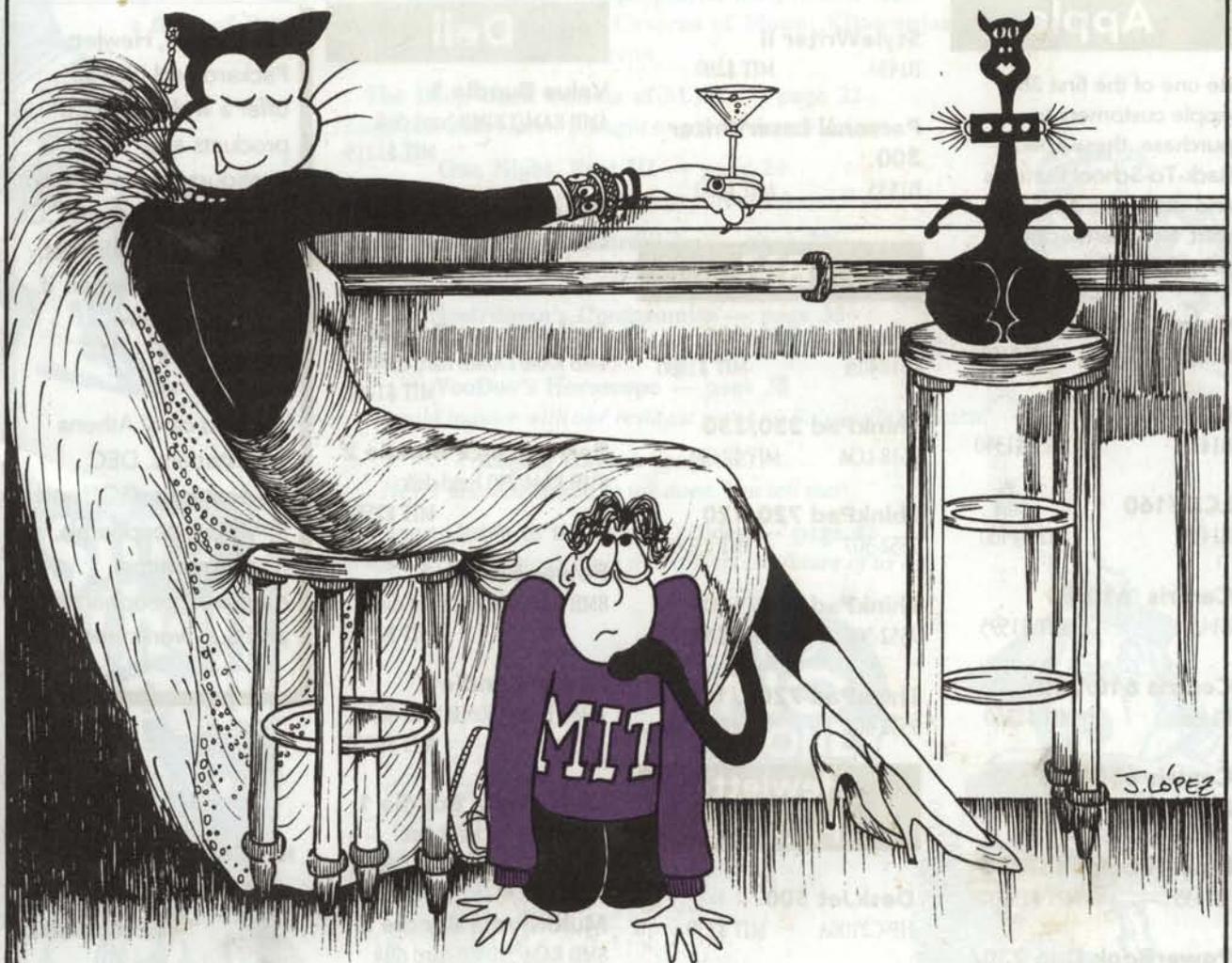


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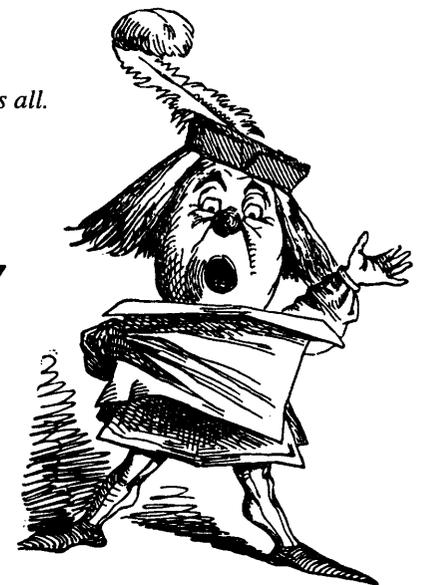
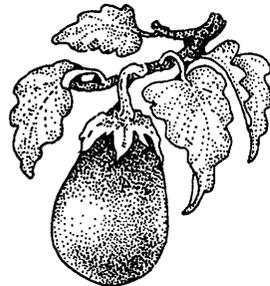
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FROM THE PUBLISHER



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(The sick humor newsletter.)



Here's what the critics say:

Joe Bob Briggs (of "Movie Channel" fame, bad taste aficionado):
"You publish the filthiest, most disgusting, worthless, scummy publication I've ever read. I loved it." "Funny Pages is guaranteed to gross out your sister."

Gallery Magazine:
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USA TODAY:
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Mike Gunderloy from Factsheet Five (small press reviewer):
"Politically incorrect with a vengeance." "No matter how liberal you are, you probably won't be able to avoid snickering - then feeling guilty about it." "Rude humor." "There should be something in each issue to offend just about everyone."
"Ever have one of those days where you were sick & tired of being Politically Correct and socially acceptable? Well this is a publication for such times." "In short, they make fun of everyone."

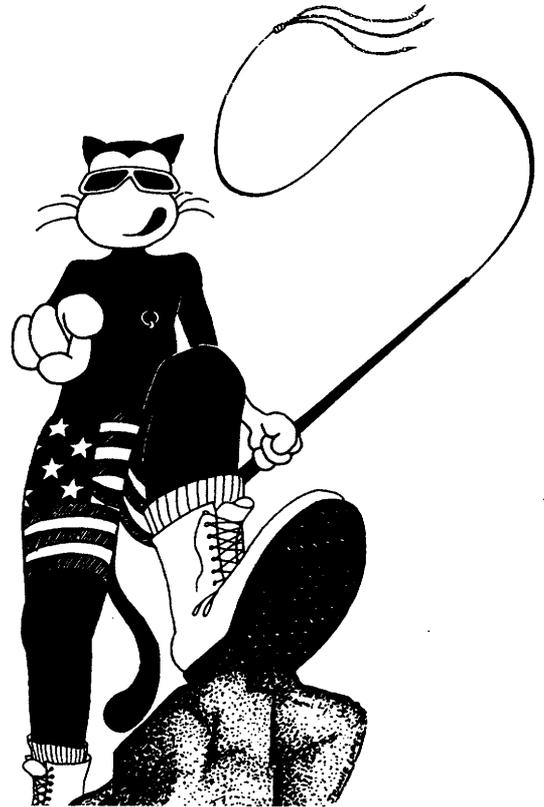
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LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Editor,

Since 1984, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP) and its journal, the *Skeptical Inquirer*, have been appealing to US newspaper editors to run a short disclaimer with their horoscope columns. The suggested disclaimer reads "The following astrological forecasts should be read for entertainment value only. Such predictions have no reliable basis in scientific fact." Today, at least fifty papers have adopted some form of this disclaimer.

Scientific investigation has shown repeatedly that horoscopes and astrological charts are incapable of analyzing personality characteristics, predicting the future, or predicting compatibility. Researchers have found no correlation between "compatible" and "incompatible" sun signs among married and divorced couples. Moreover, the accuracy of astrologers in making predictions of future events has been found to be no better than would be expected by chance.

Astrology has remained widely controversial in the press as well as among the general public. Many editors claim horoscope columns do no harm and that readers already *know* they are for entertainment purposes, especially when such columns are placed on the comics pages. Unfortunately, there are many readers who do take the columns seriously. Our government mandates health warnings on cigarette packages because scientific evidence has determined that smoking is injurious to health. Belief in the pseudoscience of astrology can also be harmful, especially when people base serious decisions on its predictions.

We very much hope that you will choose to join the fifty newspapers who currently use such a disclaimer with their astrology columns.

Sincerely,

Paul Kurtz,

Chairman, CSICOP

Consider it done. Thanks for writing!

Dear Phos:

I knew you before you became hoity-toity enough to be known as Phosphorous.

As a matter of fact, I knew Voo Doo before any of you were now were born (probably before your fathers were born). As background, I was Business Manager for the 1939-1940 volume.

We had a more elaborate publication that you sent me. The cover was in color, and slick paper was throughout. We also had less trouble recruiting a staff than you apparently have.

I won't compare the humor, since times have changed so much. To show you how they have changed, we ran a cartoon of a toilet with the seat up, and the caption "scandal at Wellesley". We got called on the carpet by Dean Killian for being so bold.

I was greatly disturbed in the 60's when I was told that VooDoo had been discontinued because it was "irrelevant". I cannot understand how humans can consider humor to be irrelevant.

In those days we had an office on the second floor of the Walker Memorial and shared a secretary with *The Tech*. Annually we played *The Tech* a football game; any former high school football players we could find were put on the staff for one issue to play in the game. I nearly got killed.

All in all, we had a good time and, I think, put out a magazine that helped ease some of the tension that life at the Institute could generate.

Thanks for sending me the magazine.

Rowland Peak '40.

Kent -

Thanks for the VooDoos, I'm glad I finally got a chance to see them — I've heard quite a lot about your mag. I enjoyed reading them — you've got some funny writers! I was lost on some of the M.I.T. humor — but that is to be expected as I don't go to school there. (Duh).

I liked most of the contents — except for "The Final Exam" and "The Cybernetic Kid" — they were both truly awful. Sorry. They didn't jive with the

rest of the mag. I would strongly suggest avoiding projects like those in the future. Otherwise, you seem to have a lot of talented people at your disposal (especially that J. Lopez person — doesn't she have anything better to do than draw cartoons?!) It'd be great to see VooDoo aspire to something beyond just a "College Humor Magazine". It could be done!

Thanks again, best of luck,
Ryan Michael Dunlavey

Dear Staph and Editors of VooDoo Magazine

Thank you for the issue of your humour mag.

I'm sure that some of it went over my head as a non-student, but what I "got" I liked for the most part.

If it is critique you are looking for, let me offer this: more jokes about suicide, the building of atomic weapons and becoming corporate toadies. And things like that, dark humour is, by far, the funniest.

Well, good luck,
DB VeIveedz

Hi —

I really enjoyed VooDoo. Good writing and some funny cartoons. I especially liked the "Manhole Tiddlywinks" story, and the kid who dies after fucking his unconscious girlfriend.

Take care,
Mark Ziemann

Dear Kent:

Yes, I'm still alive and kicking! Thank you for the Summer copy of VooDoo which I was delighted to receive. All 48 pages of it represent a big undertaking that only MIT geniuses could produce.

At my present age of 92 it was most extremely gratifying to be so remembered for what I did at my old school do long ago. It warms my heart.

Very sincerely,
William B. Elmer '22

It's always good to hear from you, Bill! Keep in touch.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to object to your never-ending stream of references in your publication to jumping off of the Green Building.

I, myself, have been on the roof of the Green Building many times and have never once

He must have been dictating.



A LIFE SPECIALLY ENGINEERED



TO HAVE NO REGRETS



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



YOU MECHAPENGES
ARE ALL SO QUIET!
AIN'TCHA GOT PROBLEMS
TO TALK ABOUT OR
NOTHIN'?

No. MechaPenguins have
no regrets by default.

DON'TCHA GET
SICKA BEIN' SO
COOL ALLA TIME?

Miss, we're not "cool"
--we're just
engineered that
way....

EHEHEH!
YYYYYUP!

she's beautiful... ephemeral...
...her piss is fluorescent green.

HEY YOU! COFFEE! BUY A CUP!

King Muffler and the Golden Touch

by Hani Sallum

Once upon a time, there was a kingdom called Iugoe in the middle of a fantasy land. The kingdom was very large, but all of the boundaries were blocked by vast ranges of mountains. The kingdom was self-sufficient, though, so any outside contact was unnecessary. Everyone in the kingdom was content, and lived happy lives in the peace of equality.

The ruler of this kingdom was King Muffler, who was preceded by King Midas. King Muffler was a kind ruler, and did everything in his power for the good of his kingdom, and himself. He did this mostly by increasing the amount of gold in the treasury, his favorite hobby. Gold was the main source of wealth, and every ounce found in the kingdom went straight to the treasury.

Though there was no outside contact, King Muffler liked to know what went on outside his kingdom; in particular, how the other kingdoms and their treasuries stood up to his. So, every month, he sent a servant to check out the other kingdoms.

The day came when the servant returned with the latest news.

"Ahhh, Sir Mine of Key, what have you to report?" asked the eager King Muffler.

"I am sorry to say, Your Highness," replied Sir Mine, "that king Good of Wrench still manages his kingdom better than you."

"Blast!" rasped the king, his eagerness replaced by distaste.

"Blast what?" asked Sir Mine.

"No, you idiot, I'm talking to myself!"

"Oh." he said, nodding to himself.

"What? Can't a man even talk to himself in his own kingdom?"

"I was just—"

"**TREASURY REPORT!!**" screamed King Muffler.

The throneroom doors slammed open, inadvertently hitting two guards. Seven men wearing brown, hooded robes trampled over each other into the room. An eighth member lay in the doorway, covered with footprints and bleeding slightly to himself.

The seven men broke to a halt in front of the throne. They each unrolled scrolls they had tucked under their arms and had miraculously saved from certain destruction of stomping during their entrance. They held the scrolls open.

"Good King Muffler!!..." they all cried in perfect unison, "May we humbly beg that we may ask that we be granted the divine honor of carrying out your royal orders to report—"

"Get on with it, you goons!" yelled Muffler.

"The treasury wishes to report that there has been a thirteen point five - nine - four - six - eight - two - four - nine - seven - five - two - five - oh - oh - six—"

"For goodness sake," frothed the king in agitation, "I don't need to know the fine points, just sum it up for me!"

"There has been an increase." announced the first man, now breaking away from unison.

"Ah, good!" beamed Muffler.

"In the last three weeks." went the second man.

"Due to the discovery of a new gold mine." provided the third man.

"Of roughly fourteen percent in the treasury." finished the fourth man.

"In the last three weeks." added the fifth man, who had nothing better to say.

"We worked hard..." hinted the sixth man, who hadn't been paid in months.

"Very hard." said the seventh, who hadn't been paid for even longer.

"Unghh." confirmed the eighth man, still laying in the doorway, who was a rookie and hadn't been paid at all.

"Excellent! Excellent!!" said the king.

"Which means," concluded the first man, who had whipped out a sliderule, "that your kingdom is now at only a point oh - oh - oh - five - seven to one ratio with king Good's kingdom—"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAUUGGHHH!!!" screamed Muffler. "Don't ever—*EVER*—mention that name in here again unless you're making fun of it!!"

"Y-Y-Y-Y-yes, your majesty..." they said, in simultaneous meekness.

"Now, you lot, go to the gallows! I'll have missionary Tranz make an appointment. After that, go to the cellar; we need something to plug a leak in the moat until the plumber from Dray-no arrives. Then, uh..., just play tag with some wild horses until I call you."

"Yes, your Highness." they said.

"Make up your minds! 'Your Highness,' 'Your Majesty,' you sound like those incorrigible peasants from the Mart of Kay!"

"Yes your-" the rest sounded like a jumble of royal addresses and swears.

"Oh, *why* do I put up with this..." he exclaimed, "...it's playing havoc with my cholesterol count."

"You mean your-"

"Shut up!... you,... you,..."

"Imbecile?" suggested one of the men.

"No, no,..."

"Dummy?" suggested another.

"Fool?"

"Ass?"

"Slime?"

"Worm?"

"Commie?"

"Cheesebucket?"

"Scum?"

"Upstart?"

"Twinky?"

"Scrotum?"

"Chuckl-"

"Just... just forget it!" screamed Muffler, "Just get out of here! Go!"

The seven men rushed out of the throneroom leaving a cloud of dust. The eighth member was nowhere to be seen. Either he had been picked up as the others left, or had been trampled into the cracks of the floor. Both were plausible.

"Point oh - oh - oh - five - seven to one..." mumbled Muffler, "How can a king with a ditsy name like 'Good' have such a great kingdom? Sir Mine!"

"Yes, M'lord?"

"Next time you come back from Wrench, bring back a native; a small one I can spit on."

"Yes, M'lord."

Muffler sighed, "How does he do it?"

"He has so much more gold is his treasury than you, Sire," said Sir Mine of Key.

"Mmmmm... yes, that must be it. Tell you what," he said after a few minutes of thought, "next time you return bring that angel-guy or whatever that granted my predecessor that golden

touch thing. I want to make a deal with him. Treat him well; he may be the answer to our problems."

• • •

King Muffler waited, and soon the day came when Sir Mine of Key would return from afar.

"Aha! Here he comes now!"

Sir Mine entered the throneroom leading two other people behind him; a native of Wrench, and Arch, the semi-tangible sorcerer. Arch stopped momentarily by an older guard by the door and nodded in friendly greeting. The gaurd smiled and nodded back. Muffler was too excited with the arrival of Arch to notice the small exchange or to spit on the little Wrenchite.

Arch was a young looking man for a sorcerer. Probably because he was immortal. But his face, his eyes mostly, showed the vast wisdom and experience inside this ordinary looking man.

"Ahh, good Arch!" exclaimed the king, "'Tis a pleasure to meet you face to face!"

"Greetings, King Muffler, I am glad we now have the chance to meet. Now, you say there is something I can help you with?"

"Oh, yes. Here," said Muffler, indicating a chair next to him, "sit down and I will explain."

Arch sat down, but when he tried to cross his legs, one leg fell right through the other.

"Ooooooh, this is a nuisance!" he complained.

Muffler talked long, and in detail, explaining how he needed more gold for his kingdom, but dodging the real reason why. He was now only interested in outdoing King Good in terms of treasuries, not the good of his kingdom.

Finished, he asked: "Well, can you help me?"

Arch twisted his face in thought.

"It's not so much a question of 'can I'..." he explained, staring at the ceiling, "... it's more a question of ethics."

He thought some more.

"Alright," he said, finally, "I'll give you one wish that will make you a better person for your kingdom. Name it."

King Muffler did not have to think about it.

"I want," he said, "to be able to turn everything I touch *with my right index finger*," he emphasized, "into gold, Aurrum, whatever."

"Okay, then."

Arch slapped Muffler on his balding forehead

with the palm of his hand, and disappeared in puff of floating calculus equations.

Everything was quiet for a few moments, then Muffler tapped a nearby guard on the shoulder.

"Psst, where'd he go?" Muffler asked.

"Where'd who g- *BWWAAAAAAAAA!!!*"

The guard, with a flash of light, froze in place and fell to the floor, suddenly a statue of gold.

"Amazing!" cried Muffler.

"Incredible!" cried Sir Mine of Key.

"Neat!" cried the small Wrenchite.

"Aaaahh, that's old hat." said an older guard. Everyone looked at him. "Old Midas used to do better than that in his sleep."

• • •

The next day, King Muffler had all the people in his kingdom send all their useless junk to the palace, anded all day he turn item after worthless item into pure gold, Aurrum, whatever. The people in nearby villages could see a glowing radiance coming from the royal castle as Muffler created gold, gold, and more gold.

Muffler had taken precautions, of course. He had prepared himself for this miracle. He had a cap made to cover his finger so he would not turn everything he touched into gold.

The day after that, he returned to the throne-room as usual and began the orders of the day.

"TREASURY REPORT!!"

The same seven men rushed into the room, and the same two guards were inadvertently crushed by the opening doors. The rookie made it further than last time, though. This time he made it almost halfway to the throne before he was inevitably trampled. He was getting the hang of things.

Muffler was in an exceptionally good mood. So good, in fact, that he put up with the tedious prologue of the report. The excrement hit the fan, though, when the actual numbers started to come out.

"There has been a decrease." said the first man.

"Ah, good, a... a what?"

"A ninety-five percent decrease in the treasury." confirmed the second.

"A *WHAT??!!*"

"A decrease. Overnight." repeated the first.

"*WHY??!!!*"

"Well, it seems," explained the third man, "that you had suddenly amassed so much gold, overnight..."

"Sixty-six thousand, four hundred and ninety-two metric decatons, to be approximate," announced the fourth.

"... that the value of gold has plummeted. Decayed. Been massacred. Zinger. Gone."

"I think that stunt of turning the entire north field and Melville Hill into gold was what did it." informed the fifth.

"Suh-suh-suh-Sir Miiiine..." he wailed.

"Yes, my Transformership?"

"Get Arch down here *NOW*."

Sir Mine of Key began to leave.

"And have Melville Hill dug up and brought here as well!" he added after him.

• • •

Muffler made sure his cap was on tight. He tapped a nearby guard, just to make sure.

Arch Entered the throneroom.

"Oh, thank goodness..." breathed Muffler.

"What can I do now, Muffler? By the way, the north field looks very nice, but wasn't there a hill in the middle of it last time I was here?"

Muffler dodged the question.

"Can you alter my wish a slight bit?" asked Muffler, hopefully.

"Oh, I suppose I could. I admire you more than I did Midas, I must say. He asked for almost the same wish and killed one of his family members and almost himself! How did he think he could eat or drink? But you, my boy, you take it all into consideration."

"Almost all of it..." Muffler muffled.

"Hmmm?"

"Oh, nothing... nothing..."

September 16, 1993

She's a sweetheart, She's a pal, Hurrah for Kat, the Birthday Gal!

Here's your chance to say:

"Happy Birthday
Kat!"

from:

_____ (your name)

check one:

- a friend
- a nodding acquaintance
- a co-worker
- a complete stranger

cut this out and mail to Kat at E25-335, MIT

cut me out! -- cut me out!

"Well, what can I do?" asked Arch, sitting down next to Muffler, failing again to cross his legs.

"I would like everything, *that I want to*, to turn into a wad of money when I touch it with my right index finger. Can you do that?"

"Aaaaah, that's going to be a little more tricky, you see, because of your thought interaction. But it shouldn't be impossible... Tell you what; I'll work on the spell, and by... what's today? Monday?... by Friday I can be here with the spell."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" said Muffler, standing up and shaking Arch's hand vigorously.

"Now then, young fellow, there's no need to get all excit-BWWAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Arch keeled over, made of gold.

Muffler stared at Arch, then looked at his right hand. The cap had somehow slipped off.

"Oh no, poor Arch, poor Arch..."

"Oh, don't fret, your moneiness," said the old guard, reassuringly, "this has happened before. Old Midas must have done it to Arch at least twice. Just leave him out in the cold, and he'll be fine.

"It'll take about a month for him to change back, though."

"A month?! I can't wait a month, the citizens are thinking of a revolution!"

"Here, men," said the guard, ignoring Muffler, "let's take him outside."

Four guards grabbed at Arch's gold body, but their hands past though him without purchase.

"Hmmm..." said the guard, "didn't have that problem last time... ol' Arch must be getting kinda shabby. I guess we'll have to open all the windows and doors in the castle. Hope you don't mind..."

Muffler shook his head, oblivious of his loss of control.

• • •

"TREASURERS!!" yelled Muffler, and was blinded by the fog created by his own breath.

This time, eight men arrived.

"I did it, guys, I made it!!" cried the rookie.

"Treasurers," said the King, "I need a plan for getting a profit on this gold. The last inside report indicates that people are beginning to request that jewelry be made of lead, rather than gold now."

"Ouch!" they all cried in unison.

"And that the value," continued Muffler, "is just about even with sheep guts... and we all know how unpopular sheep guts are... Any suggestions?" Everyone grimaced.

"I know," yelled the third treasurer, "make sheep guts more valuable!"

"Anything else besides brother William's contribution?"

"Start making all third place awards out of gold instead of bronze!" said the fifth.

"Sell it to the airline industry to make their planes out of!" said the fourth.

They all turned to him.

"What the Hell are you talking about?" screamed Muffler, "The airline industry hasn't even been *conceived* of yet!"

The fourth treasurer shrugged sheepishly, "I... I..."

"I've got it! I've got it!" screamed the rookie, "We'll gather all the gold and store for a month, maybe two. Then when the price of gold goes up, we'll let it back into the market a little at a time!"

Muffler's eye's lit up. "You're a genius, boy!"

"A brainiac!" yelled the others. "Our problems are solved!"

"And while we're doing that," added Muffler, "we can bring some of it to the other kingdoms! They're mad for it there!"

Before he had finished, Muffler knew he had found the best solution possible. With whoops and cheers, the treasurers celebrated the premature victory.

"This kingdom will be rich!" shouted Muffler, smiling, "We're all going to be rich... just like *that!*"

King Muffler snapped his finger, and the cap on his finger flew off.

The cap hit the rookie across the nose. It bounced off various other heads of treasurers. It ricocheted many times from wall to wall of the throneroom, and finally, hit Muffler in the eye.

"OW!" he cried.

He massaged his wounded eyelid with both hands.

Outside, as the villagers climbed up the hill on which the royal castle stood, carrying pitchforks, hoes, and weed-wackers, they saw, for the last time, a glow emanating from the windows of the castle.

21ST CENTURY Romance

"MY RED-SHIFTED VALENTINE"

BY JIM BREDT

I FIRST MET HIM IN THE ROCK CONCERT



HIS FACE WAS NICE. IT WASN'T ONE OF THE STOCK FACES THE VIRTUAL REALITY SERVICE PROVIDES. HIS OPENING LINE WAS OVER-REHEARSED.



HI.

I WAS READY TO TUNE HIM OUT WHEN SOMETHING VERY UNUSUAL HAPPENED.

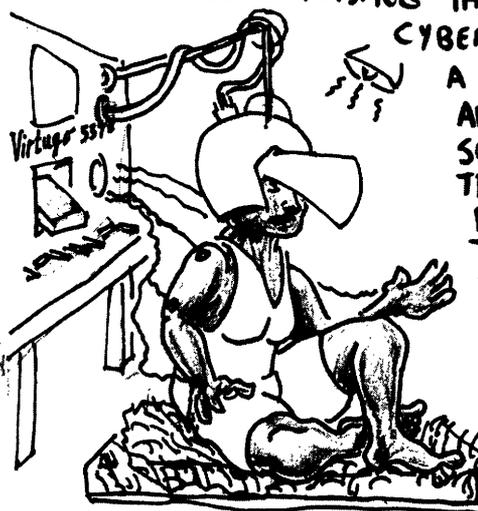


CRAPAZULA! NOT NOW!

"ALL OF A SUDDEN HE JUST STARTED TO MELT AWAY."



I HAD BEEN CRUISING THE SINGLES CYBERSPACE FOR A FEW MONTHS AND I'D MET SOME PRETTY TRANSPARENT MEN, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME ONE SIMPLY DISSOLVED BEFORE MY EYES.



WHEN HE REALIZED THAT HIS BODY WAS VANISHING HIS MANNER BECAME MUCH MORE NATURAL



MY NAME IS MICK! WHAT'S YOURS?

CELIA.





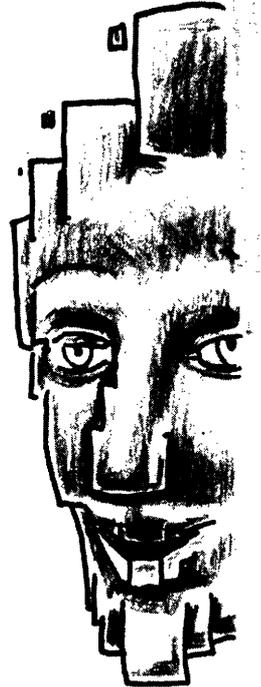
HE WAS REALLY CHARMING. I TALKED WITH THE DISEMBODED HEAD UNTIL IT TURNED INTO A SMALL EGG THAT HOVERED IN FRONT OF ME. I LIKED WHAT I HAD SEEN SO FAR, SO I WAITED UNTIL HE BEGAN TO REMATERIALIZE

I LIVE ON AN ASTEROID CALLED H-105. IT ROTATES SLOWLY AND PERIODICALLY INTERRUPTS MY COMMUNICATIONS.



MY ORBIT CARRIES ME NEAR EARTH ONLY A FEW DAYS EVERY THREE YEARS.

WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER TO DINNER AND I'LL SHOW YOU.



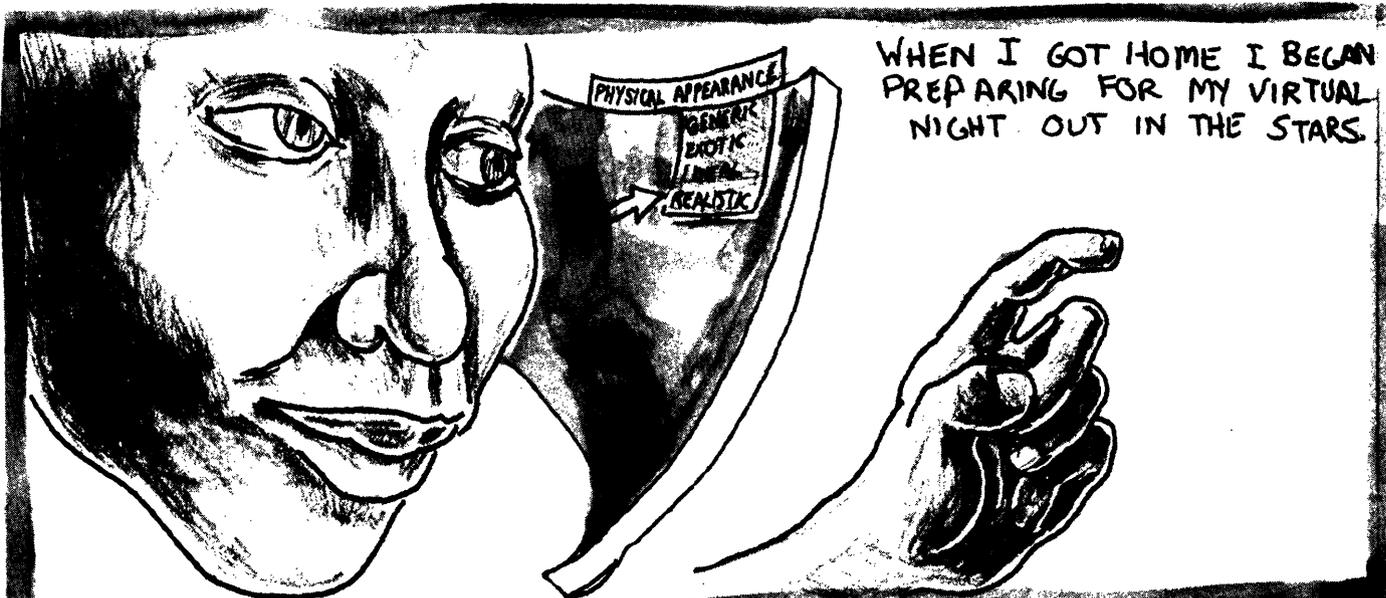
I CARRY CARGO IN AN ECCENTRIC ORBIT BETWEEN EARTH AND MARS. IT'S LONELY WORK, BUT IT PAYS PRETTY WELL.

WHAT KIND OF CARGO DO YOU CARRY?

WE MADE PLANS FOR THE NEXT EVENING.

ALL THE NEXT DAY AT THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG I COULDN'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT THAT NIGHT'S DATE.





WHEN I GOT HOME I BEGAN PREPARING FOR MY VIRTUAL NIGHT OUT IN THE STARS.

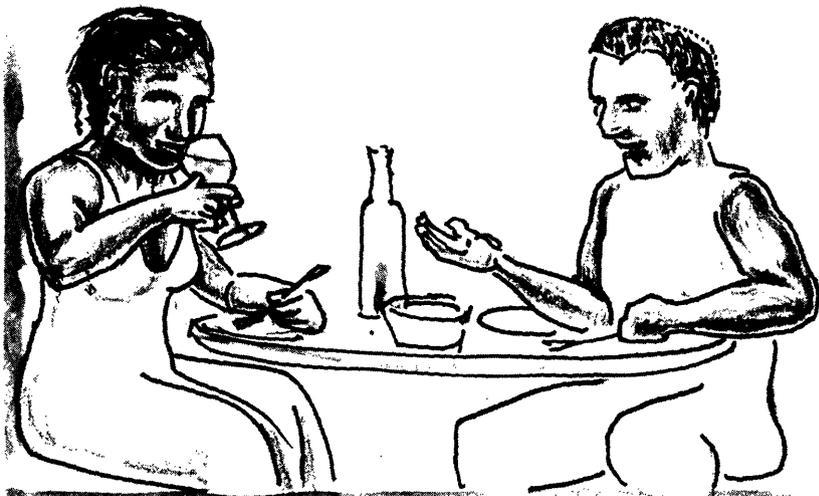
ASTEROID H-105 CAME THROUGH LOUD AND CLEAR THAT EVENING. MICK SAID THIS WAS HIS CLOSEST APPROACH TO PLANET EARTH.



THE VIEW WAS MARVELOUS.



DINNER WAS VERY PLEASANT



ALL OF THE SMELLS AND FLAVORS WERE GENERATED BY MY VIRTUAL REALITY SYSTEM ACCORDING TO RECIPES SUPPLIED IN A DATA STREAM FROM H-105. FOR THE MOST PART, THE FLAVORS SEEMED FAIRLY ACCURATE EXCEPT FOR THE MARTIAN EUGLENA WINE WHICH TASTED ALIEN. THE MAIN COURSE WAS DELICIOUS. WHEN I ASKED WHAT IT WAS, ALL HE SAID WAS "IN SPACE NOTHING GOES TO WASTE."

AFTER DINNER WE TALKED UNDER THE STARS.
HE HAD TIME TO READ ALL THE CLASSICS...

IT WAS VERY ROMANTIC
EXCEPT WHEN HE
TRIED TO PUT HIS
ARMS AROUND ME.

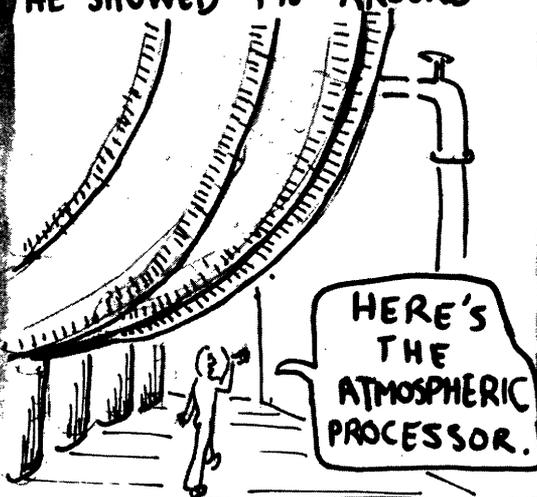


ODPS! DARN IT!



I FEEL A LOT LIKE THE
SILVER SURFER SOMETIMES...
WANDERING THROUGH THE HEAVENS ENDLESSLY.

HE SHOWED ME AROUND



HERE'S
THE
ATMOSPHERIC
PROCESSOR.



HERE'S ALGAE
FOR THE
KIDS TO
EAT.

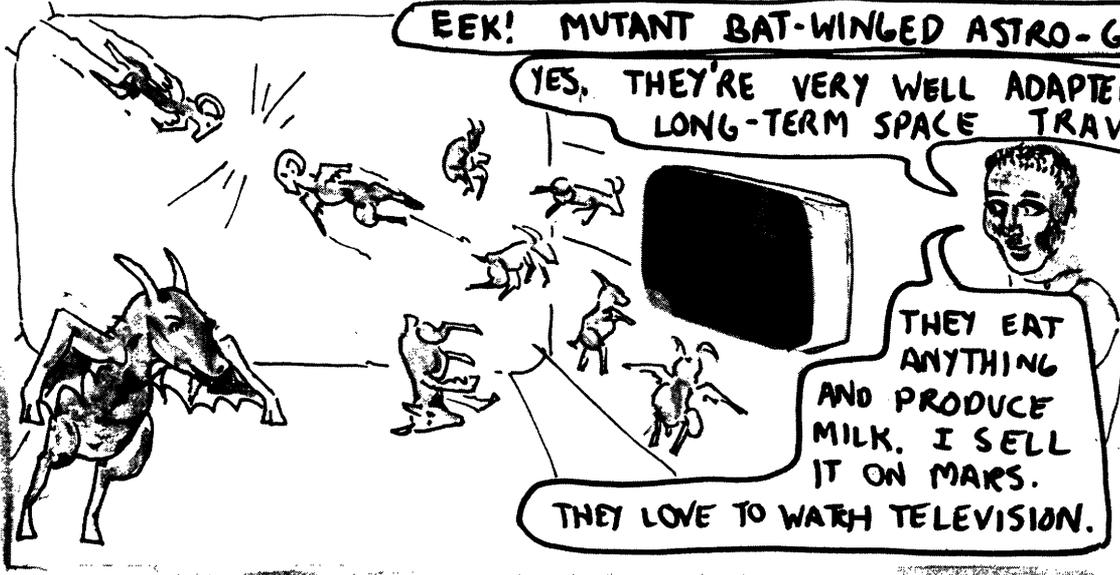
KIDS?
I
THOUGHT
YOU
WERE
ALONE.

OH NO!
LET ME
INTRODUCE
YOU TO THE
KIDS!



E EK! MUTANT BAT-WINGED ASTRO-GOATS!

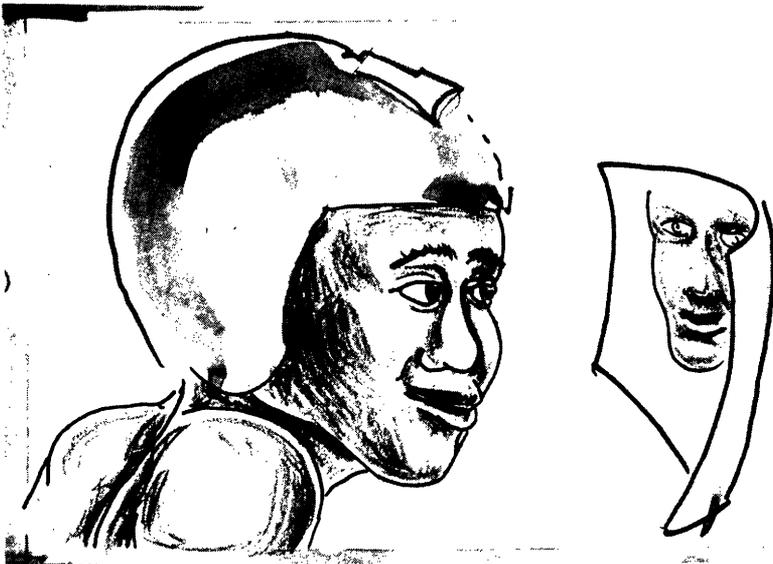
YES, THEY'RE VERY WELL ADAPTED TO
LONG-TERM SPACE TRAVEL.



THEY EAT
ANYTHING
AND PRODUCE
MILK. I SELL
IT ON MARS.

THEY LOVE TO WATCH TELEVISION.





WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER THE HOURS PASSED LIKE MINUTES. HE HAD A LOT TO TALK ABOUT AND TIME WAS PASSING FAST. THERE WAS SEVERAL SECONDS OF DELAY IN OUR COMMUNICATIONS. HIS SIGNAL WAS GETTING WEAK, SO I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE.

THE NEXT EVENING WE MET AT MY PLACE
SORRY ITS SO TERRESTRIAL



I NEVER THOUGHT VIRTUAL SEX WOULD BE SO GOOD.



HE WANTED TO MAKE LOVE IN MY BEDROOM AND I WANTED THE STARS SO WE COMBINED THE DATA.





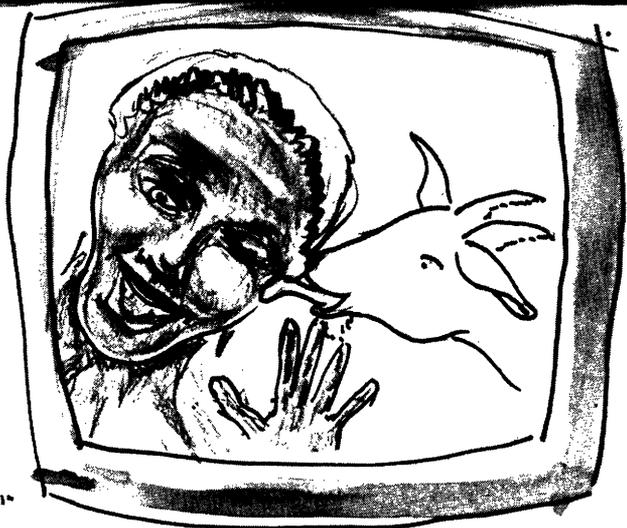
AS THE DAYS
TURNED TO
WEEKS HE
BECAME MORE
DISTANT. THE
VIRTUAL REALITY
SYSTEM NO
LONGER
WORKED.
WE EXCHANGED
VIDEO FRAMES
AND LONG
LETTERS



I WAS / /
MISSING
HIS SMILE.

WEEKS TURNED INTO MONTHS AND
THE TIME DELAY GREW TO
SEVERAL MINUTES. SOLAR
FLARES WOULD CUT HIM OFF
FOR DAYS ON END. ONE DAY
AFTER A PARTICULARLY LONG
HIATUS I RECEIVED A SINGLE
VIDEO FRAME AND THIS MESSAGE:

"these goats were smarter than anyone
thought. They have converted H-105 into
a starship and they want to explore the
galaxy. I don't know how long it will take
but I'll come back for you. I PROMISE!!"

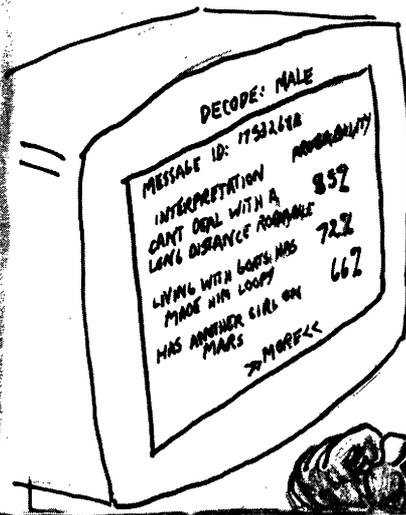


I WAS PRETTY BEWILDERED
AND THE ADVICE PROGRAM
WAS NO HELP.

YOU DONT UNDERSTAND MEN
ANY BETTER THAN ME!

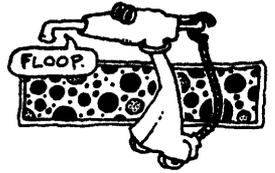


I HAVENT HEARD FROM
HIM SINCE. THE COMPU-
TER THINKS I SHOULD
FORGET HIM, BUT I STILL
HOPED HE WOULD ORBIT
BACK. IT WAS FUN
WHILE IT LASTED AND
I WOULD
ALWAYS HAVE
OUR NIGHT
TOGETHER. I
SAVED A
BACKUP COPY.

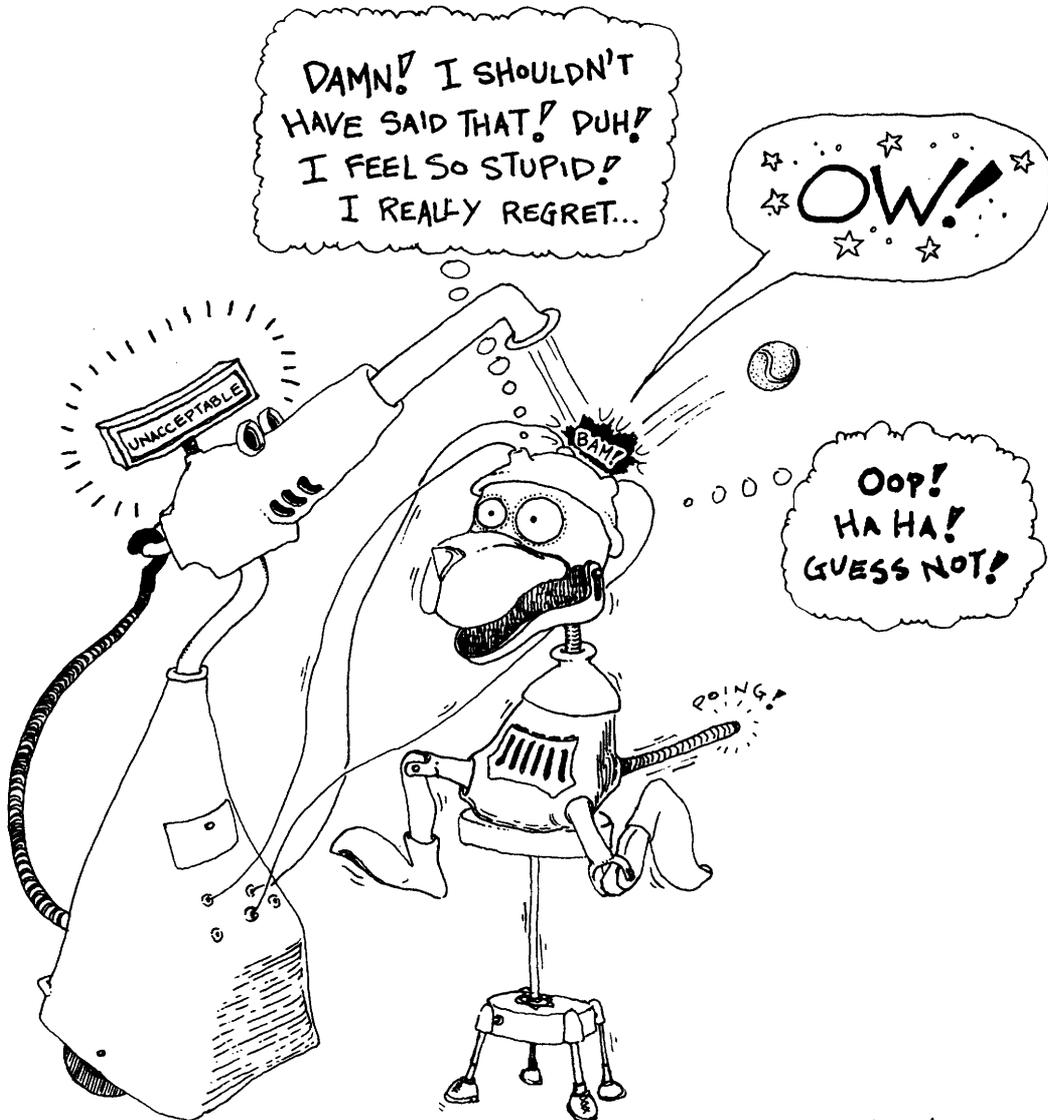


DECODE: MALE
MESSAGE ID: 1758268
INTERPRETATION 85%
CANT DEAL WITH A 85%
LONG DISTANCE ROMANCE 72%
LIVING WITH GOATS HAS 66%
MADE HIM LOOPY
HAS ANOTHER GIRL ON
PLANS
MORE

A LIFE SPECIALLY ENGINEERED TO HAVE NO REGRETS



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



Cherry Ogata '93

HEURISTIC FEEDBACK PROGRAMMING

How the Nubile Young Nymph played Strip Poker with a flock of Penguins from Antarctica in the Caverns of Mount Kilomonjaro

by Archibald Krantz

Fit and his brother Calus were on Olympus Highmount in a room with Zeus Quicktemper. Fit was arguing with Zeus about how Zeus would never play with him or Calus. Both Fit and Calus are sons of Ares Warmonger and Daphnid the nymph. Zeus was deeply annoyed with Fit because he was always challenging Zeus to some game or another.

"Grandson mine," Zeus rumbled at Fit, "either you stop your insane contests with everyone or leave Olympus for good!"

"Grandfather Zeus, Thunderer on high, the only thing I can do is win contests against people or gods and grant mortals the power to do the same! I swear by the Styx that the day I don't challenge anyone is the day a flock of well-dressed birds fly up from the bottom of the Earth and move in with me!"



Zeus was displeased by Fit's invocation of the Styx. "You half-god! You villainous cur! You will be sorry for invoking the Styx in such a careless manner! Now leave Olympus and take your lazy brother Calus with you, or suffer the pain of my thunderbolt!" Zeus was mad now, he began fumbling around for his cache of thunderbolts. Frightened, Fit Surewin and his brother Calus left.

They took the wonderful steeds that Poseidon Earthshaker had given them for making his favorite town win a war against the savage Cimmerians. The horses had the power to gallop through the air and water without hindrance. they rode a day and a night until they reached Kilomonjaro, then they let the horses out to pasture and set up a little home in a cavern. There they stayed for many years.

Meanwhile, Daphenis, daughter of Daphnid and her rightful husband Mensor, was praying to Aphrodite Fairform. Daphenis had fallen in love with Prince Melateis of the house of Pelium. Daphenis was a nubile [*of marrying age — ed.*] young nymph, but the voluptuous Seduceis also had her eye on Melateis. Melateis was as yet undecided so the two girls fought savagely for him by giving him gifts of flowers and gold and by whispering words of love in his ears. Aphrodite heard poor Daphenis and came to her in a dream:

"There is naught I can do for you at the moment, dear, but your half-brother Fit may be able to help you. you have merely to best him at a game of his choosing and he will grant you the power to win over Seduceis in your struggle for Melateis. He is living in a cavern with his lazy brother in Kilomon-

jaro. I wish you luck!"

A few days after arriving at Kilomonjaro (a fortnight to be exact) Fit felt profoundly bored. he decided to play a game with Calus; he enjoyed these games even though he always won. "Well, brother mine, do you wish to compete with me in a small game of arm wrestling?"

"I don't care," came the indifferent reply from Calus.

Fit thought a bit. "I'm out of practice..."

"So?"

Fit frowned, then looked up and smiled. "I'll give you a head start!"

"In arm wrestling?"

"Well, I could give you the power to beat me!"

Fit was so bored he was willing to make any concession.

"Still don't care," Calus yawned.

Now Fit was angry at his lazy brother: "You spoil sport! Ingrate! I'm willing to let you win and still you don't want to play? Well, that's it! No more is your beloved brother Fit going to play games of amusement! No more!"

At these words there was a flash of lighting and the roar of thunder and a flock of Penguins from Antarctica flew into the cavern. There, the well-

dressed birds proceeded to unpack their bags and build their nests. "Oh no!" Fit sobbed. "My accursed oath on the Styx has been invoked! Calus, this is all your fault!"

The nymph Daphenis, who had followed the Penguins into the cavern, came up to Fit and proclaimed, "I have come to best you at a game of your choosing, half-brother Fit!"

Fit was rather rattled by the birds and only mumbled: "Strip poker." Then he remembered his latest oath and apologized, "I'm afraid I have sworn not to play games anymore, you'll have to play against my brother Calus... no, wait! Play against these infernal birds, here, I doubt that Calus cares—"

"I don't." he interrupted.

Daphenis looked at Fit, "And if I win, you will grant me the power to beat Seduceis in our contest over my beloved Melateis."

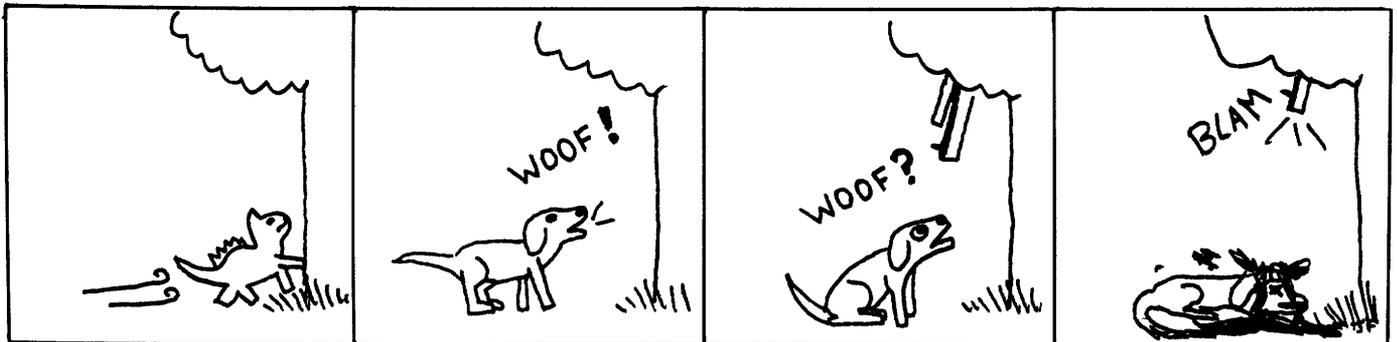
"Agreed." Fit agreed. Daphenis pulled up a chair and took the proffered deck of cards from Fit's hands.

And so a nubile young nymph played strip poker with a flock of penguins in the caverns of mount Kilomonjaro.

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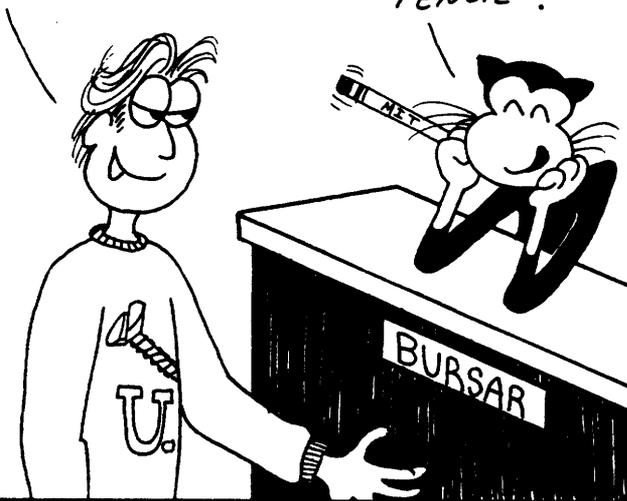


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IF YOU DON'T PAY ALL YOUR TUITION,
THEY'LL STILL LET YOU GRADUATE.
GO AHEAD.... TRY IT!

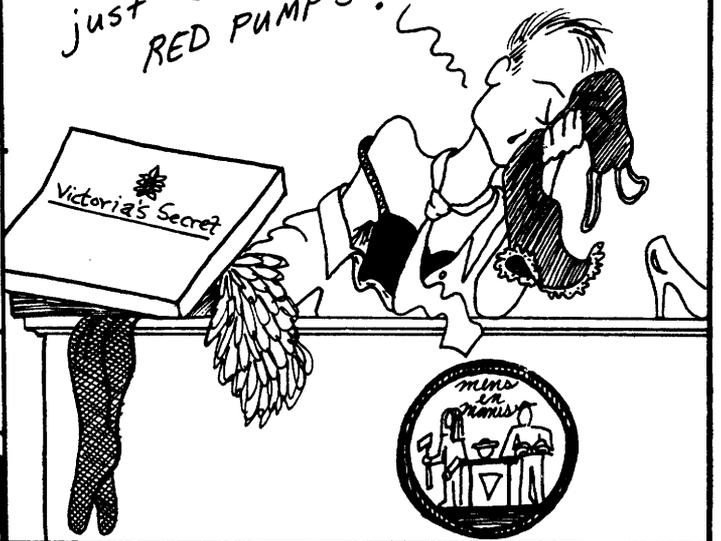
You know, I just
HAD A CHECK FOR
\$21,247.53, BUT....
... I LOST IT!

NO PROBLEM.
CARE FOR A
FREE M.I.T.
PENCIL?

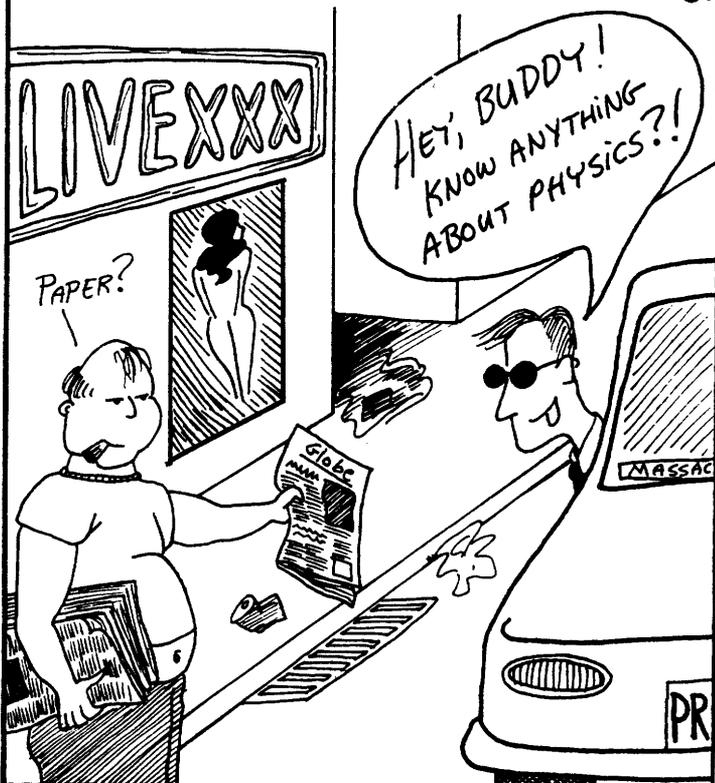


PRESIDENT VEST IS A SUCKER FOR
RED LACE AND CHIFFON.

Mmmm!
These will be stunning.....
just STUNNING.... with my
RED PUMPS!



M.I.T. SCREENS ITS PROFESSORIAL FACULTY WITH A FINE-TOOTHED COMB.



HEY, BUDDY!
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT PHYSICS?!

THERE REALLY IS A GUY WHO'S BEEN WORKING ON HIS THESIS FOR 17 YEARS

HONEY....
DON'T FORGET,
TONIGHT IS
JUNIOR'S
HIGH-SCHOOL
GRADUATION.

GOOD @GOD
WOMAN!!
CAN'T YOU SEE
I'VE GOT WORK
TO DO?!!



TOM ARNOLD IS A GRADUATE OF M.I.T.

YEAH, LOOK AT THIS!
I GOT THIS ONE MY
FRESHMAN YEAR....
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THE HELL IT
MEANS....
BUT IT
SURE
WAS A
PARTY!



TOSCI'S IS MADE OF
PEOPLE! FOR GOD'S SAKE
IT'S
PEOPLE



WHO TOLD?!

One Night, part III

by James Fleming

We got Oscar when I was five. My Aunt Barbara in Germany thought I needed companionship. I had failed Kindergarden. Teachers said I didn't relate well to the other students and claimed I didn't have the necessary social skills to advance to the first grade. Maybe it was because I sat apart from the other kids and didn't play with them. Maybe it was one too many unexplained disappearances in the school. I have no idea. I don't remember.

I do remember going to the "Dog Orphanage," as my mother put it, to check out the puppies. I remember being shown these two little black dogs. Both were attractive little pups with curly ears and white tuxedo stripes down the chest. One was skinny and sad looking, with straight hair and baleful eyes. The other was fat and curly haired, and tugged at his brother's ears, prancing about, as he was being shown off.

I wanted the skinny one. My mother wanted the fat one, thinking that he was cuter. I really really wanted the skinny one. His anemic bearing and unhappy demeanor seemed to mirror my own character. We got the fat one, because my mother knew best, and I cried. I cried and kicked and screamed until we actually got the dog, and he leapt up and licked me on the face until I fell over backwards giggling, half-heartedly throwing my hands up in defense.

Through some process I don't remember, we named him Oscar, after the grouch, a favorite role model of the time.

Without other siblings, and only a handful of spooky friends seen infrequently outside of school, Oscar rapidly became my chief social focus. We did everthing together. We'd talk together, go for walks together, and fight together, he biting my pants legs and I punching him in the nose. He'd bark and shake my leg back and forth in his jaws as though he had a rabbit caught by the neck. We spent so much time together that my mother had trouble telling us apart. She'd call "Oscar," when she wanted me, and call my name when she meant him. It probably didn't help that I'd often follow him around the house on all fours. This would usually, this would

lead us right into the kitchen, where he'd stay close to mother, waiting for handouts. I'd wait with him, and sometimes we'd get a cookie.

He slept at the foot of my bed with me every night. I really liked that, especially in winter, when his round furry tummy made an excellent foot warmer for my bare feet. This went on until I was about 13, when I got too tall, and would kick him off the bed after falling asleep.

He was a good tracker. I remember when he rudely interrupted Mrs. Stephanowitz's first grade class by pushing the door open with his nose and charging in to see me. He wagged his tail and barked, amidst the laughter of the other children. Mrs. Stephanowitz, however, neither barked, nor laughed, and informed me with a chill in her voice that I'd have to take him home. I got to miss a whole half hour of school by walking him home. If only he had visited me more often...

He never became thin. He never had a chance. My mother would feed us pancakes in the morning, every morning. I'd get four and he'd get six, or maybe he'd get four, and I'd get six. I forget. He got fatter the older he got. He finally died of obesity at age 13. I'm eternally grateful to him for eating those pancakes every morning. If he hadn't of eaten them, that would be me, dead at 13, pancake overdose.

Though chubby, he was still athletic, at least in his younger years. I kept him in good training. Sometimes when we'd go for walks, I'd put my roller skates on, and he'd pull me around Friar Circle, the Army neighborhood we lived in. Sometimes he'd pull me on roller skates, sometimes on my skateboard. We'd go for about forty minutes. Strong neck on that dog.

One day he was out pulling me around on my skateboard when he saw a cat. I have never been so scared by the sight of a cat. We accelerated 0 to 60 in 2 seconds flat. Oscar was determined to have that cat. I leaned way back on my skateboard, laughing exhilarated. The cat went straight, then ran off the street and up a tree. Oscar swerved to follow the cat, and we hit the curb. My skateboard came to a halt and I flew off it to be dragged across

Just Another Athena Minicourse Ad



(The usual owl)

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Matlab
Xess
Maple

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the cement sidewalk and onto the lawn and halfway to the tree. When I got home my mother bandaged my knees and scolded me for being mean to Oscar and making him pull me around. In the future, I stopped wrapping the leash around my wrist, but instead held it more gingerly in one hand.

He exhibited something of Jeckyl/Hyde schizophrenia dependent on whether he was inside or outside. Inside, he was MC polite dog. He never chewed the furniture, and was friendly to guests. He spent most of his time laying on our living room couch on his back, his head on one of the end pillows. His legs dangled in the air, and jerked around a bit as he dreamt. His long ears flopped over so you could see the pinks inside, and his long dog lips peeled back away from his fangs.

He'd stay like that and snore. He took up the whole couch, and if you wanted to sit down next to him, you'd have to kind of rotate his body out of the way, or flip him onto the ground.

Outside he turned into the pudgy predator of the wild. The outdoors was his. The yard was his, the road was his, the sidewalk his, those trees over

there were his, the clump of bushes over across the street were his, and those big shiny cars zooming up and down the street were his. He'd chase the cars, barking and biting at the tires. One day he was a little too successful in his pursuit and had his paw run over. 18 little paw bones broken. They did surgery. He didn't like the cast much. He didn't like porcupines much either, or skunks, come to think of it.

After the cast came off a guy on a motorcycle came to our door and showed us his bloody leg. He explained that he'd been riding up and down the path behind our house when a crazy black dog ran out of our yard and bit him. He expressed his extreme displeasure at being so bitten, and wondered if that dog might be ours. I forget what my parents said to appease the man, but those motorcycles made a lot of noise at night, and I thought he got what was coming to him. That night there wasn't so much noise, and I realized that Oscar and I were often going to agree on just who needed biting.

Later that year I was running some errand with Oscar, walking up the street to some store.

A group of older kids were doing some inscrutable older kid thing farther up the street on the sidewalk. I was curious and went there with Oscar to see what was going on. They were all standing around looking at something on the sidewalk. I wanted to see. One kid turned around and glared at me. "Get outa here, creep."

I looked up at him. "Why?"

"I said, get outa here!" And he pushed me backwards onto my butt, and I screamed in fear.

Oscar leaped up and bit the kid's outstretched arm at the wrist. My hero! The kid screamed and ran off. Oscar stayed by my side and licked my cheek worriedly until I stood up again. We passed the group. No one hassled us. I smiled. Oscar knew who needed biting.

Oscar brought home a dead rabbit one fine Easter morning. Carried it in his mouth and dropped it on the porch. "Bad dog!" I said, "You killed the Easter bunny!" That Christmas I kept him locked in my room, just in case.

You might get the impression that he was a big dog or mean or something. He wasn't. He was a medium sized mutt, about knee height, or a little higher, a cross between a Labrador and a cocker spaniel. He had a lab's long legs and coloring, but the spaniel's curly hair, long ears, and big dark eyes. Everyone said what an attractive dog he was. Except for the kid, and the guy on the motorcycle.

He was a gourmet. Oscar was a gourmet. He could've worked for a cookie company in product development. He would certainly eat oreos, and he really liked pecan sandies, but he would sneer at the cheap cookies my mother sometimes bought to give him. Ever see a dog sneer? You hold the cookie up to his mouth, and he sort of turns his head away from it, looking away from you in shame. So you hold the cookie closer to his mouth, and he lifts that lip up in distaste. Finally he opens his mouth, carefully puts his teeth around it, and carries the cookie away, trying not to get too much of it on his tongue, where he might accidentally taste it. Finally, he chews it, really slow and carefully, with frequent stops, looking at you all the while. You might wonder what business we had giving a dog cookies anyway. I think

it was the drool, and the oriental carpets, and the cleaning of the former off the latter.

Every so often we'd have Pepperidge Farm cookies in the house. If you made the mistake of eating one in front of him he'd make his eyes go big, stare at you hypnotically, push his ears back, and drool in your lap until you gave him one. He'd wolf it down, seemingly too fast to enjoy it, but for the rest of the of the night he'd lie on your feet, or bring you your slippers, or offer to paint the house.

Oscar had this weird way of celebrating his birthday. Actually, I guess WE had the weird way of celebrating his birthdays I'd make him a party hat out of construction paper, a rubber band, two staples, and some tape. Then my mother would thaw a hamburger patty and stick a few candles in it. Then we would (honest to god) sit him at the dinner table in an easy chair, and I'd put the party hat on him. He'd sit looking nervously around, wandering if we were about to take him to the vet or something. We'd light the candles, and sing him happy birthday, as he looked around unhappily. Finally, I'd blow the candles out before his whiskers caught on fire and he'd get to eat the patty.

These days I'm not so convinced he actually enjoyed those parties so much. We did, though.

He had a sixth sense about his birthday. A few times he figured out when it was, and would run away for a few days. He could probably tell what day it was on, because that was the only day of the year he'd see me rubbing my hands together evilly over my pad of construction paper. I don't know what a castrated - oops "fixed" - dog does for fun out in the wild for that long, but he'd be out there for days. Perhaps he gave it extra time just to make sure we weren't going to throw him a party. Sometimes he'd come back on his own, a few times my father had to bail him out of a local pound, and once we found him wandering around on a highway a few miles away, drunk, smelling of cigar smoke, and carrying poker chips.

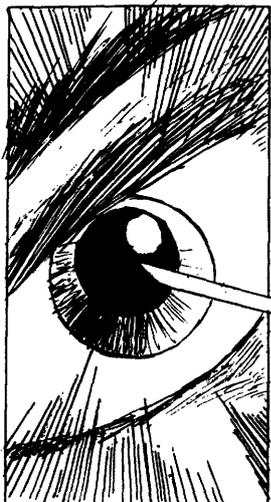
That's how I'll always remember him. Good dog.

[stay tuned for the stunning conclusion to "One Night" next issue ... right James?]

Sometimes, the good
guys don't always
win.



Sometimes, it's the
bad guys.



I can't afford to
let this be one
of those times.



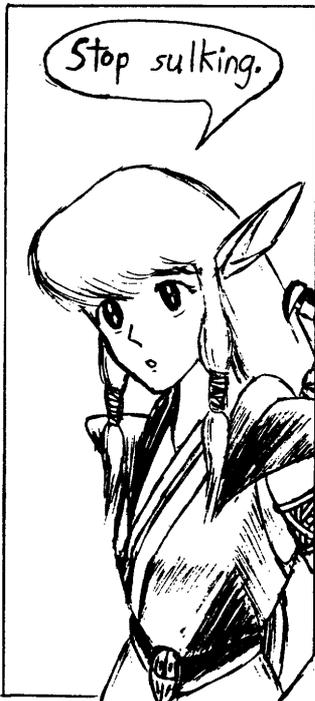
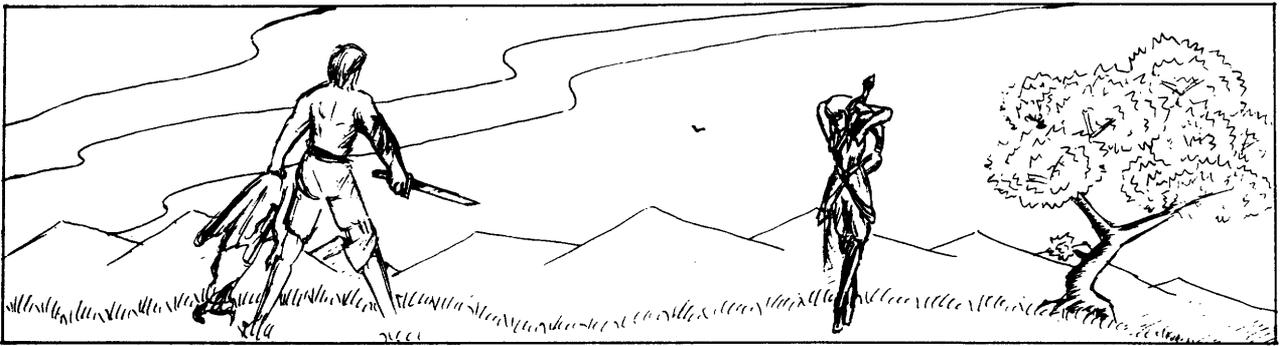


CHAPTER ONE

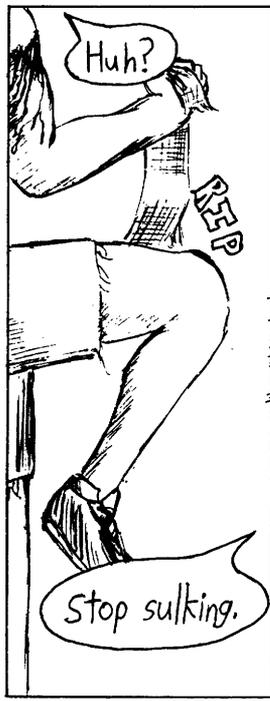
THE

SNARDRAGON CHRONICLES





Stop sulking.



Stop sulking.



You're looking at me like I'm the bad guy again.

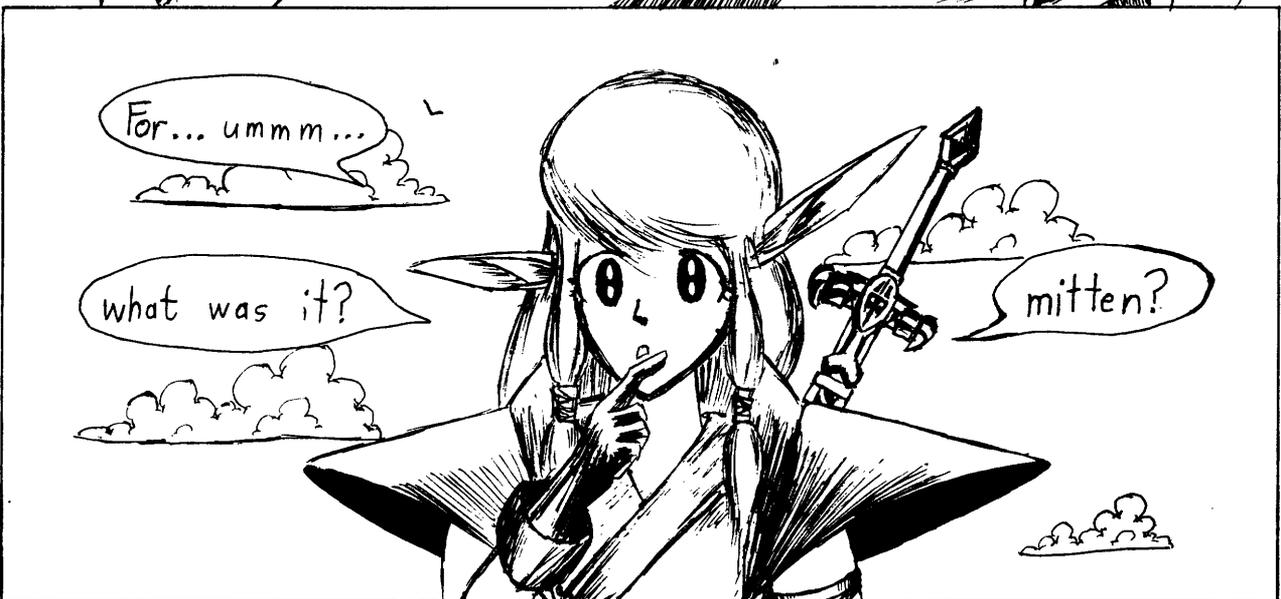
I'm not!

I don't like it, Kent.

I'm not!

Sigh. So, are you ready?

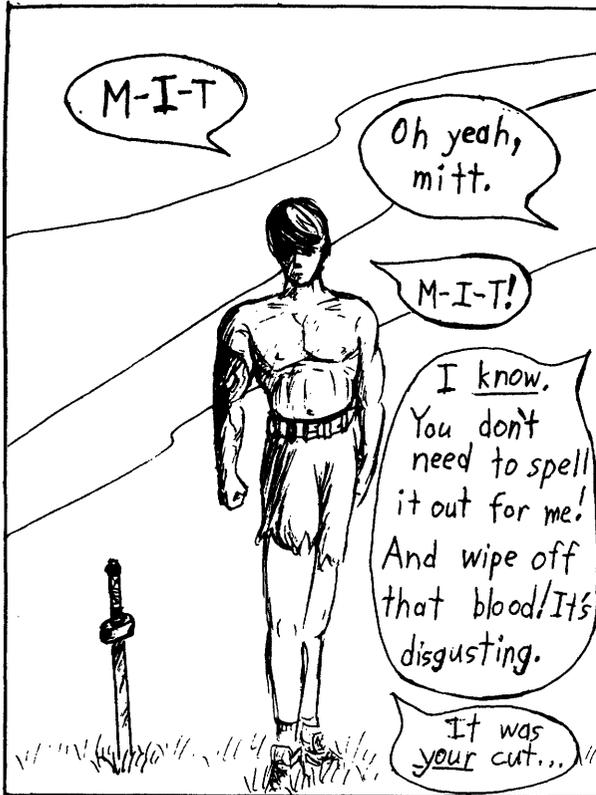
Huh?



For... ummm...

what was it?

mitten?



M-I-T

Oh yeah, mitt.

M-I-T!

I know. You don't need to spell it out for me! And wipe off that blood! It's disgusting.

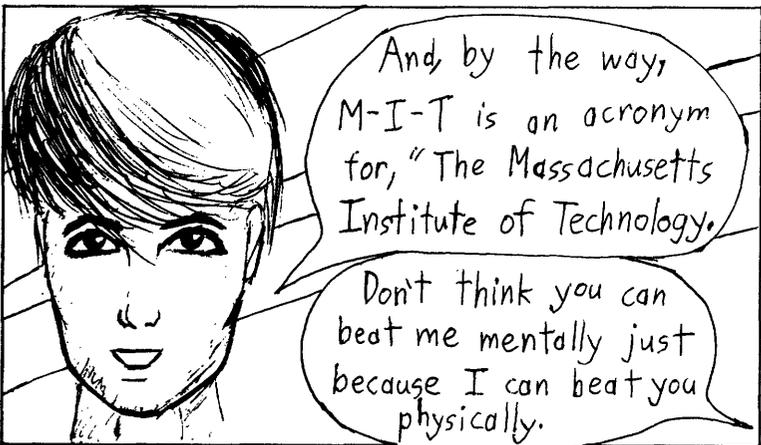
It was your cut...



Well...

If you hadn't been bragging about your healing thingy, I wouldn't have cut you!

And, by the way, "mitt" has two "t's."



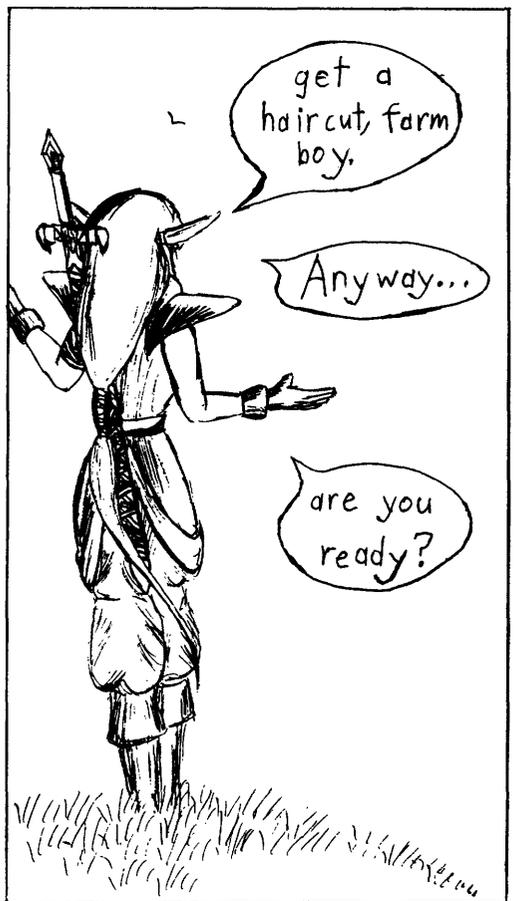
And, by the way, M-I-T is an acronym for, "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Don't think you can beat me mentally just because I can beat you physically.



If it were true, they would've called it, "T-miot"

And, by the way...

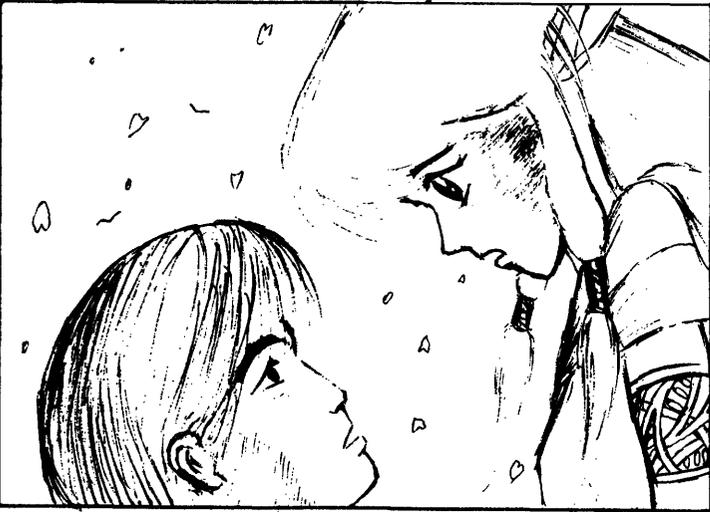
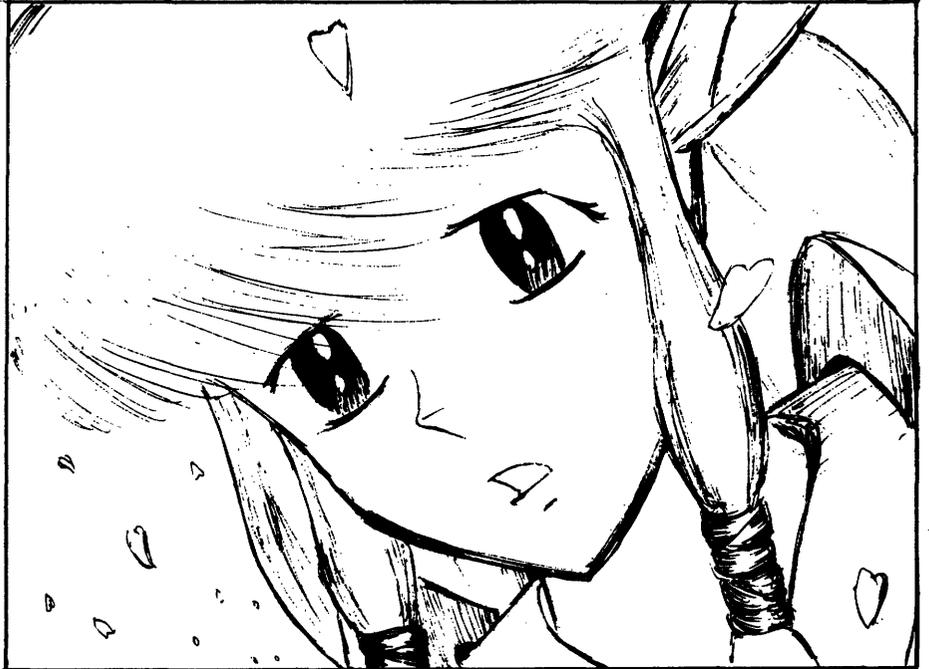
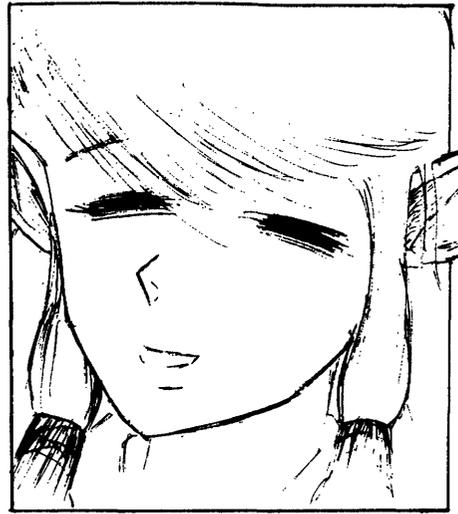


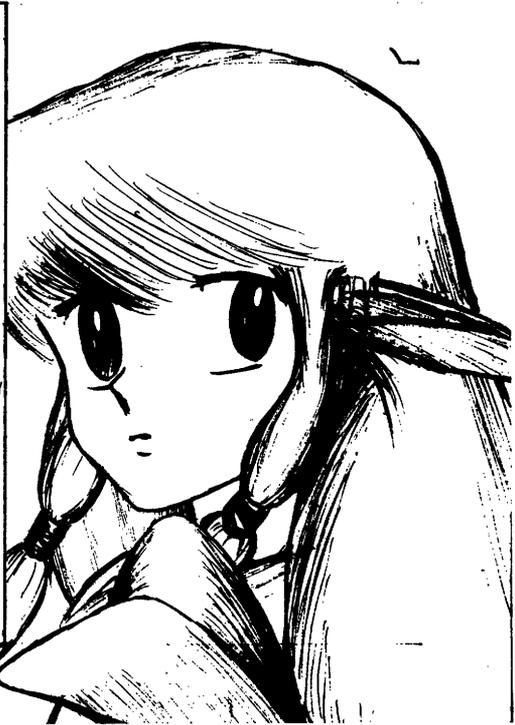
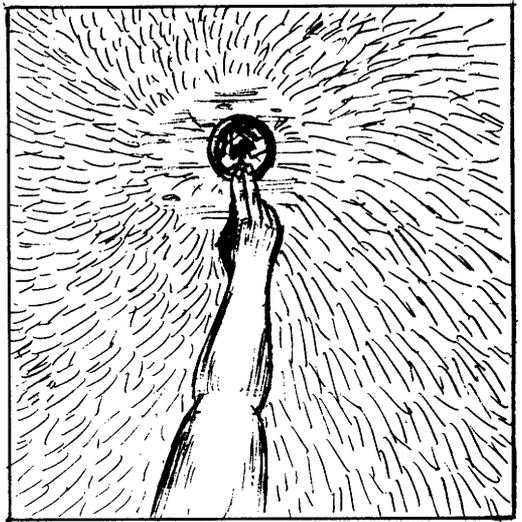
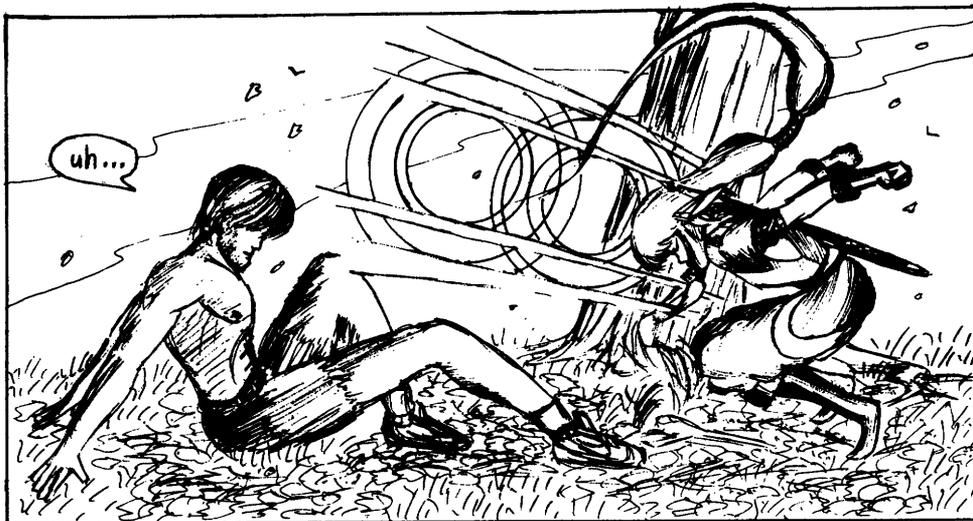
get a haircut, farm boy.

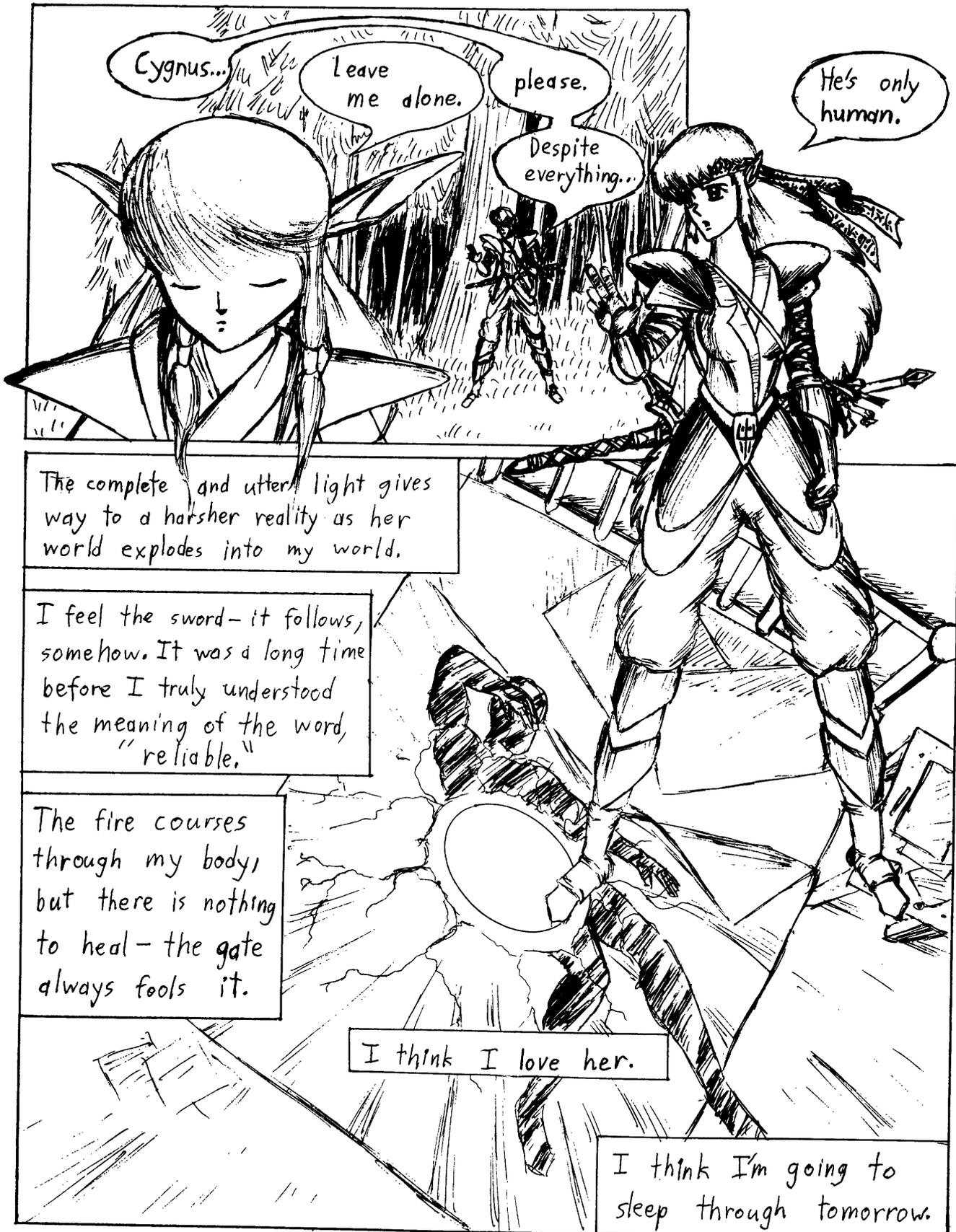
Anyway...

are you ready?









Cygnus...

Leave me alone.

please.

He's only human.

Despite everything...

The complete and utter light gives way to a harsher reality as her world explodes into my world.

I feel the sword - it follows, somehow. It was a long time before I truly understood the meaning of the word, "reliable."

The fire courses through my body, but there is nothing to heal - the gate always fools it.

I think I love her.

I think I'm going to sleep through tomorrow.

Von Nostrilman's Compromise

by Dave Jordan

Augustus von Nostrilman tossed down his blunted Eberhard-Faber #2 with a sigh of satisfaction. The manuscript of his latest story lay before him; a glossy coating of pencil lead glazed the sheaf of newborn pages, much as the mare's rich waters bathe the foal freshly sprung from her innards. Von Nostrilman always wrote his stories in pencil, each delicious stroke of graphite on creamy bond conveying a subtlety, a sensibility, that the high-tech precision of typewriter or word-processor inevitably rendered sterile. This story had coaxed from him, had gone so far as to demand of him, his finest emotions. Make no mistake, the Act of Writing exacted a grievous toll from von Nostrilman. That harsh taskmaster, the Story, marched up and down on his head, then imperiously commandeered the full depth and span of his creative resources — with barely a “Good day to you, sir” to let him know what it was doing. He pled guilty to his heart's accusation that the love he lavished on the fruits of his imagination cost him dearly. Work, strenuous work, brow-moistening work... without this passionate labor, how could his Muse nurture the fledgling characters suckling urgently at the teat of his mind? And how could it midwife the embryonic relationships drawing tenuous sustenance from the placenta of his soul? If you can stomach one more tedious and fulsome metaphor, Gentle Reader, then von Nostrilman's text was his fiefdom, and he served it as both lord and peon: master of the fates of his characters, yet slave to the incessant demands of auctorial parentage. But the Story was worth it.

The Story was always worth it.

This particular story, “Gramps and the Little Ones Grow Closer Together,” described the beautiful bonding of an elderly man with his grandchildren. Crafting his narrative with the warmth, the good humor, and the wisdom which informed his outlook on life, von Nostrilman had sketched a moving portrait of the bridge that Caring can erect between the generations. A wistful tear glittered in the corner of his eye as he reflected anew on the vignette's clos-

ing line: “Awash in the hope and the freshness of youth, Gramps gathered the children around him; the cheerfully crackling fire seemed to symbolize the essence of their vibrant voyage of mutual understanding.”

Von Nostrilman had written a series of stories over the last several years, and many of these had been published in the local journal/newspaper, “The Big Buick”. The day after he finished “Gramps”, von Nostrilman submitted the piece to the journal's editor, Morton Hastings. Hastings read the neatly-penciled manuscript, then glanced up at von Nostrilman and addressed him as follows: “I say, old fellow, this is frightfully fine work you're turning out for us. You certainly have a knack for shedding light on the human condition. Sadly, many people these days simply don't appreciate the finer, the more understated, elements of the glorious saga of life. The modern man wants a dash of spice in his story. He wants a little something to make the blood race, eh?” Hastings grinned at von Nostrilman in the most winning, hail-fellow-well-met style he could muster. “Not to hurt your feelings, old boy; it's all very well to talk about darling little Teddy and Melissa as they get to know more about their grandfather. I'm not saying there's no place for that. But it's the modern way to throw a hint of the old what-for into a story. I'm sure the typical Big Buick reader would find it quite invigorating if you would... well... add some completely unwarranted, gratuitous violence to your stories.”

Von Nostrilman recoiled in horror.

“You insult me, sir! You would have me taint the sincere outpourings of my heart with the sordid, the base, and the cruel? Can you really ask me to compromise the purity of my Vision in order to pander to the lowest common denominator of Man's animalian longings?”

“Yes, old chap, I'm afraid so,” Hastings replied. “If you want your work to continue appearing in The Big Buick, that is.”

Von Nostrilman left The Big Buick's offices in a daze. That night, the stark reality of his choice began to sink into his brain: Either submit a bas-

tardized corruption of his most sincere work for publication, or else resign himself to never again seeing his stories in print. Oh, sure, he could try to find some other periodical to showcase his writing, but would he ever again relish the heady ambience that so naturally attended The Big Buick's prestige and reputation? This was unlikely. After all, The Big Buick had won the "Most Hard-Hitting and Relevant Award" from the Association of Independent Journals and Magazines for eleven straight years. Von Nostrilman's spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak. In the end, he began to think that, yes, maybe just a suggestion of unpleasantness — not out-and-out violence, mind you, merely an allusion to the conflict which sometimes clouds the azure sky of human relationships — might help to liven up his stories a bit.

And so that night he sat down to write "The Disconcerting, Almost Acrimonious Quarrel."

trilman's heart, the turbulent chaos of the waterfall. And his stories reflected this chaos, each fresh effort drawing author and reader alike closer to a glimpse of the maelstrom, the unfathomable abyss, that lies at the base of the soul's phantasmal falls.

Three months — and several published pieces — later, he confronted Hastings with the most recent product of his heart's fancy, "Paul's Pubes." Hastings read the manuscript eagerly, but toward the end a frown spread across his usually jovial features. "I say, old fellow. This is rather pungent stuff. I mean, that part where the two combatants with the enormous man-tubes engage in their... what did you call it? Ah, yes, their 'spewge war'... and the one gladiator dissolves in a pool of his antagonist's 'angry, living seed'...! What I'm trying to tell you, my dear von Nostrilman, is to have a care. Have a care, old chap! You're still providing the reader with a rollicking good battle, I'll not

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Two days later, he seated himself in the plush naugahide armchair in Morton Hastings's office and anxiously awaited the editor's critique of his latest effort. "By Jove, von Nostrilman, I daresay you're getting the hang of it! This is fine stuff, spirited stuff, material we at The Big Buick would be proud to run under our banner! The scene where Roger McIntyre kind of... well, brushes his knuckles against Andrew's nose in a fit of pique... That's capital entertainment! That's the modern way, old boy! Our readers are going to have a regular camping holiday with this one!"

And so von Nostrilman's writing career, which until now had run the gentle course of a mighty but peaceful river — a river secure in its wisdom and flowing implacably toward the dual goals of enrichment and enlightenment — took a rather abrupt turn. The river's serene power became, in von Nos-

deny that. But the implications, sir! I ask you to examine the implications of what you're saying! Is all that spewge-ing and whatnot necessary? Will the reader find wholesome diversion in all those wildly exuberant references to 'gushing cream-stream geysers of acidic immolation'? Must the damage your characters inflict upon one another be so relentlessly grotesque? Did I mention all that horrid spewge? You are approaching the boundaries of good taste, old man. Think of the women and children who read The Big Buick! Think of all that spewge!"

But his remonstrances fell upon deaf ears. Von Nostrilman had compromised his Art, and the road to degradation which had so rapaciously welcomed travel in the descending direction would in no wise acquiesce to easy passage in the reverse. Von Nostrilman's journey, a journey of the Inner Man, would begin in the false dawn of compromise and end in

darkness. Perhaps a glance in his eyes would have revealed to the discerning onlooker a bittersweet, nostalgic reflection of the man he had once been. Morton Hastings possessed no such gift of discernment, however, and as he read von Nostrilman's next offering, "Sondra Mosli's Moist, Tasty Cakes of Damnation," he could find little time for eulogizing the author's sacrificed integrity. In fact, he found himself hard pressed to remain master of his own gorge, and at length he turned his head from the manuscript and projectile-vomited a chunky torrent of partially digested lunch. When at last he could speak, he turned his tormented eyes upon von Nostrilman and gasped, "What are you thinking of, old fellow? Where is the Humanity in this?"

Quite a few of The Big Buick's readers tossed their loads too, as "Sondra Mosli..." hit the stands in the next issue.

When the end finally came, it featured a lurid stagemash, dinner, drinks... and for cover charge, the Fate of a World.

Von Nostrilman walked into The Big Buick's offices three weeks later and placed "The Truly Horrendous Story" before Morton Hastings. The editor picked it up with trembling hands, turned the page, and began to read. Somewhere around the sixth page of the manuscript, a pitiful whine began to build in Hastings' throat. His eyes seemed to bulge under the relentless pressure of some unseen, internal bodily swelling; great droplets of lymph 'n' blood, struggling for release from the confinement of his pores, arranged themselves in globular clusters on his waxy skin. At the next-to-last page, a coterie of violent muscular twitches introduced his body to the convulsive writhing of spasm's dominion. He concluded the story, sprang from his chair and moaned from the ruined depths of a soul that was no longer fully sane,

"For the love of God, von Nostrilman! For the love of God!"

With that, he sank a clawing hand into his pocket and withdrew his car keys. The whine now burst into a scream of panic and despair as he sav-

agely (and somewhat redundantly, as things turned out) drew the keys in jagged, scarlet arcs across his wrists. Then he turned from von Nostrilman, slammed into the office's plate glass window, and plunged to his death forty stories below.

The Big Buick hit the streets the next day.

And that's when the rioting and looting began.

The White House subscribed to The Big Buick, and when the President picked up the latest issue and read "The Truly Horrendous Story," he immediately called in the Joint Chiefs of Staff. All across the country, puzzled and frightened young soldiers manning our missile silos received instructions to turn their keys and initiate launch sequences. A lethal barrage of nuclear firepower sped mindlessly toward every point on the globe. In the Kremlin, the Premier flung down his Cyrillic issue of The Big Buick, picked up the red phone on his desk, and impetuously ordered, "That's it. Do 'em now. Do all of 'em. Do 'em on up. Throw everything we have at everyone." At No. 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister staggered away from the pages spread before him and delivered the globe's epitaph: " 'Tis better to snuff the guttering candle of Man now than to permit this putrefaction to debauch the Cosmos."

As the fool's parade of life on Earth sounded its last reckless trumpet blast, von Nostrilman sat back in his study's easy chair. The television provided the room's sole illumination. A pale newscaster was reading portions of "The Truly Horrendous Story," pausing periodically to beg of his audience, "Please, someone — anyone — kill me. I don't want to live anymore." Von Nostrilman's tired, care-worn hands cradled the manuscript of his first published piece, "The Joy that Kittens Bring." He marvelled at the innocence of his early work: How sweet had been his draughts from the fountain of Imagination in those days! He had little time for revery, though: He turned his face to the study window, and the blinding flash from a nearby nuclear surface blast claimed his eyes. Oblivion followed momentarily, and von Nostrilman drank deeply of the silvery-dark waters of Lethe.

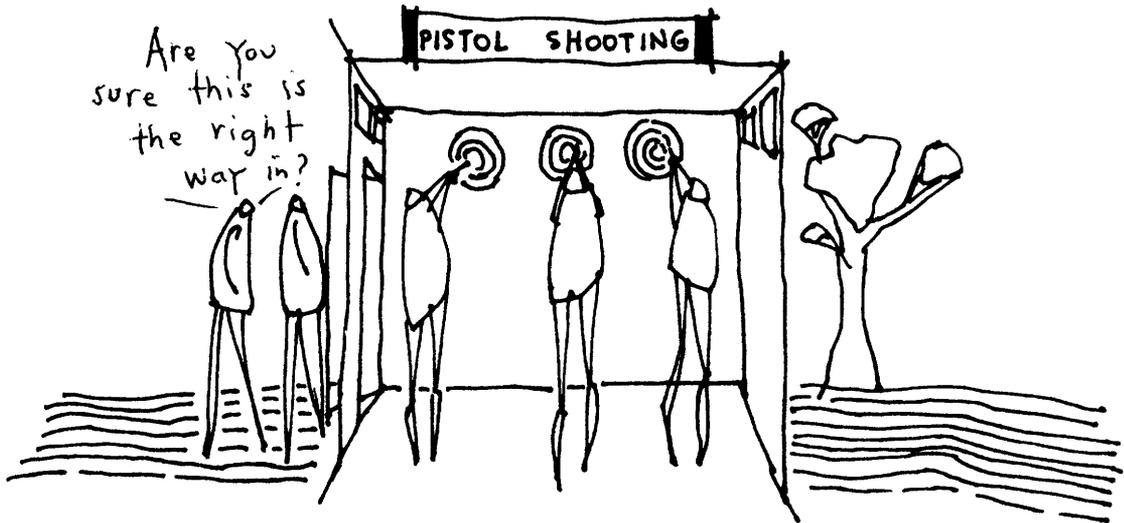
VooDoo Horoscope

by Raluca Barbulescu

Aries: Everyone will be drawn towards you smile today.



Leo: All of your dreams will come true today!

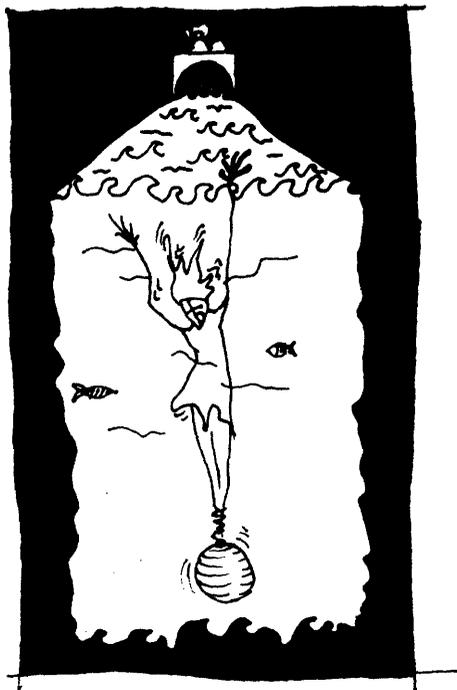


Capricorn: Unannounced visits should be put off until later.

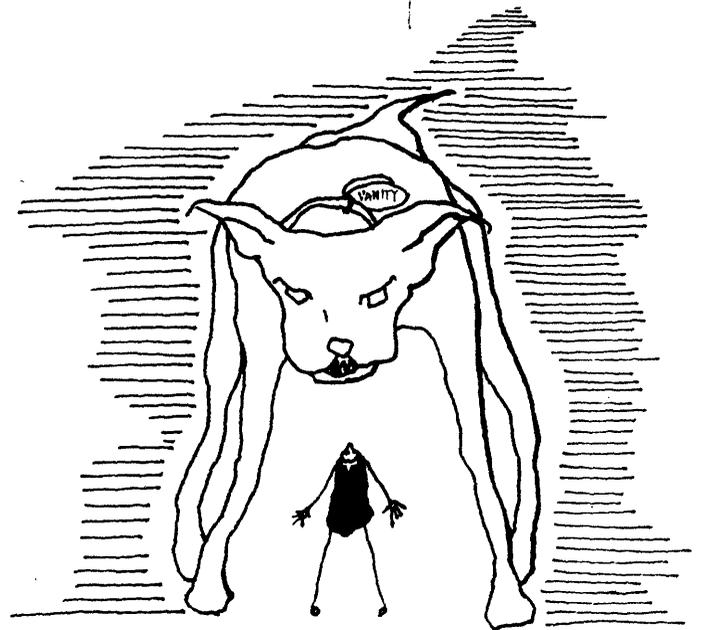
Cancer. The secrets of
the heart are many. Who
knows what yours
may hold.



Oh Lydia! Look at the pretty water lily!



Pisces: Things are
not always as they seem.



Gemini: Vanity
is your worst enemy.
You must overcome it.



Libra: Remember -
a step in front is always
better than a step behind.

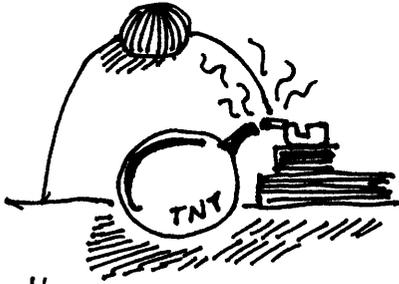


So



Taurus: Your partner may
have some distressing
news today. Stay calm.

Vi



Sagittarius: Remember - genius is in the details.



Virgo: Today you may find your Mr. Right!

① Aquarius: Beware of fawning strangers.

② Scorpio: Today is your chance to meet the love of your life.

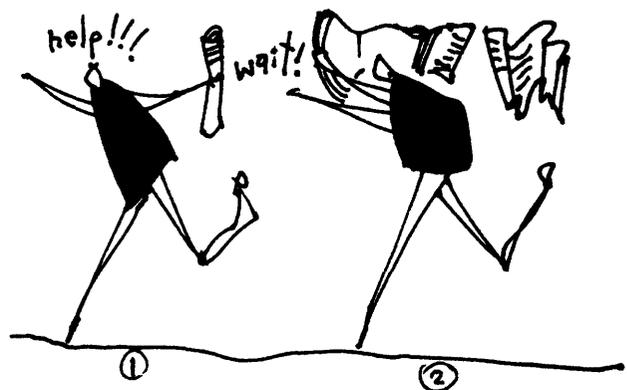
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The following astrological forecast should not be read for entertainment value only. Such predictions have reliable basis in scientific fact.



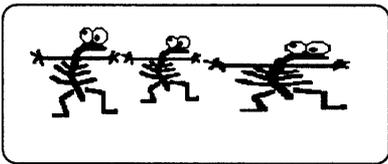


Raging Dave

By Dave

Hugh, that was a wonderful piece on the plight of poor battered wives it really choked me up. Barbara, I'm glad you liked that piece , now shut the fuck up because it's time to end the show. Wait, just a minute, Hugh, you bad hair transplant recipient, I, me, the glorious one, the only interviewer around here who has the talent to make the big Celebes cry, I, Barbara, the pioneer who has fought long and hard to "wha-wha" my way up to the top has the imperial right to say -- We're in touch so you be in touch! ♀ ♀ ♀ I say its time to torch both Hugh Downs and Barbara Wha-wha. Who are these old farts and why should we have to listen to their insipid babble. I mean , my god, haven't they sucked enough entertainment dollars considering the pathetic lack of talent and general news-unworthiness of their lame magazine show. Lets bring back John Candy and his SCTV bit where they blowup celebrities. I need to see that , in fact I suspect Hugh and Barbara would "Blowup Good! Real Good!" Ok, ok , ok I'm going to have to calm if I'm going to make it through this article ☹

I'm going to dance , I feel my self tensing. Ok, I've stabilized.



That was important because now I must move on to the main thesis of the article which I respectfully submit as a somewhat all knowing member of the X-generation: **All Baby Boomers must be exterminated!** Lets face it, they are a plague. To illustrate let's enumerate all the wonderful contributions of the Baby Boomers to date which essentially merits their death:

1.) They have inundated us with nonstop babbling, countless reminiscing about this incredibly lame Woodstock, which of course

none of them attended. In addition, Woodstock, as a show, doesn't even amount to a watered down, significantly scaled back Lollapaloosa.

2.) Baby Boomers drug induced, free sex experiments of the 60's and 70's are today responsible for AIDS. Their generation has denied us yet again another perk of adulthood. These greedy bastards are also responsible for the worldwide shortage of fossil fuels (remember this was the generation sucking down gas at about 5 cents a gallon in their gas guzzling V-8, GTO's as they dropped acid and fucked their hippie girlfriends in the "motel of a back seat" of their gargantuan cars.) They are responsible for the general mess of the economy and finally, as if all this wasn't enough, they are responsible for the reckless, uncontrolled (note the previous adjectives are classically associated with Boomers) proliferation of **Talk Shows!**

3.) These Boomer drug addicts, who incidentally, are now responsible for a record increase of drug usage among the age brackets of late thirty to late forty year olds (it's a fact -- look it up) have the nuts to deny recreational drug usage to their own kids. Lets face it X-tacy is no where near as heinous as LSD and Heroin. But yet these cocaine sorting Boomers come down hard on the younger generation for even daring to have a crumb of a pleasurable moment. No, the Boomers believe, and continue to believe, that only their generation should be allowed to enjoy life. In fact, the generation which coined the phrase "You can't trust anyone over thirty ", now professes, "You can't trust anyone under thirty" --- for this alone Boomers must be eradicated from the planet! It's us against these fat, resource sucking Boomers.

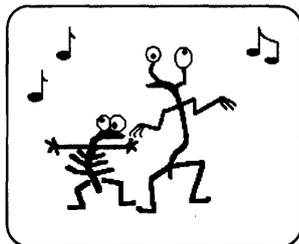
4.) The Boomers, who represent the most highly educated population in this country, are systematically ruining our secondary school systems and dooming an entire generation to employment that consists of flipping burgers

under a couple of golden arches. This plot is being simply implemented and done in a manner consistent with Boomer greed: they refuse to pay their real estate taxes. In town after town Boomers are consistently voting in tax initiatives to reduce their tax burdens. They effectively are saying, "We've got our education, so fuck you , fuck your kids, fuck your kids, kids *** we don't want to give up a dime of our money". Well, the joke is on these stupid, greedy boomers, because when these hatchet heads become senior citizens looking for their government checks and trying to suck money out of the generation they now loath --- there ain't going to be any money. It's all going to be gone. The workers who will be kicking into the tax base are all going to be uneducated hamburger flippers who of course will realize the fat old people struggling along in their walkers carrying their big bag of "Depends" have all the wealth. This of course will lead to continual and nonstop assaults on these Boomers and old Dave has only one response:

You reap what you sow

5.) Finally, the latest contribution of the Boomers is a pot smoking, draft dodging, womanizing, suck anyone's butt for a vote President. The Honorable President Bill "hard-on" Clinton. Oh, by the way Billy-boy represents one of the brightest and best of his generation ☸☸☸ God help us all. Now that Billy-boy is at the helm of a failing economy and his psychotic lawyer/wife is dismantling any health care possibilities for the following generation ☸*☸* old Dave here is at peace, since I now know the end is near. Let's take a little dancing break, it might feel good right about now!

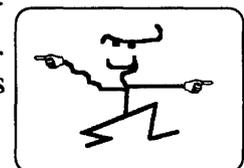
Yes, yes, yes, yes that felt very good! A little Porno for Pyros never felt better. I'm watching tennis now, the X-generation has taken over. They are strong and no Boomer player



can even hope to kick any Courier, Sampras, Graft etc. butt. But, I keep tensing because I must endure listening to this 100 year old fossil of a sportscaster continually spew his one line signature statement, *Oh My!* Please, the gentleman who was responsible for taking out the greatest X-generation female player (Monica Seles) could you come back and do a real service to the world by stabbing to death Dick Enberg. In fact as you are stabbing him to death I want audio coverage of him really yelling, *Oh, My!*, *Oh, My!*, *Oh, My!*, and this time there might even be some genuine meaning behind his insipid signature line.

Oh, before old Dave goes babbling off to obscurity, one of the most unforgivable sins of the Baby Boomers is their undeniable responsibility for the career and success of Michael (Revolten) Bolten! Why should Bolten even be allowed to live? Hasn't he violated like some federal statute because of the nature of his horrible singing? Does anyone actually go out and buy this guy's CD's? Clearly, no one with active brain cells is going to see this self important stringy haired freak of nature in concert. This all must be some sort of bad joke from the people who brought us the BeeGees. I'm actually waiting for a TV appearance of Bolten when he sings, "When a Man loves a woman ..." and a man with a dart gun precisely strikes his steroid pumped jugular vein and all of us in TV land get to watch him die in a miserable, bloody filled manner ☸ now that's entertainment! Personally, I don't think Bolten exists. I believe he is a reverse Milli-Vanilli. A stunt created by these racists Boomers where they have this white guy running around pretending to sing, but he's lippping to old black Motown artists ☸☸☸

anyway I've raged enough. Time to give it a rest! Let's Dance, shall we?
☸ ☸ ☸





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• CARTOON GUIDE TO THE •

SUPER COLLIDER

BY WAN-YING CHEE - 1993



WHAT IS THIS SSC?

The SUPERCONDUCTING-SUPERCOLLIDER is a PROTON-PROTON COLLIDER. When completed it will provide a maximum collision energy of 40 TRILLION ELECTRON VOLTS ...

IT'S AS EASY AS 1-2-3!

STEP 1: "HEY, over here!"
PROTONS will be collected.

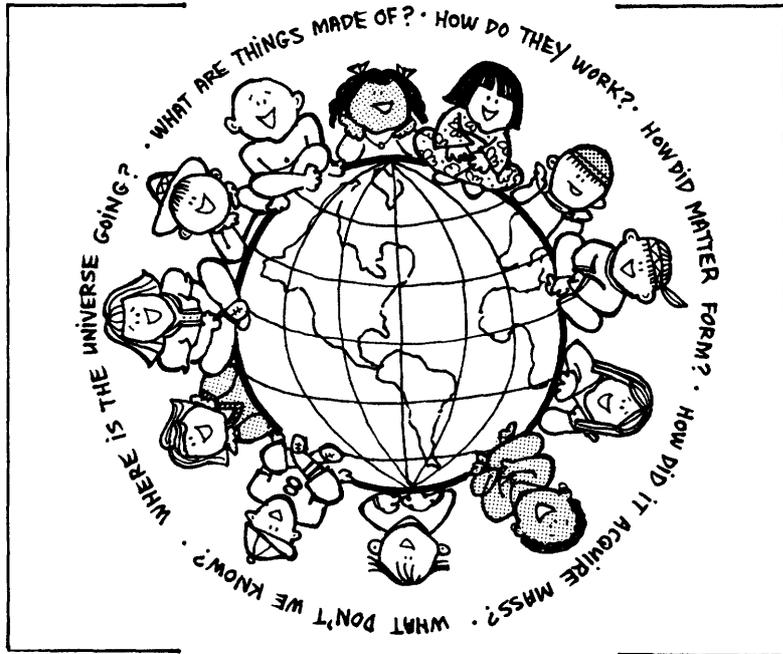
STEP 2: They will be accelerated in opposite directions through circular pipes.

STEP 3: When the beams cross at experimental halls the protons will (BAM! SLAM! WHAM!) collide.

Well... SO WHAT? (who cares?) "OO"

WHAT IS THE SUPERCONDUCTING SUPERCOLLIDER GOOD FOR?

Since the time of the ancient Greeks, man has pondered the following questions -- questions that every child has asked ...



THE SUPERCOLLIDER WILL HELP US FIND OUT!

HOW WILL THE SSC DO IT?

by **HIGGS-HUNTING**
through the **GALAXY**...

IS THAT ALL? NOT EVEN CLOSE...

TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE IMPORTANT AND EXCITING SPIN-OFF TECHNOLOGIES THAT HAVE ALREADY RESULTED FROM RESEARCH DONE FOR THE SUPERCONDUCTING SUPER COLLIDER:

• SUPERCONDUCTING MAGNETS:

SUPERCONDUCTING MAGNETS may improve both the efficiency and affordability of MRI (MAGNETIC RESONANCE IMAGING), CAT SCANS and PET SCANS used in medical diagnosis.

• PROTON THERAPY...

The SSC's powerful PROTON BEAM may be used to target cancerous tumors while leaving surrounding healthy tissue unharmed. A state-of-the-art PROTON THERAPY CLINIC has already been proposed at the SUPERCOLLIDER site.

• HIGH-SPEED COMPUTING...

The SSC lab is designing ULTRA FAST parallel computing systems capable of processing 10,000 FLOPPY DISKS of data EVERY SECOND!

• HIGH-TECH MATERIALS...

Scientists have already developed a high-tech PLASTIC that could prove invaluable in the manufacturing of medical supplies. WHO KNOWS WHAT'S NEXT? Several surprising discoveries could be lurking in the shadows of the SUPERCONDUCTING SUPERCOLLIDER!

WHAT IS THE HIGGS BOSON? DOES IT REALLY EXIST?

In order to answer these questions, we must first re-examine today's STANDARD MODEL of HIGH ENERGY PHYSICS...

SUCCESS!

The ELECTROWEAK THEORY- the unification of the weak and electromagnetic forces by a single mathematical description.

FYI

THE WEAK FORCE CARRIERS are the W and Z bosons
THE ELECTROMAGNETIC FORCE CARRIER is the PHOTON

SHORT-COMING:

nope.

The STANDARD MODEL doesn't explain everything. Any theories incorporating the PHOTON and W and Z bosons alone cannot be correct -- the PHOTON is massless, whereas W and Z bosons are heavy. The inclusion of an additional particle -- THE HIGGS BOSON -- would be consistent with the STANDARD MODEL (ask a physicist.)

IF THE HIGGS BOSON EXISTS, THE SSC WILL FIND IT!

of course, it may not exist. THAT WOULD BE EVEN MORE INTERESTING! We simply can't lose with this -- no matter what, the SUPERCOLLIDER is sure to provide crucial information that will lead to a better understanding of HIGH ENERGY PHYSICS.

OR ELSE ...

Here are just a few consequences of KILLING the SUPERCOLLIDER

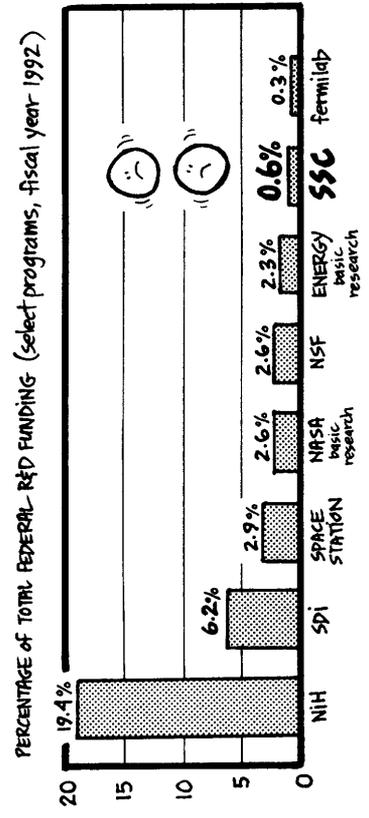
SO... WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

The problem is one that doesn't make good dents. This past June the U.S. House of Representatives voted to delete the SSC from the 1994 Federal budget. The margin of victory was much greater than that of a similar motion passed just last year. So...

WHY DID 32 HOUSE MEMBERS CHANGE THEIR MINDS?

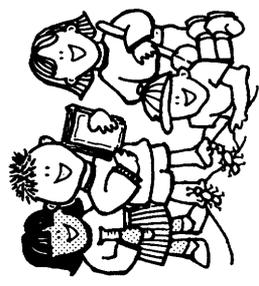
In a poll conducted by Science, over half cited deficit reduction, another hand-fall pointed to rising costs. The reasons others switched to oppose the SSC are unclear. In any case, the key word seems to be MONEY.

BUT LET'S PUT THE SSC'S COST IN PERSPECTIVE ...



Starting September 7, the U.S. SENATE is expected to take on matters concerning the fate of the SSC. Make sure YOUR SENATORS know how YOU FEEL about the SUPERCOLLIDER.

SUPPORT THE SUPERCOLLIDER.

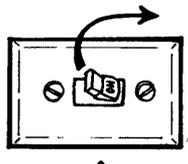


A BIG BLOW TO EDUCATION:
 Projects like the SSC tend to generate enthusiasm among the nation's youth and inspire them to study science. Every year over 23,000 students and teachers participate in SSC education programs designed to improve math and science skills. By killing the SSC, our government will only contradict itself on the importance of science.

LOSS OF JOBS ...
 Over 7,000 employees will be out of work if the SSC is killed.

BAD PRECEDENT FOR BASIC SCIENCE ...

Killing the SUPERCOLLIDER would set a horrible precedent for basic research -- the notion that science can simply be turned on and off to suit the current political situation.

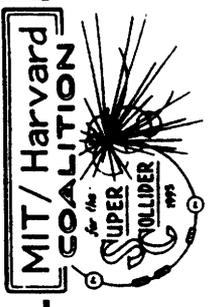


WHAT YOU CAN DO TO SHOW YOUR SUPPORT:

WRITE TO YOUR SENATORS

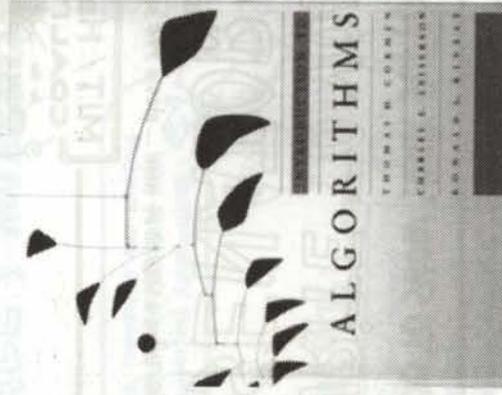
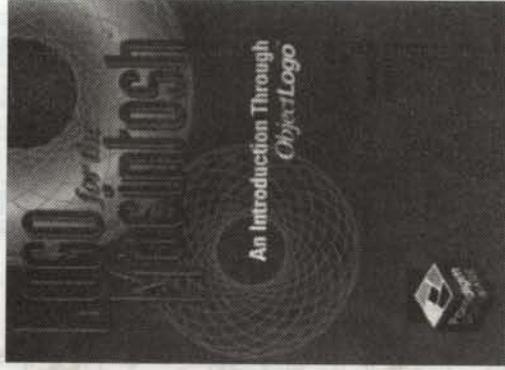


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