELL, WE'RE BOTH HERE.

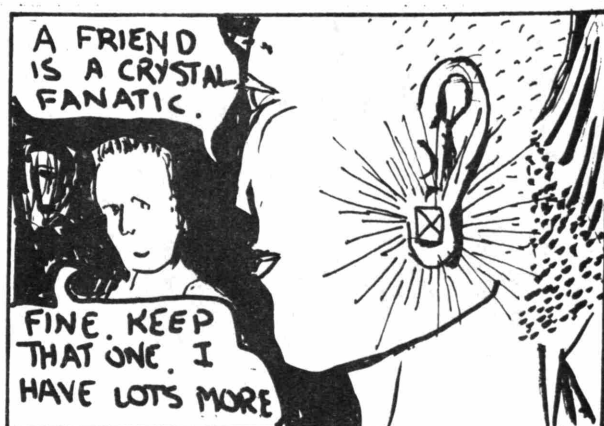
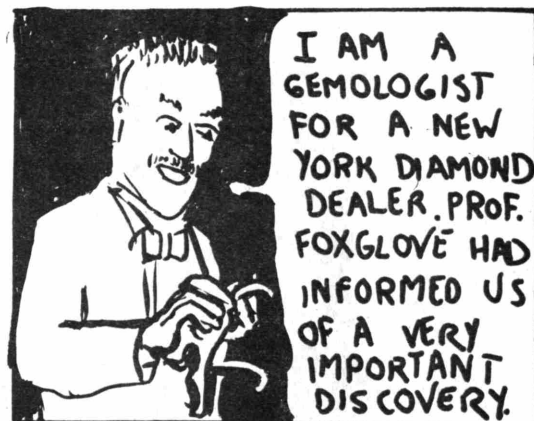
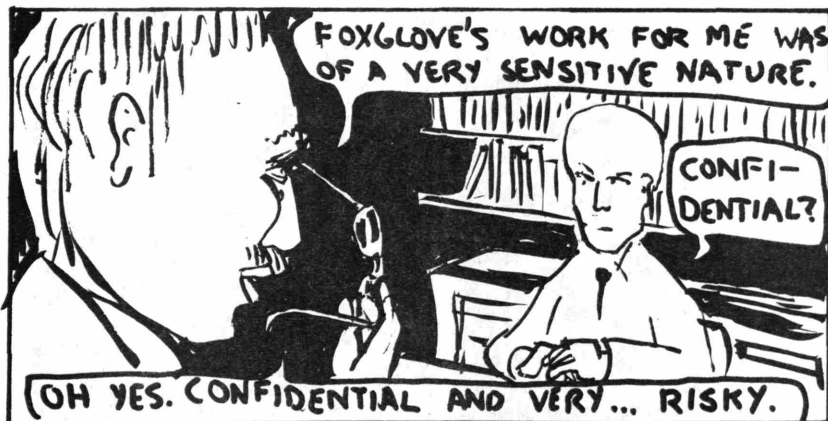
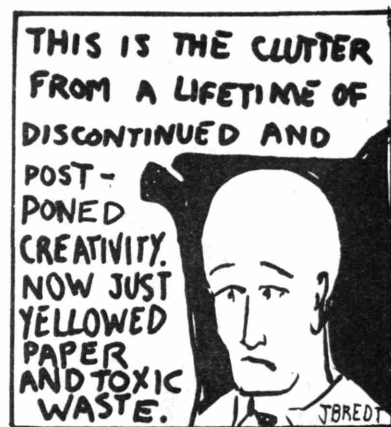
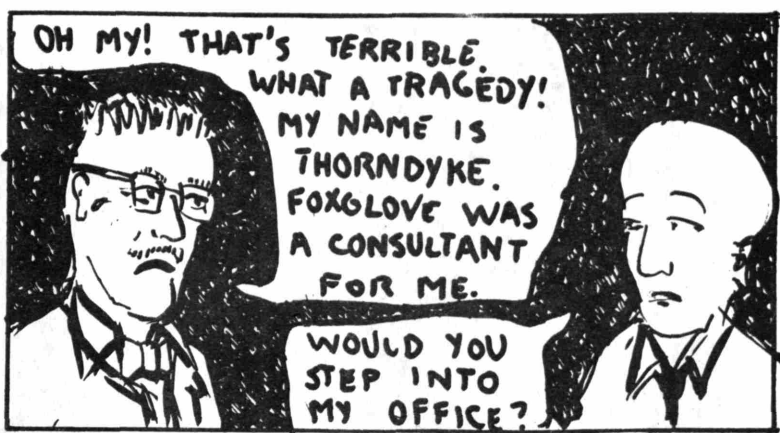
HELLO, CLAIRE

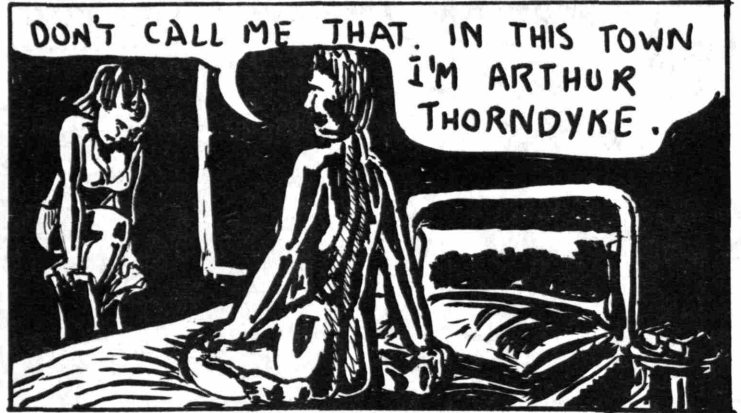
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY.

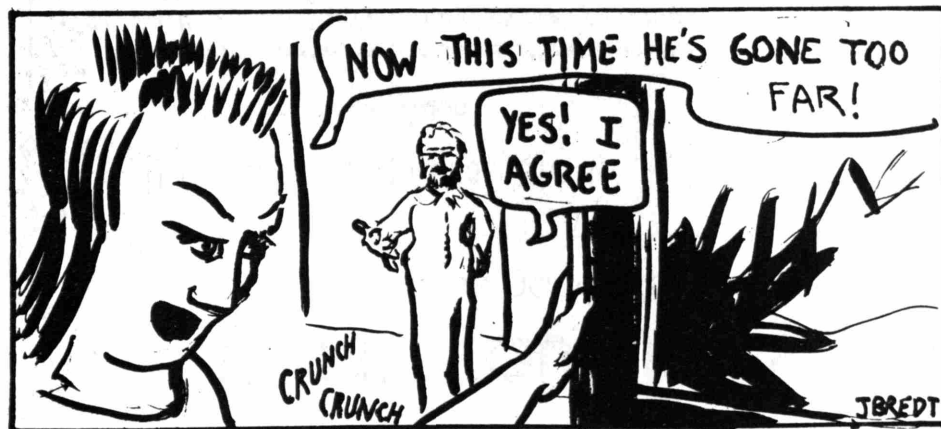












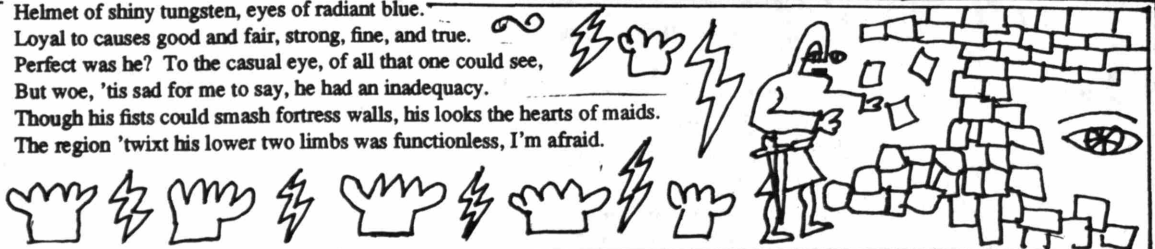


# The epic tale of Gruenenbohr



So rather round, ye humble folk, I have a tale to tell  
About our land, so long ago, when it was bathed in hell.  
Brave hearts, our people had, ah yes, but this was not enough  
To rid their souls of pain and strain, sorrow large and rough.  
But, one hope they had, oh yes indeed- do not fear my friends,  
This hero's name was Gruenenbohr, his muscles reached no ends.

Helmet of shiny tungsten, eyes of radiant blue.  
Loyal to causes good and fair, strong, fine, and true.  
Perfect was he? To the casual eye, of all that one could see,  
But woe, 'tis sad for me to say, he had an inadequacy.  
Though his fists could smash fortress walls, his looks the hearts of maids.  
The region 'twixt his lower two limbs was functionless, I'm afraid.

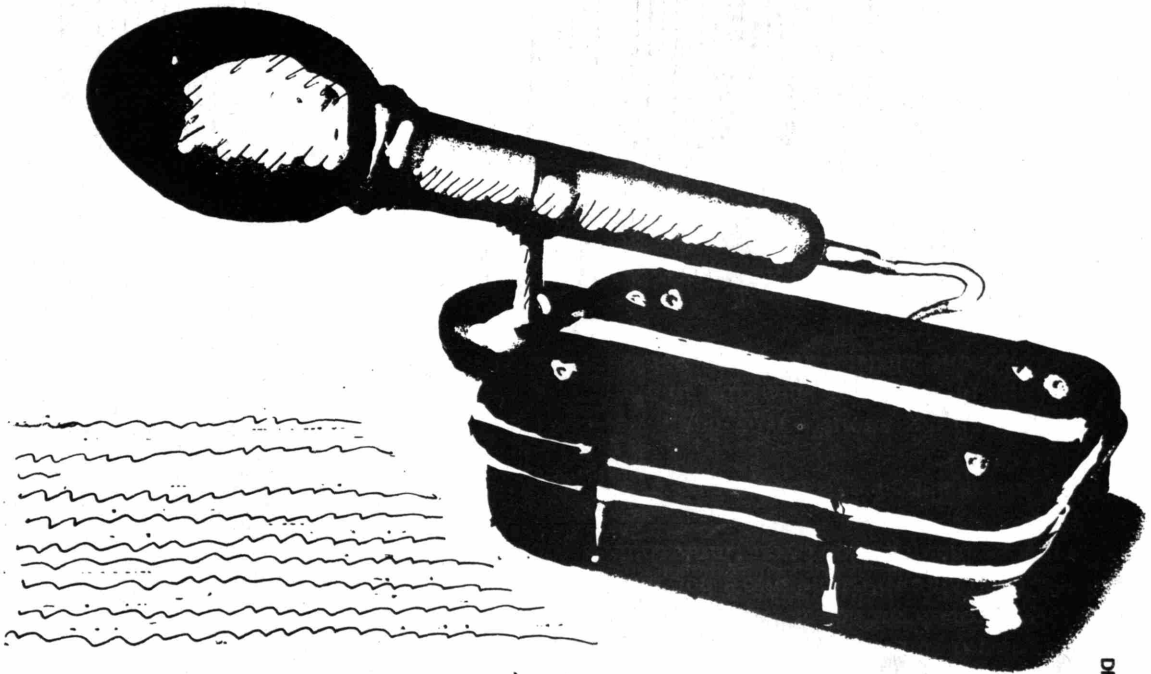






How did this failing come to him? This story's long itself.  
It all began when he was a babe; his mother feared his health.  
And decided that he should be dipped in a vat of magic brew-  
Much like Achilles of yonder tale; he should not catch the flu.

**Damit Ihre Stimme nicht gereizt klingt.**



**Mit Blackcurrant Pastilles in wohltuender Gesellschaft.**

DMS

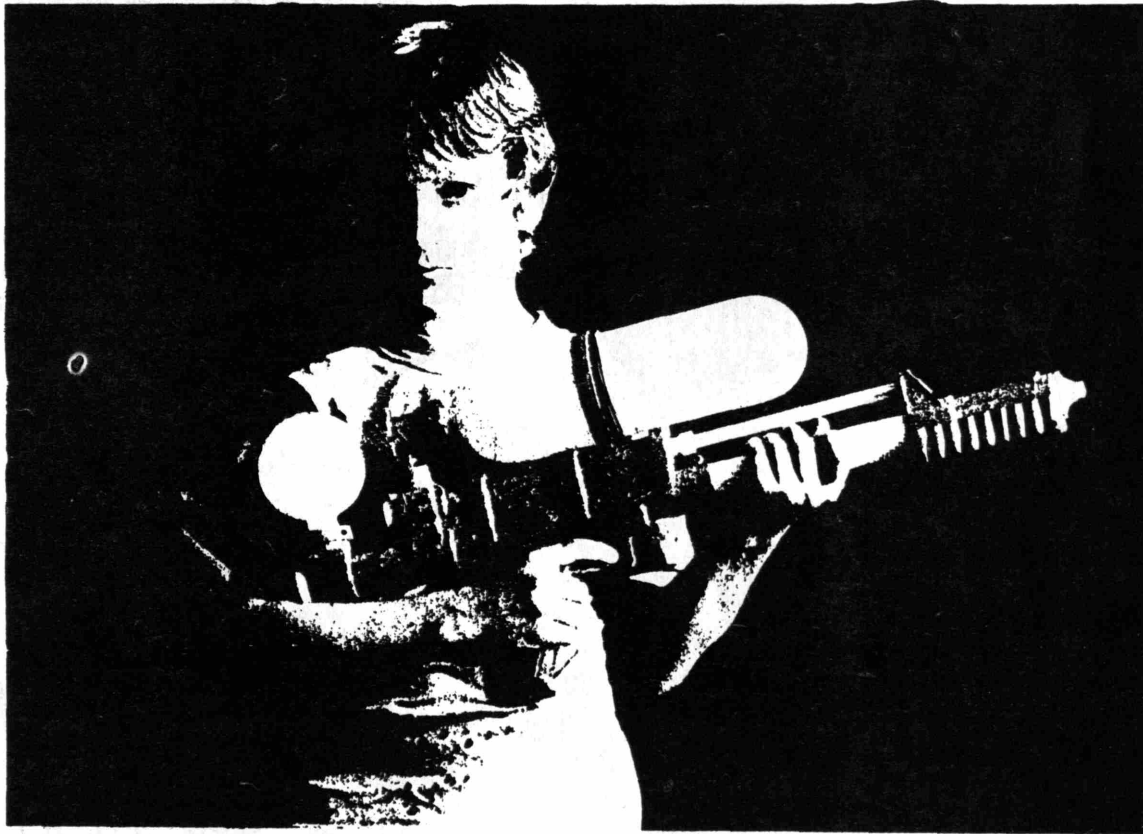
The discrepancy between the fables lies upon the appendage —  
By which both mothers held their sons when bathing them in the beverage.  
Achilles was held by ankle. A convenient handle, for sure.  
While Gruenenbohr was held by the part that distinguishes a him from a her.  
The result, my friends, is two fold, for while it empowered his trunk,  
His anatomy was not protected- which soon led to its defunct.  
In the caverns above our sainted land an evil sorcerer once loomed  
Who indirectly finished the job on Gruenebohr's personal boom.



his warlock was most evil, and despised our people most so and often found it fun to torture them- blow upon blow upon blow. One cold and dark winter morning, he conjured up a storm, intending to drown our ancestors- an ultimate act of scorn. The river swelled to frightening size, and did not cease to grind. It pushed and heaved upon the dam that sheltered the village behind. The tension, like the water mark, was always on the rise, when all of a sudden, a leak sprang loose, before the villager's eyes. The people cried in helpless angst, "Oh, what are we to do! If the dam splits, our doom is spelled, what can we use for glue!" Gruenenbohr, the glowing lad, parted the moaning crowd. "Leave it to me!" he sounded so- resonant and loud. He assessed the problem quickly, and putting options to the test- plugging fingers and toes in the fateful hole- but all without success. What body part could he employ to stop the deadly flow? A risky idea came to his head- He derobed from below- and thrust his pipe into the hole- a perfect fit all the more. The clouds did part, the rain did cease, the river lost it's roar. The sun's first rays imparted the scene with happiness and calm, We have yet to come upon the time when our hero loses his schlom.

R

Remember that his protective bath did not safeguard his mound  
So, when he pulled from off the dike, a mighty crack did sound!  
Blood and pus oozed all about, and though he felt no pain,  
the once jowous villagers at his side, bowed their heads in shame.



**Spielzeugwaffe Super Soaker: Ammoniak und Urin als Munition**

Gruenebohr, great Gruenebohr- a lad by no means tender.  
no longer owned the body part that characterized his gender.  
The sorcerer's cackle echoed terribly through the weary land  
"Ha, Gruenenbohr! You have won my game, but lost more than you had planned.  
This scene has most entertained me- I'm in a good mood oddly enough  
Being in humor, I propose a small parry, a bet for men of stuff.  
I give you ten and five years, to hone your super skills,  
Then you and I will meet again and battle to the kill.  
If I win, you die gory death, and the land shall be mine to destroy,  
but if you win, as a prize, I will give you back your toy."  
Gruenenbohr, strong Gruenenbohr, saw that he had no choice.  
"I accept!" he cried, hand over groin to ebb the state of moist.



As the years passed by, seasons turning, time marked by spinning moons Gruenenbohr made well his part, disciplined through sacred runes. He grew in strength one thousand fold, no rock could withstand his grip. His skill in weapons knew no bounds, the crossbow he could slip. With a bow and arrow, he could slice small fruit in two, and he could swing the sword so fast, it gave a light of blue. He dutifully gave his offerings to the sage Gods overhead,

and bound himself from most temptations, his virtue made of lead. But though he was a species of man superior to the others, he was still human, thus he had his flaws like his sisters and his brothers. The ravenous appetite a person holds for stimulating his anatomy was not dulled within Gruenenbohr due to his lack of phallic key. As the blind man's sense of hearing is magnified due to his loss of sight, Gruenenbohr's sexual cravings grew in places one thinks of as trite. His proboscis, or nose, as one would commonly call, could make our hero spasim in creating the pleasant and tingling sensations we usually call orgasm.



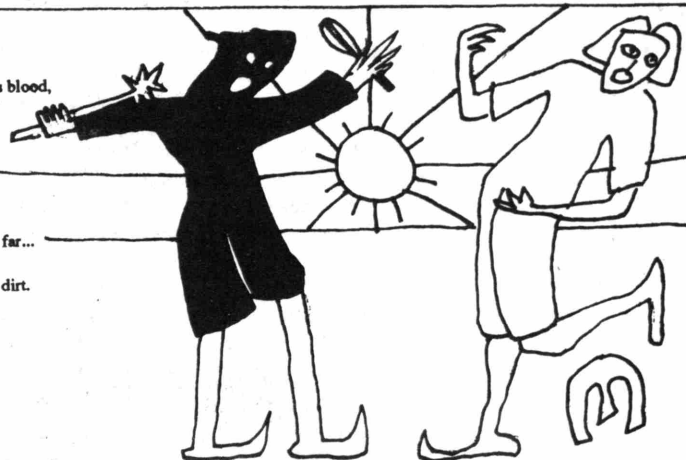
The usual person's nose is most often ungarded from the world. He has no protective covering that guard it from movements that unfurl. This was a problem for Gruenenbohr, for whatever struck its tip Would send him thrusting and moaning from his pelvis to his hip. He solved this dilemma most cleverly- a cap he wove of gold. To guard his transferred organ from the elements and the cold. He fastened to his helmet, this cap of dire need. And carried on about his work, coping well indeed. The cap posed yet another problem, for its looks were very odd, and kept the maids far from our hero- they treated him like sod. Thus Gruenenbohr's growing hunger never tasted fruit

with women of our aged land- too great and hard a shoot. The only creature who could console our hero's great frustration was his dear steed, a horse of might, a truly gallant stallion. Many a night they shared together 'neath the waxing moon- their love for each other grew in bounds- they were much in tune. But as the days, weeks, months flew by, the sorcerer made his plan. And noted with delight the weakness that he spied in this abundant man. Finally, the time was up- the match was to begin. Gruenenbohr strode to the warrior's plane, teeth locked in a grin.





The dawn was pierced by the sun's terrible claws, its light as red as blood,  
 The sorcerer struck down his leaden staff, stirring up the mud.  
 He trampled the people effortlessly- corpses left and right.  
 When all too soon, the sole man left was our hero- ready to fight.  
 The sorcerer swung his staff in an arc, muttering words of dead.  
 About him grew a pile of weapons- higher than his head.  
 First he wielded a copper sword, its hilt was made from tar.  
 and slammed it down on Gruenenbohr's head, vibrations felt from far...  
 No damage was done to our hero's head- it was insured from hurt,  
 but the blow split helmet and gold cap in two- dashed down to the dirt.  
 Gruenenbohr's most tender nose was ripped from its abode  
 The sorcerer cackled in awful glee, and picked up from his load,  
 A small and dainty pastry whisk bathed in peppermint oil,  
 and tickled our hero's protrusion lightly, all began to boil-  
 Gruenenbohr's thrusts did travel from his biceps to his pelvis,  
 He moaned, "Oh baby, Baby!" more seductively than Elvis.  
 The warlock now had the advantage, and sought to win the race  
 he randomly shot at body parts, looking for a place  
 where Gruenenbohr was not protected from blows that mark for kill  
 but each time, his weapons broke impatient he grew still.  
 The time soon came where the warlock had but one small rusted mace  
 He also had one target left- that were the injury took place.



You should know, dear listeners, that this area was still sore.  
 His bath did not protect the scar from blood and pain and gore.  
 If the warlock's mace did grace this place, our hero no longer would be,  
 His feats and fame, his eyes, his frame would all be history.  
 And so the sorcerer lunged forward, sure of his success  
 The writhing, trembling Gruenenbohr rendered to a simple mess  
 But when the mace was but one inch from its all to tender prey,  
 A miracle occurred- oh yes! To all the Gods we pray-  
 By some incredible feat of will, our hero stopped his moans,  
 grabbed mace from sorcerer's hands, and broke its wooden bone-  
 With groans of strain, he gripped his hands 'round sorcerer's sinewed neck,  
 and strangled all but one putrid breath, too faint to detect.



ly laughter.

A decorative illustration featuring stylized flowers and swirling vines. The flowers have five petals and a central stem. The vines are thin and elegant, with small leaves and circular swirls. The entire illustration is rendered in a simple, clean line-art style.

## MILITARFORSCHUNG



## GIFTGASFORSCHUNG UND PRODUKTION

**KANONENBAU**

## NUKLEARANLAGEN

## IRAKISCHE SCUD-B-RAKETEN

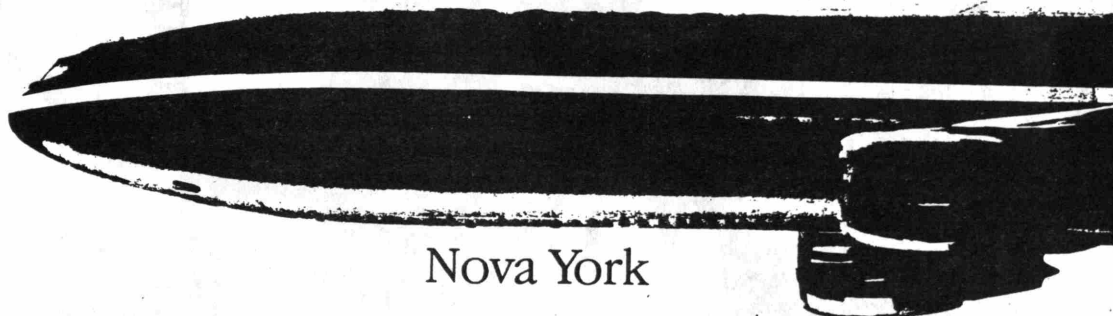


B

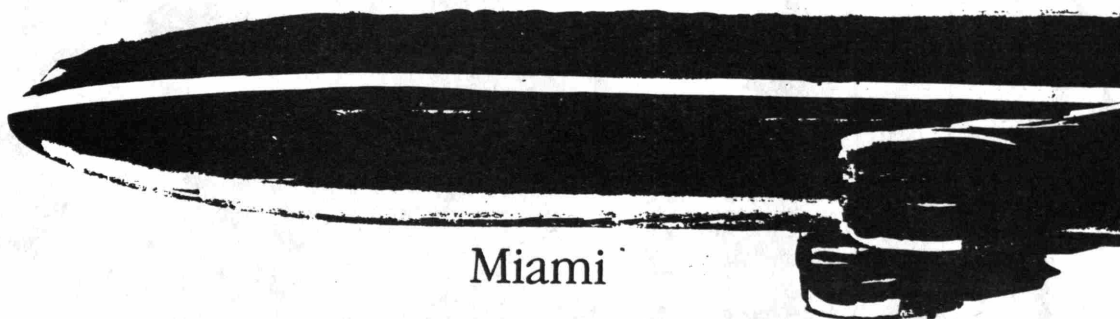
He ran for days and nights on end, the peak loomed far above.  
 Oblivious was he of his bodily calls- his life he did not love.  
 After weeks of toil and travel, the top he finally reached.  
 He collapsed like ashes to the ground. "Death! He cried. "I beseech!"  
 The stars about him shuddered, the ocean below did sigh-  
 The earth itself wept tears of blood- our hero was to die.  
 The end is not this ominous, friends, hear me through, I plead  
 The Gods above took pity- and- sent help to him indeed-  
 A Fair and Curvy Deity, the Goddess of Fertility,  
 Decided that it 'twas 'bout time that our hero gained virility-

Her name, I pray, is known to us; Olivia Newton John-  
 She came down to earth in mighty pomp, singing lusty song  
 "Let me hear your body talk," she ordered, strong and proud,  
 and unwrapped forth a shining rod from its silken shroud.  
 This fine long piece, encrusted in gems, shone with its own light.  
 A mighty gift, even from a god, a truly holy sight.  
 She affixed the piece on Gruenenbohr in saintly ceremony,  
 as he woke from deep-felt sleep- he spied his new baloney.  
 "Good Gods!", he cried. "Is this a dream, or am I off earth."  
 Who are you, woman, and what is this, this thing beneath my girth."  
 "A great man you are, she mouthed so sweet, "many tests you have braved through.  
 This gift, we felt- is rightly yours. It's long since overdue.  
 Use it well, get physical, enjoy life like your brothers.  
 Draw pleasure like a normal man, from yourself and from others."  
 With these words of wisdom, the great deity flew away,  
 leaving Gruenenbohr and his new toy to relish the day.

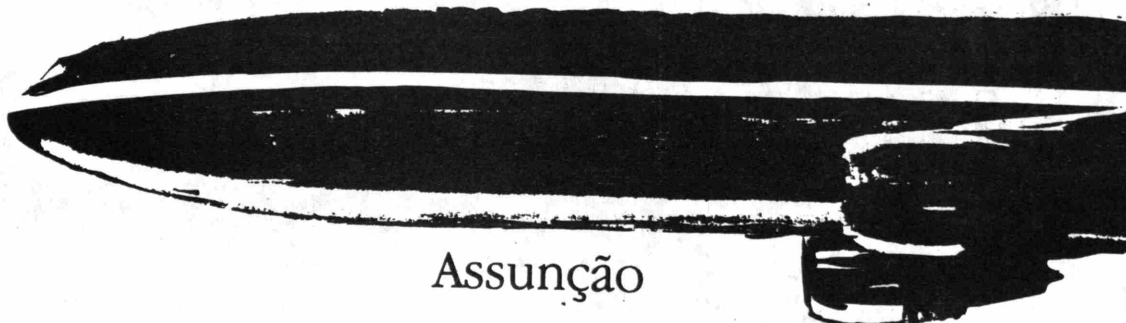
## Três novos vôos nonstop diários



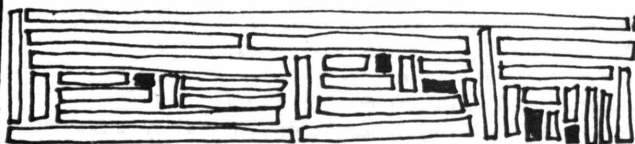
Nova York



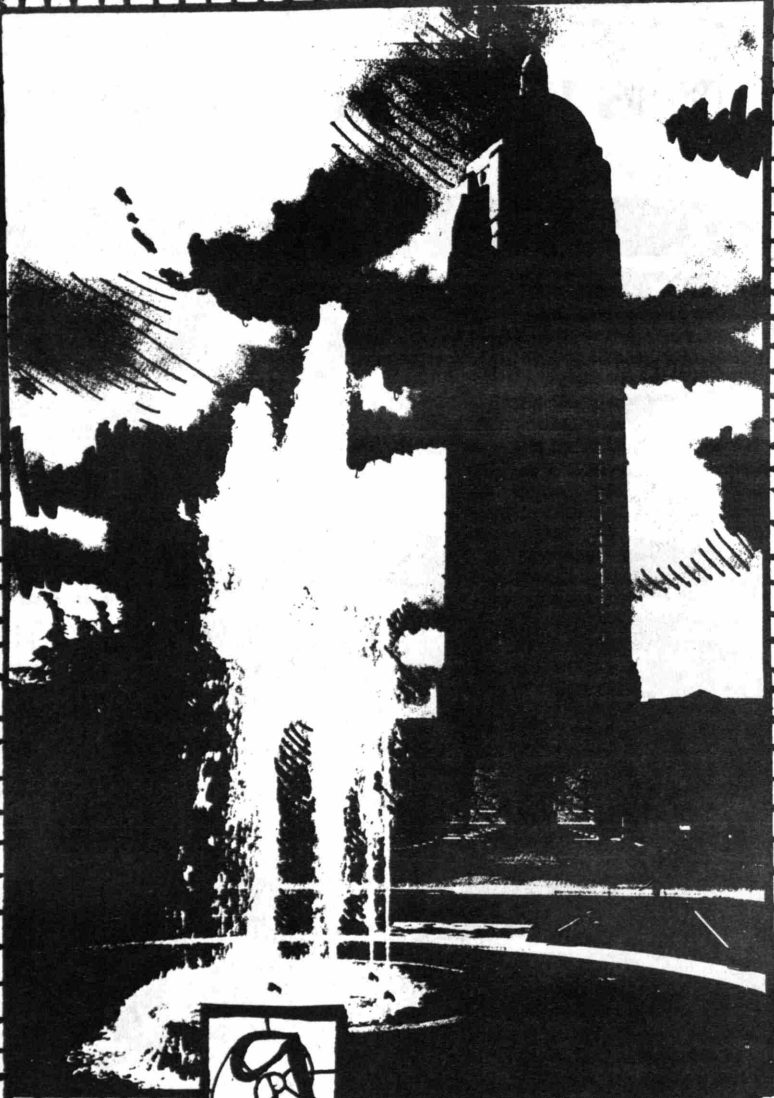
Miami



Assunção



Now comes the time, sweet listeners, to chose your own adventure.  
 Think well within your character- which path do you soon venture.  
 Are you a person of traditional means- to stories have set endings?  
 Should this tale be grave, yet introspective, classic in its sendings?  
 Or are you of more racy sort, a man or woman of lust?  
 Do you need more action and detail, is erotica a must?

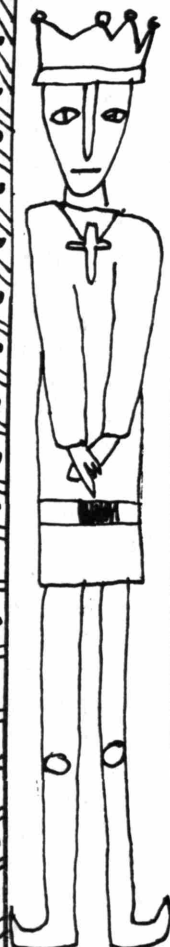
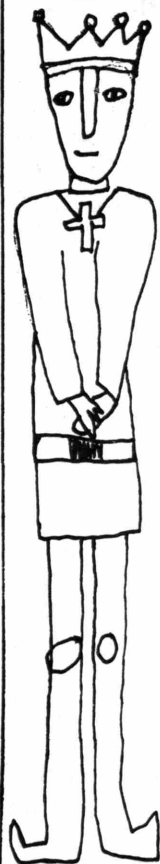
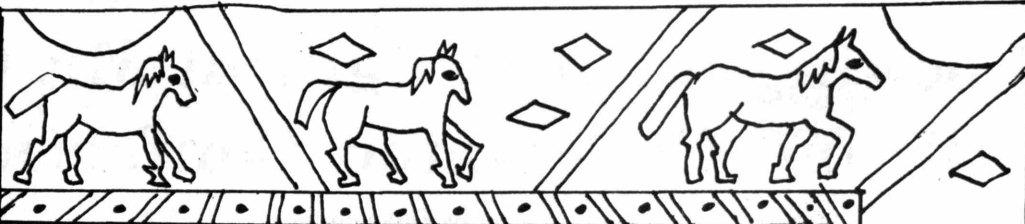


Good choice, my friends, a classic you are, bring forth your kleenex box.  
Gruenenbohr walked down the peak, thinking of paradox.  
Humanity, he thought, was doomed to rot- a breeding hole of waste.  
They judge by looks and actions, sole- little do they taste-  
He was tired of failed interaction- a hermit he would become.  
To live alone with his studly toy, a lonely life for some.  
Although his people thought him strange, his deeds they ne'er forgot-  
Gruenenbohr, great Gruenenbohr, the salami slapping sot.

The End



B



A stupid question, I asked, indeed, I know you far too well.  
 My story shall continue, soon- there still is much to tell.  
 Gruenenbohr ran down the mountain, shouting loud with glee.  
 A man he was, at last, what joy- an honest-to-goodness he.  
 He crossed the plane of earlier battle and spied his corp-sed steed.  
 "What fun!" he cried, "Let's try my toy, no better chance indeed!"  
 And there where whence he placed his nose, he placed his rod, of course.  
 The great ambrosia that flowed forth awakened his dead horse.  
 A miracle! he gave new life, his tool was indeed a relic.  
 His love renewed, due to the power of something rather phallic.  
 The villagers all welcomed them with open, laughing arms,  
 Great Gruenenbohr and trusty steed ruled o'er land and farms-  
 'till died, years down the road, after much fruitful endeavor.  
 The legacy they left was great, we are in debt forever.

The end



# Looking for a Delightful Mr. Goodbar Brand Chocolated Confection Bar

by Dave Jordan

I've wanted to die for quite some time now.

But because I'm too much of a weenie to commit suicide, I've embraced the fond belief that the most convenient way to partake of the sweet, groping, idiot soul-kiss of oblivion would be to find a sexual psychopath who's willing to kill me.

Now, hold on just a cotton-pickin' minute before you avert your face from this narrative with a grunt of disgust and a bemused, sotto voce condemnation, "That boy's International Harvester tractor/disc carrol combine doesn't exactly plow parallel rows." Not so. Trust me, I'm of sound mind, and I'm perfectly well aware that my... eccentric... death wish may strike a chord of distaste in the average reader. But consider: Your typical 27-year old virgin fantasizes about some leggy supermodel when he (or she) engages in autoeroticism, the age-old Passion that Dares Not Speak Its Name. But when I whack Mr. Puddly, I fantasize about... myself engaged in the act of whacking Mr. Puddly. Further, the forces of Nature don't particularly cherish any organism — vertebrate or no — that empties its bladder into a Hefty brand plastic baggie, sets the baggie in the middle of the floor, and then alternately giggles and observes with uncanny insight, "I'll bet it's still warm." As you can see, I should be vaporized immediately. To yank a bastardized mis-quote from "Apocalypse Now", "Even his right hand wanted him dead."

But I have a yellow streak running a peculiar zig-zag course down the sun-bereft, fungi-pale flesh of my back (it's either cowardice or an unusually localized case of Hepatitis B), and I just don't have the cahonies to do myself in. And besides, the whole "Oh, woe is me, Life is meaningless and I'm a mote of dust floating in a cruel, uncaring Cosmos" bit has been done again and again, about eighty million times since Mr. Mankind first feasted his sentient, surprised eyes on the senselessness and the sheer horror of existence. A suicide note and the somnolent buzz of bloated flies landing on a congealing puddle of my blown-out brains in a stiflingly hot, stinking little hell-hole of a room? Yeah, that'd be really effective — not

to mention about as fresh and original as the new "Nancy" comic strip. Or worse yet, the pathetic "Oh dear Lord, he swallowed the whole bottle of sleeping pills — let's rush him to the intensive care ward and pack him so full of charcoal he'll cry black tears for the next two weeks" scene. And please, don't even get me started on the stultifying miasma of sleepy dread that paralyzes one's sensibility upon contemplation of the Karen Carpenter-esque "I'm starving for your attention and love" theme.

Give me a break.

I wanna die, sure, but at least I wanna get laid in the process.

Unfortunately, the peculiar fruits I'm yearning to taste aren't found in your local greengrocer's dairy case. Sure, it would be a piece of cake if I were a female. If you're a female, every Tom, Dick and Harry is a potential date-rape candidate who's perfectly willing to do you... and then DO you, if you see what I'm saying. If you're a female, every Robert Fulgham or Leo Buscaglia saunters into your life bearing flowers, candy, a Pepsodent smile and a country mile's worth of caring and understanding. But don't be fooled: He's primed and eager to rip off his good-guy mask and turn into a Ted Bundy if you'll just give his glands a suggestive tweak, shoot his system full of testosterone and crank the passion dial all the way up to "murderous". And there's nothing wrong with that; it's exactly the way God intended the relationship between the sexes to work. After all, let's not kid ourselves — it may not be strictly PC, but we all pretty much know (down deep inside ourselves, in a little hidey-hole we don't particularly care to let anyone else peep inside) that your basic female isn't really a human being, but rather an unholy breed of salacious, frenzied alien space-monkey who's slathered with a thin coat of flesh-colored neoprene and all dolled up to look just like a regular little person. And passion-slayings are a natural, wholesome means to ensure that... well, that the ladies don't just brush the gentlemen aside and co-opt the whole gosh-darned planet.



The real problem is that I'm not female, and I'm basically straight. Yes, I know that Jung would deliver a prissy, pedantic little speech on the co-existence in every human being of male and female elements, and I guess I've got a darling little Pollyanna, all pig-tails, dimples and bright-as-sunshine smiles, buried somewhere in my character. But I'm not "funny", if you know what I mean. No, I'm looking for a special breed of lady who's hungering for flesh, and who's cultivated a refined taste for the delights of Mortality — a Princess of the Damned who's ready and willing to show her victim a good time before ushering him into the moist, cool embrace of the grave.

And when I met Brenda, I thought I'd found her.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. I started hitting the singles bars about two years ago, and let me be the first to tell you... you haven't seen anyone sweat as much, and to so little purpose, as I did during my first timid sorties into the putrid, decadent underbelly of Boston's nightlife. If L.L. Cool J can spot a "can't-dance kid" simply by glancing at his shoes, then it certainly

wouldn't have required a technical degree to label me a "Chunky, Virginal, Zero-Personality Loser" the minute I stepped through the doors of each steamy, pulsating, passion-stained sweat-box and dance-a-teria I visited. I mostly hunted the succor of the nearest comforting corner, and I would huddle there, cringing and mewling inwardly, hot rivulets of sweat running down my back and seeping underneath the elastic band of my Fruit of the Looms. Thankfully, the super-absorbency of my Depends brand adult diapers saved me some embarrassing (and uncomfortable) breaches of my personal hygienic integrity. I may lack style, but I'll be darned if anyone is going to say I'm not hygiene-conscious. In any event, it took me two weeks before I could even summon the courage to lift my eyes (which were habitually fixed with glazed intensity on the Coca-Cola I nursed in my solitude) and begin to peruse my fellow patrons.

But peruse I eventually did, and one night I finally initiated a courageous Conversation Attempt with a young lady sitting at the bar. She sported a tantalizing dagger tattoo on the outer curve of her left ankle, and the heady thought arose, almost unbidden, in my troubled mind, "Now here's a woman with a sense of style. I'm sure she'd be willing to shatter my self-esteem in a sexually humiliating act, then off me." And so I mustered what little conversational ability I had in my social skills portfolio and addressed her :

"Hi. I love your ankle tattoo. Were you sober when you had that done?"

She glanced at me with a look of profound, withering contempt, and, grabbing her drink, withdrew into the crowd. The mass of people, all mashed together and writhing in the hazy half-light, absorbed her in an abdominal spasm of social peristalsis. Then it digested her and pooped her into some fetid romantic encounter, the details of which I would never know and the principles of which would forever confound me. Which is okay.

None of my attempts over the next few months met with any greater success. Once a girl actually told me her name — Janice — at which point I barfed out the following clever rejoinder:

"Oh, good. It's nice to know a person's name. Because when you're able to name something, you gain control over that object. Naming something is an act of empowerment. Who can resist the delicious, groin-tickling sense of power that accompanies the act of Naming? Not me, boy."

Needless to say, by the end of this impassioned little speech, Janice had caught a cab. I gradually came to realize that, if I were ever to achieve my objective, I would have to downshift to "regular guy" status in my fledgling conversational encounters with the fair sex.

One night at The Monkey Bar, I met Terry. No woman is ugly in my opinion — I'm a regular Mr. Chivalrous — but let's just say that Terry's approach to the classification of "hominid" lay along unconventional lines. Cindy Crawford she wasn't. But she was a charming young wench nonetheless, and I managed to convince her (through a conversational process perhaps best described as "lick-spittleing") that it would be a noble pursuit for us to seek the delights of Venus at her apartment. When we got there, and as we began to establish that "nice and comfortable" mood which, I could see, was crucial to the consummation of the mating drive's imperative, I began my pitch.

"Say, Terry," I began. "Have you ever thought what fun it would be to... oh, I don't know... to, uh, really let your hair down, so to speak? I mean, it would be awfully nice if you would... ummm... violate my humanity through an act of violence masquerading as sex, then slaughter me like a hog in a Jimmy Dean sausage factory. Don't you think that would be a treat?"

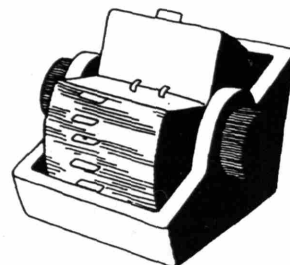
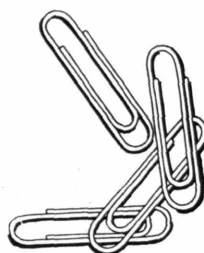
Terry looked at me askance, then queried in a puzzled voice,

"What are you talking about? Why can't we enjoy a nice roll in the hay (I'm speaking in the figurative sense) without all this craziness you're spouting? What's gotten into you?"

"Oh, don't be that way, Terry," I cooed. "Just tie me down, knock me around, sex me up, and then blow me out. It's as simple as one, two, three." I paused thoughtfully, then added, "Four. Oh, and Terry? Could you desecrate my body a little after I'm dead? You know, just spill my innards and slosh them around in a senseless, gratuitous display of wanton savagery? And maybe use my severed genitalia as a fleshy, wilted quill to pen obscenities on your walls in the mellow crimson pigments of my rapidly coagulating blood?"

Terry looked at me with eyes widening in horror, and whispered,

"Your office supplies store isn't exactly fully stocked with paper clips and Rolodex brand personal information organizers, is it? I think you'd better go now."



I was understandably disappointed, and as I left her to return to the mind-numbing anonymity of a pointless life, cloaked in Night's suffocating death-shroud of velvety darkness, I couldn't resist the childish urge to twist the knife of guilt in her gut with the parting shot :

"Thanks for really being there when I needed you, Terry. You really helped me out."

For the next few months, I trudged grimly through the smothering muck of that stale summer replacement sit-com we call *Life*, sinking deeper and deeper into the pre-alluvial biomass of the night-dwellers and the clubbers, the users and the used, the hungry and the... well, the not so hungry. I began to despair of ever locating that Ms. Right who had the Will to Power, the Crazy Gleaming Eye, that would endow her with the testicular fortitude to turn the crank on my personal *Sexy Suicide Machine*.

And then I met Brenda.

She was Puerto Rican, and her mouth-watering, olive-complected face harbored a pair of big brown eyes, the kind of eyes that swallow your soul whole, chew it up, consider the flavor with a connoisseur's palate, then spit the whole gummy wad into a shining spittoon that's sitting on the floor there just over yonder. She owned me from the git-go, and as soon as we began talking, I got this kinda itchy-all-over feeling that I may well have just won the Publisher's Clearing House sweepstakes, and here was Ed McMahon in the flesh to present my award check to me. If I live to be 30, I'll never forget the silky rush of adrenaline that coursed through my frame when she appeared, wraith-like, at my side in the gloom of Carl's Cultural Exchange Bar. The first thing she said to me was,

"What's your favorite sexual act? Mine's scooping."

"What's 'scooping'?" I asked.

"That's when a male scoops out his partner's eyeball and humps the raw, moist, bleeding eye socket."



"Ah," I replied. "I think we may be able to pursue a profitable association. Do you prefer melted cheese or chili on your nachos?"

Later we arrived at her riverside bungalow, and as we entered, the aroma of decomposition assaulted my nostrils. Her living room's decor was spartan, but not sterile: complementing the sparse furniture and puke-green color scheme was a startling array of dead squirrels, cats, and even a woodchuck or two, all hung by leathery thongs from the stucco ceiling. I did a playful Michael Richards-as-Stanley Spadowski double-take, then asked her, "So, what's up with the hanging animals? It's a lively display. Certainly redolent of Nature and Her charms."

She looked at me without speaking for the longest time, and I started to flush, suspecting myself of some social or cultural faux-pas. At length she turned and gestured vaguely, her hand cutting a languid arc through the pungent atmosphere.

"Oh, the animals," she murmured.

The conversation sagged for a few moments. I guess we didn't really need words to reveal the most important, the richest veins of each other's characters. Sometimes the most profound discoveries transcend the coarse medium of word-craft, and our souls connect along ethereal paths unknown to Man since the tyranny of the Senses subdued them in our primal ancestors.

At other times, it helps to say a little something.

"You realize, of course, that I wish to die," I began.

Brenda nodded.

"And you also realize that I desire a cheap, demeaning death that follows a vicious act of sexual humiliation."

Another nod.

"So... let's go for it!" I ejaculated.

Presently, she stripped me and bound me with a series of thongs that, it didn't really surprise me to learn, she had woven from the abdominal muscles of cute little floppy-eared doggies she brought home from the pound. (This hobby, by the way, required no little investment of discretionary income, as you've no doubt learned if you've ever had to

pay the licensing and vaccination fees for a pound pooch.) Then she disrobed, ripped one of the festering carcasses down from the ceiling, burst its belly with a single cherry-red fingernail (a hiss of gas escaping from the glassy-eyed squirrel as she did so), and smeared the foul cascade of juices over her thighs and upper torso. Her breath came in fast, heaving spasms of passion that rocked her flesh like a ride on Space Mountain. Well, that's not a great visual analogy, but I think you probably get my point. I was breathing pretty hot and heavy myself. Her eyes locked with mine, and I saw Torments in those eyes: the promise of damnation and decay, the sweet forfeiture of all that was noble for the desolate thralldom of Carnage's dominion.

The thongs were tightening, inscribing scarlet arcs in my skin and teasing purple weals from my puffy flesh.

It was showtime.

With a flirtacious smirk, Brenda turned from me, switched on her Magnavox 13-inch TV and sat down to watch a re-run of the hit Fox series, "Studs."

I looked at her expectantly, trying to ignore the uneasy feeling slowly blossoming in the pit of my stomach.

"Uh, Brenda honey? Aren't you... I mean, well, I know it's a good show and all, but.... I'm pretty much ready to go here, as you can plainly see."

She turned to me, a smile tugging at the corners of her sumptuous, fleshy lips.

"Sometimes," she breathed in a husky voice tinged with all the smoldering passion of her culture's fiery blood, "the denial of Need is the most exquisite torture of all."

She paused, her head swiveling back to the screen to watch the shadow-people prancing and pouting in the glittering crystalline box-palace at the corner of the room.

"We both know how bad you want it," she continued. "And you know I can do it. But it ain't gonna happen. Not ever."

And she traced a path through the animalian body-fluids coating her thighs, her fingers seeking the pleasure mound from which her own fluids oozed and mingled with the essences of Death.

Eighteen hours later, she dumped me out of her car (she had thoughtfully decreased her speed to a mere 15 miles per hour) a couple of blocks from my place, and an itinerant salesman, bag in hand, released me from my sinewy bonds. (Muscle



## Bob's Last Dance

by Alan Blount

Again Bob cursed the rain. "I don't want to be your sex-tool," Julia had pleaded, "I don't want to be your hobby horse." Bob spat a glob of phlegm on his shoe. It spread over the laces like a biker's runny stool.

"You fucked my brother, bitch, you fucked my fucking brother," yelled Bob toward the mall. The parking lot danced in his brain like a ballerina on speed, a 260 pound ballerina leaping off the stage into radical Bob's lap, Sprite on his pants, popcorn everywhere. Bob waved his jumper cables at a frantic mother pushing her kids into a Toyota. "You want some, you fucking want some of this?" The woman climbed in on her screaming brats and locked the doors.

Bob removed his jeans, one leg at a time, and clipped the positive cable onto his outstretched penis. "Aaaaaaaaaiieeeeeee!" He sat in his Pinto, slammed the door, and blasted his car straight into the front window of 7-11, jumper cable dragging behind.

Later, in the hospital, all he would say is "Big Gulp—79 cents, Big Gulp—79 cents."



(Dave Jordan, *continued*)

tissue is incredibly tough, and the gradually contracting thongs had severed tendons and ligaments as they bit into my frame. I now walk with a cane, and I continue bi-weekly sessions with my physical therapist to this day.) I have never seen Brenda again, although I still meet her in my dreams; and I often encounter "Brenda ghosts" who look like her for a moment until, upon closer inspection, their faces resolve themselves into those of strangers — cold, haughty, and unaware of the connection my mind has fashioned between their countenance and that of Little Miss Doom, the Dark Goddess of Carnal Despair. She could have done me. It would have been a triviality to her, an act as insignificant as emptying the contents of one's nasal passages into a soft, silky piece of facial tissue. Instead, she chose to condemn me to an apparently interminable existence. Although I have not given up on my death-quest, I suspect that Brenda's prophecy, the life-sentence she dispensed with a capricious

toss of her jet-black curls, was right on the money. It ain't gonna happen.

"The denial of Need...." The need to couple, the need to sup of the fishy fruit of sexual union, the need to forfeit one's humanity, and the need to die. And the need to do all four at the same time, if you can possibly swing it (although this latter may be a luxury, and not strictly a need). Each one of these needs is intensely human, and intensely private. And they're all natural. We rejoice in the act of creating new life; we legitimize the coupling of Flesh in ceremonies that climax with the hurling of a barrage of Hartz bird-seed (to protect our feathered buddies from bloating) at the blushing newlyweds. Is it then so wrong, is it so unnatural to lust for the harsh caress of life's termination? After all, dying is every bit as natural as birth. And, from what I've heard, it's probably about as much fun.

But I'm glad that the Lemaz program allows a couple to cooperate and to support each other throughout the difficult birthing process.

# SUBMIT YOUR PROSE TO VOODOO

Use these handy references as writing guides.



## The Humorous Prose Story

by Dave Jordan

*We posit the existence of a series of autonomous entities A, B, C, D... whom we shall designate as "characters". We endow the characters with a pseudo-physical surrounding, hereafter referred to as the "setting". Next, we commingle a subset of the characters in an imbroglio. A series of (simulated) verbal cues provides a communications link among the characters involved, thus:*

Character A: (Statement of greetings to B.)

Character B: (Polite return of greeting to A.)

Character A: (Declaration of concern regarding an issue.)

*We digress at this point to examine the foundations of the characters' pseudo-emotional frameworks. We shall allow the characters to obsess on a number of items of (simulated) personal interest, which we label "issues". Interaction of characters proceeds through exchange of viewpoints on issues.*

Character A: (Response to issue.)

Character B: (Issue #2.)

*Now we introduce an issue that will serve to divide all characters involved into opposing factions. The pseudo-psychological rift that develops will be denoted by the term "conflict".*

Character C: (Issue declaration leading to conflict.)

Characters A, B, D...: (Polarization of simulated responses.)

*The conflict thus generated is very humorous. We end the story with a resolution to the funny conflict situation; we shall refer to this resolution as the climax. We permit the characters to reflect upon the conflict and ensuing resolution as follows:*

Character D: (Amusing summary of conflict and resolution.)

Character B: (Statement of accord.)



## The Humorous Prose Story

Alan Blount style

*We allege the presence of individual beings A, B, C, D. . . Oh, Hell, just make it A and B. Who needs more than two characters anyway? Now, where was I? Oh yeah, we take A and stick him in some God-forsaken scene like a second-rate shopping mall parking lot complete with whining, screaming kids and their incompetent mother.*

*We begin with a flashback to establish the (simulated) relationship between A and B, using a sequence of oral clues, thus:*

Character B: (Statement of distaste establishing the repellent nature of Character A)

Character A: (Silence confirming his utter ignorance and repellent nature.)

*We return to the present, at which point Character A has finally summoned his limited mental capacity to produce a reply:*

Character A: (Statement of paranoid vulgarity producing a pseudo-psychological rift between the characters.)

*Due to the fact that this is supposed to be a humorous story (and nothing has been funny, as yet) it becomes necessary to interject a sequence of inexplicable actions on the part of Character A culminating in his subsequent demise. The overall effect is completely sick, twisted, demented, and extraordinarily funny.*

*End with a non sequitur. Resolution is not necessary.*



*my secret*







*naughty voodoo*