

Winter 1992

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# VOODOO

HAPPY HOLIDAYS ISSUE





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## FROM THE PUBLISHER



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# SUBMIT to VooDoo

your prose, your cartoons, your photos,

your jokes, and your drawings

Next Submission Deadline : February 1, 1993.

# EDITORIAL

Well, this is the Winter Holidays Issue of *VooDoo*, and I just have a few words : I want to point out some new features in *VooDoo* that you should notice. We are excited about them, but they all need your help to be successful.

## **Ask Phos :**

This isn't a brand-new feature (it appeared in the last issue), but we do hope that it will become a regular feature. However, this can only happen if Phos has questions from you to answer. We know that you have nagging questions that you dare not ask any of your close friends or family, so, send them to Phos.

Your questions about love, sex, money, murder and greed may be mailed to our office, emailed to [voodoo@athena.mit.edu](mailto:voodoo@athena.mit.edu) or left on our answering machine at 253-4575.

## **Humor Zine Review :**

The world of underground publications is a fascinating cross section of American culture. The advent of cheap copy machines, faxes, and affordable scanners has made it possible for practically everyone with a cross to bear to put their message into print. Whether it's page after page of formless text or avant garde photocopy art or good old pen and ink cartoons, it's out there. With this column we hope to introduce you to many interesting (and hopefully funny) small publications that you can get through the mail.

Submissions can be mailed to our office.

## **Joke Page :**

The Joke Page is an old *VooDoo* feature, but it hasn't appeared lately because we haven't received any submissions of jokes. So, until we start getting a steady influx of jokes for this column from our readers, we are just going to print our own. However, all we know are "elephant" jokes, "blonde" jokes and "but I just met her/him" jokes.

This month's picking is "blondes" and "elephants". If we don't get some submissions before February, next issue's Joke Page will be ALL "but I just met her/him" jokes. Just look at these gems : "Bittersweet chocolate? But he just met her!" and "Succumb to injury? But I just met him!"

The only way that you can avoid this horrible fate is by submitting funny jokes for the column. Jokes may be mailed to our office, emailed to [voodoo@athena.mit.edu](mailto:voodoo@athena.mit.edu) or left on our answering machine at 253-4575.

In the next issue of *VooDoo*, we hope to inaugurate the following two features as regulars :

## **Crank File :**

Other weird things that we get in our mail which don't really qualify as 'zines will be highlighted in this new feature. We'll give you the straight dope on everyone from religious fanatics and psychics to government conspiracy freaks and so-called secret societies. Next issue's column will be about UFOs if our writers aren't abducted before then. Leads for new material are greatly appreciated.

Submissions should be mailed to our office.

## **IgNobel Watch :**

The IgNobel prize ceremony is an annual event to honor scientific achievements that cannot, or should not, be reproduced. Past recipients have included the makers of Berry Blue Jell-o (TM), the creator of Beano (TM), and Dan Quayle for his accomplishments in education. In this column, we hope to keep our readers informed of current research that may (or may not) be leading to an IgNobel Prize.

IgNobel news tips should be mailed to our office, emailed to [voodoo@athena.mit.edu](mailto:voodoo@athena.mit.edu) or called in to 253-4575.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Kent,

Thank you heartily for the Fall VooDoo, which brought joy to my heart. And I'm delighted to find myself included in the staff as Staff Emeritus. After all these years I can see that all those contributions of mine so long ago have paid off handsomely.

I must compliment you extravagantly on this issue of VooDoo. I must say that it's the best one ever produced, in all its many years of publication. It's even better than the best ones ever gotten out in my time. I can well understand how it took a whole summer to accomplish such a superb result. I've had the impression that some of the recent VooDoo's weren't up to the usual standard. Now I know that Tech still gathers into its fold the cream of America's youthful products.

So please try to maintain the terrific superiority of you first 1992 issue. I know that you can do it, and will, even if you have to ignore your your studies.

With a hearty slap on your back,  
William B. Elmer

**This was left on our answering machine:**

"Hey, Kent, this is a member of Physical Plant. In case you're interested, all that work over there was done by outside contractors, not people inside Physical Plant, so you're the buffoon that wrote it and didn't research your work. Bye."

Dear Kent,

Is it an insult or a compliment to describe a humor-magazine editor as a "buffoon"?

Sincerely,  
Larry Appleman.

*I don't know, Larry, I think it's kind of stating the obvious. I was always under the impression that it was in the job description.*

## ERRATA

A number of unfortunate errors crept into the last issue of *VooDoo*:

The last issue should have been identified as "Volume 74, Number 1".

In the "Letters to *VooDoo*" section, we misspelled Pascal Chesnais's name at the bottom of his letter.

Jeff Breidenbach's entry to *VooDoo*'s Freshman Humor Contest was determined incomplete by our judges prior to publication, however, in the issue he was listed as a prize winner. He is, in fact, a loser.

Contrary to what was stated in the last Editorial, Physical Plant was only partly responsible for our darkroom woes. The work was done by outside contractors and not by the efficiency and organizational powerhouses of Physical Plant. We omitted this fact, and apologize for any confusion and pandemonium that ensued.

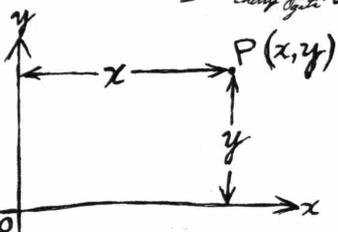
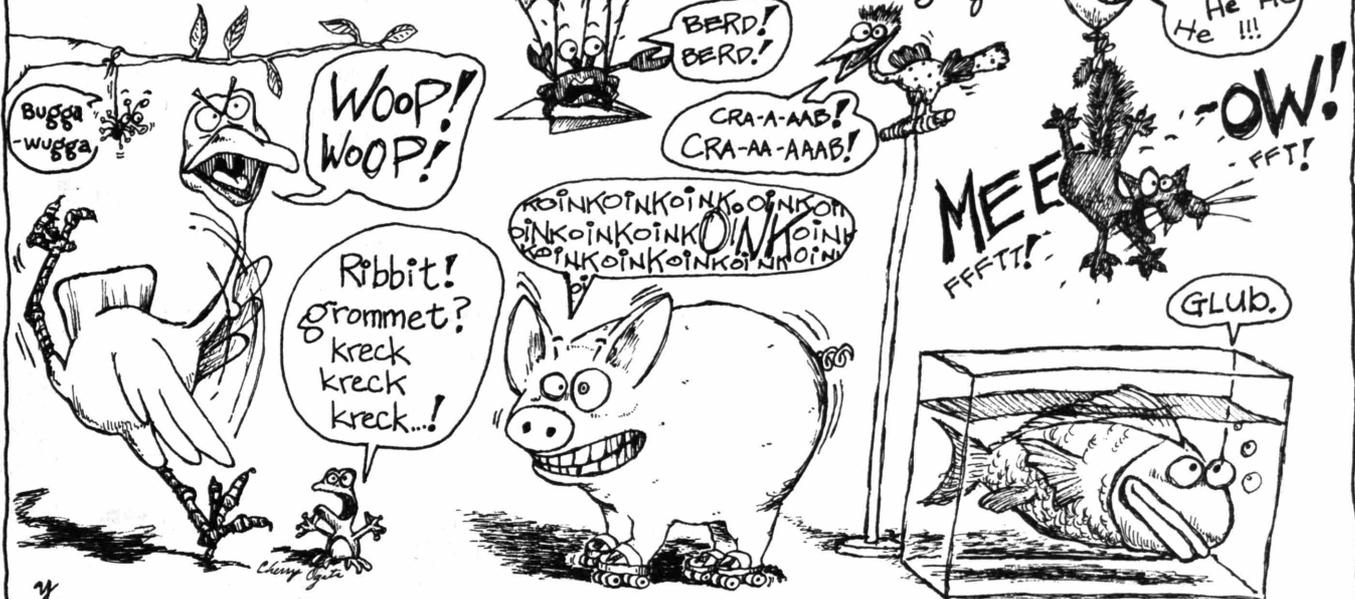
We regret all of these errors.



# The Energetic Scourge

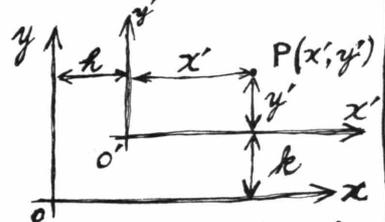
of the ~~Curles~~ Waffles

by: Cherry Ogata.



## TRANSLATIONS:

$$x = x' + h, y = y' + k \rightarrow x' = x - h, y' = y - k$$



"Does existence precede exams, or is it better to say, 'I tool, therefore I am'?"

"So CINDERELLA'S GLASS SLIPPERS, MAN! WHY DIDN'T THEY TURN ALL CRUDDY LIKE THE REST OF HER CLOTHES AT MIDNIGHT?! WHAT A GYP!"

"You know that cartoon frog on the ARA milk cartons? I'm so much cuter than he is, no?"

"ROLLER SKATES! ROLLER SKATES! ONKONKONKONK! HEHHEH!! ROLLER SKATES!!"

"What an inane, inept ersatz aircraft this is!! The artist/author assuredly isn't aero/astro!! Atrocious!!"

"CRA - A - AAB!  
CRA - AA - AAAB!"

"I hate MIT! I hate doing five problem sets a week! I should be at BU majoring in hotel management!"

"FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE IDLE ENOUGH TO WONDER, 'DANCES BEYOND THE PALE' WILL BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF VOODOO. THE EDITOR MADE ME SAY THIS!"

"Remember, folks! Helium is monatomic! He He He He !! I kill myself!!!"



# Ask PHOS

DEAR PHOS,  
 I'M WORRIED THAT MY ROOM MATE  
 MAY BE WORSHIPPING SATAN.  
 WHAT SHOULD I DO?  
 -NERVOUS IN NEXT HOUSE

DEAR NERVOUS,  
 HIDE YOUR  
 GOAT!



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DEAR PHOS,  
 I'M HAVING TROUBLE WITH MY  
 SUBJECTS. I SLAVE NIGHT AND DAY  
 BUT I CAN'T KEEP UP. I'VE BEEN  
 TUTORED. I'VE ATTENDED  
 RECITATION FAITHFULLY.  
 I'VE EVEN PRAYED  
 TO GOD, BUT I  
 CAN'T FIND THE  
 ANSWERS! WHAT  
 CAN I DO?!



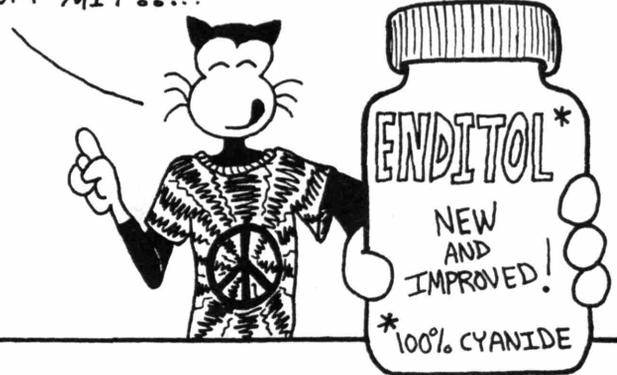
WELL, GOD'S  
 OMNISCIENT AND  
 ALL THAT, BUT I  
 HAPPEN TO KNOW  
 THE GUY'S NEVER IN  
 HIS OFFICE. BUT I  
 CAN HELP! I'VE GOT  
 JUST WHAT YOU NEED!  
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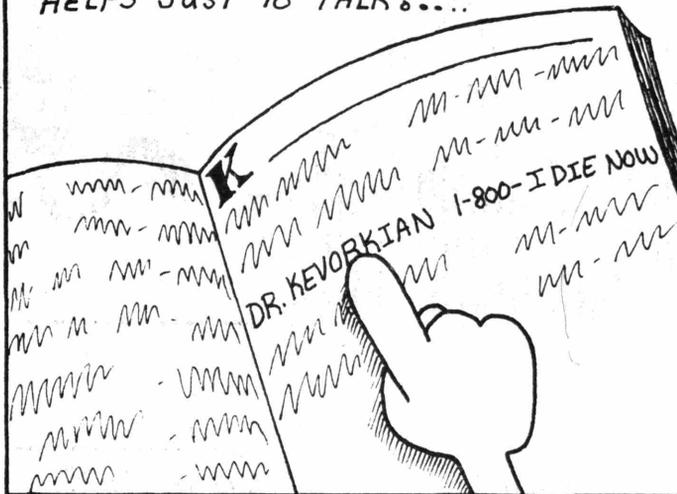
DEAR PHOS,  
I'M SO DEPRESSED... I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO....  
PLEASE  
HELP ME!



DEAR STRESS-BUCKET,  
THE PRESSURES OF MIT CAN BE OVER-  
WHELMING AT TIMES, BUT FORTUNATELY  
THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU CAN DO TO  
REDUCE YOUR LEVEL OF ANXIETY. FOR  
EXAMPLE, TRY TAKING A MINI-VACATION  
FROM MIT.....



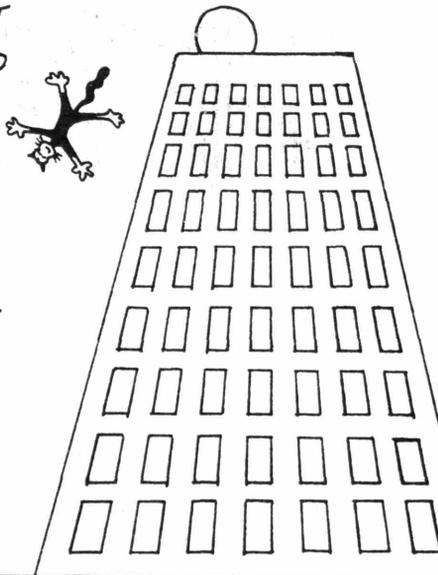
.... CALL A FRIEND! SOMETIMES IT  
HELPS JUST TO TALK.....



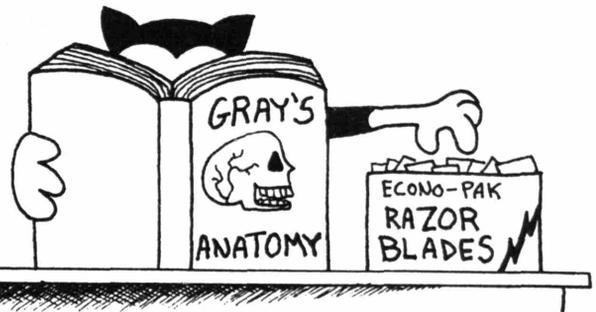
... GET INVOLVED IN  
A HOBBY.....



...ALTHOUGH IT  
CAN BE HARD TO  
MOTIVATE  
WHEN YOU'RE  
DOWN,  
EXERCISE CAN  
DO A WORLD  
OF GOOD.....



...READ A GOOD BOOK THAT'S NOT  
RELATED TO YOUR STUDIES.....



... AND REMEMBER:  
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,  
TRY, TRY AGAIN! TAKE CARE, PHOS

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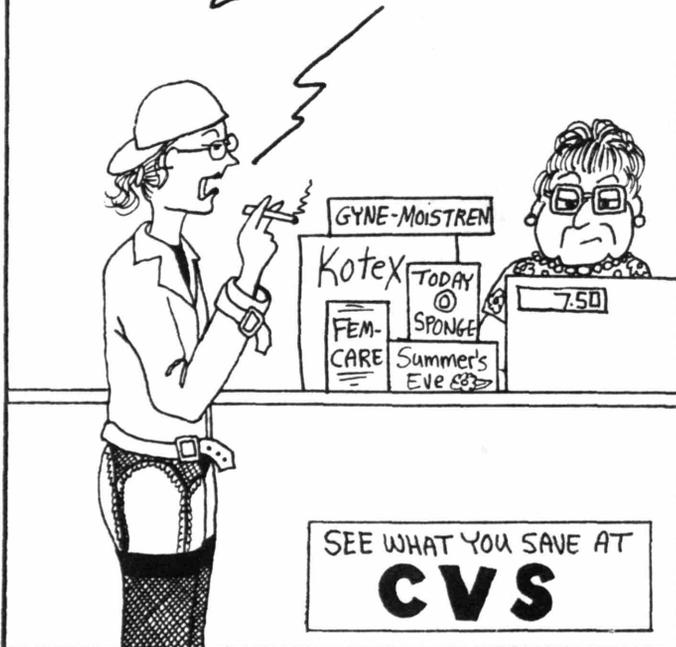
THE  
**LOST PAGES**

OF *MADONNA'S* NEW BOOK:

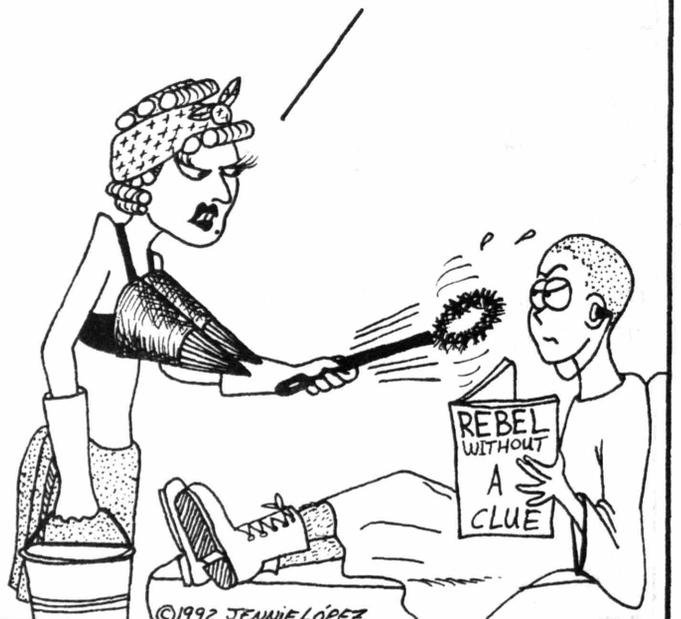
“**SEX**”



HEY, GRANDMA, I THOUGHT  
THESE KOTEX WERE  
2 FOR 5 BUCKS?!!!



YOU KNOW, SINEAD, IT WOULDN'T  
KILL YOU TO FLUSH ONCE  
IN A WHILE.....



BORED w/ MADONNA'S SAGGY OLD BOD?

→ CHECK OUT **PHO'S** SPINE-  
TINGLING NEW BOOK!

... HERE'S SOME OF WHAT YOU'LL  
SEE INSIDE! →



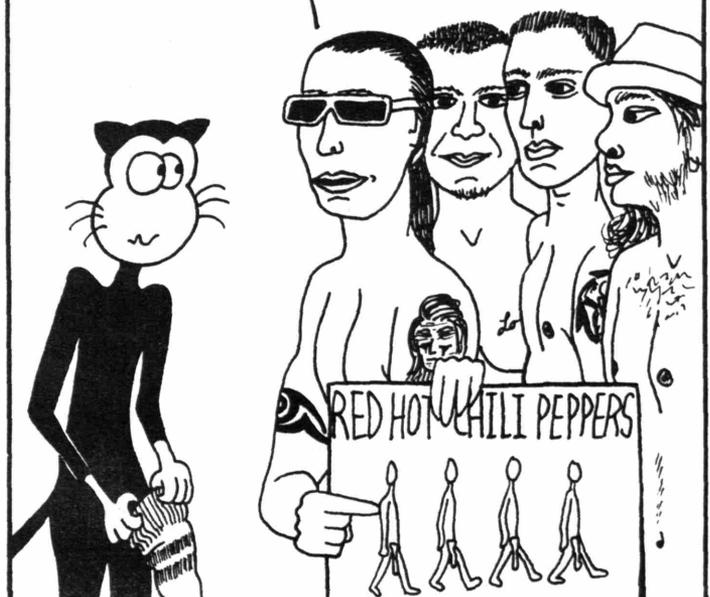
Oooooo...! ARGYLES!!



I DUNNO. THEY JUST  
MAKE ME FEEL.... PRETTY!



HEY, PAL, DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.  
IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE.



# The Instructor

by James Fleming

She was a dream. She stood in front of the class, five foot two inches of floral print lycra encased heaven. Curvy hips, small rounded bosom, fresh blushing cheeks, a delicate lightly freckled nose, blue eyes, and blond hair pulled back in a pony tail.

"Hi! I'm filling in today for your regular instructor. I'm trying out for the position of instructor. Reena and Chris are going to be evaluating my performance." I glanced back at the two senior instructors, lounging at the back of the room, eyeing my dream critically.

"Okay, we're going to try some stretching." We followed her moves to the beat of some seventies dance song. Hip stretches, calf stretches, hamstrings, achilles tendon, ankles and metatarsals. I watched my little bit of heaven sway and stretch, pony tail bobbing, smile bright and cheery.

She took us through a really thorough set. I was impressed. The upper back and shoulders went okay, but during the fourth and fifth lumbar stretches, while my dream was effortlessly touching the floor behind her with her hands, a cry went up in the back of the room. I tore my eyes away from her and looked back. The other male in the class had overextended, slipped, and broken his back while tumbling over backwards. Poor bastard.

"Now what did I tell you about breathing?" The instructor stopped and pointed. "Now that's exactly what happens when you don't breath properly. Someone help him up, he'll be okay, just walk it out." Reena and Chris moved forward, lifted him to his feet and made him shuffle around, alternately pushing each leg. He moaned a bit in pain but tried to go along with it, smiling palely, "I'll be okay..."

She interrupted, her little hands on defiant hips. "Don't keep looking at him, we only have an hour! LET'S MOVE IT!"

All eyes went back to my dream. Her hair gleamed golden in the fluorescents, her arms were all sinewy and graceful looking. She smelled of flowers and summer afternoons. She changed the tape to the extended version of the theme to Flashdance. She started us on the next routine.

I watched her lithe body, mesmerized. She leaped and ducked, arms tucked, then extended, in out, in out, "Leg's up! Breathe!" The class bounced up and down, our lost classmate forgotten in the rush of endorphines. We twirled and jumped to her expert tutelage. I couldn't stop looking at her. I wiped sweat out of my eyes.

"Double time! Move it! And one! And two! And one! And two! Hey! Wew!" She stepped up the pace. I glanced back. Chris and Reena had given up on the guy and had him propped up on the floor between their two chairs. They were smiling at the new instructor, apparently pleased.

"You! Pay attention! Lift those legs!" She pointed at me! She saw me! I tried harder. The pace of the song increased. She continued, I tried to keep the sequence straight... two forward jumps, three steps back, a whirl, a forward roll to a handstand... Slippery hands, gasping students. I could do it... she would see me and be proud!

Next song. That Suzanne Vega song. She increased the pace again, blood sang in my ears. We kicked and whirled, jumped then fell into splits, rolled, then somersaulted backwards. Sweat began openly pouring down my face, I was gasping, but loving it. All for her... she'd see.

My neighbor fell down, holding her knee and screaming, blood and white bone showing through her tights. My instructor took immediate control. "You there! Walk it out! Breathe!" We avoided her as she crawled to the side, crying.

Next song. Two backflips ending in a sidekick followed by a tuck and roll against the wall. Flip over to a headstand, grab your partner and slam them to the ground. "Oof! Ah!"

"That's it! Good! Keep it up! Breathe! Triple time! How does it feel?" She paused a brief second to lift one perfect little hand to her ear. She smiled at us. At me! We went into triple time. I struggled to keep up. Aerobic gasps mingled with the screams of the dying. Students were falling like it was finals week. Blood slicked the floor. Arms and legs scattered all around us. The few left standing started slipping on the gore, and tripped on limbs and torsos. My dream cried out in ecstasy dancing and twirling to the beat. Reena and Chris were

laughing manically, applauding. Blood welled up in my mouth and I struggled to spit it out faster than it came. I stepped on someone's screaming head, crushing teeth and nose. "Sorry..." I smiled apologetically.

We moved and whirled and kept on. The wood ran crimson and gray with blood and brains, I slipped and thrashed as hideous howling rose up all around me and hands from below grabbed me and pulled me down to a shadowy shallow place of pain and exhaustion. My one remaining eye stayed riveted on my instructor, whatta babe, the other lolling about on my cheek while frantic dancers crushed my trachea and the beat went on and on until darkness closed in on me extinguishing my

twitching limbs and labored breathing. The last thing I heard was: "Okay! We're doing abs, everybody get mats!"

Now, it's... it's not so bad.

I can eat again. The doctor just laughed and told me that really, one lung was enough. They found my knee, and my other leg. The prosthetic arms are okay. They say the skin grafts will hold and I'll be able to speak again after they've sculpted a new tongue from remaining back muscle. I got a get well card from the instructor. I have it in a little gold frame on my bedstand. She says that she got the job and that I should stretch out a bit more before class on Wednesday.



## Rusty



Theodore and his family almost won the law suit over the fake guillotine company...



until the jury saw the family picture.



Both Mother and Dad pleaded insanity: they had only wanted to pay for the three college educations without eating Rusty. (the dog)

R. BARBULESCU

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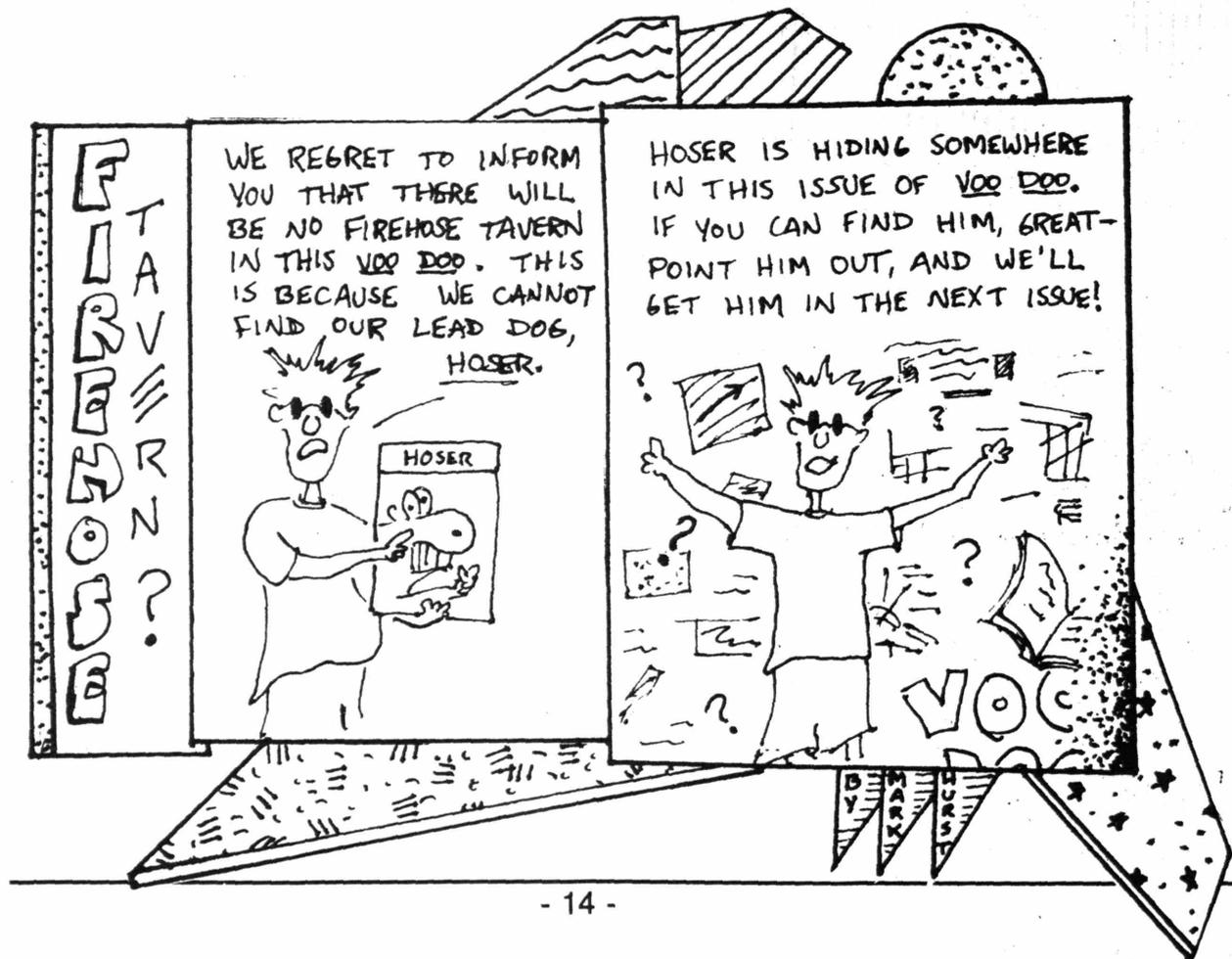
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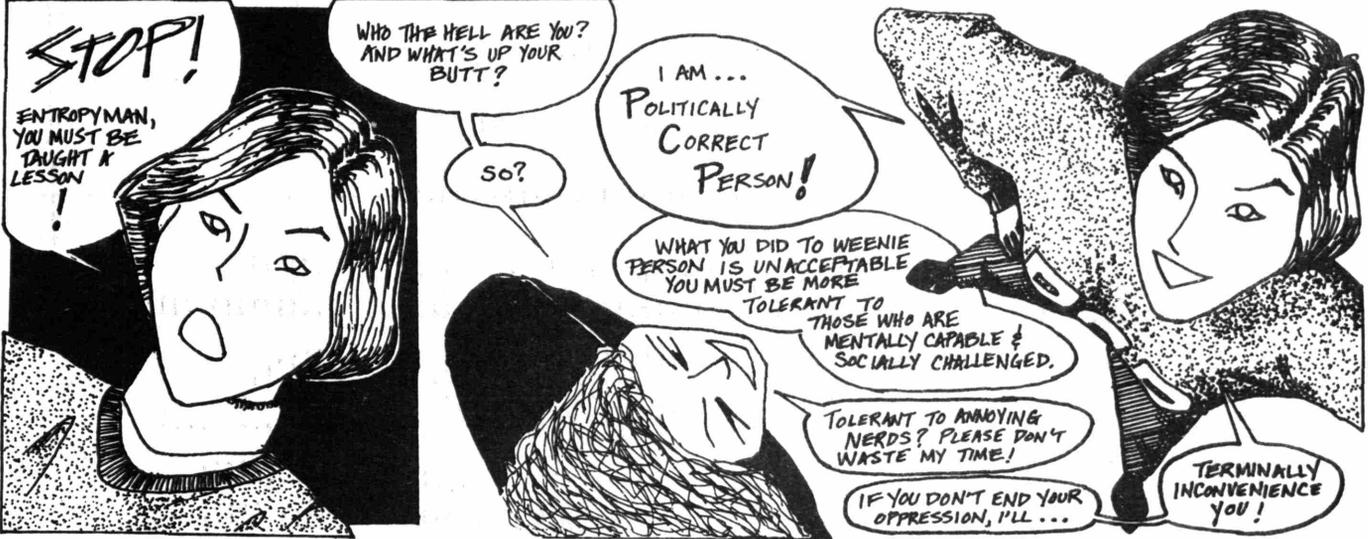
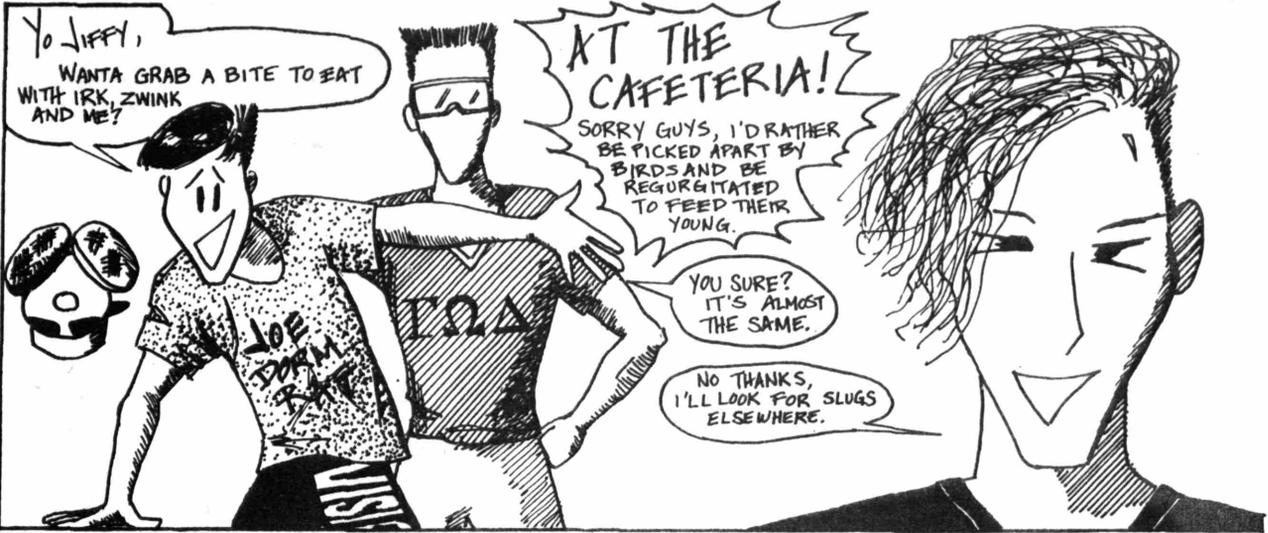
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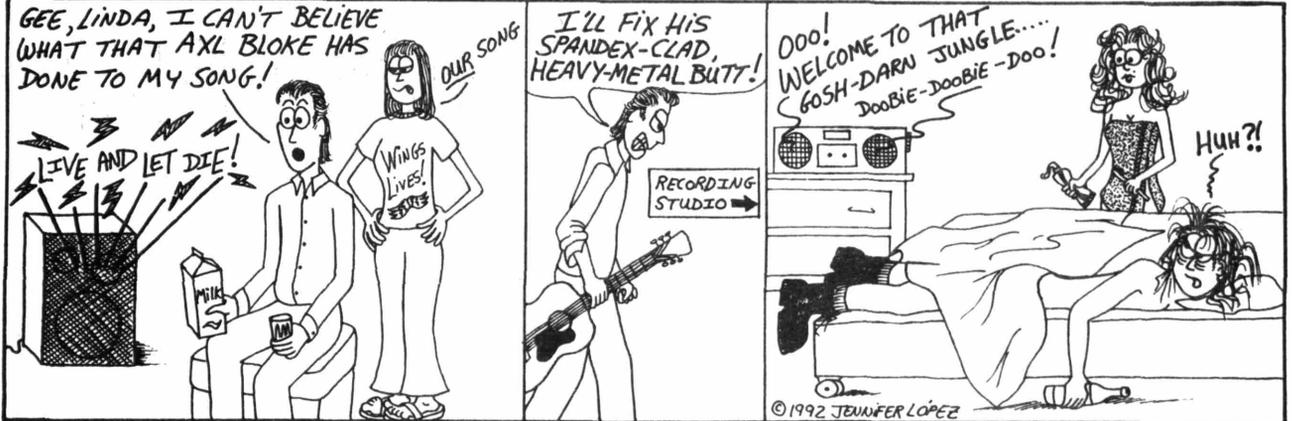
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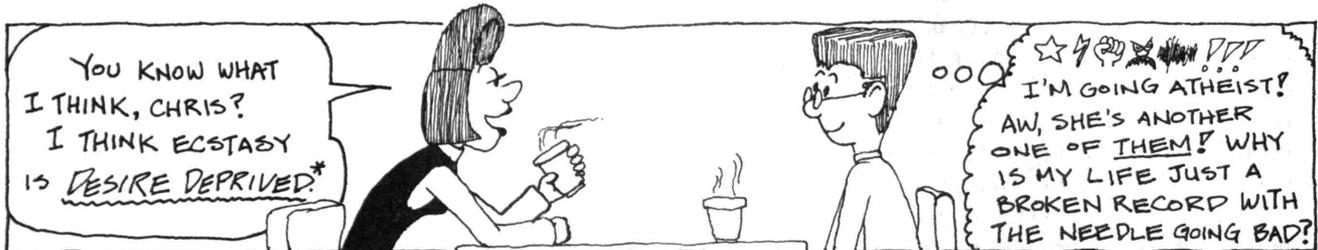
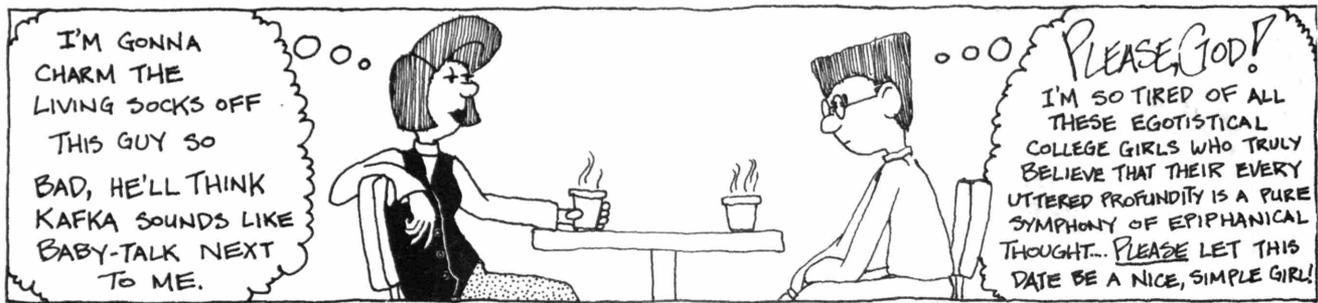


G-N-F-R

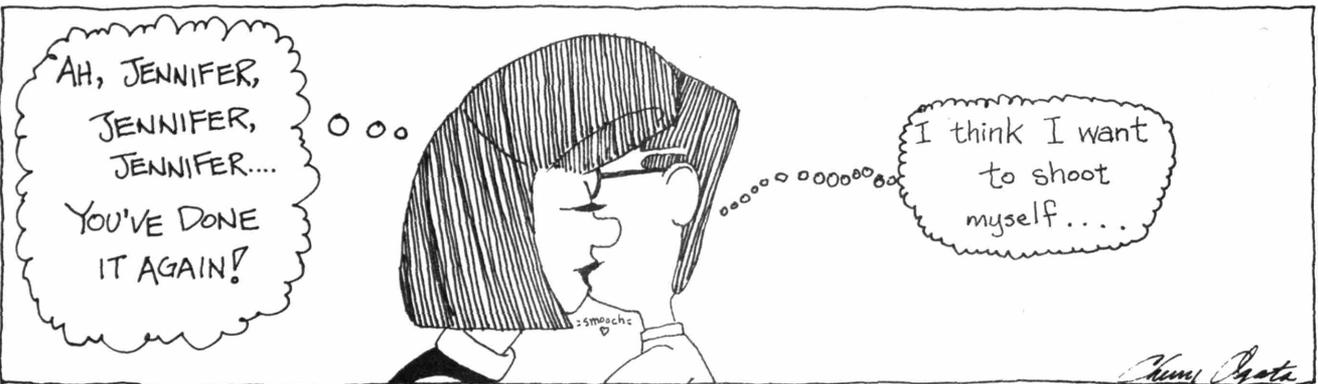
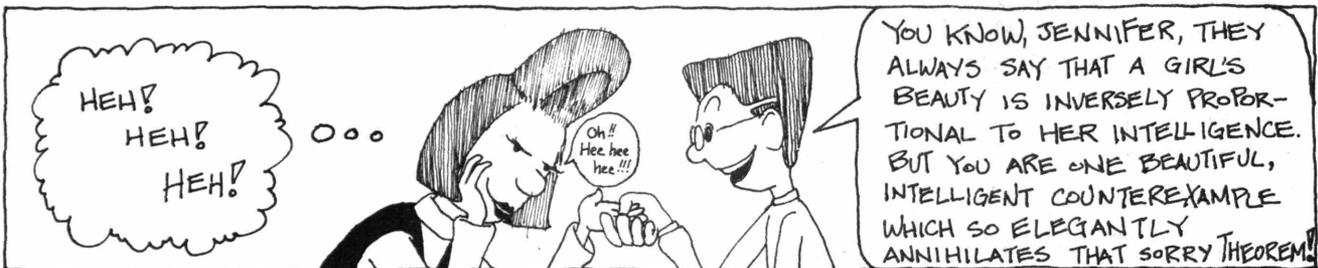


# "LIMBO"

B Y C H E R R Y O G A T A



\* I can't take credit for this gem of a line -- I overheard it at the Coffeehouse. -- co



Jimmy Ogata

# Halloween Memories

by Hani Sallum

This past Halloween has brought back dear memories of my childhood, of all the different costumes I have donned over the years. Being one of the stranger children in my neighborhood, my costumes were not on the norm. I think this can be attributed to my first real Halloween when I was actually asked what I wanted to be. I believe I was five. "I want to be a pirate!" I told my mother. I had visions of me running up and down the street, barking warnings and threats waving a saber and causing genuine fear in the hearts of all. I could see myself battling on porches with other trick-or-treaters in their stupid bedsheets with holes in them, or dressed in all black carrying around brooms. I could see myself running these inferior through with my weapon and stepping, triumphantly, over their fallen bodies to press the doorbell and collect my loot (plus steal all the candy of my opponents). I figured I had it made... until my mother came home with pertinent part of my costume.

"Mom, what's that?" I asked suspiciously, indicating a certain cellophane wrapped lump among several cellophane wrapped lumps.

"Well, this is your sword, here I have your mustache, it looks like Groucho Marx's but it'll do"

"No, what's *that*?"

"What this? Your hat?"

"No, *that*."

She held up a small package, in which were a pair of black tights.

My heart skipped.

"Whh-"

"It's going to be cold, dear, you need these."

It was the genuine little-kid feeling of: Oh my God, I'm going to look like a girl! But I kept my cool as well as any five year old could, and asked: "So, what am I going to wear over them?"

"Nothing, these will keep you warm enough."

Heart murmur.

"Mom... Mother," (I had to handle this situation carefully) "... one of the points of dressing up as a pirate... is to dress up as a pirate." I indicated the tights, and shook my head. "Now, don't I have *something*?"

"Look, you'll look just as much like a pirate as any of the other pirates in the neighbo-"

"Other pirates?!" I screamed, "Enemies, all of them! I'll run them through, give me my saber! Have at them!!" I rushed to the door.

"Stop right there! You haven't got your costume on!"

"I'm an undercover pirate!" Any excuse to get out the door with my regular clothes on. Had I been born a few years later I could have legitimately gone out as the Highlander, but there was no saving me that year.

"There's no such thing, get back here and get a costume on."

"Okay, okay, but can I be a Pirate going to church, so that I have to wear a nice suit?" Man, I was getting pathetically desperate.

"NO! Now come over here and put these on, I got them especially for your costume so you'd better use them!"

Yipes, money issues. No backing out. I was screwed. Worse; I was *tighted*.

I morosely went to my room and donned my garb. I don't remember much after that, just that my brother's mask was so obstructing to his view that he couldn't see enough of me to make fun of. The rest of the night was a blank. I can't even remember how much candy I got, only that it wasn't the bounty I had imagined before my mother got home.

I do remember one moment of the night. Going up the stairs to one house, another kid my age was coming down. He was as depressed as I was, and

it didn't take me long to see why; he was going as a pirate, and he had been dressed up in tights also. We exchanged glances, and an understood mutual sympathy passed between us before we moved past each other and on into the night.

After that Halloween, I had had it. I took it upon myself to be as creative, as original, and as mind boggling weird as possible to prevent the horrid intrusion of humiliating adornment by my parents. I would propose to be such crazy things that neither my parents would have an idea of how to dress me, and ultimately leave the decision to me. And, my friends, *it worked*.

My first try was not the most original, but it got me away from tights, which was all I wanted. I was six and I went around as Charlie Brown. It was great; I had a bald cap with two strands of hair drawn on it, a yellow shirt that had a black construction paper zigzag across it, and my stuffed animal Snoopy. It was great, I was Charlie Brown, and I did it myself! I went out with my bag and my father and started collecting.

My plan fell through slightly, no one knew who the Hell I was. Someone at one point thought I was a young Telly Savalas, and I kicked them in the shins. This was by the end of the evening when I was sick of all the "Oooh, and who are *you* supposed to be?" at every opened door. I started getting less and less candy as my temper shortened. In retrospect, if I had just been depressed instead of angry, I could have passed better for Charlie Brown. But, as it was I did get candy and I didn't have to wear tights, which was all that counted to me then.

When I was seven, I remember seeing Boba Fett in "The Empire Strikes Back" and thinking; Wow. Just that: Wow.

I began getting stuff together for my costume, which wasn't much. I had a pair of pants that had pockets on the knees as well as the hips and back, and I just thought those were the neatest thing, a bounty hunter would wear something like that. Plus they were grey. Stick to neutral colors, that was my watchword. I had my Sonic Blazer gun, which made all kinds of funky noises at different settings. It was great, I was looking more and more like ol' Boba by the minute. A jacket with, of course, more pockets. I wish I had stuff to put in them, but who cares. It wasn't tights. And last, but certainly not least, a helmet. I had found this helmet left on the ground in the park near my house, and y'know... Finder's Keeper's? Anyway, I

fixed it all up and put it on. I had been out there a while, but I didn't care; it looked cool. It completely covered my head and face, and had a dark plastic visor over the eyes; it was sweet.

Halloween. I was definitely the coolest kid in my group. I went with a bunch of friends, chaperoned by one parent, and I got the most complements. I felt ten- no, fifteen feet tall. Hell, I was better dressed than some of the older kids.

There was one kind of bad part near the end of the night though. We were on this one porch and all milling around to grab candy, when I felt something brush by my ear. At first I thought it was just my hair, but then I started feeling things running across my face and neck, and I knew something was up. I began grabbing at my helmet to get it off.

Meanwhile, my friends began to look at me strangely, because I was hopping around a little trying to get the helmet off. One of them helped me, and together we got it off. As I dropped the helmet and looked at everybody, there was an incredible "WOW!" in unison from all my friends and the parent.

Evidently the helmet had been the home of some spider who had decided to lay its egg sac there. When you're seven, seeing your friend suddenly sprout hundreds of baby spiders out of his head is considered extremely cool, hence the loud "WOW!"

I got home and showered and didn't mention a word of it. I prayed the chaperon wouldn't ask my parents how there son managed that "incredible spider effect" on Halloween. Ever since I've been a bit freaked of crawlie things.

When I was eight, I was going through my NASA fascination phase of my childhood, and so I decided to be SkyLab for Halloween. I wrapped myself up in aluminum foil, taped various wires and bits of electronics to myself, and went around the neighborhood falling on people. It was lost on most of my friends, and not a few of their parents. I didn't care; I got candy.

For Halloween when I was nine I decided to be a bit abstract. I wore a tannish brown suit of my father's, painted my face grey, and went around the neighborhood as "a piece of clay with gravel in it." Again, it was lost on my friends, but their parents loved it. So did the people whose houses I stopped at; they said "I had potential." I didn't quite like that, because they never said what I had potential

as, and I spent many a night laying awake staring at the ceiling, wondering about it.

I was ten. No more fooling around. I was going to scare the bejeezus out of some people if it killed me. I was a demon.

I wasn't joking around! I was a satellite of Satan, a harbinger of Death, and a whole slew of other impressive sounding things! Man, I was set! I got a black cloak (my father's bathrobe, slightly modified), grey face makeup (remember, neutral colors), vampire teeth, horns for my head, and the old bald cap I had used four years before. I stretched the bald cap back to add a pointy look to my head, colored it and my face grey, put a few lines of green makeup along it, stuck the two horns to my head, put in my teeth, donned my cloak, and I was set. I went out with a trash bag, anticipating people being so scared they'd give me all their candy just to get me to leave.

Unfortunately, when I got to the first house, I rang the doorbell, waited, the door opened, this old guy with a pipe came out, took one look at my bald cap, smiled and turned back to the doorway saying: "Hey Ethyl, some kid's out here dressed up as Charlie Brown!"

Again, I did get candy, but not as much I had expected.

When I was eleven, teachers at the school began stressing the importance of individuality, which I took so much to heart that for that Halloween I decided to "just be myself."

I really only got about five pieces of candy. Two of them were from my own house; my brother was working candy that year and he didn't recognize me when I came to the door. He just gave me a piece of candy, and closed the door. The same thing the second time. I thought I had something going until the third time when he realized I was the same kid who had been by before and threw me off the porch into the rhododendron bush.

I made up for it though. I got the other three prices the same way from the house next door, only I ran away when the guy caught on. Then I realized that, hey, I didn't have a costume on so I still have all my maneuverability and coordination, as opposed to all the other kids with clunky costumes on. So, I waited in the dark for some unsuspecting soul with a huge robot costume on or something, snuck up behind them, wrestled their bag from them and ran. I would lose them about the third block, and circle back to my house, depositing

the bag under my porch. I only had to do this about four times to get a good amount of candy. It was great! No work *that* Halloween.

Subsequent Halloweens became less and less intense. I went as gangster, a door to door salesman, a hippy; whatever I had the means to make myself at the last minute. Thus is the history of Halloween in my life, and my second watchword became: Take the candy and and run.

Which reminds me; I think one year I was Dirty Harry... 

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**our already low prices**

on order of complete pair of eyeglasses  
excluding parts or repairs  
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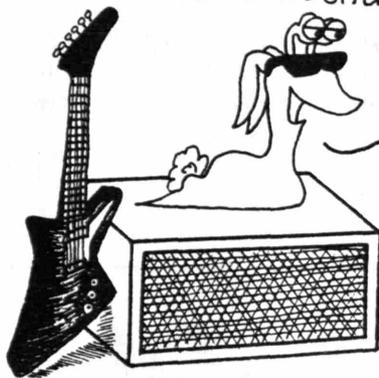
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# SLUG-BUNNY

Hi! WELCOME TO "SLUG-FEST." ON TODAY'S SHOW, WE'LL TALK TO ONE OF THE DINOSAURS OF ROCK, UH, I MEAN, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL BAD BOYS FROM BOSTON.....



©1992 JENNIE LÓPEZ



HELLO LITTLE SLUG-MAN!!

... STEVEN TYLER.



Yo, STEVE! TELL US ABOUT THOSE GRUELING EARLY DAYS WHERE YOU STRUGGLED TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS IN THIS DIRTY, CUT-THROAT BUSINESS.

WELL, YA KNOW, "BLOOD STAINED THE IVORIES ON MY DADDY'S BABY GRAND."



UHH-HUH, I SEE. WHAT ABOUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT SPENT TOOLING AWAY IN SOME DARK, SMOKEY ROOM, STRUNG OUT ON GOD-KNOWS-WHAT?

"I AIN'T SEEN THE DAYLIGHT SINCE I STARTED THIS BAND!"



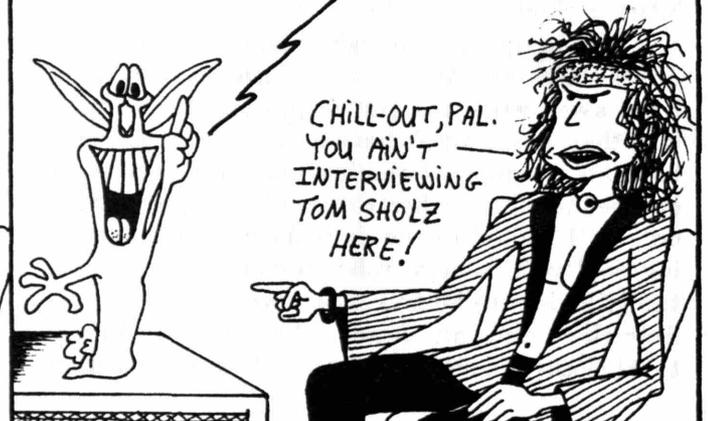
WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I JUST HAD A REVELATION....

"YOU LOVE IT AND YOU HATE IT, BUT YOU NEED IT ALL THE SAME!"



M.I.T. IS ROCK 'N' ROLL!

CHILL-OUT, PAL. YOU AIN'T INTERVIEWING TOM HOLZ HERE!



# SLUG-BUNNY: THE NEXT GENERATION

... AN' THEN, THEM ALIENS TIED ME TO A TABLE AN' DID HEINOUS EXPERIMENTS ON ME...

WOW! SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK

I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH LATE-NIGHT T.V. FOR ME

> CLICK <

©1992 JENNIE LÓPEZ

BORGES 'A' US

ZZZZ

HELLO, "HARD-COPY"? I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN

TRAVOLINE DOWN-40

SO, NOW YOU'RE A "BORG-SLUG", EH? DOES THAT MEAN ALIENS ARE CONTROLLING YOUR BODY AND MIND?

NO...

IT MEANS I'M GOING TO BE A PENSIVE & MOODY HEAVY-METAL GUITARIST

The SLUG-MEISTER

©1992 JENNIE LÓPEZ

YOU KNOW, SLUG-MEISTER, BEING A HEAVY-METAL GUITARIST ISN'T AS GLAMOROUS AS IT SEEMS ON M-TV. LIFE ON THE ROAD IS TOUGH FOR MANY REASONS, LIKE .....

CONFLICTS WITH MANAGERS...

JANITOR

WELL, NIGEL, I GUESS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED TO GET PAID.....

SUBSTANCE ABUSE...

RATS! THAT'S THE END OF THE 2ND 6-PACK THIS WEEK

MR. MOUSE

HAVING TO GET TAKE-OUT ALL THE TIME.

I'LL HAVE 2 BLONDES, A RED-HEAD, AND THE LEGGY BRUNETTE.... TO GO.

OH, GOD! WHY DID I GO INTO ENGINEERING?!

YEAH, WHATEVER. I GOTTA GO JAM WITH THE BOYS

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# Giant Flying Roaches

## an intimate portrait

by Gary L. Dryfoos

In southern Florida, they're starting to report a new kind of cockroach. It's big – about the size of your thumb – and it has wings, and it's attracted to light. It's a pretty scary bug. Besides being larger than any non-mammalian vermin ought to be, those wings mean that it can, and does, hover in front of people's faces, making the occasional flying jump at their ears and mouths. You don't want to close your eyes when you yawn.

That "attracted-to-light" stuff, though, that's the worst. I used to live in a roachy apartment in Brooklyn, New York, but no matter how bad the bugs got, I could always count on one thing: they hated the light. At night, before I stepped into my dark kitchen, I'd close my eyes, hit the lights, and count to five, slowly. When I opened my eyes, the kitchen looked okay, and I could get what I wanted. Sure, it was a little creepy, knowing there were these things, in the dark corners, watching me, ready to jump out as soon as the light went off. But that was kind of like being six years old again, and afraid of the lobster-monsters lurking under my bed or in the laundry hamper. I guess that feeling had never really gone away; it was familiar to me. So having stealthy, sneaky cockroaches around didn't bother me much.

These bold new roaches, now, they scare the bejesus out of me. I don't usually say things like "scare the bejesus out of me," but these bugs, like I said, are coming up from Florida, and down there people do say, "scare the bejesus out of me." And when they describe these giant roaches, they say it a lot.

Imagine going into your kitchen at night. It's quiet, and it's dark. You go to the refrigerator. You open it. The little light inside comes on. And ninety-dozen buzzing, thumb-sized cockroaches come flying out of the cool night air, and into your refrigerator to cozy up to that little light. Eeaagghhh! So there you are at two o'clock in the morning, crawling around the back of your fridge (more roaches back there, no doubt) trying to unplug it, so that the next time you open it up, the little light won't come on again. Then you get out

your big flashlight (I always imagine that everyone in Florida has one of those big flashlights, the kind that look like car headlights and use those square batteries).

Okay, now you're set. You go over to the kitchen door, set the flashlight down on the floor, aim it towards the refrigerator, and turn it off. Next you go back to the refrigerator, and open it. Then from the kitchen doorway, you turn on the big flashlight, close the kitchen door, and leave. You leave because you probably don't want to watch all of those giant roaches flying out of your refrigerator and onto your big flashlight.

So now you go back to bed. It's kind of a cool night, remember, so you're relaxed, and you're nearly asleep again, when something lands on your cheek and starts walking around. Oh, did I mention that these bugs are also attracted to body heat? Well they are. Which means that on a cool night, anything that you leave outside the covers, like your hands or your face, becomes a popular air-field for the roaches. They don't do much – they don't bite or anything – they just like to walk around on your face, or into your mouth or up your nose. They don't mean you any harm, it's just the way they are. They enjoy it. So now you have to hide completely under the covers so that the roaches can't get you. Just like the lobster-monsters, I guess.

But eventually you do get to sleep. And in the morning, you wake up to discover that you left your refrigerator open, and unplugged, so now most of your food is ruined. And your big flashlight has a dead battery, too.

Nobody knows exactly where these big roaches are coming from. Maybe Southeast Asia, or Central America, or Mars, for all I know. But, like I said, they're just now starting to show up in southern Florida. They should be arriving in Boston in two or three years.

NEXT ISSUE :

Invisible Mosquitoes with Hepatitis B.

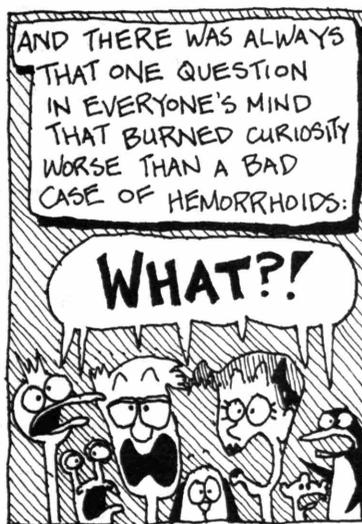
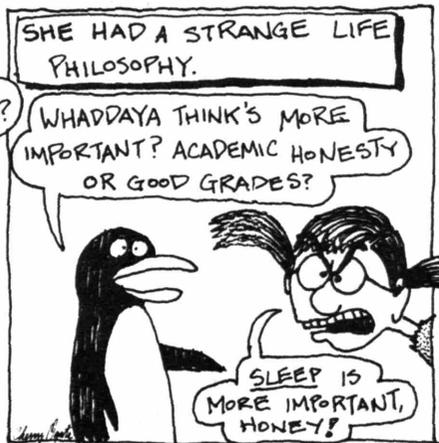
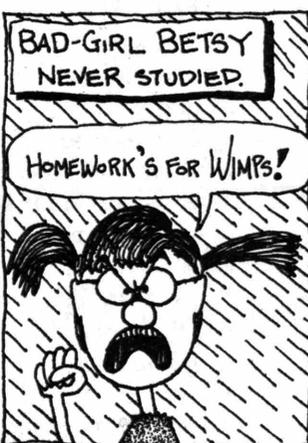


SHE WAS SO BAD!

# BAD-GIRL BETSY

SHE NEVER DID HER HOMEWORK!

by: Cherry Ogata



# Administration: The Game

**NOTE:** This game really works, unlike the actual administration.

## Rules:

**YOU NEED:** (1) A game piece for each player. We recommend little differently-colored balls of slime. (2) A six sided die, or if you can't find one, implement an application on your Sun workstation to randomly choose a number between 1 and 6, you fucking geek. (3) Paper to keep track of each player's Brownie Points. Yes, you can do this on your HP if you want.

**OBJECT:** To become an Ultimate Insider in the MIT administration.

**TO START:** Everyone places their game piece on Start, each player is given 2 Brownie Points (everyone is responsible for keeping track of their own Brownie Points.) Each player, in turn, rolls the die and moves around the track clockwise only. The player then follows the instructions on the space the piece lands on. **TO MOVE UP** to the inside tracks (in gray) the player either (1) lands on a space with an arrow that says to move up or (2) Trades in Brownie Points at the beginning of the turn, instead of rolling the die, to move to the adjacent space in the next track up. The player does not follow the instructions for the new space. The next player then takes a turn. You can't move up from a corner, and you can only move up one level per turn.

**COSTS OF MOVING UP:** Outsider Track to Middle Management costs 5 Brownie Points, Middle Management to Inner Circle Costs 10 Brownie Points.

**BACK STABBING:** If a player lands on a space already occupied by another player, the player landing there may roll the die and take that number of Brownie Points from the player already occupying the space.

**NO PLAYER MAY EVER HAVE NEGATIVE BROWNIE POINTS.** If a player needs to give out more Brownie Points than he or she has, that player goes to zero but the other players collect the full amounts they deserve.

**TO WIN:** Land on the "Your Big Chance" space and follow the instructions. If you pick the right numbers, you win. Good luck!

<b>MEETING!</b> LOSE 1 TURN.	You Mess Up a project. Give each player 2 Brownie Pts. to cover your ass. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i>	You agree to play in an MIT band. Gain 2 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You agree to publish a major paper in your field. Gain 3 Brownie Points. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i>	You lose your beeper in a toilet. Lose 1 Brownie Point. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You decide to require a freshman math exam without telling your boss. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i>	Take Credit for others' work. Take 2 Brownie Points from each player. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i>	<b>GO DIRECTLY TO A MEETING!</b> (last corner)
<b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT!</b>	You become a part-time administrator, assuming it won't interfere with your teaching. You'll learn. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You are the most stylish dresser in your office. Gain 5 Brownie Points. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i>	You come out as pro-union in a union-MIT dispute. Lose 3 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You cut an entire major to save money. so a rich alumnus withdraws support of a new building. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You restrict campus drinking so much that most undergraduates turn to crack. <i>Do nothing.</i>	Despite feeling like a token, you take a job meeting MIT donors who are all the same minority as you. <b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT!</b>	
<b>Brownie Points.</b>	You volunteer to wear a funny hat during Rush Week. Gain 2 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	Even though you pretend taxes, they won't let you destroy cheap housing. <b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT</b>	You spill your Vest's new blouse. Lose 4 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You win a Nobel Prize. No more annoying teaching! Gain 7 Brownie Pts. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You miss all faculty meetings for a term. Lose 1 Brownie Point.		
<b>Brownie Points.</b>	You convince a foreign toy company to give MIT money in exchange for access to new technology. <b>GO TO THE INNER CIRCLE!</b>	You wonder aloud how MIT could reduce tuition. Lose 4 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You spill your Vest's new blouse. Lose 4 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	On sabbatical, write a best-selling, serious book. Gain 7 Brownie Points.	You suggest MIT eliminate Fresh Pass/Fail. Gain 2 Brownie Points.		
<b>Brownie Points.</b>	Rumors of fraud in your group run wild. Lose 2 Brownie Points.	You write an article for the Chronicle of Higher Ed. Gain 7 Brownie Pts. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You are given the Baker Award for your high-quality teaching and caring about students. <b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT</b>	Your section goes way over budget. Lose 4 Brownie Points.	Your committee comes out with a praised report. Gain 5 Brownie Points.	You are overheard being critical of MIT. Lose 1 Brownie Point.	
<b>Brownie Points.</b>	Make a pro-administration speech at a meeting. Gain 3 Brownie Points.	You like to listen seriously to student opinion. Lose 3 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	<b>YOUR BIG CHANCE!</b> You may (1) Do nothing or (2) Try for "Ultimate Insider" status. To try, you must spend 15 Brownie Points. Then pick any two numbers on the die and roll it. If one of your numbers comes up, you win! If not, go to a meeting. Good luck, sucker.	Casually chatting with Constantine Simonides, you accidentally call him "Gussie." <b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT</b>	You eliminate Student Center 5th floor study space for administrative space. <b>GO TO THE INNER CIRCLE!</b>	You win a huge, prestigious grant. Gain 3 Brownie Points.	
<b>Brownie Points.</b>	You forget to file applications for grants. Lose 1 Brownie Point. <i>Do nothing.</i>	Your colloquium is so stuffily boring that students surrender and drop the issue completely. <b>GO TO THE INNER CIRCLE!</b>	You pass an IQ test. You are obviously over-qualified. Lose 3 Brownie Pts.	<i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i> <i>Do nothing.</i>	You are quoted in the NY Times, saying there is "lots of cheating among MIT undergrads." <b>RETURN TO THE OUTSIDERS</b>	Your boss likes your ideas to make MIT more like the small, rural, liberal arts college you attended. <b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT!</b>	
<b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT!</b>	You agree to chair an Institute Committee. <i>Do nothing.</i>	During a reorganization of your section, it occurs to people that you're incompetent. <b>RETURN TO THE OUTSIDERS</b>	You are interviewed in <i>Tech Talk</i> . Gain 5 Brownie Points. <i>Do nothing.</i>	You are quoted in the NY Times, saying there is "lots of cheating among MIT undergrads." <b>RETURN TO THE OUTSIDERS</b>	<i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i> <i>Do nothing.</i>	<b>START!</b> When Passing Collect 2 Brownie Points.	
<b>GO TO MIDDLE MANAGEMENT!</b>	<b>GO DIRECTLY TO A MEETING!</b> (next corner)	Defend MIT in the national press. Double your Brownie Points. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i> <i>Do nothing.</i>	You become very politically active. Lose 2 Brownie Points.	Miss a meeting with your boss. Lose 1 Brownie Point.	Go to faculty/staff barbeque. Gain 2 Brownie Points. <i>PLAY IT SAFE!</i> <i>Do nothing.</i>	<b>File A Lawsuit</b> embarrassing to MIT. Lose all your Brownie Points.	



# Jingle Death

by Dave Jordan

## **Christmas Eve. The North Pole.**

Drimble, the last living elf, plunged desperately through the dimly-lit passages of Father Christmas' labyrinthine toy-building complex. Echoes of his pursuer's relentless, pounding footfalls assaulted his ears with a vivid portent of inevitable destruction. His object: The sole telephone line connecting Santa's Wonderland with the outside world. His mission: Alert the world to the approach of "Soldakhu, Dark Angel of Christmas Tribulation," as Santa had grown so fond of calling himself lately. The tightly-knit community of elves (in the days when elves still worked their magic in the Toyshop of Dreams) had proffered a number of explanations for the moral collapse of Father Christmas. Some of the elves claimed that Santa's downward spiral began when, much like Conrad's Kurtz, he had resigned his soul to the savage, seductive allure of the Primal Wild, the tormented sentience that stalks the frozen deserts of the North. Others believed that Santa had looked too deeply within his own mind and had gone mad from what he saw there. Still others argued that Santa had blown out under the intolerable pressure of a crushing spirit-weariness; he had simply gotten tired of delivering presents to the entire world, year in and year out. Their conjectures and insights had perished with them, though, and now Drimble – the only elf who had not partaken of the tainted (poisoned, if truth be told) Feast of Yuletide Solidarity – fled before his Master's frenzied attack. After what seemed like an interminable series of twists and turns, Drimble reached the phone booth planted like some stunted, metallic tree at the end of Corridor 23.

He picked up the phone and dialed with panicky, convulsive stabs of his delicate craftsman's fingers. The World had one hope, one last defender capable of frustrating the unspeakable purposes of this freshly-spawned Son of Perdition... if only he was available to accept the call. A shadow devoured the feeble light in the corridor behind the

booth, and Drimble's eyes read the tenebrous miasma's proclamation of doom and desecration with reluctant acuity: This ambassador of shadow heralded the approach of the Destroyer.

Santa was coming for him.

The dim, almost ghostly apprehension of a ringing phone several thousand miles away stung Drimble with an exquisite, agonizing shock of hope: "Pick up the phone, come on, pick up the phone...." He reached an answering machine.

"Howdy, folks! This is Nick Bourbaki. I'm not in right now, but if you'll leave a message, I'd be pleased as punch to get back to you as soon as possible. Thanks."

Santa was twenty paces away, and accelerating toward Drimble.

The answering machine beeped, and Drimble sang out with terrified urgency,

"You've got to stop him! Father Christmas has gone mad! He's not bringing presents to the little ones this year, he's gonna do 'em all, the slaughter of the innocents, oh dear God, you've got to stop him, he's gonna do 'em all, he's gonna –"

The stiletto's blade sliced the chill subterranean air and pierced Drimble's back; Santa's merry "Ho ho ho" boomed through the chamber as he drove the hungry steel up between Drimble's ribs and into his lung. Instantly deprived of the capacity for speech, Drimble dropped the phone. Santa wrenched the handle of the knife sideways and, with a savage jerk, broke off the blade, which stood quivering as it registered the inner pulsations of vital flesh. A white-gloved hand reached around Drimble's head and grabbed his face. With a single, sickening snap, Santa unseated Drimble's head from its previously secure connection with his neck. The Last of the Elves succumbed to the embrace of that cold call-girl, Eternity, as his body dropped to the floor in a boneless, jelly-like heap. Santa regarded his former head toymaker with reflective detachment. Then he turned his eyes to the dangling phone. He picked it up and spoke

into the mouthpiece:

"Forget everything you've heard here; he was just kidding around."

He hung up the phone, then walked away to prepare for the glorious work of the long night ahead.

**Christmas Eve. Plank's End, People's Union of American States.**

Nick Bourbaki walked into his high-rise bachelor's flat and tossed his coat over the sofa. He noted the blinking of the answering machine, pressed the "messages" button, and listened with mounting concern. Despite the gruff disclaimer that terminated the message, the blind panic in the first speaker's voice signaled anything but a prankster's act of folly. This was no joke.

Nick Bourbaki stood silently at the center of a world poised upon the brink of madness.

This was a job for Evil Man.

Bourbaki's alter-ego played the role of anti-hero for a dying age. His super-power, the use of the forces of Evil in the cause of Good, raised some eyebrows among the purveyors of authority who sat in judgment of his crusade. His tactics – suffocation, head-bonking, deception, rudeness – didn't exactly inspire sentimental teardrops from the falsely noble and the idealistic. But it was a tough old world out there, and sometimes you had to fight fire with fire. He maintained the secrecy of his "civilian" identity, not to protect his family and loved ones (he had none), but to avoid a torrent of threatening phone calls and letter bombs. Only the nations' highest powers had access to Bourbaki's true identity and residence. And apparently an agent of one of those powers – a power previously dedicated to joyous gift-giving and the dispensation of materialistic happiness – had made urgent use of his private number this evening.

A figure materialized out of the apartment's gloom and approached Bourbaki. Ambiguity Boy, who either existed or did not exist according to the demands of the plot, strode manfully toward Bourbaki.

"You heard the message, then?"

"Yes, Ambiguity Boy. I had hoped for a peaceful Christmas Eve. A refreshing mug of eggnog, Nitzer Ebb's Christmas album, maybe the Alastair Sim version of 'A Christmas Carol' as displayed on the television screen..."

"Sadly, none of that will be possible," Ambiguity Boy replied. "Where do you think he'll strike first?"

"That's something we'll have to figure out. And may the Immortals shield humanity if we're wrong. Father Christmas has access to every home on the globe... it's not going to be easy to anticipate his path."

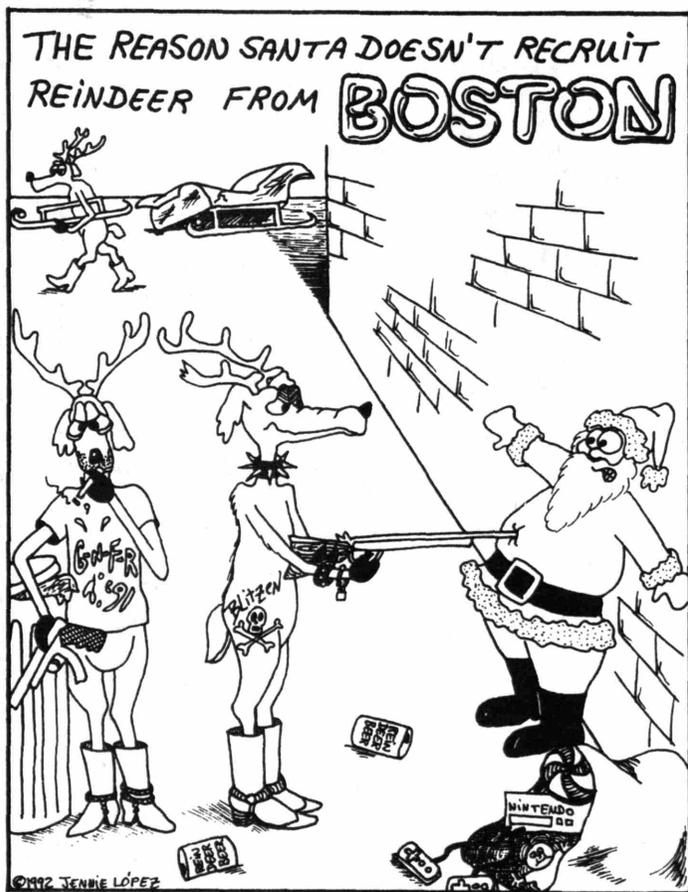
Ambiguity Boy's jawline set in a rigid angle of determination.

"Our method...?"

"The standard, Ambiguity Boy. Intercept and annihilate."

Ambiguity Boy pondered the response for a moment.

"I think not, Mr. Bourbaki. For consider, Santa Claus is a demi-Immortal; he is a creature not of common tissue and bone, but rather woven from the cotton-candy fantasies and sickly-sweet materialistic cravings of a host of cultures.



You can't dispatch him with the ruthless efficiency you showed when, for example, you burst the hydrophilic Drenchable Sponge Brothers via the cunning expediency of a gushing fire-hose. Why, I'll bet you could blow the back of Santa's head off, or torch his face with a flamethrower, and he'd just keep coming back for more...."

"Sounds like a hack writer's wet-dream," Bourbaki interjected.

"Tell me about it," Ambiguity Boy replied. "In any event, we face an extremely delicate task: Not only must we stop this savage campaign of death before it starts, but more importantly, we must preserve the economic viability of the Christmas industry. Santa is, quite simply, the lynch-pin of the Christmas season. If Santa's atrocious plans succeed - and even if the world merely learns of his descent into the murky waters of madness - the integrity of Christmas as a commercial enterprise may suffer a fatal blow. The implications of this would be staggering...."

Bourbaki applied all his powers of intense concentration to the problem.

"I think I have an idea that might just accomplish our aims," he announced momentarily. "If we're lucky. And if we can find him before he begins his gruesome crusade."

Bourbaki's eyes glittered, his jaw clenched, and the complex chain of biochemical reactions which would transform him into Evil Man began their work deep within his body. At length he cried, "To the Abomina-mobile!"

The Abomina-mobile sped through the night air high above the majestic skyline of Plank's End. Evil Man's hawk-like eyes pierced the darkness for private and commercial aircraft, even though the 'Mobile's sensors provided a 50-yard proximity alert (Evil Man believed in flying by the seat of one's pants.) He turned from the maze of controls before him and spoke to Ambiguity Boy. "We must now decide how best to pinpoint Saint Nicholas' sleigh."

"Well," Ambiguity Boy replied, "we could try the Fayddeev-Popov ghost field scanner."

"Thanks, Tom Clancy," Evil Man fired back. "To tell you the truth, I don't think Dave has the technical creativity to pull that off and make it

sound even halfway convincing. Let's stick to more traditional search methods. And by the way, Ambiguity Boy, the only thing in life more pointless and stale than a physics 'in-joke' is a pun. You want to remember that."

"Sorry, Mr. Bourbaki," Ambiguity Boy said with a quiet sneer dripping from the edges of his voice. "Maybe we should just commandeer the Grid, as we usually do."

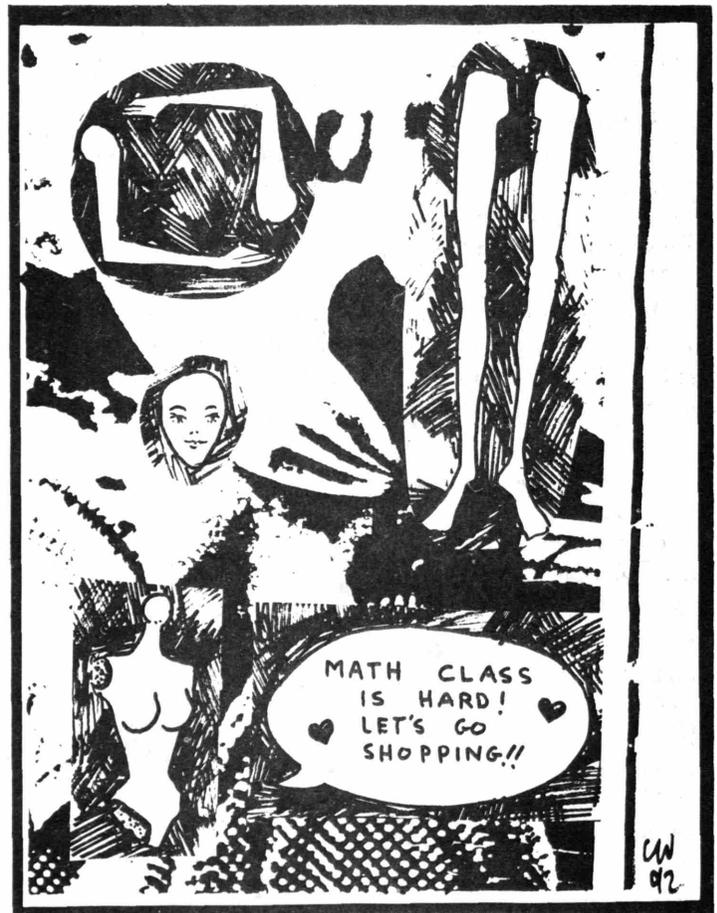
"Do you really think Santa's sled and twelve reindeer are going to show up on radar?"

"Thirteen," corrected Ambiguity Boy. "And I don't know. Let's give it a shot."

"All right then. Plug us in."

With a flick of a switch, the Abomina-mobile's on-board computer, CONCHITA, sucked the precious information from every radar system on

# Barbie



Earth. Traffic controllers worldwide looked at their screens in horror as they went blank. For reasons that are too complicated (and contrived) to explain right now, CONCHITA's lock on global radar resources – the "Grid" – represented a unilateral, Abomina-mobile dedicated funneling of all terrestrial tracking information. Deprived of radar guidance, every aeroplane aloft that night suddenly and necessarily reverted to visual flight rules. (More than 259 mid-air collisions would blot aviation's otherwise spotless safety record before CONCHITA relinquished radar control.)

CONCHITA analyzed the flood of radar readings, looking for possible matches with Santa's sled. At length, it barfed out a promising candidate.

"I think we've got him," Ambiguity Boy announced. "CONCHITA nails him at zeta-2 reticule."

"Gosh, maybe we should start calling you 'Technical Boy' instead," Evil Man replied with a razor-blade grin. "Just where is that?"

"He's headed for the Tower, right here in Plank's End. And he's flying like the proverbial bat out of the Pit of Despair."

"Hmmm... the Bentford Tower... how convenient. What would inspire Santa to begin his campaign of death high atop the tallest man-made structure in the world? It's not even a private residence. It just doesn't make sense."

He turned to Ambiguity Boy for an explanation, but he didn't exist at that particular moment. No answers were forthcoming. Bereft of enlightenment, Evil Man banked the Abomina-mobile in a graceful curve, then headed for the Bentford Tower.

---

Evil Man landed the Abomina-mobile at the Bentford Tower's heliport. As he stepped out of the Mobile, his boots sank into the fine layer of crisp, even snow that had coated the roof during the feast of Steven. He trudged across the roof and dropped to a crouch as the merry tinkling of jingle bells filled the air. The sleigh was on the other side of the roof, partially hidden by the support struts of a television broadcast tower that formed the building's apex. Evil Man crept cautiously around the broadcast tower. His piercing eyes registered the marks that the sleigh's runners had left in the off-

white carpeting of snow. You had to hand it to the old Saint, Evil Man thought wryly. He could still land a sled on a dime. At the corner of the roof, clouds of vapor plumed from the mouths and nostrils of the winded, but immensely powerful, reindeer. Clouds of vapor... and a cheerful, bright red aura from the nose of the reindeer team's leader.

Evil Man cleared the broadcast tower's support struts, and beheld the reason for Santa's visit to the pinnacle of Man's architectural achievement. A string of floodlights had been mounted on the broadcast tower's legs in a vile burlesque of traditional Christmas lights. They spelled out a message to the innocent populace far below:

"SANTA SNUFFS LI'L SWEETMEAT."

Evil Man stood staring at the bizarre message, the stillness broken only by the sound of the reindeer's heavy breathing in the distance.

He saw the shadow in the snow a split-second before the white-gloved hand closed around his throat.

Evil Man whirled and caught Santa's wrist as the tarnished Saint prepared to launch his trademark stiletto on its murderous trajectory.

"Good cheer to you, Father Christmas. I believe we have some business to transact before this brisk winter's evening yields its maidenhead to the thrust of Christmas morn."

"Drink me, Evil Man," Santa spat as he writhed in Evil Man's grip.

"I can think of sweeter beverages to imbibe, thank you. You have a little explaining to do, Santa." Evil Man drove the ancient Saint backward and pinned him against one of the broadcast tower's legs. "Just what do you mean by this sign? What exactly are you up to, if you don't mind my asking?"

Santa's face contorted in a livid mask of hatred. His eyes rolled in their sockets as he sought some means of freeing himself from his powerful opponent's grasp. Finding the effort fruitless, he turned his blazing eyes upon Evil Man and spoke.

"It's clear as an erupting pustule what I'm up to, buddy." A streamer of mucus peeped timidly from Santa's bulbous, cold-benumbed nose and trickled down over his lips. "I'm the Whore of Babylon; I spread my legs and the seed of mankind planted Death in my womb. I'm going to turn enough tricks tonight to impress even the most seasoned harlot. These gifts of action-figures and dolls for Johnny and Mary, respectively... what are these

absurd playtoys to me? Isn't the hungry lover's embrace of the Tomb, the ardent infestation of the Conqueror Worm, a much finer, a much richer, gift to deliver on Christmas Eve?" Rivulets of saliva dripped from his pouty, sensualist's lips and depended in crystalline goblets from his chin. "I am the Beast, the Abomination that Causeth Desolation, and my Father, the Lord of Swine, requires a love-gift from me to permit His entrance onto this mortal stage. I give Him the vital loin-fruit born of every man and woman who have consorted in the Act of animal passion. I give Him the young and the innocent."

"And what inner cataclysm erased the charitable goodwill that epitomized your demeanor in the days of yore?"

"I saw that the Christmas season is devoid of love. I opened my eyes to the hypocrisy of the people."

Evil Man's carefully controlled temper now betrayed him, and his voice rose in a furious shout as he pressed his face close to Santa's. "Are you developmentally challenged or something, Santa? Christmas isn't about love! It's the one time in the year when people can don comfortable masks of caring, when they can apply a soothing balm to their conscience by mouthing traditional epithets of goodwill. It's a time of materialistic pacification: An ersatz token of pre-digested, off-the-shelf appreciation to a 'loved one' acknowledge their existence and keeps everyone happy so folks don't rip each others' throats out during the balance of the year. A box wrapped in bows and bright paper says 'Here's lovin' ya' to a little child one regards as an embarrassing nuisance the other 364 days of the calendar. People need the emotional machinery of Christmas, Saint Nicholas, and I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU TAKE THAT JOYOUS MACHINERY AWAY FROM THEM!" Evil Man punctuated each word of this final, passionate declaration by slamming Santa Claus up against the tower's support strut.

"That was a lovely and inspiring little speech, Evil Man," Santa sneered. Evil Man responded with a vicious backhand to Santa's face, then continued,

"Have you ever been on TV, Santa? Well, we're going to have a little talk with the nations of the world in a moment. You're going to hit the airwaves presently and win yourself an Emmy Award

by telling the people what they want to hear – what they need to hear. You're going to keep them happy, do you understand?"

"And what if I refuse?" asked Santa.

"Let me ask you something, Father Christmas. Is there anything on Earth that you love?"

From somewhere deep inside his soul, whatever humanity remained in Kris Kringle spurred his eyes to an affectionate, clandestine glance at the reindeer. Evil Man missed very little, and he spotted the glance immediately. A thin smile split his lips in a cruel line as he summoned the ethereal Ambiguity Boy:

"Oh, Ambiguity Boy, if you would be so kind as to unharness the leader of the reindeer team and escort him hither, I would be forever in your debt."

Ambiguity Boy unfolded his essence from the dark layers of night that swathed the antagonists. The reindeer snorted and whinnied uneasily as he approached the beautiful beasts and severed the leather harness connecting their red-nosed leader to the sleigh. He guided the graceful creature over to the base of the broadcast tower, then withdrew a gleaming segment of stiff copper wire from his sleeve. Ambiguity Boy stroked the beast's fur and whispered sweet nothings in its ear as he brought the wire to within an inch of the reindeer's left eye. The copper strand's wicked point reflected merry red shafts of light beaming from the creature's nose as Ambiguity Boy nestled the tip against the folds of flesh and fur at the corner of its eye.

"The easiest entrance to the brain is through the eye, Santa. You'll take good care to remember that in the address you're about to make. All you have to do is read from the cards I'll hold up for you, and do some cheap method-acting to give your words a little heart."

Just to make sure Father Christmas didn't exit prematurely, Evil Man bound him to the tower's support strut with a tight coil of hemp. Then he retrieved a portable video camera from the Abominamobile. The computer, CONCHITA, switched to a video transmitting mode marked by the same (inexplicable) universality that had proven so effective in its radar scan. The intimate little scene on the roof of the Bentford Tower now sped through the aether on electromagnetic waves emitted by every broadcast tower on the globe. The television viewers and radio listeners of each and every station (including cable and pay-per-view channels)

in the world found themselves plunged into the role of delighted auditors of a speech delivered by the true symbol of Christmas, Santa Claus. Evil Man, functioning as impromptu cinematographer for the rooftop address, focused the hand-held video camera and framed the tarnished Saint in a tight closeup (that conveniently omitted the rope cutting into the flesh of Santa's lower torso.) Santa Claus forced a cheerful smile to spread across his face as he read from the cards Evil Man clutched in his left hand.

"Hi there, folks! It's me, Santa Claus!" He squinted at the card, then rang out with a robust "Ho ho ho! I'm really delighted to have this chance to chat with you all. I'm, uh, going to take a little break from delivering presents because... I need some time to myself. You know, just to get my head together. Hey, you try delivering presents for a few hundred years and see how you feel!" He almost choked on the chuckle he squeezed from between his loathsome lips. "But I just wanted to let you know that I'm feeling terrific, and I wanted to encourage you to support your local merchants so that this Christmas will be just as fun for the little ones as ever! After all, the little ones are what the season's all about, right?" His eyes glazed momentarily: "The little ones... the buttery, spotless little ones...."

Ambiguity Boy gently probed the reindeer's eyelid with the wire, and Santa Claus read the message of the motion (and of the card) clearly.

"I mean, the cute and adorable little ones! Aren't they something? Thank you; please give yourselves a big round of applause. Anyway, I just wanted to remind everyone that, even though I won't be showing up in person this year, I'm with you all in spirit, and I know you won't let me down: Keep the gift-giving tradition alive! Challenge yourselves to purchase bright baubles that are every bit as good as my elves can craft! Make a game out of it! And please remember... friends don't let friends drive drunk. It makes good sense to designate a driver for each spirited holiday

celebration.

"Have a merry Christmas, peoples of the World! I love you!"

The television image from high atop the Bentford Tower faded to black.

Evil Man lowered the camera, and Ambiguity Boy released his furry captive. The reindeer skittered away with an indignant shake of its tail.

"Not too bad, Santa," Evil Man said. "Not too darn bad. I doubt I could have done much better myself. Hey, to show you we're not such bad guys after all... would you care for a light yet satisfying strawberry torte?"

"You're as much of a monster as I am, you sodden puke," Santa ejaculated.

"I'm an enforcer, Santa. It's my job. Nobody likes an enforcer, but that's not my problem."

"Release me now in the names of all the demons that dance on the souls of the damned."

Evil Man's eyes twinkled.

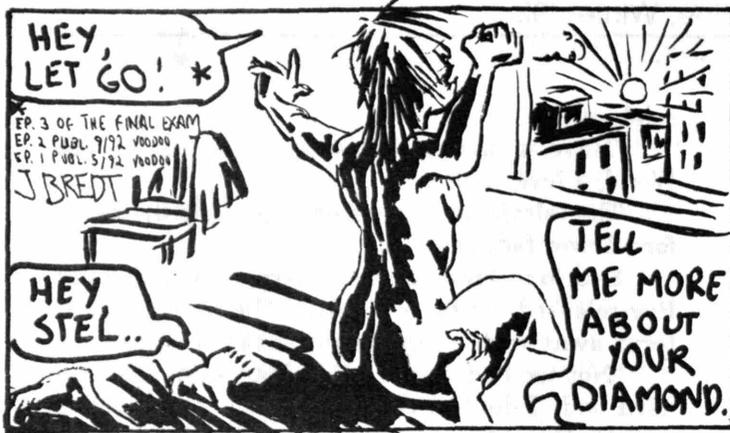
"Oh, I don't think so, Santa. You ruined my peaceful Christmas Eve plans, after all. The message for the world you so capably delivered... that was business. From my point of view, I've fulfilled my contract as defender of the social status quo.

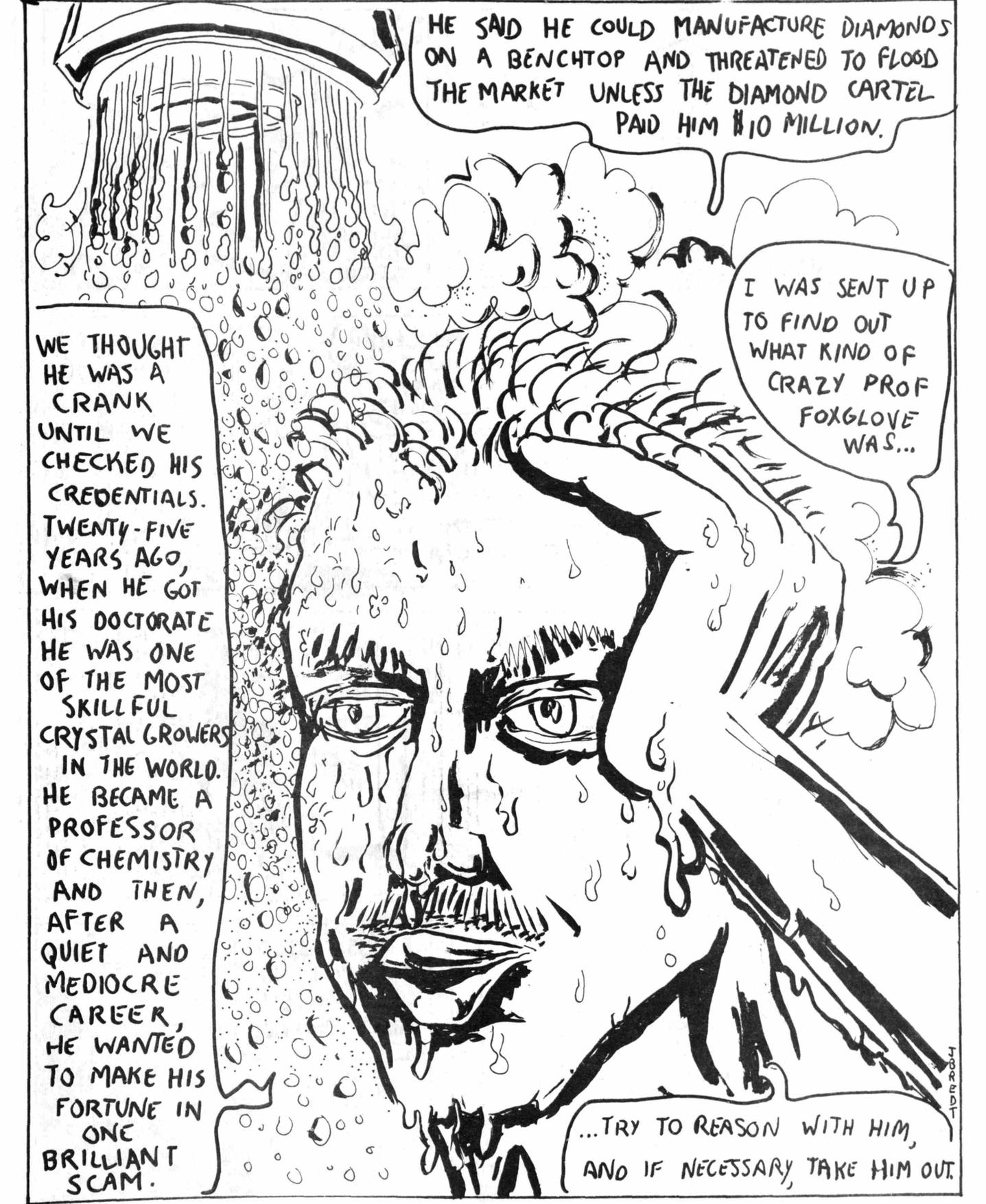
"Yes, the broadcast was business.

"But this is personal."

Evil Man and Ambiguity Boy ripped down the floodlights constituting Santa's mad message. As the fallen Saint at first howled with rage, then babbled pleas for mercy, they doused him with gasoline and lashed his corpulent frame in place, high up on the broadcast tower. With the accurate and spirited toss of a jury-rigged Molotov cocktail, they set the desperately twitching Bearer of Gifts ablaze. Evil Man and Ambiguity Boy gazed with quiet contentment at the poignant tableau spread before them: As evening slithered o'er Midnight's threshold to become yet another Christmas morning in the city of Plank's End, Santa Claus burned brightly as a beacon of peace, hope, and justice for the nations.





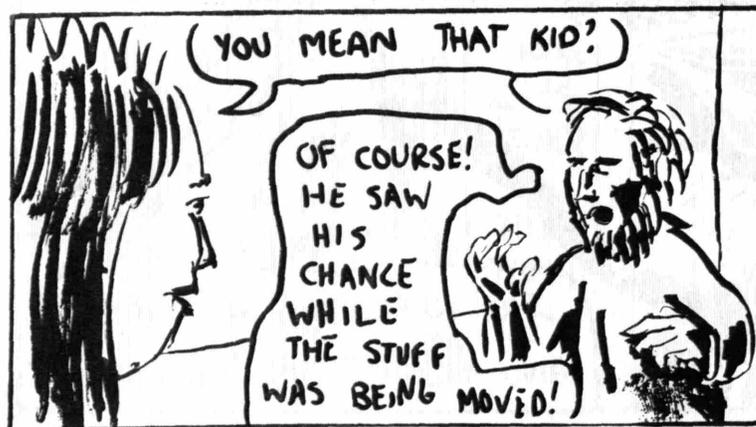
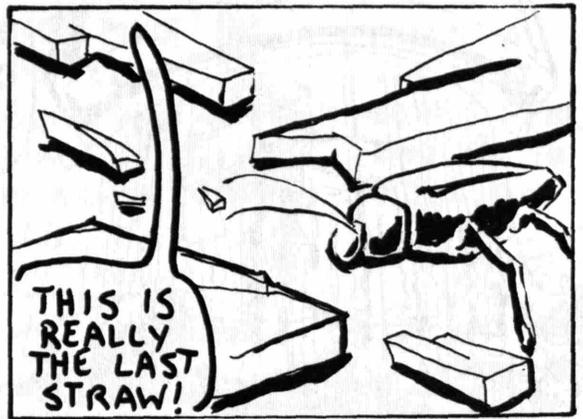


HE SAID HE COULD MANUFACTURE DIAMONDS ON A BENCHTOP AND THREATENED TO FLOOD THE MARKET UNLESS THE DIAMOND CARTEL PAID HIM \$10 MILLION.

I WAS SENT UP TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF CRAZY PROF FOXGLOVE WAS...

WE THOUGHT HE WAS A CRANK UNTIL WE CHECKED HIS CREDENTIALS. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN HE GOT HIS DOCTORATE HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST SKILLFUL CRYSTAL GROWERS IN THE WORLD. HE BECAME A PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND THEN, AFTER A QUIET AND MEDIOCRE CAREER, HE WANTED TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE IN ONE BRILLIANT SCAM.

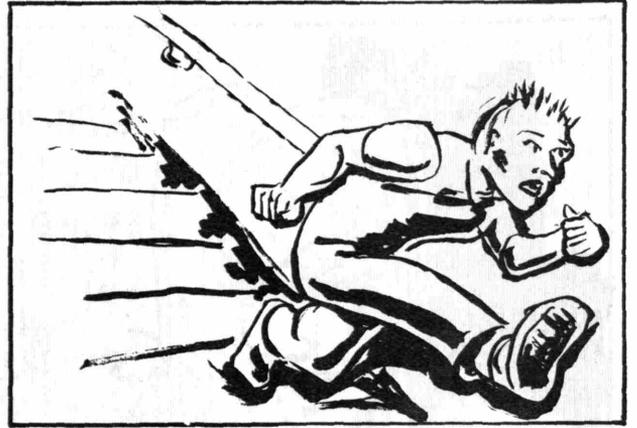
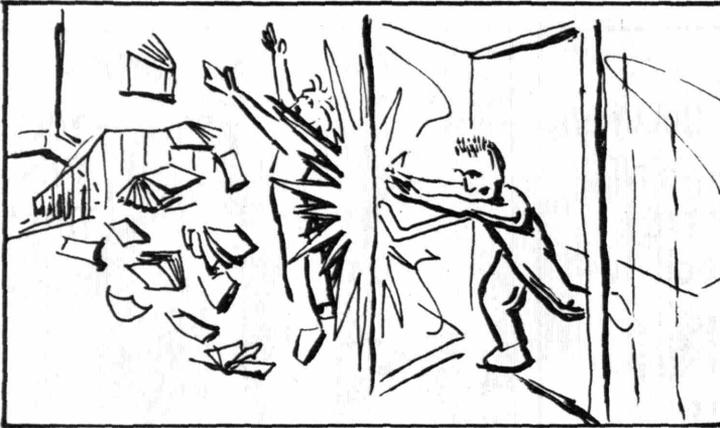
...TRY TO REASON WITH HIM, AND IF NECESSARY, TAKE HIM OUT.

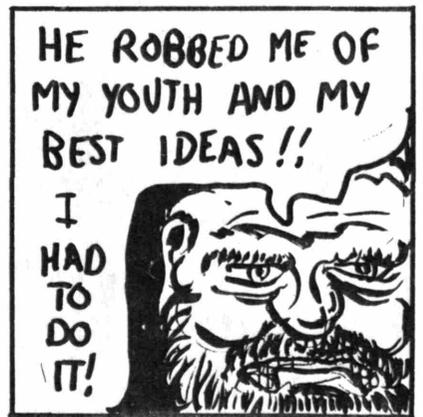




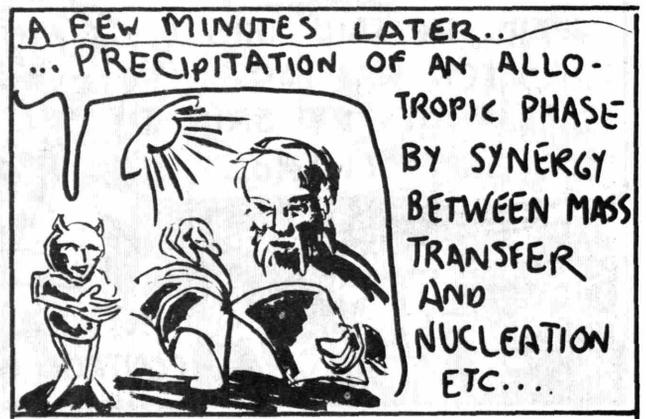


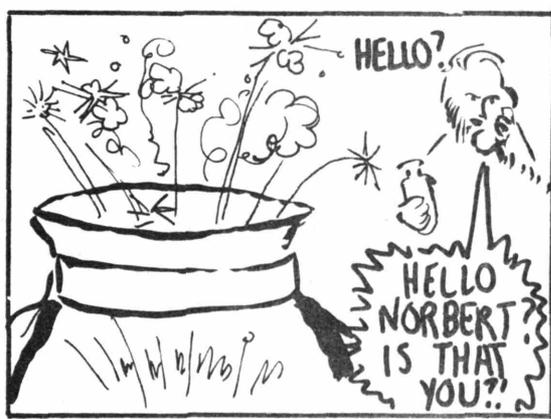


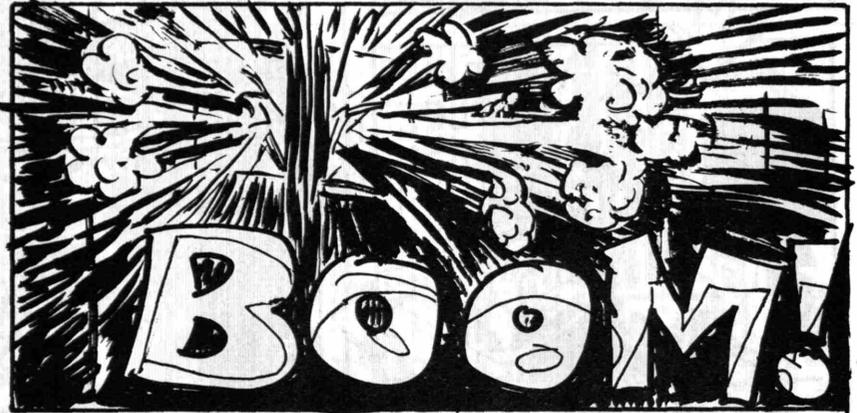




JBREDT









JUST HOLD ON TIGHT, I'LL GET RID OF THEM!

BAM!  
BAM!  
OPEN UP!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAN'T YOU HEAR?

YES?

ANCIENT BOOK MP  
I WAS IN THE BACK.



CAN I HELP YOU, OFFICER?



I'M... UH... TRYING TO FIND A KID I CHASED THIS WAY...

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY KID BUT COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?



COULD YOU HELP ME CARRY THESE BOOKS TO THE BACK?

OOH, BABY, I'D LOVE TO HELP YOU IN ABOUT A HALF-HOUR AFTER I CATCH THAT KID



WHAT A PAL!!



SEE YOU SOON!

NO!

OH YEAH!!



IT'S OKAY KID, HE'S GONE



CONCLUDED NEXT TO:  
Dead Storage



YAAAAA  
JBREDT

## ZINE REVIEWS

Welcome to VooDoo's brand new 'zine review column. In this column, you will be introduced to the funny, funky, fabulous, and flaky world of underground literature. The geniuses behind these publications run the proverbial gamut from frustrated comic artists desperate to see their work in print, to political hyper-activists searching for new converts, to the just plain deranged and insane. Either way, write for more information and free samples. Most of these people are more than happy share their work in exchange for a SASE or some work of your own. It's definitely worth the price of a stamp (or two.)

As comic magazines go, *Fathoms Below* is a lose. The issue we received was a compilation of comics drawn by Dan Wright, the editor. Unfortunately, this "best of" compilation amounts to nothing more than an ego trip for Mr. Wright. He introduces his efforts by saying, "Artwise, I can't compare with many of the people out there, but humorwise I feel I can be quite witty." Unfortunately, he has crossed the line between being cynically witty and being offensive (and often just dumb). However, we admire his fortitude. *Fathoms Below* may be obtained by writing to: 1320 NW 76th Avenue, Plantation, FL 33322-4740, or sending email to: cyclonemaple.circa.ufl.edu. (28 pages, 8 1/2 x 11)

However, credit should be given where credit is due, and Mr. Wright should be applauded for tipping us off to the following two zines:

In the joke department, *Funny Pages* is a good sampler. It is mostly jokes and riddles, with a semi-regular supplement which includes zine and catalog reviews. The jokes are organized by category and are mostly tasteless. On the other hand, if you're willing to suffer through the offensive stuff, there are definitely laughs to be had. Some of the better jokes include : *A man goes into an auto parts store and asks, "Can you give me a cigarette lighter for my Yugo?" The reply : "Sure, sounds like a fair trade to me."* and *Why are beer cans so easy to open? Simple, look at who is opening them.*

A year's subscription is \$15 or you can get an assortment of 15 back issues for \$10. Top contributors receive free subscription extensions. Write to: P.O. Box 317025, Dayton, OH 45437. (11 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2)

This issue's winner is the humor goldmine produced by Joe Franke. His publication, *Life is a Joke* is an excellent "black humor" commentary on everyday life. A mixture of cartoons, drawings and one-lines, his publication manages to be pointed and very entertaining. The production is rough but the message is hilarious and depraved. Franke has also worked with other artists on mini comics including pamphlets devoted entirely to coffee and its many charms (a recurring theme even in *LIAJ*). *Life is a Joke* is available for \$1 per issue, Inquire for other products. Write to: 1476 15th St., San Francisco, CA 94103. (20 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2)

In a different vein, *BOING BOING* is a slick cyberpunk humor, news, and gossip magazine. It's Spy magazine for nerds. Not really an underground "zine" so to speak, its glossy cover, half-toned photographs, and professional lay-out set it apart from the home-made publications one would expect to find in this column (but they were hip enough to send us a copy and we liked it a lot). The current issue features an interview with Bruce Sterling, more zine reviews, and one of those annoying flip covers featuring a *Mondo 2000* parody. Check it out at your local "alternative" newstand (we've seen it at the MIT Press Bookstore), or by writing to: 11288 Ventura Blvd. #818, Studio City, CA 91604. A year's subscription goes for \$14, a single copy is \$3.95 (66 pages, 8 1/2 x 11).

*If you publish a humor-related zine that you would like to see reviewed in this column, send it to Zine Reviews, c/o VooDoo Magazine, MIT Room 50-309, 77 Mass Ave, Cambridge, MA 02139.*



-- Impress your friends --

-- Become world famous --

-- Make lots of money --

or

---

# JOIN THE VOODOO STAFF

Just tear out this page, fill out the other side, fold it so the address shows, and drop it in interdepartmental mail.



**Voo Doo**  
M.I.T. ROOM 50-309

CHECK ALL THAT APPLY.

- I  am really excited about working on *VooDoo*.  
 would like to join the *VooDoo* contributing staff.  
 would like to join the *VooDoo* editorial/production staff.  
 would like to be on the *VooDoo* electronic mailing list.  
 would rather suck rocks and sandpaper my forehead.



I would like to

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> draw cartoons.  | <input type="checkbox"/> sell advertisements.          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> draw illustrations.   | <input type="checkbox"/> do darkroom work.             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> write stories.  | <input type="checkbox"/> clean the office.             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> write columns.  | <input type="checkbox"/> help with publicity.          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> help with production.   | <input type="checkbox"/> write letters to the Editor.  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> help with distribution.   | <input type="checkbox"/> send hate mail to the Editor. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> infiltrate other campus publications and bring them to their knees. |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> get the Editor in a head lock and slap the production staff silly.  |  |



For the next issue, I will submit (by February 1) :

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> some cartoons or humorous drawings.             | <input type="checkbox"/> a side-splitting opinion column. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a two page cartoon.                             | <input type="checkbox"/> a 500 word humorous story.       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a four page graphic novella.                    | <input type="checkbox"/> a 1000 word humorous story.      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> an eight page graphic novel.                    | <input type="checkbox"/> a 2000 word humorous story.      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a funny letter to the Editor.                   | <input type="checkbox"/> some humorous photographs.       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> something totally indescribable, yet hilarious. |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> poisonous snakes, letter bombs, razor blades.   |   |



Also, for the next issue, I will

- help with production.
- help with distribution.
- sell advertisements.
- donate \$1000 to help defray the costs of publication.
- ask my parents to donate \$1000.
- fire bomb the Student Center.

- Sincerely,
- Yeah, yeah, whatever,



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

# JOKE PAGE

## Elephant Jokes

How do you know when there is an elephant in your bed?

You can smell the peanuts on his breath.

How do you know when there's an elephant in your refrigerator?

You can't close the door.

How do you know when you've passed an elephant? You can't close the toilet seat.

What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming?

Here come the elephants.

What did Tarzan say when he saw the prunes coming?

Here come the elephants. (He was color-blind.)

Why did the elephant wear red tennis shoes?

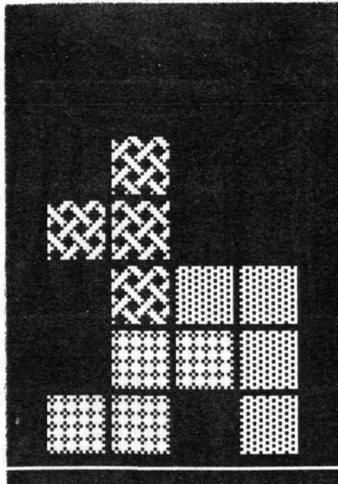
So he could hide in the strawberry patch.

Why did the elephant wear blue tennis shoes?

His red ones were in the laundry.

How do you make an elephant float?

A glass of root beer, a scoop of ice cream and an elephant.



## Blonde Jokes

How can you tell if a blonde's been using the computer?

There's white-out on the screen.

How can you tell if another blonde's been using the computer?

There's writing on the white-out.

Why is it good to have a blonde passenger?

You can park in the handicap zone.

Why should blondes not be given coffee breaks?

It takes too long to retrain them.

What do you call 50 blondes standing side by side?

A wind tunnel.

Why don't blondes double recipes?

The oven doesn't go to 700 degrees.

Why do men like blonde jokes??

Because they can understand them.



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